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VALERIANE OF MILAN.

Duchess of Orleans.


THE COURT AND 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.

MEMOIR OF
VIOLANTE (or VALENTINE) OF MILAN,
CONSORT OF LOUIS DUKE OF ORLEANS—
ONLY BROTHER TO CHARLES VI., KING OF FRANCE,
AND MOTHER-IN-LAW OF ISABELLA, SECOND WIFE OF RICHARD II. OF ENGLAND.

Embellished with a Full-length authentic coloured Portrait.

Violante of Milan sprang from the Italian family of Visconti, which though
now nearly forgotten in the world, once
stood foremost and rose to a greater
height of power and authority than any
other in Italy. They are not much noticed in history till the latter part of the
thirteenth century, when the Archbishop
Otho Visconti triumphed over the rival
family of the Torriani and became Lord
of Milan. He was followed by a long
succession of able princes steadily bent
on aggrandizing their family and extending
their dominions, and there is reason
to fear, without being very scrupulous
as to the means by which it was to be
done. However, by conquest, by pur-
chase, by fomenting quarrels and afford-
ing protection to all the smaller states of
Lombardy, this family at length possessed
nearly the whole country from Turin
to the Gulf of Venice. They had, be-
sides, extended their power over Lucca,
Pisa, Siena, Perugia, Assisi and other
cities of Tuscany, and almost the whole
of Liguria had also submitted to them,
together with a considerable part of Ro-
mania; though they never obtained any
permanent possession of either Genoa or
Bologna. They were always at the head
of the Ghibeline party, became Imperial
vicars in Lombardy and Liguria, and
were, lastly, dignified with the titles of
Dukes of Milan: one of them even
aspired to be King of Italy.

Such was the origin of the great
dukedom of Milan, and such the family
of Visconti, who formed and governed it
under a succession of twelve princes
equally distinguished for personal beauty,
talents, courage and crimes, who ranked
with the sovereigns of Europe, and were
allied by marriage to the greatest kings: their court was the seat of luxury and
elegance; and their opulence, splendour and magnificence the admiration of
foreigners. They were expensive and munificent; and some buildings and insti-
tutions founded by them, which still exist, bear ample testimony to their great-
ess: moreover, we may add, that they were amongst the very first of all the
princes in Europe who saw the advantage of standing armies, and who had con-
stantly a considerable body of disciplined troops regularly in their pay.

Of these princes, the family of Bernarbo Visconti, the ninth lord of Milan
who was one of the first imperial vicars, became connected with that of England
by the marriage of his niece with Lionel, third son of our King Edward the Third.
The account given of him by historians is by no means favourable to his charac-
ter: they represent him as brave, but tyrannical and turbulent; oppressive and
merciless to his own subjects; engaged continually in cruel and unjust wars;
and a terror to all the states around him. Notwithstanding these bad qualities
imputed to him, he lived for many years in great harmony with his elder brother
Galizazzo II.; and, as it appears, together governed Milan with great benefit to the
city. Upon his death, however, in 1373, during which year the subject of our
memoir was born, the state of affairs was totally changed; jealousies and mistrusts
arose between Bernarbo and his nephew the famous Giovanni Galizazzo, father of
Violante, afterwards first Duke of Milan, who was a man of a very different char-
acter: timid, reserved, and artful, he over-reached his uncle, took him by sur-
prise, and threw him into prison in the castle of Trezzo, and, after a confinement
of about seven months, he was there poisoned, in August 1385.

Rapacious as were the Visconti they combined the trade of merchant with the
chivalrous enterprise of the soldier; and, in an era when Italy was the mistress of
European commerce, with a thorough knowledge of the principles of trade, particularly in the way of barter, they amassed enormous wealth, and the father of our Violante was so rich that he tendered a loan of six hundred thousand florins to the gallant John, King of
France, when in his direst need he was the prisoner of King Edward the Third
of England. The aspiring Italian, who well knew that there existed no chance
of repayment of the money, next offered to take in exchange a fair daughter of
France as his bride, and a bargain for the amount was accordingly struck, to
the great indignation of the chivalry of France. Thereupon the Princess Isabella,
to whom was assigned as dowry the province of Vertus in Champagne, was
consigned to the arms of a soldier merchant—an Italian husband. These were
then the father and mother of Violante of Milan who was endowed with the re-
version of her mother's province, and thus became a grand-daughter of a
King of France on the maternal side.

Before Violante, the unfortunate daughter of Giovanni Galizazzo Visconti, ar-
ived in France, the crimes of her father had created a thousand prejudices against
her. Giovanni on wrestling the sway over Milan from his uncle Bernarbo, whom he
caus ed to be murdered in prison, had disinherited the young son of Duke Berna-
bo; but the daughter of that nobleman was already married to the Count
d'Armagnac, a prince of the blood-royal of France: nevertheless the great wealth
which the usurping duke was able to bestow on the young Violante blinded
the too willing King of France regarding the mode by which it was acquired;
neither could the rage and disdain of the young Countess of Armagnac nor all
the stories she circulated of the inclination of Violante and her family to com-
mit murder and practice sorcery prevent Charles VI. from demanding her as a
wife for his only brother Louis, Duke of
Toursaine.

It was the summer of the year 1389 when Violante arrived at Tours. She
brought her lord a dowry of four hundred thousand golden florins and the
province of Ast; which has ever since pertained to the crown of France. A
promise was at the same time made that Violante should succeed to her mother's
province of Vertus in Champagne after the death of her father, and that fatal
claus e was likewise introduced, which in the next two centuries cost France her
richest blood—it was therein stipulated that, if the two brothers of Violante died
without heirs, Milan was to descend to their sister, or her heirs. Louis XII.

[THE COURT]
and Francis I., descendants and heirs of this princess, in a subsequent age deluged Europe with blood on account of their claims on Milan through this very Violante, who ultimately became the heiress of the usurping branch of the Visconti.

Violante was about sixteen years of age when she gave her hand to Louis of France; but she had been betrothed to this prince for two years previous to their union, and the ceremony was only delayed on account of her tender age.

Charles VI. was present at the espousals of his brother with Violante, who was then considered in the very flower of Italian beauty; the king accompanied the newly-married pair to Paris, in order that the bride might share in the splendid festivities preparing for the coronation of his young queen, Isabeau of Bavaria.¹

We now turn to the chivalric pages of the chronicles for a description of the celebrated entry into Paris made by the brides of the two royal brothers, one a queen, the other the second lady in the land, and both of them renowned beauties. The Duchess Violante being, indeed, a fine horsewoman, drew the eyes of all the Parisians upon her, from the skilful manner in which she managed her richly-caparisoned palfrey. On the 20th of June the young queen Isabeau made her entry attended by the ladies of the blood-royal seated in a rich litter, whilst Violante preferred the greater display and attraction of following her on horseback, seated sideways in a graceful and feminine attitude.

As she had never been in Paris before this public entry, the citizens flocked in crowds to welcome her. The respectful homage due to the queen—his sister-in-law, rendered it requisite for the duke to lead the foremost horse in the litter of the Queen of France, and from the same cause the other princes of the blood-royal walked alongside or behind; thus was Louis prevented from attending his young and elegant bride, for the guilty attachment which afterwards took root between Isabeau and Louis, which led to the death of that prince, had not then commenced: thus did the coronation duties due to the Queen of France separate him during that entire day from the side of Violante his lovely bride.

"At the gate of St. Denis that opens into Paris," say the chronicles, "was the representation of the starry firmament, and, within, were children dressed as angels who sang and chanted melodiously sweet. There was also an image of the Virgin, holding in her arms a live child who amused himself by playing with a windmill made of a walnut. The upper part of this firmament was richly adorned with the arms of France and Bavaria, with a brilliant sun dispensing its rays through the firmament, which sun was the king's device at the ensuing tournament."

"I," says Sir John Froissart, the writer of this account, "was present at the entry of the queen and the Duchess Violante, and I was astonished to think where the riches I saw displayed that day could have come from, for all the houses from the great street of St. Denis to the Chatelet, and indeed to the great bridge, were hung with silk cloths and rich tapestry representing various scenes and histories. The Queen of France and the Duchess Violante took great delight in seeing all this as they passed,—indeed who did not? The queen and her sister-in-law advanced slowly to the fountain in the street of St. Denis which was covered and decorated with fine blue cloth sprinkled over with gold fleurs-de-lys; pillars that surrounded the fountain were emblazoned with armorial bearings, and, instead of water, ran from the fountain streams of Clary and excellent Piemont.² Around the fountain were young girls handsomely dressed having on their heads caps of solid gold; they sang so sweetly it was a pleasure to hear them, and they held in their hands cups of gold offering their liquors first to the queen and the Duchess Violante, and then to all others who chose to drink."

"Below the monastery of the Trinity was a pageant representing a battle between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. King Richard left his knights and asked leave of the royal ladies to fight the Saracens, which they granted: and the queen and the duchess tarried to see them fight sometime. The procession

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¹ See "the Lady's Magazine," May, 1833, for this extraordinary queen's Portrait and Memoir.

² Claret and a sherbet made of honey and spices.
then passed to the second gate of St. Denis, where was a starry firmament and the Holy Trinity seated in great majesty, and, in the heavens, little children as angels singing most melodiously."

The queen, indeed, and Violante, and all the cavalcade, after beholding more pageants than we have room to transcribe, passed into the Bridge of Nôtre Dame, "which was decorated so handsomely it could not be amended; it was covered with a starry canopy of green and crimson. It was late in the evening before the royal ladies arrived at the gate of St. Denis, for the procession since it set out had gone at a foot’s space."

The Duchess Violante must have been in the saddle for a great many hours, yet her days’ fatigue was not done. She was lifted from her palfrey, and then took her place in attendance on the queen, while the crown was placed on the head of Isabeau in the Abbey of St. Denis.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Charles VI. indulged in a strange freak; having stolen from the party while the ladies were mounting their steeds and litters, he disguised himself, and mounting behind Savoisi his valet-de-chambre, they mingled with the crowd in order to mark the humours of the populace. At the chateau they pressed forward too eagerly, and the guards dealt both upon the king and Savoisi sundry good thwacks across the shoulders. Charles was greatly amused by this adventure, and told it to his wife and sister-in-law at the banquet in the evening, and it afforded them much laughter and merriment.

"Five hundred lighted tapers," the chronicles declare, "preceeded the returning procession, from St. Denis, after the coronation. When Isabeau and Violante had arrived at the Louvre, Charles had returned from his frolic, and was present with the queen of Naples and her daughter Blanche, duchess of Orleans,† who were in readiness to receive the queen, and the bride Violante."

This coronation took place on the Sunday, which in the middle ages was always the day chosen for such ceremonies; on the following day a grand banquet was served at the great marble table, which is supposed to have been the largest slab of marble ever seen; nearly filling up the palace-hall: there Violante sat in state with the Duchess of Burgundy next her; and so anxious was the crowd to see her and the queen that they were almost suffocated from the want of fresh air. So great, indeed, was the pressure, that one table near the door of the chamber of parliament was overturned, and the ladies and damsels seated at it were considerably inconvenienced: the queen of France too, was so overcome that the king thought it necessary to put an end to the banquet. Thereupon the queen with her sister-in-law mounted their litters and made a procession through the streets, by torch light, to the king’s favourite residence, the Hôtel de St. Pol, attended by one thousand horse. At the same time the king took boat and was rowed to this hotel, and dancing was there continued until day break.

The next day was devoted for receiving the gifts offered by the city of Paris to the royal brides.

"A costly present borne in a very rich litter by two strong men representing Moors, having their faces blackened and superbly dressed in white turbans as if they had been Saracens, was carried to the chamber of Violante. The litter was covered over with a transparent cape of silk, through which might be seen the magnificent things within it. This was succeeded by twelve citizens in their ordinary costume, who presented to the Duchess a ship in gold, a large flagon in gold, two gold comfit boxes, two large dishes and two salts, all of gold; six jugs of silver and two dozen cups and saucers of the same.*"

Such were the gifts made this Tuesday to the Duchess of Tourraine; she was exceedingly pleased with her present, and she had good reason, for it was very magnificent, and she returned her thanks in a very handsome speech addressed to those who brought the gift and to the good city of Paris who bestowed it.

At three o’clock a tournament took place, at which the King of France, equipped in complete armour, tilted; it was called the Tournament of the Knights

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* The reader will be startled at the mention of these familiar articles of the modern tea table before tea was introduced into Europe, but cups and saucers are named in all the inventories of plate in the middle ages.

† Philip, brother to king John of France.
of the Golden Sun from the King's desire, for each knight bore a sun upon his shield. At three o'clock Violante entered the Square of St. Catherine, drawn in a magnificent car in which she followed the chariot of Queen Isabeau. The number of knights made it difficult to give a full stroke, and the dust was so troublesome as to increase their annoyance, for what was done could not be discerned, but the Lord de Coucy is recorded to have shone forth with great brilliancy. The tilt continued with unabated spirit till the late darkness of a midsummer night brought the out door amusements to a close, when the royal ladies were conducted to their respective palaces. At the hôtel de St. Pol feasts, dancing and carolling were continued till sunrise.

A bright thought seems, we read, to have been suggested by the inconvenience of the dust on the first days' tournament; the King ordered the lists to be watered, and two hundred water-carriers were accordingly employed on the Wednesday to water the square of St. Catherine; but notwithstanding all their exertions, there was still, it is recorded, more than a sufficiency of dust, nevertheless very grand feats of arms were witnessed on that day, owing to the very seasonable watering.

This tournament did not terminate till the Friday, on which day the festivities which celebrated the nuptials of Violante and the coronation of the queen were concluded.

For sometime the young Italian princess led a happy and joyous life.

The following anecdote gives characteristic traits of her husband.

"One day when the royal brothers had visited Montpellier, the king said to the Duke of Touraine:"

"'Fair brother, I wish we were at Paris and our cumbersome train left here, for I have as great desire to see Queen Isabeau as I suppose you must have to see my sister Violante.'"

"'My lord brother,' replied the duke 'we shall never get there by merely wishing it.'"

"'If I pleased I could very soon be there,' said the king.

"'Then it must be by dint of hard riding,' answered the duke.

"'Come,' said the king, 'who will be there first, you or I? Let us wager.'"

"'With all my heart,' said the duke who was very willing to exert himself if he could get money.

"A wager was accordingly laid for five hundred francs to be paid to the first who should arrive in Paris, the royal brothers starting together. They rode night and day with only one servant each, frequently changing horses or riding in carts when they wanted to sleep, just as they could get them. Let the reader consider the pains these young princes must have taken. The king was four days and a half on the road; the duke only four days and a quarter! for the king slept eight hours at Troyes, while the duke embarked on the Seine and went as far as Melun by water, where he remounted and rode direct to the Hôtel de St. Pol, where Violante resided with Queen Isabeau. His first inquiry was for the king, and finding he had not arrived, exultantly delighted in having won the wager, he said to the queen:

"'Madam, you will shortly hear of him.' This was true: for the king quickly made his appearance. The moment he saw the king, the duke ran up to him and said:

"'Monseigneur I have won the wager: order me to be paid.' They then related the adventure, and the queen and Violante laughed heartily; but the royal brothers were indeed greatly fatigued, and nothing but their youth and enthusiasm could have enabled them to have endured such exertion. The duke insisted on being paid, on the spot, with ready money.'"

There is more than one sly hit, in this sprightly anecdote, at the acquisitive propensities of the husband of Violante. Profligate, in fact, as was his life, avarice, carried to the most absurd excess was his ruling passion. Besides the vast dower he had received with Violante, she had brought him personal property of immense value in rings, jewels, gold vases and rich plate. All these possessions only served, however, to inflame the cupidity of a prince already noted for his grasping disposition. Violante is, indeed, accused of the same vice, and it is said her restless desire of gain still further augmented the avarice of her husband: but the evil reports prevalent against the character of this princess among historians of her day, must be received with great caution, since the Armagnac party was
strong against her, even when as a girl she first appeared in France. Subsequent to her marriage the count of Armagnac had raised a civil war against her father, in maintenance of the just claims of his countess on the duchy of Milan. Armagnac had perished in the struggle, an event which exasperated all France against the daughter of the successful Visconti. Thereupon the husband of Violante, influenced perhaps by the national prejudice, began to neglect her and form new attachments with the ladies about the court: one instance in support of his pursuing this line of conduct is recorded where Violante acted with great dignity, though she was evidently much pained at the unfaithfulness of Louis, whom she, indeed, passionately loved. He had, it is recorded, offered a noble young damsel of the court one thousand golden crowns if she would receive his dishonourable proposals.

The girl, who loved him only too well, replied. "My love is not on account of your riches, but your love has won mine, yet I scorn to sell my honour for gold."

This adventure was soon told to Violante, who sent for the young lady to her chamber. On her entering she said to her, "How is this, do you wish to wrong me with my dear lord?"

The damsel was thunderstruck, and said, "Oh no, madame, please God I never will, nor will I think of such wickedness."

"Alas," said Violante, "this is not so, for I am well informed that my lord and you mutually love each other, and the matter is so advanced that he offered you for compliance a thousand pounds of gold. You refused them and you behaved well, and this time, on that account, I forgive you; but I caution you, as you value your life, have no further conversation with him, and, out of regard to me, send him his dismissal." The young lady who knew that she was justly accused and gently dealt with, replied with eyes suffused with tears.

"Madame, I will free myself from him, and henceforth you shall have no cause to complain."

The damsel kept her word, and Violante was relieved from that rival.

Although at the period of his marriage Louis, was only Duke of Touraine; his brother afterwards conferred upon him the title of Duke of Orleans together with the Lordships of Blois and Dunois, which, indeed, were purchased out of Violante's money. From the year 1391, Violante is, therefore, known in history by the title of "Duchess of Orleans," and previously to that time she is designated as "Duchess of Touraine" as well as sometimes "Madame of France;"—a variety of appellations not a little perplexing to those who meet with records of her eventful life in the pages of history.

The principal cause of the hatred which existed between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy, was that each was aiming to obtain the government of France during the calamitous mental aberrations of King Charles VI. In 1391, the Orleans faction made a bold effort to obtain the regency, for the duke having entered his twenty-first year he considered it to be his right as in nearest relationship to the crown, but his acquisitive character and the unpopularity he had incurred by the assumption of the title of Orleans, whereby some municipal rights of that city had been infringed upon, caused the Parliament of Paris to give a preference to Philip the Bold Duke of Burgundy, the king's noble-minded uncle.

The second fit of madness with which Charles VI. was afflicted, had its origin, perhaps, or at least was in a great measure induced by the following extraordinary and awful occurrence.

Violante as well as all the duchesses of the blood royal, Louis, and his wife, were at a grand masque. The king accompanied by four courtiers entered in the disguise of salvage-men covered all over with flax and dry moss which had been stuck together with resin. The king's brother snatched a torch, and either from rude sport or from accidentally holding it too near, in order to look at the wearers' dress, they set the king's habit in a blaze; whereupon the flames communicated instantly to the rest of the masquers, and the flax burnt so rapidly that three of the party were miserably burnt to death; the king's life was however saved owing to the presence of mind of his uncle's young wife, the beautiful Duchess de Berri, who enveloped the
king in her immense train, which being composed of rich velvet, sixteen yards in length, the flames were ultimately extinguished. The king's life thus auspiciously saved, the tragic death of his unfortunate companions excited so great horror to his too anxious mind, that a long and fearful fit of malady followed that terrific accident. The sad event is depicted in the illuminated chronicles, when Violante is represented wringing her hands in the extreme of terror, whilst the Duchess de Berri is wrapping the king in her train; the other unhappy masks are in flames and trying to tear off the blazing flax which burnt the fiercer because of the resin.

The Parisians, who attributed this bête to the malice of the Duke of Orleans, were so infuriated at the danger which their king had incurred, whom they loved, that the Duke of Orleans dared not appear in public for several weeks afterwards; and in order to expiate his fault he built the chapel of the Celestines at Paris, in the catacombs of which edifice so many of his race were afterwards entombed.

A third derangement of the king still further increased the unpopularity of this unfortunate pair; and in this instance not even from the charge of accidental awkwardness could blame be cast upon either, for sundry good qualities of the duchess were the foundation of calamitous accusations against her. In the year 1395, the king appeared for several days deeply abstracted, and at times cried out as if he had been pierced with a thousand arrows. So sad, indeed, was his condition that he even forgot his own name and quality; he expressed the greatest fury at the sight of his wife, but, with the caprice of insanity, suffered the Duchess of Orleans to guide him with the merest word. This gentle control exercised by the duchess over her insane brother-in-law, excited the jealous rage of Isabeau of Bavaria, and the party of that queen spread abroad a rumour amongst the populace that the Italian had bewitched the king by means of sorcery, from which, indeed, originated his illness. Isabeau, who was even then suspected of harbouring too warm an inclination for her handsome brother-in-law, taking advantage of the outcry, persuaded Orleans to banish his wife, and the duchess was accordingly sent to Chateau-neuf-sur-Loire.

Other particulars, which are not necessary to be here detailed, are to be found in the chronicles relative to the banishment of Violante, who appears to have been the mere victim of the malicious scandals of her sister-in-law, the queen; but as the party was already strong against the unfortunate Italian princess at the French court, these scandalous inventions were eagerly credited by even the purest amongst the partisans of the Armagnac faction.

Violante is recorded to have inherited the disposition of her father, and not of her mother, the Princess of France. She was envious and covetous of this world's pomp, and would gladly have seen her lord, King of France, regardless of the means by which he elevated himself. A scandalous report was very current that the disorder of Charles VI. which baffled the art of the physician was also attributable to her, the following is the account:

"Violante, Duchess of Orleans, had a handsome son the same age as the Dauphin of France; the little cousins were playing together on the floor of the chamber of the duchess, when a poisoned apple was thrown between them, in the hope that the dauphin would take it, but through God's providence," says Froissart, "he did not."

"Violante's son, imagining no lurking ill, ran and ate it, and his death quickly followed, in spite of every effort to prevent it. The governance of the dauphin, after that circumstance, would never let him play in the chamber of the Duchess Violante. This story caused great murmuring in Paris and elsewhere, and the people were so enraged against her that they said publicly in Paris, that if she was not prevented from being near the king they would tear her to pieces, for that she intended to poison him and his family."

The Duke of Orleans to put an end to these scandalous reports, took his wife away from the Hôtel de St. Pol, and sent her to his castle of Asnières on the road to Beauvais, where she remained some months without ever passing beyond the gates. Thence she was removed to Neufchatel on the Loire, and the duke long hated her after the loss of his eldest boy,
but this feeling was softened, he being the father of several fine children.

In this sad perplexity her father boldly put forth a defiance and challenge à l'ou-
trance against every one hardly enough openly to accuse his daughter of that atrocious act of poisoning which had made her a wretched outcast. About this time Philip of Burgundy the chief support of the French dynasty died, and was succeeded by his ambitious son John "Sans Peur"—a mortal enemy of Louis of Orleans, Violante's husband.

No sooner had Violante departed than the tongue of scandal became exceedingly busy with the names of her husband and sister-in-law, but whether the liaison was a conspiracy for feloniously appropriating the national revenues, or was of a more personal nature is not easily to be ascertained. Avaricious seems, however, to have been Orleans' ruling passion, whilst the queen's conduct was profligate to the last degree. On the one hand, the people groaned under the tyrannical exactions of the Duke of Orleans who had now seized the reins of government, and turned a large share of the royal revenues of his brother into his own coffers, while the wicked queen shared the remainder with her German brother and debauched favorites, at the same time that her own children were literally left without bread to eat or clothes to wear.

During all these intestine commotions and family wickednesses, the unhappy king suddenly recovered his senses, when the royal delinquents, alarmed for consequences, fled to Melun, leaving Duke Louis of Bavaria, the queens' brother, to follow with the young Dauphin, and the children of France whom he undertook to abduct from their residence at the Hôtel de St. Pol. This scheme was, however, frustrated by the active pursuit made by the Duke of Burgundy whose children had been carried off together with their royal cousins.

These events produced a furious civil war in Paris between the partisans of Orleans and Burgundy. In the year 1407, this feud was, in appearance, at least partially pacified through the mediation of the king himself, but the smooth surface of this temporary calm concealed beneath it the hand of an assassin, and the Duke of Orleans was very soon afterwards privately murdered, so that if guilty of the conduct imputed to him he paid the severest penalty of his crimes, for he was cut off in the prime of life.

The principal emissary of the Duke of Burgundy, in this infamous business, was said to have been a Norman gentleman named Raoul d'Oquetonville who bore enmity against Orleans because the Duke had dispossessed him of an office which he had held about the person of the King. The night of the 3rd of November was the time chosen for this sanguinary deed, when the Duke had gone to pay a visit to the Queen who had lately given birth to a young princess at the Hôtel de St. Pol. On this occasion Orleans was mounted on a mule and was followed by only two or three valets, although he kept a little troop always in his pay to the number of from six to seven hundred gentlemen pensioners: But his then visit was not, perhaps, of that nature which rendered it advisable for him to be more than privately accompanied. The assassin, together with a dozen ruffians ever ready to do any sort of work for hire, laid wait for him in the Rue de Barbette. As the Duke was proceeding quietly along, just at the darkest and loneliest nook of the Rue Barbette, the revengeful Norman attacked him and smote off his right hand; and before the Duke could call for assistance the murderous band surrounded him and clave his skull in two places; then killing his page and one of his followers, they fled for refuge to the Hotel of Burgundy, having first scattered caïtrops* in their path to prevent their being speedily followed. No sooner was this murder known than the Duke of Burgundy assumed a hypocritical air of sorrow, in weeping and ostentatiously bewailing over the fate of his slain kinsman, on the day of his interment. It was soon whispered abroad in what place the murderers had taken refuge. Accordingly, the council at the Louvre, after debating on this murder of the King's only brother, proposed that the hotels of all the princes of the blood should be searched for the murderers, the Good Duke of Bourbon being the first to offer

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* Cairots were clusters of spikes thrown on the ground in ancient warfare to impede the advance of cavalry.
free admittance into all his castles and domains, in and near Paris, or elsewhere. This example was followed by all the great lords present, the Duke of Burgundy excepted, who, struck with remorse, called aside the venerable Duke of Bourbon and freely confessed his guilt. Notwithstanding this confession Burgundy was too powerful for immediate arrest, and he was suffered to return to his hotel. The next day he took sage counsel and secured his personal safety by fleeing with the murderous crew to his dominions in Flanders.

The Duchess of Orleans was at the Castle Blois with her young family when the news of the horrid termination of her husband's life reached her. Although neglected by him for four long years, yet was he tenderly beloved, and her grief for his loss was excessive. Forthwith she went to Paris with her three sons, Charles, Philippe and John; the eldest of whom only fourteen years of age was contracted to the eldest daughter of the King of France, Isabelle the widow of Richard the II. King of England. This young Queen was then with her aunt and mother-in-law at Blois and appears to have been faithfully attached to Violante.

The entry of Violante into Paris was no less solemn than mournful; a long procession of wagons covered with black cloth contained her ladies and household, all of whom were habited in the deepest mourning, and by their attitudes manifested intense sorrow. In the foremost waggon, or charrette, rode the Duchess herself, in widow's weeds; by her side was the young widow of England, Isabelle, her daughter in law. The charrette was covered with black cloth and drawn by white horses trapped with mourning palls of black cloth. SENDING forth the most piteous cries Violante fell at the feet of the Dauphin Louis, and begged him to avenge the death of his uncle on the audacious homicide, John of Burgundy.

Her nephews, who was then holding with the feeble hands of a boy of fifteen the reins of empire dropped by his insane sire, granted all the petitions of his aunt, and though not powerful enough to deal with the assassin according to his deserts, the Parliament of Paris passed a sentence full of ignominy on John "Sans Peur," who thereupon immediately set out in full march against Paris, at the head of an army, with banners displayed. When the desolate and broken-hearted Violante heard that the murderer Burgundy was preparing to return to France, she retreated to Blois with her children and the young Queen of England, having indeed gained no other advantage from her passionate appeal than the wardship of her young sons, but this was a benefit the magnitude of which can scarcely be appreciated by the reader in the present day, unless well versed in the pages of bygone history. Borne down by domestic affliction and the hardness of her fate, Violante's sorrow rose to such a pitch that ere the lapse of little more than twelve months she was laid on a bed of death. She died indeed literally of a broken heart for the loss of Louis of Orleans. Her exit from this sublunary world was, notwithstanding, cheered by the affection of her children and family connexions. Isabelle her daughter-in-law sat weeping at the head of the bed when the spark of life was fleeing, and there were also present her three sons whom we have just named, together with their valiant brother in affliction.—Dunois, *le jeune et brave,* whom Violante had always cherished as her own, surrounding their dying mother. Her last exhortations urged them never to be unmindful of their father's untimely death, and to avenge it. "And you," she said, casting her eyes upon Dunois, "of all the sons of my murdered Orleans, are the most likely effectually to punish his enemies," a prophecy indeed founded on an intimate knowledge of his gallant spirit, predicting which, fled the indignant spirit of the incensed Violante of Milan.

Her death took place at Blois, on the fourth of December, anno 1408 at the age of thirty-five years: of all her sex few women have been more calumniated by her contemporaries than was Violante of Milan. Froissart, whose history was concluded before that awful tragedy was enacted in the Rue de Barbette which deprived her of the lord she as passionately adored, as he unworthily returned her love, is evidently a partisan of the opposite faction, and loads her with harsh epithets and

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* Count de Dunois, so celebrated in the war of freedom which was afterwards waged by France, was the natural son of the murdered Louis of Orleans.
casts on her soul suspicion: nevertheless when narrating facts they tell nobly for the grandeur of soul possessed by the unfortunate Violante. The story of her interview with the young lady who was in love with her husband displays indeed her greatness of mind; she had delicacy enough to appreciate her rival's scorn of the bride with which the profligate Orleans, her husband, tried to purchase her favours, and she gave vent to none of those vulgar vituperations, so common to jealous and low minded women. Her adoption of the brave Dunois, who was her pupil and equally beloved as her own children, is another high minded trait in the much aspersed character of Violante of Milan, and the superiority of the character and conduct of her sons, to the principles possessed by their father, reflects great credit upon this princess for the care and attention bestowed upon their education. Her eldest son Charles, Duke of Orleans, (whose lyrics still shine brilliantly among the poesies of his country), evidently derived his genius from the fervent character of his Italian mother. Violante was the ancestress of two branches of the royal family of Valois, the Orleans Valois, and the Angoulême Valois, among whom Louis the 12th, the father of his people, and Francis the 1st, the king of gentlemen, were pre-eminent. All her sons were celebrated for their talents and worth of character, no slight praise indeed for any mother, and had we no other criterion by which to judge of Violante of Milan, than the glorious deeds of Dunois and Charles of Orleans, whom she trained in her solitary abode at Blois, we should be justified in pronouncing her to be, notwithstanding the peculiar faults in her character which we have mentioned,—a great and good woman.

Description of the Portrait of

VIOLANTE (or VALENTINE) OF MILAN.

Valentine, or Violante, of Milan wears the head-dress of her era and the curious graceful heart-shaped turban formed of a roll of white velvet richly studded with jewels, placed over a golden caul or close cap bordered with pearls. Her hair flows in tresses down her back. Her garb is the surcoat, or sleeveless garment of ermine closed with a strap of jewels down the front, this is worn over a gown of rich blue brocade figured with gold. The sleeves are tight and plain—the robe flowing gracefully over the feet.

The elegant Italian taste of Violante had probably modified the monstrous horned cap, (worn both before and after her day) into the heart-shaped head-dress which thus bears a better proportion to the tight robes worn by ladies at that period than the monstrous spreading cap seen in the portraits of Queen Isabeau her sister-in-law. Violante and Isabeau were rivals in magnificence of dress—which rivalry was probably embittered by the fact that the Queen of France derived her lineage from the adverse branch of the Visconti; this circumstance might also have occasioned many of the jealousies and calumnies which marked the eventful career of those princesses.

The escutcheon of Violante presents the arms of Orleans (azure semée of fleurs-de-lis, or) with those of Milan; her paternal cognizance being argent, a serpent wreathed azure and crowned, or gorging an infant, gules; and which says Sandford, was the coat armour of a Saracen vanquished by Otho, first of the Visconti who fought in the Holy Land.
There was a forest dark and drear,
Of long and deep extent,
Whose dim recesses fill'd with fear
The trav'ller as he went;

Though only by its skirts the road
For some short space was thrown,
And seldom were its pathways trod
But by the woodman lone:

Where its dark shade still thicker grew,
Where melancholy pines
And noble beech their broad arms threw,
Round which the brier entwines—

Just in that part a chalky pit
Yawn'd fearfully and deep;
A place for deeds of terror fit,
Or penitents to weep.

On ev'ry side the thickest trees
Had girded it, and down
Its slopes the briars, by the breeze,
In length'ning trails were thrown.

The old-man's weed its hoary flowers
Hung o'er each straggling thorn,
Fit tap'stry for those brambly bowers
Which light and beauty scorn.

And in the lowest part, amid
Tall weeds and spreading fern,
The searching eye—tho' almost hid—
A tent might just discern.

E'en in this rude and dreary spot
A human dwelling stood,
Whose inmate seem'd by death forgot—
"Old Peter of the wood."

A man—a rugged, gloomy wretch,
Now haggard, with'er'd, bent,
And wan, as he had suffer'd much,
Here many a year had spent:

So many, that no curious eye
Now heeded him nor sought,
And as the circling years go by
And no new tidings brought,

The simple cottagers no more
Ask'd wondering of him,
But when he chanced to pass their door
Turn'd from his aspect grim.

For o'er his face the grisly hair
Stray'd in the evening breeze;
And in his eyes—some demon there,
The frighten'd ploughboy sees.

He spoke to none—he begg'd of none—
But hurrying on his way,
All human intercourse would shun
Which might his steps delay.

'Twas rarely he was seen, and ne'er
Till evening's shadows fell,
And then, like beast from murky lair
He left the chalky dell.

Old tales were told by cottage hearth,
How, many a year ago,
A boy had traced the mazy path
And watch'd the hut below.

And he had told of frightful things
At which his hair would stand;
Of curses, yells, and mutterings
As from a hellish band.

And he had mark'd old Peter out,
There, in the pale moon's light,
And saw him pace the hut about,
In agony and fright.

And then he raised his staring eyes,
And shriek'd, as if in pain,
Till, struck with terror and surprise,
The boy stole home again.

Since then had come no mortal tread
To break the solitude;
And in the pit and ruin'd shed
Still lived their inmate rude.

'Twas dark December, cold and chill,
The full moon brightly shone,
Yet through the frosty air so still
A trav'ller journey'd on.

Deep snow as in a dazzling vest
Enrobed the hill and dale,
And on the heaven's pure blue breast
Stars gleam'd like studs on mail.

The trav'ller paused, for sore perplex'd
He knew the road no more,
At every turn he thought the next
Would show the hostel door.

But when he reach'd the forest drear
Still more at loss was he,
Though straightathwart his course to steer
The surest seem'd to be.

The distant clock struck one—struck two—
"Oh, sure the forest grows!"
He scarce could see the sky's deep blue
The trees so thickly rose.
The Chalk Pit.

At last, strange, uncouth sounds he heard
Steal on the quiet air,
So that he deem'd some midnight bird
Was screaming, hooting there.

But human seem'd the voice at last
Though full of fear and woe;
The traveller still onward pass'd,
But silently and slow.

Till suddenly the op'ning wood
The chalky pit exposed,
And by the moon the chasm rude
The snow-clad slopes disclosed.

From thence the horrid shrieks burst out;
The traveller stood in dread,
And cautiously he gazed about
Until he spied the shed.

A heavy groan came forth from thence:
What should a lone man do?
He had no weapon of defence—
He would his way pursue.

But yet he stay'd: a groan again
Struck on his eager ear;
It seem'd from one in deadly pain—
The traveller stepp'd more near.

With caution down the drifted snow
By grasping briers he dropp'd,
Until he reach'd the hut below,
And then again he stopp'd.

He gently push'd the yielding door,
And by the ghastly light
His eyes the wretched place explore—
A wild and dreary sight.

Stretch'd on a heap of wither'd leaves
And fern in damp decay,
A form, which death's last struggle heaves,
In helpless anguish lay.

But when he saw the door unclaspt
He rose with sudden start,
And, as for breath and fear he gaspt,
He bade the man depart.

"Depart! it is a sinful place,
And fit for guilt alone."
With that he hid his pallid face
And heaved a deadly groan.

But still the traveller drew near
To offer fitting aid,
Yet did his heart beat loud with fear
To see the dying shade.

"Oh, wretched man! what fearful deed
Has sear'd thy guilty breast,
For which thy conscience thus doth bleed
When thou should'st be at rest?"

The old man roused him at the word—
"Who speaks of blood?" he cried:
"No mortal ear her moanings heard—
None know that here she died.

"Yet here she wanders—here she stands
With bare and fleshless bones,
And from her sides and arms and hands
The blood drops on the stones.

"And yet she lies full six feet low
Beneath the stone-paved floor:
'Tis strange her blood should always flow
And she live evermore.

"Many a weary year hath pass'd
Since that sad deed was done;
No hungry worms now find repast
On her fleshless skeleton.

"Then wherefore doth she haunt me thus
And persecute my sight,
Making me ever hate and curse
The morn—the noon—the night?"

He spoke no more: but with a stare
Fierce as the lightning's ray—
Without a sigh—without a pray'r—
His spirit pass'd away!

The moon had sunk behind a cloud—
Loud hiss'd the bird of night—
And darkness, like a funeral shroud,
Veil'd all the scene from sight.

With trembling, cautious, stealthy pace
The traveller left the den,
Longing again to see the face
And forms of fellow men.

All he had heard was quickly told,
The hut was search'd, and there
A heap of bones beneath the mould
A dreadful deed declare.

But nought unfolds the secret tale—
All is involved in gloom
Till the dread day which shall unveil
All hearts—the day of doom!

E'en yet the cotter will demur
The pathway there to tell,
For the murder'd and the murderer
Still haunt the chalky dell.

[THE COURT}
BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET.

A CHAPTER IN THE ANNALS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

The country town of H——consists of one street, facing due north and south, and its inhabitants are consequently somewhat unfairly favoured by the smiles of Phœbus, though in other respects much upon a par. They consist chiefly of small shop-keepers, one of each trade being pretty evenly placed on either side of the way, while the "balance of custom," is likewise tolerably equalised. Once, however, there resided in the neighbourhood an eccentric old gentleman fond of speculating on the influences by which "human nature" is modified, and he made it a rule to deal solely with the tradespeople on whom the sun looked, having a notion that they were likely to be more fair, open and honest, than their neighbours in the shade. A strange conceit this, and rather unjustly acted upon, yet not perhaps without some shadow of foundation—to say nothing of that indisputable authority which tells us how "they love darkness whose deeds are evil," and are not the best of us generally the lightest-hearted, and do not they love most the outward sunshine-embellish of that which shines within them. Yes! the good and happy love the sun and choose an abode where he enters freely, while their good temper makes them receive meekly the lesser evils which the God of Day sometimes inflicts upon his worshippers. Pink curtains may grow pale, carpet roses may fade, these are mere "bagatelles" to the good-natured gentleman who loves the sun; and even the petty trader, if his heart be whole and happy, would rather see his groceries melting or his ribbons bleaching, than forego the mischievous but laughing dream that creeps under his canvass awning, the shield he unwillingly interposes, sorry to treat the friend of his heart as the enemy of his trade.

The gloomy, (and the habitually gloomy cannot be the guiltless) may, alike, prefer congenial dwellings, and even when denizens of sun and shade are "dyed of one hue," when selecting their respective dwellings, may not the diurnal influence of gloom and brightness impress a corresponding colour on each? Let then this suffice for the odd philosophy of the eccentric old gentleman. We leave him to the "dark looks" directed to him from the shady side of the street, as he steps into the shops on the sunny, and proceed to a chapter in the annals of the town, in some sort bearing on his theory though by no means conclusive of its soundness.

Amidst the shop fronts of H——some two or three professional doors were as usual pre-eminent, but it so happened that they were all, doctors and lawyers, on the shady side; amongst these, a sort of hybrid between a shop and a private dwelling enlivened the adjacent gloom by an enormous brazen plate bearing thereon engraven—"Groper, Coal Merchant"—the occupier's name and calling.

Mr. Gregory Groper was a man "well to do" in the world, and eke a man of consequence in the little world of H——, for he not only supplied all its inhabitants with fuel, but also kept them in "hot water" by the numerous parochial feuds he contrived to kindle. Mr. Groper was a monopolist of his trade—he had no rival to make him uneasy: he had too, long since been a widower—and therefore no wife to make him uneasy—he had dug a large fortune out of the bowels of the earth, and, as far as the elevation of his own thoughts it seemed as if it were of no earthly use to him but some day to carry it back again with him, himself being the eternal custos of his treasure; but though he might have felt at a loss how to enjoy it, he had a son growing up, who was likely to relieve him from all uneasiness regarding its disposal. What more he could possibly want nobody could tell—perhaps not himself, save that no doubt he wanted to be happy and could never discover the way, possibly because living always in gloom his eyes could not bear to look on the sunny side of things, where alone happiness is to be found. Whatever the cause, Mr. Groper certainly appeared to be the most wretched man on the face of the earth: his gaunt figure and hard features seemed absolutely "metallic"—more suited to an abode beneath
Both sides of the Street.

its surface, a perpetual residence in the coal mine now his own, wherein his father had worked as a labourer, and where, if report spoke true, his eyes had by some singular accident first opened on the—darkness.

Mr. Groper's house was the best in the town and possessed an advantage above all the others in having no overlooking neighbours, for there chanced to be a break in that side of the street facing his own: the space is now otherwise filled up—but many years ago it was occupied by a patch of green sward, on which flourished, "and for ages had stood," a noble horse-chesnut tree, a giant of its species, and the pride of the townsfolk—perhaps they had never heard of its namesake "di cento Cavalli," because when their tree flourished Penny Magazines were not—but if they had, they would have sworn, "il Castagno" to have been a dwarf in comparison. Beneath its broad foliage a distant view of the country was visible from the coal merchant's lower windows, and around its massive trunk was a circular bench on which the elders of H—were wont of a fine summer's evening to sit in admiring pride or partial judgment on the sports of their children or children's children assembled on the little surrounding green. It was a pleasant sight to all eyes, save those of Mr. Groper, to look upon that fine old tree, either in early spring when unfolding its gigantic leaf-buds, in summer when bearing proudly its beautifully painted pyramids of red and white flowers, and again in autumn, rich in clusters of prickly fruit. But in all these phases—in all seasons, did Mr. Groper hate the chesnut tree—to him it was ever at once a standing and a growing nuisance; for him a host of evils lurked within its every bough—beetles and cockchafers flew forth thence into his rooms, and Mr. Groper held cockchafers in especial abhorrence, though as an archin he had loved to see them when impaled upon his twirling pin. Mr. Groper's house was damp, not, as he declared, because it faced the north but solely because, robbed of sun and wind by the great heavy head of the "accursed chesnut," the swine attracted by the fallen produce of the tree would congregate around it, or disappointed in their search cross the road in a body and undermine the iron-railed frontage of the coal-dealer's house. The "head and front" of the chesnut's imputed "offending" were the noisy infant armies that besieged it in autumn for the sake of its bright brown nuts, made worth the taking by the "chevaux de frise" which guarded them. It is but fair to own that many a better man might have been alarmed at these chesnut forays, might have felt timid at the ill-aimed "shys," threatening to miss a nut, and breaking a window; and worse than all, that this last grievance seemed yearly on the increase, perhaps from increase of population—perhaps from the growing ire of the angry man acting like a hotbed on the little sprouts of mischief-loving humanity—but increase it certainly did, especially after the following incident.

One day in the autumn season, a larger group of children than usual had collected round the tree, some had mounted to its topmost boughs while others looked up expectantly, and held pineafores to receive the fruits of their comrades' daring: some, again, seated on the ground, were pricking their fingers in opening their prizes, or knife in hand attempting to carve rude faces on the surfaces of the nuts. Mr. Groper stood at his window watching these "infamous proceedings," he opened it, and loudly called to "the little blackguards" to decamp: some started at sight of his pleasure-killing visage and held down their little beaming faces like daisies shutting up under the darkened sky that forebodes a storm, others were on the point of taking flight, but a few bold spirits lent courage to the others and they kept their ground. Mr. Groper fetched his horsewhip and shook it from out of the window: perhaps his angry demonstrations might have gone no further, but at that unlucky moment a short stick, one of those aimed at the tree happening to go too far—went whizzing past Mr. Groper's ear, entered the open window, and fell harmlessly on the floor behind him—true, it did no harm, but the intention was the same. "Infamous rascals! you shall pay for this!" exclaimed the infuriated coal-dealer issuing forth from his street door, his face glowing like a red hot cinder, and his whip cracking like a heated slate. Most of the now-terrified children effected or attempted a retreat—the lash caught the hindmost of the flyers, but a
few of the biggest and bravest boys who stood unmoved were spared its infliction, for a better, at least safer object whereon to wreak his fury had caught Mr. Groper's attention. On one of the lower branches of the chestnut tree was seated a pretty little girl of five or six years old; she had been lifted up by one of the biggest boys, and, in the general flight and panic, forgotten and left upon her now dangerous pre-eminence, was crying bitterly at her desertion. Mr. Groper approached, and looked up; the child smiled through her tears, and stretched out her little arms at sight of a deliverer. Mr. Groper raised his arm—to help the poor infant down! No—to inflict two brutal lashes on the face and shoulders of the little suppliant:—the child screamed, and letting go the bough by which she had kept her seat fell to the ground from a considerable height. There the worthy Gregory left her—he saw one of the boys who had been standing near approaching with fury in his eyes, and he thought it prudent to retreat. Two or three strides of his long gaunt legs took him across the road and his foot was on the door-step of his house when he was startled by a voice at his ear: turning round he saw a wretched, emaciated-looking match-woman, half gypsy, half ballad singer, standing behind him.

"A hap'orth of matches, sir, only please to take a hap'orth of matches for the sake of a poor starving destitute creature, and a blessing from the Lord be upon ye!"

Mr. Groper did not care for such blessings; he entered his house and banged the door violently in the woman's face—then, remembering how he had left his front window open, hastened to the parlour that he might shut that too—the beggar was standing opposite—he cursed her for an insolent baggage, held up the horsewhip he had not laid aside, pulled down the sash, and then retreated out of sight but not out of hearing of the woman's voice. She had thrown aside her professional whine and now spoke out loudly and angrily.

"Aye, hide ye'r head, ye cowardly black-hearted villain! Well may ye hide ye'r head! for didn't I see ye lashing the poor innocent baby that cried to ye for help! and didn't the Lord Almighty see ye too, and wont he reward ye! Come hither my brave gentleman," she continued in a mocking tone, "come hither and I'll tell ye yer fortune, though ye never crossed my hand with a penny—no need to read it in the lines of yer gripping palm—I spelt it in the black letters of yer face plain as the figures on the church clock yonder."—The beggar woman paused and peered in at the window, she did not see the object of her denunciations and thought he had taken refuge in an inner room—she could not pursue him but seemed resolved that her voice at least should reach his ear. She raised it to the highest pitch in which she was wont to bawl forth her ballads, and ended her prophecy in a doggerel rhyme—

Deep under ground ye first drew breath,
Deep under ground ye'll meet your death!
Just there! where stands yon chestnut tree
Amongst its roots—your grave shall be!

As the woman ended, she shook her head and held up her wasted fist in threatening farewell at Groper's windows ere she turned to depart. The gentleman of the house had seen, and heard her, too, from the ambush of his window-curtain, and during the next few days thought more of her dark words than he would have liked to have owned, for a few vapours of northern superstition had clung to him from his subterraneous birth-place. But all this wore off in a short time as well as another uncomfortable apprehension (of consequences) on the score of the little child who had been the victim of his fury. Her father was a respectable gardener named Joseph Delves, a stout independent sort of fellow, and one likely enough to call the coal merchant over the coals, especially if anything serious resulted from the child's fall—but this also passed over, and the boys and girls of H—returned to their sports around the chestnut tree, more numerous and noisy than ever. Mr. Groper still threatened; and now and then put them to flight by the strong arm of his coal-heavers—for he shunned personal conflict after the memorable day of the horsewhip—but he could not destroy the many-headed Hydra which preyed upon his peace—spite of his withering curses loud and deep, the stately tree still flourished and still stared him in the face, till at last it seemed to have fairly stared him out of countenance.

All at once did Mr. Groper seem to have resigned himself to his situation—
all at once he ceased from swearing at the leaf-crowned monarch of H—and his attendant satellites, and almost simultaneously the Monarch’s Green Court became less crowded and less noisy. It was still, however, a place of resort for the townsfolk young and old—and one day when a few children were playing there (wonder of wonders!) Gregory Groper reined up his horse on passing, looked on them complacently, and grimly smiled as he bade them “go on with your games.” The day after not one child was seen on the spot. Mr. Groper’s smile had scared them all away. It certainly looked strange, but when some of the neighbours heard it, the cheerful and charitable, those “hoping all things” and living on the sunny side, they thought “Mr. Groper must be growing more kind and sweet-tempered in his old age.” Those who lived in the shade, shook their head, shrugged their shoulders, and feared there was “no good” lurking beneath the unwonted smiles of the dealer in subterranean combustibles.

It was the month of July—at the close of a sultry day, that before the door of a little green grocer’s shop situate not far from Mr. Groper’s on that same side of the way, sat a little hale fresh-coloured old man in a blue apron, master of the shop aforesaid—he was smoking his pipe, and his eyes naturally seeking relief from the dry-heated pavement and sun-baked brick-work of the opposite houses, as naturally rested on the refreshing green of the horse-chestnut tree; his favourite chestnut tree, beneath which he had played when a little boy, and sat as an aged man. Though nearly all the inhabitants of H—entertained the highest respect and veneration for this “Pride of their town, to old Joseph Delves late ‘gardener’ now green grocer;” it was especially and professionally dear, it was the living object he loved most to look upon next to his good and pretty daughter and his affectionate and faithful wife. Well—as we were saying, old Joe sat smoking his pipe, and looking, between each puff, at this object of his idolatry, as it glowed richly in warmth of sunset, when all at once he took his pipe from his lips, placed it in his left hand and rubbed his eyes with his right—then looked again and presently called his old woman who was in the little back parlour behind the shop, washing up the tea things. “Dame, I say, come hither—and make haste”—the good wife obeyed—“Just look up at that ere chestnut tree,” said her spouse—pointing towards it with his finger. “Well,” returned the old woman, shading her eyes with her hand as she raised them towards the glowing sky in the desired direction—“Well master, was that all you wanted to say?!” for at first she perceived nothing unusual to attract her attention, but looking again she suddenly exclaimed, “Lark a mercy! if the top on’t ar’n’t turning all yellow, and this only St. Swithin’s day—but perhaps it’s only my old eyes and you’n too—if Susan was here she’d see in a minute, but she’s stepped out with a basket of pears.” The old lady dived, as she spoke, into the depths of her pocket, and, having brought up and adjusted her spectacles, renewed her scrutiny of the vegetable phenomenon. “Well, the tree’s blighted sure enough, or else it’s the lightning last night has caught hold on’t—what a pity surely!?” and the dame turned to re-enter the house. “Pity indeed!” re-echoed her husband rather sharply, for he did not think the alarm and consternation of his better half at all commensurate with the occasion or with what he felt himself—“Pity indeed! I’d rather lose”—a cough filled up the hiatus, but he didn’t mean his good old wife, though a little angry with her just then—“rather than anything should happen to that ere tree!”

Early next morning Joseph Delves was examining closely the mischief he had seen from far; he found only two evident symptoms of a premature break up in the constitution of his old cotemporary, and for weeks and months did he watch its progress with aching eyes and heart, as branch after branch assumed the “feuille morte” hue of its departed fellow-members, bespeaking that the chestnut body was sick even unto death. The old gardener grieved sadly, and in his wife’s opinion very foolishly; most of the aged pair’s sympathies were alike, but one had lived the greater part of his time without doors, the other within—so one day when Joe was sitting in a melancholy mood gazing on his old dying acquaintance, Mrs. Delves roused him from his reverie by a smart tap on the back—“Why man,” said she, “I never see’d how you takes
on about that 'ere senseless old tree, just for all the world as if it was flesh and blood. For my part I can't understand them unaccountable likes and dislikes as some people takes to dumb things and stocks and stones. There's you—you foolish old body! just ready to cry 'cause that tree's a dying—and there's Master Groper as lives over against it—I warrant he'll be the man to laugh (if so be he knows how) the day he gets rid on't."

Old Joseph looked up in his wife's face—was silent and seemed to think a few moments—a new light had dawned upon him relative to his favourite's approaching demise—he struck the stick on which he had been leaning sharply on the ground, as if to clencher the conclusion at which he had arrived.—" Aye—I have it! that rascal Groper—I'll tell ye what dame! the tree's poisoned, and he's the one as did it! it's as plain as a snail's path over a ripe peach." The matter was settled, at least in the opinion of the old gardener, and his professional reputation enabled him to graft the same notion into the minds of his neighbours, so that in the course of a few days, superadded to his former real and attributed offences, Mr. Gregory Groper was looked on by the little community of H——, as the cowardly and insidious murderer, the "Pisoner," of their boasted and time-honoured horse-chestnut-tree.

A word more of Joseph Delves and his family. How was it that he whose bright and loving nature could attach itself even to a tree—how came it that he had planted himself on the dark side of the way. Truly, in the days of his activity, his own sunny garden was the paradise of his existence from early dawn to sunset—when it mattered little where his roof-tree stood—and since age had obliged him to adopt a quieter branch of his calling, he still continued on the dark side of the way, because shade was best adapted to his stock in trade—gloom was most congenial to the hearts of cabbagebrowsed from their parent stalks—to carrots growing pale at separation from their mother earth, and to thyme wasting away from want of employment.

Besides these considerations of vital import, there were things which made it immaterial to old Joseph whether his dwelling were in sun-light or in shade—first, there was his own cheerful temper, unclouded by remembrance of dark deeds or bitter sorrows, from both of which his peaceful life had been free—there was his contented and happy wife, the very counterpart of John Anderson's helpmate; and last, yet foremost of all, their pretty daughter Susan, the pride of their old eyes, the joy of their old hearts, the sun-light within doors making up for its absence without. This, their "one little ewe lamb," was none other than that towards which Mr. Groper had enacted the part of wolf. She was the child who now nearly ten years ago had been the object of his brutal rage. No wonder that the old gardener thought him capable of "pisoning" his favourite tree—in fact, the name of "Groper," senior and junior, was, to do Master Joseph justice, the only word which ever stirred up the one drop of gall and bitterness in his composition. Think not that he visited the offence of the father on the son, or would have borne in mind any offence for the space of ten long years, but there were other and more recent causes of heart-burnings and fears. Young Groper though of a less gloomy and vindictive temper than his father, was coarse in his manners, and not over scrupulous in his morals. He had cast an admiring eye on Susan Delves, and the rich coal-merchant's son had thought himself entitled to speak words to the poor green-grocer's daughter, which she presumptuously dared to treat with scorn—the baffled suitor chafed, and even hinted vengeance, but the Delves' family cared little for his threats—they looked for protection to the Power above which had guarded Susan when she fell unhurt from the chestnut bough. At length Mr. Groper junior, went so far as to think and talk of marriage, not only to the gardener's daughter herself but to his astonished and incensed father—the proposal was met by both alike.

On a fine afternoon early in April, an unusual sensation was seen to agitate the quiet street of H——, groups of two and three were now and then stopping to talk mysteriously—but nearly every person, man, woman and child, seemed bending his or her course from either end of the town towards its centre, containing Mr. Groper's house and the open
plot, whereon as yet stood the wasted re-
 mains of the defunct horse-chesnut-tree.
But the hour had now arrived when it
was no longer to cumber the ground.
A mandate had gone forth for its removal
from the face of the earth, and the town's-
people were gathering to see its execution.
A crowd had already collected—
some watching the preparations for the
approaching “fall”—others casting si-
nister looks in the opposite direction to-
wards the house of the “wicked prisoner.”

Mr. Groper usually dined in his front
parlour, but on this day orders were
given to lay the cloth in the back—a
thing so unusual that even the taciturn
dealer in coals seemed to think himself
called upon to account for it; and he
condescended to tell Betty, his drudge of
all work, that “it was very cold” (a fact
she was certainly too well exercised to
be aware of) “and he must have a bit of
fire in the little back room, to be snug
and comfortable.” Mr. Richard Groper,
junior, was destined to have a share in
this rare bit of comfort—he dined at
home that day—but as he sat opposite
his respected parent he couldn’t help
thinking that his father seemed more than
commonly uncomfortable and absent—he
forgot to take onion sauce with his roast
shoulder of mutton, helped his son to the
slices off the blade-bone, which he was
in the habit of appropriating to himself;
and agreed to Mr. Dick’s observation
that it was “uncommon hot,” after having
before remarked that it was “miserably
cold.” These contradictory opinions on
the state of the atmosphere had made up
the sum total of conversation during din-
nner, but the silence within had been
broken by a tumult of sounds from without,
which penetrating from the street even to
the “parlour of refuge,” gave token that
—the consummation of the chestnut-tree’s
fate was nigh—“even at the door.” By
the time dinner was over, the confused hum
of voices and continued blows of the axe
were succeeded by the sailor-like chant
of the men employed in lowering the giant
tree as they pulled in unison at the
ropes attached to its upper branches.
All at once arose a deafening shout, fol-
lowed by a tremendous crash that shook
the house to its foundation.

“There he goes! by Jove!” exclaimed
the young man, letting fall a nut he
was about to crack with his teeth.

“Aye, he’s down safe enough,” re-
joined the old one, with a sardonic smile,
raising a glass of port to his lips.

The late hub-bub without, was now
succeeded by a dead silence. “It’s all
over,” thought Mr. Groper as he set
down his empty glass—but it seemed
there was something more to come—for
presently a wild discordant yell met the
startled ears of the listeners in the back
parlour—it was followed by a loud sharp
sound, and that by a clatter of shivered
glass in the adjoining room.

“Hang the rascals if they haven’t
broke our windows!” cried Groper the
younger, starting up and turning very red.

“Stay here, Dick,” said the elder,
looking very pale;—“Stay here, and just
ring the bell.” The son obeyed, wonder-
ing what would come next, and next
there came a second hissing yell, another
volley of stones, and another smash of
glass. The servant girl also came rather
quicker than usual, for she was rather
frightened and glad for once to get into
her master’s company. “Heart alive!”
she exclaimed, as she opened the door,
“the mob’s a breaking all the windows,
and swears they’ll pull down the ouse
about our ears ‘cause—

“Nonsense, girl,” said her master
sternly, but striving to look very calm
and dignified—“its only a few mis-
chievous boys—but I rung for you to
take out a jug of beer to the workmen.”

“Sir!” said the girl, her eyes opening
wide in sympathy with her wondering
ears.

“Confound you!” said the master,
“Take a jug of beer I say, a large one,
to the people who’ve been getting down
the tree, instantly!”—but Betty stood
and stared. Mr. Groper stamped with
impatience—smash went another pane in
the front parlour. Mr. Groper took up
the nut-crackers—Betty winced as if she
thought they could have cracked a skull
—shut the door quickly, and proceeded
to obey, in trembling, her master’s most
marvellous, most incomprehensible com-
mand.

“They’re quieter now,” said the son
to the father, a few minutes after the
administration of the latter’s composing
draught, and in fact the people were dis-
persing—their wrath expended in the
sacrifice of half the panes in the “pison-
er’s” front window, as an atonement to

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the chestnut's injured shade, their thirst for vengeance allayed by the criminal's wonderful forbearance, or quenched for a season in his jug of beer; for Betty, improving on her instructions, had given it to the ringleaders of the row—the fellows near the door, not the fellers of the tree.

Mr. Groper's placability was wonderful; he told Betty to close the shutters in the front parlour, and bid the "glazier come early in the morning"—then, all in the street being quiet, he drew his chair closer to the "little bit of fire," took a few more glasses of port to drown the remembrance of his panes—pushed the bottle to his son, and followed up all with—"Dick, I want to talk to you."

This was something unusual, for there had been little "talk" between the father and son since they had "talked" about Susan Delves—the former felt pretty sure of the young man's sullen acquiescence to his forbidding will in that matter, but he wanted to be quite certain—he had that morning received a letter from a trading correspondent at Whitby, a rich ship-owner with an only daughter, from which he gathered that her "joint stock" partnership with his only son might be an advantageous speculation.

The father and son sat long—what they said is immaterial—suffice it that Mr. Groper found, much to his satisfaction, that Dick had given up all serious thoughts of the gardener's daughter, and obtained his promise that he would think seriously of the young lady at Whitby, to whose father he was to be forthwith dispatched on a trading embassy. It was even settled that Dick should start on the morrow for London—there to equip himself for wooing, and proceed from thence on his northern journey. In aid of these joint purposes Mr. Groper furnished his son with a fifty pound draft—ended the evening with a jorum of rum punch, shook Dick very warmly by the hand when they parted for the night, and crowned all with the bestowal of his blessing.

Mr. Groper entered his bed room, locked the door, and then proceeded to disencumber his gaunt person of its habiliments, in a more complacent frame of mind than he had once experienced since the day on which he had contracted to supply the Devilbridge Railroad. In spite of his panes he had reason to be pleased; fine prospects seemed opening to the house of Groper through the unlooked-for suppleness of Dick, its youngest branch—a fine prospect would be visible on the morrow through the removal of the old branches of the chestnut tree—two loads were at once lifted off his breast—he had never felt more relieved after throwing a sack of coals down an area. He extinguished his candle, but, before stepping into bed, Mr. Groper could not forbear going to the window (his bed-room was a front one) just to look out—no longer for the accursed tree, but for the blessed vacuum it had left. All without was dark and silent—the townspeople were all snug in their beds, and not a glimmer was seen from a single casement, save one solitary, far-off twinkle from the window of the dressmaker whose consumptive apprentice was sitting up to finish a Sunday bonet for the parson's wife—not even a star looked down on the street of H——, they all "wept behind the clouds o'er the chestnut's fall." There was barely sufficient light to distinguish the dark mass of building which formed the opposite side of the street from the empty space where the noble tree had stood; still the blank was discernible, and with what rapture did Mr. Groper gaze on it! he held his breath for joy—then heaving a long-drawn expiration, murmured "it is gone! gone for ever!"

In this happy consciousness, this blissful certainty, Mr. Groper pulled his night-cap closer over his ears, and retreated one step backwards from the window—started one step forwards—then stood motionless—the church clock struck one! but he did not start at the sound of the clock, it was no sound that made him start—but a sight of something that appeared, where he had just gazed on vacancy. Where the tree had stood there now glimmered low upon the ground a blueish light, resembling that seen by belated travellers sitting upon graves: Mr. Groper rubbed his eyes,—he thought it wondrous strange, that light which never flickered though the wind was howling in the chimney; and he stood looking at it, till "thick coming fancies" took possession of his mind, and shadowy forms arose out of the void before him. At one moment (the sepulchral light
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Glancing on its trunk) appeared like the stately form of the horse-chestnut tree, in all its ancient pride of leaf and branch; but as its heavy clusters of drooping foliage waved in the night wind, they looked like the sable feathers on a well-plumed hearse—then, at the rising of a sudden blast, every leaf seemed stripped from the tree, and it stood again, as it had stood of late, a bare and sapless skeleton, stretching out its withered arms to point at its destroyer. Then, standing beside the tree, her rags fluttering in the wind, appeared the beggar woman whose angry prophecy seemed ringing again in Mr. Groper’s ear; she stooped over the blue light, and her pinched features looking wan and ghastly, as it shone upon her face, she kindled a match, held it up threateningly, her livid lips seeming to move and as if close beside him clearly and distinctly whispering, Mr. Groper heard again—

“Just here, where stood the noble tree,
Beneath its roots your grave shall be.”

The coal merchant shuddered—he would have given the profits of his last ship’s cargo of “Wall’s Ends,” to have knocked down the wall of partition which divided his front bed-room from that of his son; but he dared not call, nor cross the room to unlock his door, for the tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his feet seemed glued to the floor, while his eyes remained fixed on the skeleton tree and the spectral match-woman, and the cold blue light that became them both so well. How long he stood, horror-stricken and spell-bound, bereft of half his senses, and all his clothing save a shirt, Mr. Groper did not know, and when at last he found himself in bed he knew as little how he had got there. Any one entering the room, after the latter operation had been effected, would have supposed the bed still vacant, or suffering from a fit of palsy: all that was visible of its occupant being the tassel of his white night-cap, nor until he heard the maid servant up and moving over head, and his son up and dressing for the early morning coach, did Mr. Groper raise his head above the coverlid, and betake him to his first repose.

The sun was high when the coal merchant awoke, and, for once, he was glad to look upon its face as it shone brightly on the open plot of grass opposite. The scene of his last night’s alarm, which now, in daylight he looked back upon as an idle vision—when it grew dark, of course he saw it in a somewhat different light, and when it got quite dark he resolved to burn a rush-light in his chamber, to have his shutters closed, and not even peep through their crevices on retiring to rest. This resolve was adhered to for two or three successive nights, but he could not sleep, or so uneasily, that Betty, who occupied the garret over head, had her rest broken by strange noises proceeding from her master’s room. On the fourth night he could not refrain from unbarring the window shutter. There it was again! the corpse-light of the deceased tree! but this time he waited to see no more—and after another sleepless night followed by a restless day, Betty received orders to air the bed in the spare back room for her master’s reception.

Mr. Groper never discovered the cause of this new annoyance, springing up as it were from the roots of the old one, and our humble conjectures are all we can offer on the matter. It might have been all a hoax played by the friends of the late chestnut-tree on its ruthless “pisoner.” The light might have proceeded from a piece of touch-wood left within the decayed stump of the tree, and the rest might have been the creation of the coal dealer’s fancy under the influence of rum punch and conscience—for well might these have conjured up forms of fear on the spot made vacant by the murdered tree, and rendered silent by the murdered joys of the merry children and cheerful old folks who had delighted to sport, or sit beneath it.

But whatever the cause, the effect of these nightly visitations were by no means pleasant on the “visited.” While the tree lived, he could at least lament openly of the ills it showered on him, but of his new tenant he could not breathe a whisper: he was fain, indeed, to button up his fearf’ul fancies beneath the double breast of his coat, where they preyed so mercilessly, that the garment hung on his lean carcasse more loosely than ever.

There is one comfort under all sub-lunar evils—they are seldom of long duration, at least in one shape—and the most unfortunate are at least blest with

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variety—of woe! So Mr. Groper found it. In the course of a few weeks, down came from London the proprietor of the plot of ground lately occupied by the chestnut tree, and with him came an architect, and with him again a ground plan and elevation of a house to be erected forthwith, just opposite that of the coal merchant. But from certain reasons which he kept to himself Mr. Groper’s discomfort and indignation would have risen to fever heat on this occasion. As it was, he preferred having the opposite void filled by substance rather than shadow; and though he grumbled at his prospect being shut out, he inwardly consoled himself with the prospect of a new customer, and watched the progress of the opposite building with tolerable complacency. As the erection advanced, he indulged in hopeful speculations on the effect it was likely to produce on his nocturnal visitations, and at length ventured on another midnight gaze from his front bed-room window. The mysterious light was no longer visible—the spirit of the tree was either imprisoned within the four walls that now enclosed it, or scared at sound of hammer, saw and trowel, must have fled for ever.

When the new house was finished, it presented a plain face of moderate dimensions, regularly featured—one window on either side the door with ditto over each, the building being flanked by a wooden paling which enclosed the garden. In all this, there was nothing the least alarming to Mr. Groper on the score of competition with his own eight windowed front, and that gentleman was even heard to pronounce it a “nice house enough.”

At all events, it turned out “nice enough” to let; for before the walls were dry, a tenant made his appearance. A stranger arrived to see the premises in a neat brown chariot, bearing a humblebee on the pannel by way of crest, he was drest in a brown single-breasted coat, and drab ditto; his equipment and attire being in what the painters call good keeping with his person—that of a short, stout, old gentleman of the bachelor cut. Mr. Groper only sported a “one horse chay!” he was at his window when the brown chariot drove up, and said to himself—“That house will never do for him.” But it so happened that Mr. Honeymead, the brown chariot’s master, happened to be of a different opinion at least as to the never. He was in the habit of being pleased with most things, and was very much pleased with the house—it had “a delightful aspect!—not a bit too sunny,—was in a most convenient situation—not a bit too far from town”—it was only a leetle bit too small—but what of that—he could make it larger, and that would give him a little bit of amusement—and all these “little bits” together making up a very satisfactory sum total, Mr. Honeymead made up his mind to take the premises on an improving lease of twenty-one years. He had made a large fortune by honest industry. What could he do better than spend it for the benefit of trade? and though Mr. Groper and a few of his “shady” neighbours wondered “what—— an old bachelor could want with a large house?” the majority of the inhabitants of H——, including all its spinsters, declared that he had a right to please himself in his own way—to nobody’s detriment and to many-body’s benefit. To do Mr. Honeymead justice, however the “benefit” above alluded to, was conjoined with no selfish gratification; he had conferred other benefits, pure and unalloyed, whose record was graven upon grateful hearts, and as to “harming any one,” a single look at his face beaming with benevolence, would have made the questioner blush for entertaining a doubt upon the subject.

As the new resident of H—— bustled about amongst his work-people, who had a better opportunity of reading his countenance than Mr. Groper had?—but alas! the best feelings of human nature are written in characters he had never learnt to read—he could not decipher dispositions—but he could watch proceedings—and those of his opposite neighbour now began to excite his alarm and jealousy.

What was the bachelor about? He was adding two wings to the body of his house—a pair of wings that made it soar above the house of Groper. Wings—that spread in triumph over its fall—what upstart insolence! Was the broadest, reddest “face” in all the street of H——, to be out-faced by the pale Paris-plastered visage of its vis-a-vis! it was not to be endured, and as Mr. Groper

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sat looking out of his eight-windowed house, like a spider out of his eight eyes, he marked the works of his neighbour in a spirit very much akin to that of the above amiable insect, when, hid in shade, he watches a busy fly sipping honey in the sun. Like the spider, he was also lying in wait to pounce on his unwary prey. Little thought poor Mr. Honeymead as he innocently went on “improving”—and thinking in the simplicity of his heart, that his labours had also “improved” the prospect of his neighbour—little did he dream that he was treading on the verge of a trespass, down which that treacherous neighbour was ready to push him headlong.

What is a countenance without a nose? Such in Mr. Honeymead’s opinion was a flat-faced house without a portico—so also thought the architect: he made a further improvement on his “improved” elevation, by the addition of this conspicuous feature, and a portico—a Grecian portico of the Corinthian—no—Composite order speedily arose.

Now it so happened that the original builder of the house, having never contemplated such classic and exalted views as its improver, had erected it very near the road, only leaving a narrow slip guarded by a wooden rail between its windows and the pavement. The portico could not be quite confined within such narrow limits and consequently projected a little—a very little into the footway. “I’ll have him now,” soliloquised the “man in the shade,” apostrophising the “man in the sun”—“its a trespass! an infamous encroachment on the Queen’s highway! I’ll make him pull down that gingerbread portico if there’s law and justice in Christendom!”

Mr. Groper appealed accordingly to the “hundred-rogue power” of the law—but, for once, law and justice pulled together and both declined pulling down the accursed portico. In vain did the coal merchant speak forcibly, and feelingly, and patriotically; vainly he declared the said encroachment could be no sort of nuisance to him personally, it was for the sole benefit and convenience of the “injured public” that he had taken up the matter—his public spirit was but ill-rewarded. The arm of the law took a preliminary measure, before it proceeded to knock down Mr. Honeymead’s portico—it took the measure of the road between the rival houses, which road did certainly did want six inches and a half of the legal width—but on examination, Mr. Groper’s own front railing was found to approach the centre of the street more closely than the slandered portico: ergo, the coal dealer’s front palings were forced with shame to retire.

This was the fruit of Gregory Groper’s legal proceedings against his new neighbour. Now he chewed the cud upon it! and found it bitter than the coarsest weed, ever picked up in meadows rank, by ruminating animal. How ill-will, and jealousy, and spleen, and hatred, batten and fattened upon the noxious food, nor were other aliments wanting to nourish these “monsters of the mind,” who, subsisting first on trifles light as air, end by gnawing and at last devouring the heart that shelters them.

When the bachelor had nearly completed the enlargement of his house, he began to think of increasing his establishment, which had hitherto consisted of one maid and a servant lad whom he had brought from London. Now his building was over he often left home for a few days, and therefore wanted some trust-worthy persons to leave in charge. Such treasures are not picked up every day, and Mr. Honeymead therefore thought himself very lucky in obtaining what he sought in the persons of old Joseph Delves, the gardener and his wife. In truth the grocer’s shop had, of late, been in anything but a flourishing condition. Joseph had been obliged to give up a capital piece of garden-ground he had rented of Mr. Groper, because that gentleman chose to demand double its value since his son’s affaire du cœur, and the old people were fain to exchange their independence for what promised to be a comfortable, almost nominal servitude.

Mr. Honeymead declared they would suit him to a “T.” The old gardener and his spouse said the place would suit them too, “but poor Susan, what would become of her?”—“Why, let her come too—she’ll make my shirts, and perhaps there’ll be more work for her soon;”—said the good-natured bachelor, with a smile—on which ingenious gossips might have founded a world of conjecture.

So the matter was settled, and all
parties were well pleased except Mr. Groper, who was very much displeased at an arrangement which brought constantly before his eyes two or three more persons whom he cordially hated—because—they had reason to hate him. Old Joseph liked his master more and more upon farther acquaintance; true, he relished not giving up his own house, but when he had got over the taste of that "sour grape," he was very happy. And where could the old man have been better placed? The tree was gone that he had loved to look upon; where better could he dwell than on the very spot it had once occupied? he could not sit beneath its shade—where better could he rest than on a chair perhaps standing where his favourite bench once stood? Above all, was he not transplanted to the sunny side?

One fine morning in July, Mr. Honeymead ordered post-horses to his brown chariot and went to London for a few days, leaving the charge of all things to Joseph Delves—for there were yet workmen about the premises—laborers busy in the garden, and well-diggers employed in sinking a well. The bachelor's business in London—need be no business of our's—suffice it, that having transacted the same to his satisfaction he was glad enough to see the brown chariot at the door of his city hotel, with its horses' heads turned westward and about to turn tails on the great metropolis. Literally as well as metaphorically did the "stout old gentleman" pant for country air, for the weather was very sultry—a violent thunder-storm in the middle of the preceding night, having been followed by another intensely hot morning—for which reason it was not until towards evening that he started for H—distant about thirty miles from town.

Heavy rain had fallen with the late storm—the dust was laid—and when Mr. Honeymead had fairly escaped from the smoke of London, he let down both windows of the brown chariot, and inhaled the fresh evening breeze with infinite delight and satisfaction; he was approaching Chelsea, whose adjacent lanes still boasted their woodbine and their "Traveller's Jog," only partially trampled on by the march of houses—and he thought the hedges had never smelt so sweetly since he passed them when a little boy on his way home from school. Poor old gentleman! he was going home now—and he was glad at the thoughts of it. True—home was not to the solitary old man what home is to those who know that expectant eyes and ears are striving to catch the first sound and sight that tells of their return—but a heart that must cling to something, generally creates for itself a something worthy of clinging to.

Enough we hope has been said of Mr. Honeymead to prove, beyond a doubt, that amongst "bachelors," he must have been one of that class called "Disappointed." It was even so—the rough rival "Death" had interposed between him and the early and only object of his affection—but the bereavement which for a long time saddened—never soured his disposition. Those who noted his kindness to all might have fancied the love he bore to one parcelled out amongst the human race, but had they looked into his heart they would have found it entire and undecayed in the winter of his age. But we must not linger with the brown chariot on sentimental ground, for such it was now passing over in the green lanes near Chelsea, where Mr. Honeymead's family had formerly resided. His father's old-fashioned, respectable-looking residence had been pulled down: but there stood the old Bun House, reminding him of good aunt Deborah—and their antipodes—school bread-and-butter and his schoolmaster's wife—aunt Deborah wore high-heeled shoes, and elbow sleeves, and lace ruffles. She lay in Chelsea churchyard, and her grey-headed nephew, as he passed by, thought it seemed but yesterday, since a stripling, wearing for the first time a funeral hat-band, he had followed her remains to the grave. Hard upon the thoughts of childhood came those of youth—thoughts connected with one he had loved better than aunt Deborah—thoughts that had been bitter in the heyday of life—but were now—sunset recollections mellowed and softened as that day declined—his was no day without a morrow—for he looked beyond it to the new and brighter dawn already risen on the objects of his early love.

The sun—the sun of this our lower world was also setting—taking a farewell
look at his gorgeous robes of gold and purple, mirrored in liquid fire on the silver Thames; the breeze blew freshly off the river, and the brown chariot having passed all road-side remembrances of times gone by, its occupant drew up the windows, settled himself in a corner, indulged to the full in wakening visions of the past, and then fell asleep to dream them all over again.

It was dark when the old gentleman was awake by the sudden stopping of the chaise—the postillion came round to the window, and asked at what house he should stop.

"The new white house in the middle of the town, left hand side, with a Grecian portico and lamp in front."

"Very well, sir," said the man; and the saddle-horse was scarcely remounted, before Mr. Honeyeard was again in the arms of Morpheus from which even the rough paving stones of H—, failed to dislodge him.

The postillion having dashed in style through the entrance of the town, slackened his pace as he proceeded, in order to look for the Grecian portico—but no portico or lamp either did he see. Again he dismounted, put his white heaver on a level with the carriage window, and his hand on a level with his hat. "Please sir, I see's never a house with a portik--"

"Further on, my good fellow," murmured Mr. Honeyeard, half asleep.

"Didn't you say, sir," returned the postillion, "that we was to stop at H—?

"To be sure," said the old gentleman, roused at last.

"Then we've com'd to the last 'ouse, and de'l a portik have we passed, either one side or t'o'ther."

"I say, my good man, you must surely have overlooked it—turn back gently, and you'll see it on the right."

The postboy, with a knowing smile, signifying "I'm right," turned his horses to the right about, and this time Mr. Honeyeard, wide awake, looked out at the chariot window, ready to cry "stop," as soon as the Corinthian pillars appeared in view. But, oh! sight of horror, amazement, and dismay! the Corinthian pillars indeed were there: but headless, shattered, despoiled of their fair proportions, they lay extended on the pavement, amidst the ruins of the portico they had supported and adorned.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Honeyeard, stretching his head further out of the chaise window and his eyes nearly out of their orbits—"Bless me, what's the matter?—How's this?—Surely the storm."

"Here, sir?" said the postboy. The old gentleman's looks were enough. He drew up, saying as he dismounted, "a queer job, this sir."

"Aye, aye, ring the bell," said Mr. Honeyeard, forgetting in his impatience that the bell-pull had gone the way of the portico; and the postillion was vainly fumbling at the door when it was opened by Joseph Delves, his honest face distended with the importance of ill news, and his right eyes swollen by some "ill" of a more corporeal nature—his head also being bound with a yellow handkerchief—the footboy appeared behind him, with Mrs. Delves and Susan in the rear—all assembled to receive their master, and break the shock of the broken portico. Old Delves advanced limply to the door of the brown chariot.

"Why, Joseph, how's this?" said his master, thinking at that moment only of his broken head.

"Ah, sir, said the old gardener, thinking only of the broken portico, and pointing to its ruins—"Ah, sir, its a sad job, a cruel, wicked job—and them as—"

"The wind, I suppose, last night," interrupted Mr. Honeyeard, not seeming to hear the last part of Joseph's speech, "the storm, I suppose, it was very tremendous, and the mortar perhaps wasn't quite set—still—I shouldn't have thought—"

"And nobody else, sir," said Joe in his turn, rather abruptly cutting short his master's opinion; "No, no, it wasn't the wind;" he repeated with a knowing look of mystery.

The carriage unpacked, and the postboy paid, Joseph followed his master into the parlour.

"So you think it was the wind?" said the latter.

"The wind did it about as much as you or I, sir. No, no, its no wind's work—cepting the "ill wind" as blows from over the way, the "pisonous" wind as blasted the grand old chestnut tree as stood here formerly."

"What do you mean, Joe?" asked his unsuspecting master: dull in the comprehension of evil—and "first tell me
what's the matter with your head and knee?"

"Little the matter with them, sir, thank ye," said the stout old man; "but I'll just tell ye all about it—and the porch that's a deal worser job. Well, sir, last night, or getting on for morning, my wife and I, as sleeps back'ards, ye know, sir, was woke by a precious hurly-balo— the thunder roaring, the hail clattering, and the wind blowing as great guns as the thunder itself—so I couldn't go to sleep again for the noise, and for thinking of the glass that was being broke in the garden-lights—and at last I gets up, thinking to go down and see if I couldn't put something over them. Just then, my good woman who had her head under the bed-clothes and lay a shaking like a bunch of trembling grass, says to me, 'Joe,' says she, 'it's a fair tempting of providence to think of going out in such a storm as this—only hark! did you ever hear such thunder as that?'

'Why no—and nobody else either,' said I, for just at that minute there comes a rattling peal, and then knock—knock—clatter—clatter—a noise in front of the house, as if it was all tumbling about our ears. So to pacify my wife, I promises not to go down stairs; only to step across the landing-place, and look out at the staircase window. And so I did, and what should I see but the portico threwed down and laying like a heap of rubbish on the pavement. I seed it all as clear as noon day by the lightning, and just as I was turning away from the window there comes another awful flash—and what do you think it shewed me? Why, sir, as plain as I see you, I saw two huiling black fellows stealing away from the front of the house with pick-axes in their hands. I knowed them well enough for a pair of Groper's coal heavers and certain sure they crossed the street and crept in at his back-door. Well, sir, I waited a bit—the storm had lulled amazingly—and presently I heard something more right under the window. There's another on 'em, by jingo, thought I, and so I went and took the loaded pistol off the mantel in our bedroom—goes down stairs and softly undoes the street-door, thinking to lay hold on the fellow afore he could make off. And very likely I should, only in my hurry I lost sight of the rubbish as was throwed down all about the door, and down I comes myself in the very middle of it—off went the pistol—and off scampered master smutty-face, or master Groper, for it might have been the devil's man or belike, the devil himself—I couldn't swear which, for when I scrambled up, the coast was clear, and all I'd got for my pains was just a trifle of a bruise or two on my head and knee here—only one comfort, sir, I shall be a good witness on the prosecution."

After old Delves had thus given an account of his stewardship, his master seemed to ponder a minute, then said kindly, "I'm sorry you are so much hurt, Joseph, my good fellow; but do you really think that Mr. Groper had any hand in this business?"

Joseph lifted up his hands and eyes, also, much to the inconvenience of the swollen organ. "Think it! Lord bless you, sir! what should I think? why—its as plain as a black scarecrow on a quick-limed radish-bed! Least-ways, if he hadn't a hand—he'd a head in the matter, and that's as bad—and worse."

"But really, Joseph," said the good bachelor, "I can't suppose that Mr. Groper bears me any ill-will—I've always dealt with him for coals, and sent him melons, and—besides what you saw is no proof—even if you can swear to the men—they might have been out late drinking—and—"

"Ah—but the pick-axe, sir!—and the back door open at that time of night to let 'em in?"

"Well, that's certainly odd—but—."

But in short Mr. Honeymead was determined to think no evil, or if forced to suspect, did not want his suspicions confirmed. He, therefore, allowed the matter of the portico to imitate its example and fall entirely to the ground. Silence was enjoined on Joseph Delves, who shrugged his shoulders and couldn't forbear whispering to his wife and Susan, that their patron had "one terrible fault, he was too good-natured by halves."

So he was, but perhaps after all, Mr. Honeymead, without one thought of vengeance lurking in his bosom, took the most signal revenge on the malice of his unworthy neighbour. The morning after his discovery of the portico's ruin, there was the good-natured bachelor giving directions for the removal of the frag-
ments of his favourite piece of architecture, his brow quite as clear, his voice as gentle, as when superintending its erection. At least thought Mr. Groper, he'll be put to the expense of building another. Not a bit of it—for now it was gone, Mr. Honeymed began to think that his house 'looked quite as well, indeed better, without a portico.' Unfortunate Mr. Groper! what to him would have been 'Detection,' 'Action,' 'Damages,' compared to the maddening placability of the 'man in the sun.' On the morrow of the portico's fall, Mr. Honeymed's footboy took a note across the road.—'Surely it was an angry accusation, a threat of legal proceedings? No—it was an order for coals.'

In his opposite neighbour's sight there was however one redeeming point about the bachelor's character—one 'one spot on the sun' which he could look at with complacency. From the gentleman who dealt on the sunny side to the sweep who lived on the shady—all spoke well of Mr. Honeymed, but now he had been above a year in the place, all these his friends—the lady friends included—did occasionally observe, or admit, that it was rather selfish to make a fine house, and build a conservatory, and heat his hall with steam, and only for himself alone—this certainly was selfish. Here then was at least one hole in the good bachelor's brown coat—one hole that might be picked and enlarged on every occasion—by Mr. Groper—but this one suface and amusement was soon, alas! denied him. Betty was told by the footboy over the way—'That master was expecting two young ladies, his nieces, to come and live with him. The hole in the brown coat was mended! there was nothing left for the coal dealer but to rend his own garment and sit in sackcloth and ashes.

Hush! cease from your repinings, unhappily dweller in the shade! Chafe not at the happiness all your little puny efforts at annoyance are powerless to destroy! seek not to throw the gloom of your spleen across the space that divides you from the sunny side! Wait a little while and a darker shadow will rest upon it! Walk in your own garden—look at that owl sitting in the shade of the yew-tree. See how the bird of night frets and fidgets and casts evil looks from his great yellow eyes at that merry linnulet who disturbs his noon-day slumbers by her song—a song so soft and sweet that but for his gloomy, fretful temper it might lull him to repose.

Foolish owl! to fret about the linnnet's song! a hawk is in the air—he pounces on the little warbler and his song is hushed for ever!

The nieces of Mr. Honeymed (daughters of a wealthy city attorney) were in the height of preparation for their journey to H——. Six capacious boxes were filled with materials for astonishing and captivating the country 'natives.' Uncle's brown chariot was expected every moment, and the young ladies, prepared to mount its step, were stepping each instant to the window to see 'if it was coming.' It came not—but instead thereof came a startling 'rat, tat,' at the door. 'It's the postman, I declare!' cried Miss Julia.

'It's from uncle I do think!' said Miss Maria; and both the young ladies ran into the passage to meet the letter—and a disappointment!

The news came from H——, and it was ill news. One bright morning Mr. Honeymed rose unusually early, he felt more than usually happy—for he was going to make himself particularly busy in preparing all things for the reception of his young relatives. By noon his little "labours of love" ended—quite ended. In the evening he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and he lay for several weeks in a hopeless and helpless but not suffering condition. Mr. Groper sent every day to inquire after his neighbour—a kind action—why investigate its springs? Almost every inhabitant of H—— did the same, because they all respected and liked the object of their inquiries.

For our friend Joseph Delves, his wife and child, now was their value proven; if they had been in their kind master's service twenty years instead of as many months, they could not have tended him with more of affectionate regard, and most of all, Susan, who watched by him day and night, and was unto the dying old man even as a daughter.

His brother-in-law (the father of the expected nieces) was frequently at H—— in these "latter days"—the money hun-
ter "in at the death!"—his griping palm was never made to smooth the pillow of sickness—it mattered not—the pillow was smoothed—and the "good man" departed—happy, perhaps, that none but stranger friends stood by—that the nearer and the dearer had all gone before.

A hearse darkened the sunny side. It came to convey the remains of Mr. Honeymead to the vault at Chelsea where reposed his good aunt Deborah. His brother-in-law superintended the funeral arrangements and was well paid for his trouble—he followed the hearse in the "brown chariot" of the deceased.

The old gardener and his wife and Susan stood at the sunny door, and looked upon the last of their kind friend and master, till they could see no longer; but it wasn't the sun that blinded them!

"What a most extraordinary, unheard-of bequest!" exclaimed Mr. Honeymead's brother-in-law, the day after opening the will; "most unheard of!—quite an act of dotage!—And yet, poor fellow! perhaps he's more to be pitied than blamed for falling into the clutches of those interested, low people who got the right side of him."

Be it known that the speaker of this speech had been left the bulk of the testator's large fortune and this might account for the Christian charity with which it was concluded.

"Blessings on his kind heart! whoever have thought that!" exclaimed Joseph Delves on the same day—on finding himself a fifty-pound annuitant by the same will—which moreover bequeathed to his daughter Susan the sum of two thousand pounds, "in slight recompense," it said, "for her unremitting attention during my illness."

"Surely the man was beside himself," thought Mr. Gregory Groper, as he pocketed with some confusion of face, but little contrition of heart, ten guineas for a mourning ring to betoken the "good will" of him who left it.

Soon after his kind patron's death the old gardener took up his abode in a small neat house on the same side of the way, but he only lived there for a short time: only till his daughter Susan had bestowed herself and her unlooked-for portion on a worthy young farmer who had long possessed her heart with a promise of her hand, as soon as prudence gave consent. The two thousand pounds enabled them to set up in a little farm whither the parents of Susan followed. And here amidst its pleasant fields, the sun went down warmly and brightly on the evening of their days.

The mask of Portland stone was half torn off the face of Mr. Honeymead's late dwelling—the iron rails were rusting through their scaling coats—rank grass and weeds were growing up around them—the weather-beaten outside shutters were gaping for the painter's brush—the neglected garden-wall was growing green and yellow with moss or melancholy, while the fruit trees so carefully trimmed by Joseph Delves, were throwing up their long wild arms as if in mockery of the pruning knife. Mr. Groper had long gazed on unpeopled vacancy, if not on empty space, when the house was taken by two ladies. Who the ladies were or whence they came nobody could tell; but it was understood they had the house cheap on account of its dilapidated condition. On their first arrival, masons, carpenters, and glaziers, all pricked up their ears and those on both opposing sides of the way kept a sharp look-out across the street—but they looked in vain. No orders came from ladies or from landlord—not so the broker, for of him some few articles of worm-eaten furniture were hired till the arrival of the ladies' "own." One of the said ladies greatly resembled the moveables in question, being old, bulky, and considerably the worse for wear—to the other, and much the younger, only one choice article in the broker's shop could boast comparison, and that was the flaunting figure of a full-blown peony on the soiled satin seat of a broken, gilt arm-chair. But old or young, handsome or ugly, Mr. Groper troubled his head very little about his new "oppositives"—they were really nothing to him, for they seemed "nothing to nobody"—and decidedly poor bodies. While they were allowed to rest in this state of non-entity, Mr. Groper's feelings, as concerned his fair neighbours, lay absolutely fallow; before long, however, a certain Mistress Gossip, a great frequenter of the shady
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side of H——, an “artiste” as ingenious as any French chef de cuisine in the creation of something out of nothing, contrived to dish up a few tea-table relishes of scandal at the houses where she visited. Strange rumours got afloat concerning the stranger ladies—the younger was declared to be “just what she looked,” and the elder to look “just what she was.” The coal merchant’s ears were seldom shut on evil report—his eyes began to open wider on the opposite new-let house, especially on the wide-opened window at which the “blooming peony” was generally visible. Somewhere or another Mr. Groper began to take a new sort of interest in his aspersed neighbours—his feelings began to be enlisted on the opposite side—perhaps in a spirit of knight errantry—perhaps in a spirit of contradiction.

What a wilderness of briars was the world to Mr. Groper! The thorn that had so long rankled in his side had been removed and its place supplied by a rose (a peony rose), and now another prickle sprouted even from a branch of his own family tree.

While the bells were proclaiming with merry voices the marriage of Susan Delves, a Whitby letter was put into the coal merchant’s hands—that too was a wedding announcement—it reported the success and consummation of Mr. Dick’s matrimonial speculation—and the subsequent failure and entire bankruptcy of his new father-in-law. Mr. Groper ground his teeth—the gardener’s daughter would have been a better match!

The man in the shade forthwith fell into a brown study—comprising the above and sundry other sombre reflections—he rose from his chair and paced up and down his front parlour, marching to the tune of Susan’s wedding bells—but he had no desire to join the wedding procession—by this time passing on the sunny side as it returned from church—nor had he any particular curiosity to see how the bride was dressed, so he paused in his march to pull down the window-blind—just then he saw the maid of the opposite house crossing the road. She had something like a note in her hand. “Perhaps,” thought he, “they’ve sent the money for the coals.”

What a vulgar idea! Coal money sent in a rose-coloured triangle addressed to “Gregory Groper, Esquire,” and sealed with two united hearts blazing in an altar fire (not of coals!) With the addition of two sable prints from Betty’s fingers, or the Bearer’s, the note found its way into the Squire’s hand—he read—it—he flushed—no! it was the mere reflection of the altar fire or the rose-coloured paper on his leden visage—it could be nothing else, for the billet was only a formal invitation from “Mrs. Spinks”—a request for the honour of Mr. Groper’s company to meet her brother, “Sir Archibald McSwindle, Bart.” at dinner. “To go or not to go” was no question with the Coal merchant, he had refused many an urgent entreaty, but never once on the subject of dinner with a Baronet. In the course of the succeeding morning a dashing cab was seen to stop at Mrs. Spinks’s door, from whence alighted a gentleman of most imposing appearance—“the Baronet” no doubt thought Mr. Groper, who for a moment almost wished the ladies had been alone—but then the honour! So he put the best face upon the matter, that is, a face of brass lacquer over his leden complexion, put Mr. Honeymead’s mourning ring (for the first time) on his little finger, a paste pin in his best frilled shirt, and at the hour appointed stepped across the street to dinner and distinction. “They met”—the coal-dealer and the baronet, all embarrassing difference or difference smoothed at once by the ladies; affable introduction of their relative and themselves, for as yet the intercourse between the opposite neighbours had been confined to looks. It was astonishing, and to none more than himself, how soon Mr. Groper felt quite at ease amongst his distinguished acquaintance; he who truth to tell, had never been in genteel company before. How was it? Sir Archibald’s coat was of the most fashionable cut—he wore a plaid silk waistcoat—and large red whiskers checked with grey, for like his sister Mrs. Spinks he was a little the worse for wear. That lady’s fat shoulders (for they had swallowed up her throat) were surmounted by a blue and gold muslin turban—and as for Miss Spinks (the blooming peony) her ringlets were black, and glossy, and long enough to have hampered the freedom of any widower alive, and yet Mr. Groper felt quite at
home. Let us try and solve this enigma in moral philosophy. Every R. A. knows to his cost that a fine picture strikes little in a shabby frame—now Mr. Groper was gazing on a fine and grander "Tableau Vivant" than any he had seen—but the frame, the accompaniments were decidedly mean and calculated to diminish the brilliancy of its effect. If the apartments, and the attendance, and the dinner had been in keeping with the coalmerchant's fine entertainers, perhaps he would have wished himself at the bottom of one of his own pits, but the room in which the party were assembled only boasted of the broker's worm-eaten table and ricketty chairs—serving moreover for drawing room and eating parlour if not for "kitchen and hall,"—the kitchen drudge served for footman—Mr. Groper's favourite shoulder of mutton for a haunch of vension—small beer for sparkling champagne—and, (Oh! scantiest of shifts!) a dirty table cloth for a clean one. Mr. Groper looked on these things and felt at home—nay! he felt more than at home, for he looked out of the cracked uncurtained window as he sat upon the ricketty chair, caught a sight of his own red moreen draperies in the front parlour, thought of his own horsehair sofa and felt himself a man of consequence—a match for a "Baronet," to say nothing of a Baronet's niece. Then the ladies were so charming—so polite in apologizing for all temporary inconvenience—so condescending in explaining their minutest causes. Sir Archibald MacSwindle didn't say a great deal, but Mr. Groper thought not the less of him because when he did speak, both his matter and manner were a little beyond the said Gregory Groper's comprehension, for the Baronet talked Scotch, and discoursed upon great people. Then he seemed to dote upon his niece—gazed upon her blooming cheeks with almost parental fondness, and, as the evening wore on, drew his ricketty chair close to hers and then, presuming on his close relationship, drew his fingers through her black and glossy ringlets. Mrs. Spinks looked on with all a mother's feelings; they wanted vent, she drew Mr. Groper aside, into a dusky corner (for the maid had gone out to fetch candles) and then expatiated warmly and largely and pathetically on the merits of her beloved brother and her darling child. "You see Mr. Groper" she began in a low tone, that we treat you with no ceremony and just like one of our family party. There's my brother Sir Archibald a talking and playing with Seraphina just as if there was nobody here, but you must excuse him Mr. Groper, indeed you must! for you don't know how he dotes upon that darling child, he's completely wrapped up in her!"

"Indeed, ma'am!" said Mr. Groper, the words were not uttered in a tone of surprise but their speaker certainly thought that the doting uncle might have wrapped up her his "darling child," his "baby hunting" in a warmer skin than the bare walls of a dismantled unfurnished house where the wind entered at every crevice.

Mrs. Spinks—if she did not guess—happily met his reflections, as she continued—"Ah, sir! you little know that man! nobody knows him, except me and my daughter who have the happiness and the honor to be dependant on him—he took this house for us, and was a going 'ding dong' to lay out a mint of money upon repairs, and painting, and papering, and furniture, and all that—while we was living in beautiful apartments in London at twenty guineas a-week—not many uncles as would do that—eh, Mr. Groper—but you know sir, how delicate minds shrinks from the weight of obligations, so when my excellent brother was down in Scotland on his immense estates there—what do you think we did Mr. Groper? Why we fairly gave him the slip—left our apartments at twenty guineas a-week—and just came down here and settled ourselves quietly, putting-up with any ill-convenience rather than impose on the generosity of that kind, that exemplary relation."

"Yes, ma'am—very right, ma'am," responded Mr. Groper, but if he had been in the palace of truth—he might possibly have said, "very foolish ma'am."

"Well, sir," continued the lady, "you wouldn't believe how angry Sir Archibald was when he heard the step we had taken—I really thought I'd lost a brother—and such a brother, Mr. Groper! but just look at his sweet forgiving temper and his devoted affection for that dear girl! Would you believe it? here
he comes, all the way from Scotland, on purpose to see with his own eyes how we are situated. You should only have been here when he arrived,—it would really have done your heart good to have heard how he stormed and raved because we had'nt this, and had'nt that—as we've been always accustomed to.

'You sha'nt stay an hour, no, not a day,' says Sir Archibald in this tumble-down house with hardly a common necessary in it. No, no,' says he, 'you and your lovely Seraphina shall instantly return to your apartments at the west-end and not leave them on pain of my heaviest displeasure, till this place is prepared for your reception.' What was I to say? Mr. Groper! How was it possible I could withstand such kindness? Yet I was firm—Seraphina too was firm in her delicate scruples, and our united firmness has conquered the generous man. Sir Archibald a length agrees that we shall remain here till the spring—and when the baronet comes up to attend parliament we are to join him and Lady M'Swindle—while the necessary repairs is going on here—for as to any thing else Seraphina and I won't hear of it.

'Poor dear man! no—never a chick or child to be heir to his vast immense property—cruel thing, is'nt it? Mr. Groper?'—and the lady sighed.

'A sad thing, indeed, ma'am,' responded the coal merchant with a cough.

'Ah! and a forty year's trouble (my brother's older than me, Mr. Groper; and Lady M'Swindle the eldest of the three) —a heart-breaking affair— and yet—sir—I—perhaps—I with the feelings of a mother—the mother of the Seraphina as he dotes upon—can hardly be expected to sign—in short, Mr. Groper, it's a delicate subject.'

Mrs. Spinks paused, then recommenced with a moral reflection. 'I've often thought Mr. Groper how wastily foolish it is of little folks to envy the great. There's my poor dear brother a striking example—not to speak of the delicate subject we was touching on—he doesn't enjoy a day's health from one year's end to another—and only this morning Seraphina and I were prodigiously shocked at the wonderful change in his appearance—perhaps you don't perceive it sir, as a stranger; but really it makes my heart ache to look at him.'

'Indeed ma'am—certainly—I understand,' said Mr. Groper who fathomed the lady's described feeling, about as easily as he would have understood a boy's shuddering at the puff of wind which promised to lay a golden pippin at his feet—a pippin his neck aches with looking up at.

By this time mutton lights appeared. The lady of the house and her guest deserted their dusty corner—the fond uncle released the imprisoned ringlets of the lovely Seraphina; the conversation became general, the baronet talked largely of what he should do to his sister's house in spring—and more largely of his immense estate in Perthshire. Miss Seraphina talked of her grand piano which she was afraid of having down at present—and warbled a song which she was afraid she had forgotten. Then came the supper—bread and cheese, and a bottle of choice Scotch whiskey which the baronet had not forgotten to bring in his cab.

Well, Mr. Groper re-crossed the street that night, an altered man. Rain had fallen during his visit, the road was sloppy; but Mr. Groper noted not the puddles, he splashed something above his black silk stockings, but he heeded not the stains—he had eaten roast mutton with a 'baronet,' been talked to confidentially by a 'baronet's sister,' and been sweetly smiled on by a baronet's niece—no wonder he was raised above the dirt. The annoyances and disappointments of yesterday—commercial and matrimonial were forgotten or only remembered in connection with splendid hopes; for once the dark man looked towards the sun or some Jack o'lanthorn he mistook for it. The Whitby correspondent the great northern light had been suddenly extinguished to Dick's discomfiture and his own dismay—for great were his involvements with the lately rich shipowner. True, Dick had drawn a blank—where he looked for a prize—but, perhaps—and here Mr. Groper viewed his leaden visage in the glass as he took out his paste pin—perhaps he might make a second and a better venture. Ah! ah! thought he, if that cursed chesnut had been standing. Where would have been my present prospects! The riches of "the baronet," the ringlets of the baro-

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net’s “darling,” seemed within his grasp within the like compass of a wedding-ring. The mourning-ring of poor Mr. Honeymead just then pinched his fourth finger—he pulled it off as quickly as he could—shut it up in its black box and got hastily into bed.

The coal dealer had been too good a miner in his youth to fail working the golden vein of which he thought himself the fortunate discoverer; he flattered himself that he was still young enough to sink a shaft into the bosom of the jetty-locked Seraphina whenever he chose; but now the mine was opened he determined to proceed with caution and not go too deep before he was sure of metal to repay his trouble: such at least was his prudent resolution.

Thus cautious of stepping too far, Mr. Groper nevertheless stepped daily across the street, and on one of these occasions discovered his fair neighbours both in an agony of tears; the mother held an open letter in her hand and with a look of woe too full for utterance placed it in that of her visitor. He read: the epistle was from Sir Archibald Macswindle’s steward. His master was at the point of death, and waited “but to embrace once more his beloved niece and sister” ere he departed—from the Land o’ Cakes.

“My dear ma’am you must set off instantly,” exclaimed Groper.

“Yes! yes!” sobbed the mother.

“Yes! yes!” faintly echoed the daughter. “Not an instant—not a moment to be lost.”

“Not a moment,” reiterated Mrs. Spinks; “but—”

“But what! my dear ma’am,” inquired the coal merchant. “It’s of the material consequence to you and this excellent charming young lady, supposing the baronet should die and—”

“Oh, in pity forbear—there’s madness in the thought,” shrieked Miss Seraphina, borne away by another flood.

“True! true!” exclaimed Mrs. Spinks a little more calmly; “it would be distracting—never off of our consciences—but—oh, Mr. Groper—my dear sir—even to such a friend as you—twere excessive delicate—but, in short, Mr. Groper, the journey to Scotland—to the Highlands is vastly expensive, and, in short, spare our feelings, but—”

But the un gallant Gregory was silent, he would not even advance a word to help the distressed dame out of her difficulty—of speech.

“Mr. Groper,” she presently resumed, “we know now that you’re a true friend—my Seraphina knows it—we wouldn’t tell everybody—but in fact, owing no doubt to my beloved brother’s illness our quarter’s income has not—in short, we’ve not a pound in the house.” Here Mrs. Spinks hid her fat face in her sopped handkerchief, and listened for the effect of her communications, perhaps looked for it too over the corner of her cotton skreen: but she listened in vain. Mr. Groper was silent; if she looked, she looked in despair, for Gregory’s face of lead was unmelted. But a hotter furnace was preparing.

The eyes—the fine dark eyes of the lovely Seraphina swimming in the liquid light of tears were fixed upon him. He knew—he felt they were upon him, though his own orbs of grey were revolving in the inner circle of his hat which he had lifted from the floor.

The daughter’s eloquent looks were more powerful than the mother’s words. Mr. Groper was moved to utterance—and as if reading the aphorism from the lining of his hat—in a solemn tone he said—

“While there’s life there’s hope. The baronet by this time very like is out of danger; but if not, most like it’s all over and then you know my dear ma’am its no use.”

“Cruel man!” interrupted Mrs. Spinks, “to read that letter and talk of hope! Oh, no! even now—that we are talking—my dearest Archy may be breathing of his last, and calling on his darling Seraphina and never a soul near but strangers—interested strangers—while we, from want of—oh!—oh!”

The stout lady was overcome; she threw herself back on the rickety chair with a force threatening dislocation, and again applied her handkerchief to her face. Mr. Groper applied himself to his hat and the young lady fell into violent hysterics.

“My child! my poor injured child!” exclaimed Mrs. Spinks starting up and hastening to her daughter’s assistance:
"my poor dear deceived and friendless girl!"

"Oh say not so, dearest mamma," said Seraphina faintly, awakening from her swoon and casting an unconscious gaze around as if on vacancy. Oh! say not friendless, dearest mamma,—while Mr. Groper, that best of men! that—"

"Hush, hush! my sweet, my angel," exclaimed the prudent elder lady, placing her large hand over the innocent lips of her Seraphina. "Hush, my angel! you are a raving—you do not know what you're saying of Mr. Groper, the best of men!—Mr. Groper is a base deceiver, and I say it to his face. Yes, sir!" continued the angry lady,—her yellow turban shaking with indignation as she turned on the abashed coal-dealer, who had risen as in act to depart, but knew not how. "Yes, sir, I tell you to your face—you are a base deceiver—sir! didn't we invite you and treat you as a friend, a bosom friend—alas! more (looking at the blushing-dropping-dewy peony), and now that a few paltry pounds would allay our agonising feelings, and be a cordial to the dying pains of Sir Archibald, my adored brother—now basely to—but I've done, sir! We scorn your assistance! rather would my lovely Seraphina walk barefoot to Scotland than stoop to the man as has deceived her!—good morning, sir! we don't want for other friends who are and willing to assist us." Mrs. Spinks rose, concentrated the flashes of her indignation in one burning withering look at the unhappy Gregory, and entwined her large arm round the bruised stalk of her trampled flower.

"Come my sweet one—my Seraphina, command your feelings, we must start instantly for London, where Lord Frederick will be only too happy to supply us with the means for proceeding. Come, my Seraphina."

The mother made three dignified steps towards the door supporting the faltering ones of the daughter. Mr. Groper also took one step forward; he felt that his future fortunes hung upon a thread—a slender golden thread that must—yes! must be drawn from the metal of his purse.

"My dear ma'am," said he, "dear ladies—you lays quite under a mistake—my intentions—a-hem!—my intentions was only like you ma'am, I was rather delicate; but if the loan of a few pounds is any convenience I'm sure—and pray what might be the amount of—"

"Generous man!" exclaimed Seraphina, "dearest mamma I knew you wronged him!" and she smiled through her tears to heal the wounds her cruel parent had inflicted.

Mr. Groper repeated his enquiry of—"What might be the amount?"

"Oh! a mere trifle," said Mrs. Spinks, "a mere trifle—but let me see. We must travel post—four horses you know, in this case of life and—perhaps—sixty or seventy pounds."

The coal merchant started; but the stage-coach ma'am, he ventured to suggest.

Mrs. Spinks's look assumed a growing likeness to that she had worn while "lying under a mistake." "The stage-coach, indeed, sir! the coach did vastly well for us to come down here from London, to an out of the way place like this where we chose to be incog. But I can tell you Mr. Groper it would never do for us to travel in Scotland, or on the great north road where the M'Swindle is known to every body in a coach!—a pretty thing for my Seraphina, the heiress of Sir Archibald M'Swindle to light down at the park gate of M'Nabbin Castle from a stage-coach! But if a few pounds is so great an object Mr. Groper, as I said before, Lord Frederick—"

"Oh, not at all ma'am; you're certainly the best judge," rather hastily interrupted the coal dealer; "I think you said fifty or sixty.

"Pardon me, dear sir! seventy or eighty—but we'll say seventy.—On the best security," returned the lady.

Mr. Groper paused a moment; to seventy he added ten, the amount of an unpaid coal-bill; but "nothing venture, nothing have," was the sum total of his reckoning, and he spoke boldly. "Seventy pounds you shall have it ma'am—and about security."

"Oh! a thousand thanks, sir," said Mrs. Spinks, "and perhaps you'll be so kind as to let us have it without loss of time; any security you please. I can safely promise you a receipt in full (there she looked on Seraphina, and Seraphina looked on the ground); but besides that, my dear sir, we shall leave in your charge, the key of this house and all our valuables.
Mr. Groper never having seen any of the articles alluded to thought they must be very securely put away, whatever they might prove: but he thought of "the receipt in full," and dared not ask for more.

For half-an-hour the money was in the ladies' hands; the ladies were whirling away from—in a post-chaise and four, and Mr. Groper was sitting down to his meditations.

On bidding their neighbour farewell, the ladies had promised to lose no time in apprising him of the issue of their journey and the death of the doomed baronet. A long interval ensued, during which hope and fear played a cruel game of shuttlecock with the expectant Gregory; he was almost worn out, when a letter arrived bearing the London postmark; it was fastened by an enormous black wafer; he did not know the handwriting, though sure it did not resemble that of his first "blushing invitation." Then it was addressed to "Mr. Groper, coal merchant," they had always dubbed him esquire. In spite of the black wafer his hopes sunk as he opened it, and did not rise greatly when he read as follows:—

"Sir,

"For fear you should be uneasy I lose no time in sending you a draft for the amount of what you found it so vastly inconvenient to accommodate us with. Your mean and pitiful behaviour in that there business has quite opened my eyes, and I am most appy to inform you that Miss Seraphina M'Swindle (for she has took her late uncle's name as heirees to his vast estates) looks upon you now in the same despisable pint of view. The draft is for a hundred pound instead of seventy; and that I should presume will settle your bill for coals, and pay your great trouble in taking charge of the oose key, and the valuables, which will soon be took entirely off your 'ands, as we scorn to be in the most slightest degree obligated to any such person as you have showed yourself to be."

This agreeable epistle was without date or signature, a draft, payable on Messrs. Somebody, occupying what would have been its blank side.

Mr. Groper tore the letter into a thousand pieces (after he had carefully cut off the draft), and could have torn himself into as many portions, he stamped, he swore, and cursed his own fatal caution. "Fool that I was! If I had but have come down with the cash downright, at once like a man."

"Ah! if you had Mr. Gregory! you might have married the heiress—you might have taken the name of M'Swindle, and have become Laird of M'Nabblem Castle, or you might have been just where you were."

In addition to wounds inflicted from behind by the gnawing tooth of regret, other evils stared the unhappy coal-dealer in the face—the Whitby correspondent and connection involved him considerably, and his retail trade in—also began to fall off sadly. Few people can bestow proper attention on two objects at once, and while he had been occupied in courting his opposite neighbour and her mother, his foreman had been courting his master's customers for their patronage to an opposition coal merchant on the sunny side.

In short, while difficulties of all kinds grew thick around the man in the shade, his purse grew thin, and it became matter of necessity as well as prudence to convert Mrs. Spinks' draft into ready money; but the fingers of a Midas only could have transmutted that slip of paper into gold, Messrs. Somebody knew nobody of the Spinks' family. The draft was dishonoured and its presenter done!

It was late at night when Mr. Groper returned to— in a state of mind bordering on distraction; he had pulled his hat over his dark brows, and almost knocked down the sleepy and astonished Betty, when she opened the door, and rushing past her into his front parlour, he called for brandy and water and sat sipping over his sorrows till they began swimming, and at length fairly swam out of sight as he closed his eyes in uneasy slumber.

It was past midnight when he started and awoke—his fire 'had gone out, and the candle was flickering in the socket; he rubbed his eyes, rose—gropped his way to the bell, and rung it loudly. Betty had long since sought her garret, and the bell was only answered by its own vibrations as they broke upon the awful stillness reigning in the house; the dying candle flared up brightly,
Mr. Groper found himself in total darkness; he bethought him of the window which was closely curtained and shuttered; he drew back the curtains and unbarred the shutters—but he "trembled at the sounds he made," for it was past midnight and he stood at the front window. He started! a light was visible!—"was it?"—No,—it proceeded from the opposite house from the window whereat the "blooming peony" had been wont to plant herself; at that thought the tide of Gregory's feelings turned at once, phantom fears, half awakened, fled before wide awakened recollections of reality. "Ah! ah!" thought he, "there—there! They've come back slyly, the confounded swindlers!—just to carry off their trumpery rubbish, and be off afore morning, but I'll be their match—they sha'n't get off so easy!" Mr. Groper turned from the window, felt in his pocket for the house-key left in his keeping, stumbled over the table, upset an empty brandy bottle, found the door of the parlour, and at last the one opening on the street. Locks, bolts, and bars presently gave way before the impatience of the angry dupe to confront his bogulers—he was now standing on his door-step—the night-wind blew in his face, and swept the sailing clouds from the bright broad moon. Mr. Groper stood on his upper step—the lower was already occupied; an old acquaintance met him at his door! on the very spot where fifteen years before she had implored his charity, in the very rags she then wore, her basket on her wasted arm, he beheld the figure of the match-woman, her wild hungry eyes looking up into his own—there she stood just as when he had shut the door in her face—she laughed loudly, and pointing to the light in the opposite house, sung or screamed at the top of her cracked voice:—

"Want ye a light? there's a light for thee! The bony corpse-light of the chestnut tree—By the help of that light, so steady and blue,
Go seek ye the bed that's prepared for thee!"

Mr. Groper shuddered, but a sort of desperate terror led him on; he brushed past the woman on the steps, (how, he hardly knew, for he did not seem to touch her) and was hurriedly striding across the road when he heard her step close behind him, and saw her shadow mingling with his own on the moon-lit ground—he turned, swore a deep oath, and aimed a furious blow at the woman's head with the large key he held in his hand—a shriek and a louder laugh followed, and one of the shadows disappeared.

Gregory was now in the middle of the street, the light still streaming from the house before him—should he go on? should he retreat? perhaps the horrid match-woman had only stepped back into the shade; he looked up the street and down the street, all was dark—(the milliners' consumptive apprentice was bound that morning) all was silent; what would he have given to hear a dog bark, a dog howl, a cock crow, an owl screech, but all animated nature was silent; he looked up at the light before him—"surely it burned blue"—he half turned round, then looked again; no it was only a tallow candle in the first floor room, the drawing room where he had been bamboozled and cheated and made a tool of! "But I won't be a tool now!" thought Mr. Groper resolutely, "what's the wonder in an old wagrant's wandering about o'clocks; and what's in that ere light but a token that they Jezabels is returned and means to be off afore morning?" His quivering nerves were strung at the thought; forward he would go if the foul fiend were before him, so on he strode, pushed open the gate of the rusty iron rails, and without knocking applied his key to the house door; the moment it was opened a strong current of air met him, for the opposite door, that leading into the court-yard behind the house, was also open, a confirmation of his supposition that "the Jezabels" had certainly returned; that open door admitted sufficient of the fitful moonbeams to light Mr. Groper across the hall, and up the staircase, which he softly ascended, picturing to himself the confusion and dismay of the ladies on being discovered in the act of preparing to make off "with their valuables." He saw a light streaming from under the door of the drawing room," he listened, thought he heard voices, and laughter; doubtless they were mocking at him, making his "take in" the subject of their jibes and jokes as they busied them—
selves over their “valuables;” his courage rose with his wrath at the idea; each lingering fancy of superstitious fear was chased away; he laid his hand upon the lock of the room door, it opened, and he beheld—Nobody ever knew what he saw, because Mr. Groper did not live to tell. He tore down stairs as if a devil were behind him and dashed through the open back door, either not knowing what he did, or meaning to cross the yard and rejoin the street by a side gate.

When eight o'clock came the next morning, Betty began to wonder a little why “Master” had not rung for his shaving water; she did not wonder much because he had discontinued the daily habit of shaving since the ladies’ departure, but when ten arrived without a summons for the water, she thrust her head in at the door of the front parlour, and finding it vacant expressed her rising astonishment by three graduated taps on “Master’s” bed room door; not a sound from within, and then her wonder rose to such a pitch of daring that she tried the door and not finding it locked as usual went in on tiptoe; the shutters were closed, but the light through their eye-holes displayed the bed in unruuffled composure. With her own eyes widely distented Betty proceeded to search every corner and cupboard in the house; then ran opened mouthed out of it to inform the neighbours that she had lost her master, and as she was “afeard” a whole twelve-month’s wages; few of the townsfolk (even on the sunny side) had the charity to sympathize in both her bereavements, and the dwellers on the dark looked mysterious and expressed no wonder at the coal dealer’s sudden disappearance. The opposite house was searched, but nothing was found in its empty desolate apartments save the few articles of worm-eaten furniture, lent by the broker, together with some two or three large heavy boxes which he and some fellow creditors of the “departed,” thought themselves justified in taking possession of; they were well filled with brickbats and other articles of equal weight, the only remains of the said “departed” which ever turned up at ——.

Years passed, and brought no clue to the mystery of Mr. Groper’s disappearance—his own residence fell into other hands, but the house opposite remained un-taunted, except by rats and mice and the spectral visitants under whom they were thought to hold possession—for as the deserted tenement wasted daily in decay it grew in evil repute—nobody liked to pass by it after dark or when the shops were shut up, and the few who did heard strange noises and saw strange lights in the windows.

The summer of —— was a very thirsty one; the parched earth opened her many mouths and looked up imploringly at the Heavens for the moisture they denied her. In ——, water was not to be had for love or money; all the springs had ceased to flow—the town pumps refused to be pumped on any longer—hydrophobia was raging, and there was no water to put its existence to the proof—the men drank beer from want of water, till beer itself began to fail from want of water too, and the members of the newly established Temperance Society were compelled to put up with ardent spirits to keep alive their parched spirits. In this emergency old Joseph Delves the gardener, who by his very advanced years and experience, had become one of the patriarchs of the town and neighbourhood, suggested that water might yet be found in the well of the haunted house. Mr. Honeymoon had made a capital one—he had reason, he declared, to remember the digging of it, for the porch was broken the very night after they first found water at ninety feet deep; “and a rare good spring it was,” said Joseph, “never dry in my old master’s time; and very like it a’rint now.”

Thereupon a strong party of the townspeople with old Joe at their head proceeded, under cover of a bright sunshine, to the ruinous back-yard of the haunted house. The wooden appurtenances of the well were half decayed, and its open mouth nearly concealed by the rank grass and nettles growing around and within it. A bucket was lowered, and brought up a considerable quantity of rubbish together, with a little water. “Did’n’t I tell you so,” exclaimed old Joseph triumphantly, “but hey-day!” he continued, “what have we got here? something up in the bucket like a great stick. I’ll lay it’s a bit of the root of the grand old chestnut-tree, ’cause the well was dug all in the very middle on’t!” Old Delves was
Both Sides of the Street.

eighty-two, and had left his spectacles at home; the object he mistook for a stick turned out on examination to be the thigh bone of a human skeleton; the women in the crowd waiting expectantly with jugs and pitchers, shrieked and let them fall. One of the men (the stoutest hearted) was lowered into the well and there found the skeleton from which the bone had been detached. The skull was next “disquieted” and “brought up;” exposed to the “garish eye of day” and the prying gaze of shuddering curiosity, but the fleshless jaw could not testify to it’s own identity, and on this point wonder and conjecture were at fault, when a glittering object in the sand brought up by the last bucket, attracted the attention of one of the bystanders; it proved to be a ring, and the person who discovered it holding it up for inspection a woman who stood close by, instantly recognised the trinket. “I knows it!” she eagerly exclaimed, stretching out her hand to make the assurance of her eyes doubly sure by the touch of her fingers, “I knows it! if that ere ain’t the mourning ring as belonged to my old master Groper, the one as was left him by good Mr. Honeymeud, my name ain’t Betty Jennins.” “Aye, aye, it’s all clear enough,” said Joseph Delves; “that’s the damental ring, as I often wondered didn’t cause a mortification on old Groper’s finger for daring to wear it; and they bones is all that’s left of the old fellow his-self. Well! well! it’s a merciful Providence surely, and a judgment upon him for all his wickedness; in particular, for pisoning of the beautiful grand horse-chesnut-tree!”

Whether in his frightened retreat from the house opposite his own, Mr. Groper had unwittingly walked into the well, or whether he had drowned himself in a fit of desperation could not been ascertained, but those “who sat upon” his bones, took the most charitable side of the query, and allowed them Christian burial.

The horrors of the haunted house were thus interred in the same grave; because, as old Joseph affirmed, “the ghost of the poisoned horse-chesnut-tree was laid for ever!” and a shade no longer rested on the sunny side!

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A BRAZEN NOTION.

It is easy to prove without aiming at wit
That the substance called brass is especially fit
To represent man under those variations
He is seen to assume in different stations.

Under every form, then, the creature called man
Is of metal that’s compound, deny it who can!
The hard and the soft in his nature combine,
As in brass the soft copper and hard calamine;
Allowing, when first his eyes the light see,
Pure copper his more fitting emblem may be;
Yet ere childhood is over, the heart is alloyed
With a rough, stony substance, p’rhaps wisely employed
To make it resist all the wear and the tear
Which in this jostling life it is destined to bear;
Education’s the mould in which it is cast,
While the world is the finishing workman at last
By whom are completed the forms of the mind,
As various as vessels of brass in their kind,
And to these in their shapes a resemblance bearing,
Sufficient at least to admit of comparing.
A Brazen Notion.

First, comes he who endeavours from nothing to rise
By adopting that policy worldly and wise
Which in asking bids every tongue to persist,
Lest from want of entreaty aught good should be miss'd.
He's the knocker displaying its bright brazen face
At the door of the great man in power and place.

Amidst characters various, we too often find
In a sharp, selfish, narrow and measuring mind,
Which seems ever to calculate, never to feel,
A pair of brass compasses pointed with steel:
His notions and maxims seem ne'er to expand
O'er that circle traced out by his own iron hand,
While his every action and movement of soul
Seems on self's iron pivot for ever to roll.

Those creatures who live by the sycophant's trade
Are censors of brass, which for incense are made;
Great houses, the temples in which they abound,
Where they throw clouds of flattering perfume around;
But just like the censor, they ever require
Some costly material to keep up their fire,
And vanity's incense soon cease to provide—
That solid food failing—with which they're supplied.

A brass telescope, he, that inquisitive wight,
Who boldly would pierce through futurity's night,
In it's murky obscurity he can decry
Far-off evils and dangers he strives to bring nigh,
In prosperity's blaze he detects coming woes,
Like the spots in the sun which the telescope shows;
Then of threatening misfortunes lives ever in dread,
Some disaster ne'er destined to fall on his head,
Like the comet the star gazer looks on with fear,
Tho' far from this world it's appointed career!

A microscope's power we readily find
In a narrow and fretful and circumscribed mind,
Whose form so small, makes in that little sphere,
The most dwarfish objects gigantic appear—
Turns each atom of sand on life's smoothest road
To a fragment of rock fit for Hercules' load:
Then instead of at once drinking eagerly up
The sweet sparkling juice in prosperity's cup
He examines each drop with scrupulous care,
Lest some poisonous particle chance to lurk there,
One half grain of evil at bottom discerns,
And with loathing disgust from the rich goblet turns.

The boaster and egotist surely are found
To be hollow brass trumpets of deafening sound,
Which play ever one tune, composed in one key,
If tune that can be called whose sole note is "Mi."
But a truce with our emblems, 'tis time to have done,
Lest of these long-drawn wires our verses make one
And they justly deserve the sharp censure to win
That head and point wanting they're not worth a pin!—

THE HAPPY BRAZIER.
The elements of Art are in nature; but from her the wild primitive Scythian derived the shapeless forms of his deity; as well as the Greek—habituated by education to the ideas of order and symmetry—his temples, theatres, and splendid statues. Nature includes within herself, or rather sets before all, the archetypal ideas of beauty—or the ‘beautiful,’ but has not prescribed their selection, or determined their limits. This was the subsequent and tardy operation of Reason, after patient comparison, and, perhaps, the combined effect of feeling, character, and habit. The broad foundations of all the arts were laid by nations anterior to the Greeks, but none of them perhaps was brought to much perfection. They represented the colossal rather than the beautiful; and in this portrayed the idea of immensity derived from the measureless space they inhabited, which was calculated to excite wonder in those primitive races. Religion itself, apprehending the idea of Deity through symbols, and enveloping it in mystery, permitted no alteration of forms which, however strange and monstrous, were only so much the more deeply revered by ignorance and superstition. Truth of forms and the ‘beautiful’ are the elements of the perfection of Art, without which it is not possible appropriately to express either the ideas which we adopt from Nature as the immediate model of visible substances, or those which we necessarily transfer to her in order that she may become the interpreter of things invisible; and for the reason, that our senses being in perpetual contact with natural objects, and as there is a secret harmony between the external system of nature and ourselves who form part of nature, there is consequently in these objects an appearance of unfitness and of violence, when either they are used to symbolize the false, or it is necessary to call in the aid of reasoning, and to exercise the imagination, in order to discover the truth, thus concealed under strange and remote significances.

Whence it results that, although all nations have striven to form for themselves a sensible idea of the Divinity, those only have attained a success, not indeed of perfection, yet of dignity and fitness, who by the selection of the most analogous forms have not falsified by deformity the original lineaments of truth and beauty. The Scythians, therefore, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, subtracted from the majesty of their Deities in proportion as they superadded extravagant mysteries: the Greeks, on the other hand, and their imitators, sublimating the human form, as that which is nearest related to the Supreme Being, obtained an effect more true and much more interesting. The Jupiter of Phidias and the Dio Creatore of Michelangelo and Raffaello are calculated to inspire a sublimity of feeling which is utterly impossible to be excited by a monster with two heads and four arms, or with the head of an ox supported by the body of a man. We do not deny however that the Greeks themselves have frequently employed adjuncts, false and foreign to nature, in their fabulous works, even as we have done in philosophy and mysticism. But these adjuncts extra naturam being sublimed by the beautiful and by the power of art, and not being in direct opposition to truth, superadd, if we may so speak, new splendour to Nature herself, if not in actu, at least, abstractedly, in potentia. The exclusion of the ‘false’ is nevertheless but the first step to imitation; and frequently is the work rather of reflection than of Art. The statues by Daedalus and his contemporaries had not perhaps the defectiveness of monstrousness, but neither had they the charm of beauty. Here is the labour—this is the difficulty, to perceive and select the parts visible, or abstractedly possible in nature, so that Art shall produce upon the senses an illusion not only the most perfect, but also the most splendid, noble, and delightful. This is the summit of perfection; this, the grand design of Art.

[THE COURT}
We read with astonishment in Pliny accounts of the optical deceptions which Xeuxis and Parrhasius produced by means of painting: and truly we cannot doubt the veracity of history after having ourselves experienced sensations so profound from the contemplation of the truth and life-breathing marble of the Grecian works of art. The celebrated blind Lomazzo, in his treatise on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, shows by numerous and beautiful examples that the famous revivers of these arts in Italy secured to themselves a like degree of glory by adopting the same simplicity of principles; and, by adding thereto the advantages of perspective, probably not practised by the ancients to the present extent, put us in possession of the means of preparing the splendid pictures collected in our galleries, and of the no less splendid scenes beheld in our theatres. But the Arts themselves partake of the instability common to all human affairs: and not unfrequently, in some points, the attainment of perfection was but the announcement of approaching decay. Thus, either in consequence of the natural inconstancy of the human mind, or of the fatigue of protracted studies based upon long and patient observation, or from a thirst in artists for mere labour-won gain, this very Italy which had regenerated the arts through the adoration of true, rational beauty, of beauty which, based upon truth and nature, rose to ideal beauty (interpreting the expression in its highest sense of abstract perfection), this very Italy was perhaps one of the first nations to prostitute art to the representation of a beauty purely conventional—of false appearance, which has received the name of manner. Thenceforth, no more elegant truth and purity of forms, positions, drapery, tints, shades, or lights. Nature was studied, not with a view to imitation, not in order to seize her possible of poetical perfection, but to reform her in a most strange way, and always varying according to the manner of the schools, or their chiefs, as occurred first with Pietro da Cortona, and a crowd of manieristi. Subsequently a certain indefinable effect of chiaroscuro was substituted for the true effect of relievo: negligence and roughness of touch were lauded, and designated ‘freedom of grace.’ And as in all branches

of human knowledge there is an imperceptible chain of connexion—license, or corruption introduced into Painting or Sculpture, spread through all the Arts, Sciences, and Literature. The majesty of the Architecture of Greece and Rome became an intolerable weight to the weak eyes of the architects, and perhaps still more to those of the rich patrons, to the despotism and colossal ignorance of many of whom, poor artists are but too frequently compelled to pay obedience and submit. It was useless for Reason to exclaim that in all edifices the apparent should correspond to the real solidity; that strength should be represented by massiveness; that the supports should not be either useless or insignificant; that Necessity is one of the laws of Beauty: all was vain! It was then that began (and we see it even in our own day, though modified) that senseless taste for loading public and private buildings with confused carvings, with shells, curves, angles strangely salient and contorted, spiral columns, and as an additional disgrace to the art they went so far, according to Pozzi in his Treatise on Perspective, as to invent the Colonne sedute.

Such were the extravagances which we have, without much difficulty, renounced. But are we, it may nevertheless be questioned, therefore really returned to the high point of art where we left the venerable masters, some of whose works form splendid portions of the collection in the National Gallery, and the contemplation of which has elicited from us these few observations. And this interesting point we may be permitted to discuss briefly, by way of introduction, in conformity with our usual custom to our practical remarks upon particular objects.

In the preceding article* for example we spoke of the beautiful; in the present we shall turn our attention to the true, which is not opposed to the Beautiful, this being the possible and intellectual perfection of the True; and in the next number it is our intention to touch upon the subject of Harmony, taken in the artistic sense with particular application to architecture, painting, and sculpture; in all cases illustrating our opi-

* See November, 1839, p. 511.
nions by examples of every kind that present themselves to our minds, but principally those drawn from the works of art found in England, to which we shall especially direct our attention.

The Beautiful with the True are therefore to be the constant objects, as we have said, of ART: this is our first proposition.

Have we arrived at the perfection of the great masters? is our second proposition. Referring to the principles previously laid down, we are bold to affirm that in the present day the Extravagant is sought rather than the Beautiful; the New rather than the True.

Our decorations are consequently by some artists often intermingled with false and useless adornments suggested by fashion, which frequently surrounds us with incongruous objects in our buildings, in our furniture, in our dress. Other artists we see imitating, not with judicious approbation, but with blind idolatry, some relic of antiquity, not because it is Beautiful, but because it is Antique; whilst the antique should be studied only when it is and because it is beautiful.

The same physionomies continually meet the eye, those always for instance, of Minerva or Apollo: then we see Mary Stuart, St. Helen, Cleopatra, Count Carmagnola as an Apostle, all robed with the same kind of drapery, with folds of the same distention. Artists might often be heard discussing in lofty language the theory of colour, and their chemical properties; but alas! in the grouping we beheld much more discrimination and distinction, than truth of coloring. Others talked of style and were proud to be thought purists; but they strove not—or knew not how—to be free; they dared not attempt any bold contrast of colouring and quiet, or decided shade: they could not—or would not—give attention to that which constitutes the true chiaroscuro, which forms the relief that separates every object from every other, whether considered in itself or in its relations to others individually, or finally to the whole, with reference to that unity which produces Truth, and consequently Beauty. For the same reason, many modern artists entirely fail in the first and purely material duty of deceiving the eye.

But the point to be aimed at is not alone this material truth, but also rational truth, as we have already observed when speaking of Beauty. We term this truth rational, because it depends entirely upon the artist’s intellect, which by a certain spark of genius or by true divine inspiration makes material things the expression of immaterial ideas. This intellectual power is easily recognisable; when, for instance, the same statue, or the same human figure is set to be copied by many individuals in an academy. Twenty, perhaps, will have copied exactly the material truth, and one only will have succeeded in infusing into that exactness of material truth, a poetry, a spark of Promethean fire, by connecting these “with that air of life which is termed rational truth.”

Beauty of Rational or Spiritual truth contributes principally to that truth of expression which excites communion in the soul, and in which especially consists the sublime of Art. Such truth is not peculiar to the animate arts, those that deal with life, but belongs also to the inanimate, as Architecture, which not only ought to serve the wants and requirements of society, but should express to the spectator the various uses for which it was intended, and excite in him corresponding sensations of veneration, horror, hilarity, or sadness. Economy of light and shade, proportion, scope, a good selection of decorations and situations, the grand or delicate in symmetry, the gradual or sudden transition from one sensation to another, much indeed that affects in the truth and beauty of poetry and music, may with equal success be introduced into painting, sculpture, and architecture, and equally generate sentiment.

Nations less removed from a state of nature, and consequently more susceptible of such impressions than ourselves, were by no means niggard of this kind of Beauty in their buildings especially dedicated to worship, or to the memory of illustrious individuals. One glance at the Persian and Egyptian remains and the Hebrew ceremonies will suffice to discover the art, with which, by means of various gradual changes, of modified obscurity and multiplied recesses, for a time impenetrable to the eye, they sought with the aid of rational beauty to inspire the people with rational truth, with respect and sacred awe. Probably we

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should find the like desire to excite ideas of dignity, joy, and peace, in the structure of the houses and famous gardens of antiquity, if we were to examine attentively the remains that have come down to us, and the accurate descriptions to be found in works on Archæology, without a study of which science it is impossible to have any profound knowledge of the Fine Arts, as we shall be able to demonstrate in a future Article upon the necessity or usefulness of the study of Archæology to the Fine Arts.

But this truth of expression belongs principally to painting and sculpture, since, treating of animate subjects, they have models that can be imitated, exhibiting in perfection rational truth, and therefore in immediate relation with the feelings of the soul. The Grecian sculptors certainly attained to a very high degree of perfection. The Apollo, the Laocoon, the Dying Gladiator, are statues which,—although we do not think with Winkelman, Rezzonico, and many other acute critics, that they express altogether the most complicate simultaneity of affections,—we nevertheless think convey all that can be given of the rational and material truth of Nature, surprised as it were in a moment of the highest possible expressiveness. Yet we must candidly avow that generally speaking we do not feel that the Greeks are yet surpassed by the modern schools, probably neither because we are less sensitive than they, or because our sensibilities have received a different bias. In order to produce with marble or in colours the sublime of rational truth in a work of art, we must feel deeply in ourselves, and represent with excited imagination, all the affections we desire to awake in the breast of another person. The well known passage in Horace—"If you would cause me to weep, you yourself must first shed tears,"* is not alone applicable to the Poetry of language but also to the Poetry of sounds, which we term Music; to the Poetry of lines and colours, which we call Painting; and to the Poetry of varied superfcies, which we call Sculpture. This reminds us we are not able to affirm, that a like sublimity of rational truth is even approximated in the edifice of the National Gallery.

But to return to our subject: the Greeks endowed with a temperament naturally excitable, educated in every kind of culture, surrounded by practical examples of the most vivid passions, animated by glory, praise, and the vast rewards offered by their rival cities, were in so favourable a condition of perpetual effervescence of ideas and feelings, that in order to render these visible by Art, all that was requisite was mechanical obedience to rules, with practice. But on the other hand, how many artists are there, at the present day, who are chain-bound by inadequate means—the "res angusta domi,"—who are terrified at the expenses their studies entail, oppressed and disheartened by the nullity or extreme smallness of their remuneration, and who in themselves are sensible to scarcely any other want but the tormenting desire to provide for daily necessities, and consequently are unable to express in their works any rational Truth, except the tremendous Truth of poverty, which restricts their labours to the material in their Art, and obliges them to work in haste, in order to secure what after all amounts to but a bare subsistence. Let adequate encouragement be given in England, Spain, or Italy, to genius so often neglected or unknown, and you will soon have works rivalling in beauty the genius of Greece.

Nevertheless true genius does not belong to all, nor can it in all have the same tendencies; we ought not therefore to expect that every artist should reach the same height of perfection (which was not the case even among the Greeks,) nor that all should succeed in every kind of material, and still less of rational Truth of expression. The sublime, solitary, and proud genius of Michael Angelo was from his birth united to a mind wholly devoted to the Grand, to the rational Truth expressive of force, which he almost always exhibits, although in some pictures it would have been more fit to have been mindful of the propriety (as the ancients declared) of sacrificing to the Graces. This idea among the ancients, of making the Fine Arts subservient to the Graces is greatly deserving of attention, and perhaps will afford us ground to show, in an Article appropriated to the subject, for what reasons the Fine Arts had not, in Athens, either images or temples. We are sorry
that we are unable to corroborate our assertion by an example in the National Gallery, because Michael Angelo’s Dream (8)* we cannot consider a beautiful specimen, and it may be doubted whether the picture is from the hand of so great a master. Possibly the attributing it to Buonarotti may itself be a dream; nevertheless the picture well deserves attention as it contains many characteristics of this great genius which accord with observations we have previously made.

In the compositions of L. da Vinci Rational Truth is majesty, simplicity, dignity; and deeply do we admire this noble quality in The Last Supper, in his Madonna Lisa, and indeed in all his works. Whoever contemplates the Christ disputing with the doctors (18), will see how transcendently displayed in the infant God is the superiority of the Divine mind, full of light and heavenly wisdom, unfolding the truth; how plainly is to be read on the brow of Christ the declaration “I AM THE TRUTH;” while upon the aged, majestic, thoughtful visages of the disputing doctors there is evident a mind grave but full of human wisdom. In the various heads of this picture, Leonardo fully displays, in the same manner as in the Supper, his wonderful power,—by the contrast of different ages, and different facial lines, by variety of physiognomical traits, and by all artistic means,—to attain to that poetical unity in painting which conveys the rational truth of the subject. But Da Vinci usually made dignity his especial aim. Nor must we omit to observe that the pictures of Leonardo present to the eye a species of calm repose, even in the manner in which he arranges the materiel of his works. Upon this point it would be well to consult that greatest admirer and imitator of Da Vinci, the painter Agricola, Catedratico in the Academy of San Luca, at Rome, who has published some most interesting reflections upon Leonardo’s mode of painting, whom he strove to imitate in style as well as in the preparative and mechanical part.

Sweetness, purity, elegance were all special characteristics of Raffaello; nor could he ever disregard the tender and delicate passions, even in the midst of the terrible apparatus of the Crucifixion.

* These numbers correspond to those in the catalogue of the National Gallery.

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It has been common to distinguish three styles in the paintings of Raffaello, the Peruginesque,—the Etruscan,—and the Roman; and Puglione in his observations upon Raffaello, which for copiousness and accuracy far surpass those of the celebrated Quatremères, Puglione adds even another manner, Urbinate.

In each mode,—in the first when Raffaello was a boy, and had no other master in painting than Giovanni Santi or Sanzio, his father; in the style which he adopted under Maestro Pietro da Perugia; in his modified style, after seeing the works of the Tuscan or Etruscan school; and finally in his own last and grand Roman style, Raffaello was ever inspired with a species of heavenly sweetness; and with him rational truth, at which he always loved to aim, was a beauty of purity, a supernatural air; was the truth of an interior life, of a future second life. Possibly these observations respecting the paintings of Raffaello may not be comprehensible to all; for all are not endowed with mental eyes worthy to contemplate, to meditate, to comprehend him. We shall not dwell much upon the picture of Saint Catharine of Alexandria (168), preserved in the National Gallery, although perhaps it might serve as an example for the illustration of our remarks. But why, when we have dwelt with so much delight upon that of Pope Julius II., a work likewise of this true prince of painting, do we not arrest our attention upon this picture? The reasons are many and our reserve very justifiable: it would furnish material for an entire volume, rather than the limits of an article. At present we shall only permit ourselves to express our desire that the rich and learned connoisseurs of the fine arts who patronise the National Gallery, would add to this noble collection specimens of the four different styles of Raffaello. We will even extend our desires to other great masters of the Italian school; such, for instance, as Guido, Guerino, Simone Contarini and others, who with frequent changes of their style were nevertheless always pre-eminent in the Art. A great portion of our life has been passed in the native cities of these distinguished men, amid public collections, private galleries, amongst which was our own; and we
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have thus had ample opportunity of comparing the principal and different phases of each of these artists. Of Guido Reni for example, we have seen from the first pencil sketches, to his last works; and thus we have accompanied this painter, we might even say, true poet, of visible beauty, through all his artistic life, so full of interesting vicissitudes which furnish a grand continuous lesson on the philosophy and history of the Fine Arts. We certainly admire the two pictures of Guido—Perseus rescuing Andromeda, and of Venus attended by the Graces (87 and 90), as also the—San Geronamo (11). But we think that many and more varied specimens might be found of the productions of this great man, who strove to express every rational truth by the absolutely Beautiful.* If students derive much advantage from comparing the different schools of painting, the comparison of the different masters of the same school will afford still greater benefit; and immense utility will result from that of the different works of one of these great master geniuses who in their variations of style displayed their intimate knowledge of all the difficulties of the Art; and their conviction of the necessity of knowing every path that may conduct to perfection—which perfection is still more complete when it expresses rational truth. The artist, therefore, even as it is necessary that he should first find within himself this rational truth, in order that he may be able to express it by material truth, must in his works harmonise it with his particular individual characters, that he may avoid placing himself in perilous opposition to nature, which always revolts against the unsuccessful efforts of art. But the philosophic artist must carry still further his reflections. There exist, in nature, objects to which the colours of the pallet can with difficulty be made to correspond: so in the series of human affections and sentiments there are some passions which seem superior to artificial expression. In this case it is far preferable to confine them within the practicable limits of rational truth, that to attempt extravagant.

* We may be thought, by such as are acquainted with the masterpieces of art, to speak with too much enthusiasm of the works of Raffaelle and Guido, but the feelings which the study of them inspire cannot be described. As much, perhaps, as description can convey, is expressed in the following sketch of two pictures of Guido by a truly poetic mind—the late unfortunate T. B. Shelley, when in one of the palaces of Bologna he saw a picture by Guido, of Samson drinking water out of an ass's jaw bone in the midst of the slaughtered Philistines.

"The figure of Samson stands in strong relief in the foreground, coloured, as it were, in the hues of human life, and full of strength and elegance. Found him lie the Philistines in all the attitudes of death. One prone, with the slight convulsion of pain just passing from his forehead, whilst on his lips and chin death lies as heavy as sleep. Another leaning on his arm, with his hand, white and motionless, hanging out beyond. In the distance, more dead bodies; and, still further beyond, the blue sea and the blue mountains, and one white and tranquil sail." Thus also in speaking of a Madonna Lattante leaning over her Child, by Guido—

"The maternal feelings with which she is pervaded are shadowed forth on her soft and gentle countenance, and in her simple and affectionate gestures—there is what an unfeeling observer would call a dulness in the expression of her face; her eyes are almost closed; her lip depressed; there is a serious, and even a heavy relaxation, as it were, of all the muscles which are called into action by ordinary emotions; but it is only as if the spirit of love, almost insupportable from its intensity, were brooding over and weighing down the soul." Shelley here appears an artist in the fullest sense of the word; his descriptions correspond with our own feelings after having studied for ten years these pictures; see also what he says when, at Bologna, he hangs over Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia. —

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exaggerations, and to incur the danger of utterly failing to represent them from want of adequate power and means. The example of Timanthes is old, but appropriate; in his Sacrifice of Iphigenia he had exhausted all the resources of pictorial art in portraying the compassion and grief of the bystanders, and veiled the face of her father to imply that the hand—indeed no human power—is equal to express the depth of paternal woe. This example, which we have taken from Pliny, suggests to us how important it is to the artist to economise his resources, and how necessary it is, if we would attain to this truth of expression, to convey all the exactness of history, which comprehends the character, manners, dress and peculiarities of the persons represented; which transport us to their times and plant us in their ordinary society.

Students who devote themselves to the task of handing down to posterity the memory of our age, and with it that of the state of our knowledge, should remember that abstract principles, or meditation upon the great examples of nature and antiquity, are not alone sufficient to form a perfect artist. Without a vast acquaintance with the history of different epochs, and of the human passions, either as exhibited in facts, or as developed by poets and philosophers; without profound reflection, without a knowledge of literature, the Art-student will become a sterile designer, a mere mechanical colourist, and will seek in vain for other means of supplying the deficiencies of his imagination, and the ignorance of his mind. How, for instance, will an ignorant artist distinguish in the countenance, in the eyes, in the movements of the figure, the impetuosity of Achilles from that of Richard Coeur de Lion, the sagacity of Ulysses from that of Machiavelli, the firmness of Cato from that of Porsenna or the Bishop of Missolonghi. If the artist is ignorant of facts how can he be acquainted so to speak with the physiognomy of their souls? Character is the result of the internal habits of the soul which generally transfuse themselves into the countenance and into the external deportment of the person; and we form to ourselves a picture of distinguished or distant persons, ancient or modern, from the moral portraits of them which writers have left us. Cicero said, and many others have adopted his words, that every passion has its peculiar physiognomy, but we would add to this, that every passion shows itself in a modification of the physiognomy of the individual. The difficulty is very great, but human power is greater. Perhaps indeed a correct appreciation has not yet been formed of the commencement, progress, aberrations, triumph of human power, abstractedly considered as an immaterial intellectual power; and we have now before us a very curious and interesting book published within a few weeks, which is entitled, Storia Naturale della potenza umana, by Epifanio Fagnani. This is in many respects one of the most original and interesting works of the present age. In this article we shall merely notice that portion of it which relates to the subject of art, and truly we are well pleased to be in England, and to be perhaps the first here to echo the learned C. Curti, who has made an analysis of Fagnani's work, concerning which the French academy declared, that "The Natural History of human power by Fagnani, is a work of great philosophic spirit. It exhibits much boldness of conception, and poetry of colouring; and the author is one of those bold meditative minds that are rising up at the present day to sustain the honour of the country of Beccaria." This we believe to be true; at the same time we think that Fagnani has suffered his mind to soar too high into the region of German transcendentalism. But let us return to our subject.

Art appears to Fagnani a representation of power, the obtaining an effect, or the realization of a circumstance not present, not subject, in actu, to our will; and the reduction which the will effects on these scattered forces, is the representation of a part of the immaterial world expressed in a point. The beautiful is defined by him in a manner equally original and impressive. The beautiful is the spontaneous offspring of judgment; and judgment is a phenomenon the result of evidence: it is the enunciation and almost the characteristic of remote and hidden powers. Accordingly as the force of this evidence gives pleasure or pain to the principle which animates us, there arises within us a judgment of the goodness or the evil of these realities—substitute for the idea of pleasure or pain,
that of difficulty or ease, liveliness or ingenuity; or of darkness, intricacy, and uncertainty, and you will have the sense of the beautiful and its opposite. The willing power of man is never satisfied with mere externals, with the mere superfluities of things; it is for ever seeking to penetrate within, and to master the forces there contained.

The opposition we experience to this tendency—the impossibility of success, produces on the willing power a harsh and disagreeable sensation; while on the contrary, that which, as it were, assists, or at least, permits the free exercise of this tendency, tranquillizes the soul, and produces in it the effect, to express which, we apply the epithet beautiful. Thus, says Fagnani, the power of means, or of relations, to make us clearly comprehend from a distance what is the innate force, genius, or power which any object contains within itself, or the property by which objects enable us to judge easily of what they are, is the far-famed and still now vainly sought beautiful. Art, says Oken, is the representation of the willing power of nature, and beautiful is that which represents the will of nature. Art is an action or a complication of universal actions, and the beautiful is that which represents the world in a small portion of the world. There is also a natural beauty; and supreme natural beauty can only be a universal part of nature, and such is Man, because man expresses the ultimate end of the will of nature.

The end of the will of nature in man is to re-unite and return into herself. The face of man is the most perfect repetition of the bust. The vertebral column of the face is the nose, and that face is beautiful, the nose of which is parallel to the dorsal spine; but no human face has exhibited this perfection: rude nature has not attained this point; for in every face the nose makes an acute angle with the dorsal spine. The facial angle, as is well-known, is eighty degrees. The ancient artists have represented what no man ever observed, or could have observed or explained, without our ideas on the significance of the cranium. But the ancients expressed this, as if by inspiration. They made the facial angle not only a right angle;—they went further. The Romans reached ninety-six, the Greeks one hundred degrees. And why is this unnatural more beautiful in the works of Grecian art, than the Roman which approaches more nearly to nature? The reason is this, that the face of Greek sculpture more perfectly expresses the will of nature, than the Roman; because in the one the nose is quite perpendicular, parallel with the spine, and thus returns to whence it arose. The unbeautiful then, is that which by means of art, represents nature as she is. He who copies nature, does but trace with his hand guided:—he has not mastered the meaning, and he imitates no better than a bird does a song, or an ape an action. In man is united all that is beautiful in nature; but nature may be beautiful in expressing ideas peculiar to man.

There are but two technical senses—sight and the hearing; as there are but two kingdoms in art—the plastic and the harmonic, or the kingdom of form and that of motion. The world of form idealizes the material universe according to its will, its freedom.

Thus architecture represents the universe of its own worlds. Sculpture represents the individual, it represents the earth, then in his highest perfection, but only as man. It is the art of heroes. This art revealed in matter and repeated in light, is painting. Painting gives the symbol, the idea, of the heavenly world, and even in its minutest suppositions there is spirituality. Painting is a religious art—the art of Saints. Statuary is the art of Pagans whose gods are men. Painting is the art of Christians, whose men are saints. God may be painted, but never sculptured. The art of motion represents material movement and spiritual movement. The material laws of cosmogonic motion, of the movements of individuals, are shown in dancing and in acting—the spiritual representation is music and poetry. And in speaking of the sciences, grammar, in the rational world, corresponds to architecture, in the material. Architecture is the language of the earth. The second science is rhetoric. The third is philosophy—the painting of science, its breath, its vital existence.

* A Deity of the painter’s imagining has indeed been painted—and, therefore, may again be; but no human hand should have dared the task.—Ed.
The fourth is the art of war: as all the fine arts are united in poetry, so all the arts and sciences are combined in war. It is the most sublime of all, the art of liberty and right, the rational state of man and of human nature: the beginning of peace! — Who does not read in these few observations marked with characters of light, the necessity of a natural history of human power?

These ideas of Oken, which, it must be admitted, are in some respects too abstract, and somewhat exaggerated, form the basis of Fagnani's very interesting work, upon which, however, we shall not dwell longer at present, as we have referred to it solely for the purpose of illustrating the subject on which we are now occupied, and with a view to prove that the tendency of the present epoch is, by definitions, philosophy, and a general intellectual movement — to elevate Art, and spiritualise the imagination, so that, with the aid of the Beautiful, it may express that rational truth which guides to the Good.

In addition to the principles we have already pointed out to young artists, as the elements of success, we must not cease to exhort them to let the rational truth, the moral character they depict, be always well supported by truth in the costume and physical positions belonging to the age and nation, and harmonise well with the peculiar circumstances of each particular subject. It is not possible, without compassionating the ignorance of the Gothic times, to hold in their temples David and Solomon clad in the same style as Theodorico, and the shepherds of Bethlehem dressed like Alpine mountaineers. Nor can we frequently refrain from laughing at those painters who clothe the prophets and kings of Judea in the dress of the Dutch, and consign Calvary to the guardianship of soldiers with guns and German coats-of-arms and plumes! And why is it that these great painters have committed such blunders? why did they so destroy the illusion of their paintings? Because they did not sufficiently attend to the expression of rational truth, but occupied themselves solely with the material truth of the execution. But even in the Exhibition of the past year (1839), we saw some pictures in which the coarse woollen tunics of Galilee were converted into swelling folds of ampest volume: we beheld the poor and humble family of the Nazarene leaning upon magnificent pedestals, and surrounded by Grecian columns: and silken garments were made to adorn people to whom the silk-worm was unknown. We are aware that these discrepancies are authorised by the example of eminent masters, that even now in the National Gallery they still attract admiration, and that they are always defended on the groundless and futile plea that such things are done for the sake of nobleness of style. But the authority which the artist should hold most sacred, is the authority of nature and philosophical reason, which are the universal masters of all schools and all nations. Wherefore we would strive to induce young and ambitious artists to give their most admiring attention to all the painters of the Venetian school, and study with deep veneration their great truth of colouring; but to bear in mind that La Serenissima Repubblica invests all nations of the earth with its own costume and buildings, just as the Dutch and Flemish schools, in the midst of an infinite exquisiteness and truth of material painting, presented all people and all epochs with their own plumes and their own collars.

But these illustrations might be continued without end: let us therefore resume the thread of our subject, observing afresh that painting and sculpture are a true species of visible history; and while written history is only able to describe, and thus imperfectly subject to the senses the truth of the past, the fine arts visibly represent this truth, under exactly the same forms which ancienly existed, and by which it was known. And as fidelity is the principal duty of the historian, so also is it of the painter. In like manner also, as it is the principal duty of Historical Philosophy to derive from a mass of elemental facts one *idea* matrix explanatory of all, which is called rational truth; so it is the part of the philosophy of art to produce from the mass of material elements a result, a symbolic immaterial unity, designated by the same name of rational truth.

We have designedly dilated thus lengthily upon this point, because England, and indeed all Europe seems at the present time to be divided into different
portions, (one of which to be found principally in some countries of Germany) with an unintelligible exaggerated spirit of mysticism, and thinking to express it by something less than simplicity, has returned to the style of Orcagna, Dalmasio and their school; in fact almost to the uncultivated, extreme infancy of the art. The other faction, however, disdaining the golden and difficult simplicity of the most admired eras of Painting, dashes headlong on to the fanciful complications of ulterior decay. But why not remain content with that happy conception of the beautiful and the fine, of which, wholly or in part, we see so many specimens by the great masters, whom if we cannot imitate, we may at least emulate? Let us look at some works of the Venetian school, for illustration of the theory advanced above.

All unite in praising the colouring of Titian, chief of the Venetian school, for he sometimes even appears to have introduced living flesh into his pictures. Nor can we fail to admire the colouring of Barbarelli di Castelfranco, called Gior-gione, Paolo Veronese; of Sebastiano del Piombo, Tintoretto, Bassani, and other eminent painters of this school, although some of them have been accused of feeding their figures sometimes on ox-flesh, and sometimes on fresh roses.

Study may make a painter, pure in design, natural in movement, dress, roundness, relief; but colouring seems to be a gift of nature, the privilege of a few. It may be answered by some, that they have seen original pictures by masters of the Venetian school, which do not justify what is generally said of their colouring. The reason is, that some pictures have fallen into the hands of unskilful restorers (who should rather be called Destroyers), who have barbarously effaced with corrosives all the original gloss which gave to the pictures their magical effect. For example, in the church of San Leone at Venice, there is a picture by Titian, representing with wonderful truth, St. James in the act of walking. But on first beholding it, one would naturally exclaim, "Can this be the work of that renowned colourist, Titian?" In the church of San Giuliano, also at Venice, is a most beautiful painting by Veronese, justly celebrated in the writings of Boschini and Ridolfi, which represents Christ supported by angels upon clouds: two figures are looking at him with extatic gaze, the one, St. James, the other, St. Mark; but any one on entering the church would inquire, "Can this be the production of that famous colourist, the noble Paolo? Is this really the figure of St. Mark?" But the fact is that the restorers have so ruined the pictures, that it is very difficult to believe that they are by the hands of masters so superior.

We have selected as examples two famous pictures in Venice, because we do not intend the entire application of our remarks to the specimens of Titian preserved in the National Gallery; but the intelligent observer, while he contemplates The Concert (3), The Holy Family (4), The Rape of Ganymede (32), Venus and Adonis (34), and Bacchus and Ariadne (35), and, applying the philosophic and aesthetic ideas we have suggested, remarks the beauties of material truth and the defects of rational truth in the works of this great painter, will also, in reference to some that have suffered in their colouring from the mischievous treatment of ignorant restorers, bear in mind what has been pointed out on this subject.

Giorgione is represented in the Gallery by—The Death of Peter the Martyr (41), a good picture, but still other specimens of Giorgione are felt to be needed, when we have seen the two pictures on the same subject,—one in Venice, by Titian, of divine colouring and composition; the other, in the gallery of Bologna, by Domenichino, a production so tremendously perfect both in material and rational beauty, so terrible, that women very frequently turn away their eyes from it in horror. Tintoretto, in St. George destroying the Dragon (16), has not displayed the whole force of his power; nevertheless he never fails to show that he it was who wrote over his studio-door—"Disegno di M. Angelo: colorito di Tiziano." Observing in the gallery but one (Leandro) Bassano—The building of the Tower of Babel (60), we were reminded of the great number of paintings by Bassano which we have seen in Italy, France and England. But how comes it that such innumerable productions are attributed to Bassano?—The solution is
easy, when it is recollected that the whole family painted, and that without distinction they were all in the habit of baptising their works simply with the family name, Bassano. There is a book written by Giovanni Battista Roberti, upon Francesco da Ponte, called Bassano the elder, (from the town he was born in), and Bassano the younger. We shall not however enter here into a description of the features which characterize the majority of the works of Jacopo or Giacomo, who was always glad to avoid painting the feet of his figures. We will merely state, that Francesco at first imitated Gio. Bellino, that he taught his son Jacopo, whom, when advanced, he put under Bonifazio, a Venetian, and who afterwards occasionally strove to imitate Titian and Parmegianino. His pictures, though generally they possess not much purity of style, elegance, or sublimity of invention, nevertheless delight by their ease, vigor of colouring, truth in the animals, and in accessories. The beautiful eulogium upon him by the great Annibale Caracci, in his observations on the Lives of the Painters by Vasari, will be read with interest:—Giacomo Bassano, who died in 1592, at the age of 82, was an excellent painter, and merited much higher praise than that he received from Vasari; for in addition to the beautiful pictures of his painting, he has performed some of the wonders related of the ancient Greeks, and by his skill deceived not animals only, but even men: myself can attest this, for being one day in his room, I extended my hand to take what I thought to be a book, but which I discovered was nothing more than a painting. This praise coming “a viro laudato,” such as was Annibale Caracci, the author of the famous Galleria Farnesiana, is really great and estimable. But what is meant by saying that the numerous pictures attributed to Bassano are sometimes of considerably inferior merit? Giacomo Bassano had four sons to whom he taught painting. Francesco was the most eminent: he laboured for the republic of Venice and became very celebrated; but at forty-three years of age he lost his reason, and destroyed himself by jumping from a window. Leandro his brother was an imitator of his style, and the other two, Giovanni Battista and Girolamo attempted also to imitate him, and subsequently copied many of the pictures of their father. These were and are frequently taken for originals. This is the reason why we see so many paintings bearing the name of Bassano. It is much to be desired that the Catalogues should give the Christian names. When we read, as in the catalogue of the British Institution, Bassano, and look at the painting, we naturally exclaim which of the six Bassanos is the author?

No. 26 is an excellent specimen of the colouring of Paolo Veronese; but he is much greater even than this. On the other hand in 127, 135, and 163 Canaletto shows that he is indeed the true painter-poet of the Venetian lagune.

It is not possible to include within a short space our ideas upon the Bologna school, even only from Francesco Francia to the epoch of the school of Ludovico Carracci and his cousins, and from that to the time of the brothers Gandolfi. As it is our intention to give, at the first opportunity, a series of articles upon each Italian and foreign school separately, we shall now limit ourselves to the quotation of a few words from a critic upon the subject. Orloff says:—“L’arbre du genie porte en meme temps des fleurs et des fruits; des fleurs par le charme de ses compositeurs; des fruits par leur utilite. Il n’est aucun pays de l’Europe qui, comme l’Italie, ait vu croître en si grande abondance cette plante sur son sol fortuné. Qui ne connait ses richesses en architecture, en sculpture et en peinture? Nous allons quant a ce dernier art, signaler une école, celle de Bologna, qui a produit un grand nombre de chefs-d’œuvre, et l’on verra combien ces richesses surpassent encore toutes celles que nous avons signalées dans l’historique que nous avons fait des autres écoles. Dans cette grande école on y portera par Guido, la beauté au point le plus élevé, ou elle ait peut-être paru parmi les hommes.” But is this school,—which in our own country we have so much studied, both as a pleasure and as a duty, for we enjoyed the high honour of belonging, as Academician and Oratore di teoria to the ancient academy of Fine Arts in Bologna,—is this school well represented in the National Gallery? We cannot certainly reply in the affirmative; nevertheless we admire some of the specimens of the Caracci, and among them—Christ
Fine Arts.

appearing to Simon Peter after his Resurrection (9), by Annibale Carracci, which for style is a complete gem. Certainly the greatness and excellence of this celebrated master appear also in the other specimens in the gallery, in the St. John in the Wilderness (25) in the Erminia discovering the Shepherds (88) and in the pictures of Bacchanals (93) and (94) in which we recognize the style of the ancient gems which Annibale Caracci studied so much. — Yet we willingly turn our eyes to the picture of Christ appearing to Simon Peter which displays the elegant manner in which Annibale painted on a small scale—but the author of the Farnese Gallery, we must still repeat, ought to be represented by the greater works in the National Gallery. The Entombment of Christ (86), by the chief of the school, Ludovico, is another glorious picture, or miniature, in which is seen the style of this great man, who studied every style, that he might form them one peculiar to himself, and founded that school of reform, whence, says Lanzi, issued, as from the “Trojan horse,” vast squadrons of painters, who became masters to others. It is certain that Guido Reni alone, from the contemptulation of whose Perseo rescuing Andromeda (87) we have derived much pleasure, had more than two hundred scholars. His Venus and the Graces (90) seems to us a little injured. The different specimens of the great Domenichino we look upon with delight, and particularly—St. Jerome with Angels (85). We could wish to see some of the pictures which have given celebrity to the painter of Il Martirio di St. Agnese—La Vergine del Rosario—and La Comunione di S. Giroldo. The picture of Guercino (22) does certainly seem to show one of the styles of this Proteus of the art of painting: but Guercino’s greatness extends further than this. Nevertheless, although these things are in themselves splendid, how insufficient is this collection to convey a correct and complete idea of this school, or at least one that is worthy of Britain, that has built a Gallery, and dignified it with the title of National! We shall resume this subject, and record a very remarkable letter upon the various Italian schools of painting, addressed by Algargotti, about a century past, to an English gentleman, Mr. Hollis. In it he says, there is many a great artist, whose name is unknown in foreign countries, and whose works are appreciated only in the city that gave him birth. Of such how many worthy of all praise does Italy contain! Meantime we are sure that though the gallery of a wealthy and learned nation, like the English, is small, and contains only one hundred and seventy-two pictures, including drawings, still it has many specimens of high fame, and the union of public and private persons who have founded and patronize this institution calls forth infinite praise; yet we hope, since the whole Italian school, with all its subdivisions, is represented only by about seventy paintings, that the number will in the progress of time be augmented, not by small, but by grand historic pictures, from Ursone, Giotto, Lippo Dalmasio, to Hayez and Pelagio Pelagi; and also that they may be well classified. Thus in a Gallery so well arranged as to class, school, and epoch, all nations will feel it requisite to be represented by means of specimens of their first masters. Then indeed will the Gallery of Great Britain convey the true visible history of the Fine Arts, as well as be the Temple of Art. The object is great: and precisely for that reason worthy of an opulent and great nation! But as we cannot dwell upon this point respecting things which at present are not there, we will return to our account of those which are.

The gallery is peculiarly rich in the works of Claude. He is one of the few great masters whose genius is represented as all ought to be in the National Gallery of Great Britain. We have various proofs of the power of his glorious pencil, whose perfections it is superfluous to describe; — but were we to name what appears to us his most distinguishing excellence, we should point to the wonderful power of his light; his sunshine approaches almost to the brilliancy of light itself. How beautiful in No. 5 is the sinking of the sun; — in No. 14, and No. 30, how the waves sparkle in his beams, and how he glows! — That picture also, known as “’il Molino.” No. 12, is a dream of the golden age — in the distance, how majestically that river flows on — what a clear warm air separates us from it; and in the nearer parts, — the trees, the mill, what a grace-
ful richness in their disposition! The foreground displays so much freshness and gaiety, the figures appear so full of gladness, that the charmed eye seems to rest on a young earth where darkness and sorrow are unknown. A character of joyousness and a peculiar air of magnificence constitute the rational truth of the works of Claude.

Let us now turn to another pencil not less admirable than his, that of Nicolas Poussin, where Art takes a more learned tone, whose characteristic or rational truth is a manifested solemn tranquillity, with a wonderful power of transporting the mind back to the period of time which he wishes to express in his landscapes.—What a feeling of the old world is conveyed in these works! —There we see the river-god resting on his urn;—the Satyr and the Faun peeping from among the leaves;—Nymphs and Bacchantes dancing;—Silenus is in his car, with all his revel rout. The pagan world is living around, and yet so admirably do the figures harmonize with the scenes in which they are placed, such a spirit of antiquity pervades the whole, that other inhabitants would seem misplaced there, and our souls are carried back, with the painter, to the old world of Fable (See Nos. 39, 40, 42, 62, 65, 83, 91.) He exhorted his pupils to diligent study; and his works shew how richly his own mind was stored with every necessary of his art. In an interesting and characteristic letter, written when his life was drawing near its close—he speaks of what a painter may be taught—but the greater qualities of an artist, he says, must come from himself—they are like the golden branch of Virgil, which no one can gather or even find, unless destiny conduct him to it.

The Landscapes of Gaspar Poussin (See Nos. 31, 36, 68, 95, 98, 161) combine so many excellencies, that he is often called the Raffaello of Landscape painters.—Richness of colouring—solemn depth of shadow—grand masses—skies whose varied, almost varying clouds are in themselves a study—these excellencies are still secondary to the great feeling that pervades the works of this artist, which cannot be defined or described, but calls the mind to high thoughts. Look on the wooded hills and old buildings, on a group of trees, or a deep glade pourtrayed by the pencil of Gaspar Poussin, and say if serious calm thoughts do not come over your spirit; and if asked the rational truth of his pictures, we should not hesitate to reply,—SUBLIMITY. Of Salvator Rosa, there is a magnificent specimen (84)—he also is sublime, but there is more of wildness in his style.

Of the Spanish school, there are but few examples in the Gallery. The principal excellencies of the Spanish school are spirit and fire, and a true imitation of nature. Like the Flemish, its defect is being too material. Of the one Velasquez, (No. 89) we have elsewhere spoken. There are two Murillo's (Nos. 13 and 27); Murillo's Madonnas and Saints are beautiful, but they are usually the men and women of common life, with little dignity or elevation of character. To this remark, however, his delineations of the infant Saviour form perhaps an exception. The beauty and life of his pictures have rendered him an eminently popular painter. There are no specimens of Alonzo Cano, Collantes, or Antolinez, nor of Ribera, that great artist whom the schools of Spain and Italy have equally claimed as their own. There are fine specimens of his works in the collection of M. Aguado, at Paris, and in London (in a private collection) are his magnificent portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Gonzaga which might be placed beside the Misers of Teniers (No. 155) and lose nothing by the comparison. How admirable are those two Heads of Teniers, they are in themselves a drama and such as Molieré would have chosen for his Avare; there are other works of Teniers in the gallery (Nos. 154, 158) but not comparable to this.

The Barroccio (No. 29), and the Parmegiano (No. 33), are each splendid examples of the respective masters whose names they bear. Their works are considered to partake of the style both of Raffaello and Correggio, and are classed between them.

We again repeat—addressing ourselves to the young, that we believe young students of the art of painting would find great advantage in a careful consideration of "the Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto, a work which exhibits the true style of this master, being a combination of the manner of Raffaello with that of Leonardo and Michael Angelo. He
would have been unrivalled as an artist, had his colouring been finer; and his memory would have been more honoured, had his character as a man been better.

We must not omit that Andrea del Sarto imitated admirably. He copied a portrait of Leo X, between the Cardinal Medici and the Cardinal Rossi, the heads and hands having been painted by Raphaelle, and the draperies by Giulio Romano. The imitation was so perfect that Giulio, after the most minute inspection, and also after being assured that it was a copy, could not distinguish it from the original. This is high praise coming from so great a master as Giulio Romano. His picture of Charity (44), which was brought from the Aldobrandini Gallery at Rome to adorn the National Gallery here, is most interesting from its style. What an advantage for a student to compare the pure and somewhat cold style of Andrea del Sarto with that of Rembrandt in (45) The Woman taken in Adultery, a work full of boldness and fire, and with a magic colouring like that of a scene of enchantment. This is still more the case in the other magnificent picture (93), and in (54), also beautiful, A Woman Bathing, as in the above-mentioned (45), a really extraordinary performance, painted by Rembrandt, for his friend and patron the Burgomaster Sex.

Could we unite the boldness and fine colouring of Rembrandt with the purity and drawing of Andrea, what heavenly perfection would be the result!

Equally useful to a young artist, would it be to compare the energetic freedom, life, and powerful effects which are the material truth of M. A. Caravaggio, seen in Christ and his Disciples at Emmaus (172), with the too statue-like style, though, in many respects, fine work of Jacob Jordaens's, The Holy Family (164); add also the different style of Fransesco Mola, full of the sweetness, of Albano Lee Zeda (151), and The Riposo (160).

Then observe the sparkling and brilliant manner of Lancret. See Infancy, Youth, Manhood, Age, (id.) (102, 103, 104), in which we see conventional grace thoroughly French. These continued comparisons afford a school powerful to teach, from its various objects, nature rational, and material truth, with the peculiar beauties and defects inherent in the mind of the artists. This observation applies equally to the Landscape Collection in this Gallery, of which we shall afterwards speak. As to the historical school—and we have many landscapes painted by masters of the historic school, who also delighted in landscape, such is Tobias and the Angel, by Dominiichino; and here, in the tones of colouring in certain peculiarities of the small figures, appears the hand of him who was peculiarly called the painter of Expression, the rational truth of whose works is conveyed by that term.

The Landscape (64) by Sebastien Bourdon, who ranks next to Claude Lorraine and Poussin, has many beauties that entitle it to its place, though we see in it immediately the details of the French school, so different from the Italian, where they are sometimes neglected, but whose great style, in many respects, is seen in a A Landscape with Horsemen and Figures (68), by Annibali Caracci, supposed to represent Prince Guisiliniani returning from a hunting party. Observations on these subjects might be multiplied to a great extent, and we may hereafter resume the subject of landscape; at present, we must turn to the great Correggio.

The Christ praying in the Garden, (No. 76), Correggio, of which two replicas exist, is a picture, duly to appreciate which much study is required. The perfection of the chiaroscuro, the depth and sobriety and yet brilliancy of the colouring, the simplicity and greatness of the composition well deserve the deep consideration of every young artist. The expression and interest of the work will charm the eye of the more casual observer, and these need not here be enlarged upon. To such also, as well as to the artist, "Ecce Homo." (No. 15) speaks a language easy to be understood, and many a full gentle eye, quickly averted, proclaims that it expresses, with almost too much truth, a depth of suffering beyond the strength of a mortal to endure, the utter abandonment of grief. All the correctness and delicacy, all the beautiful mind of Correggio is perceived in this work; and though there may exist one or two productions of his pencil in a still higher style of art, yet all who see this picture may form an estimate of his great powers
when devoted to a serious subject. The
enchanting loveliness, delicacy, freedom,
and playfulness of his infant heads and
of some of his female ones, display his ex-
cellence in a different style. The truth
of his drawing is always especially to be
admired. Grace and delicacy we should
pronounce to be his characteristics.

Mercury, (No. 10) instructing Cupid in
the presence of Venus, is a beautiful pic-
ture, and has been the subject of much
dispute as to its comparative superiority
to the replicas of which we believe there
exist two. We shall not presume to dis-
cuss this difficult point, only observing
that we have no doubt it is the work of
Corregio, and that it was the custom of
the great masters to pencil replicas of
their best pictures. There are four re-
pli cas of Raffaello’s celebrated St. John in
the Wilderness, and three of his “Ma-
donna del Cardelino” —numerous other
instances might be adduced.

Of the works of Rubens there are
seven specimens (Nos. 38, 46, 57, 59,
66, 67, 157)—how much might be said
on this subject. Colouring so gorgeous
and harmonious, that could we see it
without form, it would be sufficient, by
disposition and brilliancy to com-
pletely charm the eye; invention fertile
and varied like nature herself, and a
freedom of touch never surpassed! —All
that is wanting to Rubens was expressed
by the remark of a celebrated amateur on
his copy of the Apollo Belvedere — “it
is Homer translated into Dutch.” Rub-
ens had no ideal beauty in his mind
—Diana is always the wife of Rubens
never a goddess: the material part is
perfect; for the intellectual we look in
vain. To Vandyke Nos. 49, 50, 52, 156
these observations do not apply. If less
varied, less impassioned, less creative
than Rubens, the classic grace of his
designs, the dignity diffused over his
compositions, combined with their fine
colour, leave us little to desire when we
look at one of his pictures.

Of English artists we have already
spoken, in alluding to the portraits of
Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas
Lawrence, and the works of Hogarth.
There remain the pleasing landscapes of
Gainsborough and Ruhart, Wilson, and
the two pictures of Sir David Wilkie—
these are painted with the pencil of a true
lover of nature combined with the fine
perceptions of a poetic mind. They do
not belong to that class of pictures which
represents an uninteresting and everyday
subject, unrelieved by a trait of mind or
feeling such as indeed are some of the
most perfect productions of the Dutch
School. In every picture by Sir David
Wilkie there is poetry and taste; he
paints human life in an humble but not
a vulgar form —like Sir Walter Scott or
Mr. Dickens, he can see and pourtray
with a magic power to interest, those
traits of feeling and delicacy that a rude
exterior and unfavourable circumstances
cannot hide from the eye of genius which
springs alike in the palace and the cot-
tage, and connects by sympathy the whole
human family, while his and their imita-
tors are apt to seize only the coarse and
prominent points and outward trappings.

We speak here only of Sir David
Wilkie’s earlier works, to which period the
specimens in the gallery belong; all the
technical part of these pictures appears
to us admirable: —the drawing is per-
fect—a praise which, in the eyes of other
nations, cannot always be given to the
English school; the colouring sober and
clear; freedom of touch, careful finish-
ing, and the greatest attention to every
accessory that can heighten the interest
and effect of the picture! —In the Blind
Fiddler (No. 99), how admirably is the
mind of the spectator directed to the
subject of the picture; every thing tends
to the one point; all are centered as
by a lens. Would that all artists could
comprehend and imitate this beautiful
simplicity and unity of design, the charm
and effect of which cannot be expressed!
we should say that simplicity and unity
of design form the rational truth of this
picture:

“Sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.”

In the preceding Article the following errata occurred.

511, line 20—for “tending” read “tending to.”
513, line 40—for “Tusculan’s” read “Tusculan.”
516, line 6 from bottom—after “statues” insert “of.”
518, note * for zolo” read “Zeole.”
518, 2 col. line 6 from bottom—for “Triulzie,” read “Trobaldo.”

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[THE COURT]
CASTS FROM THE EGINA STATUES.

(In continuation of an Article which appeared in this Magazine for June, 1839, vol. xiv., p. 612.)

BY A CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" JOURNAL.

In the Phigalian room of the British Museum, against the southern wall, a pediment has recently been placed, in connection with that opposite, which contains eleven of the casts from the Eginus statues, an account of which some time since appeared in this periodical. On this we are about to describe are placed five more, which were brought from the ruins of the same temple of Jupiter Pandion they occupy the island of these. These five statues were all that were found belonging to the eastern front sufficiently in a state of preservation to assure of their original destination and design; and it is the more to be lamented, as that was the principal façade of the edifice, and contained the greater number of the sculptures of the temple. This front was by far the most magnificent in its decorations, the esplanade before it extending 100, while that of the western was but 50 feet; the statues also on this tympanum were more numerous, there being originally, on this, fourteen figures, and but eleven on the other; they are also both in style and sculpture far superior, and appear to be the work of the master, the others in comparison as those of the scholars; the superiority of conception and manner is apparent, the forms are more muscular and robust, the veins and muscles more displayed, in imitation of a matured nature. It is remarkable that they are not so far removed as those of the western pediment. At the first opening of the ruins, twenty-five statues were discovered, besides the four female figures belonging to the Acroteria. To the artist the canon of proportion and the system of anatomical expression observable throughout the whole may be regarded as the models whence was derived that still bolder style of conception which afterwards distinguished the sculptors and made the perfection of the Athenian school; what the works of Ghulandria were to Raphael, these were to Phidias. The surprise of the common observer may be excited when he contemplates these figures, however disadvantageous the circumstances under which he views them. Perhaps he cannot call to mind in the capital of his country, however civilization and the arts may have advanced, any sculptures of the 19th century which appear equally imposing; the more so, when he reflects that the history of their origin is buried in the darkness of 2,400 years. Long after this period, Lysippus held as a principle of the ideal, which has in later times been too generally followed, to make men as they seem to be, not as they really are. In this group there is not, as seen in the opposite one, any figure immediately under the edge of the tympanum; that of Minerva, which was found, and which, no doubt, had occupied it, being thought too much broken to be placed there. The nearest is the figure of a warrior, who appears as having fallen, wounded, to the ground. He is supporting himself on the right arm, endeavouring to strike a blow with the other. There was no doubt held a sword, as the rivets of bronze, still remaining, indicate. On the left arm is a shield held close to the body, the hand enveloping the telamon, or holder. The countenance, contrary to the one in a similar position on the opposite pediment, seems calmly to regard the danger of the moment to resist with any chance of success an advancing adversary who is rushing forward to seize his spoils. Whether this statue is rightly placed we think will admit of doubt. The figure rushing forward could not have inflicted the wound by which he has been disabled, and it seems more probable that an arrow, which an archer at the extreme of the pediment has just discharged, has been the cause of his wound, and that it should, instead of being on the ground, have been placed as if in the act of falling. In the attitude of the attacking warrior, a desire is shown to give the greatest interest to the action; the position of the right leg seems calculated to give movement to the figure as seen from below: behind the fallen, an unharmed figure is stooping forward, apparently to raise him; but this statue would seem rather to belong to the other pediment, where a hollow is found in the pedestal on which the Goddess Minerva stands, which appears to have been made to allow room for its advance. Among the statues found, but broken, was one which stood nearly over the body of the wounded hero, to defend him against the advancing enemy before mentioned. Near the archer is another combatant on the ground; the countenance of this figure is aged, the beard most minutely sculptured; it is of a square form and descends to the breast: on the lip are long mustachios. It is by far the most aged of either group, and he appears to be a chief of consequence; he is raising himself on his shield; the expression of the face is very fine, it has a smile on it, though evidently in pain. The archer is a Phrygian, and his body is protected by leathern armour; as he has no shield allowed, he is holding the bow, which is small and of the Indian shape.
The British Museum.

n the left hand, with the arm outstretched; the bow-string has been drawn to the ear; the arrow seems just to have sped, and the exultation of the countenance shows it has taken effect. Three of these figures have that sort of helmet which defends the face by a guard descending over the nose,* and the back, by the length of the (lophos), or crest, or horsehair, (crista); the shields are massy and large, they are the Argive (arpis enkuklos), circular shields, and the handles are nicely framed. The inside of all of them were in steer, and within a circle of the exterior a blue colour was seen, on which was pictured, without doubt, the symbol adopted by the hero, for on a fragment of one of those belonging to this front was, in relief, a part of a female figure. The remaining figures belonging to this tympanum, the fragments of which were found, were principally archers.

These statues offer the only illustration now extant of the armour of the heroic ages. The bodies of all the figures of this pediment, with the exception of the archer who is encased in leather armour, are uncovered. The great minuteness of execution in the details corresponds with the exactness, with which Æschylus, Homer, and the earlier writers of the heroic age have preserved their descriptions; in the whole of those statues this is observable in every tie and fastening: it would appear that the whole had undergone the strictest scrutiny, as in each, those parts from which the position on the building could not have been seen, are found equally exact; in every particular they are the same as those which are traced on the vases of the most Archæic style, where they are delineated in black, on a red ground, as is seen in the Museum collections. The male figures on the apex of the pediment are clothed: the drapery falls in thick folds around the figure: in their hands they hold the pomegranate flower; the feet are on a small plinth; they are the Elpis of the Greeks, the Goddess of Hope, so well known in museums and on coins, and their situation here is peculiarly appropriate, as presiding over an undecidued combat. It does not appear that any of the figures on either pediment had any support to fix them in position but the cornice where they came in contact with it; they must all have been easily removable; and perhaps it may not be unreasonable to suppose, that on particular festivals they were so disposed as to represent the actions then in celebration to recall to the imagination of the votaries the reason for those sacrifices then offered to the god who presided over the temple; this would account why almost all the celebrated groups of antiquity which have decorated the façades of their sacred edifices, among which may be reckoned those of the Parthenon, the Sicilic Adrimeum, and the Ægina, are so completely finished, and shows how what would otherwise seem a waste both of talent and labour was brought to account. It is much to be regretted that the monuments which have been erected to receive these statues have been, from want of space, not completed to the extremity of the angles; in consequence, the statues, contained on both, lose much of their effect; the idea of a shelf cannot be got rid of; neither is there sufficient display to be given to those which ought to be seen in shadow. A considerable expense appears to have been incurred in the erection of this abortion; had it been placed in a situation where there was sufficient space, which, if this room does not afford, is to be found in the vestibule at the end of the Egyptian gallery, the object might have been attained; the column belonging to the pediment should have been added, and they would much have improved the bare walls of that portion of the building; and this creation being entirely unconnected with the halls which contain the remnants of the Elgin marbles, such a situation could not have been deemed heterodox to their remains. Had an exact representation of the façade of the temple to which these sculptures belonged been erected, which might easily have been done, as all the parts were known and measured, and the additional expense would have been but trifling, it would have given to those who have no opportunity to view the remains of antiquity abroad, a far more comprehensive idea of their grandeur and beauty, than either dilapidated statues or engraved plates can offer. The inherent good taste of the public, who see with sorrow the architectural monstrosities which are styled with the name of public buildings, would have regarded with pleasure the repose of a Grecian edifice, adorned with its sculptures, the greater part in an entire state of preservation, and those which time had dilapidated, as restored by the hands of Thorwaldsen, a fac simile of antiquity; the lion's-heads which adorned the ends of the marble tiles might then have been replaced, the griffins or chimeras which were found restored to their positions, and the whole of the figures and architraves coloured exactly as their remains point out; the eye of the spectator, wearied with the sight of nameless monsters, on passing the doors at the end of the Egyptian Hall, would have viewed with admiration the reality of an edifice, seen in the same perfection as if an interval of three-and-twenty centuries had been recalled.

In this saloon are the celebrated bas reliefs found at Mount Cuthylus, near the ancient city of Phigalia, in Arcadia. They represent the battles of the Greeks and Amazons, and those of Theseus and the Lapithae against the Centaurs. According to Pausanias, they

* Termed a nasal in the armour of the middle ages.
were the work of Ictinus, contemporary of Phidias. The grandeur of conception displayed in their composition, the variety of attitude and action shown, is not surpassed by those in the Elgin salon, though their execution may be inferior. A more particular notice of them than is found in the synopsis at the Museum, they may not be unacceptable. The combat of the Greeks and Amazons occupies twelve slabs of marble, and that of the Centaurs eleven. Both the history of the Amazons and the battle here represented are obscure. The origin of the name is derived from two words, “Ama” or “Am” and “matar”—its ubiquity is proof of its antiquity—and the ancient name of the sun, as found in the Temple of Helios, in Egypt, is “On,” “Ton,” or “Zoon;” but that any nation of Amazons, in the vulgar acceptance of the word, ever existed, is more than problematical. Faber says that those now worshipped are the same who were worshiped by the people of the world, such as the Iberians, the Carthaginians, the Moors, and the Atlantians of Mauritania, and the Liones, were Amazons, and a celebrated invasion of Attica by them is mentioned. We are told that Eumolpus, an Egyptian, was the leader; and Pausanias, mentions an Attic victory or trophy, called an Amazonion, erected to their names: according to Arrian, the Queen of the Amazons, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, sent ambassadors with defiance to Alexander. In the time of Pompey they were still supposed to exist, and Dion Cassius says, that in the Mithridatic war he saw on the Parnassus, and heard the story of the Amazons, which were supposed to be Amazons, but were the Roman soldiers. Undoubtedly Amazonian. The worship of the male and female deities in Greece caused peace between the sects, and the origin of their quarrel and their name was forgotten in Europe. In Asia the Persians and the Jews seem to have had an exception; Cambyses in his invasion destroyed in Egypt everything connected with the female worship; he overturned the sphinxes, but he left the obelisks untouched.

The scene of the combat depicted on these tablets, is drawn with great force and spirit; some of the Amazons have long tunics, others short vestments, only reaching to the knee; one on horseback has trousers and loose sleeves reaching to the waist; on the head of some is the Archaic helmet, and those without have the hair fastened in a knot on the top; they all but one wear boots which reach to the knees, their robes are fastened with a zone, some have armlets crossed between the breasts; in their arms are swords, and the double-headed Scythian battle-axe, as also spears, bows, and arrows; none of these last are preserved, they being probably of bronze, as the holes remain, and added afterwards, as was the custom with ancient weapons, and the small, and of the lunar form, opening at top. The Athenian warriors have cloaks or tunics fastened round the neck, and tightened about the waist by a belt; it reaches no lower than the knee; the right arm is bare. In one group a fierce warrior has seized a mounted Amazon by the hair; he is dragging her from the horse, which is rearing; the action of the female is very fine. The first figure maintains her seat, till relieved by another, who, with uplifted axe, and shield to protect her from the flying arrows, shall have brained her antagonist. The eighteenth slab has five figures and two horses; in one the horse has fallen, and an Athenian warrior has his right hand fixed on the sighing Amazon, while, with the other hand, he has grasped her foot, and drags her, who seems to have lost all recollection, from the horse's back. The position of the central figure is very fine. He is within the guard of the shield of the Amazon, and is striking a deadly blow with his hand, in which has been a sword. In another group an Athenian has fallen; he rests on his left hand, and extends his right in supplication to the female warriors who surround him, and is in the act of surrendering, while behind him an Amazon is striking him with her battle-axe. In the sculptures of the Lapithae and Centaurs all the warriors, with the exception of Theseus, are armed with swords, who, as an imitator of Hercules, has a club. The shields are large and circular; they have a broad border round the circumference, and resemble those of the Ephibis of Athens. Of the helmets there are four kinds—one which fits the head closely without either crest or visor, another with a crest, and one with guards for the ears, and a fourth with a pointed vizer. In one of the sculptures Theseus is seen attacking a Centaur; he has the head of the monster under his left arm, and with the right, which probably held a club of bronze, as the hole remains, he is destroying him. He appears to have arrived just in time to save Hippodomenia, whom a Centaur has disrobed, and who is clinging to the statue of Diana. From the tiara behind, and the lion's skin, this figure is supposed to be Theseus; the Centaur Eurytion, a female figure, is also seen pleading on her behalf, and in the distance a Goddess is hastening in a car, drawn by stages, to the rescue; this probably is Diana, as the temple was dedicated to Apollo.

The collection of antiquities in the great saloon of the British Museum, unconnected with the edifices of which they formed part, to the artist are comparatively useless; the monstrousities they represent can neither excite his emulation, nor improve his taste; while to the general visitor they are only regarded as matters of curiosity: he lingers round the mutilated blocks of granite, in vain endeavours to find the meaning of the strange and uncouth figures he sees; so immutably engraved upon them; on turning to the pages
of the synopsis, he simply finds the name of Amenophes, of Rameses, of Iophth, of Shishak, or of Pahanephef, and his curiosity remains unsatisfied. A short and mere particular description of some of the most important may not be unacceptable; the general.

In the central room a case has lately been opened, in which are two figures, apparently designed to represent a mother and daughter. In beauty of design and execution they are hardly surpassed, if equalled, by any in the collection; they seem to belong neither to the Louvre nor the Prado, or to any of the other great museums, but to be a work of art which may be called, possess all the appearance of family portraits. They are sitting on a couch, the legs of which terminate in lion's paws, and possess more of the Greek than Roman fashion; the height of the elder figure is five feet six inches, that of the younger five feet two inches. In the right hand of the mother, which is extended downwards, is the mysterious instrument resembling a key, called the "Iau," which is commonly a mark of the priesthood; the other, which is singular in Egyptian sculpture, is placed upon the daughter's; the faces of both are handsome, that of the youngest might be though beautiful; the expression of innocence and modesty is finely portrayed; the eyes are large, the lips have nothing of the Ethiopian character, the mouth is beautifully-shaped, the nose small and delicately formed, and happiness is thrown over the countenance; the figure is slender, the shape of the bosom and shoulders perfect; the hair, which is in a thousand curls, covers the ears, and on the forehead it is so arranged as to form a tiara; the dress descends nearly to the ankle, and is intended to represent the finest muslin; around the edges of which is an edging apparently of lace; it is crossed over the breast, and passes through the neck; it is of purple, from which is suspended an amulet in shape like a cross; the feet are bare, the hand and arm perfect. A great likeness is observable in the faces of both the figures, but the lips of the elder are thicker, and the nose and face are altogether more Egyptian; the hair of the latter it also curved, but not so thick, as that of the younger, and the ears are shown, in which are ear-rings; the dress, which is much shorter, is not so full over the person, but equally fine in the texture; on the feet are sandals, the fastenings of which are minutely executed, and are entirely different from the Greek and Roman style. Some remains of colours are to be observed on the dress, blue and red. There does not appear to be any hieroglyphical inscription on it. Immediately under the columns which separate the saloons are two colossal lions which were given by Lord Prudhoe; they are of red Egyptian granite; on tablets or cartouches, on which the learned have read the names of Amenophet, the second and third; there are also on them two other tablets, the characters of which have not been deciphered; they were brought from Nubia, from Delphi, 500 miles from the Cataract. The attitude which is given them, although from the locality whence they were removed evidently betokens their great antiquity, is more true to nature than in the generality of similar figures of Egyptian design; one is lying on the right, and the other on his left side; the right fore leg in one is under the body, all but the paw; the left is stretched across the chest, and the paw, turned flat down, rests on that of the right, the under of which is turned upward; the two paws meet like two hands when brought flat together; the eyes are very long, and have much resemblance to those of Egyptian human statues. There are two small lion sphinxes which much resemble these; they were found by Captain Cavignia when he uncovered the sphinxes of the Pyramids, in a small temple, placed between its legs; they are of soft calcareous stone, and have been painted red; their length is about fifty inches one has a head in the style of the sphinx, and on a plinth are some figures, which are no part of the original design, they are not hieroglyphics. Of that one the lower part is gone; this has also a low head-dress, and a mane carved in lines down the breast, and what is singular, neither of them possesses much of the Egyptian character, though found in such a situation No. 11 is the figure of a hawk-headed sphinx, which was found by Belzoni at Ipsamboul. The ram's head in this room, which formed the head of a colossal sphinx, was taken from the avenue at Carnac, and is of soft calcareous stone; the face is three feet six inches in length, and the horn in the curve four feet eleven inches, the tip of which is broken off; on the top of the head is an oblong hole, four inches and a half in diameter, from which is the spirit shown in the sculpture of this head, as also in those of the lions, it is to be seen that the Egyptians excelled far more in their delineation of animals than of the human form; that hardness and inanimation, which is the characteristic of the latter, is not to be complained of in the other. What was the origin of the sphinx, and they are found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, what mystery was hidden in so strange a shape, and still wrapped in obscurity, the general opinion of antiquaries, that a lion's head, united to a woman's body, was to denote the rise of the Nile, when the sun is in a man's head; in Arracan, it is a female; in Java, half a woman and half an elephant; and in India the fourth incarnation of Vishnu is a man lion. There are in this room two

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The British Museum.

obelisks of black marble; they are the only ones in the Museum; the one on the right as you enter is that mentioned by Niebur in his travels; it has been broken into two pieces; they are now together; the lower part, which is perfect, is about eight feet in height; it was found fixed into the side of a doorway of a house in Cairo, and the broken part served for the sill; the north side has a cartouche under the usual symbol of the goose and disc, and another perfect, supposed to contain the name; they are repeated on the opposite side, and nowhere else on this profile. The parts on the upper and south sides are the same; those on the east and west are different, but resemble each other; the first are much better executed than the other; the bird is perhaps one of the best specimens of sculpture found in Egypt; the arch on which it is chiseled out is round the postion, as well as shown by the edges formed by the erosion in the stone, added to the shadow cast from the rounded part on the deep incision, gives a fine relief to the lighter and higher parts; the feathers of the wing are also beautifully raised, and the eye is well delineated. The one opposite, which is out of the same size, is not so well executed; it has the same cartouche cut on the four sides; the hieroglyphics are the same on both of these obelisks, but differently placed; the sistrum is thrown on both, and what is supposed to be the proper name on the Alexandrian sarcophagus, as also the prenomen, is the same which appears on the profile. It was on Denon that obelisks and gateways which are often found insulated before the temples, were votive offerings to the collective gods. The colossal head on which is the mitre, called the Teshr, was found by Belzoni at Carthage, east of the Nile; it is of red granite, and only partially pronounced; the head is much larger than the one opposite, called the lesser Memnon; the face has much more of the Egyptian character, and does not possess the softness which is seen in the other, and is evidently of an earlier date; the height from the top of the mitred crown is ten feet; the beard-case and left ear only are destroyed; the colossal arm lying near it belonged to this statue, and from its being straight and in a falling position, shows it must have been an upright one; in the hand are the remains of a staff or sceptre. The cap is fastened with bands under the chin. From the position of the arm and head, its height must have been at least twenty-six feet, and it is observable in this, as in almost all the Egyptian figures, that the ear is too high on the head.

The colossal figure marked 21 was discovered in the ruins of a temple behind the Colossi at Thebes, between the Memnonium and Medinet Abu; it is an exact model of the great figure of Memnon at Thebes, the exact height of which is seventy feet; it is in a sitting position, and has a close fitting cap on the head, on the front of which is the aspici serpent. The beard and lower part of the chin are broken. The stone is a breccia, and looks black, but it is a dark grey, and has bright yellow particles in it, and is the only statue of that kind of stone in the collection. The hair is curiously gathered behind, and, from a number of radii collected in a convex form, is gathered into a long tail; it has a nether garment, of corduroy appearance, attached to a belt round the waist, and overlaps in parts on the thighs, on which are extended the hands, which are badly executed. At the back of the throne is a square column, and the cartouches there inscribed contain, as we are told, the name of Amenophis or Memnon, being the same as those on the Theban colossal.

A colossal head of Jupiter Ammon, of white stone, marked 30, 30, was found in the collection of Mr. Salt, from Belzoni, at Carnac. Part of the face is destroyed, but it remains, the difference of expression observed on viewing it is remarkable. In the front it possesses the general character of Egyptian composure; on the northern side it is grave and severe, and on the eastern it has the same smile as is seen on the face of the lesser Memnon.

Another head of equal size, on the left of the room as you enter, is the only Egyptian one in the Museum on which the beard is seen; in all the others it is placed in a sort of case, but here it is sculptured on the stone; flat lappets of drapery, on either side of the head, the breadth of which are of the same size as the fringy beard. The stone of which it is formed is of a brownish breccia, peculiarly difficult to cut. The great sarcophagus on the left, near the entrance, given by Colonel Vyse in 1839, is of red breccia, and is well deserving inscriptions. The hieroglyphics are highly finished; they are not so numerous as those on the tomb of Alexander, or the one opposite called the Lovers' Fountian, but of better execution. It has a lid of circular form, which fits with a ledge; there is a band of hieroglyphics on each side; in each band are twelve figures four inches in length, all different, and divided from each other by a tablet of inscriptions; eleven of these figures are faced by one at the end, a band of hieroglyphics reaches halfway along the cover, another crosses this, and then there are six more, three of which are but half the length, to give room for three figures of mummies, of which there was probably three within this monument. Above this there is a face deeply cut, the features of which are completely of the negro character. It has the usual "oskhi" or curlicue tippet worn round the neck. The length is nine feet, and the breadth three and a half. The colour of the stone forming the top is much lighter than the lower part of the sarcophagus, No. 10, which is supposed to
have been the tomb of Alexander, consists of a single block of stone, ten feet in length, four in height, and about five in breadth. It is a particular kind of prismatic conglomeration resembling that which is under the second porphyry formation, and is entirely covered with hieroglyphics in lines. On his death, we are told by Curtius, his body was enshrined in golden chasework, over which was put a purple vestment, and then his armour: on his arrival at Alexandria it was there deposited, but whether in this sarcophagus or not has been matter of dispute. He was worshipped as the thirteenth god of the Egyptians; three centuries after his death his body was seen by Augustus. Tacitus says the tomb was again opened by Caligula, and the breastplate taken out and worn by him. When the body was removed is unknown, but it was always revered and concealed this sarcophagus from the Christians till seized on by the French.

The engraved tablet of black basalt, called the Rosetta-stone,” the *cune antiquariarum*, contains three inscriptions—one in hieroglyphics, one in the ancient spoken or enochial language of Egypt, and the other Greek. The learned have, read, that they record the services which Ptolemy V. had rendered to his country, and that they were engraved by the order of the priesthood assembled at Memphis, for the purpose of investing him with the regal powers. Till the discovery of this stone, which was found by the French in digging the foundation of Fort St. Julian at Rosetta, notwithstanding the labours of Kircher and others, the innumerable inscriptions and the monstrosities which are found engraved or painted on every relic of Egyptian antiquity remained matter of doubt and wonder, and were veiled in the darkness of conjecture. The arrival of this stone was therefore hailed with equal joy by the learned, as would the recovery of the key of an unpickerable Brahmah by its unhappy loser. Upon the engraving of this block a wondrous system has been raised, which, if it is perfected, is destined to enlighten us in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,” and lay open to the inquiring mind of the nineteenth century all the knowledge which is thought to be contained in those inscriptions, the amount of which, taken collectively, would fill 10,000 volumes. Some short account of the deciphering system pursued may not, in connexion with the Egyptian monuments, be unacceptable.

The first author who mentions the writings of the Egyptians says, they had two kinds of characters, one called sacred, hiera, and the other popular, demotic; but he does not say that they had any affinity with each other. Diodorus, indeed, mentions the addition that the first was peculiar to the priests, and the other was taught to all. Concise as this is, it is all the information these authors give. The next is the celebrated passage in the works of Clemens Alexandrinus, in which the different kinds of writing are given with considerable precision. He says there were three kinds—the epigraphic, the hieratic or sacred, and thirdly, the most complete of all, the Hieroglyphic, which he tells us is expressed by means of the first or initial element of words, that is, by reference to the initial sounds of words which denote these objects in the spoken language of the country. Upon this scanty foundation the most extraordinary theories have been built; the six folios of Kircher, according to his interpretation of the hieroglyphical inscriptions, which succeeded equally whether he began at the beginning, the middle, or at the end of the text, are found to be filled with the cabalistic science and strange fancies of a refined system of Daonians. But since anpince has discovered that they are all astronomical, or expressive of the doctrines connected with the science of astronomy, and the division of time in the calendar; and the author of a work entitled *de L’Etude des Hieroglyphiques*, published at Paris in 1812, found in the inscription on the temple of Thandro a translation of the 100th Psalm of David, a foreign language, which most likely the inhabitants of the country never understood. Count Palin has persuaded himself that the hymn of David are but Hebrew translations of the consecrated rolls of Egyptian papyrus. All these fantastic reveries have, however, given way to the system of Dr. Young, the invention of which has been disputed by M. Champollion; he followed the idea of Warburton, that the hieroglyphic or sacred character, was not so called because peculiarly appropriated to sacred subjects, but that they constituted a written language applicable to all the purposes of life, that they were not used to represent things or ideas, but that they represented sounds or words, that they were alphabetical, and that they exhibited things or objects, the common names of which in the spoken language began with the sounds it was wished to express. To make this more intelligible we give the following example:—If there was no other manner of writing than by pictures, or symbols, and the spoken language of England the same as it now is, and it was required to write the name of James, this name being a mere sound could not be intimated to any one by a picture or symbol; but if it was written by the letter J the figure of a jug or jar was set down, for an A an ape or an acorn, for an M a man or a mouse, and for an S a spear or a spur; the name of James would then by

[THE COURT]
The British Museum.

a sort of symbolic acrostic he is intimate to all who read the figures in the spoken language. This is the basis of the principle of Dr. Young, De Lacy, and Champollion, and the literati have proceeded upon this to decipher the Egyptian hieroglyphics. To what extent they have succeeded yet remains a matter of dispute; last in consequence the visitor to the Museum, when passing on from viewing the dilapidated remains of Egyptian sculpture in the lower saloon, regretting his ignorance of the strange writing and figures on all of them engraved, is agreeably surprised when he enters the gallery above to recover his mistake; here he finds all is known and deciphered; he reads these are the remains of Pefakaons surnamed Onkhounomnohe, auditor of the Royal palace; that the next is Pena-moun, priest of Ammon; that a lady lying near is Iatsbabea, daughter of Petkous, porter of Amoun, and born of Iamaak, lady of the house; he is startled at the immensity of his duties, but that we shall have an incense-bearer, son of Ohnofie, son of Hor and of Baenrow, daughter of Saklous; and he supposes that want of space has alone prevented a full account of their lives and actions, easily be read on their inscriptions, from being given in the synopsis; but he will find on inquiry that serious objections may be raised even to the validity of the names attached, much more to any particular account of their offices or actions.

All the modern expounders of hieroglyphics have raised the structure of their observations on the trilingual inscription seen on this Rosetta stone, and principally depend upon it. Dr. Young, the most celebrated of them all, did not begin his researches till after its discovery; he knew nothing of it, but from the French account, and it is upon that account alone that the genuineness of the inscription depends; it is true that some other stones with tripartite inscriptions have been found, but that would be the necessary consequence of the first being made: the size and nature of all of them evidently show that they were not in ancient times kept concealed, and if they are so ancient and genuine as we are to believe, why did not the Roman writers go at once to these inscriptions scattered about the country to interpret that which they all regret was lost? It may be said that it would be almost impossible to have forged the inscriptions on this stone, it would only have made the last or Greek one, and when we look at the manufacture of ancient Etruscan vases and cameos in Staffordshire the trials of the Parian marbles, the manuscripts of Shakspeare, the copies of Raphael, and read the astounding tale that Professor Houton, of the Medico-Botanical Society, produced a Bulbous root found in the cranium of a mummy, in a situation in which it had probably lain 2,000 years, that it germinated when exposed to the atmosphere, though when discovered in a state of perfect dryness, and on being placed in the ground it grew with readiness and vigour, and also know that mummies are manufactured every day, and consider the authority on which it rests, the impossibility of this monument not being genuine is very difficult to believe. In Pompelii articles are constantly buried to be found when wanted, and it has always been observed that the higher the rank of the visitor to those remains the more successful is he in his antiquarian search. There may be 100 Rosetta stones discovered, but the more that are found the more difficult it is to account for the ignorance of Clemens and others on the subject. The plan both of Champollion and Young, of making many phonetic signs for one letter, will make them speak what the expositor desires, and proves that arbitrary figures which are not hieroglyphics may be made to give any meaning he may please. If this inscription on the Rosetta stone is genuine, why did not Clemens, who lived at Alexandria, go to it to remove his ignorance, which the passage in his work on the subject proves, and why did not Strabo also? They both could have read the Greek, which the best Scots can now hardly understand. But what more clearly proves that the meaning of the hieroglyphics was unknown in the Roman times, is the fact, that one of the first deacons offered a reward for the deciphering of those on an obelisk he brought to Rome. The ignorance of Diodorus, Strabo, and Clemens is a pretty good proof that the inscriptions found on the trilingual stones are modern fabrications, else why are so few found, and none on the temples and statues themselves? Whether the French savans were the inventors and fabricators is certainly difficult to determine, but that is far more likely than that the authors we have mentioned, and the Roman emperors, should have been ignorant whether the hieroglyphics were in use in their time or not. Nor Strabo nor Diodorus says that the hieroglyphics were known in their day; yet if they had been, why have not those authors quoted them in their histories of the Egyptian mythology? It is more than probable that these inscriptions were never intended to be read but by those who had the tradition of their meanings, and that the priests having been massacred in the Persian conquest by Cambyses, that tradition was lost. The same would have been the case with the traditionary learning of the Mexicans had not the Spanish preserved it. Both Dr. Young and Champollion have found by their process the names of Roman emperors on the same monument with those of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, in situations where they could not have been erased. How can they account for this? If the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and the Romans, are to be found on the buildings and obelisks

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written in hieroglyphics, of course they could not have been lost in the time of Strabo and Clemens, yet any one who attentively considers the passage in his work, and that passage is the foundation of all modern explanation, must come to the conclusion that the obscurity in which he has enwrapped it was purposely done to conceal his ignorance of that which he pretended to describe. To the plan of Dr. Young and other learned expositors of reading the hieroglyphics by applying the first letters of Egyptian words of the common vernacular tongue now in use—viz. the Coptic—it would be satisfactory to imply that it must always have remained the same, or nearly so. It is true, we are told nothing changes in the East; but, notwithstanding, it is impossible not to believe but that tongue, admitted to have always been the spoken language of this country, passing through the crucible of conquest by the Ethiopian, the shepherd Kings, the Israelites, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Saracens, during a period of 3,000 years, must have been so dislocated and altered as to have rendered it impossible to read the symbols, or hieroglyphic language of Sesostiris in the Coptic or the oldest Coptic books now extant.

WHERE DOST THOU DWELL.

I said to the fawn as she passed me by
With a bounding step and sparkling eye
From forth her grassy lair,
"Stay! Prythee tell
Where dost thou dwell?"
"In the forest, my home is there."

I said to the fish as in restless mood
The glassy face of the silvery flood
He broke by his finny leap,
"Stay! Prythee tell
Where dost thou dwell?"
"My home is in the deep."

I said to the lark as he hover'd nigh
Ere he upward rose to the bright blue sky
To warble his matin song,
"Stay! Prythee tell
Where thou dost dwell?"
"In yon meadow— the grass among."

I said to one of the insect crew,
As in airy circles around he flew,
Sporting his playful hour—
"Stay! Prythee tell
Where thou dost dwell?"
"In the cup of yon fragrant flower."

Then I said to the wishes that rose in my breast,
The aspiring thoughts that are never at rest,
"The thoughts that burn and wear,
Now, prythee tell
Where do you dwell?"
"In heaven— our home is there."

The restless things of earth and air,
Have their leafy covert or grassy lair,
Near the spot that gave them birth:
But thoughts that spring
On soaring wing,
Their home is not on earth.

[THE COURT]

Lady Blessington has founded her new novel on incidents of every day occurrence in the world, and yet if such subjects are handled with tolerable ability they are ever new and interesting to the reader. In the present work are traced the struggles of a young female with the world, who has been suddenly hurled from a state of affluence and exclusiveness, to utter indigence and dependence.

Clara Mordaunt, the person here spoken of, is the daughter of a rich merchant, who, driven to despair by one of those sudden reverses, only too common in business, commits acts of bankruptcy and suicide in the same town, and his child, forced on the tender mercies of the world, takes, as the only means of gaining a livelihood, a situation as governess. Her first debut is with the family of a rich merchant; the wife of the merchant Mrs. Williamson, a hard-hearted parvenu belonging to a class swarming among the aristocracy of wealth here, there and every where, who in proportion as they themselves have striven with hardship and raised themselves in the world, are the more heard-hearted to their inferiors in wealth and dependents.

The very best part of the novel is comprised in the time passed by Clara in this family; her introduction to the school-room and cubs belonging to her tyrant is very well written, and the effect produced by the composure and firmness of Clara in reclaiming the little tribe of bipeds from their outrageous ways, presents a useful picture, and affords the best moral lesson in the whole work.

In the succeeding scene, where Clara has to contend with the servants for a proper supply of food for the school-room, there is a good deal of tact and knowledge of life in all its grades.

"Having led Clara through a long and dimly-lighted passage, with various doors branching off at each side, he pointed with his head, (both hands being occupied with holding the tray), to a closed door, and then departed leaving Clara timidly knocking at it.

"Come in, come in, I say," squeaked a shrill pointed voice, and Clara having opened the door, found herself in the presence of a group of the upper servants, consisting of the lady’s maid, housekeeper, valet, and butler, surrounding a breakfast table, copiously supplied with various delicate viands, to which they appeared to be doing ample justice, while standing at a little distance from the table was Betsey, with cheeks inflamed and sparkling eyes, it being evident, from her look of embarrassment on seeing Clara, that she had been recounting her difference with the “new governess,” as she called Miss Mordaunt.

The party remained seated, and the lady’s maid continued to discuss the lamb-cutlet on her plate, while the spruce Miss Simpson poured some rich cream into her coffee.

“What do you please to want, miss?” asked the portly mistress of the keys, in a tone which indicated that she was not pleased at the intrusion into her room.

“I wish breakfast to be taken up for the young ladies and me.”

“Well, I’m sure, miss, I don’t know how that can well be done,” replied the femme-de-charge, “for as you have ordered Betsey out of the room, and that it is her business, and nobody else’s, to take up things to the nursery, I can’t ask any one else to do her work.”

“Then I must acquaint Mrs. Williamson with this strange conduct.”

“O! as for the matter of that, miss, my missis is not one as ever listens to no stories, and those as takes ‘em to her, don’t stay long to disturb the peace of the family.”

Clara had never before been exposed to that most galling of all petty annoyances—the insolence of servants. Her gentleness and equanimity of temper, added to a grave but gracious manner towards them, would, she hoped, have shielded her from rudeness; but the seeds of anger and dislike were sown in the mind of Betsey, and their effects were but too visible. This was the consequence of her misinterpretation of the remark of Clara, the day before, or rather the misrepresentation of that remark, as repeated by Miss Williamson; and the susceptible Betsey, having complained of the “new governess” looking down on her because she was a servant, had been advised by the gentry in the servant’s hall not to give way to such treatment.

There are minor miseries in life much more difficult to be borne with patience, than heavy trials, not being of a nature to call forth that resignation, with which we arm ourselves to support the misfortunes we
know to be inevitable. But Clara had, the moment she determined on entering on the arduous and painful duties of a governess, formed the resolution to which she now rigidly adhered: that no temptation should ever induce her to give way to the dictates of anger; a resolution difficult to support under the present insouciance to which she was exposed.

She therefore tranquilly turned to the housekeeper and said, “rather than that the young ladies should go without their breakfasts, I will carry up the tray myself.”

At this moment the door opened, and a man of respectable appearance entered, whose eyes no sooner fell on Clara, than taking off his hat, and bowing low to her, with that obsequious deference which marks the manners of domestics to those of their superiors whom they most respect, “he hoped he had the honour of seeing Miss Mordaunt well, and that Mrs. Waller was in good health.”

How many recollections of her prosperous days, when blessed with a father, and basking in the smiles of fortune, were brought back to her mind by the presence of this man! He had been the upper servant in her family, and his respectful demeanour, compared in such contrast to the insolence she had been exposed to ever since her entrance in her new and uncongenial position, brought tears to her eyes.

On seeing her emotion, Betsey, who though susceptible, was not implacable, instantly seized the tray, and said that “Miss, and the young ladies should have breakfast immediately.”

Clara was retiring from the chamber, when Walker begged to offer her his grateful and humble acknowledgments for the excellent situation her recommendation had procured him, and expressed his anxious desire to be of use to her or her worthy aunt, whose goodness he should never forget.

Clara hastened to her room, but not all the philosophy she summoned to her aid could repress the tears that filled her eyes, or the pang that shot through her heart, at the recollections evoked by the presence of one who had been a witness, and an humble partaker of her prosperity. Well did the truth of Dante’s beautiful sentiment—

“nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,”

strike her at this moment, and it required no slight exertion of her self-command to meet the inquisitive demands of her pupils—"why she had been weeping, and when they were to have their breakfasts?" attaching much more interest to the second question than to the first.

When Betsey came up with the tray a few minutes after, her whole demeanour was changed, and with a humility that would have softened a more harsh nature than Clara’s, she apologized for her conduct, and hoped Miss Mordaunt would overlook it.

“Mr. Walker, miss, has told us all what a grand lady you once were; and you have shown us, miss, by your patience, what a good lady you still are. Indeed, miss, when I heard you offer to take up the tray, I felt ashamed of myself; but when Mr. Waller told us what an indulgent, generous, sweet-tempered mistress you were in your father’s fine house, we were all moved, and sorry enough for our behaviour to you”—

“Say no more, my good Betsy,” replied Clara; “but for my sake I remember, that a governess has need of all the civility of the domestics, as well as the kindness of her employers, to enable her to fulfil the arduous duties she has undertaken; and that though she may not have known a more prosperous condition than the one you see her in, she is still entitled to civility.”

“Indeed, miss, you are quite right: and I’ll never forget it;” and a tear trembled in the eye of Betsey as she carefully arranged the breakfast table.

“And so, Miss Mordaunt, you are a lady after all!” said Miss Williamson, looking at Clara. “Well, who’d have thought it;” for though I told Betsy that you were, I only thought to vex her; I did not believe it.” The naïveté of this remark struck Clara as being so irresistibly comic, that she could not resist a smile, though, Heaven knows, she was never less disposed to relax into one. “This proves that mamma is not always right; for she said that governesses were never ladies, but were merely useful to teach young people how to behave as ladies.”

“You must never repeat what mamma says to you, my dear,” said Clara calmly:—a prohibition that seemed to mortify Miss Williamson not a little, but the expression of her mortification was spared Clara, for the unusual luxury of the breakfast attracted the gourmande propensity of the young lady, who exclaimed with delight—

“Oh! dear me, what a delightful breakfast—that nice fresh bread, instead of the nasty stale hard loaf we used to get; and fresh butter, I declare, and a pat for each, and cream too! Why this is a nice breakfast—and this is what we have got by Miss Mordaunt’s going down herself to fight that nasty cross fussy housekeeper.”

“I must request you, Miss Williamson, not to use such terms, and to be assured that I did not fight with the housekeeper, as you erroneously suppose.”

“Then why have we such a different breakfast?” asked her pertinacious pupil, who was voraciously devouring it.

“If Mrs. Williamson prohibits fresh bread, or any of the other things on the table, Betsey,” said Miss Mordaunt, “I beg that no difference will be made on my account.”

[THE COURT]
"Why, Lord love you, o' miss, missis never troubles her head, or knows nothing whatsoever of the matter; but as the housekeeper and lady's maid had tiffs with all the governesses as commed here afore you, miss, stale bread, salt butter, and skim milk, with bad tea, was sent up to the school-room to vex 'em; and, if they complained, missis was told that they had the best of every thing, but that there was no pleasing 'em; and this vexed missis, and she turned 'em off one after another. But now, miss, there will be a great change, for Mr. Walker, who is own brother to our housekeeper, has made her promise never to give you no bad breakfasts or dinners, for he told her you were used to the best of every thing at home."

"Oh dear, how nice!" exclaimed Miss Williamson, clapping her hands joyfully, "to have good breakfasts and dinners every day;" and "How nice!" was echoed by her sisters, who imitated her movements, and clapped their little hands with delight.

It was painful to Clara to witness the gourmandise of her pupils, but she made allowance for them, from the belief that it had been engendered by the bad quality and insufficient quantity of their food hitherto, and she determined to check it as soon as and as effectually as possible.

Clara meets with a lover in this family, a being, of course, all perfection; she likewise attracts the attention of an admirer whose intentions are dishonorable. This Mr. Hercules Marsden, a new arrival from the West Indies, is the bête noir of the tale, and is ever at hand in all situations, probable and improbable, for the express purpose of aggravating the difficulties of the heroine. After Clara's expulsion from her first engagement as governess, in the stage coach homewards she meets with a benevolent Quaker and his daughter, whose house is her city of refuge in all her distresses. Her next situation is with a Mrs. Vincent Robinson who likewise belongs to a metropolitan class of women whose follies and egotisms as amateur authors and lion feeders, stand too prominently for caricaturists to fail when they have a mind to hit off a likeness. Mrs. Vincent Robinson with her guitar, her tableaux, her novel and her lions belongs peculiarly to the middle of the nineteenth century.

"I wish to engage a person to instruct Ada Myrrha, and to be my amanuensis also. I had thought of engaging a gentleman for this purpose, but the world is so censorious, that really, I dared not brave it. Before one has reached a certain age, one can do nothing without provoking censure. Do you com-
specimens of humanity in the persons of
a Mr. and Mrs. Manwarring, a pair of
human swine, whose whole thoughts are
absorbed in gourmanderie: hard-hearted
and cruelly selfish as such people usually
are, when the unhappy heroine is car-
ried away by the police on suspicion of
having robbed Mr. Hercules Mars-
den at the hotel where she had been so-
journing with these amiable patrons, they
take the opportunity of behaving to her
in a fiendish manner on the occasion.
The interest of the story ceases as soon
as the heroine is freed from this trouble
but the tale is continued through a heavy
succession of triumphs, when the heroine
is endowed with an immense fortune, a
disinterested lover and noble friends,
and is altogether placed in a state of
grandeur which enables her to look down
on all who have insulted or oppressed her.
This is in the style of the true old-fash-
ioned novel, and it is amazingly satis-
factory to nine-tenths of circulating
library readers.

Lady Blessington's aim has evidently
been to weave a pleasing, but flimsy
work of fiction, and she has succeeded;
for her novel is very amusing in the less
exaggerated passages. She is successful
in sketching the floating follies of society
in the present era, but in delineating the
emotions of the heart and the delicate
gradations of human character she fails;
hers Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Vincent
Robinson are specimens of classes, not
individual life-like portraits of human
beings. She has produced a novel de societé, not a domestic tale calculated to
mend the hearts and improve the reflect-
ing powers of her sex, like those emana-
tions from Jane Austin or Jane Taylor;
and query—will such writings ever again
appear in England, or if so will the pic-
tures be relished if they do?

The Maiden Monarch, or the Island Queen.
In Two Volumes. Hastings.

Queen Elizabeth is not the heroine of
this romance; the author designs that
honour for Queen Victoria herself; and,
lucky man! he had dawdled sluggishly
along he must ere long have found an-
other title for his book.

There was, assuredly, much delicacy
needed to introduce so exalted a person-
age as her present Majesty, who is unques-
tionably made the theme of a fiction:

One morning shortly after we had set
sail, as we were standing at the stern of the
vessel, looking listlessly around, and com-
puting the probable time of reaching the
shores of our native land, we observed an
island where we thought we should like to
land. We expressed this wish to the cap-
tain, who, notwithstanding it took him some
distance out of his course, was very obliging,
and tackled about agreeably to our request.
A few hours' sail brought us close in-shore,
when the tall and stately cliffs, the castled
hill, the fine open port, and strongly-forti-
fied town, bespoke a land of no small note.
Our swift-sailing vessel rode gallantly
at anchor, and Clifford and I stepped buo-
antly ashore. There were groups of people
ready to welcome us into their country, and
had we been water sprites, they could not
have crowded around us with more eager-
ness and curiosity, insomuch, that we found
it difficult to select a guide from their num-
bers to conduct us to an hotel.

We were greatly surprised to find the
language English, and likewise their man-
ners and customs; and I felt so great a
desire to see more of the country, that I
prevailed upon Clifford to remain for a time,
and to let the vessel sail away without us.

After a short sojourn, we observed that
their forms of government bore strong re-
semblance to our own, and, indeed, the
similitude to our fair native isle was so
striking, that had we been greeted by familiar
faces, we should have believed ourselves at
home. I have motives for concealing the
name given to this rich and florishing
island, and its latitude and longitude.

We soon arrived at the place of destina-
tion. The principal entrance brought us
into the grand room direct; and here, im-
mEDIATELY on entering, we had a full view of
the chief object of attraction. It was a
painting of a young female in royal robes,
by one of the first artists. The coup d'ceil
filled me with lively interest for the original,
but it required an observant eye to perceive
half its beauties. Despite the long interval
of time that has elapsed, I still have that
lovely face before me. It was no romance
of feeling, no enthusiasm of youth that
wrought upon me, or the impression had not
been so lasting; indeed, I had little of either
in my nature, nor was it so much the beauty
of the features that thus attracted me,
though these were cast in a fine mould. It
was the beaming intellect of those eyes, the
benignant smile, the conscious dignity,
mingled with every indication of benevo-
rence and gentleness, that filled me with
veneration. The very attitude, if I may be
allowed so to express myself, displayed an
enlightened mind. I was entranced. I
could find no words to address to my compa-
nion. I stood lost in silent admiration.

At length he evinced, or at least so I
thought, that he was looking on with the

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eye of a more careless observer, by saying, "Well, do you think it pretty?"

"No," I exclaimed, with some warmth, "it is neither pretty, nor beautiful; it is heavenly."

He smiled, and was well pleased with my intense admiration of their popular queen.

I inquired who had had the training of this intelligent creature; he replied, "An excellent mother."

If the reader approve of this specimen he will find a great deal more in the same strain.

We own we have no great relish for catch-titles, and have found by experience that they usually usher in literary repasts, served up in a crude and indigestible state; indeed, the very endeavour to force readers into looking through a story in the hope of gleaning private history is not a creditable way of gaining attention; an author ever loses respectability by the attempt, and provokes a vast variety of peevish "phaws!" from readers, besides betraying the consciousness of want of intrinsic worth. Such is our general opinion: but there is, however, a thread of interest running through the wild and veering elements of the story, this is the loss and presumed murder of the companion of the person who is supposed to relate the adventures of his life.

"We advanced towards the bier, which was entirely covered with a sheet; this the inn-keeper raised, and presented to our view, instead of the fine many features that once were Clifford's, such a mass of corruption, as might be expected from the length of time the body had been under water, and which was disgusting indeed to look upon; my heart sickened at the spectacle, but I shrunk not from my task, notwithstanding every trace of feature appeared to be gone, by which one human creature could be distinguished from another. I made every possible examination—I looked at the single tuft of hair which still remained upon the nearly bare skull—the teeth, which preserved the same beautiful whiteness and regularity as in life—the stature, this too corresponded. The nails still remained, though the flesh was almost entirely gone, but these looked more suited to the hand of a working man—to one who had been accustomed to handle rougher tools than the man of affluence and high birth has need for—they were stunted and spread, and, though well enough calculated to defend the finger-ends, they could never have been ornamental. This somewhat staggered me in my conviction. I remembered the pen in the finely-moulded hand of my friend, and the barrelled nails that were carefully tended. Yet I did not wish to doubt his identity, and I was willing to believe that the nails had been softened and changed by the effect of the water."

"We found the miller a jovial good-humoured man, who bore every mark of life having glided on with him as smoothly and tranquilly as the limpid stream which surrounded his dwelling."

"When we informed him that it was our desire to have the mill-dam dragged, and requested his permission to be allowed to send men to do it, he looked as grave upon the subject as the risible muscles of his face would permit, and replied—"

"Certainly, certainly, gentlemen, you shall be quite welcome to fish in my pond. Wife and I would be as well pleased if you exterminate that breed altogether. Being somewhat delicate in our appetites, we have no relish for so large a species of fish. Before the last was fairly caught and brought to land, I assure you (pardon me, gentlemen, if the deceased is nearly allied to you, I mean no harm), but in good truth he gave me a cold sweat. Many a bright moonlight night has he made my hair bristle up on end when he swayed his ghastly face about, and waved his bony hands, just so far below the surface of that smooth water that I could every now and then catch a glimpse of him. I suppose he had one of his legs hooked into one of the massive rings of the sluice-gates, as he never rose any higher till he was discovered floating quite on the surface the other day. I dare say he had just got his freedom, after being so long detained prisoner, by slipping his shin-bone out of the flesh, as we should our leg out of a stocking."

"Annoyed by the levity of the miller's manners, but unable to show displeasure from the evidence we had, that his jocularity on a subject so serious to us was produced more by over-exuberant animal spirits than from any unkindness of heart, we observed, "But how was it, if you had for some time noticed the body of a man in the water, you did not have the matter looked into?"

"Why, for this very same reason, gentlemen," returned the miller, "the spectral view which I had of him was so very indistinct, that I was ready to conclude it was some apparition which my own sinful conscience had conjured up—some demon from below who was to be escort to a place of retribution, so I said not a word to any one; I liked not to own any acquaintance with him."

**Poor Jack.** By **CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.**, Part I. Longman, & Co.

There is no class of her Majesty's liege subjects more favourably regarded by the fair sex, in general, than the sailor. If not possessed of that court-like polish and gravity of demeanour which cha-
racterizes the soldier, and wins him gen-
neral favour, the good humour of the
British Tar, his open-heartedness and
bravery, no less, perhaps, than his ge-
nnerous disposition and devotion to the
fair sex ever have gained for him, and
we hope ever will (deservedly) secure to
him a welcome in his native land, as well
as at his countrymen’s fire side. With
this preface we commence ‘Poor Jack’s'
history, as penned by ‘his historian'
showing first in the author’s own words
how his matrimonial lot was cast, and
leading our readers afterwards into a
slight knowledge of the outline of his
earlier career as far as the same has been
divulged to the world.
The wood cuts are boldly designed
and without pretension to that exquisite
finish and point which has been the fa-
vorite artistic style for some two or
three years past.

CHAPTER I.

In which, like most people who tell their own
stories, I begin with the histories of other
people.

I have every reason to believe that I was
born in the year of our Lord 1786, for more
than once I put the question to my father,
and he invariably made the same reply:
‘Why, Jack, you were launched a few
months before the Druids were turned over
to the Melpomene.’ I have since ascer-
tained that this remarkable event occurred
in January 1787. But my father always
reckoned in this way: if you asked him
when such an event took place, he would
reply, so many years or months after such
a naval engagement or remarkable occur-
rence; as, for instance, when I one day in-
quired how many years he had served the
kings, he responded, ‘I came into the service
a little afore the battle of Bunker’s Hill, in
which we licked the Americans clean out of
Boston.’ As for Anno Domini, he had no
notion of it whatever.

Who my grandfather was, I cannot inform
the reader, nor is it, perhaps, of much con-
sequence. My father was a man who inva-
riably looked forward, and hated anything
like retrospection: he never mentioned
either his father or his mother; perhaps
he was not personally acquainted with them.
All I could collect from him at intervals was,
that he served in a collier from South Shields,
and that a few months after his apprentice-
ship was out, he found himself one morn-
ing on board of a man-of-war, having been
picked up in a state of unconsciousness, and
hoisted up the side without his knowledge
or consent. Some people may infer from
this, that he was at the time tipsy; he never
told me so; all he said was, ‘Why, Jack,
the fact is when they picked me up, I was
quite altogether non pompos.’ I also col-
clected at various times the following facts,
—that he was put into the mizen-top, and
served three years in the West Indies; that
he was transferred to the main-top, and served
five years in the Mediterranean; that he
was made captain of the foretop, and sailed
six years in the East Indies; and, at last,
was rated captain’s coxswain in the Druid
frigate, attached to the Channel fleet cruising
during the peace. Having thus condensed
the genealogical and chronological part of
this history, I now come to a portion of it in
which it will be necessary that I should enter
more into detail.
The frigate in which my father eventually
served as captain’s coxswain was commanded
by a Sir Hercules Hawkingtreifylan, Bar-
onet. He was very poor and very proud,
for baronets were not so common in those
days. He was a very large man, standing
six feet high, and what is termed a consi-
derable bow-window in front; but at the same
time portly in his carriage. He wore his
hair well powdered, exacted the utmost de-
gree of ceremony and respect, and consis-
tered that even speaking to one of his
officers was paying them a very high com-
pliment: as for being asked to his table,
there were but few who could boast of having
had that honour; and even those few perhaps
not more than once in the year. But he was,
as I have said, very poor; and moreover he
was a married man, which reminds me that
I must introduce his lady, who, as the ship
was on Channel service, had lodgings at the
port near to which the frigate was stationed,
and occasionally came on board to take a
passage when the frigate changed her station
to the eastward or to the westward. Lady
Hercules, as we were directed to call her by
Sir Hercules, was as large in dimensions,
and ten times more proud than her husband.
She was an excessive fine lady in every re-
spect; and whenever she made her appearance
on board, the ship’s company locked
upon her with the greatest awe. She had
a great dislike to ships and sailors; officers
she seldom condescended to notice; and
pitch and tar were her abomination. Sir
Hercules himself submitted to her dictation;
and, had she lived on board, she would have
commanded the ship: fortunately on board to take a
service, she was always very sea-sick when
she was taking a passage, and therefore did
no mischief. ‘I recollect,’ said my father to
me, ‘once when we were running down to
Portsmouth, where we had been ordered for
provisions, that my Lady Hercules, who was
no fool of a weight, being one morning sick
in her cot, the laynard of the cot gave way,
and she came down with a run by the head.
The steward was called by the sentry, and
there was a terrible shindy. I, of course,
was sent for, as I had the hanging up of the

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cot. There was Sir Hercules with his shirt flapping in the wind, and a blanket over his shoulders, strutting about in a towering passion; there was the officer of the watch, who had been sent for by mistake, and who was ordered to quit the cabin immediately; and there was I, expecting to be put in irons, and have seven dozen for my breakfast. As for Sir Hercules, he didn’t know what to do; he did nothing but storm at every body, for my lady, with her head under the clothes, was serving him out at no small rate. She wouldn’t, she declared, allow any man to come into the cabin to hoist her up again. So indecent, so indeciet, so shocking,—she was ashamed of Sir Hercules and sent for the men to get away immediately; she’d scream and she’d faint,—that she would—there was no saying what she wouldn’t do! Well, there we waited just outside until at last Sir Hercules and my lady came to a parley. She was so sick to get out of bed, and he was not able to help her up without her assistance; so being as I suppose, pretty well tired of lying with her head three feet lower than heels; she consented, provided that she was properly kivered up, to allow us to come in and put all to rights. Well, first she made Sir Hercules throw over her hat, two, three cloaks, but that wouldn’t do; so he threw the green cloth from off the table, but that wasn’t enough for her delicate sensibility, and she hollowed from under the clothes for more kivering; so Sir Hercules sent for two of the ship’s ensigns, and coiled away the bunting on her till it was as high as a haycock, and then we were permitted to come in and see her ladyship up again to the battens. Fortunately it was not a slippery hitch that had let her down by the run, but the layyard had given way from my lady’s own weight, so my back was not scratched after all. Women ain’t no good on board, Jack, that’s certain.”

Some parents cannot even do that; but all parents can at all events leave their children a prettily name, by taking a little trouble at their baptism. My mother’s name was Aruminta, which, as my father truly observed, was “a touch above the common.” She had originally gone into service as a nursery maid, living in her first situation one year and nine months; in her second, she remained two years and four months; then she left to better herself, and obtained the situation of nurse in a family where she remained two years and one month; after which Lady Hercules then having a child of a year old, she was received into her service. At three years old the child died, and my mother was promoted to the situation of lady’s maid. This advancement quite spoiled her; she was prouder than her mistress, and gave herself ten times more airs, and when at first, my father, (who as coxswain was constantly up at the house,) offered to speak to her, she turned away from him in most ineffable disdain. Now my father was at that time about thirty years of age, and thought that no small beer of himself, as the saying goes. He was a tall, handsome man, indeed so good looking that they used to call him ‘handsome Jack’ on board of the ship. Lady Hercules, moreover, a pigtail of most extraordinary size and length, of which he was not just a little proud, as it hung down below the waistband of his trowsers. His hair was black and glossy, and his lovelocks, as the sailors term the curls which they wear on the temples, were of the most inspiring description. Now, as my father told me, when he first saw my mother with her sky scraping cap at the back of her head, so different from the craft in general, he was very much inclined to board her; but when she boomed him off in that style, my father, who was quite the rage and fancy man among the ladies of Sally Port and Castle Rag, hauled his wind in no time, hitching up his white trowsers, and turning short round on his heel, so as to present his back to her whenever they happened to meet. For a long time he gave her a wide berth. Now this fact of my father returning her disdain had the usual effect. At first she was very savage, and when she spoke of him to Lady Hercules, she designated him as ‘proud coxswain, who seemed to think himself a greater man than Sir Hercules himself—with his filthy pig-tail indeed!’ My father also, when he spoke of her to the boat’s crew, termed her ‘that proud lady,’ of a lady’s maid, the word not mentionable, being both canine and feminine. Thus matters went on for some time, until my mother, by a constant survey of my father’s handsome proportions, every day thought him to be a more proper man, and a few advices on her part at last brought them to mutual understanding.

CHAPTER II.—My father does what most sailors do.—He makes a foolish marriage, one of the consequences of which is brought to light at the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER III.—In which my mother proves herself a tender wife, and at the same time shows her patriotism and devotion to her country.

CHAPTER IV.—In which I tell the reader all I can recollect about myself, and moreover prove the truth of the old adage ‘that it is a wise child who knows its own father.’

CHAPTER V.—My father and mother meet
after an absence of six years, she discovers that he is no longer a coxswain but a boatswain’s mate.

Chapter VI.—A bright pleasant evening after a squall, in which the art of angling is introduced in a way which would have added to the knowledge of Isaac Walton himself.

Theatres.

Drury Lane.—Bickerstaff’s comedy of the Hypocrite ousted, at this theatre, the Christmas morality—George Barnwell—in defence, we presume, to that other sad dog of his day—Jack Sheppard, the Blossom of Tyburn Tree, whose introductory scenes are furnishing title and plot to the pantomime. It was needless to detail “the parentage, life, death, and behaviour” of a hero to whom Mr. Ainsworth’s pen has done such ample justice and on whom the law—vide the delectable pages of “Newgate Calendar,” somewhat early in the last century. Of his apotheosis this harlequinade is another phrase ending with, we fear, an exceedingly dubious sort of poetic justice—as far as regards the chief hero—namely, the re-union of Jack and Poll Maggot and the “Triumph of True Love”! The effigy of his biographer, Ainsworth, is executed also towards the close of the pantomimic career in many-coloured flames (rather a questionable compliment to the way—and very equivocally set forth by the address of a certain Dutch astrologer which prefaces the exhibition) which may be meant either for a halo or a purgatorial blaze. Unlike the rival piece at Covent Garden the introductory scenes are the heaviest—a few points of the novel are enacted in burlesque—one, or two of the flash songs are sung in parody—and Jack’s fate is hurried on, and he is turned—not off at Tyburn—but into Harlequin at Drury Lane. The bustle and confusion of what in England is called, par excellence, Pantomime, then commences. Murphy, the weather prophet comes in for the first slap—a round dozen of umbrella-carriers symbolical of the months, enter, and are all severally laid low and mercilessly pelted by a “shower of Murphies.” Next have we a point political scene “the Queen’s Arms Tavern” with “Lamb Chops always ready” inscribed on the shutter. Bags of Rice and young “Jim Crows” next jump their turn over the stage—the hull of the Royal George is fired under water by way of jest, and at this house also, a joke is hatched at the expense of the Escaloliber—live duck in full-feather chips his paper-egg shell; turkeys are brought forth for dinner, and birds of paradise for evening parties. A Fancy Fair next ushers in a display of Gymnastics by Sylvester, the celebrated Voltigeur, who leaps merrily right and left, and “up and down” after the fashion of a tropical flying fish. A Diomedia exceedingly well executed by Marshall comes in as a pleasant and rather lengthy rest, and nevertheless by its aid we travel at ease through the gorgeous scenery of Circe, Armenia, Persia, overland to India, and witness the taking of Soumdjouk by the Russians, and of Ghiznee by the British, &c. A few more scenes, and the pantomime concludes with Cupid in St. James’s Park, the exterior of Buckingham Palace, which changes into the brilliant blaze and coruscation of Hymen’s Temple—thus making, by way of finale, Jack Sheppard and Queen Victoria mutually happy in well assorted marriage. The pantomime on the whole was successful, but the plots of the tragic and satirical pieces advantageously dispensed with—and judicious curtailment will make it work off more briskly and pleasantly, for those who desire themselves to sit out the whole performance.

Covent Garden.—The splendid successful pantomime at this theatre, entitled Harlequin and the Merrie Devil of Edmonton, or the Great Bed of Ware is, it appears, the last effort of the veteran pantomimograph Mr. H. Young, whose farewell to his long-exercised vocation prefaces the programme of the piece. “It is good to laugh,” says the sage, “and we freely own our matchless debtors to our dumb (shew) author for many a hearty cachinnation at Christmas-tide. A certain chronicle of Hertfordshire has furnished forth the strange and mournful legend of the Great Bed of Ware.” On the rise of the curtain the glittering portals of the palace of pantomime, (located in the province of fun) expand to us in our acquaintance its manifold and motley denizens—amongst whom are the venerated and garrulous goodies of our babyhood—Mother Goose, Bunch, Shipton, and others; the redoubtables Blue Beard and Baron Munchausen and some score others in their train whose designs are more readily guessed than recapitulated. The architectural features of this temple of Harlequin are certainly of a composite order and in exact keeping with the patched coat of that “wearer of Motley;” eis. in diamonded compartments. Gay though its interior be, in the centre stands a huge monument to the memory of that “merrie sprite” deceased—worthy master Punch, whose exit from our metropolitan world dates on New Year’s Day, anno 1840. Goody Goose, who is discovered carving the ancient’s epitaph, pathetically laments that the innovations of the Schoolmaster, the Teetotellers and the Pikes together are but degrees fast extinguishing all old English merriment.

“Alas, poor Punch, you case is hard, no doubt,
You and your laughing-gas are both put out;
Killed by blue devils—all your hair by whigs,

[The Court]
No more in London can you run your rigs:—
Legions of well known denizens from the Land of Faery troop forth at her bidding to aid in the concoction of a Christmas party. The march of intellect, complains the becrutched saga, —— “has been so quick
That Mother Goose, ere long, must cut her stick.
No longer now the children worship Farley
His tales and mine must yield to Peter Parley.”

The masqued introduction to the whirl of the Harlequinade abounds in drollery and is the best part of the piece; the staple fun being the ordeal undergone by the suitors to the pretty daughter of Banks the Miller, who, in order to settle their claims to her hand, are severally ordered by Bluff King Hal the 8th, to pass a night in the Haunted Bed of Ware.

After the change of characters, the tricks follow in rapid succession, and have more or less point. The hits at the New Police Act, in its war waged against the street-criers, told well—and great was the delight of the spectators on witnessing the transformation of a London station-house into a milestone, lettered “All right, xvi. miles from London.” The Abolition of Canine Slavery, as regards the Truck System, was next hailed with shouts of applause by all the “jolly dogs” in the theatre. The march of the suburban building mania is most amusingly illustrated in the scene of “a retired villa to let, suitable to an elderly gentleman.” The egg-hutching of Harlequin’s bat distanced in speed the rapid flinging of the tights. The Eglington Tournament has not been forgotten, and the moving Diorama of the Clyde to Glasgow is a delightful reminiscence of that picturesque coast scenery, beheld by almost myriads last autumn, under a somewhat less favourable light than that with which the magical pencil of Messrs. Grif the have invested it. Mr. Smith, as Harlequin, has the necessary quantum of quicksilver in his heels. Miss Fairbrother is a pretty, agile, yet demure-looking Columbine, and Clown and Pantaloon edify us as much as ever by their incessant tricks, tumblies, and escapades. Vale et plecte—Young!

The Haymarket,—though unimbued with the tricksy spirit of pantomime, the gambols of the Irish elves, and the freaks of the tight Irish lad O’Flannigan, enacted, as he is to the life, by Power, proved a worthy and, to many, perhaps, a preferable substitute for pantomime. A hit at the Eglington Tournament has not been forgotten, and the moving Diorama of the Clyde to Glasgow is a delightful reminiscence of that picturesque coast scenery, beheld by almost myriads last autumn, under a somewhat less favourable light than that with which the magical pencil of Messrs. Grif the have invested it. Mr. Smith, as Harlequin, has the necessary quantum of quicksilver in his heels. Miss Fairbrother is a pretty, agile, yet demure-looking Columbine, and Clown and Pantaloon edify us as much as ever by their incessant tricks, tumblies, and escapades. Vale et plecte—Young!

The Adelphi.—After its version of Jack Sheppard, the genius of pantomime was invoked under the spell of Harlequin and Mother Red-Cap; or Merlin and the Fairy Snow-Drop. The serious business of the piece only commenced with the transformation of the characters; and the reign of Harlequin and Columbine was carried on to the end with unceasing vivacity. In the first scene “Here we are,” chuckles the Clown, and there they are in Fish Street, where the audience are treated to a genuine Billingsgate row—nothing could exceed the rapturous applause testified by those before the curtain, and who joined their own hearty shouts with the varied uproar of the stormy chorus on the stage; the second in Queen-street, Headover Square, with a capital hit at the New Postage. The best scene, perhaps, in the piece is that representing a celebrated publisher’s shop—here two or three fair bits are made at as many celebrated authors of the present day—a serious looking personage, wrapped in an ample cloak passes over the stage and ere he reaches the publisher’s door, Pantaloon succeeds in liching from under his cloak a huge MS. inscribed “Love.” A first-rate foil, begun, bechained and bewhiskered, from whose pocket also a MS. is extracted, lettered “The Sea Captain.” They speedily again make their appearance outside in high dudgeon at their respective losses; whereupon men and MSS are unceremoniously flung into a mill and ground forth—one dropping out as a little nude Cupid armed with bow and arrow, the other in the full dress of a gallant navy captain. Next is brought forth a huge bundle of “Bentley’s Miscellany,” these undergo the grinding process until the result is presented in the form of Jack Sheppard, who, in a general scuffle is, in turn, torn limb from limb, and afterwards makes his appearance in parts. The Adelphi piece can also boast of its dioramas—embODYING a tour through the county of Wicklow—and it reflects high credit on the artist, Mr. W. Talbin. As the audience were highly amused and perfectly satisfied—all criticism of the enactments of the madly characters are supererogatory—and we doubt not that Harlequin and Mother Red Cap will run this season as fast and far as their merry neighbours—at the Theatres Royal.

AWFUL MILITARY PANTOMIME EXECUTION.

At ten o’clock in the morning, on the 4th of December, all the troops stationed in the garrison at Dublin, consisting of the Royal Artillery, 6th or Inniskilling Dragoons, 17th Lancers, 19, 22nd, and 88th Regiments, 87th depot, together with the 38th Regiment, which was marched to Dublin expressly for the purpose, assembled in the Royal Square, Royal Barracks, for the purpose of witnessing the carrying into effect of the sentence of court-martial held in Dublin on the 4th of November last, on private William Page, of
the 38th Regiment, who was ordered to be shot for attempting to fire at Colour-Sergeant Dolan, of the same regiment, on the night of the 16th of October last, in the barrack at Belfast.

The troops were drawn up in a large square, the men standing in column, and the Commander of the Forces, together with the whole of the general and district staff were assembled in the centre. Shortly before eleven o'clock the prisoner, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Parsley, Roman Catholic chaplain to the garrison, and by the Provost Marshal, and guarded by an officer's escort of the 38th, entered the square, the band of the 38th regiment going before and playing "the Dead March in Saul." The prisoner appeared much affected, and trembled violently as the solemn tones of music ushered in his impending doom. On reaching the square the band halted and drew up on either side to allow the prisoner and the firing party to proceed. When the prisoner and his guard reached the centre of the square the music ceased, and a deathlike silence instantly pervaded the entire assembly. Town-Mayor White then rode forward, and proceeded to read the following order from the Commander-in-Chief:

"By the Lieutenant-General, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Blakeney, K.C.B., commanding Her Majesty's Forces in that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland.

"Whereas, at a general court-martial, held at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, on the 4th of November, 1839, for the trial of private William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment.

"The court being met and duly sworn, and the Deputy Judge-Advocate being also sworn, proceeded to the trial of the said William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment, who was arraigned upon the charge, viz."

"For having, at Belfast Barracks, on or about the 16th of October, 1839, offered violence to Colour-Sergeant Michael Dolan, of the 38th Regiment, his superior officer, by attempting with a firelock, loaded with ball cartridge, to shoot the said sergeant when in the execution of his office, and for having subsequently on the same night made use of abusive and threatening language towards Colour-Sergeant Dolan by saying that he (the sergeant) might thank God the piece had missed fire, or he would then have had his soul in eternity, or words to that effect."

"And the proceedings of the before-mentioned court-martial having been forwarded to be laid before the Queen, Her Majesty's pleasure to the following effect has been received:—"

"Horse Guards, Nov. 30, 1839.

"Sir,—Having had the honour to lay before the Queen the proceedings of a general court-martial held at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, on the 4th of November, 1839, for the trial of private William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment, who was arraigned upon the under-mentioned charge, viz. (The charge was here given as repeated above.) The court-martial having most maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the evidence adduced on the part of the prosecution, as well as to what the prisoner has brought forward on his defence, is of opinion that he, the prisoner, private William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment, is guilty of the charge preferred against him. The court-martial adjudges the prisoner, private William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment, to be shot to death. I have to acquaint you that Her Majesty was pleased to approve and confirm the finding and sentence of the court."

"(At this moment a general murmur of discontent and disapprobation arose from the troops—then a dead silence ensued, and many a thrill of horror passed through an honest heart, at so dreadful a presage of a fellow creature's fate. The whole mass, as well soldiers as spectators, gazed now in eager expectation, awaiting in death-like silence the concluding scene of this awful tragedy, when the pen of a benevolent and gracious Queen, almost like the magic wand of Harlequin, created in an instant a thrill of joyous satisfaction.)"

"Her Majesty was further pleased, under all the circumstances, to extend her most gracious pardon to the prisoner, and, instead of causing the said sentence of death to be carried into execution, to order that he (private William Page, No. 999, of the 38th Regiment) be transported, as a felon, to New South Wales, for the period of his natural life. The sentence of this court-martial, together with Her Majesty's pleasure thereupon, will be duly notified to the Lord Chief Justice of Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench or Common Pleas, as directed by the 18th clause of the Mutiny Act."

"I have, Sir, &c.

"HILL,

"General Commanding-in-Chief.


"Given at head-quarters, Dublin, this 5th day of December, 1839."

"EDWARD BLAKENEY,

"Lieutenant-General Commanding.

"By order of the Lieutenant-General Commanding.

"R. GREAVES, Mil. Sec."

The sensation of fear and doubt which filled the spectators at the commencement of the proceedings was wholly removed when the latter portion of a general court-martial was pronounced, and a hum of approbation from the soldiers, on being relieved from the revolting duty of
witnessing the death of one of their comrades, was audible through the entire multitude. The prisoner appeared less affected than the bystanders, and expressed a wish to address his late comrades on the justness of his sentence, and to caution them against the evil effects of drunkenness, to which he attributed all his misfortunes. He was, however, prevented, and immediately marched back by the Provost Marshal. The troops were then ordered to return to their respective quarters.

TITLES FOR PRINCE ALBERT.

Among other matters of speculation connected with Prince Albert is the title of the dukedom which will be conferred upon him, if, indeed, he be so ill-advised as to accept of a British Peerage. Some title already dignified by having belonged to a royal personage would probably be selected; but care should be taken lest one be chosen which, though supposed to be extinct, does in fact belong to some living individual; and the possibility of such a mistake is shown by the following instances, which are not generally known:—In 1706, Queen Anne created the Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards King George II.), Baron of Tewkesbury, Viscount Northallerton, Earl of Milford Haven, and Marquis and Duke of Cambridge, to hold to him and the heirs male of his body. In 1717, Frederick Lewis, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was made Duke of Gloucester; and in 1726, he was created Baron Snawdon, Viscount Launceston, Earl of Eltham, Marquis of Ely, and Duke of Edinburgh. The limitation of all those honours being "to him and the heirs male of his body," they were inherited by his son Prince George, afterwards King George III. It has been supposed that the Dukedoms of Cambridge, Gloucester, and Edinburgh, and all the other dignities above-mentioned, became so completely lost in the regal dignity on the accession of King George II. and III. as to be utterly extinct; and upon this presumption similar titles were conferred upon various branches of the Royal Family; as George III. was the heir male of George II., and as George IV. and William IV. were the heirs male of George III., and all honours in question would have devolved upon those personages under the limitations in the patents, so that there could have been no question on the subject; but, on the accession of Queen Victoria, the sovereign and the heir male of the body of George II. and George III. were for the first time different individuals; and it consequently appears that the Dukedoms of Cambridge, Gloucester, and Edinburgh, the Marquisates of Ely and Cambridge, the Earldoms of Milford Haven and Eltham, the Viscounties of Northallerton and Launceston, and the Barony of Tewkesbury and Snawdon, have devolved upon the King of Hanover, as heir male of his father and great grandfather, to whom they were granted by the patents of 1706, 1707, and 1726. The dictum of Lord Hale and other authorities seem decisive upon the point. By the common law, whatever the king may acquire after he comes to the crown vests in a politic capacity; but what he possessed before his accession, or inherits from a collateral ancestor after his accession, vests in a natural capacity. Hence the honours a king may have possessed before his accession remain in their original state, and when the heir to whom they vest is a different person from the sovereign, they will necessarily descend to such heir, instead of being, as is erroneously supposed, destroyed by their temporary union with the royal dignity.

There are, however, several royal titles which would be fitting for Prince Albert, and to which no one has any pretensions. York, Kent, and Clarence, in England—Strathearn, and St. Andrew, in Scotland—Ulster and Dublin, in Ireland—afford a sufficient choice; and most of these names are rich in historical associations. "Kendal" has been suggested, apparently because it was the Earldom of Prince George of Denmark; but it ought not to be chosen, for though it formed part of the honours of the great Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V., and afterwards of the Beaumonts, Dukes of Somerset—was given to John de Foix, a Gascon—next as a barony to Prince Rupert—was the dukedom to which an infant son of James Duke of York was nominated in 1666, and was afterwards granted to Prince George of Denmark—the name lost all its lustre by being conferred upon Madame de Schulenberg, mistress of George I., who was created Duchess of Munster in Ireland, and Duchess of Kendal in England by her royal lover. It has since been the title of a barony granted to Sir James Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale; but it became extinct on his death in 1802.

The manner in which Prince Albert's peerage should be limited is deserving of consideration. If in the usual term "heir male of his body," his honours might eventually descend to those for whom they were never designed—namely, to the sons of any other marriage, on the failure of male issue by this; and such a contingency shows the propriety of Prince Leopold's not having had a peerage with a limitation of that description. The most judicious plan seems to limit Prince Albert's honours to the second son of his marriage with Queen Victoria; for the eldest son will be the Duke of Cornwall at his birth, and will of course be soon after created Prince of Wales.—Speculator.
Nov. 28: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty did not quit the Castle.

29: (Windsor.)—Owing to the rain the Queen did not go out.

30: (Windsor.)—The Queen rode out in a pony phaeton in the Park for an hour attended by Lady Barham. Her Majesty has been daily sitting to Mr. Ross for a miniature, to be enclosed in the case of a superbly-mounted watch, for H.S.H. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

Dec. 1: Sunday: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty attended Divine Service in St. George’s Chapel.

2: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty walked on the East Terrace of the Castle, attended by Lady Barham.

3: (Windsor.)—The Queen did not leave the Castle.

4: Her Majesty the Queen-dowager, attended by her suite, rode out on horseback. The Princess Augusta visited Her Majesty at Marlborough-house.

5: (Windsor.)—The Queen walked for an hour on the terrace attended by Lady Barham.

6: (Windsor.)—The Queen was prevented by the unfavourable weather from leaving the Castle.

7: The Queen, attended by Lady Barham, walked for some time on the terrace. Sir James Clarke attended at the Castle.

8: Sunday: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty did not go out.

9: (Windsor.)—The Queen held a Privy Council at the Castle at which a further prorogation of Parliament was ordered. Sir Thomas Phillips, the late Mayor of Newport, was presented to the Queen by the Marquis of Normanby at the Castle and received the honour of knighthood. The sword used by Her Majesty in conferring the honour is the same that was worn by His Majesty King George IV. at his coronation, and is splendidly decorated with diamonds. Afterwards the Queen promenaded for some time on the terrace, attended by her suite.

10: (Windsor.)—The Queen walked on the Castle terrace. The Queen-dowager arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. Sir Thomas Phillips, the late Mayor of Newport, took his departure, and also several members of the ministry, visitors at the Castle.

11: (Windsor.)—Lord Seaton is on a visit at the Castle.

12: (Windsor.)—The Queen-dowager departed for Marlborough-house.

13: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty remained within the Castle.

14: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty promenaded within the Castle. During the whole week Her Majesty has not passed beyond the precincts of the Castle.

15: Sunday: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended Divine Service in St. George’s Chapel.

16: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty did not leave the Castle.

17: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty walked on the Terrace, attended by Lady Barham and several of the Royal Suite.

18: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty promenaded on the Terrace.

19: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty walked on the East Terrace and on the south front of the Castle.

20: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty did not go out.

21: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty, attended by the Ladies of her Suite, walked on the Eastern Terrace.

22: Tuesday: (Windsor.)—The Queen attended Divine Service at St. George’s Chapel.

23: (Windsor.)—The Queen rode out on horseback in the Park, but Her Majesty was compelled by the rain to return to the Castle in the carriage which always follows the Royal party.

24: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty walked on the Terrace.

25: Christmas-day: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended Divine worship in St. George’s Chapel. Her Majesty and her august Mother received the Holy Sacrament, and also several of the Royal visitors and suite. After quitting Chapel Her Majesty walked on the Terrace, for some time, attended.

26: The Queen did not leave the Castle.

27: Her Majesty sat to Mr. Ross for the completion of her portrait. The Queen, attended by her suite, afterwards promenaded on the East Terrace.

28: Windsor.—Her Majesty, attended by her usual suite, rode on horseback in the Great Park.

29: Sunday: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service. After quitting St. George’s Chapel, the Queen and the Royal party walked on the Terrace.

ATTENDANTS UPON HER MAJESTY IN HER WALKS, RIDES AND DRIVES, &C.


Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 1, 9, 19, 22, 24.

Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 10, 23.

Miss Quentin, Dec. 23.

Sir G. Quentin, Dec. 23.


Marchioness of Claricarde, Dec. 1.

Earl of Errol, Dec. 1.

Viscount Duncan, Dec. 1.

Earl of Surrey, Dec. 1.
Queen's Gazette.

Lady Barham, Dec. 1, 2, 4, 7, 9.
Lady Fanny Howard, Dec. 1, 14, 28.
Hon. Miss Paget, Dec. 1, 9, 10, 14, 19, 22, 24.
Hon. Miss Anson, Dec. 1, 9, 10, 14, 19, 22, 24.
Lady Gardiner, Dec. 1, 9.
Lord Lilford, Dec. 1.
Lord Alfred Paget, Dec. 1.
Earl of Albermarle, Dec. 11.
March. of Normandy, Dec. 14, 19, 22, 24, 27, 29.
Earl of Fingal, Dec. 19, 22.
Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 29.
Lord Byron, Dec. 27, 29.
Mr. Rich, Dec. 29.
Duchess of Sutherland, Dec. 22.

Guests at the Royal Table.
Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, Dec. 11.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Dec. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 19, 29, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 6, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27.
Viscount Palmerston, Dec. 9.
Col. Armstrong, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7.
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, Dec. 1, 3, 4.
Hon. G. Byng, Dec. 6, 7.
Lady C. Barrington, Dec. 9.
Hon. C. A. Murray, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Lady Gardiner, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7.
Earl of Errol, Dec. 20.
Sir Henry Wheatley, Nov. 2, 3.
Lady Barham, Dec. 4, 4, 6, 7.
Hon. Miss Paget, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Hon. Miss Anson, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25.
Lord Lilford, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7.
Hon. W. Cowper, Dec. 6, 7, 10, 13.
Hon. Mr. Ponsonby, Dec. 6, 7.
Marquis of Normandy, Dec. 9, 11, 13, 23.
Marchioness of Normandy, Dec. 18, 20, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Earl of Albermarle, Dec. 9, 11, 26.
Lord Holland, Dec. 9.
Lord John Russell, Dec. 9.
Hon. Miss Lister, Dec. 9.
Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, Dec. 24.
Earl of Fingal, Dec. 19, 22.
Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 29.
Lord Byron, Dec. 27, 29.
Mr. Rich, Dec. 29.
Duchess of Sutherland, Dec. 22.

Guests at the Royal Table.
Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, Dec. 11.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Dec. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 19, 29, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 6, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27.
Viscount Palmerston, Dec. 9.
Col. Armstrong, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7.
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, Dec. 1, 3, 4.
Hon. G. Byng, Dec. 6, 7.
Lady C. Barrington, Dec. 9.
Hon. C. A. Murray, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Lady Gardiner, Dec. 3, 4, 6, 7.
Earl of Errol, Dec. 20.

Court Mourning.
In consequence of the lamented death of his Majesty, the King of Denmark, the Court will continue in mourning during the earlier days of this month.

New Comet.—At the Royal Astronomical Society, Dec. 4 a new Comet was announced to have been discovered in the Constellation Virgo, by M. Galle, assistant at the Berlin Observatory, on the morning of 3rd Dec. 1839.
For the year 1831, the King of Denmark had caused a gold medal to be cast, to be given to the first discoverer of a Comet not visible to the naked eye; and it is somewhat singular that this discovery took place only three hours previously to the king's death.
In the return of Pentland Skerries Light House, Orkney Islands, on the night of the 11th of Oct., with light winds and hazy weather, nine dozen of larks and woodcocks, were caught fluttering about the lantern, and with more assistance double that number might have been secured.
On the 10th instant, the postage will be reduced throughout the kingdom to one penny per letter; upon all letters put into the London Post Offices after five o'clock, in order to lessen the arrival of two great a number at a late hour, the charge will be twopence.
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 811.)—Walking Dress—Morning Négligé—Standing Figure—Walking Dress.—Hat of the Velvet.—The front, which is the only part visible of this hat, is worn quite far back on the head (ttes voilées) it comes exceedingly low at the sides, and the corners are square off; the trimming consists of black lace which falls low at the left side (see plate) and a splendid white ostrich feather drooping to the right. Underneath the front is a puffing of white gauze with bows of groselle ribbon. Redingotte of green poise de soie, the corsage is only half high and in folds from the shoulder to the waist, where it meets without crossing (see plate). Sleeves plaited down at the shoulder in two places, the remainder full to the wrist. The redingotte is trimmed with fur. A band goes round the tops of the sleeves, and a row goes all round the top of the corsage coming down in front stomacher fashion, from the waist it is continued down such side of the front, and is carried round the bottom of the dress, at about the height of a second trimming, this gives the appearance of a tunic, over a skirt to match, for a second row of fur goes entirely round the bottom of the dress just above the wide hem. Collar of guipure, embroidered as low as the waist, it it cut precisely to answer the open corsage. Muff to match the trimming of the dress. Ruffles of guipure, white kid gloves, black varnished shoes, hair in hands, the ends braided and turned up.

Sitting Figure—Morning Négligé—Blonde cap, this pretty cap is simply cut out of a half square, with the ends and point taken off. As may be seen by the plate, it is quite flat at the back, and has a few gathers at the back. The blonde border is turned up all across the front, and only turns towards the face when below the ear, the full frilling of the border falls exceedingly low, and is intermixed with flowers and satin ribbons. A second fall of blonde may be seen farther back on the cap, it turns up like the border in front. The hair is in bandeau as far as the temple, the remainder braided and turned back. Robe de chambre of China foulard silk, a nankeen coloured ground with a showy eastern pattern in bright colours. It is made à piece (with a piece put in at the neck) which is covered with a flat collar, the remainder of the dress which is all in one, is gathered to the neck piece. The sleeves are gathered down in three places at the shoulder, the remainder of the sleeve which is immensely wide and long is drawn up by a silk cord at the inner part of the arm (see plate). The entire dress is lined with bright blue flourence (sarsnet). It is fastened round the waist by a cord and tassel the colour of the lining. Long white sleeves are to be seen, underneath the others. Bronze shoes of peau Anglaise, white kid gloves, embroidered handkerchief.

(No. 812.)—Dinner or Evening Dress—Walking Costume—Dinner Dress.—Dress of white tulle or crêpe over satin. The corset is low, and has a few gathers at the waist, in the centre of the front and at the back. The sleeves sit quite tight to the arm and are ornamented with bows of satin ribbon (see plate). The skirt of the dress is open in front and forms a kind of tunic, with the corners rounded off; the trimming is of the same material as the dress, it is double and cut on the cross way, a peep at the plate will suffice to show how it is put on. There are two rows of this trimming on the corsage, the upper one (see plate) goes across the back and is brought down the front in a graceful slope, rather in the stomacher style, the second row is brought down the back from the shoulder to the waist, the two rows round the skirt seem a continuation of the trimming on the corsage. The satin skirt has a tolerably deep hem cut on the crossway of the material. Sash tied at the left side, it is of wide rich figured satin ribbon. The front hair, is brought in smooth bands to a level with the ear, the remainder in a broad braid, carried below the ear and the ends fastened at the back. Long hair is coiled and twisted very low, at back, indeed quite at the neck, it is intermixed with velvet bows and two long ends of the ribbon fall as low as the neck. White kid gloves, the tops ornamented with wreaths of very small flowers. Satin shoes and bouquet.

Sitting figure, Walking or Carriage Costume.—Pink satin hat, the front very much off the face, but the sides sitting rather close (see plate) ornamented with feathers intermixed with a bouquet of roses. Underneath is a puffing of gauze with a few flowers. Satin redingotte, trimmed all round with fur; the corsage is plain to the figure, and has a deep cape which turns over en chute, the dress crosses over to the left side (see plate), the end is fastened round the waist by a silk cord and tassel. The sleeves have one deep gathering below the shoulder, the remainder full to the wrist, which is of fur. The corset being open at the neck displays a chemisette edged with lace, a short silk scarf is fastened round the throat with a handsome brooch, the ends fall inside the corsage of the redingotte. Kid gloves.
Fashions.

Paris, December 21, 1839.

Bonjour ma chère Amie, je te souhaite une bonne et heureuse Année! Alas! that I am again forced to impart these wishes by letter instead of pronouncing them de vive voix! And here we really are, at the close of another year, and the commencement of a new one by the time it reaches you. Christmas has come unwares upon us this time, we have not had any cold weather, nor could we fancy ourselves in winter were it not for a dull foggy day occasionally. I understand that your weather has not been so favourably, I hope, my dear, we shall have better things. Paris is full of English at present, some on their way to Italy, others to remain till spring. The Parisians are consequently in high good humour for they dearly love the English money, although they mortally detest every native of Great Britain, and cheat them by every possible means. This sentiment of national dislike is a new feeling on the part of the French, for it existed quite as far back as when the English under Edward the third had possession of the country. But as I am not about to write an historical essay upon these two rival nations, I had better turn at once to my fashions, that winter anxiety to run away.

The corsages are invariably made in the fashion called drapé en cœur, this for a morning dress is very pretty; it is only half or three quarters high, a little fullness at the lower part of the back; if preferred, to a plain one, and the front in folds from the shoulder to the waist, but let us hope for better things. The evening dresses of this make are quite low (découletté), and instead of crossing at the waist, merely meet; by this means the under corsage is seen quite to the waist—it must of course be of white satin. This gives the idea that open stomachers will be renewed—perhaps they may, partially, at the trains: some adopt them and some not.

With the morning dresses which are not open to the very waist—a beautifully worked chemisette is worn inside. This is a favourite make of dress here, for it is really exceedingly becoming to the figure, let the wearers be slender or otherwise. I told you in my last that black velvet corsages are worn with white skirts, and, as I predicted, coloured satins ones will become fashionable; they look particularly well-made in this way, for the white appearing in the centre of the front prevents its looking at all heavy. I recommend you to adopt them forthwith. I must not omit to tell you that many of these corsages are continued to a point in front, when the opening goes as far as the very end, of course diminished to almost nothing. Plain tight corsages à pointe may also be worn. As to the sleeves, the most elegant are exceedingly short, perfectly tight, with a plain cuff of guipure turned up over them (like the piece of white turned over the short sleeve of a little boy's jacket,) without bows or puffs or any trimming whatever. The long sleeves are confined in one, two, or three places below the shoulder, the remainder is quite full as far as the wrist or poignet which is generally deep. Open skirts, in the style of tunics, are worn. I have already told you that fur trimmings are fashionable in every description of toilette—they become more prevalent every day.

Shawls are much more generally worn than mantuas. Indeed these latter, lined and wadded as they are, and worn with warm dresses, would not be very supportable in this very mild weather. Black velvet and black cashmere are the materials most in vogue for these shawls. They may be trimmed with lace, but, much more seasonably, with fur or chenille fringe. The favourite colours for lining them are, first of all, orange, then yellow, then cherry, green, and gros bleu.

The hats have not altered in form lately. The fronts are élevée (much up in front), and coming close to the sides of the face: they nearly meet under the chin. The crowns are small as well as the fronts, and sit very flat, almost on a line. The materials are velvet, plush, and satin either plain or striped. Feathers are more sought after than flowers—this is generally the case in winter bonnets. The only flowers worn are those made of velvet.

Caps—The cap most in vogue is precisely similar to the one in plate 811—they are more or less ornamented with flowers. There are other pretty coiffures, between a cap and a turban, the crown is that of a cap, like the one just mentioned; but in place of the blonde border there is a roll of the gauze, exactly such as would be to a turban—it way be with or without a falling end. The flowers adopted to these caps are hop-blossoms, in every possible colour. They are placed as low as where the cap-string should come on each side. Indeed all the trimmings are worn unusually low at the sides.

Muffs are fashionable—boas not worn—Ruffles indispensible.

Colours—The prevailing colours for hats are gros bleu, or Sèvres blue, as it is frequently called. Dove colour and light drab for dresses Sèvres blue, a rich brown, and two or three shades of grey. And now, ma très amiable, I close my correspondence for this year, and shall renew it with sincere pleasure in 1840—till then adieu.

L. de F——.
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where each particular ceremony is performed.]

BIRTHS.
Allason, lady of T. ——, Esq., of a son; Cumberland-street, Dec. 6.
Anderson, lady of W. ——, Esq., of a dau. ; Calcutta, Sept. 7.
Barnard, Everilda D., widow of the Rev. T. ——, aged 72; Connaught-square, Nov. 27.
Becher, lady of S. I. ——, Esq. C.S., of a daughter; Cawnpore, E.I.; June 15.
Berry, lady of J. B. ——, of the brig Norfolk, and daughter of 6 sons; E.I.; Aug. 10.
Biddulph, lady of Maj. Edward ——, of a daughter; Cawnpore, E.I.; July 10.
Boulton, lady of S. M. ——, Esq., of a son; Brahan Castle, Rosshire, North Britain, Nov. 28.
Cardale, lady of John B. ——, Esq., of a son; Albury; Dec. 18.
Cardew, lady of H. M. ——, Esq., H. M. 57 regt., of a son; Trichinopoly, E.I.; Aug. 12.
Catterill, lady of the Rev. H. ——, of a son; Madras; July 28.
Clive, Lady Harriet, of a daughter; Oakley Park; Dec. 11.
Coffin, lady of Capt. J. C. ——, of a son; Bangalore, E.I.; July 24.
Cook, lady of Lieut. ——, 23rd Lt. inf. of a dau.; St. Thome, E.I.; July 19.
Cooper, lady of L. ——, Esq., of a daughter; Madras; June 23.
Cumberland, lady of W. ——, Esq., 11th N.I., of a son; Leonne, E.I.; July 31.
Davenport, lady of Capt. ——, of the 94th regt., of a daughter; Cannanore, E.I.; July 15.
Davidson, lady of Lieut. C. ——, of a son; Mominobad, E.I.; July 21.
Denning, lady of Alfred ——, Esq., of a son; Boulogne-sur-Mer; Nov. 23.
Duffin, widow of Lieut.-Col. ——, of a son; Meerat, E.I.; July 31.
Dutt, lady of Baboo-Goomoo-Chur —— the poet; Calcutta; Oct. 26.
Elliot, the lady of Dr. ——, of a daughter; at Stratford; Oct. 30.
Faber, lady of Capt. ——, of the Engineers, of a son; Courtallum, E.I.; Aug. 19.
Farran, lady of Majer C. ——, of a son, still-born; Cuttack, E.I.; Sept. 19.
Foster, lady of Morgan H. ——, Esq., of Upper Southwick-street, Hyde-park, of a son; Dec. 1.
Fowler, Jane, wife of William ——, Esq., of H.M. Customs; Hastings, Nov. 27.
Fresnfield, lady of Charles Esq., of a dau.; Hampstead, Dec. 5.
Fullerton, lady of J. Y. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Madras; Aug. 9.
Gibbons, lady of F. ——, Esq., of Upper Berkeley-square, of a dau.; Dec. 5.
Gilliat, lady of Alfred G. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Brighton; Dec. 15.
Glaitly, lady of L. D. ——, Esq., of a son; Ossoor, E.I.; Aug. 10.
Glennie, lady of Ino. Irving ——, Esq., of a son, 43, Harley-street; Dec. 16.
Grant, lady of Alexander ——, Esq., of a son; Mozaffarapore, E.I; Aug. 9.
Guerviere, Vincentess Frances Emmeline, Du Pin De La, edd. d. of Charles Purton Cooper, Esq., Queen's Counsel, of a son and heir; Paris; Dec. 14.
Guis, lady of James A. ——, Esq., of a son; Cawnpore, E.I.; June 21.
Hafidfield, lady of Capt. H. W. ——, late of the Madras Army, of a son; Barnstaple, Devon; Nov. 28.
Hafidfield, lady of Capt. H. W. ——, of a son; Barnstaple, Nov. 8.
Harman, lady of Leader H. ——, Esq., of a son; Westwood, Southampton; Dec. 1.
Harrison, lady of C. J. ——, Esq., 60th N.I., of a son; Kyowk Phyo, E.I.; June 29.
Hayter, lady of G. ——, Esq., of a daughter; Grove Hill; Oct. 26.
Heyne, lady of Lieut. and Brev.-Capt. ——, of the 17th N.I. of a daughter; Cuddapah, E.I.; Aug. 7.
Hewitt, lady of Capt. W. V. ——, of a son, Somerton, Somersetshire; Nov. 20.
Hill, lady of John ——, Esq., of a son; Mordabad, E.I.; July 30.
Hill of James ——, Esq., jun., of a son; Jessore, E.I.; Aug. 7.
Horsford, lady of Capt. ——, of a daughter; Almorah, E.I.; July 17.
Illingworth, wife of the Rev. E. A. ——, of a son; Southampton-row; Dec. 15.
Lacknerstein, lady of John ——, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta; July 30.

[THE COURT]
Lavie, lady of T. —, Esq., of the Artillery, of a son; Mowbray Gardens; July 21.


Leith, lady of J. F. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta: Aug. 3.

Lloyd, lady of Capt. R. —, I.N., of a son; Calcutta; July 22.

Loveret, lady of Rev. Robt. —, of a daughter, Hanover-street; Dec. 19.

Lynch, lady of Captain C. —, of a son and heir; Florence; Oct. 11.

Macdonald, lady of Rev. Douglas —, of a daughter; West Alvington; Dec. 16.

Mackie, lady of James M. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta; July 20.

MacLeod, lady of Lieut.-Col. 4th L.C., of a dau.; Banglore, E.I.; Aug. 4.

Mallock, lady of James —, Esq., of a dau.; Bloombury-square, Dec. 4.


Mc Neill, lady of Major —, 6th L.C., of a son, (since dead); Bowenpilly, E.I.; July 23.

Mc Donald, lady of Capt. John —, 61st N.I., of a daughter; Almorah, E.I.; Aug. 2.

Metcalfe, lady of H. C. —, Esq., of a son; Burdwan, E.I., Sept. 15.

Mercer, lady of Commander S. —, R.N., of a daughter; Lynne Regis; Dec. 9.


Millet, lady of Charles, Esq., of a son; Hill-place, Hants; Dec. 4.

Millet, lady of F. —, Esq., C.S., of a son; Calcutta, Sept. 25.

Morton, lady of J. —, Esq., of a daughter; Banglore, E.I.; July 29.

Morrogh, lady of Dr. —, Horse Artillery, of a son; Secunderabad, E.I.; July 23.

Mytton, lady of R. H. —, Esq., C.S., of a dau.; on board the Scotia; March 18.

Neill, lady of J. G. S. —, Esq., Europ. regt., of a son; Madras; July 29.

Osborne, lady of Geo. —, Esq., of a son; Milethoeckere, E.I.; July 10.

Pedlar, lady of Lieut.-Col. P. W. —, of a daughter; Long Fleet, Dorset; Dec. 9.

Pettitt, lady of the Rev. G. —, of a daughter; Courtallam, Palamootchall, E.I.; Aug. 9.


Porteus, lady of H. W. —, Esq., Assistant Surgeon, of a son; St. Thomas’s Mount, E.I.; July 7.

Phillip, lady of Dr. —, of a dau.; Kensington, Nov. 25.

Prior, lady of John —, Esq., of a son; Ballock, Nov. 30.

Pryor, lady of John —, Esq., of a son; Ballock; Dec. 30, 1838.


Robertson, lady of A. —, Esq., of a son; Madras, Aug. 1.

Ryan, lady of Dr. Ryan, of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, of a daughter; Grove Hall, Hammarsmith; Dec. 15.

Shepherd, lady of Thomas —, Esq., of a dau.; Beverley, Yorkshire; Nov. 21.

Skinner, lady of R. M. —, Esq., C.S., of a son; Dacca, E.I., Sept. 3.

Smith, lady of Martin S. —, Esq., of a son; Eaton-place; Dec. 12.

Smith, lady of Major J. B. —, 63rd regt., of a son; Lucknow, E.I.; June 12.


Stewart, lady of Major R —, 61st N.I., of a son; Almorah, E.I., Aug. 11.

Tatham, lady of T. L. —, Esq., of Lincoln’s Inn, of a son; Dec. 5.


Thomas, lady of the Rev. J. —, Missionary, Timneckly, of a son; Courtallam, E.I.; Aug. 5.

Vickers, lady of John —, Esq., of a son; Blandford-square; Oct. 29.

Warren, lady of Samuel —, Esq., of a son; Woburn-place, Russell-square; Nov. 28.

West, lady of C. W. —, Esq., Post Master of Malabar, of a daughter; Caanamore, E.I.; July 18.

Wetherell, lady of Capt. —, R.S.M., of a son and heir; Summerbury-house, Stratford, near Guilford, Surrey; Dec. 10.


Whitlock, lady of John —, Esq., 8th L.C., of a daughter; Bangalore, E.I.; July 25.


Woods, lady of N. A. —, Esq., Surgeon, Madras Establishment, attached to H. H. the Nizam’s Army, of a daughter; Hingolee, E.I.; June 28.

Wright, lady of the Rev. S. —, of a son; Drayton Parslow; Nov. 30.

MARRIAGES.

Aguilar, Maria M., eld. d. of Col. —, to Welby B. Jackson, Esq., C.S.; Calcutta, July 24.


Bell, Mary Magdelene, eld. d. of the late R. —, Esq., of Aylesbury, to Thomas Powditch Jordonson, Esq., of Wendover, Bucks

Aylesbury, Dec. 5.

Betta, Julia, 4th d. of the late Lewis —, Esq., to Henry S. Thompson, Esq.; Chinarah, E.I., June 27.


Bowering, Fanny, only d. of the late J. —, Esq., to H. G. Main, Esq.; Calcutta, Sept. 2.

Bradshaw, Mary Jane, only d. of the late John Bradshaw, Esq., of Eccles, to Edward Wanklyn, Esq., of London; Manchester; Nov. 25.

Brown, Mary, widow of J. —, Esq., of Clapton, and ygst. d. of the late Rev. E. Heysham, rector of Little Munden, Herts, to John Green, Esq., of Bragbury-end; St. Andrew’s Church, Hertford, Dec. 4.

77
Births, Marriages, and Deaths,

Campbell, Mary, widow of the late Col. ——, of Underhill, to W. Carr Foster, Esq., of John-street, Bedford-row, at Summerfield-house, near Edinburg.,

Case, Emma Anna, 2nd d. of Thomas ——, Esq., to Arthur Le-Blanc, Esq., of London; Childwall, Lancashire, Nov. 27.

Chamberlain, Miss Charlotte M., to W. E. Blythe, Esq., of the Revenue Survey; Gha-zerpe, E.I., June 30.


Cox, Miss C., to Capt. H. Hullock, Comm. of the ship, Dona Pasoa; Calcutta, June 21.

Crauste, Mary 2nd d. of Edward ——, Esq., of East Court, Sussex, to Charles N. Hastie, jun., Esq., at East Court, Grinstead; Oct. 29.

Dundas, Elizabeth, 2nd d. of the late Sir Robj. ——, of Beechwood, Bart., to Colonel James Simpson; Edinburgh; Dec. 18.

Dundas, Mary Ann, d. of Lieut.-Col. ——, to Capt. Browne, 66th N.I.; Calcutta, Sept. 3.

Elias, Sarah, to L. Heyman, Esq., of Liverpool; at the house of her brother, 36, Woburn-place, Russell-square, Dec. 5.

Ferris, Eliza, G. C., 3rd d. of the late Paul ——, Esq., of Calcutta, to James A. Young, Esq.; Fort William, E.I., Aug. 16.

Field, Georgiana, to Capt. C. Field, Bengal Establishment; Westminster; Sept. 26.

Francis, Mary St. A., ygst. d. of the late Lieut.-Col. Robert ——, to William Smith, Esq.; Fort William, Sept. 5.

Galley, Emma, d. of the late Richard ——, Esq., of Kingston-upon-Thames, to Mr. C. Warrington, surgeon, of that place; Brighton, Dec. 3.


Hampson, Grace, 2nd d. of R. ——, Esq., of Eccles, to R. J. Jones, Esq., of Manchester; Dec. 11.

Hartley, Mary F., eld. d. of Major ——, 7th N.I., to Major Moody; Calcutta, E.I., June 11.

Hastings, Barbara Anne, 2nd d. of John ——, Esq., Longham-hall, Norfolk, to Mr. David Cooper, Waterlo-place; at Langham Church; Oct. 8.

Inglis, Jessie J., eld. d. of the late Archibald ——, Esq., of Bombay; Tewarrah, E.I., Jan. 20.

Kendall, Elizabeth, only d. of Charles ——, Esq., of Cambridge, to Henry T. Clark, Esq., of Argyll-place, London; Chadleigh, Dec. 3.

Langslow, Mary Selina, d. of Capt. R. ——, of Hatton, Middlesex, to R. H. Douglas, Esq., son of Commodore ——, and grandson of the late Admiral B. D. ——; Bedfont Church, Dec. 3.

Lindsey, Margaret J., eld. d. of the late B. ——, Esq., to Charles Christie, Esq.; Calcutta; Aug. 23.


Mc Cann, Isabella Emily, eld. d. of J. J. ——, Esq., to John Tynan, Esq.; Calcutta, June 22.

Mc Gie, Augusta, y. d. of B. A. ——, Esq., of Hanger-lane, Stamford-hill, to Watkin Chas., Kenrick, Esq.; Tottenham Old Church, June 5.


Minter, Anne, 2nd d. of Thomas ——, Esq., to the Rev. H. Goble, D.D., chaplain to the Netherlands Embassy, and Minister of the Dutch London Church, Austinfiars; Croydon, Nov. 30.

Northover, Emma, only d. of Thomas ——, Esq., Cashier to the Bank of England, to Mr. J. J. Jackson, of Liverpool; at St. Pancras Church; Oct. 8.

Orlebar, Madalena A., 3rd d. of the late Richard ——, Esq., of Hinwick-house, Bedfordshire, to M. le Vicomte de Belle-Isle; Paris, Oct. 22.


Pentinghal, Miss Louisa Mary, eld. d. of Major ——, 39th N.I., to J. B. Devrell, Esq.; Calcutta, June 20.

Puckle, Catherine, only sur. d. of T. ——, Esq., of Clapham-common, to the Rev. W. Mc Cright; Pickheath; Dec. 12.

Rae, Charlotte A., eld. d. of Capt. ——, to R. S. Ross, comm.; Calcutta, June 30.

Rawlinson, Sarah, d. of the late A. ——, Esq., to W. R. Bevan, Esq., eld. son of R. ——, Esq., of Rougham, Suffolk; North Runton, Norfolk, Dec. 4.

Read Maria, 2nd d. of Edmund ——, Esq., of Blackheath, to A. B. Brandon, Esq.; St. Alpha, Greenwich, Dec. 5.


Sinclair, Madalena, 2nd d. of Sir John G. ——, Bart., to the Hon. Dudley Pelham, son of the Earl of Yarborough, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Burrow; the Earl and many distinguished personages were present; Gibraltar; Oct. 15.

Smithwaite, Miss, of Hazel-house, to Jonas Atkinson, Esq., of Highbury; Methley, near Wakefield, Nov. 28.

Skinner, Elizabeth, eld. d. of Col. James ——, C.B., to Captain R. Haldane; Delhi, E.I. Aug. 29.


Swaby, Mary Antoinette, d. of the late Jno. ——, Esq., to Capt. Moyle, of the 18th Royal Irish; Marylebone Church; Dec. 17.

78
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Ulrick, Elizabeth, 2nd d. of the late J. D. ——, Esq., to Capt. J. W. Chaplain; Calcutta, July 30.

Webster, Mary Ann, d. of T. ——, Esq., Euston-square, to Wm. Atkinson, Esq., of Endsleigh-street, Tavistock-square; St. Pancras Church, Dec. 12.

Weller, Charlotte H., 2nd d. of Capt. ——, to John Frederick Pott, Esq.; Lewisham, Nov. 28.


Wright Charlotte, 3rd d. of the late James ——, Esq., to Geo. L. Taylor, Esq., of Hyde-park-square; Paddington Church, Nov. 20.

DEATHS.

Abercrombie, Eleanor, 4th d. of the late W. ——, Esq., North Crescent, Bedford-square, Dec. 10.

Anderson, Judith, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, Aged 74; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Dec. 1839.

Andrew, Peter, Esq., justice of the peace, aged 69; Calcutta, Aug. 28.

Arnold, Brigadier-Col. of the 16th Lancers; Cabul, E.I., Aug. 16.

Babington, Jean, 2nd dau. of the late Thos ——, Esq. of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire; Dec. 16.

Bain, R. H., Esq., M.D., aged 33; Calcutta, Aug. 19.

Barnwall, Bartholomew, Esq., aged 67; Dec. 7.

Barry, Fanny, daughter of Charles ——, Esq., aged 16, Marlborough-place, Walworth; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Beadon, Mrs., relict of the late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, aged 82; Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Nov. 28.

Benson, Mrs. H., dau. of the late Dr. ——, Prebendary of Canterbury, aged 70; Brook-street; Dec. 16.


Briggs, Edmund, Esq., aged 77 years; Dalston, Dec. 2.

Broderip, Emma, ygst. d. of the late W. ——, Esq., of Clifton, Gloucestershire; Bath, Dec. 1.

Brougham, Eleanor Louisa, only surviving child of the Right Hon. Lord ——; Brighton, Nov. 20. Her mortal remains were interred in Lincoln's-inn. The procession passed through the city. Lord Brougham as chief mourner, Lord Denman, Sir N. Tindal, Mr. Vizard, Mr. Millar, and Mr. C. Phillips, this is the only instance on record of the interment of a female in the burying-place of Lincoln's-inn.

Bunemann, Mary Elix, only d. of H. ——, Esq.; Hemus-terrace, Chelsea. Dec. 13.

Cardwell, Rev. Richard, aged 61; Liverpool; Dec. 11.

Clarke, Thomas, Esq., aged 52; Calcutta, Aug. 1.

Clarke, James William, Esq., aged 35, Kensington-lane; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cockerrill, R. H., Esq., R.N., aged 40; Calcutta, Aug. 8.

Crosby, Ann, infant daughter of James ——, Esq., Park-place, Brixton; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Dec. 1839.

Coon, Harriet, relict of the late Col. Foster Lechmere; Scruton Hall; Dec. 16.


Dalziel, John, Esq., aged 77; the oldest Indigo planter in Bengal; Barrassall, E.I., July 17.


Crawford, John J., Esq., late of Billfield Estate, St. James's, Jamaica; Dunmiers, Nov. 21.

Dawson, Mrs., widow of the late Joseph ——, Esq.; Cape Coast, Africa; July 12.

Deacon, Wm. Rob. Esq., of the Bhoj, 2nd son, of H. D. ——, Esq. of Milton-house, near Portsmouth, Hants; India; Sept. 11.

De La Combe, T., Esq., aged 32; Calcutta, Aug. 1.

Dempster, Marian, the wife of G. ——, Esq., Brighton, aged 28; Dec. 11.

Dennie, Richard G., Esq., Inner Temple, barrister, ygst. son of the late R. D. ——, Esq., of Winchelsea, Sussex; Nov. 5.

Devon, Countess of, Powderham Castle, near Exeter; Dec. 16.

Dorrill, Capt. Richard, R.N., aged 84; Islington, Dec. 4.

Doyle, Maria Anna, wife of John ——, Esq., Cambridge Terrace, Edgbaston Road, aged 48; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Dec. 1839.


Emin, Mrs. Mary E. wife of J. ——, Esq., aged 26; Calcutta, June 27.

Ewin, W., Esq., aged 52; Calcutta, July 25.

Ferrier, D., Esq., aged 46; Benares, June 4.

Figgins, Louisa, Barnsby Park, Islington, aged 24; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Dec. 4.

Finch, Henry, Esq., aged 30; Tbirhoot, E.I., Aug. 18.

Godfrey, Joseph, Esq., Highgate, aged 63; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Dec. 10, 1839.

Goodwin, Geo., Esq., aged 82; Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square; Dec. 16.

Gruau, Catherine, only dau. of H. T. ——, Esq., of the Ordnance Department, Tower; aged 21; Tower, Dec. 17.

Gwatkin, Edward Minto, 3rd son of Major E. ——, aged 29; Mussoorie, E.I.; June 7.


Hebden, Eleanor, relict of the late W. ——, Esq., of Stockwell, Surrey; suddenly at her house, Brompton-square, Dec. 10.

Herd, Charles, Esq., aged 48; Calcutta, Aug. 15.

Hodson, Katherine, Hornsey-lane, Highgate, aged 84; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Nov. 29, 1839.

Horne, Miriamine, wife of Mr. James ——, St. Andrews Road, Newington, aged 23; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Decem. 1839.

Hovil, Mary, wife of John ——, Esq., Thornton Heath, Croydon, aged 37; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Dec. 1839.

Husband, Cordelia, wife of T. ——, Esq., aged 75; St. Michael's Terrace, Devonport.


79
Hustwick, Capt. G., at sea in the Bay of Bengal, Aug. 7.

Jermyn, Frances, wife of Mr. John——, Upper-Clapton, aged 69; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Dec. 1839.

King, the Hon. Sir Henry, K.C.B., Lieut.-Gen.; Winkfield; Nov. 25.

Levett, Theophilus, Esq., aged 75; Wicknauer-park, Dec. 2.

Linley, Mrs., mother of G.——, Esq., the composer; Carr-place, Lewes, Nov. 27.

Mackintosh, Henrietta Louisa, the lady of Eneas——, Esq., late of Calcutta; Brompton, Dec. 4.

Majendie, Mrs., relict of the late Bishop of Bangor, aged 78; Anglesea Villa, near Gosport, Hants; Nov. 30.


M’Arthur, Sarah, wife of A.——, Esq., aged 17; Bamender, E.I., Aug. 5.

M’Whir, R. J., Esq., M.D., late of Edinburgh, aged 22; Nuddilpore, E.I., June 12.

Mc Divitt, Esq., M.D., Consulting Physician to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital; Bishopshourne, Rectory, Kent; Dec. 14.

Miller, Thomas, Esq., of consumption; Ely-place; Nov. 20.

Morrell, Margaret, widow of the late J. H. Esq., aged 52; Chinsurah, E.I., Aug. 16.

Morton, Catherine C., wife of the Rev. W., aged 28; Chinsurah, E.I., July 23.

Mount, Mrs. Sydney, wife of William——, Esq., aged 48; Canterbury, Nov. 27.


Oakeshott, M. H., son of the late Michael——, Esq., aged 22; Sittingbourne, Nov. 26.

Pickstone, Thomas, Esq., aged 80; Judd-street, Dec. 11.

Prole, Major G., 3rd N.I., Kidgeree, E.I., Sept. 15.

Pritchard, John H., Esq.; of Caerleon, Monmouthshire, Nov. 29.

Randall, James H., Esq., aged 78; Doctors’ Commons; Dec. 3.

Rook, Geo., Esq., of Bigswear in the county of Gloucestershire; Dec. 15.

Ruppell, Lucy, relict of Elias——, Esq., aged 69, of Memel; Dunkirk; Dec. 11.

Russell, Jane, wife of Edward——, Esq., aged 37, of Sidney-terrace, Clapham-road; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Scarlett, Mary, relict of the late Dr.——, M.D.; South Lambeth; Nov. 20.

Schutz, Mr., of Shotover-house, in the county of Oxford, aged 79; Dec. 7.

Smith, W. Godfrey, Esq., aged 38; Calcutta, July 19.

Smith, Catherine, relict of the late W.——, Esq., of Fairy Hall, near Eltham, Kent; 23, Bedfont-square, Dec. 3.

Smith, Cook Frederick, Esq., aged 19, eldest son of Octavius H——, Esq., North-west coast of Australia; May 12 or 13.

Stewart, Col. Josiaha, C.B., aged 58, of Fort St. George, Madras; Cheltenham; Nov. 23.


Triam, Mary, wife of G. B.——, Esq., of Liverpool; Dec. 10.

Templeton, Eleanor, relict of the late D.——, Esq., aged 52; Entality, E.I., June 28.

Wade, G., Esq., at Dunmore, aged 76; Dec. 10.

Waddington, H., Esq., of Hereford, aged 79; Dec. 3.


Wood, Lady, relict of Sir George——, Knt., late of the Baron’s Court of Exchequer; Bedford-square; Dec. 18.

Death of the King of Denmark.

Fredric VI., King of Denmark, died at Copenhagen on Dec. 3, and was succeeded by his nephew Christian Frederic. The late king was the son of Christian VII. and Caroline Matilda, Princess of England, and succeeded his father in the year 1808. The life of a king has seldom been marked by such a succession of misfortunes as befell Frederic VI. The unhappy events which occurred in his youth, the madness of his father, the execution of the unfortunate Struensee, & the banishment of his mother, who died of grief at being separated from her son; all these are known. Also the part which he sustained in the defence of his kingdom in the battle of Copenhagen took place. But the name of Frederic VI. will chiefly be remembered as a benefactor to his country, which owes to him the liberty of the press — emancipation of his subjects from the last remains of feudal authority — the abolition of the Slave Trade (in which Denmark took the lead) — the equalization of law — the establishment of schools — the introduction of popular representation, and of order and economy in finance. The character of the late king was also distinguished for mildness, uprightness, and simplicity.

Death of the Dowager Baroness de la Zouche.

The Baroness de la Zouche died on Tuesday, Dec. 15, at her house in Hyde-park-place, at the age of 80 years. Her ladyship was only daughter and heiress of William Southwell, Esq., and widow of Cecil, Lord de la Zouche, to whom she was married in 1782. The late dowager Baroness leaves two surviving daughters, one, Baroness de la Zouche, married to the Hon. Robert Curzon, the other to Captain Pechell, R.N., M.P., one of the Equerries to her Majesty. On the death of the late lord, the barony fell into abeyance between these two ladies, the succession being determined by George IV. in favour of the present baroness.

Death of Lady Montague.—Her ladyship expired at Hastings after a lingering illness. She was eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick, and was married to Lord Montague, then Mr. T. S. Rice, July 11, 1817, by whom her ladyship has left a family of five children.

Death of the Bishop of Lichfield.—This prelate expired on Wednesday, Dec. 4, at Eccleshall Castle, Staffordshire.
Hélas! Anna, 1839 va bientôt rejoindre ses anciens: il est sur le point d'expirer (Dieu veuille avoir son âme!) Je ne lui en veux assurément pas à ce pauvre millésime, quoiqu'il nous ait dotés du Daguerreotype et de la Boulangerie viennoise, deux choses vraiment bien tourdes à digérer, mais j'avoue que je ne suis pas fichée de voir enfin arriver ce 1840, qui porte, comme dirait le Constitutionnel, tant de prodiges dans son sein.

Quoi qu'il en soit, c'est une belle chose qu'un jour de l'an! J'aime à voir l'hypocrisie courant les rues pour acheter quelque témoignage matériel d'une affection qui n'existe point, et se débattant avec angoisse entre l'orgueil et l'avarice. Que de grimaces pour une caresse vraie! que de mensonges pour un hommage pur!

Aujourd'hui que le luxe de la dentelle est à l'ordre du jour, c'est chez Mme Ferrière Pernona, rue du Mail, 29, qu'accourrent, à l'envi l'un de l'autre, maris, enfants, cousins, parents de toute espèce, amis de toute sorte, mettre à contribution ces splendides magasins, comme si de somptueux cadeaux pouvaient remplir les vides immenses du cœur! Il serait, du reste, difficile de mieux s'adresser: la maison Pernona est, sans aucune exagération, une mine inépuisable de tous ces heureux chiffons qui font le bonheur de notre sexe. Où trouver des Berthas aussi précieuses? où ces riches garnitures qui brillent d'un éclat si vif à la cour de la Grande-Bretagne? où d'aussi délicieuses écharpes? où ces gracieux fichus, ces élégantes mantilles, ces angleterres, dont la richesse et la beauté surpassent tout ce que l'on a vu jus-
qu'à ce jour? Nous ne pouvons cependant pas
oublier, dans cette spécialité, la maison Gra-
nier, rue Saint-Honoré, 256, vis-à-vis la galerie
Delorme. Elle a bien aussi quelques droits à
nos hommages, car elle se recommande par
un vernis remarquable de haute fashion, d'é-
légance exquise, de recherché à la fois déli-
cieuse et ravissante, résultat inévitable de l'u-
non bien entendue de la richesse et du goût,
de l'art et du travail. Il nous suffira, pour jus-
tifier ces dioses, de rappeler les Berthas si
franches, les attrayantes pétérines, les coiffures
de toute espèce, les nombreuses parures com-
plètes sorties de ces magasins que le monde
elegant n'a pas dédaignés de prendre sous son
puissant patronage.

Les fourrures sont encore fort bien offertes
et fort bien acceptées, surtout quand elles
sortent des magasins Lachnitt, rue Richelieu,
104, magasins avec lesquels aucun autre ne
peut rivaliser pour la richesse et la variété
inépuisable et sans cesse nouvelle des four-
rures.

Un joli cadeau encore, c'est un de ces cor-
sets de l'oue, rue Montmartre, 171, dont la
vogue augmente de jour en jour ; corsets
vraiment merveilleux, qu'il en seuls savent
si bien venir en aide à notre coquetterie, dont
ils sont de la grâce, puisque sans eux il n'y a
pas de toilette élégante possible. Le corset de
Pousse a pour complément indispensable la
sous-jupe Oudinot, place de la Bourse, 27.
Ces deux créations, également ingénieuses,
sont, du moins selon moi, le plus délicieux
présent qu'on puisse faire à une dame, puisque
c'est lui donner de la grâce et de la tournure,
ce qui ne peut jamais être du superflu. Avis
aux mariés.

En vous adressant mon prochain bulletin
avec quelques articles que la circonstance me
permet de vous offrir, Anna, je n'oublierai pas
d'y joindre les différents objets de parfumerie
que vous me chargez de prendre chez Guerlain,
rue de Rivoli, 42. Votre bon goût vous a par-
faitement guidée en cette circonstance : c'est
Guerlain que la Mode adopte aujourd'hui,
et les quelques visites que j'ai déjà faites
dans ses magasins ont suffi pour me prou-
ver que cette préférence était méritée. Il
n'est pas possible d'être mieux fourni de ces
mille petits riens, accessoires charmants et
indispensables de la toilette, et tout y est mar-
què du cachet d'une élégance exquise, d'une
recherche parfaite. Vous recevrez en même
temps l'Hygiène de la toilette, petite brochure
qu'il vient de faire paraître, et qui justifie ad-
mirablement bien son titre. Je reviendrai sur
ce sujet.

C'est à peine si je puis vous dire un mot qui
se rapporte aux modes, tant on s'occupe main-
tenant de tout autre chose. Cependant, je suis
allée, il y a deux jours, à la Renaissance, et j'y
ai remarqué une robe d'une exécution si élé-
gamment simple et attrayante qu'elle ne pou-
vaient sortir que des magasins de Constance, rue
Neuve Vivienne, 57. C'était un pot de soie
gris perle, garni de deux volants d'hermine,
bordés d'hermine sur le devant, au dessus
et au-dessous de la taille, avec une pèlerine
d'hermine en pointe. Cette robe a déjà eu
quelques succès l'hiver dernier, et pour peu
qu'il nous arrive enfin des jours de véritable
froid, on ne peut douter qu'elle ne soit très
recherchée. Est-il besoin d'ajouter que la
fourrure venait des magasins Lachnitt?

Je vous parlerai dans mon prochain bulletin
de quelques ravissantes coiffures de soirée,
qu'Leclère, rue de Rivoli, 10 bis, prépare
dans le silence des ateliers. Aujourd'hui l'es-
pace me manque.

Votre amie, HENRIETTE de B...
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St.-Martin. 61.

Chapeau delecloir, r. de Nivel, 10.—Rabotage de M. Larcher, C. de la Reine, Vivienne 8,
garnies de Fourrures des M. Zacknett, r. Richelieu, 109.

Coffre de P. Hamelin, 10, passage du Bougmont, 34.—Robe de Bal en Carlatane;
de Constantine, r. M. Vivienne, 32.—Gants perfs de Potte, 10, r. 13 de petits champs 3.

Court Magazine. No. 11, Carey street Lincoln's Inn London.
VALENTINE DE MILAN.

Valentine de Milan, femme de Louis de France, duc d'Orléans, frère de Charles VI, assassiné par les ordres du duc de Bourgogne, était fille de Jean Gallas, duc de Milan. Cette princesse ayant inutilement demandé justice du meurtrier de son époux, mourut le 5 décembre 1408 de douleur de n'avoir pu venger sa mort. Quelques moments avant d'expirer, elle fit approcher ses enfants, sur lesquels elle répandit des larmes. Ensuite, considérant Jean, fils naturel du duc d'Orléans, si célèbre depuis sous le nom du comte de Dunois, elle dit, par une espèce de pressentiment de sa grandeur future, qu'il lui avait été dérobé, et qu'aucun de ses enfants n'était aussi bien taillé à venger la mort de son père que celui-là. Valentine était aussi spirituelle que belle. Charles VI, dans les accès de sa folie, ne se laissait gouverner que par elle. De là vint le bruit qu'elle l'avait ensorcelé. Les gens de bon esprit étaient bien persuadés que si elle l'avait charmé, ce n'était que par sa beauté et son enchantement.

C'est du chef de cette princesse que le duc d'Orléans, depuis roi de France sous le nom le prince Louis XII, prétendit au duché de Milan, le France souverain, de sang à la France.

POÉSIE.

RAYONS D'AMOUR.

PAR MM. HERMANCE LESGUILLON.

Nos lecteurs peuvent se souvenir du brillant avenir poétique que nous avons prédit à l'auteur de Rêveuse : la grâce, la richesse du rythme, l'harmonie, et surtout la ravissante naïveté des pensées et des sentiments nous avaient profondément saisis, et nous y avions vu un germe déjà secoué de talent et de style, heureusement assoupili à l'exigence des sensations. Bientôt un nouvel ouvrage, Rosées, remarquable par un admirable mélange de vigueur et de facilité, vint justifier cette prophétie et marquer au rang le plus élevé la place de notre jeune muse.

Aujourd'hui les Rayons d'amour assurent d'une manière incontestable sa prééminence sur toutes les femmes poètes de cette époque, et la placent à côté des Hugo et des Lamartine dont elle est la rivale autant que plus que l'élève. En effet, ce ne sont ni les études d'un calque qui copie, ni les inspirations d'une âme entraînée dans l'ellipse d'une planète étrangère : c'est un foyer indépendant qui brûle et s'échauffe à sa propre chaleur.

Il y a dans les Rayons d'amour un charme profond de sentiment, une émotion si vraie et si naïve, qu'elle pourrait, s'il le fallait, se passer du travail de l'expression et de la forme, mais qui reçoit justement de la perfection même de son moule une plus grande puissance d'action. Sans rien perdre de sa physionomie virginaire, en quelque sorte, sans rien perdre de son attrait et de sa franchise, MM. Hermance Lesguillon a gagné encore en force et en clarté; la forme même s'est perfectionnée, et la va
leur des idées à beaucoup grandi du relief que
leur donne une monture élégante. La ciselure
de l'ode lui est très familière ; elle caresse la
période avec une coquetterie charmante, et la
conduit avec un grand bonheur à son dénoû-
ment, véritable corollaire de sa proposition
poétique.

Les sentiments qui remplissent ce volume
sont ceux qui charment la vie et ravissent le
cœur : l'amour du beau, du grand, la pitié
pour tout ce qui souffre, la sympathie pour
tout ce qui aime, l'amour maternel, tels sont
les éléments de cette poésie où M** Lesguillon
a mis toute son âme. C'est une source abon-
dante et inépuisable d'élans impétueux et
passionnés, c'est un concert des plus suaves ins-
pirations du cœur. Il est impossible de lire ce
volume sans se sentir porté vers ces joies dé-
licieuses qui rendent meilleur et plus heureux.
Là, rien qui puisse effaroucher la plus naïve
pensée de jeune fille ; tout y est amour, sym-
pathie, tendresse.

Ne pensons pas cependant que la philoso-
phie soit exclue de ce volume, mais c'est la
philosophie bonne, douce, indulgente, qui se
souvent de ceux qui ne sont plus, honore la
mémorial de lères aimés qui dorment dans la
tombe, et jette un coup d'œil sur les chimères
de la vie. Alors la muse de Réveuse reparait
avec tous ses secrets, elle touche, bénit, con-
sole et verse des larmes.

Parmi les pièces les plus remarquables de ce
volume, nous citerons : Prière d'enfant,
Blanche et Noire, dédiée à M. de Château-
briant, petit drame plein d'intérêt et de mou-
vement, Regard au ciel, l'Hiver, Contempla-
tion, à Victor Hugo, un Drame à la Tour de
Londres, dédiée à M** Amable Tastu ; un An
après, dédiée à M** Anais Ségalas ; à Gavarni
et celle Sur la mort de laduchesse d'Abrantès.
Ces morceaux, qui sont des chefs-d'œuvre de

sensibilité ou de mélancolie, nous ont surtout
frappés, et, dans l'impossibilité où nous som-
mes de citer autant que nous voudrions, nous
finirons par cette petite pièce, qui peut don-
ner une idée de la grace et du mérite des
autres.

L'AUMÔNE.

Entends-tu, cher enfant, pour la légère aumône
Qu'au pied du malheureux tu viens de déposer,
Et pour le micro argent que ta jeune main donne.
La joie et le bonheur que tu viens de causer ?

Ecoute, il prie, il pleure, en voyant ton visage
Si frais et si joyeux s'attribution en passant.
Il est heureux de voir qu'à peine effleuré d'âge,
Ton petit cœur déjà s'ouvre compissaitant.

Il te bénit, il t'aime, il implore, il demande
Au bon Dieu qu'il te veille et conduise tes pas ;
Qu'il te garde du mal ; qu'en bonheur il te rende
L'aumône qu'à sa main tu ne refuses pas.

Hélas ! tu vois qu'au monde il leur faut peu de
chose,
Aces pauvres si seuls, si nus, si malheureux !
Qu'un peu de charité que chacun leur dépose,
Au lieu d'un fiel amer sème la joie en eux.

Pauvres gens ! sur le riche ils versent leurs prières :
Ils font pour lui des vœux et des souhaits encore ;
Parce que, sans dédain, il froisse leurs misères,
Et leur jette en passant un sou pris dans son or.

Vois quelle humilité ! quelle haute indigence !
Comme ils sont résignés et que leur cœur est bon !
Ils vivent patients dans la même existence,
Répandant sur le riche un généreux pardon :

Donne, mon doux enfant, sur la bourse légère,
Prête leur impôt, garde un pain aux malheurs ;
Ne l'en vas jamais seul, oublieux, sur la terre
Qui produit moins d'épis, hêlas ! que de douleurs !

Aime-les, mon Jésus ! porte-les dans ton âme ;
Ecoute leur souffrance et leurs cris en tous lieux ;
Jeune, ayant bien appris ce que leur voix réclame,
Plus tard tu seras grand et feras plus pour eux !

Imprimerie de A. Affort, passage du Caire, 54.
THE LADY JANE GREY.

Born 1537.
Married May 1553.

An authentic portrait engraved

VOL. XVIII
No. 83 of the series

Proclaimed Queen July 1553.
Beheaded 1554

exclusively for the Court Magazine.
of ancient portraits

THE COURT AND 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.

MEMOIR OF
LADY JANE GRAY,
(de facto) QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Embellished with a Full-length authentic coloured Portrait, after Vander Werff.
No. 83 of the Series of authentic antient Portraits.

"Jane, the queen" (as that lovely, virtuous yet ill-starred princess is designated in her regal acts) reigned in England for the space of only ten days. This sway of the "gentle Jane" over our country formed the first actual precedent of Englishmen submitting to the rule of a female monarch—a precedent of infinite value to her ungracious successor.

Lady Jane Gray exercised sovereign power over the kingdom of England; she was placed by its counsellors of state at the head of the nation—was invested in the palaces of the Tudors and Plantagenets with the attributes of royalty: nay, more, she was without opposition proclaimed queen regnant in that metropolis which had rejected with scorn the feminine domination of her great ancestress Maude—heiress of Henry the First—whom they had chased with violence from their gates. Yes, Jane was acknowledged sovereign by the civic authorities of that London which had then, for the first time, quietly acquiesced in the elevation of a female to the supreme sovereignty. If, then, we consider the extreme unwillingness of the fierce peers of England during the middle ages to submit to the sceptre sway, when it had (to use the expression of the great Alfred) "fallen to the distaff side," no wonder that we reckon the ten days' queenship of the unfortunate Jane as a notable precedent in the annals of England's history, and a virtual abrogation of the Salic law in England.

Ten days' royalty! Alas, how deeply fraught with tragic interest is the historic page recording the events of that brief period, and how immeasurable the results proceeding therefrom. Love, beauty, religious constancy, genius and learning were A—February, 1840.
Memoir of Lady Jane Gray.

seen in early womanhood intermingling their glorious halo with the dark shadowings of deposition, imprisonment and violent death upon the scaffold. What Greek drama, though invested with the mysterious pall of inexorable destiny, ever presented an heroine so pitiable in her fate as this hapless lady, whom the crafty devices of her family and kindred forced upon the throne as the first queen-regnant of England.

In the most sequestered part of Leicestershire, backed by rude eminences, and skirted by lowly and romantic valleys, stands Bradgate, the birth-place and abode of this virtuous princess, born it is supposed in the year 1537. The approach to Bradgate from the village of Cropston is striking. On the left stands a group of venerable trees, at the extremity of which rise the remains of the once magnificent mansion of the Grays of Groby. On the right is a hill, known by the name of “The Coppice,” covered with slate, but so intermixed with fern and forest flowers as to form a beautiful contrast to the deep shades of the surrounding woods. To add to the loveliness of the scene, a winding trout-stream finds its way from rock to rock, washing the walls of Bradgate until it reaches the fertile meadows of Swithland. In the distance, situate upon a hill, is a tower, called by the country people Old John, commanding a magnificent view of the adjoining country, including the distant castles of Nottingham and Belvoir.

Bradgate itself is thus described by old Fuller. “This fair, large, and beautiful palace” he says, “was erected in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., by Thomas Gray, second Marquis of Dorset. It is built principally of red brick of a square form, with a turret at either corner. It was the favourite residence of the Dorset family, more especially of Henry, the father of the Lady Jane, of whom it has been observed, that he loved to live in his own way, and that he kept up the magnificence of nobility rather at his residence in the country than at court.”

With the exception of the chapel and kitchen, the princely mansion has now become a ruin, but a tower still stands which tradition points out as the birth-place of the Lady Jane. Traces of the tilt-yard are visible, with the garden walls and a noble terrace whereon Jane often walked and sported in her childhood, and the rose and lily still spring in favourable nooks of that wilderness, once the Pleasance, or pleasure garden of Bradgate. Near the brook is a beautiful group of old chestnut trees.

This was thy home then, gentle Jane,
This thy green solitude;—and here
At evening from thy gleaming pane
Thine eye oft watched the dappled deer,
(While the soft sun was in its wane)
Browsing beside the brooklet clear;
The brook runs still, the sun sets now
The deer yet browseth;—where art thou?

The father of Lady Jane was descended from the eldest son of Elizabeth Wydeville* (by her first husband, Lord Gray, of Groby), her mother from the same queen, by her royal children, of the house of Plantagenet. Henry, Marquis of Dorset, was the son of Thomas Gray, second marquis. Though rich and powerful he was considered rather deficient in intellect: he married first the daughter of William, Earl of Arundel, and was divorced from her through some caprice of his own—a circumstance which made the legitimacy of his children afterwards contested. Rich as he was, he would scarcely have received the hand of the Lady Frances Brandon, niece to Henry VIII., had he not been contracted to her during the life-time of her two brothers.

The deaths of all the heirs male of the Duke of Suffolk, rendered the Lady Frances a great heiress. Dorset was on this account created Duke of Suffolk, in the year 1551-2.

The Marquis of Dorset and Frances Brandon were the parents of two daughters besides Jane; these were Katherine, about a year younger, and Mary, who was

* This portrait will be given shortly.

[THE COURT]
Memoir of Lady Jane Gray.

crooked and somewhat imbecile. The extreme severity of the parents of the Lady Jane would have embittered her childhood and cast a gloom over her angelic temper had she not, fortunately, been blessed with a pious and mild philosopher for her tutor. She was educated by the learned and virtuous Aylmer, who, from the evidence of her own words, was a resident at Bradgate, though more than one learned man assisted him in his interesting office—the Lady Jane having received instruction occasionally from Bucer, and Roger Ascham so celebrated as the tutor of her cousin, afterwards queen Elizabeth. The example of Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII, and great grandmother of Frances Brandon, had rendered learning fashionable at the English court and especially among her own descendants. Lady Jane united the accomplishments of modern times with the deep learning of the sixteenth century, played on several instruments, and was a linguist of singular attainments; for not only did she possess a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French and Italian in an extraordinary degree for her tender years, but she was acquainted with Arabic, Chaldaic and Hebrew. Instead of skill in drawing she cultivated the art of painting with the needle, and at Zurich is still to be seen, together with the original MSS. of her Latin letters to the reformer Bullinger, a toilet, beautifully embroidered by her own hands which had been presented by her to her learned correspondent.

Jane passed, as we have said, the greater part of her early youth at Bradgate, yet she was not an unfrequent visitor at the court of Katherine Parr, who strongly confirmed in her min the early principles of Reformation and publicly attended this queen. The following is the earliest notice of the Lady Jane, as connected with public life, which the page of history at present furnishes. It is mentioned by Speed, after the well-known crisis when Katherine won the heart of her tyrant lord in her favour against the snares laid by Gardiner to take away her life, that the queen though greatly indisposed, on the first evening of her recovery, went to pay her duty to her grim tyrant who was confined by lameness to his chamber, and that Lady Jane Gray, then nine years of age, bore the candles before Queen Katherine Parr.

Upon the death of her great uncle (Henry VIII.) the prospects of the Lady Jane were evidently changed, in consequence of Henry's last will, in which he apparently used his best endeavour to disinherit the children of his eldest sister, Margaret, queen of James IV, of Scotland (amongst whom was even Margaret Douglas his favourite niece) and place the line of his niece Frances Brandon on the throne in reversionary succession after his own children. From this time the home of Lady Jane, as a virgin of the royal blood of England, was with Katherine Parr, the widowed queen of England, with whom she seems to have lived as a ward, both during the short widowhood and subsequent marriage of that queen with Thomas Seymour.

The Lady Jane, during the life of Katherine Parr, was destined by Seymour as a bride to Edward VI., thus traversing the designs of his brother, the Protector Somerset*, who was wooing the infant queen of Scots for his young sovereign, at the point of the sword.

Lady Jane was with Katherine Parr, at Sudley, when she died, and walked as chief mourner at her funeral. Her death altered the position of Lady Jane, and Seymour seems to have meditated preserving her as a dernier resort, in the event of his not succeeding in his ambitious views of gaining the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, as there is no doubt but that he purposed appropriating her to himself as a wife; and his changed intention of promoting the marriage of Jane and Edward, Seymour announced to her in terms couched in the coarseness peculiar to that era and his own profligate character. Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas records a curious transaction at this time between the father of the Lady Jane and Lord Thomas Seymour, who it appears gave Dorset 500l. for the privilege of retaining the young lady at his castle. If we view the circumstance unconnected with wardship, this was a most extraordinary proceeding, but the purchase of a wardship was not uncommon in the ages preceding the sixteenth century; we are much inclined to believe that as the heir male of Mary Tudor (grandmother to the Lady Jane) were certainly dead at that time, the Lady Jane was a ward of the crown as a coheirress of some appanage pertaining to the

* By whom was built Somerset House.
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royal demesnes; that the widow of Henry VIII. had succeeded on his death to that
wardship, and that Thomas Lord Seymour, as the widower of the queen dowager,
had some rights over the royal ward, which rights he bolstered up by the purchased
authority of the father. This is the only reasonable explanation we can offer regard-
ing a so mysterious yet authentic record. Be it as it may, it seems passing strange
that the father of Jane should on any terms leave his young daughter without female
guardianship in the hands of a profligate like the Lord of Dudley.

The arrest of Seymour and his illegal execution a short time after the demise of
his wife, broke up every plan he might have formed in regard to Jane, who returned
once more to Bradgate, her birthplace; and here it was that Roger Ascham paid her
that visit which he describes in his Schoolmaster: "Before I went into Germanie, I
came to Bradgate to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Gray, to whom I was
exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess with all the house-
hold gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park. I found her in her
chamber, reading the Phaedo of Plato in Greek, and that with as much delight as
some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccacio. After salutation and duty
done, with some other talk, I asked her 'why she would lose such pastime in the
park?'

"Smiling she answered me:

"'I wish all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in
Plato. Alas! good folk, they never knew what true pleasure meant."

"'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to arrive at this deep knowledge of
pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women and but
few men have attained thereto?'

"'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel
at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent so sharp and
severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence of either
father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be
merry or sad; be sewing, dancing, playing, or anything else, I must do it as it were
in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or
else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, often sometimes with pinches,
nips, bobs and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so
without measure is all misordered that I think myself in hell till time come that I
must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair
allurements to learning that I think the time nothing that I am with him. And
when I am called from him I fall weeping, because whatever I do else but learning,
is full of grief, trouble, fear and whole misliking unto me, and thus my books have
been so much pleasure to me that in respect to them all other pleasures in very deed
have been but trifles and troubles to me."

In the December following, (anno 1550) Ascham had an interview at court with
the Lady Jane. The nature of that meeting may be judged of from the enthusiastic
manner in which he writes to his dear friend, Sturmius, respecting her: he there
again alludes to his visit to Bradgate. He declares with rapture, that she speaks and
writes Greek admirably. "O Jupiter and all ye gods!" says he, "I found the
divine virgin diligently studying the divine Phaedo of the divine Plato in the
original Greek." Happier certainly in this respect than in being descended, both
on the father's and mother's side, from kings and queens. He then makes mention
of the Greek epistle, which she had promised to write to his friend, Sturmius, in
order to give him proof positive of the truth of what he had advanced of her
attainments in that language.

The correspondence of the Lady Jane, before the time of her marriage, with
Henry Bullinger, a man of letters, between the years 1550 and 1558, was also
carried on in Latin. The most interesting portion of their contents will be found in
the following personal notations (changed into modern English) of herself and her
father, of whom it will be observed she makes mention as the friend and companion
of her studies:

"From the little volume of pure and unsophisticated religion which you lately sent my
father and me, I cull daily, as out of a delightful garden, the sweetest flowers. My father also, as far as the pressure of his occupations will allow, is sedulously engaged in the perusal of it. • • • To conclude, as I am now beginning to study Hebrew, if you can point out the way in which I may proceed to the greatest advantage, you will confer on me an obligation. Farewell, bright ornament and grace of the Christian church, may the supremely great and good God long preserve you for us and his people. Your most devoted

"JANE GRAY."

"On many accounts I consider myself indebted to God the greatest and best of beings, but especially for having given me so excellent an instructor after I was bereaved of the pious Bucer, that most holy man and learned father, who night and day and to the utmost of his ability supplied me with all necessary instructions and directions, and by his advice promoted my progress in probity, piety and learning.

"My noble father would have written both to thank you for the important services in which you are engaged, and also for your singular politeness in inscribing with his name and publishing under his auspices your Tenth Decade, had not the weighty business of his Majesty the King called him to the remotest parts of Britain.

"Pardon the more than feminine boldness of an untaught virgin who presumes to write to a man, one who is too a father of learning. When I consider my age, sex, moderate attainments in literature, and I may say my infancy, I am deterred from writing.

As long as I shall be permitted to live I shall not cease to be your well-wisher, to thank you for your favours, and pray for your welfare.

"Farewell, learned Sir,

"Your most religiously obedient,

"JANE GRAY."

Lady Jane was at court when Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager of Scotland, visited Edward VI. in her journey from France. She complimented Mary of Guise as her relative; and during the whole reception it was noticed that Lady Jane was much in the favour of the young king.

In the following summer (1552,) when Edward VI. made a progress with the court through Essex, Lady Jane went to pay her duty to his Majesty’s sister, the Princess Mary, at Newhall in Essex: in this visit her zeal prompted her to reprove, in a sarcastic manner, Lady Anne Wharton for curtsying to the host, the news of which, when carried to the ears of Mary, caused her from that moment to entertain a prejudice against her cousin Jane.

At the latter end of May (1553,) the duke of Suffolk, and the parvenu, Dudley who had been created Duke of Northumberland, concerted a match between their children. The very same day, in the presence of King Edward VI., Lady Jane was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, and her sister, Lady Katherine Gray, was betrothed to Lord Herbert, and Lord Robert Dudley to Amy Robsart, the youthful monarch giving away the brides with his own hand, and contributing bountifully to the expense of the espousals from the royal wardrobe funds. The people were exceedingly pleased with the beauty of the Lady Jane, and the noble though youthful aspect of Lord Guildford, her husband—but against the overweening ambition of Northumberland in bringing about this match they loudly murmured. The full extent of his ambitious views was not, indeed, apparent till the succeeding June, when his factious party, by dint of insidious persuasion, had prevailed upon the dying monarch to write a portion of a testamentary document with his own hand by which he was to will away the succession from his sisters: his death took place so soon after as July the 6th, in the same year.

The first movement after the young king’s death was to secure the tower and city of London. Accordingly the council quitted Greenwich on the 10th of July, and came to London, and in the forenoon of the same day Suffolk and Northumberland arrived at Durham House, where the Lady Jane had her residence as part of her father-in-law’s family. There the Duke of Suffolk explained to his daughter the disposition of the crown, made by Edward VI. and the consent thereto of the privy
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council and London magistrates, and in conclusion both himself and Northumberland fell on their knees and paid their homage to Jane, as the Queen of England. Jane at this procedure was aghast; for it appears she was wholly unprepared for such elevation; whereupon she earnestly remonstrated against the measure, saying—"The king's sisters have the natural right to this dignity in succession, and I will not burden my conscience with a yoke (that of empire) which belongs to them. Nor am I so young," she continued, "nor so little accustomed to the guiles of fortune to be deceived by them. Nay with what crown doth she present me? A crown which hath been violently and shamefully wrested from Katherine of Arragon,* made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anna Boleyn,† and others that wore it after her. Why then would you add my blood to hers, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished with the head that wears it." Many other arguments she used to alter the ambitious resolves of her father and father-in-law, and of her selfish and arrogant mother, in whose person, if indeed there existed any right in the line of Brandon, the succession must have vested. This contemptible woman determined that her family should be aggrandized, and placed her young and unwilling daughter in the gap to encounter the dangers of the plot failing. Historians in treating of this matter have, in our opinion, been far too lenient to the detestable character of Frances Brandon. It is not dressing a cat in a rochet that makes a true protestant christian, but such constancy and gentle firmness as was testified by the angelic Jane. Nor can an observer forget the pinches, nips and blows that were the daily discipline of this gentle creature; the perpetual fault-finding and other domestic cruelties, which it is fair to conjecture must have been given by her mother, since they were certainly not inflicted by the father, for whom she evidently exhibited so tender a love up to the latest hour of her existence. It is a fact worthy of notice, and also of the greatest praise, that the name of her mother never passes her lips nor is put forth by her pen excepting when her full heart confided to Ascham the daily torments to which during her youth she was subject.

The arguments of the wily Northumberland, and the united authority of her beloved father and arrogant mother failed altogether in shaking the steady principles of Jane; but a sense of filial love and duty at length prevailed. Lord Guildford Dudley, dazzled by the lustre of a crown, added the accents of tenderness to those of parental remonstrance, as an elegant poet has thus embodied his words:—

"A thousand times I kissed her lovely hand,
And cried, 't was formed a sceptre to command."

Female fortitude could go no further. Jane adored her lover-husband, and after he had wrung an unwilling consent from her, she was next day escorted by water to that fatal tower which she entered as a palace, but in which she remained as in a prison during the short residue of her days. It is again worthy of remark, that in the procession to and from the state barge her mother bore her train. At six o'clock of the same afternoon Jane was proclaimed in the city—without opposition, it is true, but without any demonstrations of enthusiasm being exhibited by the people.

Jane took possession of the royal apartments at the tower, and stood under the state canopy to receive those to whom she granted audiences. There are several state papers and regal acts of the new queen, dated from the tower and signed by her hand,—"Jane, the Queen."‡—One letter addressed to the Marquis of

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* It is very evident from the whole tendency of Lady Jane's saying, that she was convinced of the great wrong offered to Katherine of Arragon. [This portrait and memoir we have in progress.]

† This implies some belief in Anna's guilt—she does not say, murder, but punishment.

‡ Mr. Hunter, relative to an autograph of Shakspere, remarks (on expressing his dissent from Sir Frederick Madden's proposal that the name of Shakespeare should be changed into Shakspere) that Sir Frederick has overlooked two important points: 1st, that the practice in writing of the individual, is not the proper guide to what should be the present orthography. If it were, we must read Gray and Graye for Grey; for Lady Jane Grey wrote Joanna Graia and her sister Mary Graye; when the wife of Lord G. Dudley, she wrote Dudely or Duddeley. 2dly., in the time of Shakspere, there was the utmost indifference in respect of the orthography of proper names; of the name Shakespeare itself, there are at least as many as ten forms. We have Druden and
Northampton, in speaking of the Princess Mary, contains the following sentence, which was not very likely to be forgiven by any descendant of the Plantagenets. "You are to arrest and resist the feigned and untrue claim of the Lady Mary, bastard daughter to our great uncle Henry VIII. of famous memory." This measure, it has been shewn, was diametrically against the conscience of Jane, and was one of the reasons which doubtless made her so frankly own herself guilty of treason.

We have narrated the popular account given by Fox, but in Lady Jane's own letter addressed to Queen Mary she herself gives a very different view of the same scene. We translate the passage from the Italian of Pollino:

"The Duchess of Northumberland had promised I should stay at my mother's, but being soon after with her and my husband present, she bade me not go out of the house, adding 'God will soon call to his mercy the king, of whose life no hope remaineth. Therefore it is needful that you should proceed to take up your abode in the Tower, because his majesty has made you heir to the realm.' The which words startled me at first, and caused great perturbation to my mind, but afterwards I thought less of them, not believing them to have so serious an import, and did not wish on that account to keep away from my mother. Soon after the Duchfess of Northumberland became exceedingly angry with me and with the Duchess of Suffolk, saying 'she was resolved to detain me in her house and would keep me near her, as well as her son my husband,' with whom she thought I ought to stay, happen what might, and she continued to be very angry with me. In truth, continues Jane, I staid in her house for two or three nights, and then went to Chelsea for some recreation. There I was taken very ill; they told me I was summoned before the council, and that on the same night I ought nevertheless to go to Sion, for the king had some commands which it was compulsory upon me to obey. Then came also my sister-in-law, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, the Signora Sedmei*, and she told me with great earnestness to go along with her."

After this it appears that the Lady Jane's sister-in-law ushered her into a state-room, where were the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Arundel, Huntingdon and Pembroke who began to make complimentary speeches, and bend the knee before her, which example was followed by several great ladies, causing the face of the modest and conscientious girl to be covered with blushes; and this feeling she thus declares was still further increased, when "my mother, the Duchess Frances, and the Duchess of Northumberland entered and performed the same homage." Then came Northumberland himself, and Lady Jane details the oration the duke made to her, in which he denied the validity of the titles of Mary and Elizabeth, and finished by an eulogy of Edward VI. and demanding obedience to his will, which declared Jane heiress to his throne." That unfortunate victim of inordinate ambition states, that on hearing this announcement, from very oppression of heart, she swooned away, and falling on the ground, laid as one dead, both from grief for the death of the good young king and anticipation of the sorrow before her. Not one word, however, do we hear of the oration just quoted, which Fox, the martyrologist, has put into her mouth, regarding her renunciation of the crown stained with the blood of Anna Boleyn and others; nor is there a word of her husband's importunities or caresses to induce her to accept the proffer. She says, "that when recovered she raised herself on her knees and prayed aloud to God, that if she was forced to bear the load of empire he would aid her in governing rightly."

With the assumption of the crown Lady Jane's domestic troubles commenced. The tender love that had subsisted between Lord Guilford Dudley and herself was impaired, and the ambitious aim of Guildford was the ground of their first matrimonial quarrel. Turner, the historian, has opened a new view of the events.

Dryden, Sir W. Raleigh wrote Rawleigh, with other variations in the spelling. The rule in this point, as in many others pertaining to language, is the usage of persons of cultivation.

* Sedmei is an Italian misprint for Sidney. The sister of Lord Guilford Dudley married into the illustrious house of Sidney; the lady here mentioned was the wife of the noble-minded Sir Henry Sidney, and mother to the famous Sir Philip Sidney.
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that occurred during the ten days sovereignty of Jane, by quoting several passages from her letter of vindication to her royal cousin, Queen Mary, preserved by Pollino in his history of the English church. On reference to this letter (which exists only in the Italian version) we find it still more available for the biographer than the historian; and that which renders it the more valuable is that it is confirmed in several parts by other passages in her life which had evidently never reached the knowledge of Pollino. Lady Jane, in regard to her domestic differences, (if this letter be genuine) is her own historian. Turner gathers likewise the following facts from Noailles, and also from an Italian, resident in London.

When Lady Jane entered the Tower her husband stood by her side with his bonnet in his hand, while all the lords as she passed bent the knee in reverence to the ground. Jane says in her letter:

"The lord high treasurer, the Marquis of Winchester*, brought me the jewels and the crown, the which were neither demanded by me nor by any one in my name; he desired to place it on my head to see how it fitted. I declined with many protestations, but he said 'I might take it boldly, for that he would have another made, to crown my husband with me.'"

Lady Jane (and this may afford a curious parallel in more modern times) by no means approved of the idea of Guildford being made king of England†. She therefore continues,

"Which thing I certainly heard with a troubled mind and with an adverse will, even with infinite grief and displeasure of heart. As soon as I was left alone with my husband I reasoned with him, and after a great dispute he consented to wait till he was made king by me, by means of an act of parliament."

Turner thinks new-born ambition was awakened in the bosom of the young sovereign, and this feeling led her vehemently to oppose her husband's elevation, but her mention of parliament leads us rather to suppose that Jane was most properly unwilling to take any step without the sanction of the legislature.

Again, however, her mind, it seems, misgave her relative to Guildford's kingship.

"I sent for the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke," she continues, "and told them that I was willing to make my husband a duke but not a king."

Upon this young Guildford recounted his disappointment to his lady mother, who came in a great rage and abused Jane, advising her son to forsake the chamber of his wife, and to vow he would be no duke, only king; nay, further, the furious duchess threatened to carry off her son with her to Sion House, which was one of the spoils of the Protector Somerset then possessed by the Dudleys.

Jane nevertheless acted with the spirit of a queen, she sent those two lords in whom she most confided, after her perverse partner, and commanded the recreant not to go to Sion House with his mother, neither to act according to such directions, but to come back and behave in a friendly manner to her, "Thus," says Jane, with confidential pathos in her letter to her royal cousin, "was I not only deluded by the duke (Northumberland) and the council, but ill-treated by my husband and his mother." She excuses her promise of compliance with Guildford's whim of being made king, by the expression "Otherwise I knew next morning he would have gone off to

* This was the very person who afterwards demanded of Jane and her husband the royal jewels, and seized on their property to make up for the deficiency. This passage we consider highly confirmatory of the letter, quoted in Pollino, since Jane is evidently showing her cousin the duplicity of Winchester.

† The ancient manner after which a queen-regnant transferred her power to her husband is exemplified in the recognition of the Countess of Jaffa as Queen of Jerusalem—

"When the Countess was crowned, the patriarch said—

"Lady you are a woman, it is therefore fitting that you have with you a man who can aid you in ruling your kingdom. Take this crown and give it to the man who can govern us."

She took the crown and calling her lord who was near her she said to him, "Sire, advance and receive this crown, for I know not where it can be better bestowed.

He knelt before her and she placed the crown on his brow. Then he was king and she was queen.—Bernard le Tresorier, Histoire des Croisades.

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This seems to have been a climax of misfortune too great to be patiently contemplated by the loving Jane, who appears, poor soul, in addition to the troubles already detailed by history, to have had her heart in the possession of a petulant boy, whose unreasonable whims were backed by an overbearing and vulgar mother. Meantime the outward appliances and means of dignity were lavished on Jane in great profusion; she was served on the knee and treated with regal state in the ominous fortress which was so soon to be her prison. Preparations too were being made for her coronation, with great activity, when the whole bubble burst, and the ten days' royalty vanished.

The oppression attempted against Jane by her husband and his family had occasioned her to cling more fondly to her father, and when appointed to the command of the army commissioned to take the Princess Mary prisoner, the young queen, weeping bitterly, refused to sign any instrument appointing her parent to such office: this was perhaps with the desire for his preservation—anticipating failure she was willing that Northumberland (if such were the result) should be taken in arms against Mary in preference to her sire; and Suffolk, who was personally brave, though destitute of judgment, remained in London, while the craven diplomatist Northumberland was forced to head the forces marched on the eastern road to maintain the title of Jane the queen. Even when no further advanced than Shoreditch, it may be readily gathered, that the father-in-law of the queen was looking right and left with the determination of running away.

"See how the people press to see us," said he to Lord Gray, "but mark, no one among them saith, God speed you!" An ominous observation. He afterwards terminated his contemptible expedition by flinging up his cap for Queen Mary in Cambridge market-place, and surrendered even the troops mustered by the authority of Queen Jane, to swell the power of her vindictive rival. His execution the month following (August 22, 1553), and his previous supplications and lamentable howlings for mercy are well known*. One of his observations is well deserving commemoration—he had the candour to bear the following honest testimony, "that the Lady Jane so far from aspiring to the crown was by enticement and force made to accept it."

Meantime the fury of the Duchess and the upbraidings of her husband so discomposed Queen Jane that she was exceedingly ill, even to the suspicion that she had been poisoned by them, a supposition, we should have thought the recollection of how

* The philosophic eye must mark as an extraordinary principle of humanity its generally quiet endurance, even when the last penalty of the law is about to be executed. This is the strongest of all arguments against capital punishments, except in extreme cases—and even then we are inclined to think, that man should not cut off a sinner from the land. The living are more punished at heart, than the prisoner whom they hear condemned to die, or whose execution perchance they witness. There was a peculiarity of baseness in the character of Northumberland: a coward heart—thus he bowled away his dastard life. Of many condemnations which we have heard—but once, and to our great surprise, have we witnessed similar conduct. This was some seven or eight years ago at Stafford,—(a similarly coward heart in a small sphere of action): a man was found guilty of taking brutal advantage of the woman he pretended to love. Whilst the jury were deliberating upon the verdict, and during the whole time the judge was passing sentence, he incessantly exclaimed in piteous howls, "Lord (the judge) have mercy upon me"—true indeed he suffered, dreading his fate (from which mercy saved him)—but there was not a soul present that did not suffer more than he did; all sympathised with him; but had perpetual imprisonment been his doom he would have stood alone bearing entirely his own sin upon his own head. Such coward and base hearts as these, are, it is true, wounded to the core—yet not with contrition; whilst the bolder spirits—the unruly authors of great crimes—exhibit no feeling else such wonderful firmness—that, as examples, they rather mock justice in their doom, than carry fear to the souls of youthful or other offenders, whom their example is intended to terrify. We say, then, away with capital punishment altogether—it acts as no warning upon the bad to keep them from crime, whilst sometimes it urges them in desperation to take away life in self-protection—and as we have said, their deserved fate afflicts only the kind-hearted and the good. Nay more, the fallibility of all human judgments (as in days of yore in cases of forgery, in particular,) to arrive at the truth, or if at the truth to dip into the secret springs of action—the motives of conduct, makes it a fearful, dreadful task to condemn a fellow creature to death, and many innocent men have been punished even unto death, when delay might, justly, have restored them to their families and society. Immure then the condemned to death for great crimes, in prison for life—never to see their friends—but yet not without means of improvement—and, as a lesson, annually put forth the black record of the names of the condemned and the circumstances under which they were sentenced.
needful her existence was to their own interests would have prevented her from entertaining, even for a moment.

In a private letter preserved among the same collection of documents*, it is evident that young Guildford Dudley was styled by his partisans "His majesty the king"—the true end and aim of all the machinations of his father.

When the news reached the Tower of the crisis at Cambridge, and the triumphant progress of Queen Mary to the capital, Suffolk surrendered the Tower, and directly afterwards entering the royal apartments with much tenderness broke to his daughter the fact that "she must now lay down the state and dignity of a queen and return to the rank of a private person." Jane with a serene countenance replied—

"I better brook this message than my former advancement to royalty. Now do I willingly from my very soul renounce the crown, and will endeavour to save the great fault committed by others (if such great faults can be saved) by a full and ingenuous confession."

On the very day which witnessed the resignation of her dignity, Jane had agreed to stand godmother to the infant child of Mr. Edward Underhill, one of the late Edward VI's, band of gentleman pensioners, and so zealous an assertor of Reformation, that he was surnamed the "Hot Gospeller," his child was born at the Tower during the short reign of "Jane the Queen," and, in order to testify her approbation of its father's principles, she had offered to stand godmother to the boy, while Lady Throckmorton was to have officiated in her presence as her deputy. To the infant she intended to have given the name of Guildford. All things were ready for the performance of the royal pleasure, and Lady Throckmorton was in attendance in the throne room with the babe. But the place under the canopy was vacant, the ensigns of Jane's dignity removed, the pageant of royalty vanished like a baseless vision, and the astonished Lady Throckmorton was told that "Jane the queen" was "Jane the prisoner," and she might share the same captivity as her attendant, for, she, was likewise detained on a charge of treason.

Upon an examination of the crown jewels many of them were found to have been abstracted since the death of Henry VIII, and none could tell into whose hands they had fallen—yet the hapless young prisoners were made answerable for the stolen property. Jane was visited by the Marquis of Winchester and called upon to deliver into his hands the crown jewels. She had never seen the missing property, still was she made accountable for the loss, and on this pretext she, as well as her husband, were deprived of all the money they possessed. Their own jewels were likewise seized to make good the missing ones, but these were a property she said "she grieved not to lose."

The Duke of Suffolk having surrendered the Tower and caused his daughter's rival to be proclaimed queen within its walls, that act so ingratiated him with his new royal mistress that soon after her accession she released him from captivity, and as for his Duchess she was actually in favour with Mary. Suffolk, on his parole, was an inmate at Sion House, lately the residence of Northumberland and his family.

The virago Duchess of Northumberland was set at liberty, but her husband was immediately put on his trial and executed with several other persons.

During the month of August, says Pollino, Lady Jane wrote her letter of vindication, just after the death of Northumberland; when queen Mary perused it the Italian historian declares that she determined to spare the life of Jane if it could be effected consistently with public safety.

The trials of Lady Jane and her husband took place at Guildhall soon after the coronation of Mary. Lady Jane and her husband pleaded guilty and received sentence of death. Jane conducted herself with angelic calmness and even comforted her companions in misfortune, among whom was Cranmer. Yet, if that letter be indeed genuine which she had previously written to her cousin, life was by no means so indifferent to her as the tone of philosophy assumed in her other letters would lead us to suppose. She excuses herself and accuses every one excepting her father, by way of inducing Mary to believe her guiltless, in intention, and Mary must have

* Memorials at Loseny House, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, in his collection of original letters.
had great magnanimity to have spared the troublesome boy, Guildford, after reading the account of his perverse ambition detailed by his own wife. There is a passage, indeed, in Jane's letter to her father, which in our apprehension a little confirms the supposition that a natural yearning after life was beating in the bosom of the heroine. And shall we, as biographers, be blamed for analyzing this feeling? surely not, our business is to shew life as it really is; nor is the interest awakened by Jane less lively because we find her bosom vibrating between feelings of love and contempt for the wedded partner of her days, and that the natural wish for existence struggled with the high stoic maxims of the schools in the heart of a beautiful princess of eighteen.

At the time however of the Lady Jane's trial, it was generally supposed she was already pardoned, and that her condemnation was but a precautionary measure on the part of the queen against any future insurrection in favour of Jane's title to the crown, and the populace, as Jane and her husband were conducted back to their separate prisons in the Tower, loudly expressed sympathy in their misfortune. Soon after the trial some indulgences were, indeed, granted to them. Jane was suffered to take the air in the queen's garden within the Tower, and Lord Guildford and his brother Ambrose were permitted to walk on the leads of their prison.

But the lives of the interesting prisoners being suspended by a thread, the formidable insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the simultaneous rising of the Duke of Suffolk, who broke his parole at Sion House and escaped to Warwickshire, where he endeavoured, in vain, to rouse his vassals for the relief of his beloved daughter, besides the startling event of Jane's second proclamation during the insurrection, all this induced the council to represent to the queen that the national security demanded the deaths of Jane and her husband. "Yet," says Chalmers, "it was not without great importunity that Mary was induced to take her off." The fatal tidings of the signature of her death warrant made no outward impression on Jane:—she said, "she had long expected the summons and that the bitterness of death was passed."

That night she wrote the following letter to her unhappy father; as this nobleman had weathered the storm of his daughter's deposition in perfect security, and as the ardent desire to set her at liberty could have been the only inducement for his imprudent rising, it has always struck us that the bitter reproach "of being the cause of her death," with which Jane commences this epistle, was peculiarly cruel, and that it is only to be excused by her strong desire for life, which yet her ambition of martyrdom for the principles of protestantism and her imitation of the stoic philosophy of classic lore induced her openly to deny.

**Lady Jane to her father the Duke of Suffolk:**

"Father although it pleaseth God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened; yet I can so patiently take it as I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woeful days than if all the world had been given into my possession with life lengthened to my will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolours redoubled many ways both in bewailing your own woe and also as I hear, especially, mine own unfortunate estate, yet my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice in my mishaps methinks I may in this account myself blessed; that washing my hands in the innocency of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord—Mercy for the innocent! Yet though I must needs acknowledge that being constrained and as you well know continually assayed to take the crown upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the Queen and her laws, yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less in that being in so royal an estate as I was, mine enforced honour never mixed with mine innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened my state to you whose death at hand, although to you it may seem right woeful, to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joys and pleasures with Christ our Saviour, in whose steadfast faith (if it be lawful for the daughter to write so to her father) the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you so continue you that at last we may meet in heaven with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

For some days previously to Jane's execution Queen Mary had sent her chaplain,
Memoir of Lady Jane Gray.

Feckenham, to visit her, and labour to effect the conversion of the interesting prisoner to Romanism. Notwithstanding the unprincipled calumnies heaped on the name of this good man, a tender friendship seems to have been established between him and the angelic prisoner, with whom he had long religious controversies in which how much sooner the disputants might differ in points of opinion they evidently preserved that Christian charity towards each other which is so generally forgotten in all polemic disputation.

Feckenham hoping to shake the resolution of the amiable victim in whom he had, perhaps, perceived a natural longing for existence, ran to Queen Mary and implored a respite of her execution till the 12th of February. When he acquainted her with the delay of her execution she told him—

"He had entirely misunderstood her sense of her situation, that far from wishing her death to be delayed, she desired and wished for it as the period to her miseries and the moment of her entrance into eternal happiness."

Two days before his daughter's respitec execution, (February 10, 1554.) The Duke of Suffolk, her father, having been discovered in a hiding place in his park, at Astley, Leicestershire, was taken to the Tower.

On the Sunday evening which was the last of her existence, she wrote another letter on the blank leaves of a Greek testament, addressed to the Lady Katherine her sister, who was in the utmost distress of mind,—at the same time repudiated by her wedded husband Lord Herbert on account of her religion and ruined in fortune by the attainder of the Duke of Suffolk, her father. This interesting letter has been generally seen paraphrased into polished English by some author who possessed more enthusiasm for mere style, than feeling for the sublime beauty of truth. This letter, homely as some of its expressions are when taken in connection with the events to which it refers and the awful juncture at which it was written, becomes a most sacred document, and as such we have corrected the authography sufficiently only to render it intelligible to the reader. Lady Jane's object was to strengthen her sister's mind in order to enable her to bear, without faltering, the shocks of fortune and the deep agonies of wounded love; and we must say that no one can appreciate this letter who has not learned the particulars of the forlorn state in which the sister of Lady Jane then was.

Letter of Lady Jane to Lady Katherine Gray:

"I have sent you, good sister Katherine, a book, which though it be not outwardly rimmed with gold yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord, it is his testament and last will which he bequeathed us poor wretches which shall lead us to the path of eternal joy, and if you with a good mind read it and with an earnest desire follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live—it will teach you to die—it shall win you more than you would have gained by the possession of your weefal father's lands. For if God had prospered him you would have inherited his lands, so if ye apply diligently to this book, trying to direct your life by it, you shall be an inheritor of those riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, nor yet the moth corrupt. Desire, sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God. Live still to die that you by death may purchase eternal life, or after your death enjoy the life purchased for you by Christ's death, and trust not the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life, for as soon (if God will) goeth the young as the old. And labour alway and learn to die. Deny the world, defy these the devil and despise the flesh. Delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, yet despair not. Be steady in your faith yet presume not, and desire with St. Paul to be dissolved and to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be wakins, lest when death cometh he steal upon you like a thief in the night, and you be with the evil servant found sleeping, and least for lack of oil ye be found like the first foolish wench, and like him that had not the wedding garment ye be cast out from the marriage. Resist in ye as I trust ye do seeing ye have the name of a Christian, as near as
ye can follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross, lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death rejoice as I do, and advise that I shall be delivered from corruption and put on incorruption, for I am assured that I shall for losing of a mortal life find an immortal felicity. Pray God grant that ye live in his fear and die in his love—(here is an illegible passage)—neither for love of life or fears of death. For if ye deny his truth to lengthen your life God will deny you and shorten your days, and if ye will cleave to him he will prolong your days to your comfort and for his glory, to the which glory God bring mine and you hereafter when it shall please him to call you. Farewell, good sister, put your only trust in God who only must uphold you.

Your loving sister,

JANE DUDLEY."

On the morning appointed for the execution of Lady Jane and Guildford, her husband earnestly desired the officers that he might take his last farewell of her, which, though they willingly permitted, yet she declined, assuring him that such an interview would rather add to his afflictions than increase the quiet with which they had prepared themselves to meet the stroke of death.

Again the remembrance of the letter written by Pollino arises to the mind of the reader, and the question is naturally asked, when the heavy charges brought by Jane against her erring partner are considered, was the angelic Jane in charity with her lord at the time of her death? "I was mal-treated by my husband and his mother" are words that comprise an accusation of injury not likely to be lightly forgiven by any daughter of the Plantagenets. Her refusal to see and speak to Guildford always seemed an extraordinary act of philosophy in a young adoring wife. Yet the gross and unfeminine insults which that letter details, as offered by the Duchess of Northumberland when, in conjunction with her son, she threatened to part from Jane, might have had the effect of weaning the heart of that high-minded soul from her wedded partner. Some writers say she bade her husband farewell from her window as he passed to execution on Tower-hill. It was about ten in the morning, tradition says, that Lady Jane dropped him a token of remembrance from her casement. She saw his bleeding body brought back in a cart, covered with a white sheet. At the sound of the wheels the new-made widow arose, and gazed on it as it passed, saying those memorable words: "Oh Guildford, Guildford, the antepast is not so bitter that you have tasted, and that I shall soon taste as to make my flesh tremble, for all this is nothing to the feast that you and I shall partake of this day in paradise."

Guildford had been beheaded on Tower-hill, but to be beheaded on the green in front of the royal fortress was one of the sad privileges of Lady Jane’s royal descent. By twelve o’clock the scaffold on which her husband had been executed was taken down and erected on the green in front of the White Tower. Sir John Gage then told her that all was ready, and craved some token of remembrance from her: she immediately gave him her memorandum-book, wherein, after the death of her husband, she had written three sentences, one in Greek, another in Latin, and the last in English: the purport of them was “that though human justice was against his body, yet divine mercy would be favourable to his soul, and that if her own fault deserved punishment, yet her youth and imprudence might be pleaded in excuse, and she trusted God and posterity would accord her that favour.” About an hour afterwards the newly made widow was led to the scaffold, attended by Feckenham, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the book of prayers she held in her hand. Her memorable speech to Dr. Feckenham proves how kindly they felt towards each other; yet that their controversies had occasioned a severe internal struggle Jane owned in her sweet farewell to him.

* * * E dal marito a da sua madre MAL TRATTATO,” are the plain words of our author. Having carefully scanned this curious letter we speak from our own evidence. Pollino declares the letter was sent to him from London copied by persons of good credit, he supposes it written just after the execution of the Duke of Northumberland. The edition from which we have copied our extracts is printed 1591, therefore his work was not only written but printed within the then memory of man.

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"God will abundantly requite you, good Sir, she said, for all your humanity to me, though your discourses gave me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death."

Lady Jane next addressed herself to the spectators in a plain short speech. She seems willing to have been guided by the friendly hand of Feckenham in all preparations for death, wherein their opposing faiths were neutral; with the most confiding sweetness she asked him—

"Shall I say that psalm?" pointing one out in her book of prayers, to which he assented, and she, kneeling down, repeated the Miserere in English. This done, she stood up and gave to Mistress Ellen Tylney, her faithful woman, her gloves and handkerchief, and to the lieutenant of the tower her prayer-book. In the untying her gown the executioner offered to assist her, but she desired he would let her alone; her women then undressed her, probably by taking off the outer robe and leaving on her kirtle or inner gown with close sleeves. Mistress Ellen gave her a kerchief to bind over her eyes. The executioner, kneeling, desired her pardon, to which she answered,

"Most willingly."

He desired her to stand upon the straw, which bringing her within sight of the block, she said "Is that the block? pray make haste!" adding,

"You are taking it off before I kneel down!"

To which the man replied—"No, madam, I will not."

Then the handkerchief being bound close over her eyes, the innocent victim, saying, "What shall I do? Where is it?" began to feel blindly for the block, and she was guided to it by one of the spectators; when she found it she bowed herself forward, saying "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit," and immediately her head was stricken off at one quick merciful blow, which was followed by an extraordinary effusion of blood.

"This unhappy and unfortunate lady, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk," says Pollino, "was a girl of seventeen or eighteen; she was little in stature, but great in virtue and intelligence; had much personal beauty and had great knowledge." Lamenting her heresy, he speaks of her with great tenderness and respect.

England bewailed the death of this young pair in some of those ballads which form so curious a feature in the early literature of this country; the following popular stanzas bear evident marks of having been written directly after the execution of Guildford and the Lady Jane.

DEATH OF LADY JANE GRAY.

When as King Edward left this life,
In young and blooming years,
Began such deadly hate and strife
That our land was filled with tears.
More than thousand, thousand, thousand
Troubles did arise!
Northumberland being made a duke
Ambitiously did seek the crown,
And Suffolk for the same did look
To put Queen Mary’s title down;
That was King Henry’s daughter bright,
Queen of England, England, England,
And King Edward’s heir by right.
Lord Guildford and the Lady Jane
Were wedded by their parents’ wills,
The right from Mary so was ta’en,
Which drew them on to farther ills.
But mark the end of this misdeed;
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
And they to death decreed!

* We have collated the usual account with that of Nosailles the French ambassador, then resident in London. Turner considers that Lady Jane was eighteen at the time of her death.
Memoir of Lady Jane Gray.

Sweet princes they deserved no blame,
That thus must die for parents' cause,
For bearing of so great a name
To contradict our English laws.
Let all men then conclude in this,
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,
Whose parents do amiss!

Prepared, at last drew on the day
Whereon these princes both must die,
Lord Guildford Dudley, by the way,
His dearest lady did espy,
Whilst he unto the block did go;
She at her window weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe!

His dearest lady long did look,
When she unto the block did go;
Where, sweetly praying on her book,
She made no sign of outward woe;
But wished that she had angel's wings
To see the golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things!

And mounting on the scaffold then,
Where Guildford's blood did lately flow;
"I come," she said, "thou flower of men,
Terror shall not my soul forego,
The gates of heaven stand open wide
For us for ever, ever, ever!"
And thus those princes died.

On the walls of the Beauchamp Tower (the principal of the gloomy circle of fortresses which surrounds the White Tower of London) have been found the word Jane—Jane scratched on the stone by some prisoner. It has been conjectured by some that Lady Jane was imprisoned in this tower, and that the words are her autograph; she, however, always spelt her name with a J: others with greater probability have supposed the name was written by her husband in his lonely hours of captivity.

No research has ever discovered where the bodies of Lady Jane and Lord Guildford were buried. The ashes of the hapless pair probably sleep together in the vaults of St. Peter, at the Tower; the fact that Lady Jane encountered the bleeding body of her husband in her progress to the scaffold which stood before St. Peter's church, affords circumstantial evidence that they were buried in that church, the dead cart with the body of the husband had returned to the place of burial and was waiting till the remains of the yet living and blooming girl could be added to its ghastly burden.

In a small MS. volume, in vellum, now in the British Museum, is preserved, the most interesting moments of Lady Jane Gray and her husband. It is a book of prayers fitted for a person in affliction, and the tradition is, that it originally belonged to the unfortunate Protector—Somerset. Most of the prayers, though available for persons of either creed, pertain indeed to the Roman church; they are in English, and as there are devout passages from the psalms, the book is, doubtless, the one she shewed to Feckenham, and asked—"whether she should say that psalm?"—The little volume is truly a neutral ground on which Christians of both creeds might meet, without polemic rage being excited in the breasts of either. It is about three inches long and is very thick; and is bound in red morocco: some adverse hand has thrown it on the fire, for two or three of the leaves, especially at the beginning, are warped and shrivelled by the flames. Some pious person has, however, rescued it and sent it down to posterity; it is, perhaps, the most precious historical relic belonging to our archives, for on its scanty margins are written the last farewells of Lord Guildford and Lady Jane to the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk. The last words addressed by Jane to her father are in a very different spirit from the severe letter just quoted, she says:—

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"The lorde comforte youre grace and that in his worde wherewith all creatures onyge are to be comforted, and though it have pleased God to take awaye 2 of youre children yet thinke not I most humble beseech ye grace that you have lost them but truste that we by lasting (losing) his mortall life have wanne immortal life, and I, foe my parte, as I have honor'd your grace in this life will pray for you in another life, your grace's humble daughter,

JANE DUDDELEY.

This letter we have copied in her own orthography and exact mode of writing, from the book itself; it has never before been printed precisely as she wrote it.*

Her celebrated address to the beneficent lieutenant of the Tower is intermediate between this letter and her husband's letter to Suffolk; it is, in fact, the passport which was to facilitate the conveyance of these posthumous letters to the bereaved and agonised parent after whose death this precious volume reverted back to him to whom it was bequeathed. In the middle of the volume she has written,

"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, gode magister Lovefante, therefore I shall, as a friend desyre you, and, as a Christian, require you to call upon God to encline your heart to his lawes, to quicken you in his waye, and not to take the wordes of treweEth (truth) etterly oute of youre monthe—lyve still to dyy that by death you may purchase eternal life, and remembre howe the ende of Mathusaal, whose, as we reade in the scriptures was the longeste liuer that was of a manne dyed at the laste, for as the precher sayseth, there is a time to be borne, a time to dyy, and the daye of death is better than the daye of oure birthe.

Yours as the lord knoweth as a frende,

JANE DUDDELEY.

These epistles are written by Jane in the Italian hand beginning to be fashionable at that era, but her husband wrote in the old English characters. On the 60th page of the volume is his address to his father-in-law.

Your lonlyng and obedient son wyssethe onto youre grace long lyfe in this worlde with as muche joy and comforte as ever I wiste to myselfe, and in the worlde to come joy everlasting.

Your most humble son til his dethes,*

G. DUDDELEY.

We conclude this dolorous narrative with the emphatic words of Fuller:—

"And thus," he says, "died this excellent lady, who possessed the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life and the gravity of old age and all at seventeen. Her birth," continues he, "was that of a princess, her learning that of a clerk, her life that of a saint, her death that of a malefactor, wholly for her relative's offences."

Description of the Portrait

OF LADY JANE GRAY.

Among antiquarian hoards are to be found the cork chapons, or raised shoes of extraordinary altitude, by means of which Lady Jane Gray exalted her petite person to the height considered in her days requisite for a queen. The chapons (see examples of this species of shoe or clog in the portraits of Clara de Hautfort and Mademoiselle de la Fayette) belonging to this unfortunate beauty were nearly a foot in height, the robe and mantle flowed on the ground, and thus the fair wearer appeared equal in stature to the most stately of her sex; how ladies danced or walked in those inconvenient auxiliaries can scarcely be surmised.

Lady Jane strongly resembles in face and expression her English portraits by Holbien; her dress, with the exception of the mantle, is like that of Anne of Bretagne, Queen of France,—the square corsage bordered with gems, the long waist

* The formula of most letters in the Middle Ages.

[THE COURT
Description of the Portrait of Lady Jane Gray.

belted with a massive gold chain, and the tight sleeves are much in the same style of costume. The material of the robe is citron and gold brocade damasked with gold flowers. Her jewels are magnificent; they consist of two rows of throat pearls with a rich pendant jewel, and a chain of gems partly hidden in the bosom. The coif, composed of gold cloth and scarlet velvet enriched with gems, is of the form always seen in portraits of the lady Jane; the black veil forms drapery behind, and the face could be shrouded within it at pleasure. In this portrait her royalty seems to have been anticipated by her ambitious parents, for she is attired in the royal mantle of England: it is of scarlet lined with ermine linked gracefully with a gold band of chain work. Our engraving is from the original of Vander Werff, in the collection at Versailles; the escutcheon displays the arms of England impaled with those of the ducal families of Suffolk and Northumberland.

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

Hearest thou not from the glen of yon mountain
The note of the bugle—the roll of the drum?
The steed and the plume fling their shade o'er the fountain
From the climes of the east the gay warriors are come.

Who is she at whose glances the warriors are quailing?
Who is she who hath spoken the wild words of woe?
And hath still'd the loud fife in the shriek of her wailing;
Where is he that hath led you on death and the foe?

I see the bright steel on his warriors glancing,
Where have you left him? Why is he not here?
Lo! on yon mountain his war steed is prancing;
Dost he not come then this cold heart to cheer?

Lady, the bark bore him o'er the wide ocean,
And the winds and the billows re-echo'd the cheer,
And the soldier's rough breast felt a woman's emotion,
And the veteran's cheek was bedew'd with a tear;

For the eye that flash'd flame thro' the cloud of the fight
On the toil-wearied soldier in pity would bend;
And as the gale wafted our hero from sight,
We cheer'd for the leader—we wept for the friend.

Hark! again to the warrior's melody swelling,
But the drum and the bugle no longer are gay;—
'Tis the note of the dead—and each cadence seems telling
That glory laments o'er the child of decay.

On come the brave—both the young and the hoary,
And on comes his hier so solemn and slow
Whom his chosen ones bear to the tomb of his glory,
And mourn o'er the death they defied from the foe.

Now the music is hush'd—all is silence around,
Save the mandate which breaks on the ear like a knell,
'Till the land volley bursts, and the echoes rebound
At the soul-stirring peal of a soldier's farewell.

Again that adieu loudly rings thro' the valley,
Again the hill-echoes leap forth at the roar;
Farewell to the leader in charge and in sally!
But long will the widow and orphan deplore.

W. Ledger.

B—FEBRUARY, 1840.
THE LOVES OF A SUNBEAM.

Laughing at Father Phebus' frown,
An ardent sunbeam darting down,
Kissed an unsullied wreath of snow
Reposing on a bank below:
But well-a-day! unhappy beam,
His love was but a passing dream;
The snow-wreath feigned the warmth he felt,
At his approach began to melt,
And as in his embrace she lay,
Dissolved in emptiness away.

Next, our gay sunbeam played the fool
With a clear shallow water-pool.
By her brilliant face delighted,
On her fair bosom he alighted;
Sparkling gay did she receive him—
How her treach’rous mien deceived him!
For, even while her charms he drank,
Those charms before his glances shrunk,
And soon, the hapless lover lay
Forsaken, on a bed of clay.

His disappointed spleen to shroud,
Our sunbeam hid behind a cloud;
But (ever amorous) from his bower
Glanced out upon an April shower;
Soon as the gallant beam appears,
Fair Iris smiles amidst her tears,
And blushing to her violet eyes,
Assumes her loveliest rainbow dyes.
Enraptured now, the lover’s gaze
Bursts out into an ardent blaze,
The clouds disperse—but woe the while!
Away with them fades Iris’ smile—
Iris herself (her smiles and tears
In azure melting) disappears,
And leaves the hero of our story
Shining in solitary glory.

Deceived by water and by sky,
Our sunbeam, stooping from on high,
Deigns to prefer an humbler suit
Before a fair and ripening fruit;
Upon a peach’s downy cheek,
Now day by day, and week by week,
Unceasing homage he bestows,
Until that soft cheek warmly glows—
But oh! in vain is all his toil!
Another robs him of his spoil,
A rude hand comes and plucks his prize,
And bears it off before his eyes!

The beam retired in dark despair—
And now to what is bright and fair
He, but a general homage pays,
And solus, shines out all his days.
PETER VON STAUFENBERG.

A MORAL ALLEGORY.

One Peter Dirminger, residing at his patrimonial castle, or Burg of Staufen (which latter designation he generally bore) was returning late in the evening from the chase; in passing the village of Nusbach he halted awhile to slake his thirst at a beautiful fountain under wide spreading oaks. Beside the clear and limpid waters there chanced to be seated a maiden of surpassing beauty, robed in garments of purest white, who with due civility returned his courteous greeting, and greatly surprised was he at being addressed by his own proper name. Thereupon the Ritter expressing his feelings made earnest enquiry how she chanced to know him. "My dwelling is near," replied the maiden: "oft-times have I seen you here, and heard the huntsmen name you." The knight of Staufenberg was young and unmarried, and this singular rencontre made a deep impression on his heart, and on the following day he failed not to repair to the same spot, but his anxious gaze could no where trace the fair unknown. Nevertheless he daily persevered, and on the fourth evening as he sat musing beside the fountain, leaning against an ancient oak, a gentle strain of harmony proceeded from the gushing water. Quickly rising, he carefully examined the surrounding shrubberies, but there was no visible presence to account for what he heard. The sound ceasing, Peter was about to resume his place beneath the oak, there patiently to await the repetition of the soft strains of harmony which had delighted his senses, when, in extasy, he discovered the maiden herself seated on the very stone which he had himself so lately quitted. The damsels appeared to be in high spirits, but with maiden coyness would only reply to his urgent enquiries respecting her presence in accents of witty pleasantry, by which indeed the love-sick knight was so greatly puzzled that he knew not how to give vent to his feelings of astonishment, and when at length he was able to express himself, in a very confused and awkward manner he bluntly declared his passion. Whereupon, his interesting companion, long enwrapt in deep thought, at length, in return appointed to meet him on the morrow's sunrise at this the fountain of their mutual hopes. When as yet the stars had scarcely lost their lustre the knight arrived at the spot: and as punctually, with the first streak of dawn, the maiden also made her appearance, with looks, indeed, so beautiful, that the knight had his doubts whether she were a creature of earth or of heaven; her golden hair was confined by a garland of corn-flowers, and her robe again was of dazzling whiteness. Bidding the knight be seated, she thus addressed him: "I am not a daughter of earth, but a nymph—or, as some designate me, a water-sprite. We bestow not our love without our heart, nor our heart without our love. But mark me well, Herr Ritter, to be my wooer your faith must be pure as this crystal spring, and your constancy firm and unflinching as the trusty blade suspended by your side; for the slightest act of inconstancy on your part will be the sure forerunner of your death and my everlasting misery." The knight swore by heaven and all the elements, that to live without her, or to be ever—even in thought,—untrue, were alike things impossible. The maiden then presented him with a glittering ring, the bridal day was also fixed, and until that time they were not to meet again. On the arrival of the much-wished-for day, the knight, entering the hall, was surprised to find three curiously wrought baskets placed on a table—one containing gold, another silver, and the third being filled with stones of great value. These he found were the gift of his beautiful bride, who arrived shortly after, accompanied by a band of smiling nymphs. Ere the marriage ceremony commenced, the betrothed desired to speak with her true knight alone, and for this purpose he led her into an adjoining room, when she thus began: "Once more, Herr Ritter, ponder well what promise you are about to make. If ever your love for me grow cold, if ever your thoughts incline towards any other—you are lost, and that moment will presage your approaching end; of myself you will never more see aught but this—my right foot." The Ritter protested again and
again, calling upon all the saints to witness the truth of what he uttered, and with this understanding, re-entering the hall, the marriage was performed. Every day seemed from that hour to increase their happiness, until the breaking out of a war in a neighbouring kingdom.

Peter von Staufenberg, brave and ambitious, longed to try if fame and fortune alike favoured him, and his wife judged it not expedient to thwart his warlike passion; yet was it with tears and sighs and dark forebodings that she bade him farewell, and besought him to call to mind his plighted vow. Peter departed with a band of chosen followers, crossed the Rhine and joined the standard of a Frankish nobleman. Already in the earliest encounter had he manifested so much prudence and valour that he rose high in favour with the duke, whose life he had the good fortune to save; and he also greatly distinguished himself in a victory that led to the final restoration of peace, for which services the Duke testified his gratitude by offering him in marriage the hand of his youngest and most beautiful daughter. Peter was far from insensible to the lady’s attractions, and still less to the honour of so noble and princely an alliance; but incapable of the dishonesty of not concealing his marriage he preferred making a candid avowal of his real situation. When the duke had heard his recital, he looked very gravely indeed upon the subject and gave it as his opinion that the whole was effected by evil agency, and that the poor knight had been entrapped into a union with some supernatural being, thereby endangering the weal of his immortal soul; and that, consequently, no time should be lost in his freeing himself from such pernicious bonds. The court chaplain, called also, into the council, seconded his liege’s opinion, and still further assured the knight, that so soon as he could receive the blessing of the church and a Christian bride from the hand of a priest, the magician’s power would be broken. Peter, won by the attractive sweetness of his new enslaver and the rank and attentions of his host, was, unfortunately, so open to persuasion that his slender objections were easily overruled; and without delay or further ceremony he was affianced to the fair and youthful princess, and the marriage was fixed to take place at the expiration of a fortnight. On the previous evening, however, a messenger arrived from Staufen, in breathless haste, to inform the knight that his wife and infant son had suddenly, and in a most mysterious manner disappeared from his castle; and in his anxious enquiries Peter found that they had taken their departure on the very same day and at the very same hour of his new betrothal. These circumstances so tallying almost confirmed his belief in the existence of supernatural deception, and with a lighter heart and less-burdened conscience he proceeded on the following morning to the gay pavilion where the marriage ceremony was to take place. When the company had reassembled at the banquet, and Peter’s spirits were at the highest, he accidentally glanced his eye on one side of the room, and at the same moment the prettiest little foot imaginable came forth from the wall. The knight, willing to doubt the reality of the vision, rubbed his eyes, but vainly—for the tiny apparition remained long enough to convince him of the reality of its presence. At the first sight he turned alternately, hot and cold, and trembled violently as he called to mind the warning of the water-nymph—his lawful wife. Then he used the utmost exertion to shake off the sensation of dread that was creeping over him, but without effect. Evening time approaching, the whole party quitted the pavilion on their way back to the ducal palace; their route lay over a bridge, but Peter being on horseback preferred riding through the very shallow stream. Scarcely had he reached the middle, when the waters began to rise, and foam in tremendous ocean-like billows: for some time the knight bore himself valiantly on the crested waves, but they continued rising still higher and higher. The terrified steed began at first to plunge violently, then becoming altogether unmanageable, he threw his rider, and gained, alone, the opposite bank. For a few moments the stream continued to roll on with awful impetuosity—then grew on a sudden calm and shallow as before, as though overruled by some invisible power—but the knight of Staufenberg was no where to be seen, neither was there ever after any trace of him.
SONG.
FROM BERANGER'S "BONNE VIELLE."

When doubting eyes shall vainly seek
The charms on which I rapturously dwell
Inquiring youth may bid thee speak;
Of him then lost and loved so well.
Then paint my passion's ardent tide,
It's fears and doubts, (if such there be),
And seated by thy fire-side
Repeat the songs I bring to thee.

"And was he kind?" they'll ask you, "ever?"
And then, without a blush, you'll own
You loved him well—"But did he never
Commit a fault? Oh no—not one."
"None better skilled," you'll say with pride,
"To wake the lute's soft strain than he;"
Then seated by thy fire-side
Repeat the songs I bring to thee.

I've taught thy tears for France to flow;
Then to her future heroes say,
To cheer my bleeding country's woe
How hope and glory fired my lay—
And how our laurels all have died
Beneath the blast—oh! bid them see.—
Then seated by thy fire-side
Repeat the songs I bring to thee!

Beloved one! when my fleeting fame
Serves to illumine thy warning hours,
And every spring my portrait's frame
Thy trembling hand shall deck with flowers,
Look upwards to that world so wide
Where we for ever joined shall be,
And seated by thy fire-side
Repeat the songs I sing to thee!—

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.
SONETTO VII.
Ad un amico, pronandolo alle lettere.

Sloth, and voluptuousness, and beds of down
Have banished every virtue from the earth;
And tyrant custom withers, with a frown,
Each bud of genius in its very birth.
Spent is the sacred fire that erst did light
The flow'ry paths which lead to Helicon;—
Who seeks the stream must brave the darkest night.
Men wonder as the Pilgrim journeys on:—
"What, though the laurel wreath doth bind his brow,
He hath not wealth!" So speak the vulgar crowd;—
But list not, Pilgrim, think but on thy vow,
Then speed thee forward on thy lonely way!
Though darkest cloud the sacred mount may shroud
It soon shall burst on thee in brightest day.
THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.

NO. III. BY THE ABBE MONTELLE.

THE BIGOT PRIEST.

It was during a temporary sojourn in one of the most beautiful islands in the world; an island lying on the western coast of England; fruitful in soil, beautiful in landscape, abounding in wood and open country, hill and valley, river and lake, lawn and dingle, and exquisitely picturesque in all; — it was in Ireland, the land beloved by nature to the last, cherished by nature even when the sons of her soil have cast aside their inheritance and acknowledge her no longer as one of the gifts of bright creation to bless mankind; it was in this island, whose singular inhabitants speak a dialect peculiar in its intonation and not less seeming wild than the scenery that surrounds them — in accent not unpleasing to hear, though difficult to imitate,— it was from thence the following facts came to me, which in my own way, let me now relate.

It was the first hour of morning twilight. Silver exhalations fell like a veil before the stars, eclipsing their brightness; but, here and there, they looked forth with mysterious eyes that far outshone the waning darkness of night, and with their celestial beauty gave lustre to the waking of morn. Presently, thick gathering shadows collected in the west, and nothing but a long ridge of lengthening shade upon the hill tops betokened that the night was not quite spent. These gradually faded away. The wind began to stir and whisper to nature as it flew along — the cold wind that comes with morning; and in the east the first burst of glorious sunshine broke through the skies. Insects were stirring, bird calling to fellow bird in brake and wilderness, and the brave chanticleer with joyous crowing awoke his feathered friends, afar and near, till the remotest distance gave answer to his call. It was like the dawning of the soul new risen out of slumber; for the hoary hills looked up as if grown young again, the distance of darkness was changed to the living presence of light, nature in all her sweetness was once more come back again.

As the twilight mists dispersed, the landscape was displayed to the view, and the first object that met the sight was the remains of an ancient ancestral castle which crowned the neighbouring hills. Though partly in ruins, its turrets mouldering, its crumbling walls overrun with ivy and other creeping plants that thrive in desolation, it well might seem, both in extent and gothic architectural grandeur of design, as one of the residences of the noble family of Fitzgerald, who held it in the two-fold characters of hereditary master and lord. That family was now dwelling there, beloved by the peasantry whom they protected.

The proud domain looked down on a wide-spaying hamlet below; the scene around, abundant in fertility and alike romantic whether in the valley or on the hill side, was diversified by gushing streams that rambled through the country — mountain springs that made their haunts a resting place of peace; wild weeds and flowers intermingling with those dearer blessings of the harvest which nature can bestow upon her children. The woodland glade and forest shade were not found wanting; and now, at this first hour of coming day, they seemed more beautiful because they were as new gifts of the morning light, fresh gifts bestowed on man as his inheritance. So did not think many who rose up with the sun, though they felt it in the joy of the spirit, both in body and in mind.

But, in the perfect daylight, from the deep shelter of yonder wood, a figure was seen advancing towards the village; and, doubtless, by the measured slowness of the step and contemplative mien, some holy thought of gratitude — some memory of sacred writ engaged the fancy — so wrapt in strange abstraction was that figure — man. So it was. High thoughts of mighty purpose, visions of anxious ambition, dreams of religious enthusiasm, of self-devotion — of human sacrifice —
The Bigot Priest.

reckless of itself and others—of wonderful resolves and projects not to be overthrown—the wildest ecstasies of religion amounting to fanaticism, these engrossed him as he passed on his way, for many had been his struggles for that worship he defended; many the converts he had made, and many more to make. Glorious to him were the sufferings of those who suffered for the religion—the cause, whatever or wherever it might be, which the policy or wisdom of man, which the mighty power of superstition, or holy priestcraft might bring about or might invent. He was the martyr in mind, if not in body, to the principles which he advocated; he knew of no other martyrdom; or if so: well!

He had only just emerged from the precincts of the wood—the sparkling radiance of the early sun was glistening around, when, as its beams played on the earth and sported with the shadows that were reflected there, he beheld a gorgeous insect, one whose hues depict all the luminous colours of the rainbow—mingled and blended in the likeness of the basest thing that crawls. The insect came forth from the sunshine and happened to cross the pathway where he wandered.

The man paused, strangely did he think and pause again; looked on it and looked on it again, waited and meditated.

“Some such thing as this,” said he, “as this, I have seen before. An emblem of that—that church I hate. Not so neither; but where the difference? This is all splendour and that all simplicity; but it is mortal mould made beautiful with the refracted shades and tints of heaven. Tush!—That? humble yet glorious, simple yet majestic; mould enlightened by mind, sense sublimated into soul, the earthly made ethereal!” he paused once more, and the insect creeping into the shade lost the beauty of its appearance, it was well nigh escaping, but with a sudden foresight he sped after it and slowly crushed it.

“Thus—thus,” he whispered, “my heel for its head; my hand for the rending of the spirit—it’s destruction—it’s annihilation. Oh! for the sake of—for my sake, in this, let me be blest.”

So on, so was his mind embued with this subtle reasoning, that the most unlikely objects might awaken the most likely resemblance; and that which was most improbable, the thing least expected, might arouse the latent energy of thought into the high excitement of imaginary deeds, or fanciful speculations of action.

He now, however, passed quietly on his way; and as he approached the humble dwellings of the peasantry, he beheld that the day had not come forth in vain, for the inmates of the cottages were stirring, and many a rustic sire had already left his home to till the fields and earn his daily bread. But one great deed, one great design, the mastery and possession of one object, only, engrossed him. He now appeared at the opening of the avenue leading to the hamlet.

The holy father—Father Macnamara as he was called—was held in some respect amongst them. He was a man rather above the middle height; singularly spare in his person, round which his priestly garb, flowing and full, clung like vestments around a skeleton. His face, though the features were wasted and ghastly pale, was refulgent with intellectual power, suppressed passions, concentrated energy, and obstinate perseverance of design. The thin lips were almost moveless, the profile equally so; a mouth that never yet was known to smile—eyes down-cast, but dazzling with their brightness all they looked upon—a colourless complexion, a voice of melody itself,—this was the man. He entered the village and bent his steps towards one peculiar dwelling.

“T’will blessings of the day to you, holy father,” said the husbandman, as he quitted his cot.

“T’will blessings of the holy church wait on you, my son,” was the answer; “work faithfully and it will do so.”

The man, who was one of the better class of Irish peasantry, halted an instant, as if uncertain whether the priest would continue in further discourse, but perceiving as he thought, not so, he went away to his work. The looks of Macnamara pursued him anxiously, unobserved by the object of his scrutiny; but the other threw back the cowl from his head, eagerly watching his departure, in the distance, till he was utterly gone. Then he clenched his hands and clasped them in religious transport.
The Confessions of a Confessor;

“Oh lend but thy aid and counsel in this!” he fervently prayed; “bend but this man’s soul to the wondrous purposes of my thought,—teach him to be the instrument of thy wrath and vengeance as thy erring flock,—lead him to this great task, worthy himself and me, and the humble servant of heaven will, kneeling, thank kind heaven for life and immortality conferred in one.” Earnest but mistaken supplication. So concluded his morning meditations.

Meanwhile the husbandman had reached the plots of ground devoted to that day’s toil, and, while divesting himself of a portion of his upper garments previous to the commencement of his labours, gradually displayed a form, robust in herculean power, of pith and sinew intended by nature to aid in nature’s work and till her soil. His features expressed a certain bravery and manly hardihood, mingled with frankness, altogether pleasing; and if the dark eyes were fierce they were no less mild, an harmonious union of the fiery passions of manhood with the gentleness most welcome to the softer sex. He might, indeed, have been considered a powerful advocate in any cause he defended, and Nora Malone was esteemed to be no less fortunate than pretty in having obtained him for her husband. Better, however, to be blind as a mole, than possess the short sight of envy. She was, hitherto, a happy woman.

“Aint she the kindest of creatures,” he said to himself, as he laboured with hearty goodwill for her, for himself, and for others.” There’s no queen like my Nora; she’s the star, the lonely star, shining fair on a darksome night.”

Thus was the husbandman content, for he knew of no content superior to his own, or at least he regarded it not.

He laboured hard, and at length the mid-day came. Some far-off clock or tinkling bell called the workmen to their noon-tide meal, and he drew apart like the rest, and seated himself, as was his custom, on the trunk of his favourite tree, a large oak growing in the open fields that afforded him shelter from the sun, and thence he could behold the scenery around. His manly but simple mind knew what was sweet or fair to the sight: he felt it was so, and questioned no further.

While he was there, Macnamara, the priest, was seen crossing the fields in his direction; and, as though amused by their progress in cultivating the lands, he passed forward and still farther, until he reached the spot where Dermot Malone was reclining. The holy father spoke first of other things, until, accidentally, he touched on objects before them.

“You are a capital husbandman, Dermot Malone,” said he, “and doubtless, were these lands in your keeping, could do something more with them.”

“It’s difficult to say, father,” he answered. “But its no doubt I know the quality; the—you know what I mean—of the earth, as well, may be, as my betters.”

“You do so. And how much better?” was the reply. “Yonder people of the castle,” and he pointed to it, seated on the opposite hill, frowning though in ruin, as if to challenge its latest and last opponent, “those lords of the castle—do they know more of this than thou Dermot?”

“I’m thinking,” said Malone, “it would be hard for them to come here and work, and for me to go there and sit quiet.”

“What are they?” demanded the quiet voice of the priest, as though inquiring that which he had never heard before. “What are they to you—to me—to any one.”

“For that,” retorted Dermot, with a smile, they have held the great place for may a long year; our father’s children have worked for them, and they are the best amongst us in these parts, kind and so on, too.”

“What—what!” apostrophised the same peaceful voice, “they live on the very sinew, heart, soul of the peasantry; they, rich in luxury, are the tax, the burden on their fellow creatures. But heaven has ordained that its enemies—the enemies of our church, should thus beset us.”

Dermot Malone said nothing: he comprehended that there was a heaven and an earth; a place where people would be happy, and one where they would not;—but these enemies of the church were kind to him and his; his heart was not so great a renegade as to deny this,—he was silent.

“Our church,” said the same calm voice of the priest, “this church was the pre-
The Bigot Priest.

valent worship throughout Christendom. New principles, fresh doctrines, innovations, corruptions, distinctions, arose, took root, were promulgated; and these, our enemies—souls destined to perdition, now triumph over us: but not for ever—not unto the last.

The husbandman had heard all this before and only half understood it, but now surely in his turn, he would bewilder the priest.

"The people are good, kind enough," said he.

Nora, my good wife there, she comes to the chapel with me, and she's one of that sort too.

"My son," said Maenamara, "the righteous shall be divided from the heretic in the other world,—the wicked from the good—and you from her—your wife."

"I hope not," said Malone, "you have said, holy father, that absolution might be got."

"By the labour of a life, my son," said the same emphatic voice, "by the sacrifice of a life—"

"I have performed penance over and over again, paid from my hard earnings what I could barely spare," answered the man; "but, if good father, all the days of my life—gifts to the blessed virgin—prayers to the saints—prayers of the holy church can save me—"

"One thing—one," eagerly interrupted the priest, "that can save you, my son! can save you from perdition."

"What?"—asked Dermot Malone; but the voice of the priest had something so startling, so energetic, so fearful in its emphasis, that the interrogation escaped from his lips unawares and also unheard.

A deep pause ensued. Dermot for the first time felt as if sin had chained him and bound him by the indissoluble bonds of religious duty—by the strong fetters of natural superstition to do all that the church might order, that this man,—the vowed servant of the church might direct; this chain's weight fell in an instant on him—he felt it both cold and gallingly. "Many times," he murmured, at last, in a tone of mournful complaint; "often you have talked in this way. The early sun has seen it, the living day knows of it,—noon, eve, and night there is no rest for me; and, good father, I know there's a God above me, but I'm not quite a clad of earth. The love and hate, joy and sorrow, heart and soul of a man belong to me;—and so, father, treat me like a man and end it."

"The family of Malone, grandsire, sire and son have always been true catholics," said the quiet voice, "and you are so, Dermot."

"Yes, yes, father," was the answer.

"You would live and die in the faith of the cross?" said Maenamara.

"Yes," said he, "good father, yes."

"You would destroy—slay the enemies of the cross of the church?" he asked.

"Yes, sure, in open warfare, in open fight," said Dermot Malone, and the flashing of his eye, and the flushing of his cheek showed he was true as steel.

Another pause took place.

"Yonder castle on the hill," said the priest, at last, "century after century it stood like a strong fortress set up in the land, mighty in its protection of the blessed mother church, a bulwark of the virgin and her saints, giant-like in its lasting opposition to her enemies;—but the arch fiend crept in, Satan triumphed over the soul of its lord, he was accursed—a heretic—an apostate, and that curse has lighted on his children. The castle now stands as a sign in the land, its banner is the symbol to lead her sons to darkness—to perdition:—but one blow—one, only, would end it!"

"And where would be the man to lead on the attack—the hand to strike the first blow?" said Malone, and there was something of scorn in the question. For, to his imagination there appeared a mighty swarm of armed troops, scaling the hill side, thronging both wall and rampart in the onset—and with only ordinary means of defence, it seemed to his fancy, a siege of a foolish kind—an attempt on an impregnable fortress—war certain of no reward of victory;—he smiled at the bare thought.

"The body of man," said that even and melodious voice," the human body is
beautiful and powerful, stately and wondrous in its proportions,—it is as a tower of strength; but it has so small—so invisible a thing as a heart, a soul; touch it even with the mortal touch of a pin's point—and the body is dead. Do you see, my son, understand?"

Perhaps, Dermot Malone did so, but it was comprehension from which his mind shut out the sense, as if fearful of its knowledge.

"Glorious would be the hand that would strike at that one life," whispered the priest; "immortalized the spirit of that man who rides the church of its enemy. The crimes of ages would be there wiped out, its sins washed clean in the pure water—the spring of faith."

Dermot Malone said nothing. His face was pale as water ere it freezes; his elbows were resting on his knees, his hands were clasped. The attitude expressed that submission to priestly counsel in which he had been instructed from his early boyhood; in fact, the deportment of the slave before his master, the victim in the presence of his inquisitor. But still, there was some other light breathing in him, the light of a better, nobler nature, dimmed but not utterly lost in ignorance and superstition,—though he had been nurtured as the child of one and both.

"Is it?" said he, as though thinking aloud, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "is it right, think you, good father, that we should turn round on those who have treated us kindly—turn round and sting them—betray or slay them, cut them down like green and tender grass before us—and all for the true faith—all for our religion! and its a sad thing if the gates of heaven are to be opened in this way. It's harder work, then, to get to heaven than to work here on earth. To have to kill beasts seems unkindly,—but to murder men, alas! and the Lord help me!—but this is something—this life—father."

"You understand me," said the priest; "but, Dermot, blessed is he who does the work of his Creator, fulfills his lot in life, quaffs its cup to the dregs, and becomes holy, nay, sanctified, through suffering and endurance. The lot assigned to you may seem humble among men, but glorious to angels; dreadful to human feeling, but sweet beyond expression to souls celestial. My son, my son, listen to your friend; be not for ever lost—but let me save you."

"I am lost," sighed the man,—and tears that broke not forth, betrayed themselves in his words. "Tell me to cut my right hand off,—pluck out my own heart,—oh."

"I have had prophetic warnings, dreams, visions from above," said that harmonious voice,—"and you, Dermot Malone, you are the man appointed by the church—by heaven itself—to do this deed—to minister to its vengeance."

There was in this a something—a strange solemnity of voice—a horrid distinctness of utterance that had its due effect upon the uneducated being to whom they were addressed. Unspeakable anguish and suppressed emotion were depicted in his face; he arose from beneath the tree where he was seated, and as he stood, with open countenance and open heart, steadfast in the broad daylight, it seemed as though he were uttering his vindication to sky and earth, and before nature.

"I am a simple man," said he, "and can only worship in my own simple way. Heaven must take me forgetful of my ignorance, believing in my faith, confident of my love."

It might not be quite this; but in some such manner did he express it.

"Alas!" said the priest, "accursed is the man who is great in his own conceit. Art thou not married to a heretic and therefore doomed to perdition; thy child, the offspring of sin, shall not be saved, thy—"

Dermot Malone uttered a smothered cry of entreaty; the first tinkling of the rural bell sounded sweetly to his ears—he moved as if to depart.

"Beware, my son," said the holy man; "beware lest thy priest forsake thee; lest the anathema of the church destroy thee quite; lest thou die an outcast and forsaken;"—with these words he left him.

The man remained motionless, gazing after the retreating figure of the priest with looks of agony; his soul was anxious though his voice unwilling to call him back; he feared his anger, but still more feared to hear discourse fatal to his peace of mind,
The Bigot Priest.

religious counsel which he dared not neglect and which he trembled to follow. The belief of the ignorant is founded upon the superstitions of custom and early youth; but the belief of the wise is a self-intelligent principle of faith drawn from above, below and all around, and pre-existent in the nature of man. But this man beheld his priest, knew his priest, felt him to be the deputy of a still higher power,—the representative of Heaven itself; one who could dispense its mercy and forgiveness at will, could exclude from or admit the penitent to the joys above; lead him to realms of peace, or let him perish even on the threshold of eternity. What if he had one thought opposed to this? He dare not. What if he had one hope? If! It was impossible. Dermot Malone trembled, and his blood ran cold at the bare notion. This was pure ignorance, perhaps; but many a brighter spirit might have wept to know the feelings that overcame him—the deep emotion of his mind.

The rustic bell was still ringing on, and that which a moment before was so welcome to Dermot Malone, was now like harsh discord to his senses; he had offended his priest, his ghostly adviser, and there was no joy for him; he had either lost, or resigned, that bliss of inward peace dearer than all else in this world. He turned from his work in sadness, but ere he had crossed the field, an object attracted him, discernible in the far-off winding road at the bottom of the hill, and he hurried to the rising ground to view it more distinctly; for this road ran through the open country in his direction, and would therefore afford him a nearer inspection of the person who thus excited his curiosity.

It was a lady on horseback, and the floating of her dark veil on the summer winds, now seen, now lost through intervening trees, or groups of tangled foliage, directed his gaze as she approached him. He presently distinguished that she was accompanied by a young boy, riding on a pony by her side; while, behind her, another person also rode, to whom, if he might judge by the wafting of her veil in that direction, she ever and anon turned back, as if in conversation, or perhaps to discover if he still followed them.

"It's the young lord himself!" exclaimed Dermot. "I know him by his upright air of a soldier, and she—pretty creature, she's playing woman's witchery upon him,—but let's look nearer."

On any other occasion, Dermot Malone would have hastened into the road to greet them with his rustic salutation; but now he shrank from the meeting as though ashamed of some secret thought, fearful lest some outward evidence might make it seen by others, and horrible it was that they should imagine what it was so doubly horrible for him even to reflect upon. He crept behind the hedge willing to see, but himself escape observation.

They advanced as he had expected; and cowering in his hiding place, as they passed near him, he managed to catch a full view of the lady, and truly did Dermot Malone believe that she was well worth looking upon. He almost groaned with regret as he beheld her.

"And what became of the knight?" said the little boy; and as the horses passed the spot where he lay concealed, the wind bore their voices towards him.

"Oh, he had many things more to do before he could win his lady-love," said the young girl in reply, and sweet was the voice that spoke, "I will tell you all about it:" and thus she passed before Dermot Malone, like an exquisite vision whose fascination was not to be overcome nor memory forgotten.

He had heard speak of her heavenly eyes and their refulgent lustre; of her glorious and golden waving hair, her seraph face, her sylph-like form, and manners such as make the great appear like ministering angels to those beneath them. A voice, a laugh, both in themselves enchantment, of this he had heard talk, and no wonder that the lord should be willing to marry her without title or fortune. He had seen her himself; and all this he now believed. For the young lord Fitzgerald himself; he regarded him with awe as the master and proprietor of a vast extent of country around; and, from his rank, holding a distinguished place at the head of a religion, differing from his own—one, therefore, that he was bound to abhor. So the priest taught him. There were other feelings too,—of remembered kindness,—of benevolent con-
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descension—of many acts most hard to be forgotten. The young man passed him like a lightning stroke, that startled without injuring him.

Dermot Malone watched them till a turn in the road concealed them from further observation. Most bitter were the feelings that passed through his heart. He had let drop his sickle on the ground, but now in desperation he seized it up, and clave down a tender sapling that grew beside him. He smiled coldly—a ghastly smile, as it fell on the green sward.

"And would it be well," he cried, "fair, honest, kind! I can’t do it, for the life of me I can’t do it."

So he turned in sorrowful mood back to his work again.

Meanwhile the gay young party rode blithely on their way, nor thought aught of harm or danger that could lurk near them.

"But what became of the knight?" again asked the boy. "Now you have got him out of the wood, what then?"

"He came, at last, to that large castle, as I said," continued she, "and the castle was called, "the Castle of the Heart,’—so though there was only himself, he thought fit to besiege it."

"How did he?" asked the boy.

"How indeed?" laughed she, and she cast an arch look once more back upon her lover. "It was a fairy castle, you know; and he stormed it with sighs and tears, the brave battery of words, the artillery of fierce and blazing looks; and when these failed, he spoke softly and sung sweetly, and put on the ways of true love to win her, but the lady could not love him without one thing."

"What did he do?" said the boy.

"He laid himself down at the gate of the castle, willing to become her prisoner," said she, "and he would have died for her—but no."

"What then?" cried he.

"He offered her all his money," said the lady, "gold, jewels and precious stones,—but no."

"And then?" asked the child.

"Why then," said the lively girl, "he laid down his heart, beautiful to behold, kind, good and brave,—better than gold or aught else, dear, and the fairy castle then yielded to him, and they were married:—but the story is ended."

She turned back again with sweet mischievous laughter, sporting with her lover; and suddenly set off at a hand-canter in the direction of the village. The young lord joined her, not once dreaming of the commotion their approach occasioned there.

An aged crone beheld them from the loop-hole of her cabin, and, as she expressed it, "the rich heretics were coming amongst them." The report flew from hut to hut; all were anxious to hear the news—to see the wealthy lord and his lady-love, though so often seen before; and the humble people, decked in clean cap and apron;—each cottage, blessed with a whole herd of children, flocked to the doorways to salute them as they passed. But as they beheld the light speed of their horses’ motion as they seemed to fly over the land, loud were their complaints lest they should ride through the village at this rate, and so pleasing a sight be quite lost to them. But the lady presently drew up and fell into a more sober pace at the entrance of the hamlet.

Many were the greetings of the rustic populace, many the curtseys and bows returned with affable salutation as they went on their way, till the party suddenly halted at the door of Dermot Malone’s cabin, and the lady dismounting entered there.

"And the earth is proud that bears your footsteps," said Nora, his wife, as she beheld the lady, "and honored is the roof where it lights beneath, my lady."

"Good morning, good Nora," said young Edith O’Connor. "I thought perhaps the baby might be wanting some things; and I am always at work you know, so if you will call at the castle;—and about your husband losing his work down yonder in the fields there, lord Fitzgerald will find him something to do, so call upon me."

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"The blessings of the poor are all your own, madam," said Nora, "and follow you wherever you are. I'll be sure to come my lady."

"Have you made me my willow basket yet?" asked she, "not yet?"

"I'll bring it with me to have your bounty," said the woman; and the lovely lady tripped away again, having first kissed the infant and given money to a peasant's child who had woven her a wreath of wild harebells, and was holding them towards her as she stood by the road side.

"Are they not beautiful?" said Edith. "Many of them grow in the mountains, valleys, in the open fields; and they are emblems of the peasantry—too fair and natural to be crushed under foot; they ought to be woven into a crown—into a garland for the lords of the land, in memory of the rustic rights which they love to protect."

"Truly so, dear Edith," said the young man; "and poor and humble as yon hamlet appears, it has never but been nobly protected by my fathers before me; and in comparison with other haunts of the wretched that may be found in this unfortunate country, it is a home of content, embosomed in this wilderness of nature. When we cease to watch over them, the name of Fitzgerald will be heard no more."

We will pursue their discourse no farther; but in such kindly acts and in such paternal love of their native soil, in conversation, whose fundamental principle was the defence and support of their fellow creatures, whose generosity also was prepared to carry into effect any scheme that might be esteemed to be beneficial to mankind; in such way and words as these, their lives were occupied, and if the young lord himself was the main source and origin of this, the lovely creature, his companion, took her will from his, and was ever ready to lend her assistance in the good cause and true. They were prepared to make life worth living for all; and if they were not understood, great was their misfortune that they were not.

As they entered the castle, Father Macnamara was wandering up and down before the portal, and far other meditations engrossed him.

He beheld the court-yard, once the resort of the mighty in the church; and there he imagined he still beheld the shades of holy fathers frequenting it; the pageantry of monkish processions, where the mysterious host, relics and purified waters of the fount of faith, the mitre and thrice-blessed crosier, rosary and cross, again presided, again adorned the land with their magnificence—the pride of priesthood. And not only this. A mortal antipathy—the fear of fire—the dread of danger—an inexpressible hatred, wordless and echoless—to be felt but not defined beyond the feeling—this it was which tortured him at the bare mention of a more simple creed—at the sight even of that individual who professed it. And so was his mind warped that study and reading would not relax it; involved in the madness of fanaticism, mighty in the delusions of a prejudiced mind, he believed in nothing but his own belief;—strong in the frenzy of mistaken devotion and blind to his misfortune in being so.

This it was and these contemplations that suggested to him many and indirect methods of action, by which he might arrive at the means, and next, the end of all his great designs. For the end, attained by any means whatever, however shameful, was to his faculty the all in all of his ambition,—the one evidence by which he could prove himself a faithful servant of the faith—a true disciple of his own religion; and dark indeed was the blind zeal that misled him, dark as his conscience to that delusion which lured him on. His thoughts were as yet imperfect or immature—the scheme must grow and ripen; he turned towards the castle where he was well known to the domestics, he entered there unquestioned, and still in thought.

He halted in the great hall or vestibule, built of solid oak; nor was his attention excited either by its antique magnificence, or solemn pomp resembling the aisle of a cathedral; or by the singular and quaint devices of flowery wreaths and imitative shamrock, grotesque face of satyr or mask of olden times, that, carved and wrought out of the enduring wood, ornamented the wall,—curious indeed, if only as a relic of the forgotten skill of bygone generations. The church-like and gothic windows, ancient and defaced banners suspended from the vaulted roof and immovable in the silence around, the daylight softened into twilight that filled the whole with mystery and awe;—this did not attract him; this cloistered gloom was familiar. He passed along in the direction of a huge window of painted glass that lit the staircase. The
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mid-day sun revealed there in gorgeous hues the scene of the crucifixion; he crossed himself, bending devoutly; and opening a door near at hand, admitted himself into the usual sitting apartment of the castle.

As he expected, Edith O'Connor still in her riding dress was seated there; her lover wooing as lovers should do; but as the holy man entered, vast confusion of business seemed to be about to begin, and, throwing her hat aside, she fluttered up and down awhile, disarranged everything around her, thought what was next to be done, and at last pouting, half pleasantly began:

"Why is it that you refuse, Henry? Strange you should refuse me this."

"Dear Edith," said he, "only for the pleasure of being entreated and asked again. But no, I will get poor Dermot Malone work elsewhere in the grounds; but not here—here in the garden. In fact, yes—he is my evil star."

The priest listened attentively, the lady looked in mute wonder.

"What think you? good father," said she, "is he not an excellent workman."

"Laborious, simple-hearted, honest, faithful," said Macnamara.

He said no more, Edith looked in her lover's face and saw an inexpressible peculiarity she could not understand.

"It is true that so many poor people are to be cast out of work," said she, willing to turn the conversation, and the priest answered in the affirmative.

"But my young lord will do something for them," said he, "I have come to crave his bounty."

The lady glanced again anxiously towards her lover; that some mysterious something was in his aspect.

"As this will fall heavily on the poor," said she, "Henry was thinking of laying out some acres of land into an English garden for me; and many hands must be employed, so I thought that my lord would let Dermot Malone be one of them."

That "my lord!" though uttered half smilingly was the decisive word at last; and the priest hinted how much human goodness might dwell unseen in these working classes, and if desert were the test of approval, who more deserving than Dermot Malone.

"It shall be done, dear Edith," said the young lord, "and because you bid it, that man shall be my peculiar care."

The expression of his voice, so mournful did it seem, made her almost regret her solicitations so often repeated; and she arose and pressed her hand soothingly upon his shoulder as though willing to entreat forgiveness.

"Let no man call me a coward," said Henry Fitzgerald: "but that man, though a beautiful specimen of the peasantry of my native land, I cannot love him—like him. There is some natural or unnatural antipathy."

"Oh, you would not harm him, I am sure!" cried Edith.

"Certainly not;—I would benefit him," said he, "serve him—do all that one man ought to do for another;—but in the distance—not near me. This is weak—wicked perhaps; but it is my feeling. There—love—no more."

Undoubtedly there was that pale, that marked agitation of countenance that struck conviction on those who saw it. To Edith, it appeared distinctly; but perhaps it was that aversion that time and further acquaintance with the man might destroy. To Macnamara, it told of other things. It seemed as some prophetic indication of that which he must bring to come to pass—the deed of his long study and contemplation. He feigned to think it an idle fancy, a sentiment altogether unworthy of the mind that fostered it; and as he received from the young nobleman a liberal donation towards the relief of certain aged and decrepit individuals, the objects of his lordship's bounty, he thought fit to expostulate still further upon any unjust prejudices and weak partialities.

"It is well," said the young man, "but father, teach thine own heart to do all this;" and here he smiled. "When you defend your religion with less zealous fury—when you can be more lenient to the heretics, as you call us; when, in fact, you can hate less and love more,—this weakness, I promise, Macnamara, shall be, like the wind, felt but not seen;—nay—it shall be gone," and, with cordial farewell,—so they parted.
The witchcraft of love will have its way, either to ruin or for bliss. Not an hour after, Nora Malone, her cheeks bedewed with tears, as two ruddy apples beset with the pearls of the morning came to Miss O'Connor, and having stated "that there was no more work for the master," as she called her husband, was delightfully wrought to the highest pitch of joy, by hearing that her good man was to be admitted to work on the lord's lands, at wages, to her, the very best imaginable.

"Isn't this like giving me a soul and a heart again, my lady," cried she. "It's hard for the first baby to want for bread. And when you're married to my lord, I wish you just such a jewel of a boy as mine is, my lady."

Edith coloured the colour of the heart, rosy blushes of nature,—and began to handle the miniature raiments she had made for the child, who certainly was in want of them—and humble, as all good women are in their domestic duties, she took the infant gently on her knees, and smiling at her own sweet awkwardness began to dress it in the little things her skill had fashioned.

Nature, true nature, unpolluted by base intercourse with others, is always in its feelings and emotions true to itself. Nora Malone thought it a high honour done her, and there she saw the mother like herself—the same shadow always reflected in the same stream—and she smiled delighted gratitude, when she could have wept in perfect adoration—humble submission to one she felt to be greater than herself, and equal with her only in this. If beautiful actions lie in simple acts, as they do,—how is it that the wise so often mistake them.

The woman received back her child, heard the innocent remarks of the lady while doing this, and as light springs up from particles of light—flames making one vast fire, so the benevolent actions of that one hour, created in that woman's mind a little world of affection—true sympathy, unblemished friendship, that nothing could ever again destroy.

If the world's accomplishments be considered admirable; if the beauty of intellectual superiority he worshipped under the name of genius; why should not simple persons, great in their true simplicity of acts, be looked upon as sacred and dear?

Nora Malone was a worthy woman. Her native land was likeness of herself. The gushing of bright cataracts of water from mountain fastnesses or elevated rocks hard as the iron of the earth;—these might express the durability, the fire, the endurance, under hardship, of the woman,—but tender streams of feelings sprung from thence and flowed wherever nature led them.

She took the gifts presented to her. Old garments of the better sort that make new garments for the poor. She went away certain of her husband being employed for the future; hugging her child as just escaped from want—weighed down with the load of humble but fitting gifts—She came in sorrow but she departed in joy, and in her bosom was planted the germ of feelings that might spring into a perfect flower,—the ornament of herself and of her on whom she bestowed it. For the future, so was the agreement made between them, Nora Malone was to fetch milk for her child from the castle dairy, and other kindnesses weighed upon her heart; but had she known or seen the future that was about to come to pass, she would have let the infant die, even herself, rather than have brooked or have submitted to it.

She reached home at last,—a lowly cot made pleasant and habitable by cleanliness and hard-working industry; and though she attempted to wile away the day with more than usual exertion in her household duties, yet long and wearisome it was to her, so impatient was she to recount to her husband all the honour done her in her reception at the castle and shew to him the many presents given. Still the day would not wear away. The evening meal was on the table long before its usual time. She had trained anew the thriving honey-suckle over the doorway, plucked bunches of its blossoms mingled with other buds of various hues, and these were placed in a broken jug over the chimney-piece, as the best ornament of her cottage home, but for all this, Dermot Malone did not appear,—his accustomed hour came, but he came not.

She went to the garden gate. Ploughman and peasant came from the fields, each to his home, but not he amongst them. She went to and fro, this way and that, but
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no where was he to be seen, and she returned disconsolate, but still believing that every one in turn who approached the hamlet must be Dermot Malone himself, only.

"Have you seen my good man?" asked she, as the last group of peasantry seemingly, passed her. "Has Dermot left his work in the fields yet."

"His tools he left under the hedge," answered one amongst them, "and he went towards the woodlands some time since."

"May be he's gone to cut wood," said she.

But when the time for the evening repast wore away, when that day's sun was sinking fast behind the hills, his crimson and purple beams and golden radiance fading into the deep shades of twilight, then her anxiety and suspense became insupportable, she laid aside the untasted meal, lulled her baby to sleep without one whispering song to soothe it, and sped away to the fields in search of him. He was not there. She took the road to the forest, and at length beheld him walking under the far shade of the trees on its verge, and Father Macnamara at his side; she drew back, not daring to interrupt them.

"I have something to say to you, Dermot Malone," said the priest, who had just encountered him. "I have often thought that when you are without work, the game in these woods would afford you many a dinner. The woods and streams here are your own, or like your own;—and when you are cast adrift, as you will be, even a sinner may look to a wise Providence to give him support."

"We are cast adrift," said Malone, sorrowfully, "and I'm thinking what will become of her and the child."

"The church has forsaken you," said the priest, with marked solemnity, "and none can prosper without the church."

"And where can the fire-arms be got to shoot down this game?" said Dermot, "for there's plenty of food here."

"Strolling the fields," said the priest, "I beheld under yonder hedge with your working-tools, a gun, Dermot Malone."

"I have not such a thing," said he, "and never had."

"I thought," said the priest, "whether some holy miracle might have placed it there to afford you daily support; or whether you yourself in the just cause—the cause of your religion—you had bought it, resolved to obey this, the command of heaven."

"I have looked into my own heart, and can't do it," said Dermot Malone.

"The church has wrought this miracle," cried the priest, clasping his hands fervently, "and in time she will lead her son into the true path, he shall buy back his claim to her love and her protection; thrice blessed, he shall die in the odour of sanctity."

Dermot answered nothing: but with folded arms walked on and on, and up and down beneath the shadow of the trees, silent, so that the still wind of evening was distinctly heard; and the priest walked along with him. Nothing further did they say. Once or twice, Dermot Malone looked into the quiet eyes of the priest, and he cast back the look; the one questioned whether he dare throw off the bondage and thraldom that beset him, the other's cold and decisive glance answered, no—he dared not. At length, they halted together; and neither thought of remarking the other.

"The anathema of the church is upon you," said the priest. "Deeper than the curse of father and mother it clings to you, and retribution shall wait upon you: you were fortunate but you sinned. The church has interfered, and, want, nay, starvation, awaits you. No blessing can light upon you; yet, to save an unrepenting sinner, she gives you the means of living. Think of this, prove grateful. Think, Dermot Malone, of your crimes; repent,—and, by revenging our—her injuries,—save—save yourself."

He departed. This was the servant of Heaven, consecrated by it, and Heaven spoke through him. Did not the power of the priesthood come direct from thence? It did so. At least to the apprehension of Dermot Malone—he had been taught so; and can ignorance confute what wisdom has asserted and demonstrated,—certainly not that of this uninstructed being.

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He heard in deepest anguish and dismay the words of Macnamara. He wavered and began to feel something powerful in them; so mysterious, awful, dreadfully convincing was his manner. He watched him out of sight, and more wretched than ever turned away towards his home, involved in melancholy contemplation. He saw not his wife until he heard her address him.

"Oh! and Dermot dear, are you come back at last! Sorrow's in the heart of your wife with your leaving her."

"Nora, girl," said he, "I'm the most wretched of men. But it's not fit to tell you."

They walked on together till they had well nigh reached the hedge where his tools were placed.

Nora was now thinking and smiling on the delightful surprise she had in store for him; and she was not going to reproach him for leaving her alone; for this, after the marriage day, was the happiest day of her life, thought she, and she was not going to spoil it neither.

"Go on," said Dermot Malone, "and I'll bring the tools after with me."

He was embarrassed, and coloured when he said this, for he remembered the gun which he had been told was lying there. They parted and he went to the hedge, and certainly there it was. He took it up, examined it, wondered how he could hide it from his wife; yet why so? it was only left there for the purpose of obtaining food for her and himself; was it not so?—the priest could only have meant this assuredly. What else did he mean! Dermot Malone's conscience did not reply.

"And what have you got there, dear?" said Nora, with some surprise.

"And what is it, my Nora?" he replied "it's only a gun—a gun given me by a good friend to kill birds when we're hungry."

"The lord at the castle won't like it?" said she.

Who cares whether or no, dear," he replied, "it's the last day of working for the lads of this country, and you shall never starve."

His young wife turned round, and though the twilight was fast falling, he saw her rosy and blithe looks, and a gay bow of ribbon among her curls; and the pride of a husband came back to his bosom, half consoling him for all his misfortunes.

"And ain't I now as pretty as my lady herself!" said she.

"Why! what have you been doing to yourself," cried Dermot. "Are you mad, wife?"

"It's all my young lady's doings, every bit of it!" cried she; and she went on detailing all the wonders of the day, all that had happened to her at the great castle, and she ended the story with how her husband was to go and work in Miss Edith O'Connor's garden, what wages he was to receive, and how happy they should be.

"And if they've given me work," said he, "it's all I want to be a man again. God bless them!" And just then they reached the cottage gate, and he kissed his wife in one of those sudden ecstasies of happiness, that, for the time, effaces all recollection of any thing but present joy. The mood lasted but for a moment.

She presently began to display all her new property and attire; and when a more elaborate account was given of all that had taken place, every word, as it fell, seemed to draw drops of blood from the heart of Malone—drops of inexhaustible content now converted to gall and wormwood; and singular it was that all this should come to pass while he was talking to the priest, listening to hints of bloodshed and murder that his thoughts dare not repeat.

"Yes, yes, they are good people," said he, "and I am grateful:" and though Nora thought that he spoke like one broken down with woe, rather than elevated with joy, she said nothing.

The glory of that day was fast declining, the sun had already sunk, and the stars were peeping from the skies, but Dermot Malone spoke not of refreshment or sleep. Seated at his cottage-window, overlooking a lovely country in every direction, he drew in at his eyes bitter meditations, thoughts that broke down his spirit, too strong for that ignorance against which they strove in vain.

He looked upon the country, and silently acknowledged there a Divinity, the matchless Deity of earth, air and sky, the mortal and the immortal. Nature and his
own heart had taught him this. But how to worship this all-presiding power,—
this—custom—the laws of man—man wiser than himself, had pre-arranged. Could
God require the blood of his creatures in atonement for another's crime. If their
worship was unlawful in his eyes, would nothing but their lost souls appease his
dread resentment. He could not believe this. But he was taught this. His priest
asserted this,—instructed by,—in the name of, his Master,—the Master of the
world. The man was simple—too simple-minded for his thoughts to speak in
intelligible words. But these thoughts, in wild confusion passed through his brain;
till tears—hard tears flowed forth and spoke his feelings. He sat brooding there,
his mind suggesting unanswerable questions, till the mists of night descended and
all was wrap in an uncertain twilight.

"What is the matter?" asked Nora again and again. "Why are you down-
hearted at leaving the old spot yonder when you will love this new one as well in a
day."

"Oh no, never," said he, energetically, "would, Nora, would I had never
married you!" he whispered, as she stooped to embrace him. "This curse would
never have fallen on me."

"You don’t mean that," said she, "you have been talking to that Father Mac
namara. But for all my sins I will ask pardon of heaven alone, Dermot."

"They are few, dear," sighed he.

"A simple religion is the happiest after all," said she, and again she gaily kissed
him.

"Ah!"—sighed the man, "right or wrong, Nora, I wish I were you."

"You will be of my religion some day," said she, "I know you will."

"Would that I could love," said Dermot Malone, "but go to rest, I will be with
you soon.

And there he sat watching the darkening of night, and the gradual appearance
of the stars, till all was obscure, the landscape lost to view and scarce an outward object
to be seen. The words of Nora, his wife, dwelt in his thoughts and caused there
new perplexity. He was, at length, aroused by the sound of the latch of the door,
and after intent scrutiny, he beheld the face of the priest emerging through the
gloom, and he started on seeing Malone seated in the darkness. The holy man,
though mistaken in his devotion, was not, therefore, the less devoted to it.

"I have come forth, Dermot Malone," said he, with gentle fervour; "come
forth at this time, because a prophetic spirit told me the enemy was now tempting thee,
even to destruction. In the form of thy wife, it tempts thee, to lead thee
away—an apostate to thy religion. But it shall not prevail. The words of my mouth
this day shall triumph, and here do I fix my sacred cross, in token that one of her
sons is dwelling here, and the roof shall henceforth be unpolluted where he takes up
his mortal rest."

So saying, the priest placed over the chimney the sacred badge of his order, and
approaching Malone, he repeated over him a Latin prayer, uttered his benediction
and slowly departed.

That prayer, utterly unintelligible to the listener; that prayer was like the spell
of an enchanter, against which he dared not argue nor attempt to understand;
which like other mysterious symbols of his faith bewildered rather than consoled;
leaving him lost in the mazes of superstition, and confounded by that priestly power
which he dared never, even in thought, question.

He went, at length, to rest; but neither rest nor peace was there. His thoughts
repeated over and over all that the priest had said, his dreams re-whispered it, his
senses were absorbed by it, so forcibly entranced, that several times he started up,
as if an audible whisper spoke to him, pronouncing those very words; "Glorious
the hand that strikes at that one life:"—but it could not be so surely, he tried to
sleep again.

"Who is it in the room?" at length, asked Nora, "I hear stirring and a voice
whispering: what can it be?"

"It shall save his soul alive," continued the voice, "one life."

Dermot Malone sprang up, his wife clung to him; he looked around, but she

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concealed her face. It was, perhaps, the force of imagination; but there, at the bottom of the bed, there appeared visible, in the twilight, the figure of a priest;—it resembled—it was the likeness of Father Macnamara,—and so it vanished slowly through the door way—and yet seemed standing there still, as loathe to go. Now though Dermot Malone was a brave man, such was his fascination while he beheld it, that breath and power of motion were suspended; he gazed wildly in stupefaction on it,—all the horrors of natural superstition came upon him at once, his ignorance betrayed his better faculties, he sank back amazed and bewildered. He heard, as he thought, some other sound, as of prayers.

"Is that you, holy father," he cried; but dead silence answered not.

"It is nothing, love," said he, fearful of alarming his wife; and his heavy sighs told that he was still waking when the light of morning dawned. The grey opening atmosphere was hateful to him; the glory and beauty of his manhood seemed gone; the peace of mind and home content that made it beautiful and glorious, these were both gone: he sighed himself at last to sleep.

The twilight of that morn brought forth the sabbath day; and lovely was the weather, for the summer flourished sweetly in the land, making all nature like an earthly paradise.

Dermot Malone awoke unrefreshed and dispirited; but, as usual, he put on his holiday attire, prepared to visit his village chapel, where Father Macnamara was on that day to lecture his flock. He did hope did Dermot, inwardly and sincerely, that some devotional precept or holy consolation might be there afforded which his soul had yet never known. His wife rather than part with him also accompanied him.

The chapel lay at the entrance of a dingle, deep in the hollow of the hill; and hither crowds of the peasantry were seen hastening; while up the hill, on its summit, there was the edifice, where those of the more simple worship went, and there Nora Malone generally attended. But on this morning she stayed with her husband, seeing he was not altogether like himself, and anxious to discover what rendered him unhappy.

The ceremonies of the worship had begun; the attending priests offered at their altar the sacred incense; the prayer, unintelligible to the peasant, was repeated, though not less venerated by him on that account; and the mighty Host was raised to the adoring and prostrate multitude: before any, one but Nora Malone was aware that the sky was not clouded,—heavy drops of rain were falling, and there was every appearance of one of those tremendous tempests that at times break over the island, sweeping its vallies with torrents of rain, and smiting down the trees on the hill tops as they pass along. But when the people were still kneeling, the sudden darkness of the storm encompassed them, and when they arose again, the contrast of the previous sunshine, and the present overclouding was startling:—the surprise was ended by a vivid flash of lightning followed by long peals of crashing thunder. A few minutes elapsed, and all eyes followed the priest to where the wooden crucifix was raised above the pulpit; the holy man ascended and prepared for discourse.

Father Macnamara was a zealous preacher, and he believed in the principles he advocated. It was not to mislead but to secure the safety of others in their path to eternity, that he decried the heretic, or encouraged the true believer. His arguments were not founded on malicious designs, but, in him, sprung up from blind zeal and religious furor.

And now, mildly but eloquently, with passionate yet subdued energy, he spoke of the opposite church; how it had risen up in their pathway, disputed their temporal supremacy, led away the flock of their forefathers, and openly asserted its own privileges and rights; and now, and for ages, and still would it ever be, it was the duty of the children of the faith to stand sword in hand in its defence. It might be said that there were good people among them; some, not utterly lost to a sense of moral duty, human charity, even human love; but these—these were the more worthy sacrifices due to the power above: to overcome the sympathy or brotherly feelings that such beings might create—this was the divine impulse of a great religion; to strike at the seat of life, this was the first glorious work of its
The Confessions of a Confessor:

defenders; in fact, all mortal sentiments ought to be sunk in the one sublime idea of immortality—raised even on the ruin of a life.

Dermot Malone listened attentively, and the priest's gaze was fixed upon him as though he intended he should do so, and also understand to the letter the deep and private meaning which his words conveyed: while the attention of others was attracted by the heavy rain, thunder and lightning, by turns, he scarcely felt the consciousness of existence itself, he heard, saw nothing but the priest, and felt the honour of his presence, indeed, weigh heavily on him. "You have heard speak—you know," continued he, "that none can be saved but a true child of the church. What is a heretic? an outcast, forsaken by heaven; one who dying sinks down into the dust, forgotten. He has life doubtless, but the great power above does not recognise him—but regards him as an enemy. Where is his soul? he has none. The soul, that spark of paradise, that fire of life immortal has not been given;—he has not a soul to be saved. He, therefore, who takes his life, makes an offering to heaven. He who believes not, cannot be saved. It is a life, and not a soul, destroyed; and the destruction of this life is a gift acceptable to heaven."

Dermot heard and wished to hear no more; but notwithstanding this, the priest spoke what he believed to be the truth, it sounded so and was accepted as such by those around. The holy man would have laid down his own soul as pledge of it. "And now," added he, "yes, I see many a manly spirit intent on this; and one—one devoted, one consecrated, one ordained by the church to perform this—her most noble act—rid her and free her from one enemy at least."

The rain was now falling in sheets of water; the skies were black, save where the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed; and presently, one downward crash was heard, both harsh and awful—a pause—and then the lightning blast,—and then it passed away mournfully over the hills and was heard retreating. "And as that lightning stroke," said the preacher, "shall blast the highest turret or tree that crowns the mountain top; so shall the blow of one true to the faith fail not and spare not. The sunshine of a perfect peace shall follow."

He said much more, but as he ended, the sun broke out, the storm was over, and the heavy drops of rain hung on the old chapel windows, illumined with sunny beams; and as the people quitted it, the leaves and branches of the thick glowing foliage were studded with those diamonds of nature, each, with its own little ray of stolen light, reflecting the hues of the flower, or leaf on whose bosom it reposed.

But who can describe the agony that passed through the soul of Dermot Malone during this discourse. He,—yes—so it was said, so hinted,—he was the man chosen for wondrous deeds. Had not the priest gazed at him, almost addressed him, and him only,—and before the multitude, was not his glory—the reward of this deed—openly promised. But what was all this to him—to Dermot Malone? agony, inexpressible torture, wordless misery.

"I don't like somehow to hear talk of bloodshed in the house of God," said Nora, on their way home. "It makes my blood run cold."

Her husband answered indistinctly, but shivered as if an icy wind had passed right through him—even to the soul.

But meantime the priest was true to his own belief of what was right; for he had with long reading and incessant debate worked up his mind to the fury of a zealot, exalted beyond the tenderness of human frailty or mortal sensibility, and wrought, not as he conceived, to the pitch of angels themselves, but smote with the blind discord that leads the destroying spirit on to imaginary power and uncontrollable dominion.

The savage of the wilderness worships his idol, not knowing what he worships; but this man had made the idol to his mind, distorted even his own religion and still believed it perfect. It was that fatal, deep mistake which Heaven itself may weep over, tears of regret, if not mercy.

But as Malone and his wife were returning home, some news reached them which acted as another spell on the mind of Dermot, seeming to him as if some heavenly influence or some superior power directed the words which the priest had spoken.

He remembered the allusion he had made to the lightning stroke striking the highest
turret cresting the mountain top. He well remembered this. And now it was reported through the village, that one vivid flash of electric fire had blasted the highest pinnacle of the castle, and the thunderbolt levelled it down to its foundation; and certainly, when the anxious crowd reached the spot from whence it was visible, they beheld that the top turret was defaced and shivered in the shock, its ruins, however, still standing and seeming more prominent than ever in the broad daylight.

This, however, told another tale to Dermot Malone. Now it did seem to him, indeed, that Father Macnamara acted and spoke under the authority of some higher power; and if his ignorance might be easily duped or misled, so his superstition would render him an easy prey to the sport of his imagination, or to extraordinary deceptions of thought which might be suggested by others. This Dermot himself never guessed, though the priest knew it well, and consequently knew how to work him to his purpose.

"Wasn't it strange, Nora," said he, "that the priest should talk of the turret falling just as it's happened?"

"Those great places are sure to catch it," said Nora. "The storm always roots out the tall trees, but the flowers get no harm. Only come down with me and hear what the pastor says."

Accordingly that afternoon, at the entreaty of his wife, and Malone loved her too well to refuse, he went to hear the preaching at the castle; and wondering at its simple forms, the words of friendship and peace spoken, the expressions of kindly mercy towards all things, he came away again, more than ever bewildered. He was not peaceful, no; and how was this? He could almost have envied them, have wept that he was not one of them, but he was too wretched to weep—to be engrossed by aught but his own wretchedness.

"You will come to the castle grounds then tomorrow, Dermot Malone," said young Edith O'Connor, leaning on the arm of her lover, when the service was over, and she met him as they were leaving the church together.

"And I'll wait on the lord with many thanks, madam," said he; and though he bowed his best at her words, his eyes shrunk from meeting those of the nobleman, which he felt were upon him. He tried to rally himself, but it would not do; the lovely lady noticed the child in his wife's arms, he turned sick and pale, trembling from head to foot, and was utterly relieved when they both passed on.

"That Edith O'Connor, she has the voice of one of the creatures in heaven itself;" said he, mournfully.

"And won't there be a fine family of children," said his wife, "all little angels?"

"Ah, Nora," said he, "no one knows when he is born, what is to become of him;" and while she was thinking that this was a stroke of genius something beyond her comprehension, and what a clever man she had married, he, in the depths of his own mind, found such unanswerable agony of thought, that he dared think no longer. He left her at the cottage door and went in search of the priest. He presently met him taking his afternoon ramble on the verge of the hamlet.

"Bless thee, my son," said he, "and may thy thoughts be blest!"

"Oh, father!" said Dermot Malone, whose voice alone told utter misery; "my thoughts, father, are too much for me. What—what is to be done for me—wretched—lost!"

"You have had no rest," said the priest, "spirits and archangels have been at work during the night, whispering the will of Heaven to its chosen servant."

He paused, and Dermot Malone gazed in bewildered amazement and said nothing.

"Voices have been with you," said he, "a voice, even like that of your appointed priest, to lead you on to glory."

Dermot now gazed indeed, as if to question whether a spirit from above or below were before him, for that it was mortal mould he could scarce believe.

"And forms have been seen—forms of men," said the priest, "my form—a vision like me—and all for thy safety and thy sake."

The man stood firm; but in his full-set eyes and features knit into rigid outline, the moving of his soul might there be traced,—a mental soul, veiled in dim shades of light, or rather of darkness from whence it could not emerge. His lips compressed
would have uttered eloquent questions, but knew not how to tell the truth they struggled with,—how express thoughts almost inexpressible.

"How, father, how did you know this?" said he, at last, like a lost spirit pleading for judgment and mercy.

"How!—dost thou question me?" said that quiet voice, majestic in self-confidence; and in the priest's manner there was that expression which signifies that might of mind is the one great power that rules all things,—and he had this dominion—an undisputed sovereignty. This intellectual supremacy swed him. His mind had not been tutored to contend with mind,—his body otherwise; he yielded, though with a sigh.

"Dost thou doubt me," again demanded the priest, with the air of one to whom doubt could not attach.

"No, oh no!" faltered Dermot Malone, as if some superior power itself had asked the question: "but, holy father, hell is nothing to my sufferings, and heaven can never reward—repay them: it asks too much."

"Listen, man," retorted Macnamara. "The church has given you up, and now denies you. Henceforth you are an alien—accursed—forsaken;—your body—your soul!—devoted to perdition. By day, in your secret thoughts, demons and dark spirits shall whisper—shall whisper things horrible to tell; by night, in your secret lights, hideous gibbering phantoms, wan spectres, dread shades and awful ghosts shall ever wander. These forms, these voices will lead you on to deeds too direful to tell; your grave—"

"Hold, father, hush!" cried the man, breathless with shame and anguish.

"This is the fate, my son, of one so lost," urged he, imploringly, "think—think and believe."

"I—I don't believe it." cried Dermot Malone. "Heaven gave me the heart of a man, but not of a monster; oh! father—father!"—and broken down to the deep humiliation of unspoken sorrow, and uttering this appeal to the skies above him, the man fell prostrate with his face to the ground, as if thus to conceal from his ghostly monitor the human feelings that so strongly worked within him.

"Farewell!" said that mild beseeching voice, and the priest turned away.

When Dermot Malone arose again, he was alone,—this agony was over, and wild and untutored fears once more held fast within his bosom. He gazed around him, seeking some kindred being with whom to argue over the many thoughts that tortured him,—but he found no one,—knew no one whose counsel might avail him. The anathema of the church was on him, no blessing could attend him,—anguish of thought by day, hideous forms by night, curses long and lasting to distract him,—he looked around, beheld the fair face of nature smiling on him and sunk, amazed at his sad destiny. Where could he fly for hope—for peace? His ignorance bewildered him, his superstition confounded him. He feared no mortal thing—not he; but immortal—spiritual creatures,—his simplicity trembled and shrank from them; he could bear the thought no longer,—he saw the priest retiring in the distance, and sped after him.

But though his footstep was hasty at first, it slackened ere it attained its object. When he beheld that the priest was retreating to a secluded spot, called 'the Fairy's Dingle,' he glanced towards the hill beneath whose declivity it lay, and knowing that Macnamara was not likely to attempt climbing its rugged sides, he followed him more leisurely, as loth again to feel the chain that held him.

This spot was one of the most picturesque in the scenery around. It lay under the mountain brow; in a narrow tongue of land running into a deep cleft of the hillside; and might have been supposed to be produced by art, rather than have been one of the wild vagaries of nature, only that the irregularity and unevenness of the ground indicated a more curious and elaborate fancy than any contrivance of man could well display. This ground was grassy and overgrown with daisies of every hue, but was every-where so unequal that it rose up in distinct steps or ridges, intersected with wandering, serpentine rills of purest water, whose freshness made the place delightfully green and verdant, whose waters gave life and light to the wild flowers that abundantly grew there. Tall and thriving were the trees that skirted
The Bigot Priest.

the acclivity; and those below, that grew on the brink of these streams, were some of them moss-grown at the trunk, and formed a rustic seat for those who trod there. In the deepest bosom of this dell, some nightingales were heard on summer nights; or if not, it was said, the merry fay or fairy might be seen by silver moonlight—footing it blithely where the grass grew green between the flowering rills, and that they always left their fairy-ring in token of their friendship.

So it was; a place silent and free from listeners. The priest had reached it some time when Dermot Malone joined him.

"Weak man," said the priest, "sinful as weak."

"I can neither bear thy silence nor thy words," said the man, hoarsely, as though speaking with difficulty.

"Redeem thyself—redeem thyself," was thy reply.

"Those voices," said the man, "what say you?"

"The voice of the conscience," said he.

"Forms, shadows, ghosts,—" said Malone.

"The doom of the accursed," was the reply. And presently the priest broke forth again. "You know that fairies—young spirits of the air, frequent this place—the secret haunts of nature!"

"I have heard some tell that they have seen them," said the man.

"And cannot Heaven send other forms—lightning strokes—annihilation?" urged the priest: and again they were silent. "My son," said that silver voice, "my son"—

"Tell me, father," said the man, and there was a horrible expression in his voice—

"I—I will do it."

The night was well nigh come as they still conversed there; a discourse—entirely conducted by Macnamara, interrupted by marked and emphatic pauses, intended to supply the place of words. Dermot Malone neither once answered nor gave sign of understanding, but walked at the same pace as the priest, by the measure of his footsteps intimating that he still listened.

It was here distinctly revealed, the design and catastrophe in one—the natural antipathy of the two churches, as Macnamara conceived it. How that he would sacrifice his own life even in attempting to sacrifice that of the enemies of his faith; only that he was created not to perform, but by zealous advocacy and holy persuasion to lead others to the execution of deeds, grateful to the saints and cleansing to the sinner at all times. How, that the last heir of the castle, young Lord Fitzgerald, having no near kinsman to succeed to the title and estates, would be the last of his detested race, accursed in the eyes of heaven:—the castle and land devolving on the next of kin, one of their own persuasion, one who was faithful to his first mother church. Thus he who removed this lord would not only make one but two propitiatory offerings to the saints; taking away a lost life from, and restoring an acceptable one to that temporal power on earth which was only a type of lasting influence in heaven. And the face of the land would be changed, from slavery itself, to blest freedom of faith, leading the way for many heretics to enter at that gate which was now apparently closed. Murder was a word intended to express unjustifiable homicide; but this was one of those deeds applauded by angels and men,—the destruction of one life, for the preservation and benefit of many,—a saving of the souls of many by the loss of one,—why further demonstrate or argue it?

The sins of Dermot Malone were herein to be wiped away. He had married a heretic, worked for heretics, received benefits,—gone to their place of worship, which was in itself a denying of the saints,—forsaken his church,—in fact, simple as this might seem, Dermot had been instructed otherwise,—these were heinous sins to his comprehension,—the curse of the church rested upon him—he was doomed to perdition. But this act—this one deed was to restore him pure and perfect as before—inmaculate as in his boyhood.

Many more things were said. It is not our task to dispute over points of faith. The priest believed himself in the right; the man regarded the priest as one who could not err,—he had been taught this. But long as the priest conversed, Dermot Malone could not resolve on action, and once more they paused.
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"This lord is going to marry the young lady," said the man.
"So much the better," said the priest, "they often walk here alone."
"I can’t touch him—not with her with him," whispered Dermot, almost inaudibly.
"Human weakness is striving in thee still," returned the priest. "Alas! my son."
"They are good to me. He—he," urged Malone.
"Therefore has heaven commanded this," replied the voice. "That they should be kind, good, and charitable; that you may pity, while you slay. This is the atonement. To resign all mortal feelings, sweet Compassions, in the hard service of heaven,—for the dear sake of immortality,—this is the soul's triumph over the body—the highest glory!"
"She"—said the man. "She loves him. Think of her—young creature."
"Think of thine own soul. O! miserable wretch!" cried the priest, and his voice expressed compassion,—"here you may do it unseen."
"Unseen! How?" said the man bewildered.
"You know the use of the gun," suggested the other. "Here, concealed as they walk at early morning twilight."
"Hush—hush!" breathed Dermot Malone, in scare of a whisper. "When the gun fires, all these mountain-echoes, father, all will cry out my name—it is Dermot Malone."
"This is the evil one whispering to you to leave this work undone," said the priest. "Say at once, lost son of perdition, at daybreak will you be here."
Dermot Malone questioned with one glance the priest, whose look dared not be questioned.
"I will, father," said he; and he turned away towards the hamlet.
"Son, thou art saved. Holy and chosen among men," cried the priest, with the tone of benediction, but Dermot Malone had fled, and his voice ceased.

The delusions of love are bright and beautiful; of glory, dazzling; but those of blind fanaticism,—of bright faith, are the only lasting delusions, which no light of better reason can ever destroy. This is the irremediable blindness—pitiful because so. The priest, however, saw not his error, or the false light that beguiled him.

But Dermot Malone fled home, a being we knew mad with misery, lost to all joy of life, desperate in thought and deed. He took down the gun, and, sheltered in darkness from all observation, prepared it for the fatal work of the morrow. And then he crept forth again, when it was utterly dark, and seeking untrdden pathways, by hedge and under copsewood, he returned to the Fairy's Dingle, there to secrete the gun; and when there, he feared to leave it, lest it should be found and himself questioned how it came there. Should he watch it all night, but how could he leave his home—it might alarm his wife. He looked around on the scene by moonlight, on the heavens and the many stars, and though he had known them from childhood they all seemed strangers now. He trod as if afraid to awaken silence, and stealing into the deepest shade he concealed the gun at last among the furze-bushes, and moved to depart.

It was strange that young Lord Fitzgerald should be in the dingle at that hour, but wherever Dermot Malone turned his sight, there he seemed to be.
"He didn’t see me hide the gun, however," said he, and the sound of his own voice startled him; then he glanced around, a thousand hideous forms were in his fancy, he sped back to the hamlet and entered the cottage breathless.
"You didn’t use to treat me so, Dermot," said his wife; "but you’ll go to work tomorrow at the lord’s, and then you’ll be kind again."
Dermot Malone sighed, and shortly went to rest, but the blessing of sleep forsook him again that night; and again the same voice was heard whispering, and the form of Father Macnamara still stood in the moonlight; and it was the father himself, anxious in his vocation, urgent in the execution of this deed and having hallowed with his blessing the humble roof, and fearful of quite rousing Malone, he softly retired, intending to join him at the first morning dawn.

But superstition had done its work with Dermot Malone. He now did indeed
believe that heaven interfered to urge him to his duty, that powers of earth and
sky were moving for and against his salvation, he had to save his soul alive and this
was the deed ordained.

Accordingly, he rose up earlier than the sun; left his home, not with his tools, as
he was wont to do, but empty handed, and slunk away towards the spot appointed.
He was there, but not too early, for the priest was waiting for him. He advanced
from his lurking place.

"The blessing of heaven waits upon you, my son," said he; and Dermot, wretched
as he was, believed that it would. They shrunk into the closest covert of the wil-
derness and waited in fearful expectation, and so, for hour after hour.

The sun arose, the mountain mists dispersed before it, and the bright morning
came. All nature was fair, peaceful and beauteous; and the two men looked upon
one another as though wondering at the aspect each displayed. Horror and an-
guish were in that of Dermot Malone; pale decision and holy transport in that of
the priest. But, though the sun shone fair, young lord Fitzgerald came not.

"The hour is appointed but not yet come," said the priest.

"I ought to have been at work in the gardens before now," said Dermot; and
shortly after, though neither had spoken, they both, on the instant, moved to depart,
yet both hesitated.

"Be faithful in thy task, my son," said the priest; "meet me here to-morrow,"
and thus they separated.

Dermot Malone, like a prisoner freed from his chains, sped homewards. Nora
met him at the door.

"You went out, Dermot, without your tools," said she, "and I thought, to be
sure, some harm was happening to you. And where have you taken that gun?"

"That gun will do its work some day, I fear me," he answered; and before his
wife could guess what he meant, or discern distinctly the expression of his counte-
nance, he quitied the cottage.

He had scarcely reached the ground appointed for that day’s labour than the
young lord appeared; and Dermot Malone clasped his hands and knit his sinews,
thinking if the poor gentleman was to die, whether he might not kill him in a fair
trial of strength.

But Henry Fitzgerald having entered into some arrangements respecting the
number of men at work and the method of their employment, presently approached
Malone.

"You are the man, I think," said he, "and your wife is a great favourite of Miss
O’Connor, we must do something for you, my good fellow."

"And Miss O’Connor’s too good, my lord," said the man, "and let’s hope you,
sir, won’t repent of your bounty to one like me."

There was something so humble and yet so mournful in these words, or in the
manner of their utterance, that Henry Fitzgerald eyed the man, let drop some words
of encouragement, and ashamed of his previous prejudice against him, really felt an
interest in him, which he testified on the evening of the same day by ordering him
to be employed in the gardens on an increase of wages, with work of a superior
kind to any he had hitherto been accustomed to undertake. It seemed truly as if
he were determined, that, as he had previously formed an unfavourable opinion of
the man, he would now make ample apology, by heaping unexpected benefits upon him.

Rust that eats into iron does not more corrode it, than did these acts of gentleness
eat into the fortitude of this unhappy wretch’s mind. This was the man he was to
kill and in cool blood; but this he must, ought, was, nay he was commanded to do.
He must kill his friend, his benefactor—his only friend. And then his thoughts
reverted to the gun which he had left in the Fairy’s Dingle, had he not cast it aside
too carelessly, might it not be discovered,—and regardless of the good fortune that
had come upon him in the course of that day, no sooner was the work over, than he
stole down to the dingle to be sure that all was safe. He saw it was so. Then
while he handled the weapon, dreadful ideas and intentions entered his mind.
Would it not be infinitely better to die at once and leave that world which heaven,
by this heavy infliction upon him, had rendered worthless and unendurable. His

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young wife and child pleaded with him; the safety of his own soul, which was now under the curse of the church; and he felt that there might be one degree—but only one degree of infernal torture greater than that he suffered.

Again the priest encountered him in his pathway homeward. The same hints, commands, threats and persuasions, priestly counsel and imprecations, were heaped upon him. Again he wavered and again consented, and once more quitted Macnamara, with promises of absolution and coming peace.

"To-morrow morning, again," said the priest, and so they parted, and till night came on, Dermot wandered near the Fairy's Dingle, leaving the spot, reluctantly, terrified at his own shadow reflected on the green sward as he passed, more miserable than ever, accused in his own thoughts, and now almost become fearful to his wife from his silence, wildness of gesture and language, and melancholy observations of mind which she could neither understand nor remedy. Every place was now haunted with evil dreams and forms of fancy; every human being a thing to be feared, as fearing that they might discover, or cause to be discovered, the dreadful act he meditated.

But the night returned once more, and worn out with suspense and anguish, Dermot Malone sunk asleep, and slept for some few hours as if he were never to wake again. He was at length awoke by the haunting of prayers in his apartment, and, on starting up, beheld Macnamara, the priest, with some two or three of his brethren entering: they carried the symbol of the cross before them and repeated the prayers appointed for unshrifted penitents and sinners unabsoled, and they reared the mighty host before him, entreating that the spirit of evil might depart, that the guilty might be saved; and as they had just left a dying and aged peasant, who had died, under the purification and sprinkling of holy waters, with the blessed crucifix before his sight, with the holy wafer on his lips, so might this man in time be brought from perdition and not utterly periah. With this prayer the priest departed.

"There's no peace to be had for those priests," said Nora, half asleep, "what have you been doing, Dermot dear?"

"'Tis what I am to do," said the man; and he lay back, leaning his head against the wall, heart-riven, in soul and sense destroyed, hopeless and cast adrift in his despair.

To his apprehension, great and many must be his crimes for these holy men so to interfere night and day for his deliverance, for Father Macnamara who was esteemed the wisest among the priesthood to toil thus earnestly for his soul's safety. So were his thoughts, until, driven to the highest pitch of mental excitement, he inwardly foresaw all further human sympathy or natural tenderness, resolved to devote himself to the task assigned and buy back peace of mind, at the high price of blood itself. He arose therefore, at last, full of the energy of that purpose which was never again to be set aside, which nothing again could thwart.

But once more, on the following morning, they were unsuccessful in their enterprise; the young nobleman did not walk there as usual; and now, like hot murder, thirsting for blood alone to quench its fire, suspense and delay became horrible to him.

Dermot Malone, driven to the madness of despair itself, wished not only to begin the work, but sighed to have it over. This desperation sunk into entire disappointment, when he was again compelled to leave the priest, again conceal the fatal instrument as before, and go to his labours in the castle gardens. Other miseries here awaited him.

It was so arranged, that those who worked in the gardens had to pass the great lodge or gate of entrance, and here his lordship's steward was standing, when, long after the other workmen had arrived, Dermot made his appearance. He was wasted and ghastly with watching and intense anxiety, he answered in a hurried and broken manner and was incapable of looking this man in the face as he passed;—he shrank by, a perfect hell within and without him, no longer knowing himself or others, and he then determined that the deed should be done,—never another morning should rise and he bear that curse about with him.
The Bigot Priest.

"That new man, Dermot Malone, I don't like him," said the steward. "There's some harm in him."

But when, at mid-day, he beheld him again, seated in the garden shrubbery, taking his noon tide meal; the sorrow and dejection of the man's deportment, the suffering and internal martyrdom depicted in his looks, excited the compassion of the steward no less than that of his young lord, and he began to bethink him that the man might be unhappy, and was it not better to pity than blame. He approached him accordingly.

"You seem in a sad state of depression, Malone," said he; "but now you have come to work for my lord, you'll be sure to get on, so away with thought, man."

"I am not so sure," said Dermot, in smothered emotion. "Let no man reckon on anything in this life. At one time, steward, to work for my lord would have been the making of me, and such a joy too."

"And will now, man," said the other. "Everthing prospers they have anything to do with—such a master!"

"There are other good masters beside, I suppose," said Malone; for he now hated to hear any expressions of regard, love or service in favour of Lord Fitzgerald. He wished to make him out—to believe him to be a bad man, for then he might deserve his fate, and be no more either the object of his pity or his gratitude.

The steward left him, still suspicious of his earnest zeal and faith in his new master's service; and this he sometimes could not help expressing to those around him.

"Aye, it's a good nation," said he, "but it's not to be trusted—it never will be a land of thought while it lives." And thus, from morning to morning, he watched Malone as he passed him, little aware of the feelings his observation created.

It was while Dermot Malone was working in these grounds some few evenings afterwards, that Edith O'Connor leaning on the arm of Lord Fitzgerald halted before him. The man would have given something to see her, but dared not look up.

"How is your wife, Dermot?" said she; "but it is almost time to be home, I think, or we shall have pretty Nora scolding us."

"Malone seems to take pleasure in his work," said the nobleman, "he is always the last to leave."

"Why, sir," said the man, "I don't know. When people ain't comfortable, it's like a relief to work: and when they are, it comes by nature somehow."

"I saw Nora down at the dairy this morning," said the lady, "and, oh Henry, she is so pretty."

"You saw her!" cried he, "why you were not up early enough."

"Indeed though," said she, laughingly, "was I not! See, my lord, if I am not down in the Fairy's Dingle tomorrow morning long before you."

"We will see, love," said her lover, and they presently strolled onward.

But Dermot Malone had listened and had heard every word. They would be down in the dingle! The moment was coming of his happy release, when he should be restored to the church and to himself. No more thoughts, too heavy for endurance, sleepless nights, unprofitable days, incessant inquietude. He should be himself again, exonerated, free. Nothing further could injure him. He panted for the moment, goaded by fearful imaginings, over-wrought excitement, bewildered superstitions, he wished to be enfranchised and this was the moment when he might be so. He met the priest as usual, stated to him the appointment that he had overheard, and no longer daunted by his fears but stimulated by the firm belief of justice and imperative duty, he wished to perform his task. And he now looked round the dingle, the holy man standing by his side; and he looked, if not with mental trepidation, at least, with physical courage, unimpaired and firm.

He slept that night undisturbed and dreamless as a child. He awoke refreshed and vigorous as manhood in its prime. He attempted to steal from his bedside quietly and unperceived, but Nora Malone was waking.

"And where are you going, Dermot?" said she. "God keep you from harm, lad. But you frighten me."

"Can't a man go about the work of his salvation without being interrupted," asked MAGAZINE.]

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he, in his turn. "Night and day, wife, I have been tortured to do the priest's bidding, but now I'll come back a new man."

"Oh, Dermot," said his wife, "I hope you ain't led astray after all:" but Dermot was gone; and she sighed herself again to seeming repose.

He sped away to the dingle, and still he sculked under hedges and brushwood as if fearful of daylight, but at last he reached it, yet no one was there. At length he beheld the priest emerging from the copse-wood, like some creeping reptile hidden there, and quickly he marked to the further hollow of the dell as though he saw persons approaching, and pointed out that as the best place of concealment. Thither Malone fled and there the priest crouched down beside him. The sun was now rising, it was a summer morn of heavenly beauty.

"Glad and glorious is the day," cried the priest, in that voice that ever seemed to come from aisles of cathedral gloom, "happy is nature to see that our freedom is at hand! And you, my son, blessed and mighty is the hand that strikes in the service of the church—you shall be great among men."

But the man heard him not, or scarcely, so absorbed in memory of the deed to be committed, he thought of nothing else. He took up the gun, deliberately loaded and primed it, and at last stood firm and fast beside the priest.

"Where are they?" he whispered, "did you see them—her?"

"I saw her coming," said the priest, "she was in the fields, hastening this way to meet her lover—the accursed—the doomed—the lost son of sin and sorrow."

"I was in hopes he would be here first," whispered the man, and then we might have killed, murdered, have done with him—unseen."

"He who slays in the just cause commits no murder," said the priest. "You have the church, my son, as your protection."

"Hist!" uttered Dermot Malone; and at that instant, Edith O'Connor entered the dingle, with the joyous footsteps of youth and health, and she gazed around her with the triumph of one, who was the first in the field and therefore victorious.

"I'm no marksman," said the man, "I can never reach them there."

"When the young man comes," said the priest.

"They'll begin to talk love," said Dermot Malone.

"They will be sure to come into this hollow," said the priest: "It is shady, this deep ditch is between us,—I can retire unsuspected—you remain in concealment—and—"

"Oh!" groaned the man, "he—see—he is coming at last:” and a frightful pause here intervened.

"Consult your soul's safety—your everlasting peace," urged that voice he never dared to disobey; and the man fumbled with the weapon, but like a leaden weight it seemed to cling to the ground as though too heavy for him. The priest turned round and minutely examined his companion; there was, there, quite enough indeed to engross his attention.

Dermot Malone was standing behind the furze-bush, his face only visible, and that was deadly pale. The eyes were fixed in an unearthly kind of twilight, between life and death, and yet expressing neither—a horrible vacancy of soul and sense. His features were set, rigid and motionless; his whole appearance so spectre-like, that, had he been, but for an instant beheld by any other than the priest, terror and dismay must have seized on the beholder, as at the presence of some preternatural being. As it was, father Macnamara thought fit—not to remark upon it, but leave the man leisure to collect his scattered energies, ere he should attempt the deed.

At this instant, the young lord advanced up the dingle, ever and anon delayed on his way by the sweet wanderings of fair Edith O'Connor, who, searching for wild flowers, either did not or would not see her lover, until, leaping over the gushing streamlets that ran meandering through the dell, he fairly caught her in the snare herself had laid. One word and look of love were all sufficient, and arm in arm they went on their way, till they had well nigh reached the spot, where Malone lay concealed.
"Be stout of heart and firm of limb the priest," whispered the priest, "and you shall not fail, my son; the church is your defence;" but Dermot Malone moved not a muscle, the fascination—the spell of conscience was upon him.

"Fail, and be for ever fallen," said the voice; and while the young people halted under the shade of the trees, listening to the song of early birds, another moment of indecision passed away, and they turned back to leave the dingle.

"Now," whispered the voice; and the man, with a strong effort, raised the gun and fired; himself echoing with a shriek of despair the report as it died away on the wind.

The young nobleman heard the sound and caught Edith O'Connor in his arms as if to shield her from injury, but one arm fell powerless in the effort.

"Load and prime again, man," said the priest, "and the deed is done."

"Are you hurt, love?" said Fitzgerald.

"No, no, are you, dear Harry?" said she; and for half an instant they gazed into one another's looks. "Your life is in danger," she whispered, "let us fly."

"Once more,—for the sake of holy mother church," urged the priest, "he is already wounded."

Henry Fitzgerald looked around him, there was nothing to be seen; the thought flashed across him that Edith might be slain, they both fled together. As they fled, another shot was fired, but no voice was this time heard. The young nobleman faltered in his flight, wounded, exhausted and faint; their aim was certainly accomplished.

"Pray to heaven that this deed is done," said the priest, "and great is thy glory, my son! farewell. Rest quiet in security."

With these words he retreated through the woods.

But Dermot Malone watched not the priest's departure, saw it or heard it not. The only words he well understood were, "Farewell, rest quiet in security."

That first word had a meaning which he never before gave to it. "Farewell?" fare ill,—he thought; as for quiet, security,—he once knew what they were, and felt them in heart and soul, and now that he could feel them no longer, he better understood the real sense of those two simple words. It is true, he had sought them often in the world, and never found them; but on searching his own bosom, they were ever there,—it was so no longer. Long after the young nobleman had fled, he gazed in quest of him through the vacant air, till, at last, his fancy saw something that he dared not see, he shrank back and sunk down, crouching, scarce aware that he was doing so, in the very spot whence he had fired. And here he remained some length of time, seeing, but not sensible of sight; living, but in such aberration of mind, as to be forgetful of life.

At last, through the aching void that reigned within, without,—something there was indeed discernible: but what it was, he would not have ventured even to guess. Close down on the ground, immediately beside him, two dark and fiery eyes were glaring, and they looked the bright daylight through, deep piercing into his own eyes, till all his senses reeled and sickened under their influence. He had heard speak of demons, evil spirits, that beset the paths of sinful man, and this he believed to be one of these many monsters. This was then some new infliction of that power he feared; some other conjunction of that mighty church which he could never more hope to propitiate. He had then, perhaps, not killed the man. He trembled with joy to think it, with fear to think he had not. He fixed his eyes on those eyes, until lost in dumb stupefaction, his very faculties were merging into madness. Great is the power of reason, but weak, if wrought to its own destruction,—if reason once argue with insanity, the last shall conquer. This the unhappy wretch felt, and he sprang up like fear when driven to desperation. He still held the gun; and sternly he looked and spoke.

"Not enough satisfied," said he, "not enough avenged on thine unhappy son. God is my witness that, in my childhood, I knew my God to be just, merciful and good;—but Thou, dear nature, all is changed! Is it not too much? Now, in my manhood to call upon me to know Thee—to find thee an unjust God, unmerciful, armed with vengeance, thine altars sprinkled with the blood of the innocent man to
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save the guilty. Is it not so—not so?" he urged; his thoughts just vibrating between the true religion and that uncertainty whose least oppression is blasphemy. He said no more, he dared not think to attempt to disenchance the fascination of those eyes still fixed on him; he turned and would have fled, but a low growl arrested him.

Nothing is so slow of understanding as fear, but still more slow than this was his comprehension of what this thing could mean or what it was. Many times he scrutinized and examined it more closely; it was still fixed there immovable, save when he motioned to depart; and then the dark eyes sparkled more intensely, and the same low growl was heard. Presently, he could just discover that it was a large sized dog; and then he faintly remembered that young Lord Fitzgerald had such an animal, and this must be the same. But how did it come there? He had not seen it, but still it might have followed its master unperceived, might know that he was wounded or murdered, that he was the man—he who had fired—he, the murderer.

Dermot Malone gazed down upon the animal as if to question it; the creature growled again, as though its instinct dictated this answer in return: and he essayed again to steal away; but this time the dog stealthily followed at his own even pace. This would not do, and the man halted once more. Should he kill the beast? the sound of the report might awaken his pursuers; the butt end of the gun would do, but here he paused.

"True to your master, however, old fellow," he muttered, "he has got one faithful servant—one!" and, as though the thought—the contrast—had wrought him to sudden fury, he raised the gun to strike, but not ere the dog, alive to his first movement, sprung at his throat, fixed his teeth in his clothing, and in the strong strife of desperation dragged him to the ground, where they struggled and tossed together, his deep growls exciting Dermot Malone to the very stretch of his power and seeming as the reproaches of this faithful creature for the deed he had committed. At length, with one last plunge Dermot got the animal under him, and with a blow of the gun laid him insensible;—his last dying yell upbraided him;—his jaws still clenched firmly the fragments of clothing torn from his destroyer.

"And you would die for him," said Malone, apostrophising. "There's more faith in the beast than in the man after all: and he's not done for you which he did for me. God help me! this is the work of the church."

And because it was so, the man's fears in a degree subsided, and seeing that the morning was advancing, he concealed the fatal gun as before, and hastened towards home. His face was quite pale with suppressed horror, his limbs trembling; as he reached the cottage door, his wife was there awaiting him.

"Ah, Dermot, and where have you been?" she cried. "Oh lad! I've had such dreadful dreams. And where have you taken that gun?"

"Where? what? What of the gun?" he stammered, "Is it found?"

"Dear Dermot, lad," said she, and the honest woman fell weeping on his bosom; "tell your true wife now where you have been: you're losing yourself and me, you are indeed, with these strange ways, you're not the man I married—no, Dermot."

"Would you have me lose my own soul?" said he, mournfully. "What the church orders that must be done, that orders all things right; but what it curses—oh wife—he is cursed indeed!"

"But be humble now. There's nothing like simple prayers," said the poor woman, "and what religion blesses, that is blest surely."

"I hope it may be so, Nora, dear," said he; but in a voice of such utter wretchedness, that the young woman for the first time since his marriage, folded her arms on the table, and bending her head down in silence, wept the sad bitterness of tears whose true meaning is unspoken. Both mind and heart were overcharged; too full of distracting doubts to express the emotion of either.

A lengthened interval unbroken by words ensued wherein Nora presented her husband with his usual morning meal, but contrary to his custom, he set it aside untouched. Anguish, horror, fear, regret, weighed on him and broke him down; suspicious of himself and of her, he was glad when the sound of the bell called him to
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labour, where he might be alone. At a fresh burst of tears from his wife, he started up and prepared to depart; but half unwillingly, and more than half repentingly, he turned back to her, and raising his face from its recumbent position, he espied hers.

"God bless you, my girl, though not me?" he said, in smothered accents, and would have gone, but she caught hold of him.

"Oh Dermot," she sighed, and something was in her thoughts that she feared to express. "Look to your clothes, soul! and change them, lest it be thought some harm is in you."

"Yes, yes," he faltered; and he went away, and put on another jacket, worn and discoloured as that was, but the one in question he left with her to mend. Without another word he quitted the hut.

Nora watched him out of sight till her tears blinded her, and then examined the jacket. How was it?—had he been in some fray, how had this happened?

The first thought lighted on the priest, then on the gun, on Dermot's strange ways of late, his wanderings, his midnight and matin appointments, but beyond this she knew nothing. Still other truths flashed upon her, and though she knew not of the real circumstances, surmise here was like truth itself, and bade her be strong in his defence if ever she had loved him. She took the jacket and tore it seam from seam; she felt instinctively there was something to be dreaded from it and where could she conceal it. She thought herself guilty; and yet, doubtless, her love had its own excuse. She dried her tears;—the peat was still burning in the outer shed, she took the garment and burned it piece by piece, and when the last was destroyed, she heaped more peat on to secure its destruction.

But scarce was this well done, when the alarm was in the village; the peasantry were flocking to hear the news that the young lord was murdered, shot at in the Fairy's Dingle, and Miss Edith O'Connor was also wounded, and all out of the bigot hatred of the papists to their lawful lords and landholders. Then arose the mournful wailing and howling common in this country when lamenting over the ashes of the dead, and crowds collected and hurried towards the castle, some from curiosity, some weeping over the generous and benevolent master they had lost; some disputing ignorantly on difference of religious opinions, some intent on discovering the murderer, and so revenging their lord.

But lightning that burns could not strike more surely into annihilation, than did this awaken to certainty the senses of Nora Malone. Yes, yes, he had murdered his master, her master and benefactor, her lady's lover and lord. She had no space for weeping; her heart was as the dried fountain of the desert; her whole soul was absorbed in the fact of saving him, she fled to the castle first; and breaking through every impediment of domestics stationed to refuse admittance to strangers at this time of confusion. She gained an entrance at last to the great hall, where the steward was in waiting. "And it's not me you shall refuse at the dying hour of my dear lady's lover," cried she, "not me, who have owed her the life of my dear baby, and all in the world beside;" and whether it was the charm of as sweet a face as any in the world, lit up with the lustre of heart-felt tears, cannot be said, but the grey-haired man let her pass, saying, "The sight of her would do good to the young lady."

"And you'll tell me now," said she, "How is the bright flower of my lady's life, the young lord himself, now? He ain't dead now, surely—he ain't dead:" and so piteously she spoke, that the man told her the young gentleman was not in danger, but the surgeons were with him, and Miss Edith was in the room yonder. He pointed to the oak-paneled parlour, and thither Nora Malone hastened.

The young lady was absorbed in grief as she entered, so much so, that she did not observe her, till, Nora gaining courage by her silence, advanced towards her and threw herself at her feet. At this action Edith started, and still more so at seeing the pale anguish of the woman's looks, and the beseeching countenance uplifted towards her.

"And well may you turn from us, madam," said the poor woman, "for feeding the ungrateful is the hardest task of all. You have given us the church where we pray, the house of our dwelling, the food that supports us, the life that belongs to us; and
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yet there are hands ready to slay the lord on his own lands—to take and strike after. But it's not the fault of the weak—of me; and I am come to offer my services to you." "You are welcome, indeed so," said Edith; "and you may well, Nora, plead the cause of your countryman, for this act has fallen heavy on us, truly."

"And sure, madam," said Nora Malone in her simplicity, "it can't be my husband that would work ill in way or word to any of you; for if he do, when he dies, the earth won't hold the ashes of such another wretch as he."

"Your husband is a truly honest man," said the lady, "there cannot be one more true."

But at this instant, she saw that the lady's wrist was bound with a black ribbon, she guessed that a ball had grazed it; and her enquiring look found its answer in her face.

"It can't be, no, it can't be," cried she, wildly, "if he could harm you in word or deed, let him take the curse of his true love—his first and his last love for ever."

Thus spoke she, with all the fire of feeling—the energy peculiar to the national character of this people; and while speaking, she was again dissolved in tears. But, in her soul were strange misgivings, fearful imaginations, bewildering surmises, all contending with her real affection for the man, and causing an incoherency in her discourse and a distraction of manner, otherwise construed by the lady.

"You are hurt that all this has happened," said Edith, "You wish to be of service to me and you can be so. We will together tend on Lord Fitzgerald—you shall stay with me some few days." So Edith glided away and left her humble friend to recover herself; but not before many words of thanks had been expressed, thanks broken but coming from their hearts.

She arose from her knees another creature. If her husband had done this, she might be the means of saving the young lord's life, and Dermot Malone was not the man to go on through such a path of sin—and he must mend. Hope sprung up anew, but had scarce dawned when it was overclouded in an instant.

A sudden fresh tumult arose without the castle. The rush of hastening footsteps—the tumult of a contending crowd was heard; voices in loud acclamation then followed, and surely the young nobleman must be said to be out of immediate danger to cause all this, no other but this happy news could produce it. She continued to listen, the confusion increased, her thoughts now suggested other things. The man—the murderer was discovered,—her husband—yes—he was taken,—the thought struck two-fold both on brain and heart, and she fell down insensible.

But if her heart failed, her mind was alive in this emergency. Was not her husband the soul of her existence, so her spirit whispered to itself and fled in vision quickly to defend him. She started up, wan, trembling and ghastly,—and if the fatal hour were come—why! she loved him still. Thus she uprose, and like the death-striken shadow of herself, moved towards the spot. In the hall crowds of the peasantry were standing, as if around some one they had taken prisoner;—she still moved on.

"Have they taken him?" she presently articulated; it was a whisper and scarcely so.

"He is found, but dead:" was the reply.

"The Almighty is merciful and kind," she whispered, and the crowd made room for her to approach.

But when amongst them, lying in a hurdle of green boughs of the forest, she beheld the favourite hound of his master, (the noble animal was dead, but still held the trophies he had taken from Dermot Malone in that morning's strife)—she was so bewildered with joy, anguish and horror combined, that, as she recognised the truth and saw how all had happened, she fell on the faithful creature's body and wept aloud.

"And you have died yourself and let him escape," she cried, "Oh sure! a faithful heart is the fairest thing in nature; and you see what it is to attempt the life of one set above us for our good."

"Many a peasant would have died for him as well!" said a voice; "but it's a pity the beast didn't bring away his flesh, for then we might have found the fellow."

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Nora Malone said no more, but shrunk back, for news was now really brought that Lord Fitzgerald was not dangerously wounded, and on Miss O'Connor herself appearing to answer the enquiries of the tenantry, so joyous were their greetings of congratulation that she fled far away, wounded, soul-struck and wretched—at the thought that all this had been brought about by her husband, and she sped back to her cot to prevent still further mischief. She found Father Macnamara seated there, seemingly involved in meditation.

The priest's thoughts were dwelling between earth and heaven. Below, he was sensible a deed had been committed which human laws ordained should meet with its just punishment, and it was one also which must awaken even his mortal compassion and sympathy, because of the exceeding intellectual and moral superiority of the young nobleman in question; but above, in regions of surpassing bliss, great was the rejoicing and praise,—that the soul of the godless and the heretic should thus fall a sacrifice,—a sinner should, through the commission of this act, thus be for ever saved!—that our servants should be found alone to fight the battles of that Temple whose glory was defaced, and brightness darkened by its enemies—false to the faith, and accursed by all generations. In fact, his religion taught him to wage war even unto death; and well might his spirit triumph in the victory achieved at his instigation and through his counsel—a victory obtained over the high head of heresy itself, and involving the life of one of its most prominent defenders. These were his thoughts of glory, scarce tarnished by one other thought besides. "For this," he inwardly exclaimed, in strong excitement, "and for this only have I held counsel and communion, friendship and fellow-feeling, daily society and hourless converse, with the enemies of me and of my age, and linked hands with him—the poor young lord himself! I saw and knew that he was great—of mental power, and worldly influence—a fitting instrument in the hands of Satan to work our full destruction. He held the charm of being beloved, an eloquent tongue, a generous heart, persuasive ways apt to lead men astray—to bend them to his purposes; and he was good too—benevolent—yes—yes—too good. Therefore," he cried again, and he drew forth his crucifix as though appealing to it, "for this, I have done it—fought the warfare of my faith—and for this only! As the high tree falls, it crushes those beneath it: but, at this instant, he beheld Nora Malone, standing opposite to him.

There was something in her manner which now, for the first time, claimed his attention. Her usual deportment had ever been that of an humble and simple-minded woman in the presence of her husband's ghostly counsellor; and though of a different persuasion, it never appeared that she encouraged or felt any dislike to his visits, being in this, as in all other things, a most duteous and observant wife. But now the priest beheld her, and in her pale looks saw an expression that he would fain not see nor understand. It told that at which his human nature trembled, though his spiritual dignity was unabashed. It was not anger nor scorn, but the quick appeal of native truth and reason itself, rendered more painfully striking, from the strange horror and regrets mingled with it.

"Are you a priest of God, sir?" she asked: and the words seemed somewhat reproachful.

"His priest. To fight his battles and revenge his wrongs," said Macnamara, quietly.

"To him belong judgment and vengeance both," said the woman: and he did not answer; for to his apprehension, the voice of the church speaking through him, would have been to her appeals, like the whirlwind in reply to the sweet Zephyr devouring its soft accents; or the oak contending with the reed and uprooting it at once."

"Isn't it monstrous, sir," said she, "that with fair speech and smiles you should lead my poor man, Dermot Malone, to do deeds would make us tremble—murder his benefactor—slay my mistress"—

"Hush, woman," said he, with the same quiet voice. "To lay aside all human feeling—to render up all soft affections—to resign all the bright gifts of this life, for incessant labour, arduous undertakings, perilous enterprises in the cause of the true faith—even to the utter destruction of kindred—if it should interfere with our re-

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ligion,—this is the task of one devoted of me—consecrated to this high service." Here he paused as if all his energies were concentrated in the one idea of this essential greatness, of which nothing could divest him; it was the pride of reason, self-justified that spoke in his calm aspect.

"As there is a heaven of charity, mercy and truth," cried Nora Malone, "in the other world you shall answer for it. If this is your religion, let neither men nor angels listen—our simple church teaches other things. Not to shed human blood of the wicked or the good; not to take mortal life, for life and death belong to the Lord; not to betray even though betrayed—and to one who shelters you! Oh sir—there’s no hell, deep enough for the ungrateful." and much more she would have said, but breath and words were denied her, stifled in the exstasy—the agony of her feelings.

"Poor woman!" said he, meekly, "you know not what you say; ignorant of heresy and foul disaffection, you know not the precipice on which you stand."

"Aye, sir," said she, wiping her tears away, "I see my husband’s life and soul both sinking fast away in the deep waters."

"Rejoice," he answered, quickly; "this deed has saved him. As sure as that the spirit of yonder Lord Fitzgerald has melted into nothingness, so sure is he, your husband, of redemption. Good woman, this deed," he added, folding his hands upon the cross he held, "has not been of my seeking. Has it cost me nothing to bring my mortal resolution to this point? Yes, racking thoughts, intensest agony, hot tears of blood,—all that mortality suffers when reaching the immortal."

It seemed that Nora Malone scarce heard him; she had gleaned enough to ascertain that he thought the young gentleman was killed; and she felt a kind of nameless emotion of wild delight, in being able to contradict it; her look was perplexing, but it did not embarrass the priest.

"He is not slain," said she at last; "he is living still;" but she herself was over amazed to behold that the priest testified neither disappointment nor wonder that his seeming plans were frustrated. He betrayed something like a sorrowful regret; took up the cross and viewed it intently, and spoke as calmly as heretofore.

"Thy will be done," said he; "we bow and we submit. Thy servant has been too hasty in his joy, rejoiced that the deed was done; but the yoke and the shackles shall be borne again—the fight again fought over—we will wrestle to hold fast that dear supremacy the church still owns, and in the dust we will still trample thine enemies."

Thus apostrophising in words scarce audible, and incomprehensible to the listener, he arose; so mild in dignity and mien, that even his worst enemy might alone have recognised there the votary of a mistaken worship—the victim of a misguided mind. But here Nora Malone caught hold of his garments with the gesture of entreaty.

"They say here," she cried, "that your priests can curse or save. Sir, sir, I have a husband—a good man—the man I love. Lead not his soul away to evil thoughts, to horrid deeds like these, but teach him how to pray—his best of blessings. The prayers of such an humble being as he may be of use in heaven. Take not his blood upon your head, for you must answer it." So mildly she entreated; but the priest broke from her.

"Poor woman," I would do much," said he; "but no, not this. You talk like one of mortal feeling, but we argue of high deeds enjoined by heaven, immortal acts that lead us to eternity.

Nora Malone in strange amazement let him depart, believing him to be deprived of better reason and labouring under insanity, and thus she ever after esteemed him to be; in her simplicity warning her husband of this, and herself flying his society as something baneful. And because she was a simple woman, weak in resolution, and apt to be guided by impulse rather than reason, she cast about in her mind what was to be done to save her husband, or turn him from his pursuits and wicked ways; so her vanity must of necessity intrude into the argument; and she forthwith decided that nothing would be so available, so entirely influential in recalling him to a sense of virtue and good conduct, as the absence of her dear society and sweet discourse, and the loss of her pretty person in the management of his most humble establishment; and thus she determined to go to the
castle, to shew that she took part with her beautiful mistress; in fact, to compel him again to submit to her rule of reason and gentle dominion. She performed this with some difficulty, and showers of tears between; and by this one act, so it was, she left Dermot Malone unwisely to the suggestion of his worst thoughts, to the counsel of his infatuated priest, and the wild fancies of ignorant superstition.

Night had fallen when Dermot Malone again came home and found the hearth deserted. The news had reached him too that Lord Fitzgerald was only wounded but not slain; and he felt like one who had still his task to perform, for whom there was no remission of sins but through this means, who was doubly accused by his failure in the commission of this crime. And, moreover, there was the working of conscience within, not as it works in a common mind, but in one, bright and beautiful by nature; the keen compunction of one constrained to walk in paths beset with thorns—a wilderness of evil; when every sense was fully alive to the blest peace of open ways of sunshine—the pastures of the good. Thus it was: the point where conscience cuts so deeply, all other affections, feelings are cut through to this one—only one.

It was in this state that he remained during an hour or so, at last becoming conscious that his wife was not at home as usual, and wondering how this could be:

"'Tis a getting late in the eve—do you know where Nora the wife is?" said he, addressing one of his next door humble neighbours, and for fear they should guess all he had lately done, to withdraw their attention from himself, he took out his pruning knife and he began to clip the hard ribs of the woodbine that overhung the door-way, and his hand being uncertain in its action, he cut one of the main branches through. "There is another thing that would vex Nora if she knew it," he murmured. "But you're a pretty fellow to have all this good luck come upon you," said his neighbours, "and yourself not know it. Your wife's down at the castle nursing the young lord there, and the prime favourite of my lady. She says she won't be home to-night."

"Not home!—very well," said Malone, and he re-entered his cottage; and whether humble love be stronger than proud love, or native affections deeper than cultivated ones, perhaps so, but as Dermot Malone heard this, he saw in the soul's glimpse that the world was indeed a desert to him, and spite of manly hardihood, he wept the hard tears of manhood—tears which when dried were never to flow forth again. 'It's the last stroke," said he, and the unkindest cut of all. But aint I a villain—an eternal villain—deep—damned!' and as he looked around, and saw bright gushes of purest moonlight pouring through the sky, light that came from no visible source, for the moon herself was unseen; as he beheld the high mountain tops, lifting their illumined fronts in hoary majesty towards heaven, as if earth itself in its approaches up on high were magnified in beauty and in glory; as he witnessed this, nature lived within him, pleading unquestioned truths in her prophetic silence, and he listened once again, enchanted back to his former self, once more. Perhaps, there dawned upon him, in that instant, some notion of his own free agency, that no intermediate power could step between him and his Maker, that only life and time lay wide their lengthening shadow to conceal that Omnipseence whose being is immortality, that the mortal sight is veiled but not therefore blind to heavenly mysteries. These thoughts dimly were suggested, and in these thoughts he took to his way across the village, to the further end of the valley, where, in the remote distance, a light was burning, which intimated that Father Macnamara was at home, most probably engaged in the service of vespers hymns and prayers.

The dwelling of Father Macnamara was built at the foot of one of the many mountains around, a little edifice half cottage and half church-like in its structure, with moss grown, high-arched windows, and roof of pyramid and pointed spire, all overgrown with yellow stone-crop, ivy and creeping plants that flourish amid ruins; and since the holy father dwelt there, a cross was reared over the gothic entrance and another raised triumphant on the topmost height of this rustic habitation. Around it lay the garden devoted to the growth of flowers, fruit and vegetable planted in wild profusion; and further on, beyond these might be seen the chapel
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and heard the voices of youthful choristers practising the chant of the holy mass, and here also was the plot of ground, where crosses, carved in wood, or rugged stone denoted that the last resting-place of the peasantry, faithful to his faith, might be found there. But all these objects that engaged the senses during day-time were now shut out from view;—and Dermot Malone having rapped to give intimation of his presence, lifted up the latch on receiving no answer, admitted himself into the priest's apartment, where he found him kneeling on the floor, clasping his rosary and crucifix, and involved in earnest prayer.

The many missals, folios, manuscripts and time-worn books that strewed the shelves and were heaped upon the floor, bewildered Malone with their sight, perplexing him again with the contrasts of his ignorance and this man's wisdom; with the memory of the priest's dignity and his humility; with the wide difference, in fact, between them. It was hard here to dispute supremacy of opinion,—it was almost impossible for him farther to doubt. The holy man, at length uprose; but paused before he spoke.

"My son," said he, at last, emphatically, "we have lost some of the glory that of late was ours, but this laurel lives in spite of the tempests on the soil. We are defeated but not conquered: but you would speak my son."

"I want to know," said Dermot Malone, "how it is, holy father, that I am the only man appointed to this task; others are miserable—others sin?"

"But others are not ordained to be saved," said the priest; "this is thy glory and this alone; but listen. The acts of Father Macnamara shall long outlive his useless ashes; through me and me alone the children of the faith are fast uprising; not long will the yoke be borne of heretic masters and heretic dominion. The people, my people, goaded by the strong power of eloquence and priestly counsel, are slowly springing up, like hidden fire suppressed, to light a light throughout the land, to terrify and work the ruin of its oppressors—the enemies of our religion:' but here he paused, beholding the deadly paleness that overspread the face of Dermot Malone. "But what would you say?" he added in the same usual and measured accents.

"I will attempt the thing no more," said the man hastily and in a low voice, "Let me make it up with my God as I can: my wife has left me—my hut is deserted; a curse has fallen on me, mind, heart and soul for ever."

"Alas! son of sorrow," said the holy man, "you cannot escape. The bird shot to the death by the fowler, the harmless creature caught in the snare from which it cannot fly, these are as you are. The resolutions of man—his purposes—his wishes, are all annihilated by circumstances. I am the same as you, and you as I—our task must be fulfilled."

"I don't know indeed," said the man; "but if ever I said I would do a day's work, it was done; and I could always do as I would in all things, excepting in this, holy father." And, though the man had boldy spoken before, at that last expression of address, his voice sunk with a tone of entreaty that touched the cold heart of, even, priesthood.

"So we all do and say," said the other, "but an unseen hand directs us:" and he sat down himself and motioned to the man to do likewise, and after some interval of meditation they began further discourse.

And during this the priest revealed how, in other parts of the country, where heresy prevailed through the power of worldly possessions, since the land was bought up and held by proprietors whose religion was averse from that of the real owners, the inheritors of the soil,—how there,—acts had been designed and effected which immortalized their projectors, and, by the destruction of the adverse party, led on the highest triumph both in a sacred and moral sense. He hinted also, for so the priest was beguiled by his imagination, how, at his devout persuasion, men were ready to arise as eager aspirants in this holy cause; whereas, the constant change of interests through the transfer of lands from one proprietor to another, causing, as it did, great delay and scarcity of labour, necessarily promoted discontent among the inferior orders, and originated the various frightful deeds to which he alluded.

"And now," said he, with inspired energy, "men are devising and talking of the
distraction of this very youth, whose life you hold so dear. Beware lest your sins remain unpardoned, lest some one else claim the great glory assigned to you—to us. I know what you would say,” he urged, “your wife has left you; but you will resign her,—peace, property, delight in life itself, and then you will be worthy the deed,—remember.”

Thus, he turned to one of the many volumes around, and became so deeply engrossed in its perusal, that Dermot retired without further discourse, his ignorance bewildered in the desire of ascertaining how and where the priest had learnt the law of heaven and men, as it so seemed. But he found—however enlightened on topics connected with his everyday concerns—he was blind to the blessing, as well as the curse of minds raised to such intellectual height, as that they must sink since they can soar no higher.

He returned home, and next day to his work; and it might be fancy, but all hearts seemed closed to his heart, all minds to his understanding, all thoughts to his thoughts, he was no longer the fellow-workman, companion, friend of any one. But this was not because he was suspected, either of good or ill; but because his senses were closed to human sympathy, fellowship, communion,—he had already become an outcast—lost in the desert of his own feelings and fears. Meantime, he learnt that the young lord was going on well; and because he was annoyed by their remarks, weary of his own thoughts and tired of life, he listened and became a willing victim to the further arguments of the priest; fallen more into his power than ever, indurated by long endurance, and hardened in conscience, he was no longer the same man, when, after some nights, Nora came back again.

Nora, the sweet Nora, she also was changed; she had been attending Henry Fitzgerald—and, the most humble companion of Miss O’Connor; and as it is the charm of great and cultivated minds to humanize and soften all things subject to their influence, so this poor woman had partaken of their bounty and partly enjoyed their society, till she was well nigh embued with some of the opinions or tone of feeling prevalent amongst them. But she had not therefore forgotten her husband, but loved him well as ever. It was towards evening when she returned so full of hope: her light footstep left print neither on lawn nor wilderness as she came along; Dermot beheld her approach, but did not advance to greet her. She was laden with basket and packets—trifles and tokens of farewell hospitality.

“And it’s hard to think, Dermot,” said she, “that the day should come, when you can see the wife of your bosom, coming home, and not step out to meet her.”

“And the true wife would have asked her husband’s leave to go,” said he, regrettfully; “but every thing now is changed.”

“Not me, though!” cried Nora, her face lighting up with the fire of affection; “or I had not worked so hard to have saved you. The lord is getting well, and Dermot Malone is the right man again, as the heart of his true wife always thought he would be.”

“Never again, Nora, never,” said he. “If you have done this for me, you have done too much for me ever to love you again.”

“And that can’t be,” she said, the tears starting to her eyes as she saw his pale and dejected aspect; “and because you were not down at the ground to-day, my lady thought to be sure you were ill, and she sent you some of the jelly she made herself for my young lord,—so, come, be hearty!”

“I want none,” said he, bitterly; “I wouldn’t take anything of them if I were starving.”

“And there’s this money my lady gave me,” continued she, “for all my services, and she will do something for the child as it grows up, and they are going to raise your wages belike. I shouldn’t wonder if you get to be head gardener at last!—there’s a place! eh, Dermot?” and she tendered him the money as she spoke; but with sudden violence he threw her away, the money lay scattered and she herself crouching on a chair beside him.

“Dont tempt me,” he cried. “Dont I and ought I not to wish to see their dead? They may give—but where is my peace of mind? gone—my girl—gone.”
"Are you mad?" said his wife, trembling. "Dermot, lad, the're the best people
in the world. They do for us because we are poor, and we may do for those poorer
than ourselves. And is this your love, Dermot?"
"I did love you," he whispered, hoarsely; "but now,—you know too much, I
hate you."
"What do I know?" she asked; and involuntarily her looks searched over the
chimney, and she saw the gun again hanging there; and then her looks grew pale,
but still she did not flinch.
"You know too much," he answered, deeply. "Where is my jacket? why did
you destroy it? can you reply? no. You suspected me—you know me to be a
villain—a—there is no name for it."
"I did all for the best," said Nora, meekly, "I loved you too well to lose you."
"No, no," he cried, with quiet energy. "If I loved what is bad I should not
love you; if you love a wretch like me, you are not the woman—the wife—the
mother I took you for. There, girl, I feel I hate myself and you—you, you" but
as he turned away Nora caught hold of him.
"You will repent the day," she cried; "that priest misleads you. Oh Dermot, I
would sooner die myself than harm should happen to her—to the young gentleman."
"Do you dare to thwart me?" cried Dermot Malone, and driven to the madness
of ignorance urged on to crime, he lifted his hand again against his wife and struck
her. For an instant he gazed horror-struck at his own action, then beholding her
woe-begone despair and wordless silence, "this comes of loving too well, girl,"
said he, and ere she could answer, he was gone.

From that day forth, peace and the shadow of peace had both departed from
the home of Nora Malone, where incessant anxiety, mutual mistrust, dread and uncer-
tainty ever annoyed them; he, yielding gradually to the persuasions of the priest;
and she, contending in her weakness against the fatal influence he was gaining. At
last she must either lose his best regard, or follow in the path where he conducted,—
but this she still delayed to do; content, when he neglected his work, by her entreaty
to gain his pardon; and for all other wrongs, she sought, within, for consolation.

Meanwhile, lord Fitzgerald had recovered; and first, among the most prevalent
reports, he heard of some outrages in the cause of religion, or from difference
of religious opinion committed in distant parts of the country; and to this alone could
he attribute the late attack upon himself, since in every other particular both his
actions and conduct were unquestioned. However, as this was an irremediable ill,
he found that one minute's philosophical argument settled it according to his just
rule of reasoning; and for other grievances, want of employment, sickness, neces-
sity, the nameless ills of life that beset his fellow-creatures, he was prepared with
perfect judgment and a generous heart, whether alone or in conjunction with others,
to do all that was fitting to be done. Consolation was therefore long since come;
fear was unheard: he had nothing to repent of the past or dread for the future. But
not so Edith O'Connor; she, in her love, trembled at the possibility of another
attempt.

There was something, perhaps, peculiar in the attachment that subsisted between
these two young people. Edith was distantly connected with the Fitzgerald family;
his father, a colonel in the army, eminent for personal courage, had been killed in
India, leaving his wife, Edith, then about twelve years of age, and a boy then in
arms totally unprovided for. Then it was that the old lady Fitzgerald, herself a
widow, insisted upon protecting them, and to the castle they had come, where, years
of friendship, remembered with gratitude, had still more strongly united their families.
Here it was that the great heir of Fitzgerald, Baron Fitzgerald, the young lord him-
self, returned from his travels abroad, and now come of age, first greeted the sight
of fair Edith O'Connor, then a girl some years younger than himself. A youth in
person but a man in mind, no wonder then that she admired, and from admiration
love sprang up,—the love of himself alone, remote from station, circumstance, or
fortune; and though he was conversant with foreign countries and had led the throng
in the world of fashion, it was still further evidence of his judgment and manly senti-

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ment, that he saw the surpassing beauty, and appreciated the native merit of such a
gentle heart as that of Edith O’Connor, and that without the least calculation
respecting rank or fortune.

Now, though Edith could love fervently, she estimated her own position in life
with the very exactest humility; and, certainly, when with the dowager Lady Fitz-
gerald’s approbation the young nobleman revealed his affections, she was quite un-
prepared for the high honours that awaited her. Her natural feelings were indeed
of the highest order, and love was now ennobled by gratitude, exalted into that per-
fect adoration, where intellect and soul unite in the one sentiment; and if she was
proud, why, all were proud of her—her frankness and her truth that had no blemish.
So it was, when the late incident occurred, which, like harsh tumult intruding upon
peace, made peace itself doubly delightful.

But while they were lost in the calm of pleasant thoughts, Nora Malone was dis-
tracted with doubts and apprehensions that never ended but in the certainty that
something was in agitation which she could neither prevent nor discern; and yet it
was with the hope of doing so, that she stole out one night, when no starlight showed
the way, and having watched her husband enter the priest’s dwelling, she now lay
concealed to hear or see whatever chance might present her. Hours had passed
over when the holy man appeared at his doorway: presently after her husband was
beside him.

“We are to meet, then, at ten o’clock?” said he; “all of them will be there.”

“To the exact instant,” said the priest; “my prayers, my son, are heard at last:”
and thus they parted.

“We,—who? That comprehensive word might whisper unutterable things never
denied before; all of them? this meant others besides her husband; but what for,
and what about? She had lately frequented their place of worship; and she
remembered threats of anathema and excommunication, dreadful judgment passed upon
heaven’s creatures, sentences of wrath and hints of bloodshed, fearful spurnings
and goading of the unwilling spirit to acts unmentionable, and well nigh too dark
for thought. Of all this she discerned the drift, and saw the ending; and that night
her dreams repeated over all she had heard, in reflective visions, that woke her to
reality. She did think of going to the castle and stating all she knew: but what
was this? Vain imaginations perhaps, or if not, what was her husband? her heart
could give no answer.

Different speculations than those we have mentioned amused the inhabitants
of the castle; and while the sun of the following day was sinking fast, the dowager
Lady Fitzgerald and her ancient friend were devising marriage dresses and bridal
display befitting the forthcoming union. With fancies over-fatigued, they at length
sought their chamber, leaving Edith below with his lordship still in discourse of a far
different character.

“Be sure, love, all is safe,” said he. “Now the men are fully employed either
about the grounds or building those alms-houses you so prettily designed, there can
be no danger. Want is the nurse of vice. Give men their daily home and comfort,
and what seek they? Vice is not vice for the sake of being so, we will not believe
it; let us give the world credit at least for one spark of gratitude.”

“I wish,” said Edith.

“What does my Edith wish?” he asked.

“That—we might be married elsewhere,” said she, though she spoke half
ashamed of her words.

“What! leave the country—the land of my forefathers,” cried Henry, “and
frightened away by a shadow, dear Edith.”

“I remember when you could not bear that Dermot Malone,” she replied; “but
my lord has changed his opinion since.”

“And so will you, dear,” said he; and though they delayed a full hour debating
upon the doctrines fulminated by Father Macnamara, his influence over the peas-
antry, his urgency and instigation to war and conflict even unto death in spiritual
worship, his allusions and hints on the immolation and destruction of our enemies,

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yet, they came to no conclusion, and parted at last; he, not persuaded of his danger, and she, not divested of her fears.

It was this that kept her waking when starlight had risen, and restless to wake again when once asleep. It was almost like the echo of a dream when she heard a distant bell faintly tinkling, or was it the bell of the great hall tremblingly touched. She started up, but not before the faithful steward had heard the summons. With clothes wrapped hastily round her, she bounded on to the staircase where she presently encountered him; he was followed by a woman shrouded carefully in her mantle.

"What? Who is it?" she asked.

"It's good Nora Malone brought heavy tidings, Miss," said the man, "the peasantry are up and coming to attack the castle;—we must collect our strength;" and touching a heavy chain suspended in the hollow of the staircase, a deep bell sounded through the castle: hasty stirring was heard, and as Lord Fitzgerald joined them, Brien O'Connor, Edith's little brother appeared anxiously listening to the tidings,—these were told in few words.

Nora Malone, so she said, had been to see a friend and was returning, when she beheld many men congregated, and, concealing herself in the trees, overheard the design they had in contemplation. For her husband, he was sick at home, at least, she feared so; and indeed, her ghastly looks and incoherent explanation left little room for further questioning.

"It is but a few miles off and we might have the troops here in no time," said the steward; and while Edith O'Connor was prohibiting his departure, lest Lord Fitzgerald should need his assistance, little Brien stole away, in the confusion, all unheeded. In no very considerable time they were, however, as ably defended as circumstances would permit.

The castle was double barricaded at window and door. Henry Fitzgerald ordered his horse secretly to be saddled, and, weapon in hand, was ready to defend the family. The steward and men servants were tolerably well appointed and faithful besides; old Mrs. O'Connor promised at the word of command to draw the trigger of a gun at one of the upper windows; and the dowager lady Fitzgerald, a perfect veteran in her way, armed with pistol and sword, stood at the head of the stairs, bowing to oppose, step by step, the advance of the invaders, and defend their lives and her own to the last. Had there been time for smiling, this might have elicited it.

"Ah! and it would be better, my lady," said the trembling voice of Nora Malone, "if the lord himself would just flee for his life, for it's that they are seeking,—and better go to foreign lands than have the flowers grow over his ashes here."

"He would never hear of it," said Edith; "hush, good Nora, rest yourself here in safety."

"There's no rest now, my blessing," said she, involuntarily. "When the heart is once waked up to misery, it won't easily go to sleep again. Fare you well, my lady."

Thus, after giving all the information she could to guard against danger, Nora departed, conducted by the steward through the back entrance of the castle, leaving Edith involved in apprehension for his safety and surmises relative to their own actual condition. From this she was aroused by intelligence that a numerous body of men was seen approaching, armed with their tools, pikes and other instruments, as weapons of offence, and so formidable was their appearance, that the great bell of the castle was tolled to intimate that its lord was in peril and needed the assistance of the faithful among his tenantry. This sound, falling heavily on the night, caused some delay among the party without, who thus saw that their advance was not altogether a secret; while, in the distant village, lights were at intervals discernible through the gloom, showing that the cottagers were moving and shining, like beacon lights, giving promise of aid in their emergency.

But while these things were stirring without, the thoughts of the young nobleman were busily occupied. Should he be waylaid and crushed as a common and venomous reptile beneath the feet of his pursuers; should he be hunted from the tower of his strength and those around him also fall the sacrifice;—the eagle on its eyrie had taught him other things. He remembered no wrongs committed, so far his soul was
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free; he might be prepared to die, but not in this manner,—to be destroyed by
menial hands. Meantime, he beheld his stronghold surrounded by numbers, his
servants altogether an inadequate force, and his assailants so many misguided and
ignorant men, equally responsible with himself to a higher authority for the deeds
they might commit, but not so alive, mentally, to their own true position;—in fact,
they were, if not his own people, the peasantry of his native soil;—for him to attack,
or them to defend, must cost human life on both sides;—in their humble state it was
murder and butchery executed on his people,—he argued the point no longer.

"Bring Fleet-foot into the court-yard," said he, "at the back of the castle; but
let it be done quietly: and looking forth again, he saw that the people had set light
to the torches they carried, each was contending with each to be foremost in the
assault, their loud huzzas and cries of 'death to the heretics,' might have made some
hearts tremble, but his they wrought to the calmness of true bravery and manly self-
possession: "Your lordship is going the back-way belike to fetch the troops," said
the steward; when he beheld his young master turn his horse's head towards the
front gate of entrance, the man caught the reins and muttered an imperfect exclama-
tion, but when the young man smilingly pressed also his hand and went onward, the
aged seneschal stood aghast with wonder, his torch uppreared to behold the rodding
plume that shaded the face, and the gorgeous regiments that adorned the form of
his beloved master.

"It's not for nothing he reviewed the troops to-day," muttered he, "but they'll
cut him down like tender grass before them;" and now the deafening cries of the
multitude made the old man's blood run cold.

The sound of the gate as the young gentleman passed through, gave intimation of
some one's approach; and the crowd, who had already begun to attempt forcing the
doors and windows—scaling the walls of the edifice—undermining the impene-
trable stone-work—or forcing some opening from whence they might set fire to the castle;
now suddenly turned from their various projects, and in one turbulent mass of
commotion bore towards the point in question. "It's the young lord himself!" they
shouted—"death to the Protestant landholders, down with the heretics!"

"What is it you want, my good people?" said the mild voice of the nobleman:
and when the peasant people saw that it was indeed the young lord himself, decked
in the same dancing plume, seated on the well-known Fleet-foot, whose track they
had so often followed over moor and heath, and hailed with joyous shouts wherever
they appeared, some inexplicable feeling overcame them, every weapon was lowered,
they stood awe-struck and abashed, every man looked at his fellow man, beholding
this dense mass of strength and muscular powers in one body conjointed, and com-
paring this with the noble but youthful form of the person who confronted them,
they saw his single little life at their disposal, and saw also a soul of magnanimity so
much surpassing their inferior notions, that they were mute at once.

"What can be done for you," said Fitzgerald, as he urged his horse forward into
the full throng. "Is it not shameful to see honest men, at the deep hour of mid-
night, leaving honest wives and innocent children to commit depredation and mur-
der on their fellow men! and why? have I neglected their comfort or your wants?
can any child of the soil say I have not acted as a child of the soil to him?"

"No, no, my lord, none," was murmured. "I am here!" said Lord Fitzgerald.

"If you seek my life, my men, it is now your time."

Not a hand was raised; silence reigned as silent as night itself.

"They say, my lord, you are a heretic," said a voice amongst them, "and we
want you to be one of us."

"Ah, my fine fellows!" said Fitzgerald. "I am one of you. Father, brother or
son in turns to you, as my brave father was before me."

"Huzza! he's to the core of his heart a nobleman and a gentleman," they said,
—but ere the silence was well broken, the report of a gun was heard, and all after-
wards was utter confusion.

Hisses, groans, and cries of disapprobation drowned all other sounds; some strug-
gled to seize the offender, others to defend him.

"Let the man whom I have injured come forth and face me," cried Fitzgerald;

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and shouts resounded on all sides; the tide had changed, and great was the contention to bring to light the coward who had attempted his life, when another party of the villagers arriving, and seeing their lord as they supposed hemmed in amid his enemies, rushed on in furious haste into the mêlée, battering down their opponents at either side,—the young gentleman in vain, by remonstrances and commands, essaying to quiet the disturbance. Luckily, however, in the midst, little Brien made his appearance, followed by the tramp of heavy-armed cavalry and the glancing of warlike bayonets, and, ere a shot was fired, the poor people dispersed.

"Let them go in peace,—that is, if you can," said Fitzgerald to the commanding officer, as he rode into the archway entrance of the castle.

"We must not be trifled with," said he. "Some two or three of the ringleaders are taken; a few months of that iron cage, the prison, will teach them better."

"Have you taken a man named Dermot Malone," said Fitzgerald; "or rather, was it he who fired the gun?"

"A woman—a pretty wench, calling herself by that name," said the officer, "led on or directed the villagers to the rescue; at least so they said."

"I was mistaken," said the young nobleman, mournfully, "Twice has my life been attempted, I should like to know the person."

"And I—to hang him on the first tree," said the other: and here they encountered in the hall, Edith, all trembling and in tears;—his mother, high in indignation at the whole affair, and the aged Mrs. O'Connor in her bewilderment, scarce aware whether or no she might not have discharged the gun whose explosion had so alarmed them; but on the trial and proof that she had not done so, hardly more recovered to find that this was another effort made to slay her best protector. But Edith's tears were kissed away, and all, in some measure, restored to tranquillity, ere one person, under cover of darkness, or slinking from the morning twilight, at last emerged from the shadow of the trees and made towards the village.

And this was Dermot Malone, who again concealed his gun among the brushwood, and then hesitated; dreading to return home or to remain there, he stood between sky and earth, and having now no kindred feeling with one, he clasped his hands fervently in entreaty to the other, beseeching the realms above to aid and counsel him.

"Thou art the great God alone—and I know it," he cried, in the bitterness of his spirit, "and thou hast given me birth—my soul is thine—my life and soul made to be ground down into the dust—crushed—tortured—doomed to perdition by thee! And because this deed is to be done;—this deed will save me;—I hate myself—my soul—my life and thee! Yes, Lord," he cried, more wildly, "I thank thee for nothing—for blessings to me or to thy children. Strike me with lightning strokes and I will thank thee!"

So, with hands uplifted and daring front towards heaven, driven unto phrensy whose every thought leads on to deepest madness; lost to the simple creed that blest his childhood, exiled from peace and wisdom found in his own breast, led to believe in the power of a deity that nature taught him to abhor,—he dared to question the high supremacy above; and, blind to its beauty, he curst that life he could no longer hold, but as a slave bound down to the destiny of sin. Silently did he mourn in inward tears, too, over this disaffection; over past dreams of happiness, the days of youth, the glorious life of nature, the soul and heart's secure delight, above all, that tenderness most dear—the love of Nora, whose simple friendship was now for ever gone. He beat his breast to question it again! and he was resigned it was so. He no longer wished her love, hoped for it, was deserving of it; anxious and gentle reasoning on her part was over, debate and quarrel had ceased for that still despair that speaks not,—but if willing that it should be so, in manly grief he struggled, grief spoken in burning tears—to know how he was changed since first her virgin faith was plighted.

"When I attempt this act again," he muttered, "it shall be in the boy's own home and he shall not escape me!" and he gazed over the far hills of his country, where his fancy depicted some tangled wilderness or forest, where twilight only entered and thither he would fly, and kneel and pray, and worship in the silence of
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	nature, for then the struggle would be over, he should have done the task imposed, the rustling footsteps of peace should only follow him,—yes, "there, there," he whispered, and once more went back to home.

But as he was changed, things were changed also. He went to work as usual: but the report had gone abroad that he was the man who fired at his lordship, and some held back from any communion with him, while some, the base and discontented, regarded him as their prime champion;—thus was he shut from all other society. At mass, he was still addressed by the priest, as one doomed, either to infinite glory, or utmost degradation among men; and privately, that priest in his exordium, even protested against that neglect of heavenly counsel,* through which he would forfeit his everlasting soul,—with the wild desperation of fanaticism urging him, on and on towards crime,—along that narrow path of knowledge whence none return. And how could he escape!—never. Father Macnamara had studied the most zealous theologians in his faith; ancient and modern doctrine confirmed him in it; all who dissented from his church were human beings, perhaps, but only as sparkles of water sporting on the ocean of time,—no more,—lost souls in every sense; but if gained over to his creed or imolated upon his altar, great was the glory thereof and never-ending the praise.

Meantime Nora Malone was summoned to the castle: and in consideration, as Edith told her, of the timely service she had rendered them, in bringing information respecting the late disturbance, his lordship had settled on her for life the humble cottage and its grounds, and presented her with a donation to aid in its repair,—another situation would be also shortly open to Dermot. But great was the astonishment of Miss O'Connor to behold all the agitation and tears this news created.

"It's not me now, Madam, you can make happy," said poor Nora, "and I'd rather you would take your many gifts back again, so I could be all I once was."

"What has happened, Nora, you seem unhappy," said the lady.

"Aye and quite enough," was the reply; and seeing the young lady was not averse from hearing her, she spoke of Dermot's altered ways of late, of the influence of the priest over him, of his unfavorable impressions respecting the heretics as he called them, and all the home sorrows connected with his late conduct. But as these were grievances known to affright many other humble families beside her own, the young lady gave her much advice of patience and forbearance, and bade her soothe her husband by the recital of all the benefits awaiting him. But while Edith O'Connor did this, she was not insensible to the danger this seemed to express; she became gradually more and more alarmed at remembrance of the introduction she herself had given of that man to his lordship; and, as it was arranged that they were to leave the castle immediately after the marriage, she extorted from her lover the promise that, for the few days remaining, he would not venture out of the precincts of the castle grounds.

With some fresh hope of comfort, Nora Malone returned to her cot, where she found her husband silent and mysterious as ever, but having revealed the good news of all that awaited them both, she was struck into fresh astonishment by his manner of receiving it. He had lately well nigh refused all nourishment, was pale and ema-

* With what humility and meekness of spirit ought all men to act towards their fellow-creatures. Protestants will read and shudder at this mode of stirring up to vengeance and murder; but even in the Protestant church very many of its ministers once on a time, and not very far back either, were not very remarkable for their wisdom in construing the Divine will; and although the opinions they were promulgating, and the anathemas they were denouncing did not excite to the commission of the horrible crime of murder, yet did they tend equally to the destruction of human life. When cow-pox or vaccination was first introduced, the pulpit fulminated its anathemas against its use, declaring that such persons were warring against the decrees of heaven, and were damning their souls by this species of resistance against the Divine will! Nor, perhaps, even now-a-days would it be difficult to find persons whose minds are still tinted with the sentiments then and there inculcated, who still refrain from the use of this stayer of the destroyer; and surely God will that we should turn this new aid in all thankfulness of spirit to the preservation of and the rearing up of faithful worshippers. Let, then, all men, we most earnestly entreat them, live together in harmony and love, divesting their minds in everything of "rain superstitions."—Ed. MAGAZINE.] 139
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iated, but now fresh fire was in his countenance, and he spoke with stern decision.

"Let them do their benefits," said he, "and let them take the blessing of it. I have done with all care in this world. I care not for its ills—for its goods, I despise them. Of these people I will receive nothing; and as you wish, woman, to avoid my dying curse, you will do so likewise. What!" he said, with deeper energy, "shall I take their friendship—their bread—their money—their bounty, and cut them to the heart for all of it! No, what heaven orders must be done, but I'm not the cur to fawn and bite,—curse me—but not for that!"

"What, Dermot dear," gasped his wife, "you don't mean to refuse the great people's kindness—do you."

"It's all useless, Nora, girl," sighed he. "There will be death soon there; and here, why! tears won't mend it, love. So, since your husband is a poor, doomed and miserable man, be gentle and merciful to his failings now, my wench, that when all's over you may never repent."

"And if ever I was hard upon you," cried Nora, bursting into tears, "you have got a heart to forgive me. But what's in your thoughts, my husband, dear husband."

"Don't be astonished," said he, in the voice of one broken down, even to despair; "but I shall never go to work again, never take kindness nor wages again. Farewell to yourself, dear wife, and to our little one,—farewell to all things!"

"And what for?" said his wife, speaking with difficulty. "Now, dear, when you might be happy. But if you have done wrong, there's a heaven above, and—"

"I know there is," he cried, quietly, "and so I am ready to do its bidding. But not the heaven of my youth, girl; no, it was all a dream. Only don't trouble me any more about things of this life,—only remember that I loved you." He said no more, for his wife's eyes were fixed upon him.

"But if you don't work," she cried,—"oh Dermot!—we shall starve!"

"Many a worse fate than that," he answered desperately. "To starve, is to die; to live—'tis worse than that."

"You did not think so," said she, when you worked for your poor father and mother."

"The old couple are blest in heaven," he sighed; and there he sat, the big tears swimming in his eyes and thence rolling down his manly cheeks,—but he started and dashed them away, and was ever after cold, silent, insensible—a pitiable state, and dreadful to human idea.

Most charitably let him be thought of,—if a man, with the comprehension of one. Enlightenment had not been given in vain to teach him human thoughts and feelings; but half savage as he was, an uninstructed being, with no higher intelligence than is found in that state of semi-barbarism where he was born, he had fallen the prey of devices suggested, by wisdom, of superstitions inherent in his nature, of ignorance contending with spiritual power that might have whispered other things. But the last fatal step was yet to be taken.

"There's something wrong in his mind," said Nora. "The woodbine's blighted and dead that hung about our door-way, and he himself cut it down: well—well; —but a sudden ice-stream rushed through her heart,—she beheld the gun was again gone from its place, she saw his purpose was fixed, resolved, madness came with the thought—she could think no more: yet, not a straw— but the semblance of a straw the desperate clutch at,—and this was it.

The report was afloat in the village that preparations were making for the great lord's wedding, and as secrets are sure to be divulged, it was whispered that his lordship did not intend again to leave the castle till the day of his marriage, when he purposed to take a tour on the continent and would not, therefore, for some time return. This was good news for poor Nora,—this was sure tidings for Dermot Malone.

In the meanwhile, however, he had neglected his work, had thrown aside all the advantages of life, and Nora must have inevitably suffered want, but for the little labours she performed for Miss O'Connor, and that lady's kindly bounty. Every
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one knew that Dermot Malone was a lost man, had thrown away the best friends in the world, had resigned himself to evil thoughts and counsel,—and Nora was fain to hush it up as she could; but in her statements to Miss O'Connor other things came out. The poor woman, bewildered by his alteration of conduct, now attributed to mental infirmity or a distracted imagination some of the misfortunes that beset her,—and as she heard him ever, both day and night, earnestly in prayer beseeching heaven, she suspected that religious madness or enthusiasm, had destroyed those faculties so dear to her. The very thought excited Edith's commiseration and wrought her to attempt his recovery; but while rising by early matin sunlight, full of such pleasing reveries, had she looked from the castle window, she might have beheld Dermot Malone pacing up and down before the priest's cottage, awaiting the hour when the holy man should make his appearance. Edith witnessed the loveliness of the day, but saw him not; in his vision the castle stood alone prominent, he saw not the lustre of daylight or aught of the magnificence of nature. The man's countenance was emaciated and wan, his athletic limbs feeble and faint with overwrought imagination,—the want and the sufferings of one lost to himself for ever.

The priest presently joined him.

"This is the day," said he, in an excited whisper.

"Holy father not now with sunlight on us—away from home; but in dead darkness—in the bosom of his home,—it shall be done!"

"It is well, my son," said the holy man. "I, who have struggled to avenge the wrongs of heaven—I shall not be forsaken."

"My home—my work—I have given up," said the man, like a one who had given up, or wished to do so, all else in life besides.

"Thou art right," said Macnamara, "thou shalt be justified."

"My home—my friends—all—all resigned," said he.

"Thou hast done well," replied Macnamara. "My wife—my child—her—her love—it is gone," said Malone, speaking as if the last hope of life were gone.

"Your duty is done," repeated the priest; "and—and—you are, of course, prepared."

"It would be hard," said Malone, in the same tone of desperation, "hard, indeed, for a man to do all this, and then lie at the bottomless pit, howling, unforgiven; and, father, forgotten."

"You shall be rewarded," said the other. "Stars, my son, are bright; but stars are nothing to the effulgence of the glory which waits on one who has performed high heaven's bequest. If you have shed blood, it is at heaven's command."

"At yours," cried Malone.

"And at mine," said the priest, "with quiet confidence; and thrice art thou blessed my son, for ever."

"I hope so," said Malone, hopelessly. "Oh father, hell can't picture my tortures, my misery; and heaven—heaven itself can't reward me."

"Heaven will reward thee;—praise—exalt thee," said the priest; "as it will do also me. The mortal is your—our own nature—to feel—to sympathise with all; but we have clothed ourselves in the immortal—in armour of triple steel—invulnerable—we perform the task, and there is the bright recompense!" He pointed to the skies beholding them with confidence; but Dermot dared not look, stupefied into abstraction.

"Nature still works in thee," said the priest, with pity, "take care, lest it overcome thee."

"They will be," said the man, "so kind, father—they—they are good people."

"Therefore, thou art ordained, and they devoted," said the bigot. "The trial is, whether thou wilt resign all human nature, and awaken unto glory—or not."

This was said so calmly that Dermot ceased debate; and seeing the priest was about turning to matin prayers, he prepared to depart.

"If you should not see me—you know it is done," said the man, "this evening—to-night."

"Bless thee! son of the faithful," said Macnamara; and that day's devotion and prayers were given that he might prosper and all be ended.
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Dermot returned once more to his hut, his thoughts now so engrossed, that all of life beside was quite shut out, so that his wife finding him deeper locked in his own miseries, ceased further to engage or occupy him. The day was somewhat advanced and he still sitting, almost unintelligent of passing existence, for his mind was sinking fast beneath the heavy weight of contemplated crime, when as the sun broke out over the far hills, tinting the landscape with light of its own making, colours altogether of ineffable beauty, Edith O'Connor was seen approaching the cottage, and the poor woman ran out to receive her.

"The kindness of the great to the humble," said Nora Malone to herself, "it's like the falling of sunshine on the hard rocks yonder, it brightens though it wont melt them.—Ah! my lady—my dear—dear lady," she cried aloud, "you have come to look after a desolate woman enough!" and now the tears burst from her eyes.

"Have hope, good Nora," said Edith, "for hope is almost like prayer unspoken to the Almighty,"—and so, they entered the house.

But Nora was not prepared for the sight that there encountered her; for the total prostration of physical energy—of defeated manhood—the wandering eye in quest of peace,—the resolute aspect intent on horrible purposes,—the nameless nothingness of vacuity that served to engage him. Like some mighty colossal statue he sat, as though undergoing some secret torture, inexplicable to the beholder,—not to be revealed by outward evidence, nor disenchanted by mortal force,—the image of grief and suffering and unspeakable torture of mind, from which no earthly influence could ever rouse him. And yet, through this there shone the lambent light—obscured by ignorance of something dearer far,—the frightful signs of mind dissolving fast into insensibility,—the annihilation of nature—preparing for its fall, this was not half seen by Edith—and yet enough of it to terrify her. She, nevertheless, sat down, and paused before she spoke.

"I am sorry to hear, Dermot Malone," said she, and sweet was the voice as the melody of birds, "very sorry that you are so ill, as to neglect your work—your poor child and wife,—but tell me what can be done for you."

"Nothing, madam," said he, quietly, "naught can help me. It's my duty to heaven calls me away and makes me what I am."

"The priests have been leading you to think hard things," said she, "but what is it all about?"

"They talk of the heretics," said he, "and much more besides,"—but now, through the obscurity of his faculties, his sight rested on the angel countenance of the young lady, and all other thoughts, but of her, forsook him.

"You look, as you are," said he, "an angel of light; and all men will curse me to know that I have wronged you; but however, your love has been cast—a—away."

The lady was embarrassed but spoke again.

"Can we do anything for you," said she.

"Nothing," was his reply.

"For your child and wife, Dermot," she asked.

"Nothing,—no—they'll die betimes," he answered.

"Fare you well!" said Edith, now alarmed. "I will let Lord Fitzgerald know of this,—and—he will befriend you."

She moved to depart, but the man followed her; and touched, though with trembling hands, her raiment—still grasping it.

"You will forgive me," cried he, though wildly, yet almost with woman's softness.

"When the green grass lies above him, it covers a noble heart of his,—while mine"—he spoke no more his meaning; she turned and saw a horrible contrition, anguish, —super-human agony shrouded in a wan smile,—and, frightened, she gilded away.

"It's my humble prayer, madam," said Nora, smothering her tears, "may my good lord—your lover, never come to this!" And Edith, shuddering at the words, dropped some silver in the woman's hand, and tremblingly hastened away.

But while her thoughts were dwelling upon this,—a species of conduct which she could alone impute to madness, and while the castle was busy in high preparations, the day wore away; and Dermot Malone, sunk in his customary abstraction, awoke

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not to the ordinary duties of life, but sat watching from the door-way a field of ripening corn discoverable in the distance, where blue flowers and scarlet poppies were waving gently amid the golden ears, beautiful mementos of such blossoms as flourish amid prosperity. This scene he still looked upon in melancholy dreams, when the hot burning sun gave brightness to the landscape, and now suddenly, its glory was eclipsed, a lengthening horizon of clouds overshadowed it, and those heavy drops of rain began to fall, which may fall like fire-drops, from the eyes of the terrified, or be the full sparkles such as summer sheds—the pearl-drops of her coronet. They came to him, like fire-balls to his feelings or signs of sorrow he had ceased to shed. It was at this hour of summer eve that he was startled by a foot-fall; and gazing up, perceived that it was young Lord Fitzgerald’s. As he entered, the man arose, as if constrained by some intuitive power to this one act of ordinary civility. Nora advanced, and with her apron dusted a chair for the gentleman to seat himself.

"I was sorry to hear, Dermot, so sad an account from Miss O’Connor," said he, "and I have come to find how we can serve you."

"Not at all, my lord," said Dermot Malone, in a forced tone of decision, fearing that his intentions might now be discovered.

Henry Fitzgerald was silent. During this pause he perceived that in the man which led him to conceive his faculties entire as ever, not though burdened by unexpressed thoughts or intentions, yet perfectly at his own disposal. To discover now the drift of all this, was the first and principal thing. But far more quick than this was the fancy that now beset Dermot Malone. Here was the gentleman, thrown by accident into his power, might he not now murder him unseen;—the thought came and his eye lighted on a rustic knife at the further end of the apartment.

"Previous to my marriage," said Fitzgerald, "there are some few benefits that I mean to do my tenantry. Your wife has done us services, Malone, and you are among them. The steward will send you a lease of the cottage—free from rent—and, try to get on."

"Please you, my lord," said Dermot, "it can do no good to me;" and he crossed the room, took the knife, fumbling with its blade, but his wife’s fixed looks were on him, and still grasping it, he went to his seat opposite Henry Fitzgerald.

"Your wife hinted of your illness," said the other. "She well knows that the priests often extort money for absolution, Dermot, and if it be that, why, as your wife is a favorite of Miss O’Connor, let us know about it."

"It can do no good to me," repeated Malone, tampering with the knife. "I am lost to the world, sir, and when to-night is over—the world will know it."

The nobleman viewed him intently but did not reply.

Dare he dash the knife into his breast? Should he close and grapple with him? what was there forbade it? It was a face—the face of his wife immediately before him; she had left her household duties, and was now leaning against the clay walls, an inflexible aspect, pale and self-possessed, with the gaze that fascinates madness itself—there was such meaning in it where she stood, directly behind Lord Fitzgerald and also opposite him. He still played with the weapon but delayed the blow.

"We are sorry to find that you are insensible to the duty—affections of a man; urged his lordship, "your young family and wife demand other things."

"And what if heaven should ask others too," said he. "It’s well for you to talk, sir; you never heard the will of heaven told in dreams."

"Never," said his lordship, slightly smiling.

No," cried Malone, energetically. "To know—to feel that you must rip open the bosom of all we love, as I might do yours, sir, with this knife."

"My religion—my religion, never enjoins this," said Fitzgerald.

"Lay down that knife, Dermot Malone," said his wife, calmly, "if you ever loved me."

"It is not the time—not the time;" he faltered, and he did lay it down. "Your lordship has such a face," he added, "it might frighten many a man from his purposes."
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“Or persuade you to better, perhaps, Malone,” said he. “I am sorry to see you thus.” So he spoke, though he gave no decisive meaning to the action he had just witnessed.

“There will be much to forgive,” urged the man, “if there’s a heaven for all religions—the wronger and the wronged, the murdered and the murderer—they can’t dwell together. But in some other world of your own, you may forgive me.”

“Thus, in incoherent discourse they passed a few minutes together; the young nobleman leaving the cottage, imbued with the belief that some mistaken dogma of religious faith was working the poor man’s ruin, but all beside was utterly inexplicable. Nora followed him to the last, as if to save him from the possibility of harm; but when she returned to the house, she discovered the knife was gone, but her husband was sitting in the same position as ever.

“Did you take the knife?” said she; and there was a terrible smile in his eyes at the question.

“I did,” he answered, “it is my own.”

“Take care of your own dear life,” she whispered in trepidation; “don’t kill me quite.”

“No, no, girl,” cried he, “no need to do it. Grief acts deepest of anything;” and after this he was calm, sitting almost peacefully beholding the declining sun, as it went down over the hills, tinging the deep vallies with shades of gold, and shedding its last glories on herb and flower. At length, he arose, kissed his wife almost kindly, and went at so measured a pace in the direction of the castle, that Nora, far from experiencing any emotions of alarm, hoped that the great people’s kindness had wrought upon him at last, and led him to better things.

Meanwhile, he sought out a place of concealment nigh unto the building, where he might behold the movements of those within and what direction they took in case of leaving it. Here, the long weary day retired and twilight came while he was still pent up in the shady covert he had chosen, a thick group of trees that flanked the lawn before the parlour windows—a place, the haunt of pleasant hours and happy thoughts to all who ever came there. The evening-song of birds might have beguiled him, sweet scent of fresh plants, rustling of leaves, the rippling of waters that fell from the marble fount, and all the lovely sounds that wait on nature. But not so; his mind was now and henceforth dead to this, or aught resembling it.

And as twilight came, he beheld the young lord and Edith O’Connor, sometimes at the windows, now strolling in the green sward, now seated together on a gothic bench in some far deep recess of verdure, yet he delayed to strike. Then the boy, Brien O’Connor, ran in and out, and this deterred him; he was nevertheless, powerless, incapable. But as night came, the gay young child was gone and all was quiet; still, the deed was not done when the deep shade of night had fallen.

“What doth my Edith say to a starlight ramble?” said her lover.

“Are the stars to be trusted?” she asked.

“True love says yes,” said the young man, “or I had never been so fortunate:” and as she consented, a love kiss was snatched unaware, and presently they were out on the lawn together. How true to nature was the action that made her lean on him for his protection; and he clasped her kindly round to show what gentle shelter he could give her. Thus, as twilight veiled them from all eyes, they strolled together; but long, as an eternity of suffering, was the time to Dermot Malone, as he dodged them up and down the lawn, tracking them closely, mad with murderous intent and frenzied purposes, nevertheless, hopeless of ensuring them at such a distance from home as might secure success.

“Why don’t they walk in the path leading to the Fairy’s Dingle,” thought he; and shortly after they turned in that direction, taking a winding avenue thickly set with trees, which, nearly meeting above head, let in the starlight with such unbroken radiance, that the narrow way below seemed as if strewn with silver—a silver light to guide them as they went. When they had entered it, swift as a glancing shadow, Dermot Malone, sped through the foliage after them—to where his gun lay—once more concealed; and though, in savage fear, he trembled and faltered, kept not his footing sure, nor his hand firm; still, instinct pointed out the place,—the moment
when to grasp it; and doing so, he again stood calm. Thus, he saw them again
pass him, and tracked them step by step to destruction, and yet, halted ere he com-
mitted the act. Why did he wait till they were led so far from the castle? was he
not armed, and with a mute instrument? It was the same gun—now rusty—but
still—silence was whispering unto him its awful meaning,—and he must strike. But
why was it—why! he could have met the gentleman alone and killed him—no
sound—no echo then. Her scream—one scream would now awaken him to mortal
horror. It was her lover’s life, not her’s, he sought;—poor bird, fly back to thy
native home—to die. Thus he thought and faltered still. How was it, though
the stars were shining bright, they gave no light to him; he might strike her down,
and not the youth himself,—but now, he saw the gentleman stood near him as he
passed, and he listened.

"I believe the man to be," said he, "a good kind of peasant fellow. Believe it,
dear! heaven pardons such a poor wretch as he, who, if he commits sin, does it
through ignorance."

"I hope, so," said the soft voice of Edith; and once more with echoless footstep
they went by,—the man’s hand was raised, but fell not. Silence was now too silent
as they strolled along; as if the rustling leaves made their sad presence known,—
most terrible spoke out in the inmost heart of Dermot Malone, and kept him
to his purpose. To him, the night was cold, icy; the heavy darkness smothered
him, holding him breathless,—blinded him—closing his sight to all but the one
object doomed to die. Again, low words were spoken.

"Dear Edith," said that voice again, "the golden weight of love and life are now
almost too much for me. One kiss from those dear lips;—your own first kiss, my
Edith—I could here die happy."

The lips had met,—those tender arms were clasped round one another, and then
just parted;—the blow of the murderer fell,—crushing downward in its ruin,—one
groan—and all was over.

Whence came that awful shriek? Was it the mountain heights awaking into life,
that echo echoed it again in the far distance; and now another followed, and silence
itself repeated it; and now another, whose echo was heard in Dermot’s inmost
heart. He could bear the sound no longer; he fled fast, though faintly. And
there, amid the darkness, he beheld Edith’s white robes floating, as she flew up and
down, and down up again—her face outshining far the pale-faced night—too
horrible to look upon. And as he hastened desperately through closest covert, she,
at one glimpse, discovered him, and she sped after him. Like some dread spectre
she eclipsed the gloom; he fled, but the flight of birds was not more swift; she
cought him in her gentle grasp, and held him firmly. The moon peered up above
the clouds as bright as daylight; but the wan phantom still hung round him.

"I know you," she gasped. "I know you," she shrieked. "O Dermot Malone,
Dermot Malone, you have killed him!"

She would be heard—she must be heard; and while she clasped him closely, he
raised his gun again; but oh! that heavenly countenance, who could mar it! he
let it drop at once.

"Leave go your hold," he whispered hoarsely. "One life—one’s enough;" but
she still clung there, smiling wan defiance, her tender hands knit as though in death’s
last bondage." Leave go, dear girl—poor girl!" but footsteps were heard sounding
—voices heard—and now the flashing of lights; fear and desperation urged him.
She gasped again his name—Oh God. He drew out his knife, and groaning hard
in despair, he pierced her deeply—even to the heart itself. Softly; and so she died.

Alas! those sounds had reached the castle. He laid the body gently down, and
fled. Whither? away—away; cries of distraction and assistance still pursued him;
lights were seen afar streaming to and fro, illuminating the wilderness and every brake
around—till suddenly, all was quiet. He had either fled into remotest distance,
or horror held them all entranced. Farther and farther still he ran—as far as
thought could follow, over hill and mountain steep, seeking some place secure, or
inaccessible haunt, where never yet the foot of man had strayed; but all in vain, he

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seemed to ensure his safety. To stop was restless misery; but still to hasten on promised the far asylum still in view.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of the castle had reached the place whence the alarm issued. There is a point where horror itself is not so, or is wordless, where grief has lost itself and weeps no longer, struck with marble silence, and this was it. But not so in every heart; the ardent peasant fire was not so soon extinguished. Some souls were sensible of kindness, and they felt this bitterly; others, with lion hearts refused to bear this insult of themselves, and these were roused to vengeance, only waiting till morning dawn to find the murderer; and now by placid morning light still pursuing the imaginary track where he was flying, or lingering round the spot where he must lie concealed.

One of these hastened to Nora Malone’s deserted cottage, and found her still awake in hopeless agony, for Dermot was from home. The messenger was pale, haggard with fright, and stood aghast relating it—the murder of her dear lord and dearer mistress. And as he stood there, heaping word on word, in wild incoherent language, too well understood, the wretched woman struck to the heart at once, fell on her knees speechless and tearless, though at last she spoke.

"I pray," she cried, in agony, with hands clasped in deep extremity, "I pray thee, Great God, that this be not so: in thy mercy, let it pass away, I humbly pray, thy poorest child and servant kneels to thee. Yes, yes, thou wilt hear me—oh! not he—not he."

And going to the cradle she took up her sleeping child, put a light in her rustic lantern, and took her way to the Fairy’s Dingle, fearless at night-time, to see if she could meet with Dermot. But on her path, no sound guided her nor sight was seen, till she came near the place where young Edith was slain, and there she saw something shining—it was the gun. She knew it instinctively, almost before she saw it.

"It is a gun," said the man, who had followed her. "Here has been sad work."

"Lift it up," she whispered: blood and the ruins of human life were clinging round it, she saw it belonged to her husband, she shuddered—it was enough. But where was the knife? she still went on stooping and searching through the darkness for that which she alone could see, and she did see it—tearless and wordless at the sight. She went away and turned back towards her home; and, by the morning, everyone knew it was Dermot Malone, and he was the man, and how was she to hide it—how? this was her one thought—though she spoke and moved not.

Meanwhile, the silent day had dawned, the morn after the fatal bloodshed, and far away, in native regions before unknown, in the solitude of his parent land, under the umbraeous covert of the deep wilderness, Dermot Malone was seated. The stain of blood was on his heart and on his head; his garments dyed with it. The distant sight of his fellow-man was frightful to him, all nature was a desert, life and time shut out, all, but one thought—one dreadful imagination—one memory. If he looked to the skies, the face of Edith O’Connor was reflected there, on the pinnacle of yonder mountain heights her form was standing; in the foam of the cataract her airy shape was imaged; and in the bright face of placid waters her brighter face was shadowed forth. Nay, in the trunk of yonder lightning-struck tree, that still stood in ruins amid the forest, on its bark was the rigid outline drawn of a stone-like face set in the sad form of death, and yet, a deathly likeness—and of her only.

"How was it done? How, how, how?" he cried wildly, and he wrung his bloodstained hands, but Heaven was silent, and earth answered—horrible truth. And he sat there—and the most noxious reptile of the woods passed him by unheeded—it was in his eyes harmless; he the sad demon only that another demon ever pursued and ever haunted—and this was the dark shade of memory. Food, life, sleep, he had forgotten—all but this. And the thought of the young man visited him too.

"Thou, thou," he cried in deepest madness, wrought upon by ignorance, "the Almighty—the God—the Father, thou hast bade me do thy deeds of vengeance—and they are done. But why was I born a man and made to do this? I ought to have been an angel or—or a devil—but am neither. Blame me not—thy thunder
The Bigot Priest.

paused to rest—rested to flee again, and still was not at peace, save only when flight I heed not. I am a man—a man—holy God—and thou hast made me!” And then he fled through the wide country afar, under shade and shelter unseen, and sought for death but found it not.

And the night came on, and at the exact hour the murder again was pourtrayed in fancy; though he might fly before the stars they still pursued him,—horrible phantoms that he feared, and yet could not escape them; deep sleep and blackest dreams, black sleep and deepest dreams could not conceal them—those white shapes—the marble ghosts of other worlds still haunted him: and so on, for many days, till night, day, time and life, all was hateful—all terrible.

And one day, at last, when the sun had newly risen, the wretched man came forth. He had walked on impending precipices and highest cliffs, resolved to die,—but no, a sad fatality withheld him; he had sought the tempting stream—to sleep within its waves,—but no; he had tried to die—even of want of all human sustenance; but no. He wandered back to the old track—toward the place of all his crimes—he wandered on and on at last,—he knew not—he remembered no other way but this—but this he knew, aye, every footstep. And he now went out into the open sunshine, and wished some one would recognize him and take him, and all would be over,—he was tired of life.

And thus, as he was sitting in the broad sunlight, he saw a young boy, a child approaching. Pale and baggy, like himself, was the boy, with want and misery, over watching and fatigue; and almost without clothing and shoes, he was in such utter desertion. And now, through the dim vision of the last few days, he remembered at times to have seen the child—tracing and tracking his footsteps wherever he went. Sadly and earnestly did the boy survey him; and still to Dermot Malone he came like the coming of an angel. And, at last, the child approached.

“Come with me,” said the child, “you are the man;—so come now, God will forgive you—only come back to the castle.”

“And your name is Brien O’Connor,” said Dermot Malone, with inexpressible but dreadful calmness,” go on, dear child, for now I want to die.” And he might easily have murdered the child, and all unseen, but he followed in his footsteps as though bound in chains, when not a silken web even held him.

And this one fact in truth appeared to his ignorance and superstition as something pre-ordained; whereas, the child, by nature brave and daring, had rushed from the castle in the first alarm, and no sooner knew the crime committed, than led by love and the desire of discovering the murderer, he had accidentally followed in the same direction—marked the man by his dreadful appearance, and not being near any habitable spot where to give the alarm, had quietly watched, until he saw him enough softened to approach him with safety; —and by this, the natural fear of childhood, he was guided rather than by any other instinct.

It was night when Dermot Malone again approached the village, and he halted at the door of Father Macnamara’s dwelling, while the child waited outside. There was neither star-light nor moon-beam, but a sullen wind was moaning, and heavy rain falling, sheets of water unseen in the darkness,—but nothing of this was heeded. Dermot Malone was admitted and once more stood before the priest.

The priest looked twice; for was it he or his shadow. Disfigured with blood and misery, white as death and horror seen together in one mortal shape, emaciated with want and suffering,—he was fearful, indeed, to look upon. Agony and high excitement were visible in the priest’s aspect, and thus they stood beholding one another in silence for some moments. The priest, at length, clasped his hands fervently in prayer, and he spoke in the same calm voice as ever, but touched with mortal anguish and fear.

“I have travelled through worlds of thought, perused uncounted books, my son, since last I saw you,” said he. “My human man trembles as thine within thee, but am I still confident. Thou hast slain the infidel, the heretic, the outcast of heaven—thou hast done the work of the church and of salvation,—if thou bearest the burden only a short while, mine is the longer labour,—nor will I flinch even unto—unto death itself.”

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"Holy father," said the man, standing calmly, "now I am free of the sins of my faith, and pure in the eyes of the mother church, it is time for me to die; and sure, God will forgive me for sins—these sins committed at his own servant's bidding—it is thou who hast taught and not I."

"He has—he has," cried the priest; "and a crown of glory shall be yours. "Tell me not this faith—my faith is founded on political devices of man's contrivance,—no such thing; for power—power is the great emblem of the Deity, and it is the first law of us—and of our religion. It is not in peace but in the warfare of our faith we show our power. Be blest, my son."

But here he was startled by the wretched man suddenly throwing himself on his knees before him; wildly his hands were clasped, and still more wildly he spoke.

"I am blest," cried he. "Oh father! think of this. This is my native village—he grave of my parents—close by is my cot, my wife, my child; all—all dear to my soul, my heart—dear as my life itself, father. But my home is gone from me—the ghost of murder haunts me—shuts out my God, my heaven, my hope. What now can you do, good father, but take the curse of a dying man upon you?"

"The church does all things," said the priest. "I am its steward—through me hou shalt be saved in soul. Farewell."

"I will take counsel of a child," said the man, rising. "I will take my sins upon myself. I will call on the God of my childhood once more."

Thus he quitted the priest, and joining Brien O'Connor once more, they turned towards the castle; but there, in that direction, many torches were burning at the entrance, which shone dimly through the mist of the night, and shewed that, at this dead hour, the young heir of Fitzgerald and the maiden he loved were about to be consigned to their lasting resting place and their last earthly home. As they approached they beheld trains of mutes in attendance, and the grand hall and entrance hung with black and solemn ensigns of the grave. Dermot Malone and his companion passed through, not unheeded, but as something too awful to be interrupted on their way. In the vestibule, amid many lights, the coffins were placed; amid the pride of lordly show, armorial pomp and proud escutcheon, their ashes were yet reposing. A far off, in the remote distance of this oak-ennelled hall, apart from the group of mourners, there was kneeling the humble figure of Nora Malone; and thus it was, when he, the murderer, entered.

"I am the man," said Dermot Malone, and every pale face but one gazed from the wan darkness out upon him.

As circumstances afterwards proved, the estate fell into the possession of Brien O'Connor, who, as he come to man's estate, made fitting provision for the unhappy widow and child of poor Dermot Malone.

And what can we argue of the priest; so much intent on duty—so much mistaken. Believe, all virtues strained to the utmost point, lose the sweet harmony of virtue, and change to vice—which is all discord. If courage urge the warrior, it must be bravery remote from cruelty; if science impel the physician, it must be science justly so, not experimental fallacy or misguided philosophy; if zeal conduct the religionist, it must be zeal tempered with humanity and wisdom, both guided by earnest faith, and led away into the wide path of superstition, or the one still more straight and dangerous of bigotry and party spirit. A fanatic in any religion, whatever be his powers, it is more than questionable whether, indeed, he be of God's disciples at all.
THE OWL KING.

Who is the king of the dark old wood,
And where is his shadowy throne?
Is he of gay or of gloomy mood—
Or doth he in contemplation brood
Silent and sad and alone?

The king of the wood is wise and sage,
And his throne is the old oak tree,
Where he sits like one in his hermitage
The great philosopher of his age,
Blinking his large grey eye.

He looketh not out in the mid-day sun
But sinks in his feather'd ruff;
And when the course of the day is done,
He knows there are secret deeds to be done,
And that he has studied enough.

So first he peereth his casement out
And asketh with hollow tone,
"Is the twilight fallen all about
And hush'd the voice of the rabble rout
"Are the hedgerows still and lone?"

"Is no cursed son of the human race
"Hid in the quiet glen,
"With a staring eye and a stupid face?
"Oh how unlike our beauteous race,
"Are the forms of those monsters—men!

"Can I venture this figure so divine
"To cross the forest glade?
"Where scarce the rays of the pale moon shine
"On the berries all full of the blood red wine
"For my use exclusive made.

"Have the moths from their shel'ring beams ta'en flight
"To the fate for them decreed?
"Are the mice at play in the cool twilight—
"Are the frogs come out of the waters bright—
"That I on their flesh may feed?

"For I am the king of the old oak wood
"And my throne is the Ivy tree;
"And all within it is for my food—
"The berries, the flies, and the callow brood
"They all were made for me."

Oh! beware; king owl! that thou keepest still
When the broad bright sun doth shine,
Or the Fowler will spread his net with skill,
And the hawk his unscrupulous maw will fill
With that royal blood of thine.

Mothinks there might be a wondrous change
In thy vaniitings and thy boast.
If thou wastest forth in the day to range;
Contempt thou would'st meet and taunting strange,
As might lower thy pride—almost.

How many there be amongst mankind
Puff'd up with pride like thee!
Who blink and wink in presumption blind
Nor ope their e'en, their level to find,
Like the owl in the old oak tree.
Records of Real Life in the Palace and the Cottage. By Miss H. Pigott. 3 vols.

These pleasing volumes comprise the autobiography of a lady of family and fashion, during her residence at various continental courts from the year 1817 to a recent period. Interspersed with the real records of her travels are agreeable sketches and anecdotes of many of the royal families of Europe, to whom our fair author was presented, and in more than one, temporarily domesticated: thus we are in turn introduced at the courts of Holland and Belgium and other petty sovereignties.

"King Leopold preserves his habitual cold, phlegmatic deportment; but his fair queen is embellished;—her form is developing into matured womanly proportions; the rose and lily have overcome the original sallow tint of her complexion, and which, aided by her light flaxen hair, then gave to her head the resemblance to a sheep, her spirits are become buoyant, her salutations more gracious. It cannot be the diadem she wears, for that royal ornament has become a funeral presage during the last half century—a tragic type to the wearer. Its once sacred charm was broken upon a revolutionary scaffold, where, by the casting vote of thy grand sire, it fell with the fairest head and figure that ever wore a crown; therefore we must believe that her Majesty's now radiant countenance indicates home bliss, stamping with falsehood those calumnious reports of conjugal differences, so indefatigably circulated in Paris, that were probably invented there, and never passed the Belgium frontiers."

There are also many sprightly letters full of close and acute observation. The commencement of the first volume is not so clever as the concluding portion of the work—hence Miss Pigott is more at home in the palace than the cot. The biographical sketches of the members of the royal family of Holland are exceedingly amusing, and her sojourn as a guest in the chateau of the Prince of Hatzfeld gives us a view of German domestic high life, seldom portrayed by English tourists, and for the best of all reasons, that few of them can obtain the entree into these exclusive palaces. The early life of Stephanie, Duchess of Baden, is truly interesting, and therein are fully displayed the agreeable talents of Miss Pigott as a narrator. The English connexion of the Duchess Stephanie is little known to the public at large, her conquest of her husband, and his refusal to part with her on the fall of the Napoleon dynasties are altogether a beautiful romance of real life.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. G.

Baden, August, 1818.

"I resume my pen to give you some account of, and to express my regrets at, the absence of la Grande Duchesse Stephanie, who, without any higher finishing touches of beauty, is reported to possess those more becoming graces of person and intellect, those high toned thoughts and conduct, that dignified courtesy, yet modest bearing, which reflect a magical radiance over her own noble birth, and the princely dynasty to which, by a strangely romantic train of incidents, she has become allied—malgré elle.

"The Duchesse Stephanie was only daughter to le Comte de Beauharnois, nephew to the first husband of the Empress Josephine; her mother was of the noble family of Lazay de Marselis, the intimate friend of our amiable but somewhat eccentric Miss Pulteney, afterwards created Baroness of Bath, who formed this youthful friendship while terminating her education as 'une pensionnaire à l'Abbé de Panthemont, in Rue de Grenelle, at Paris,' of which the excellent Madame de Bethisy was then the Lady Abbess. Miss Pulteney was, at that early age, by the testament of her mother, independent of her rigid economist parent, Sir William Pulteney, member for his natal town, the capital of Shropshire; and it appears, that her sincere attachment to Madame Beauharnois influenced her, at that inexperienced age, to make considerable sacrifices of money to the lady's extravagant husband, and also to have become eventually his dupe for large sums, which she generously cancelled by her last will. The Countess Beauharnois died early in the French revolution, bequeathing her only child to the protection of Miss Pulteney, who fulfilled the trust reposed in her the motherless little Stephanie, with that generous feeling and delicacy of mind, that rigorous fidelity to a promise given to a dying parent, of which the munificent spirit of Miss Pulteney was so capable. She placed the lovely young plant in a convent, in the hot-bed of France, intending to transplant her from that southern province to fertile England's shores, there to grace the British court, by marrying her to a peer of her own

[THE COURT]
lineage; but she was cruelly thwarted in her noble intent, by those untoward circumstances which no human foresight can anticipate, obliging her to yield to less scrupulous spirits, who would not respect any harmonizing links, nor parent's dying mandate. Josephine, become Empress of France, casually mentioned the situation of this young and interesting niece of her deceased consort, to Napoleon; the domineering vindictive monarch expressed, in unmeasured terms, his surprise that she would permit a connection of her own to remain under the influence of an individual of a country, his greatest enemy, until the, ill-starred, and disdained, sent off a private intimation to the Lady Abbess; but an estafette had preceded, with an imperial order from the police to surrender Stephanie, which the abbess resisted in the first instance, but was eventually forced to yield her up. The interesting girl was conducted to Madrid, where, in brilliant manner, she published her ascension in Paris, and was forthwith presented to the emperor, as a member of his new dynasty; sighing after her early patroness, shrinking from the glare of Josephine's court, imbibing none of that family's prodigious ambition, and ill-fitted by her mental qualities for that unquiet region Napoleon meditated long, which of the German dynasties were worthy of his illustrious connection; finally he selected for this unfortunate female, the handsome, and at that period, the profligate hereditary Prince of Baden, an alliance his proud regal-mother declined in dignified terms. Napoleon then created his adopted daughter an Electress, and the Duchesse yielded from state necessity to a matrimonial proposition, which was in fact, a mandate enforced by military power. The princely young couple did not positively submit to have their affections controlled by arbitrary decree; they received each other so unpersuaded in that graceless act, that the Duchesse, with fatherly affection, on the death of her Duke, sent off to her erstwhile partner in marriage, in token of her devotion, a letter, to which the Duke replied in a manner that brought to her marriage the bitterest reproach; she was buried in the churchyard of her native town, in a humble mausoleum, bisected by the valley of the Seine, where she is now enthroned in the golden tranquility of another world.

Carlsruhe, to her conjugal rights. Her Highness's gentle nature yielded a willing oblivion to past errors; henceforth they lived together in delightful affectionate harmony. But too brief were her home joys, for the Duke's health failed, and in his last tedious illness she became his tender and assiduous nurse; and ultimately, in the character of his widow, testifying her respect to his memory by an unblemished reputation, the care and superior education she has given the two princesses, their daughters.

The amiable princess Amalie, whom I have already mentioned, was her invariable friend, while laden with domestic afflictions; and throughout the court intrigues against her, even at the dispersion of her family connexions, and at the very ebb of Napoleon's fortune, while the Empress of Russia, and others of the Baden family were desirous to divorce this meritorious highborn female from the Grand Duke, his Highness, with devoted fidelity, despised and quelled these court intrigues, by publicly declaring, that he would never repudiate a faithful wife in the hour of her family's adversities; at the same time, commanding a review of his troops, he drove with his lovely consort along the lines, where she was hushed with general acclamations—such was the triumph of virtue over injustice. Miss Pulteney, become Baroness of Bath, continued her friendship to her noble protectée, proving her respect, in the last act of her mortal career, by cancelling the sums of money she had lent to the Count her father, and bequeathing a legacy of four thousand pounds to her Highness, which she has hitherto left to accumulate in the British funds, for the advantage of her fair daughters.

The heroic devoted wife of Lavalette, was daughter to the Marquis de Beaufort, therefore cousin to the Duchesse. It was a fine trait of character in the equerry of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Frank O'Hargart, that he did not fear to shew kindness to Lavalette, during his imprisonment for high treason—but he too well knew the kindly sentiments of his all-enduring royal mistress, to apprehend falling under her displeasure on that account.

Miss Pulteney, or, as I should now call her, Baroness Bath, you will remember, was unlovely in person, and the victim from childhood of a singular malady, which must have embittered each moment of life, but which she bore without a plaint, in cheerful fortitude; for she was as noble in thought, and conduct, as she was by ancestral descent, winning on the affections of those admitted to her friendship. She was not general in her predilections, but secured for life the fidelity of those persons to whom she once evinced an attachment. She was far from resembling her father in worldly affairs, being generous and benevolent to all; and,
in many instances, liberal to excess towards her chosen friends, as in the example of Madame Beaunhaurois; her conversation was lively and agreeable, according to the report of my family, with some of whom she lived in great friendship after her return from the continent. I was then too young to estimate her finer qualities, or to judge her esprit; but I remember well she pleased me by her good-nature (a quality that always gains the favour of youthful hearts), and I was invari-
able pleased to see her ladyship arrive, and most curious respecting the enormous trunk that always accompanied her, even when in the intention not to remain longer than one night.

Lady Bath married, when past thirty, her cousin, Sir James Murray. Her father, Sir William Pulleney, was naturally anxious his daughter should marry; and he had that satisfaction previous to his demise; but her inclinations and good sense, would have induced her to remain single; she was ill appreciated by the world, who deemed her eccentric; and certainly, a degree of singularity imbued her general conduct, that cast a shade over intrinsic merits to casual obser-
ders; and that, I believe, arose, more from the ennui of bodily suffering, than from mental defects. The world blamed Lady Bath’s strange partiality in leaving, without any proviso, a large portion of her wealth, to her cousin, Mrs. —, to the ultimate advantage of that lady’s children by her second unfortunate marriage, rather than to the is-
ue of her respectable and high-minded moral first partner in life.

Many of Miss Pigott’s sketches will be useful to the future biographer of royal ladies of our era, and will form a component part of the rich materials available in our country for that purpose. The history of the Princess Lubomirská furnishes a soul-appalling example of terrible retribution. From this awful passage we turn to a little bit of court history of our Queen’s father, whom Miss Pigott seems to have known well, and for whom she cherishes a deep respect; speaking of her visit to the Queen of Bavaria, she says:

“We proceeded a few doors farther to the Queen’s house. Her Majesty soon after arrived, accompanied by the Princess her sister. The Queen may be called handsome; her figure is fine, much dignity and grace are blended in her movements and address, which distinguishes her from all around. The Princess Amalie has neither elegance nor personal beauty, but her countenance has a thousand charms—it is the emblem of her mind, like a mirror to the face and figure, and reflects the benevolence of her character; she creates immense interest, and I believe our government fixed upon this Princess for the Duke of Kent, last year, when the death of England’s hope, the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, rendered it good policy that her royal uncle should marry; certain it is, that the Duke came to Carlslube, and as I have learnt from one of that court, the Princess was extremely anxious to please his royal highness; therefore the court ceremo-
nies were so well arranged, as to place the royal Duke in the same carriage, tête-a-tête, with that Princess, to make the usual tour of sights, and to attend the review of the Baden army. But the Duke took his leave on the following morning, as we all know, soon after selected the widowed Duchess de Lie-
nenguin, who, in her character of wife, widow and mother, possessed a high reputation, with the advantages of youth and some beauty.”

But modern history does not alone occupy the pen of our fair author; she is well informed in regard to the past, and delights in historical allusions to the courts and palaces she visited in times past. There is a description of an his-
torical relic well described, which is rather curiously connected with an adventu
which happened to a modern queen. Here is the passage:—

“We then returned to the saloon, where the Queen held her afternoon circle; where unexpectedly appeared, Sir John Coxe Hippesley, his face bedecked with that ‘goodin
ose,’ the theme of poets’ verse; he held fast, tucked under his left arm, a red Mo-
rocco box, which gave him much the semblance of a jeweller of London fashion. The courtly assemblage seemed to think so, for they crowded forward, evidently expecting a display of jewelry—fair womankind loving, right well, gems, and rubies, and diamonds. When, lo!—after the worthy baronet had made, before the liege lady, and her courtly dames, many homages, accompanied with the usual scrape of his right foot, and a few ‘pas en arriere,’ he opened the mysterious box, expanding to its entire length, for our inspection, with the dexterity of an emissary from a marchande de modes, the white veil that the unfortunate Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland, wore on the scaffold, the morn that her lovely head fell under three strokes of an unskillful executioner;—a deep tragedy, that leaves an indelible stain on the annals of Elizabeth of England’s reign; as like a stain on the memory of the protestant Lords, Shrewsbury, and Kent, whose brutal de-
meanour and unnecessary contradictions, aggravated the sorrows of their royal victim in her last hour.”

* Mary Queen of Scotland’s veil, was confi-
The honourable baronet prehuded this exhibition by a statement, that the Pope Pius the Seventh had put him in possession of this royal relic, and all the valuable Stuart papers, upon the death of Cardinal York, in deference to his first lady, who was a lineal descendant of the Stuarts. In the vanity of possession, and these pretensions, he has, in journeying homewards from Rome, made several détonors from the usual line of route, in order to gratify the smaller courts of Germany with a view of this prize; he descended on the royal descent of his deceased consort, not aware of the presence of an Englishwoman; but, on hearing my name iterated in the circle, a glow of surprise suffused his cheeks, followed by acourty bow of recognition, and by a visit on the morrow, with an offering of a well-executed engraving of the interesting veil. This precious relic of the attire of a beauteous martyr to a royal kinswoman's jealous humour, is of a transparent zephyr gauze with a light check or plaid pattern, interwoven in gold; the form of it is that of a long scarf.*

A report spread rapidly that evening, and during the following day, with many animadversions thereon, that the baronet, flushed with the honour of the court reception, and the possession of this invaluable insignia of hapless royalty, had the indiscretion to throw it, with an air of chivalrous gallantry, over the Queen's head. Her Majesty shuddered, threw it off, and retired to the small boudoir, where I had previously retreated, somewhat wearied by this strange exhibition. I recollect the Queen entering with precipitation, and an air of alarm; and addressing me in hurried accents, "Le chevalier votre compatriot il est bien indiscret;" then seeming to resume a command over the feelings, she quitted me as abruptly, returning to the circle, where I quickly followed, wondering what this could mean, and receiving an immediate solution from the affrighted persons, who had observed the incident. Certainly the exhibiting such a memento of a Queen's adverse fortunes to a living Queen, immediately subsequent to long years of sanguinary horrors, committed by frantic subjects against their legal rulers, was an injudicious attempt at gallantry, on the part of the worthy baronet.

The whole of this second volume is a most fascinating book; but to extract all its lively spirituelle anecdotes would far exceed the limits of our duty, and we need scarcely recommend the work to the public—from the specimens we have afforded our readers will earnestly desire to become acquainted with the whole. Merit may escape the public attention; for a learned composition may be heavy—a good book may be dull—but a highly interesting and entertaining work such as this is, is sure to be seized upon if fair specimens of its contents are once laid before the world of readers.

Whilst we would point to several anecdotes of recent date in the third volume, before we take leave of Miss Pigott, we must not pass unnoticed the animated sketch of the palace of Chantilly. A passage will likewise be found, shewing that the pecuniary embarrassments of Madame d'Abrantes, according to common report, hastened her death. The following is given in illustration of the practical tendencies of the modern French school of France:—

"Victor Hugo has a large family at this moment too young to peruse his writings; but when arrived at maturer age, on learning that their father is an author, will they not eagerly seek out and peruse his works, in preference to those of other authors? A friend of Victor Hugo's pleaded his slender income in excuse for thus becoming an author. "But was it necessary to become an immoral one?" I replied. "Oh! his children are too young to read or understand such sentiments," argued the unreflecting Frenchman; who, like the generality of his compatriots, is more occupied by the present moment, than by future consequences. But Victor Hugo has the merit of gratitude. He
was protected in early life by Chatenubriand, and has uniformly vindicated his illustrious protector against all his calumniators. "His present rival in this dangerous style of romance, is an Amazon, self-baptized George Sand; who wears a costume analogous to her adopted name: of dark aspect, and highly-coloured complexion, generally travelling with four cavaliers of the same stamp, one of whom is reputed as her retained cicerone, whom she orders to the right and to the left in the tone of a serjeant drilling a raw recruit. She drinks copiously of every potent beverage that is alternately offered to her acceptance, either in a steamer, or the cabaret where the diligence may stop. Her eyes have a strange, troubled appearance, either arising from such stimulating libations, or from her own troubled imagination, often seeking the heroes and heroines of her novels, with their attendant accessories, in the rendezvous of vice, or a chain of miserable gallerons.

As no slight recommendation, the late lamented John Galt spent his latest hours in revising the subject matter of this work, and even in forming the introductory pages.


Willis has once more taken up his brilliant pen, and filled a considerable portion of these three volumes with sketches of England and English society at the present time. His personalities in this collection are not of an offensive character, and he certainly possesses no ordinary powers as an historian of passing life. Part of these Loiterings of Travel have already appeared in various periodicals; among the republished papers is the Grisi in her altitudes, enraged at a separate table being provided for the singers at a fête in a nobleman’s house, where Grisi and her compatriots assisted. This sketch though somewhat in the manière in style and a little exaggerated in its cast of compliment to the cantatrice, is a rich original delineation, highly wrought and gem-like in its finish of description and dialogue. It deserves a place in classic collections of our times, but is too well known for extract here. This is succeeded by a very clever paper on out-door London.

"It has been said, that ‘few men know how to take a walk.’ In London it requires some experience to know where to take a walk. The taste of the perambulator, the hour of the day, and the season of the year, would each affect materially the decision of the question.

"If you are up early—I mean early for London—say ten o’clock—we would start from your hotel in Bond Street, and hastening through Regent Street and the Quadrant, (deserts at that hour), strike into the zigzag of thronged alleys, cutting traversely from Coventry Street to Covent Garden. The horse son the cab-stand in the Haymarket are at this hour asleep. The late supper-eaters at Dubourg’s and the Café de l’Europe were the last indiction upon their galled withers, while dissipation slumbers they may find an hour to hang their heads upon the bit, and forget gall and spavin in the sunshine drowse of morning. The cab-man, too, nods on his perch outside, careless of the custom of ‘them as pays only their fare,’ and quite sure not to get ‘a gemman to drive’ at that unseasonable hour. The waterman (called a ‘waterman,’ as he will tell you, ‘because he gives hay to the orses’) leans against the gas-lamp at the corner, looking with the vacant indifference of habit at the splendid coach with its four blood bays just starting from the Brighton coach-office in the Crescent. The side walk of Coventry Street, usually radiant with the flouncing dresses of the frail and vicious, is now sober with the dull habitiments of the early stirring and the poor. The town (for this is town, not city) bends its more honest pulse. Industry alone is abroad.

"Rupert Street on the left is the haunt of shabby-genteel poverty. To its low-doored chop-houses steal after dusk the more needy loungers of Regent Street, and in confined and greasy, but separate and exclusive boxes, they eat their mutton-chop and potato, unseen of their gayer acquaintances. Here comes the half-pay officer, whose half-pay is halved or quartered with wife and children, to drink his solitary half pint of sherry, and over a niggard portion of soup and vegetables, recall as well as he may in imagination, the gay dinners at mess, and the companions now grown cold—in death or wordliness! Here comes the sharper out of luck, the debtor newly out of prison. And here comes many a ‘gay fellow about town,’ who will dine to-morrow, or may have dined yesterday, at a table of unsparing luxury, but who now turns up Rupert Street at seven, cursing the mischance which draws upon his own slender pocket for the dinner of to-day. Here are found the watchful host and the suspicious waiter—the closely-measured wine, and the more closely-measured attention—the silent and shrinking company, the close-drawn curtain, the suppressed call for the bill, the lingering at the table of those who value the retreat and the shelter to recover from the embarrassing recognition and the objectless saunter through
the streets. The ruin, the distress, the despair, that wait so closely upon the heels of fashion, pass here with their victims. It is the last step within the bounds of respectability. They still live "at the West End," while they dine in Rupert Street. They may still linger in the Park, or stroll in Bond Street, till their better-fledged friends flit to dinner at one establishment, and within a stone's throw of the luxurious tables and the gay mirth they so bitterly remember, sit down to an ill-dressed meal, and satisfy the calls of hunger in silence. Ah, the outskirts of the bright places in life are darker for the light that shines so near them! How much sweeter are generally the savagery, the savage wildness, than the comparative comfort of cooked meats and wine in a neighbourhood like this!

Come through this narrow lane into Leicester Square. You cross here the first limit of the fashionable quarter. The Saloméière hotel is in the square; but you may not give it as your address unless you are a foreigner. This is the home of that most miserable fish out of water—a Frenchman in London. A bad French hotel, and two or three execrable French restaurants, make this spot of the metropolis the most habitable to the exiled French of the Palais Royal. Here he gets a mocking imitation of what in any possible degree, is better than the sacré bislibé, or the half raw mutton-chop and barbarous boiled potato! Here he comes forth, if the sun shine perchance for one hour at noon, and paces up and down on the side-walk, trying to get the better of his bile and his bad breath. He is, however, the most shabby, but most expensive remise cab, hired by the day for as much as would support him a month in Paris. Leicester Square is the place for conjurors, bird-fanciers, showmen, and generally for every foreign novelty in the line of nostrums and marvels. If there is a dwarf in London, with two heads, or a learned pig, you will see one or all in that building, so radiant with placards, and so thronged with beggars.

Come on through Cranbourne Alley. Old clothes, second-hand stays, deacon shawls, capes, collars, and ladies' articles of ornament were generally cheap, straw bonnets, old books, gingerbread, and stationery! Look at this once-expensive and finely worked muslin cape! What fair shoulders did it adorn when these dingy flowers were new—when this fine lace-edging bounded some heaving bosom, perhaps, like frostwork on the edge of a snow-drift. It has been the property of some minion of elegance and wealth, vicious or virtuous, and by what hard necessity came it here? Ten to one, could it speak, its history would keep us standing at his shop window, indifferent alike to the curious glances of these passing damsels and the gentle eloquence of the Jew on the other side, who pays us the unflattering compliment of suggesting an improvement in our toilette by the purchase of the half-worn habiliments he exposes.

"I like Cranbourne Alley, because it reminds me of Venice. The half-daylight between the high and overhanging roofs, the just audible hum of voices and occupation from the different shops, the shuffling of hasty feet over the smooth flags, and particularly the horses and wheels, and make it (in all but the damp air and the softer speech) a fair resemblance to those close passages in the rear of the canals between St. Mark's and the Rialto. Then I like studying a pawnbroker's window, and I like street-walking in the old book-stalls that abound here. It is a good lesson in humility for an author to see what he can be bought for in Cranbourne Alley. Some "gentle reader," who has paid a guinea and a half for you, has re-sold you for two-and-sixpence. For three shillings you may have the three volumes, "as good as new," and the shopman, by his civility, pleased to be rid of it on the terms. If you would console yourself, however, buy Milton for one-and-sixpence, and credit your vanity with the eighteen-pence of the remainder.

The labyrinth of alleys between this and Covent Garden are redolent of poverty and pot-houses. In crossing St. Martin's Lane, life appears to have become suddenly a struggle and a calamity. Turbulent and dirty women are everywhere visible through the open windows, the half-naked children at the doors look already care-worn and incapable of a smile, and the even thin shop boys, bloated, surly, and repulsive. Hurry through this leprous spot in the vast body of London, and let us emerge in the Strand.

You would think London Strand the main artery of the world. I suppose there is no thoroughfare on the face of the earth where the stream of human life runs with a tide so overwhelming. In any other street in the world you catch the eye of the passer-by. In the Strand, no man sees another except as a solid body, whose contact is to be avoided. You are safe nowhere on the pavement without all the vigilance of your senses. Omnibuses and cabs, drays, carriages, wheelbarrows, and porters, beset the street. Newspaper hawkers, pickpockets, shop-boys, coal-heavers, and a perpetual and selfish crowd dispute the side-walk. If you venture to look at a print in a shop-window, you arrest the tide of passengers, who immediately rush over you; and if you stop to speak with a friend, who by chance has run his nose against yours rather than another man's, you impede the way, and are made to understand it by the force of jostling. If you would get into an omnibus you are quarrelled for by half-a-dozen who
catch your eye at once, and after using all your physical strength and most of your discrimination, you are most probably embarked in the wrong one, and are going at ten miles an hour to Blackwall, when you are bound to Islington. A Londoner passes his life in learning the most adroit mode of threading a crowd, and escaping compulsory journeys in cabs and omnibuses; and dine with any man in that metropolis from twenty-five to sixty years of age, and he will entertain you, from the soup to the Curacao, with his hair-breadth escapes and difficulties with cabs and coach-drivers.

One morecoul more as we are fond of this style of street painting.

"Walk on a little farther to the Quadrant. Here commences the most thronged promenade in London. These crescent colonnades are the haunt of foreigners on the look-out for amusement, and of strangers in the metropolis generally. You will seldom find a town-bred man there, for he prefers haunting his clubs; or, if he is not a member of them, he avoids lounging much in the Quadrant, lest he should appear to have no other resort. You will observe a town dandy getting fidgety after his second turn in the Quadrant, while you will meet the same Frenchman there from noon till dusk, bounding his walk by those columns as if they were the bars of a cage. The western side towards Piccadilly is the thoroughfare of the honest passer-by; but under the long portico opposite, you will meet vice in every degree, and perhaps more beauty than on any other part of the world. It is given up to the vicious and their followers by general consent. To frequent it, or to be seen loitering there at all, is to make but one expression on the mind who may observe you."

"The two sides of Regent Street continue to partake of this distinction to the end. Go up on the other, and in colour and mien it is the difference between a grass-walk and a bed of tulips. What proof is there that beauty is dangerous to its possessor! It is a sad commonly of Regent Street, that it shows more beauty in an hour than could be found in all the capitals of the Continent."

"It is the beauty, however, of brilliant health—of complexion and freshness, more than of sentiment or classic correctness. The English features, at least in the middle and lower ranks, are seldom good, though the round cheek, the sparkling lip, the soft blue eye, and hair of dark auburn, common to health and youth, produce the effect of high and almost universal beauty on the eye of the stranger. The rarest thing in these classes is a finely-turned limb, and to the clumsiness of their feet and ankles must be attributed the want of grace usually remarked in their movements."

Willis writes much of Almacks and is far better acquainted with its scenes than many persons of our own country who speak as familiarly of that exclusive region as

"Maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs."

Nevertheless we wish Willis would employ his great perceptive powers on subjects of a less artificial species, for his pen seems forced and flags when he approaches regions too coldly polished to afford grasp for a mind vigorous and powerful as his own.

The visit to Stratford is not a favourable specimen of his pen; we warn him off Irving's ground in future, the compliments paid to his great compatriots do not satisfy the reader for the faded nature of the subject. Far better are his Washington sketches: perhaps brother Jonathan will not be remarkably pleased with some parts, but the whole of his home views are valuable to the world in general. It is good costume history, how few can write the history of present times in an individualizing style!

The story called Lady Ravelgold's romance is interesting and original, yet the subject of rivalry between a mother and daughter always excites a revulsion in our minds; the lighter passages are the best in this tale. For instance these few words are irresistibly droll.

"Lord Augustus Fitz-Moi, who looks at himself all dinner-time in a spoon, will be the Apollo of the hour."

We will look at ourselves in a spoon the first opportunity.

The second volume is of an inferior order with the exception of the American tales, the story of the Picker and Pilfer is an awful tragedy of the American Backwoods; we wish Willis would write more on American subjects, he does them well. The last volume contains all the personality; people are there dished up in initials.

The work ends with a description of the watery glories of the Eglinton Tournament. The volumes are interspersed with poetry; we are very fond of Willis' poetry, but we prefer his spirited verses to his sentimental ones, and will conclude with the following morecoul, which is much to our taste:—

[THE COURT]
"Homeward Bound."

"Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue!
Let 'Star and Stripe' be westward cast,
And fly—as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain on, oh lifted and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!"

"The wind sits fair. The vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze;
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
The white-wing'd 'Liner' cuts the seas.
Oh fair, fair cloud of snowy sail
In whose white breast I seem to lie."

"How oft, when blew this western gale
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd with breaking heart to flee
On cloud-like pinions o'er the sea!


We anticipated the great success of this lively little manual in our review of the first edition wherein we invoked the shades of Elia and Sarah Battle to mourn with us over the departed glories of Long Whist. On this hint Major A— has spoken and actually favoured us, in this edition, with a dialogue between himself and the aggrieved parties.

To leave however the imaginative part of the work and attend to business, we must say that we particularly approve of the proposal to score for the future one and two by honours at Shorts instead of the present custom of reckoning two and four. Indeed we always considered the occurrence of four by honours where the game scores but five, as a knockdown blow with a heavy club, instead of always allowing an opportunity for retrieving ill fortune by the skillful fencing which is the mainspring of this reflective game. If this reformation is acted upon, Whist would be restored to its old intellectual character, instead of being rendered as it now is, a game of chance. Shorts would then be as the Major truly observes, Longs cut justly in half. We conclude giving our veto for this improvement.

Hints of Etiquette.

The nineteenth edition of this indispensable manual comprehends the new laws of refinement passed during the transition of the year 1839. Here is one of them.

"Eat peas with a desert spoon; and curry also. Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a spoon."

Of this we are glad, for the spoon always carried our thoughts irresistibly back to the days of nursery dinners in white pinafores, and we ever thought the latter should have been comfortably tied on when the pudding spoon was introduced.

We well remember giving the first edition of this work our warm recommendation for its wit, good sense and feeling of moral propriety, struck us forcibly.

The following observations deserve to be impressed on the mind of every man aspiring to distinction in society.

"There is no better test of a man's claim to be considered a gentleman, than a scrutiny of his conduct in money transactions. A man may possess rank and fashion, and, by an assumed frankness of character, deceive the multitude; but the moment his purse is invaded, if he be not of the true caste, he will display the most contemptible meanness, he will take advantage of the liberal—'eade, by every miserable subterfuge, the claims of those he dares not oppress, and unblushingly defy those unfortunate persons whose poverty is likely to prevent the due assertion of their rights. Such a man may possess station in society—he may be an elegant'—he may be a prince! but, if he be not honest, he is not a gentleman.

"With intimate friends, you may dispense with ceremony as much as may be deemed desirable to all parties; but with strangers, or persons with whom you are only imperfectly acquainted, every deviation from established custom is a slight, as it tends to show how little their society is appreciated; and will (if they possess a grain of spirit) be resented accordingly. "Although these remarks will not be sufficient in themselves to make you a gentleman, yet they will enable you to avoid any glaring impropriety, and do much to render you easy and confident in society.

"Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.

It is rather an honour to society when

* By a step in pseudo refinement, the etiquette of 1839 pronounces that the use of a spoon for these purposes must be carefully avoided at dinner, it being only admissible for soup and ices.
Literature, &c.

a book containing such sentiments becomes thus popular.

We are somewhat amused to find that the author imagines his incognito is entirely preserved.

"Oh day and night but this is wondrous strange."

—The Juvenile Historical Library. By Miss Julia Corner.

Miss Corner, stands very high in our favour, and especially for her "Historical Questions." In her narrative she is fluent and agreeable, and she has given luminous and pleasing details of the improvements in the arts and the march of civilization, comprising costume, with the progress of social life, and of such a quality, that we are inclined to give a long passage as a fair and interesting example—saving the use of certain expressions afterwards pointed out:—

"I dare say you will be glad to hear that the time was now fast approaching when the hitherto despised and degraded serfs were to be admitted to all the rights of freemen. Slavery was about to disappear, and the bondmen to become an industrious class of free labourers, working for hire, and at liberty to change their masters whenever they wished to do so. As time went on, all those very great distinctions which had formerly existed between different ranks of people, were gradually becoming less marked for some of the rich citizens had been made nobles by Philip the Hardy, and all the chief cities were now allowed to send representatives to parliament, which greatly increased their independence, and added to their respectability. The ancient nobility were greatly dissatisfied at these alterations, for they saw that the citizens were rising to a level with themselves, or at least to such a height as would enable them to throw off all dependence on them. But the cities, although made free, were not absolved from all feudal service; they were still bound to observe all the ancient customs, from which their characters did not exempt them; so that they either had to pay some tax to their liege lord, furnish him with a certain number of troops, or perform other service, which varied in different towns, according to the nature of the several charters granted to them by the king. One of the causes which contributed to lessen the feudal power of the barons, was this, that when a father died, his estates were divided among his children, by which means one great fief was sometimes separated into several small ones, till these petty baronies became so numerous and of so little importance, that at last any one who had the privilege of holding a mar-

kett on certain grounds considered himself authorised to assume the title of baron. This is the reason why French and German barons of later times are often spoken of as people of no consideration.

The property of commoners was equally shared by their sons and daughters, and it was the custom for parents to make contracts of marriage for their children while they were infants, a portion of land being conveyed with the girl, and a sum of money with the boy, which became forfeited by either party that refused to fulfill the contract when of age.

At this period, and long afterwards, there were certain laws of France, known by the name of the Sumptrary Laws, instituted for the purpose of preventing people from spending more money than they could afford in dress and entertainments. By these, the citizens were forbidden to wear jewels or ermine, or anything very costly, and they were also limited in the expense of the table, not being allowed to have more than a certain number of dishes. The nobles were also restricted in their expenses; and any person who infringed these laws was liable to be imprisoned. At times, these laws were so strictly enforced, that both ladies and gentlemen have been seized at a ball and taken to prison for being too well dressed. The shoes of this period were made in a very curious fashion, with a long point turned up before, like a cow's horn, sometimes as high as the knee; and the rank of the wearer was generally known by the length of this frightful appendage. The most natural dress among men of respectability was a long robe trimmed with fur, and a silk cap, for hats were yet unknown: these caps were sometimes adorned with plumes of feathers.

The first attempt at theatrical exhibitions in France was made in the time of Philip the Fair. These exhibitions, mummeries, or mysteries, as they were called, were acted in the daytime, on stages erected along the streets, just like the shows at a fair, and were always crowded with spectators, although nothing could be more absurd than the performances. But the people were not very nice in their taste, and as this amusement was a novelty, it pleased them for a time.

"To give you a further idea of the manners of the French in those days, I shall mention a few more of their customs and ordinances. The royal family set an example of economy at table, and in dress, wearing but few ornaments, and using scarcely any gold or silver plate. It was ordained, that no one should have more than two dishes at supper, besides bacon-soup, nor more than one dish, besides fruit, at dinner. Supper was then the principal meal; and in order that those who were fond of indulging their
appetites might not evade the law by putting two or three good things on the same platter, it was expressly forbidden to have more than one kind of meat in a dish. Wine-venders were not allowed to draw wine for their customers after nine o'clock in the evening; and it was considered such a luxury to ride in a two-wheeled cart, which was the only kind of vehicle then known in France, that none but people of the highest rank were permitted to enjoy this indulgence, therefore the citizens' wives rode behind their husbands on the same horse.

"About this time the fishing trade began to flourish, forming a new and extensive branch of commerce in France. The cause of its having been hitherto neglected was this; that while the feudal system predominated, there was no safety for the travelling merchants, therefore the fishermen could not convey their goods to the different towns for sale, without being robbed by the way. However, this obstacle was now removed in great measure, and the markets began to be supplied with fish; and thus a new field for industry was opened to the lower classes of men, who did not fail to profit by it. Fishing stations were established all round the coast, and the Breton and Norman fishermen were highly celebrated in their vocation. The former were the first Europeans who made voyages to Greenland; for until the wonderful invention of the mariner's compass, which had only just become known, people were afraid to cross the open sea, and in all their voyages took care never to lose sight of land, which was the cause why America, and many other parts of the world, had not yet been discovered."

As an historical work for youth it is, however, defective; for instance, Miss Corner supposes facts known to children, which it is impossible for them to know without referring to other histories. Supposing a child be questioned how Louis XII., or Francis I. came on the throne of France, or whose sons they were what answer can be rendered from this work? With very close attention a child can discover that Louis XII. was not the son of Charles VIII., but who Francis I. might be, is left in mystery; for no juvenile reader can divine from these pages; as the reign of Francis is not completed in the present number perhaps the omission may be repaired by a perspicuous detail of the succession of the Orleans—Valois line.

An error by the way of some importance, has likewise crept into the letter-press: the Count of Armagnac is mentioned, page 73, as the father of the Duchess of Orleans—the real father of the Duchess was Armagnac's bitterest enemy. Froissart, Monstrelet, and Mezeray, will soon inform our author who Violante really was.

The successions of the elder and younger branches of the Orleans' family have, on the other hand, been traced extremely well in Miss Corner's 'Historical Questions,' but she should either have referred to this work, or added a note from its pages, if she did not choose to interweave such information in her text, to which last proceeding there could be no possible objection.

Perspicuity is the grand requisite for a juvenile work, and not puerility; such sentences as "I dare say you will be glad to hear," "But I was going to tell you," "I dare say you have all heard," so far from pleasing young people, are insulting to them; simplicity, not simpleness, is the proper ingredient for a child-book.

As we anticipate a long succession of these numbers, we are anxious that the historical department of Miss Corner's work should be equal to the statistical portion, which last does her the utmost credit, and embraces a branch of literature never before offered to young people.

Stage Effect. By Edward Mayhew.

The author of this brochure has certainly established his point, and very fairly proved that the monopoly of the patent theatres is the cause of the extinction of national dramatic talent. He says and most justly,

"A patent in all other arts is a protection afforded the discoverer of some improvement, or the inventor of some benefit; but even then the protection is limited by time. The holders of the theatrical patents have invented nothing—have improved nothing; but their grants are assumed to be eternal!"

"The property claimed by the holders of these patents, in all the best plays in the language, is equally at variance with every law of copyright. But the most flagrant, the most irritating power conferred on the persons to whom these unheard-of rights were granted, and to their heirs and assigns, was that which made them masters over all dramatists—present and to come; gave them a property, as distinct as that the owner exercised over his slave, in the works of genius; and, for no merit on their parts, no fault on the others', made them 'masters, judges, and
tyrants over the professors of an intellectual art; for the dramatist was in existence before these patents were thought of; he earned his food by his labour, and his art was as much a calling—as much a means of subsistence—as that practised by the painter, or the lawyer, or physician, at the present day.

"Who or what do they protect? They are the servants of the crown, but the crown will not trust in their protection. The chamberlain and the licenser are its appointed officers, to protect the state from injury from these patents, which are said to be in its natures protective. Public morality is not guarded by their establishment. With these patents began the licentiousness of the theatre; and at this time the only permitted market-place for prostitution in England, is the saloon of the theatre.

"Most of all, is the dramatist stripped of protection by these patents. It is not supposed that the injury of the dramatist was the deliberate intention of the monarch, who called these cruel grants into existence. It was his duty to have cared for all his subjects; but the probability is, he never thought, in his desire to confer favours, on the consequences of his Act.

"Before these patents were invented, the dramatists of England were a body of authors that a nation might boast of to the world. At the time things were conjured up, there was in existence a race of men whose works are glories to the literature of the country—Lee, Farquhar, Otway, Rowe, Dryden, Congreve, Wycherley, Lansdowne, and many others."

We have here put forth the important object of the Author. The rest of the little work contains some sensible criticism. This little, but excellent work, promises to be of great use to dramatic authors, and to him, as well as the public, we recommend its perusal.

**The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal.**

**By John B. Saunders.**

The public will be greatly interested by this pleasing translation of a beautiful German original. The little narrative of Dr. Rheinwald traces the expatriation of the inhabitants of Zillerthal in the Tyrol, who were lately forced by an arbitrary and unfeeling edict of the Emperor Ferdinand, to emigrate into Prussia, on account of their nonconformity with the Roman Catholic ritual. This act of folly is indeed consistent with the mental capacity of the succession of the good Emperor Francis, but without parallel in the annals of the 19th Century. It is, nevertheless, satisfactory to know that the interference of our William the Beneficent, softened as much as possible this tyrannical caprice of a weak sovereign, who had the misfortune to be despotic.

Our readers will mark the beautiful sentence "Faithful, honest and thankful will we remain in Prussia, we will not lay aside the good qualities of Tyrolean nature." Let us give a specimen of his nature in the lively christian trust-worthiness in which they reposed on the faith of the Tyrolese Catholics they left behind, through the interference of King William, may afterward gained sufficient time to sell their land and irremovable property.

"To the most Illustrious, most mighty King.

"Most Gracious King and Lord,

"In my own name, and in the name of my companions in the faith, whose number amounts to from 430 to 440, I venture a cry of distress on the magnanimity and grace of your Majesty, as the augest defender of the pure Gospel. With my whole soul I had desired to lay this prayer personally and orally before your Majesty, yet I am content if permitted to do so only in writing. After more than a hundred years, another act of persecution and banishment has been repeated in our fatherland. Not for any crimes or misdemeanours on our part, but on account of our religion, we are compelled to leave our native soil, as the annexed certificate from the Landgericht of Zell, dated 11th of this month, will show. It is true that we have the choice between a translocation into another Austrian province and an entire emigration; but we prefer the latter, in order to spare ourselves and children all further animosities. Already once, Prussia gave to our persecuted forefathers a secure asylum; we too have placed all our trust in God and the good King of Prussia. We shall find help, and not be ashamed. We therefore most humbly beseech your Majesty for a favourable reception into your royal dominions, and for a gracious assistance on our settlement. We pray your Majesty to receive us paternally, that so we may live according to our faith. Our belief is grounded entirely on the doctrine of Holy Scripture and the Augsburg Confession; we have read both with diligence, and well know the difference between the Word of God and man's additions. From this faith we neither can nor will ever deviate; for its sake we leave house and home, and also our father-land. May your Majesty graciously permit us to remain together in one community; that will increase our mutual help.

[THE COURT]
our mutual comfort. May your Majesty graciously place us in a region whose circumstances have some resemblance to our own Alpine land, where agriculture and the rearing of cattle have formed our occupations. About two-thirds of us have property, a third support themselves by day-labour; only eighteen are tradespeople, of whom thirteen are weavers.

"May it please your Majesty to give us a faithful pastor, and a zealous schoolmaster, though at first we shall probably not be in a condition to afford much for their support. The journey will be very expensive, and we do not yet know what we shall be able to bring to our new home, and we have long been deprived of the consolations of religion and school instruction. Should any want show itself among us, especially among the poor, to whom the more opulent may not be able to give sufficient assistance, as they will be obliged to begin life anew, so may your Majesty be a father to us all. But especially will your Majesty graciously intercede for us, that the prescribed term of four months from the 11th May to the 11th September may be prolonged till the next spring? The sale of our farms, which already has begun, but which cannot in so short a time be well ended without disadvantage, the setting in of winter, the helplessness of the old people and children, are considerations which make such a prolongation in the highest degree desirable. May God reward your Majesty for all the kindness which your Majesty may show to us! Faithful, honest, and thankful will we remain in Prussia, and will not lay aside the good qualities of our Tyrolean nature. We shall only increase the number of your Majesty’s brave subjects, and stand in history as a lasting monument that misfortune, when it dwells near compassion, ceases to be misfortune; and that the Gospel, when obliged to fly from the Papacy, ever finds protection from the magnanimous King of Prussia.

"THE TYROLESE OF ZILLERTHAL, by their spokesman, JOHN FLEIDL of Zillertal, Berlin, 27th May, 1837."

Now let us appeal to the common sense of our countrymen, if these brave and many protestants had habituated themselves to the degree of vituperation and accusation which polemic disputants constantly excite between the protestants and catholics of this empire, would not all christian hope and faith have been broken between these neighbours of different creeds? Surely then the excitement of angry passions is more mischievous in its effects than even errors in belief!

The commencement of the protestant Pilgrimage brought, about by the previous occurrences we have related, is deeply interesting.

As far as the narrative of Dr. Rheinwald proceeds, this little work possesses the true spirit of christianity, but there are many additions by the translator which are in the true polemic-party style, which we have deprecated; yet unhappily this is necessary to excite the attention of readers in this country; but let us assure the doubtless well-intentioned author that Rheinwald’s candid text is far more impressive than the raimings of a party magazine.

As a translator, Mr. Saunders has performed his task well, having transposed into our language with singular felicity, the delightful naïveté of the German diction, which is fully proved in the address of Johann Fleidl.

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THE HUNTED HUNTSMAN.

Far in the deepest recesses of the Black Forest, in a wild and lonely spot, are still to be seen the mouldering remains of a very ancient castle, whose name has long since passed into oblivion. The last possessor of this extensive building was a wealthy Count of boasted lineage, who besides the turbulent pastime of the chase was insusceptible of pleasure, and conceived all rational occupation derogatory to his dignity and rank. He preserved the wild deer with such jealous care, that their numbers increased to a prodigious extent, and roving about the open country, devastated whole acres in rich cultivation, and so destroyed the labours of the poor oppressed peasantry that many of them died from starvation. It happened once on the eve of a religious festival, that the Count went forth, as was his wont, to roam about the forest, and the shadows of night overtook him,
when separated, by accident, from his attendants. Vain was his every endeavour to discover a path; his efforts to extricate himself from the dark labyrinth only led him deeper into the wilderness, which at every step assumed a more frightful aspect; the hydra-headed monster fear, began to take possession of his mind, his strength rapidly forsook him, and his nerveless footsteps could scarcely bear him through the thick underwood, by which he was surrounded on every side. At length it was the hour of midnight.

After indescribable toil and exertion, he succeeded in finding an open glade, which he had no sooner reached than he cast himself down on its mossy carpet, in a state of complete exhaustion. Little time, however, was allowed him to obtain either mental or bodily relief, for a distant rushing sound from out the leafy waste, smote upon his ear:—he seized his hunting spear, and half raised himself from his recumbent posture to catch the approaching sound; when some dogs began to whine and howl piteously, and then sprang away in all directions into the thickets. The Count was naturally bold and dauntless; but there was something in his present situation not altogether to his taste, and even the horrible solitude he had just emerged from, was preferable to the very equivocal companionship with which he was threatened. While these thoughts passed in quick succession through his mind, he beheld a tall and noble-looking huntsman, with a bent bow in his hand, and a bugle slung at his side, running at full speed towards him, groaning and shrieking like one terror-stricken, as well he might, seeing that he was followed closely by a boundless troop of skeleton horsemen, mounted on powerful steeds, as fleshless as their riders, not one of whom was less than sixteen hands high at the least.

The object of their pursuit made strenuous efforts to escape, but turn which way he would, his persecutors hemmed him in on every side; and during the space of an hour or more, they hunted him from place to place, through briar and bramble, until the breathless hound, struggling vigorously against the sensation of dread which had paralyzed his faculties, pronounced the name of the Holy One and the Cross, on which the grisly cavalry disappeared on the instant, leaving only the huntsman, who advanced towards the Count, and thus addressed him:—"In me thou beholdest thine ancestor; one who persecuted and oppressed the poor man as thou hast. More than a hundred poor mountaineers who, driven by the pangs of hunger, were discovered poaching on my lands, did I cause to be bound upon the wild deer which were then let loose amongst their native woods, and dogs were sent in pursuit of them; so that the wretched beings they bore endured prolonged torture and dreadful death. For this, I am condemned to wander eternally through my domains and run each night, hunted as you have witnessed, by my murdered victims, enduring a thousandfold greater misery than I even inflicted upon them. Take warning by my example, return to your castle, lead a new life, and in future let humanity be the guide of your actions." With the last word the apparition vanished. The count was so awestruck and terrified by the adventure, that he was incapable of rising or moving from the spot; and it was only on the following morning, that his attendants succeeded in finding him, but so altered was he in every feature, that they did not recognize him until he spoke. They prepared to remove him to the castle, but he refused to comply, and made known his determination not to quit the spot, but to build a hermitage and pass his days there; and until it could be completed, he indicated a neighbouring cave as his temporary residence. His next care was to cause all his property to be divided amongst the poor, and he then ordered every entrance to the castle to be completely blocked up, so that no mortal might ever again cross its threshold, and the name of his race be ever blotted out from the memory of man.

Schloss's Bijou Almanac, 1840.

We have brief space to allot for our annual tribute to these unrivalled miniature Kalends. Conspicuous in this year's Cabinet Gallery, is a likeness of the Prince whose approaching union with our amiable young Sovereign gives increased interest to the artistic merits of the Portrait.
Dec. 31. (Windsor.)—H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge paid a morning visit, and lunched with Her Majesty; afterwards the Queen, walked on the east terrace, attended by most of the ladies and gentlemen of her suite in waiting.

Jan. 1. (Windsor.)—The Queen promenaded for nearly two hours on the slopes, and east terrace, accompanied by most of the visitors at the castle.

2: (Windsor.)—The Queen promenaded for an hour and a half on the terrace and slopes.

3: (Windsor.)—Her Majesty held a Privy Council and walked afterwards on the east terrace and slopes attended by a numerous suite.

4: The members of the Privy Council took their departure. Her Majesty remained within the castle.

5: Sunday (Windsor).—The Queen did not leave the castle.

6: (Windsor.)—The Queen walked on the east terrace, and also on the slopes.

7: (Windsor.)—The Queen walked on the terrace and on the slopes.

8: (Windsor.)—Mr. Lane’s Lithographic print of H. H. Prince Albert of Sax Coburg Gotha, from Mr. Ross’s miniature, was submitted to Her Majesty.

9: (Windsor.)—The Queen walked for some time on the slopes and on the east terrace.

10: The Queen, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Countess of Clarendon, arrived in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace from Windsor Castle.

11: Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace, attended by the Countess of Mayo, as did also the Duke and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester and Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

12: (Sunday): The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, attended divine service in St. George’s Chapel, South Audley Street.

13: The Queen gave audiences to the Marquis of Normandy, Viscount Melbourne, and the Judge Advocate-General.

14:—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham House, for the reception of several Foreign Ministers, and in the afternoon visited the Princess Augusta at Clarence House, St. James’s.

15:—The Queen held a Court and a Privy Council at Buckingham House. Accounts were received of the death of H. R. H. the Landgrave of Hesse Hombourg. Immediately after the Council, her Majesty paid visits of condescension upon the melancholy event to the members of the Royal Family in town.

16: The Queen went in state to the House of Lords to open the Session of Parliament by a speech from the throne. On her way to the House Her Majesty was cordially greeted by her loyal subjects.

HER MAJESTY’S SPEECH.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,—

“Since you were last assembled I have declared my intention of mixing myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Sax Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the Divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament.

“The constant proofs which I have received of your attachment to my person and family persuade me that you will enable me to provide for such an establishment as may appear suitable to the rank of the Prince, and the dignity of the Crown.

“I continue to receive from Foreign Powers assurances of their unabated desire to maintain with me the most friendly relations.

“I rejoice that the civil war, which had so long disturbed and desolated the northern provinces of Spain, has been brought to an end by an arrangement satisfactory to the Spanish Government and to the people of those provinces; and I trust that, ere long, peace and tranquillity will be re-established throughout the rest of Spain.

“The affairs of the Levant have continued to occupy my most anxious attention. The concord which has prevailed amongst the Five Powers has prevented a renewal of hostilities in that quarter; and I hope that the same unanimity will bring these important and difficult matters to a final adjustment, in such a manner as to uphold the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and to give additional security to the peace of Europe.

“I have not yet been enabled to re-establish my diplomatic relations with the Court of Teheran; but communications which I have lately received from the Persian Government inspire me with the confident
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expectation that the differences which occasioned a suspension of those relations will soon be satisfactorily adjusted.

"Events have happened in China which have occasioned an interruption in the commercial intercourse of my subjects with that country. I have given and shall continue to give my most serious attention to a matter so deeply affecting the interests of my subjects and the dignity of my crown.

"I have great satisfaction in acquainting you that the military operations undertaken by the Governor-General of India have been attended with complete success; and that in the expedition to the westward of the Indus the officers and troops, both European and native, have displayed the most distinguished skill and valour.

"I have directed that further papers relating to the affairs of Canada should be laid before you, and I confide to your wisdom this important subject.

"I recommend to your early attention the state of the municipal corporations of Ireland.

"It is desirable that you should prosecute those measures relating to the established church which have been recommended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—

"I have directed the estimates for the services of the year to be laid before you.

"They have been framed with every attention to economy, and at the same time with a due regard to the efficiency of those establishments which are rendered necessary by the extent and circumstances of the empire.

"I have lost no time in carrying into effect the intentions of Parliament by the rejection of the duties on postage; and I trust that the beneficial effects of this measure will be felt throughout all classes of the community.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"I learn with great sorrow that the commercial embarrassments which have taken place in this and other countries are subjecting many of the manufacturing districts to severe distress.

"I have to acquaint you, with deep concern, that the spirit of insubordination has, in some parts of the country, broken out into open violence, which was speedily repressed by the firmness and energy of the magistrates, and by the steadiness and good conduct of my troops.

"I confidently rely upon the power of the law, upon your loyalty and wisdom, and upon the good sense and right feeling of my people, for the maintenance of order, the protection of property, and the promotion, as far as they can be promoted by human means, of the true interests of the empire."

17.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham palace for the reception of the address from the House of Peers.

18.—The Queen visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington. The Queen Dowager, attended by the Countess of Mayo, visited Her Majesty and her August mother at Buckingham palace.

19.—(Sunday).—The Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent attended morning service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The chapel was hung with black, in consequence of the death of H.R.H the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg.

20.—The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of the Address from the House of Commons. Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford had an audience of the Queen.

21.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne.

22.—The Queen, attended by some ladies of her suite, took equestrian exercise in the Riding School, near Buckingham Palace. The Princess Sophia Matilda paid a visit to her Majesty, and also the Duchess of Kent. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

23.—Her Majesty rode in the Riding-house, attached to the Royal Mews at Pimlico. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

24.—The Queen took equestrian exercise in the Riding-house. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Albermarle, Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon.

25.—Her Majesty, attended by her suite, rode in the Riding School, at the Royal Mews, Pimlico; and granted audience to Viscount Melbourne.

26.—(Sunday).—The Queen and the Princess Augusta attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

27.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace. The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne, had audiences. Her Majesty, attended by her suite, took equestrian exercise in the Riding School, Pimlico.

28.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell.

29.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Uxbridge, and Viscount Melbourne. Her Majesty afterwards rode in the Riding School.

30th.—The Queen visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough House, and also the Princess Augusta, at Clarence House. Viscount Melbourne had an audience.

ATTENDANTS UPON HER MAJESTY IN HER WALKS, RIDES AND DRIVES, &c.

Baroness Lehzen, Jan. 7, 10, 24.
Countess of Charlemont, Jan. 3, 9, 10, 14, 18, 19.
Hon. Miss Pitt, Jan. 3, 6, 7, 10, 19.
Hon. Miss Paget, Jan. 3, 6, 10, 19.
Lord Byron, Jan. 3, 19.
Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Jan. 3.
Viscountess Forbes, Jan. 6, 10.
Ladies E. and C. Paget, Jan. 9.
Viscount Torrington, Jan. 9, 10.
Lady P. Howard, Jan. 10, 19.
Col. Buckley, Jan. 10, 14, 18, 19, 24.
Hon. C. Murray, Jan. 10.
Hon. Miss Cavenish, Jan. 24.
Lady Charlotte Copley, Jan. 24, 26.
Lord Lilford, Jan. 24, 26, 27.
Sir F. Stovin, Jan. 24, 26, 27.
Dow. Lady Lyttleton, 26.
Miss Cocks, 26, 27.
Hon. Miss Cavenish, Dec. 26, 27.
Col. Buckley, 26, 27.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL DINNER TABLE.
Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 30, Jan. 5, 8.
Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 29, Jan. 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14.
The Lord Chancellor, Jan. 3.
Marquis of Normanby, Dec. 30, Jan. 3.
Earl of Clarendon, Jan. 3.
Lord John Russell, Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, 14.
Lord W. Russell, Jan. 1.
Hon. Miss Liddler, Jan. 1.
Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, Jan. 1.
Rev. Mr. Moore, Jan. 1.
Earl and Countess of Albermarle, Jan. 3, 10, 13, 28.
Earl of Elrrol, Jan. 3, 5, 10, 13.
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, Jan. 3, 10, 11.
Hon. W. Bathurst, Jan. 5.

Lady Ida Hay, Jan. 5.
Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Jan. 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 14, 28.
Countess of Charlemont, Dec. 31, Jan. 3, 5, 8.
Lady Fanny Howard, Dec. 30, Jan. 5, 8.
Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 30, Jan. 5, 8.
Lord Byron, Dec. 30, Jan. 5.
Mr. Rich, Dec. 30, Jan. 5.
Colonel Buckley, Jan. 5.
Hon. C. A. Murray, Dec. 30, Jan. 5, 8.
Ladies Honoria and Constance Paget, Jan. 6.
Col. Brown, Jan. 6, 7.
Viscount Torrington, Jan. 8.
Colonel Buckley, Jan. 8.
Col. Greenwood, Jan. 9.
Earl and Countess of Burlington, Jan. 28.
Earl of Errol, 28, 29.
Earl of Fingall, 28.
Viscount Melbourne, Jan. 29, 30.
Earl of Uxbridge, 30.
Lord Edward Howard, 30.
Lord George Paget, 30.

NEW ACADEMY OF VOCAL HARMONY.—
A vocal academy on an extensive scale, and differing in its objects from the ordinary methods of instruction in this country, has just been established by Mr. T. Cooke, so that pupils, by a course of study and practice, may read music with readiness and accuracy, and sing at first sight, and take their part in every description of vocal music, from the oratorio chorus, the opera concerted piece, the madrigal, and the glee, to the duet or ballad.
In this country vocal tuition has been hitherto confined to the formation of the voice, and the attainment of a good style in solo singing. But in Germany and France, this is considered as only one branch of vocal instruction, an equal degree of attention being bestowed on harmony, or the art of singing (which facility seems to be imbibed near the cradle, and is so conspicuous during the marching of a German regiment, when every voice is heard in harmony the whole body joining in one grand and soul-stirring chorus,) and also with the French, to a degree not dreamt of in England. In the German “ Singing Schools,” the proficiency exhibited by the Pupils fills an English visitor with astonishment when he hears above four hundred ladies and gentlemen with no other accompaniment than a few chords occasionally struck on a pianoforte, execute the most difficult choral compositions of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Spohr, Haydn and Mozart, with a precision and effect that cannot be surpassed. And the extensive “Vocal Academy” of Wilhem, at Paris, is producing results not less remarkable. This system is now intended to be adopted by “The Academy of Vocal Harmony,” with such modifications and additions as experience and mutual consideration have suggested, as best calculated to forward so great a desideratum not only in the English musical world, but for the public generally.
As all music, whether for one voice, for many, is made up of these intervals; it follows, that any one who has acquired the knowledge of them, and is able to sound them correctly, is in a condition to read and sing at sight every musical passage which is within the capacity of the voice. And, as these intervals are few in number, by a proper course of practice, soon acquired, a proficiency in singing at sight, either singly or in parts, is much less difficult than is commonly supposed. The pupils will be placed in the different sections, so that their part in the harmony assigned to them in the

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various exercises shall be the most calculated for the individual improvement of each. By this course of instruction the pupils will practically acquire a knowledge of the allowed and prohibited progressions of intervals—the preparation and execution of chords, and, in short, the leading principles of harmony.

It is felt and admitted by every body, that no kind of music is more interesting, or gives greater pleasure in society, both to performers and listeners, than the union of well-tuned voices, in producing pure and beautiful harmony; and accordingly we find that our young amateurs of both sexes are exercised in desirous to sing in parts, and constantly endeavouring to do so, though their attempts are too often rendered unsuccessful, from the want of that instruction which this branch of singing requires. Young ladies, for example, often well-taught in other respects, and very agreeable singers of solo music, are yet quitting in attempting a glee or a concerted piece, and unable to perform their part without committing blunders, mortifying to themselves, and annoying to their hearers.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECKS.

On Friday, the 3d of January, as Mr. Andrew Curle, manager on the Cromarty property, was passing through the woods which cover the hill immediately behind the town, with the view of ascertaining the ravages of the gale which had swept over the district the day before, he perceived a strange object upon the surface of the ground. On approaching it, he found it to be a huddled mass of rigging, which was strewn over the place in a manner that suggested the idea of a vessel having been cast ashore. He was immediately followed by Mr. Curle, and together they made their way to the spot, where they discovered a vessel that had been wrecked on the shore, its crew having all perished. The vessel was the Farmer of Portsoy, C. Wiseman, master, bound from Liverpool to Gamrie, with a cargo of salt, and the crew consisted of two men and a boy. The Farmer had passed into the Frith through the Caledonian canal two days before, and had got as far on her way as Portsoy, when she was driven back by the storm. She had arrived abreast the opening of the bay of Cromarty on the evening of Thursday, when the wind had fallen, and the surviving seaman and their boy resigned their watch on deck to the other seaman and their master, and went to bed, considerably fatigued by their previous exertions. They were awakened about four o'clock on the morning of Friday by a cry that the vessel was being wrecked, and only reached the deck in time to see her strike. The sea was tremendous; in less than a minute the deck opened from stem to stern, and the mast fell over the side, and in less than a minute more almost the entire wreck had disappeared among the breakers. The survivor lost sight of the master and the other seaman from almost the first moment of the wreck, though he could hear the cry of the boy, as he called upon him by name for the assistance which he was, alas, unable to render him; nor does he retain any distinct recollection of the manner in which he himself got ashore. The state of his hands and feet

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however, shows that his struggle for life must have been a protracted one; his fingers are divested of the skin, and almost of the nails, apparently by clinging to the rocks or the wreck, and his feet are in a similar condition. He is now, through the attention of Dr. George Macdonald, of Cromarty, deemed almost out of danger. The bodies of the master, the seaman, and the boy, were found on the following day among the rocks by a party of the townspeople, assisted by Mr. Curle, and with much labour were carried by them over the hill to the town, where they await interment. The body of the master, a short, high-featured, elderly man, seems to have been a stranger; and the survivor, James Mackie, of Fraserburgh, only knows regarding him that he belonged to Campbeltown, in Argyshire, and that he was a Christian name, McNeil. The boy, John Ross, was a native of Inverness. Too high praise cannot be given to Mr. Curle for his generous exertions on this occasion—exertions which few men besides himself could have rendered so effectually, or continued so long.

FOUNDERING OF A STEAM VESSEL.—The William Huskisson steamer belonging to the City of Dublin Company, quitted Dublin for Liverpool on Saturday night, the 11th of January, with a cargo of coal and passengers. On her passage she sprung a leak, which continued to increase, defying all efforts to stop its progress. At length the water rose so high it put out the fires—the Huddersfield, outward-bound to Africa, discovered her about half-past 7 o'clock the next morning, when there was no prospect before the crew and passengers, but certain death—at 9 o'clock she foundered. The Captain, the Huddersfield, with the most prompt humanity, immediately bore down to her. So violent was the sea, that the Huddersfield fouled her as she came alongside. This, for the moment, increased the jeopardy of those on board the Huskisson, a few of whom, in their terror, leaped into the sea and were drowned. The Huddersfield succeeded in taking on board 94 of the crew and passengers, and the captain was reluctantly compelled to quit the steamer, leaving about six deck passengers on the wreck, being fearful of risking the lives of all on board his own vessel by remaining longer. The water was rising very rapidly in the hold of the wreck when the Huddersfield quit her, and she was lost sight of in about forty minutes afterwards.

SHIPWRECK.—On the evening of the 8th of last December, the Jemima Sophia, of Hartlepool, from Quebec, for London, was wrecked whilst lying to under close-reefed main-top-sail, a tremendous sea striking the vessel on the starboard-side, which carried away bow-sprit, foremost, maintop—sweeping the decks of boms, companion, sky-light, chief-mate, and man at the helm; turning the ship on her beam-ends. The water was then making free passage at the companion and sky-light, the master, second mate, and three of the crew in the cabin at the time; the master, second mate, and two others gained the deck; but one was unfortunately drowned in the cabin. When the vessel righted, six persons were left out of the nine, without the least hope of receiving relief. The crew of the John and Mary, of Blyth, made out the wreck at 3 p.m. on the 3d of January, and bore down to the unfortunate survivors, the sea then running very high, which apparently rendered all attempt at assistance useless; but the captain of the John and Mary, like a brave and humane man, lay to until the next day, when he succeeded in hoisting out his boat and took the survivors on board his ship in a very weak state. They were upon the wreck eleven days, and had nothing to subsist upon but one four-pound piece of pork, and some bread which was washed up the companion and sky-light. The only means they had of quenching their thirst was when it rained, by sucking the moisture off the stump of the foremost; but the poor sufferers, we are happy to hear are now in a fair way of recovery.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.—It is believed that Her Majesty intends to confer upon Prince Albert the Order of the Garter. Mr. Bridge has just completed, for Her Majesty’s direction, a splendid garter, corresponding with the costume of the order. The garter is of purple velvet; the motto of the order, the border and buckle, are composed of diamonds, set in the most exquisite style, and forming altogether an ornament of the most brilliant and unique description.

The decease of Her Royal Highness the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg, the aunt of her present Majesty, and daughter of George the III, took place at Frankfort on the 10th January. Orders were consequently given for the Court’s going into mourning on the 19th January. On Sunday, 9th inst., the Court will go out of mourning.

COLD IN RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburgh letter of the 31st of last December, states that the cold during the ten preceding days had been so severe that twenty-nine persons had been frozen to death in their dwellings, four in the streets, and two in the city.
"There is that vile man of talent, Lord Brougham. Let us look to one of his last acts. He had an only child, whose death, a few weeks since, filled with horror every man of feeling who heard of it. It was supposed that he would have at once retired from the public eye, and have sought to indulge his sorrow in silence, or, to use an Irish phrase, that he would have gone to 'eat his heart' alone. For a less grievous loss—and I understand she was a creature of extraordinary perfections—it would be supposed. It would be said: 'Yes, but what do we find him doing!' In the very first instance, we see him parading as chief mourner at the funeral. Who ever heard of a father attending his child's funeral before? For my part, my father's heart cannot charge me with having been guilty of such an unfeigned act. But what was it all? we find him, on the day after that melancholy ceremony, attending at the Privy Council.'

In reply to this Mr. Butt spoke as follows:

"The ignorance of this attack is only equalled by its malignity. The man who made it knows nothing of the conventional decorums of life. He tramples upon the best and most sacred obligations that bind man to man, that bound, for the honour of my country, indignantly to denounce this foul attack. I would not have it supposed by other nations that Irishmen are as barbarous as he represents us. It is not unusual here to see the father follow to the grave the remains of his child. It is usual for a father to rebuke and to denounce his sorrow. He represents our customs as falsely as he does our feelings. In the name of all that is respectable in Irish society, I tell this man, who thus sported with a father's sorrows, that he has no Irish heart. I had heard, indeed, that Irishmen are more generous than I have heard—I had heard of insults to the dead directed by the bigotry of the living—I had read of the bonfires blazing before the dwellers of the widow, that proclaimed the savage exultation of the people at the murder of her husband—I trusted there might be some exaggeration—I endeavoured to name some excuses for my countrymen—I said, that though Irishmen did these things, they were the sad and the ignorant. But what are we to say now, when, in the heart of our metropolis, the atrocities of these savages are too faithfully reflected in the language of their leader?—When we find the same spirit of malignity pervading the murderers of Golden, and the moral assassin of the Trades' Union—the spirit at once cowardly and malignant, that insults the sorrow of bereavement, and strikes the father while mourning by the bier of his child. What is the charge?—the charge of want of feeling, Never was one more false. Sometimes the history of domestic life will escape the sacred precincts of the domestic circle; the long and anxious watchings of the father will be heard of as he saw the darling of his heart decline before his eyes. These things have been spoken of; they have been whispered with reverence and respect. Never did father watch more fondly—but I will forbear. It is not mine to invade the privacy of that unostentatious grief which was felt in secret—that sorrow which was not the sorrow of an actor—to rebuke the sensitive sympathies of tradesmen's union—but to be real, to be sacred. One request, however, of that bereaved father the public had heard of—the request that his child might lie in the same spot where he expected himself to mingle with the dust; and there was one heart unmoved by the tender earnestness of that petition; or rather, one spirit so dark as to see in it nothing but a lesson to its malignity, to point out the tenderest point to aim its envenomed shaft—one who saw nothing in that fond weakness of the father but a hint that the imputation of want of feeling could be cruelly felt—reversing the law of human nature, that sympathy by which we are irresistibly impelled when we see our fellow's grief, and viewing the anguish of a fellow creature, but to aggravate malice, and as an occasion for its inhuman gratification. Was there nothing in the consciousness of common humanity, of a common inheritance of sorrow, to rebuke it could not disarm, political rancour—or may we redeem our nature by believing that for once the fable of eastern superstition has been realized—that the human soul had left the form of the speaker, and some foul fiend possessed it—a fiend who, having no community with human sympathy, no passage for human feeling, could find in the grief of mortals but the subject of ridicule and reproach—could mock at once at the visitation of God and the sorrows of man—unite the guilt of sacrilege to the dead with that of libel on the living—profane the name of the departed spirit to malign her surviving parent, and follow the sorrowing father to the verge of his daughter's grave, marked out by himself as the spot where his dust might yet mingle with hers—to mock at his grief, insult his sufferings, and find in his silent and manly anguish the elements with which to gratify a malignity worse than human? He (Mr. Butt) would not leave this painful subject. One word more: politically he owed Lord Brougham no love. He had been one of the most distinguished, one of the most powerful advocates of emancipation—he had mingled much in the affairs of Ireland. It might, perhaps, be instructive
to remark that, in the hour of his affliction, a blow was struck at his heart by an Irishman, and that was the hand of the man whom he himself had raised to power.

[In our last month's obituary it was announced that Lord Brougham attended in the funeral procession of his daughter through the city to the place of interment in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. We have ever been averse to pompous funeral processions; and if Mr. O'Connell had directed his powerful talents against the principle of such idle mockery of woe, he might have found a number of persons who would have praised him for his spirit, whereas when he pours forth his phial of personal spleen under such afflicting circumstances, we turn with deep regret from this most painful of all public exhibitions of party spleen, and personal hatred.

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THE ANGRY LOVER'S WISH.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

There's nothing grieves but that my age doth haste,
That in my days I may not see thee old
That where those two clear sparkling eyes are placed,
Only two loopholes I might then behold.

That lovely arched ivory polished brow,
Defaced with wrinkles might I once' but see;
Thy dainty hair, so curled and crisped now,
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree.

Thy cheek now flushed with roses, sunk and lean,
Thy lips with age as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean,
That when thou feed'st thy nose shalt touch thy chin.
My lines which now thou scorn'st, which should delight thee,
Then would I make thee read but to despite thee.

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THE REMONSTRANCE.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

You cannot love, sweet Isabel!—and why?
There was a time you told me that you would;
But now again you do the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.

What, will you hate? may, that you will not neither
Nor love, nor hate, how then? what will you do?
What, will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?

Yet serves not this, what next, what other shift?
You will and will not! what a coil is there!
I see your craft and now perceive your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken here;
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate by hate to make me love you.
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 816.)—Ball and Dinner Dresses.—

Dress in white crepe over white satin. The corsage fits tight to the bust, and has a slight point; the front is entirely covered with folds of crepe (see plate), meeting regularly in the centre, and forming l’eventail (the fan). The sleeves, à la Venetienne, are nearly open from the shoulder, and have a rich gold embroidery all round. The skirt of the dress is round, with three flounces, embroidered at the edges; the top of the corsage is finished by a Berthe in point d’Alençon. The hair is all drawn back from the roots, and formed into three chignons at the back, so low that the lower chignon falls upon the neck. (See plate.) The pretty border is of narrow black and pink ribbon, which goes over the top of the head, and may be tied or not under the chin. As may be perceived by the plate, a full double border of blonde, intermixed with flowers or bows of ribbon, is fastened on from a little above the ear, and is brought very low at the sides of the face. The immediate part of the ribbon going across the top of the head, has a wreath of very small flowers attached to it, and a ribbon finished by a bow in the centre of the chignons, served to keep it in its place on the head. A few long ringlets coming from the sides of the head, fall between the face and the border, and upon the neck. Gold, cord, and tassel, necklace of Cameos set in gold, white kid gloves only long enough to cover the wrists, the tops trimmed with a quilting of ribbon, with two long ends, white satin shoes, fan.

Sitting Figure, Dinner Dress.—Coiffure, the same as the one just described, with the difference of having bows of ribbon in the border instead of flowers. Dress of white satin, with a single very deep plume of blonde (see plate). Cashmere shawl, black, lined with pink, and embroidered in coloured silks; the piece sloped out of the neck forms the capuchon, or hood; the trimming is a rich chenille fringe. White kid gloves, fan.

(No. 818.)—Planche de Détails.—Turban of Oriental gauze—Brochée en Couleurs. It may be observed that this turban, similar to all other coiffures fashionable at present, comes exceedingly low at the sides of the face (see plate), it does not possess any other particular feature, and with tight corsage, tight plain short sleeves, can easily be imitated. Low dress of white satin, Berthe and engagantes (ruffles) of guipure.

No. 2.—Front hair, à la Mancini, in very full tufts of ringlets at the sides of the head, the back hair dressed in three small chignon bows, retained by a thick twisted braid, a gold comb ornamented with precious stones, and in the form of a crescent fills up the space above the dressing of the hair, which is worn very low, and a plume of Marabout drops to the side. Dress of white Pous de soie, with berthe of guipure and engagantes of gauze; the sleeves are short and tight.

No. 3.—Coiffure gives the point of the one just described. Dress of light pea green satin, corsage, à pointe, with very full draperies, à la Sveigné, of gauze to match the dress. The sleeves are very short, finished with a tuck of gauze, cut on the cross way, and trimmed all over with small bows of satin ribbon of the same shade; a small tucker of blonde goes round the bosom of the dress, white kid gloves, fan.

No. 4.—Centre bust. The first hair in bands and braids, turned up at the sides, the back dressed very low in bows and braids, a very full wreath of ivy, with its red berries, descends low at each side of the face, and unites at back beneath the bow of hair, the two sides of the guipure are separated on the forehead by a handsome ornament of coral, and a number of coral broches are also to be seen amidst the bows at back. Dress of pink crape over satin, tight sleeves with blonde ruffles, blonde scarf, white gloves, long gold ear-drops, fan.

No. 5.—Dress in Maiss satin, corsage à pointe, and in four pieces, drapery in full folds, going entirely round the neck of the dress. Short sleeves in three very small puffs. (See plate.) Small blonde cap trimmed with flowers. The form of this cap is most simple, being merely a long piece, cut on the cross-way deep at the centre and narrow at the sides, it is then drawn in to the size of the head, and a wreath of roses put all round; puffs of the blonde in the form of Ocrelittes, and intermixed with roses, depend from the sides, and fall very low; the hair is in simple bands.

No. 6.—The opposite figure gives the back of the cap. (See plate.) Dress of lavender satin, short tight sleeves with a puffing at bottom, and blonde ruffles, tucker, berthe, and scarf of rich blonde, white kid gloves, fan.

No. 7.—Morning carriage costume. Hat of white satin ornamented with a plume of Ostrich feathers. Dress of lilac striped satin, corsage half high en cœur, with a small cape trimmed with white lace. Sleeves tight at top with a frill of lace, the remainder full. White kid gloves, coral brooch hair en bandeaux.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Jan. 28, 1840.

Here we are, ma chère amie, beginning this redoubtable year 1810, which you know has been predicted by some of our clever astrologers as the end of the world! Many were even so bold as to say that event was to take place on the sixth of this month, it was then deferred to the eleventh, when we were to have had tremendous showers of fire. Nothing of the kind, however, having hap-
pily taken place, leads us to believe that these wise descendants of Cosmo Ruggieri, in whom Queen Catherine de Medicis was wont to place such implicit confidence, may be equally mistaken in all the remainder of their dire predictions for 1810; let us hope so at least, and begin to think of our toilettes, you for the approaching marriage of your Queen, and I for our winter balls.

Shawls of velvet and cashmere are quite as much worn as at any time during the past autumn; they are wadded and lined with Florence (taffetas) orange, green, or blue, and trimmed with fur, lace, or with a rich chenille fringe.

Flounces, unless of lace, are entirely out; tucks cut on the cross-way of the material is a far more distinguished trimming to a dress.

Hats—those of velvet are preferred to all others—the most elegant are ornamented with two knotted feathers of different colours, as for instance, one grey, the colour of the hat; the other blue, &c. The garniture (trimming) of those hats is of velvet instead of ribbon. Satin hats, and those of ceps, are also worn; the feathers are either those of marabouts. The hats still preserve the same form; they are very small, coming as low as possible at the sides of the face, besides being très évase, much off the face at top; the crown sits quite upon a line with the front, indeed, as flat as if they were cut in one piece.

We shall not have anything new in this department of the toilette before Long Champs, which is distant yet.

There are dress-hats, called “Petits bords,” which are exceedingly elegant; they are made of velvet, and covered with marabouts; they are open at back for the hair to pass through. Bérets à plis d’orvet, or velvet crêpes of gold or silver gauze tissue let into the crêpes, are a new and charming coiffure; turbans are also fashionable. Indeed, some revival of the coiffures of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries are the most lovely things that can be possibly imagined.

Hair.—The style of coiffure adopted in the morning is quite simple—long ringslets à l’anglaise, plain bandeaux, or bands with the ends braided and turned up à la Berthe, the back hair dressed very low and close to the neck in rouleaux and braids; or what is still newer, in chignon. Fériocères are universally worn by les demoiselles de haut ton; some only consist of a small Venetian chain-work, with a minute jewelled clasp on the brow. You will be surprised to hear that the coral ornaments supersede all others. The necklaces are of cut coral beads; hair-pins, tiaras, brooches, earings, clasps, ornaments for looping up sleeves, &c., are all of richly carved coral, and it is at this moment considered the most becoming of all stones.

Gloves.—The white kid gloves which I told you lately were so very short, are grown still shorter; they only cover the wrist now, and are trimmed as usual with quillings of tulle and satin ribbon; lace or even fur to match the dress.

Colours.—The prevailing shades for hats are Sovres blue—seabious, and drab for dresses—a grey with black spots, which serves for court mourning, dark blue, and dark brown.

Adieu chérie, Je me sauve en te disant bien vite que je t’aimerai toujours.

L. de F. [magazine]
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln’s Inn.

[In every case it would be well to furnish the number of the public register as well as the name of the church, chapel, or place where each particular ceremony is performed.]

Latham, lady of Dr. L.—, of a son; Grosvenor-street, Dec. 31.
Leggett, lady of Lieut.-Col., 3rd Light Infantry, of a son; Secunderabad, E.I., Sept. 22.
Lindsay, lady of C.—, Esq., of a d u.; Delhi, Sept. 27.
Lloyd, lady of C.—, Esq., of a son; Durrumtollah, E.I., Sept. 30.
Lloyd, lady of Capt.—, 2nd or Queen’s Royals, of a dau.; Poonah, E.I., Oct. 20.
Lyon, lady of James ——, Esq., of a son; Dangsteens, Sussex, Jan. 10.
Mackenzie, lady of Assistant Surgeon ——, and attached to H.H., the Nizam’s army, of a son; Ellichpoo, E.I., Sept. 7.
Malcom, lady of John ——, Esq., of a son; Lamorby, Kent, Jan. 10.
Mottet, lady of Capt. A.—, N.S., of a dau.; Pondicherry, E.I., Oct. 3.
Monro, lady of Alex.—, Esq., of a son; Ryde, Jan. 2.
Ouseley, wife of Major J. R. ——, Governor-General’s Agent and Commissioner, of a daughter; Kishempoor, Hazarebaugh, E.I., Oct. 7.
Palmer, lady of Capt. ——, 14th M.N.I., of a son; Cuttack, E.I., Oct. 3.
Percival, lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. P.—, of a son; East Horsley, Rectory, Sussex, Jan. 6.
Price, lady of Ralph Charles ——, Esq., of a son; Sydenham, Jan. 9.
Ramsey, lady of William.—, Esq., of a dau.; Brunswick-square; Jan. 9.
Rebenach, lady of Capt.—, of a dau.; Claremont, E.I., Oct. 7.
Reeve, lady of Ellis ——, Esq., of a son; Queen Anne-street, Dec. 28.
Roberts, lady of Major ——, Commanding Guzerat Irregular Horse, of a son and heir; Baroda, E.I., Sept. 20.

THE COURT

BIRTHS.

Abercorn, Marchioness, of a dau, Baronet’s Court, county Tyrone, Ireland; Jan. 9.
Allnutt, lady of T. A.—, Esq., of a son; Sutton Courtenay, Berks, Jan. 5.
Babcock, lady of Capt.—, 22nd N.I., of a dau.; Toodpore, E.I., Sept. 18.
Barlow, lady of Dr. G. H.—, of a son; Union-street, Southwark, Jan. 12.
Bayley, wife of H. V.—, Esq., B.C.S., of a son; Calcutta, Oct. 15.
Bradford, lady of Lieut.-Col.—, of a son; Scot’s Hill-house, Rieknansworth, Heris, Dec. 27.
Clarke, lady of Major Augustus ——, of a son; 37th N.I., of a son; Bangalore, E.I., Sept. 11.
Fair, lady of Lieut.—, 3rd P.L.I. of a son; Secunderabad, E.I., Sept. 18.
Farren, lady of Major C.—, of a son; Cuttack, E.I., Sept. 19.
Fawcett, lady of H.—, Esq., of a son; Poonamigh, E.J., Oct. 11.
Gilbert, lady of H.—, Esq., of a son; Dorset-square, January 16.
Hallett, lady of Capt. J. D.—, of a son; Ahmedabad, E.I., Oct. 15.
Herbert, lady of Capt.—, H. M. 75th Regt., of a son; Fort Beaufort, E.I., Sept. 7.
Hogarth, lady of John Rayer ——, Esq., of a dau.; Hesten Hall, Heston, Jan. 10.
Key, lady of Edward ——, Esq., of a son; Fleet-bridge, Holbeach, Jan. 11.

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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Shanhutridge, lady of C. T. Esq., of a dau.; Kentish Town, Jan. 8.
Smith, lady of Edward Esq., Civ. Surgeon, of a son; Guntoo, E.I., Sept. 3.
Spain, lady of Capt. W. C. Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Sept. 27.
Stevenson, Lady of R. Esq., of a dau.; Albion-street, Hyde-park.
Story, lady of E. Esq., of a dau.; Walsall, E.I., Sept. 11.
Topham, lady of a son and heir; Portlandplace, Jan. 5.
Thomas, the lady of Robert Hughes Esq., of a son; Bombay, Nov. 1.
Torriano, lady of Lieut. C. E. V., Bath, of a dau.; (still-born); Vizagapatam, E.I., Sept. 23.
Weitbrecht, lady of the Rev. J. J., of a son; Burdwan, E.I., Sept. 29.
Willes, lady of George Esq., of a son and heir; Upper Berkley-street, Jan. 11.
Willes, lady of George Esq., of a son and heir, Upper Berkley-street, Jan. 11.
Wilkins, lady of G. D. Esq., C.S., of a son; Arrah, E.I., Oct. 2.
Wilson, the wife of John James Esq., Surgeon, of a son, Northampton-square, Jan. 1.

MARRIAGES.

Armstrong, Sarah Thomasine, eld. d. of Major ——, Cape Mounted Rif to Lieut. W. J. P. Wm. Esq., E.I., Sept. 10.
Bermingham, Harriette, only dau. of Thomas ——, county of Galway, to Thomas John Tyrson Pares, Esq. of Downing College, Cambridge, and of Narborough-hall, Leicestershire, at Gretna-green, on 17th Dec., and at All Saints Church, Lombard-street, Jan. 20.
Burns, Cecilia, esq. d. of James ——, Esq. to Lieut. John Philip Major of 11th Infantry; Bombay, Nov. 12, Bhaog.
Clark, Eliza, 2nd d. of the late John ——, Esq. to M. S. Templeton, Esq.; Calcutta, October 12.

Clark, Eliza, relic of the late Capt. C. ——, to Mr. Thomas, Esq.; Calcutta, Oct. 8.
Coldham, Louisa, to Rowland Eleton, Esq., Surgeon, St. John's District Church, Paddington, Jan. 11.
Coles, Leatia, only d. of George Bailey ——, Esq., of Harpenden-common, Herts, to Josiah Wilkins, Esq., of Turner's-hall, Harpenden, Jan. 28.
Copus, Mary, to Ralph Augustus Busby, Esq.; Leamington, Warwickshire; St. Mary's, Brizton, Dec. 28.
Crocker, Louisa, ygst. d. of Jonathan ——, Esq. to E. Middleton, Esq.; Bishopwearmouth, Jan. 2.
Crowdy, Emily, eld. d. of late Wm. ——, Esq., of Westrop-house, Highworth, to J. F. Bernard, jun., Esq., of Stamford Hill; Highworth, Jan. 7.
Daniel, Georgina, ygst. child of the late John ——, Esq., to Wilson Clement, 2nd son of the late Clement Wilson Cruttwell, Esq., formerly of Bath; Frome, Jan. 7.
Eley, Rosa, ygst. d. of C. F. ——, Esq., to Rev. A. A. Beechey, of Bampton, Oxfordshire; St. Pancras Church, Jan. 5.
Goodwin, Grace Harriett, ygst. d. of the late Robert Henshaw, Esq., to the Rev. Hinton Smith, A.B., lecturer of Kingsbridge, Devon; St. Giles's, Dorsetshire, Jan. 1.
Hare, Frances Catherine, Miss, to the Rev. T. R. A. Blair, Sept. 17.
Harrison, Miss, to the Rev. T. Atkins, of Allport, E.I.; Calcutta, Oct. 4.
Hill, Sarah, d. of the late John ——, Esq., of Northamptonshire, to Benj. Buckle, Esq., of Park Place, Dorset Square; St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Jan. 12.
Hutchinson, Jane, ygst. d. of R. ——, Esq., of that city, to J. H. Drumfoot, Esq., M.D., St. Oswald's, Durham; Dec. 26.
Lovelock, Mrs, of Hammond Place, Guildford, to Commander Wm. Iglesden, of the Indian Navy; St. Mary's, Dover, Jan. 3.
Lorentz, Louisa, eld. d. of Baron ——, to L. D. Daniel, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service; Cape Town, Oct. 16.
Lyell, Maria, d. of Charles ——, Esq., Vicelieut. of Forfarshire, to the Rev. Gilbert Heathcote, of North Tamerton, Cornwall at Kinnyford, N.B., Jan. 15.
Mackeson, Harriet Sophia, d. of the late W. ——, Esq., of Hythe, to the Rev. P. B. Backhouse, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Sandwich; St. Paul's, Canterbury, Jan. 7.
Mageness, Marianne, only d. of the late Roht. ——, Esq., to Edward Wylly, Esq., C.S., Agra, E.I., Sept. 17.
Miranda, Angelica, Miss, to Robert Rennell, Esq., E.I.; Midnapore, Sept. 21.
Morris, Mary Anne, to J. Ward, Esq., of the Crescent, Clapham; St. Peter's, Hampstead, Jan. 9.

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Montague, Laura Matilda, d. of the late Lieut. Col. Timms, R.M., to the Rev. Charles Wardroper, B.A., Leigh, Gloucestershire; St. Mary’s Church, Cheltenham, Dec. 27.


Farrington, Maria Harriett, d. of the late Sir Henry Maturin ——, Bart., of Spring-lawn, Devonshire, to the Rev. G. H. Evans, M.A., Chaplain in the Hon. East India Company’s Service, Madras Establishment; St. Mary’s, Cheltenham, Jan. 1.

Powell, Ann Mary, to William Nash, Esq., of Langley, Bucks; Newmarket, Jan. 1.

Rabe, Johanna, widow of the late C. J. Hardman, ——, Esq., late Capt. 35th Foot, to Charles Marais, Esq.; Cape Town, Aug. 24.

Raye, Catherine Maria, 2nd d. of late Henry R——, Esq., and late Lieut. Col. B. Johnstone, to E. T. Roe, Esq., Surgeon, of Clifton; at St. Mary’s, Jan. 18.

Ross, Mary, widow of the late Lieut. W. Hodgson, Bengal Horse Art., and d. of the late Capt. Samuel Tickell, of the Bengal Army, to Lumisden Strange, Esq., of the Madras Civ. Serv., eld. son of Sir Thomas Strange; Iver, Jan. 1.


Saxton, Elizabeth, 2nd d. of Charles ——, Esq., Whitchurch, Shropshire to Thos. Barker, Esq., Elstingston; St. George’s, Bloomsbury, Jan. 8.

Smith, Lucy, widow of the late W——, Esq., to Thomas Munden, Esq., of Birmingham; St. Pancras, Jan. 4.


Stanley, Clara, d. of the late William ——, Esq., to P. Bingham, Esq.; Stoke, Devon, Jan. 1.


Trant, Madalina Elina, only d. of W. H——, Esq., to Neil Benjamin Edmonstone, jun., Esq., eld. son of N.B. ——, Esq., of Portland Place; Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Jan. 7.

Tydso, Maria Catherine, Miss, to E. H. C. Monckton, Esq., C.S.; Bertrichy Oct. 7.


Wilson, Jane Juliet, d. of the late Dr. John ——, Major of the Hon. East India Company’s Service, to John Edmund B. Curtis, of the College for Civ. Engin.; St. Mary’s Paddington, Jan. 2.

Woodley, Martha, eld. d. of John ——, Esq., of Beckenham, Kent, to Griffith Thomas, Esq., of Denmark-hill, Surrey; Brighton Jan. 11.

Addinell, Robert, Esq., aged 78, Tadcaster, Yorkshire; Jan. 12.


Austerick, Mary Anne, daughter of Harwood ——, Esq., of Larkhall-hill, Chappam, aged 21 years; died Jan. 11; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bacon, Miss S., aged 62, daughter of the late T. S——, Esq., Argyl-street; Jan. 13.

Barkworth, Rosamond Jane, and Elizabeth, aged 5 and 9 years, daughters of John ——, Esq., Tranby-park, near Hull; Jan. 1st and 5th.

Beauchler, John, Esq., aged 68, at his house, No. 7, Eaton Place, Belgrave Square; Jan. 8.

Bell, Brigadier John, commanding Belhany, in camp near Coodooer, E.I.; Oct. 11.

Blencowe, Rev. Thomas, aged 57, Vicar of Marston St. Lawrence, Northamptonshire; Jan. 11.

Breeke, Peter Langford, Esq., Mere Hall, Cheshire; whilst skating in his own grounds the ice gave way, he sank into a deep pit, and was in the water three quarters of an hour before he could be got out, when all means of resuscitation were tried in vain; Jan. 9.

Brett, Mary Ann, wife of Charles ——, Esq. of Eaton Place, Belgrave Square; Malta, Dec. 26.


Caldecott, Rev. William M., aged 89; Torquay, Jan. 9.

Capel, the lady of James ——, Esq., of Russell Square; Pisa, Jan. 3.

Cassamajor, Emma, 4th daughter of the late Justinian ——, Esq., of Pethriels, Herts; Farley-hill Castle, near Reading, Jan. 11.


Chaplin, Mary Ann, lady of William ——, Esq., aged 43; Hackney, Jan. 11.


Cole, Eliza Kate, aged 26, wife of F. L——, Esq., Bolton-place, Chelsea; Nov. 27.

Colvin, John, Esq., M.D., aged 45, Presidency Surgeon; Calcutta, Oct. 4.

Courtis, Eleanor, aged 65, wife of William ——, Esq., Athenaeum terrace; Dec. 24.

Cory, Ada Elizabeth, dau. of William Richard ——, Esq., Mornington-place, Camberwell, aged 3 years; died Dec. 27, 1889; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Crawley, George, Esq., aged 65 Dunstable, Jan. 12.


Crozier, Capt. F. R., of the 5th Light Infantry; Mauritius, Sept. 29. 

The Court
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Curtis, Sophia Maria, the beloved wife of John Harrison Esq., of Soho-square, on the 2nd January, in the 47th year of her age, of water on the chest, after an illness of several months duration. She was descended of an ancient family in the principality of Wales; was of an amiable, kind and charitable disposition, qualities which have made her loss deeply regretted by all her friends and connections. A sincere and unaffected Christian, she bore her illness with fortitude and submission; she was interred in the Cemetery at Kensal Green.

Daniell, James, Esq., aged 67, Honiton Clyst near Exeter; Dec. 28.

D'Aguilar, G. T. Lieut.-Col., aged 60, of the 90th Establishment; Calcutta, Octuber 9.

Dive, Juliana, wife of Lewis George, Esq., of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square; January 5.


De Vine, Esq., P. L., aged 50; Calcutta, Oct. 5.


Dupa, Baldwin E., Esq., aged 38, eldest son of Baldwin Esq., of Hollingsbourne-house, Kent; Penzance, Cornwall, Jan. 5.


Fothergill, Capt. George, H. M. 13th Light Infantry; Cabul, E.I., Sept. 6.


Gaskell, Elizabeth, aged 72, relict of the late W. G., Esq., of Chalfont, St. Peter's, Bucks; Chiswick, Dec. 29.


Grady, Henry Needham, son of Mr. Richard Needham, of Kennington, aged 4 years; died Jan. 29; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Grady, Albert Lewis, son of Mr. Richard Needham, of Kennington, aged two and a half years; died Jan. 20; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Gwynne, Rowland, 3rd, son of Samuel, Esq., Grosvenor Place, Camberwell, aged 16 years; died Jan. 3; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Gwynne, Mary, aged 88, widow of Gen. ; Portman-street, Jan. 14.

Haighton, John, son of Mr. ——, Brixton, aged 7 years; died Dec. 30, 1835; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Harris, Charles, Esq., aged 72, late of the Hon. E.I.C. C.S., and formerly member of the Council at Madras; 40, Pultney-street, Bath, Jan. 12.

Herring, Lieut.-Col. John, C.B., commanding the 37th Regt. Bengal N.I., Hyde Kheel, E.I.; Sept. 3. He was barbarously murdered by a band of native plunderers.

Hulton, Sophia, aged 68, relict of the late Henry ——, Esq., of Bevois-mound, Southamptom, and Lincoln's Inn; Bevois-mound, Jan. 14.

Hillenden, Sarah Farrer, aged 74, daughter of the late Denis ——, Esq., of Elstow, Elstow-lodge, Bedfordshire; January 11.

Holroyd, John, Esq., aged 67, Northumberland-street, Strand; Jan. 6.

Inglis, Robert, son of Mr. James ——, of Newington, aged 11 weeks; died Dec. 31, 1833; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.


James, Samuel, aged 74, 2, Orange-street Real- ion-square; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.

Jenkins, George Danvers, Esq., aged 33, late of 69th Regt.; Weston, near Bath, Dec. 30.

Laumbert, James, Esq., aged 64, of the Manorhouse, Brixton, Surrey, and Fowler's, Harkhurst, Kent; Jan. 13.

Landscape, Mrs. Jane, aged 66, Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.


Layton, Rebecca, wife of Henry Layton, of Henry ——, of Regent-street, Lambeth Walk, aged 48 years; died Dec. 26, 1833; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lawson, John, Esq., Surgeon, aged 43; Walbrook, Jan. 10.

Lewis, Mrs. Matilda, aged 42, 4, Upper Baker-street, Marylebone; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.

Lomer, Anna, wife of W. ——, Esq., of Reading, Berks; Jan. 12.

Low, George D., Esq., aged 25; Pondicherry, E.I., Sept. 21.

Lloyd, Miss Mary, 3rd dau. of the late Samuel ——, Esq., of Battersea, Surrey; Lyme Regis, Jan. 1.

Macleod, Lieut., Field Engineer to the Seind Reserve Force; Kurrachee, E.I., Oct. 5.

Mason, Elizabeth, aged 93, relict of the late Edward ——, Esq., Enfield, Middlesex; Cainscross, Gloucestershire; Jan. 14.

Matthew, Richard, Esq., aged 75, Charlotte street, Portland-place; Dec. 29.

Maude, Margaret, youngest daughter of James ——, Esq., of Chapel Allerton, near Leeds; Jan. 13.

Martinuse, Catherine Edgar, relict of David Martineau, Esq., late of the Paragon Streetham; died Jan. 18, aged 36; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Meik, Capt., of the 31st Regt. Bengal N.I., Quetta, of the brain fever. Lately.

Miller, ——, aged 70, relict of the late Walter ——, Esq., of Highgate; Camberwell Grove, Jan. 10.

Morse, Elmina Julia, aged 29, widow of Lieut.-Col. Anthony late, of Boulhay Army; Magazun, E.I., Oct. 5.

Neville, Elizabeth, wife of Josiah. ——, Esq., Surgeon, Croydon; Dec. 31.


Neville, Jonathan, Esq., aged 68, Highbury-place, Jan. 15.


MAGAZINE: ]

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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Oldfield, Copner, Esq., aged 38; Perthyferyn, Holywell, Flintshire, Jan. 10.
Penny, Mary Caroline, wife of Charles ——, Esq., Bow-lane, aged 57 years; died Jan. 15; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Phillips, Mary Anne, aged 70, widow of Robert ——, Esq., of Longworth, and 2nd daughter of the late Michael Biddulph, Esq., of Ledbury, in the county of Hereford; Cheltenham, Dec. 27.
Pickering, Elizabeth, aged 74, wife of Samuel ——, Esq.; Kensington, Jan. 11.
Poole, Ellen Elizabeth Louisa, eldest daughter of John ——, Esq., Upper Clayton, Jan. 6.
Read, Henry Malster, Esq., of Lime-street, London, aged 51 years; died Jan. 12; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Ruddersforth, Matthew Henry, of Newington, aged 50; died Jan. 18; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Russell, Michael, Esq., aged 61, Wimbledon, Surrey; Jan. 11.
Russell, Manners, Esq., aged 70; Jan. 16.
Quin, Robert, Esq., one of the pages to Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager; Jan. 6.
Rawson, William Ford, Esq., Wincobank, near Sheffield, Jan. 10.
Roberts, Capt. Edward Blackett, aged 61, Brunswick Terrace, Jan. 11.
Scott, James, Esq., of North Terrace, Cambridge, aged 86 years; died Jan. 9; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Sharp, Lieut. G.W., of the 3rd Regiment Light Infantry; in camp at Maulapully, E.I., Sept. 23.
Short, Elizabeth, aged 79, widow of the late William ——, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of Kingsworthy; Twyford, Hants, lately.
Sloane, Julia, wife of F.I. ——, Esq., Crescent-place, Mornington-crescent, aged 80; buried in the Highgate Cemetery.
Stevenson, C. H., Esq., aged 37; Peckham Rye, Jan. 2.
Stavers, Capt. Francis, aged 47, 3rd son of the late Capt. Wm. ——; Rotherhithe, Dec. 27.
Stonor, Charles, Esq., aged 71, on his own estate, Quinrincund, near Elsinore; Oct. 31.

Stewart, Jane, only daughter of the late Capt. W. Mc Donald, Indian Navy; Arungabad, E.I., Sept. 11.
Stokes, Anthony Innys, Esq., aged 63; St. Botolph's near Milford, Pembroke-shire, Jan. 8.
Storm, C. A., Esq., aged 82; Cape Town, Oct. 29.
Stringer Miles, Esq., aged 65, Effingham-hill, Surrey; Dec. 31.
Stubbs, Mary, aged 47, wife of Charles Nolloth ——, Esq., Prees, Salop, Jan. 15.
Theobald, Elizabeth, wife of William ——, Esq., Beaumont-street, St. Marylebone; Jan. 5.
Thew, wife of Major Robert ——, of the Bombay Artillery, aged 35; Kensington, Jan. 12.
Timings, Capt. Henry, Commander of the 4th Troop, 3rd Brigade Bengal Horse Artillery, Cabul, E.I., Sept. 12.
Timbrell, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Andrew ——, of Trinity-house, Tottenham; Dec. 27.
Tippett, Jas. Berriman, Esq., aged 80, Mem. of the Royal College of Surgeons, White Lion-street, Jan. 9.
Thwaites, Henry, Esq., aged 87, Hansell, near Tunbridge-Wells, Sussex; Jan. 13.
Thomson, George, Esq., aged 76, Charleywood, Herts, Dec. 27.
Thompson, Ann, wife of Charles B. ——, Esq., Hanan; Hesse-Cassel, Jan. 10.
Tomes, James, Esq., aged 63; Pimlico, Jan. 3.
Tringham, Josiah, Esq., aged 82, St. John's Wood-road, Jan. 3.
Urquhart, James, Esq., aged 37, Mirzapore, E.I., Sept. 13.
Ward, Aune, relict of the late H. N. ——, Esq., Bath, Jan. 11.
Warren, Benjamin, Esq., aged 44, at his residence, Clapham, New Park; Jan. 7.
Wheeler, Joseph Marson, Esq., aged 72, No. 3, Guildford-street, Russell-square, lately.
Woodruff, Mary Christian, wife of Lieut. Henry ——, R.N., and only daughter of Ralph Clark, Esq., Flint Cottage, near Emsworth, Hants; Barrow's-place, Regent's-park, Jan. 1.
Wordsworth, Rev. John, M.A., aged 65, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, eldest son of the Master of Trinity College; Dec. 31.
Enfin, Anna, je crois que nous sommes définitivement débarrassées de cet automne infiniment trop prolongé dont la douceur perdue a occasionné de si cruelles mécomptes aux diverses industries dont l’hiver est la première et la plus grande ressource. La température aujourd’hui s’accorde avec les exigences de la Mode, et je commence à comprendre le velours et la fourrure.

Le velours et la fourrure avec les dentelles et les satins sont aujourd’hui la base première de toute toilette.

On voit beaucoup de satins Josaphine, satins chinés de toutes nuances, foudre glacé, chatoyants ombrés; velours ou gros des Indes brochés à bouquets, lézartines gothiques, pekinet chiné, écossais de soie, popelines à dessins fond velouté.

Les grands dessins, palmes et rayures, sont bien portés, mais ils ne conviennent pas aux petites tailles, non plus que les corsages froncés.

Du reste, comme la mode avait quelque peu anticipé sur la saison, les formes des robes ne varieront pas. Ce sera toujours le corsage busqué à pointe qui l’emportera; le tour de l’encolure écossé en V et garni d’une application en guipure figurant le fichu.

Les formes grecques sont en grande faveur, et c’est justice, car il n’est rien de plus gracieux que cette forme, surtout quand la main si habile de Constance, rue Neuve-Vivienne, 57, l’a amenée à la perfection qu’elle exige.

En parlant de robes parfaites, je suis amenée naturellement à vous citer une création de Constance, qui a fait sensation à la dernière
soirée d'une de nos amies. C'est un satin blanc damasquiné garni de trois rangs d'Angleterre espacés sur le côté, et qui reviennent gracieusement en formant châle et garnissant le haut de la manche.

Si je voulais, Anna, vous citer tous les chefs-d'œuvre de toilette que le monde élegant doit à Constance, les limites d'un bulletin ordinaire n'y suffiraient vraiment pas. Vous n'auriez pas assez d'admiration pour cette délicieuse robe en cachemire gris-perle, bordée d'un chef d'argent avec cordelière en pareil, que la première représentation de la Chaste Suzanne a offerte à l'extase de la fashion ; puis encore, une jolie petite robe de velours rose ornée de guipures ; un velours d'Asie glacé d'or ange et doublé de même, avec garnitures pareilles sur les deux côtés de la jupe, etc., etc.

La sous-jupe Oudinot est toujours, comme bien pensez, le complément indispensable de toute toilette un peu élegantie. Et, à ce sujet, je dois vous prévenir de bien prendre garde à la contrefaçon, cette hideuse harpie, qui gâte tout ce qu'elle touche, et qui voudrait aujourd'hui s'attacher à cette ingénieuse création dont si peu de femmes savent se passer, comme elle s'est déjà attachée aux boutons en crin de Perse si bien portés aujourd'hui. Espérons pourtant que la supériorité de la sous-jupe est établie sur des bases assez solides pour que la contrefaçon ne puisse parvenir à égarer l'opinion publique, car alors, au lieu de ces élégantes sous-jupes dont la redondance élastique suit le va-et-vient des ondulations de la robe tout en maintenant le contour, nous aurions d'informes imitations, cassantes à la moindre pression, et qui faussaient partager à la robe leur déformation.

Et maintenant un mot des coiffures. Venez avec moi, Anna, chez Leclerc, rue de Rivoli, 10 bis, passer en revue ces gracieux petits bords en velours avec ornements d'or, plumes, fleurs, etc. ; ces turbans en tissu de soie brochée or, en velours où le point d'Angleterre se marie si heureusement aux fleurs de Chagot. Est-il rien de plus frais, de plus joli, de plus coquet? Il n'est pas possible de mieux justifier la faveur que la haute fashion accorde à cet établissement. Tout ce qui en sort est d'un goût parfait et marqué au coin du cachet le plus distingué.

Au prochain bulletin de nouveaux détails.
Votre amie, Henriette de B....

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**Description**

**DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.**

N° 3. Costume d'intérieur.
N° 4. Costume de ville.

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**JEANNE GREY.**

Jeanne Grey était petite-fille de Marie, sœur de Henri VIII, et épouse de lord Gilford Dudley, fils du duc de Northumberland. Le duc de Northumberland ayant succédé à la faveur du duc de Somerset auprès d'Édouard VI, craignant que ce prince ne succombât en peu de temps à la faiblesse de sa constitution. Il ne trouva d'autre moyen de maintenir son autorité que d'éloigner du trône les princesses Marie et Elisabeth, et de faire proclamer reine Jeanne sa bru, princesse éclairée, aimable et vertueuse. Édouard VI, zélé protestant, se présenta aux vues de son ministre, dérogea à l'ordre de succession établi par Henri VIII, et
LE FOLLET
Boulogne St. Martin, 61.

Robe de toilette en cachemire brodé. Robe de crépe brodé d'or. Bonnet, calènes en point de Sévres des ateliers de M. Ferrié-Bonneau. 18 de la Cour d'Angleterre, r de Mail, 89.
Eventail de Duval-Drey. 74 des Panoramas, galerie de la Bourse et rue de la Paix, 15.

Court Magazine N° 11, Carey street Lincoln's Inn, London.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

2. Caillou d'Étourdt à Faubourg, 39 — Bonnet et Chapeau de Ledero, ¼ de Rivoli, 10.
désigna pour lui succéder Jeanne, fille aînée de Henri Grey. Cette princesse fut proclamée à Londres ; mais le parti et le droit de Marie l'emportèrent. En vain Jeanne se dépoilla de la dignité qu'on lui avait donnée et qu'elle ne garda que neuf jours, Marie enferma cette dangereuse rivale dans la tour de Londres. On lui fit son procès, et le beau-père et l'époux de cette infortunée eurent la tête tranchée avec elle en 1556. Son mari avait obtenu de lui dire le dernier adieu, mais elle s'y refusa, dans la crainte de témoigner de la faiblesse. Chacun plaignit le sort de Jeanne qui, malgré son innocence, périssait, à dix-sept ans, victime de l'ambition de son beau-père. C'était la troisième reine qui périssait en Angleterre du dernier supplice.

Cette princesse était savante et se plaisait à lire Platon. La langue grecque lui était si familière, que, la veille de sa mort, elle écrivit à sa sœur, la comtesse de Pembroke, une lettre en grec, dont la traduction se trouve dans l'histoire d'Angleterre, de Larrey.

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LE JOUR DE L'AN DU PAUVRE.

...On devrait combattre sans pitié.

Ce commerce honteux de semblants d'amitié.

L'an dernier, au 31 décembre, je reçus deux visites : l'une de mon propriétaire, l'autre de mon portier. Les deux visiteurs avaient un but commun, celui de me souhaiter de nombreuses années et le paradis pour Invalides. Je les reçus en homme flatté de la déférence : je donnai l'accolade à mon propriétaire, et je laissai dans la main du portier les dix francs d'usage. Le brave homme salua et se retira. Le propriétaire s'installa devant mon feu, se croisa les jambes et me parla de chevaux, de voitures, de femmes, de petits maîtres et d'opéra. L'homme dont je vous entretiens est un dandy ; il possède trois maisons qui lui rapportent quatre-vingt mille francs de revenu ; c'est un homme essentiel que tout Paris adore. A propos de mille sottises, je m'interroge.

—Avez-vous du temps à perdre ?
—Oui, certes, à votre service ; de quoi s'agit-il ?
—De me donner un conseil.
—Ah diable ! c'est trop d'honneur que vous me faites.
—Je vous sais homme de goût et je vais vous consulter.
—Parlez, je vous écoute.
—C'est une petite histoire, gardez-moi le secret.
—Volontiers.
—Bah !... Après tout, faites-en ce que vous voudrez. Voici l'affaire.

Il y a six ans, lorsque j'achetai cette maison, un de mes amis me recommanda un pauvre diable qui mourait de faim, et qui battait le pavé sans pouvoir trouver ni feu ni asile. Quoique nous soyons chaque jour importunés par les solliciteurs, je me laissai attendrir d'abord par l'air de souffrance de ce malheureux, puis par une jolie petite fille qu'il conduisait par la main.

La petite fille avait douze ans ; elle était charmante : de grands yeux noirs, une taille bien prise, petits pieds, petites mains, nez grec, cheveux noirs bien tenus, et puis un air de décence et de candeur qui séduit toujours : bref...

—Vous devlatais amoureux ?
—Non, je devins le protecteur de ces pauvres gens.
—Voilà qui est bien.
—Je pouvais disposer d'une place, j'instal-
lai le père et la fille, et dès ce jour de bonne fortune pour eux et pour moi, je fus le bon génie du petit ménage.

—Vous êtes bien heureux, mon cher monsieur, d'avoir à vous louer d'une bonne action ; vous ne pouvez mieux employer votre temps et votre fortune.

Mon propriétaire fit une légère grimace, et reprit en ricanant :

—Attendez, ce n'est pas tout : quand on fait le bien, il faut, autant que possible, ne pas le faire à demi. Cette pauvre enfant m'intéressait au dernier point ; la petite aisance que lui procurait son modeste emploi, la joie de voir prospérer son père, la franche gaité de son âge, et puis le diable qui s'en mêle toujours, en faisaient une créature ravissante, que j'aimais malgré moi. Un beau matin, je fis appeler son père, qui se présenta avec tout le respect et dans l'humble attitude d'un homme à qui l'on a sauvé la vie.

—Vous m'avez demandé, monsieur ?

—Oui, mon ami ; votre fille a douze ans, n'est-ce pas ?

—Oui, monsieur, à la saint Benoît qui vient.

—À quel âge la destinez-vous ?

—Dam ! monsieur, répondit le brave homme tout ému, je la destine, avant tout, à devenir une bonne femme, comme était sa mère.

—Mais il faut songer à l'avenir.

—Hélas ! monsieur, si elle apprenait la couture de manière à briller dans cette partie, elle pourrait se faire une destinée, avec de la sagesse et de l'économie.

—Voulez-vous que je choisisse un état pour votre fille ?

—Je vous dois déjà trop, monsieur ; je suis honteux... Et le vieux père essuyait quelquesarmes. Vous faites pour nous ce que ferait le bon Dieu lui-même.

—Voulez-vous, sans compliments?

—Oui, oui ; oh ! oui, monsieur ; choisissez-lui un état ; faites-en une femme heureuse ; et seulement recommandez-lui de ne jamais oublier son père dans son bonheur.

—Éh bien ! je me charge de son avenir.

—Et qu'est-ce que vous en ferez, monsieur ; qu'est-ce que vous en ferez de cette chère enfant ?... Pardon, si je vous demande ça.

—Nous le saurons un peu plus tard, cela dépendra des moyens qu'elle développera. Je vais la faire entrer, dès demain, dans un pensionnat, où elle sera soignée par les maîtres les plus habiles, et dans cinq ou six ans, quand elle sera une femme distinguée, je vous la rendrai pour vos éternelles, avec une position qui sera la juste récompense de son travail.

Les larmes qui roulaient dans les yeux de mon protégé s'échappèrent avec force et coulèrent en abondance. Il ne put exprimer sa reconnaissance ; il me dévoua sa vie entière.

—Relevez-vous, mon ami, lui dis-je ; allez prévenir votre fille, et tenez-la prête pour demain, à dix heures.

Le lendemain donc, nous partimes tous les trois, et la jeune pensionnaire fut placée dans une excellente maison, d'où elle devait sortir plus belle que jamais, et mieux élevée qu'on n'aurait jamais osé l'espérer.

Tous les ans elle venait passer quelques jours chez son père ; je la voyais avec un bonheur qui tenait de l'extaseation ; j'étais fier de mon ouvrage, je m'enorgueillissais avec le vieux père de cette jolie fleur qui montait à nos côtés ; je sondais même le jeune cœur de la belle enfant, pour savoir s'il m'était réservé une place, et si cette place m'était donnée par l'amour ou la reconnaissance. Le cœur était vierge, et l'amour n'y était jamais passé.
THE COURT AND 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.

NELLY CONNOLLY,
AN IRISH TALE.

CHAPTER I.

The keenagh, or wild Irish lament, rose at intervals from an isolated hut, situate on one of the wild bogs of Cavan, announcing that one of its inmates had received the priest’s last benediction; and now stretched a corse within its recent home, was alike the source to Erin’s characteristic children of frantic grief, extravagant encomium, and indecent glee. It was the wake of Biddy Connolly, a woman who, though in impoverished circumstances, was held in high respect by her class, as well from her amiable qualities, as from certain hereditary pretensions to rank and consideration which she derived from an ancient lineage—a family said to have been once great and wealthy, and powerful in the land. But there was one among the party, then and there assembled, who mingled not in the idle gossip of praise, nor yet gave vent to the sudden wail of boisterous grief, who sat beside the body where it lay and leaned over its unanswering features in the attitude and depth of silent sorrow. This was the only daughter—the only child of the deceased. A few old crones, seated in a circle near her and attentively engaged in chat, raised the loud wul-wullah whose notes grew more protracted and sonorous when any fresh-comer crossed the threshold, while a pipe and tobacco were immediately supplied to either male or female who chose to revel in the indulgence. Nor was whisky pure, nor whisky punch wanted to complete the entertainment of all whose attendance on the occasion showed their respect for the departed. Many were the private stills which afforded the "mountain dew" around Cavan. The revenue officers were not particularly vigilant in that district, or the people were particularly successful in eluding the surveillance of the legislature, for at the period of Biddy Connolly’s wake, the real “potheen” flowed much more readily from the spigot of every shebeen house, than the more hallowed barley-juice which is blessed by the dues of the exciseman. But to return to the mourning daughter of the house of Connolly. She was in the prime of youth. We

G—MARCH, 1840.
will not date her age with nice exactitude, nor dilate minutely on her charms of bust and figure, form of features, mental solidity, and excellency. Her firmness was such as might be seen in her sex, and her attainments such as might be reached by a curious feminine capacity, aided by the instructions of her priest and the affectionate advice of her mother. Suffice it to say, that her years just marked the time when parents watch and tremble, and lovers crowd to woo, and that her attractions were numerous enough to disconcert the plans of single blessedness built by many a professed sneerer at the arrows of the amorous god; and many a peasant and farmer among the hills and marshes by the river Erne, was duly sensible of the merits personal and otherwise of Nelly Connolly; and with the feeling which levels alike the beggar and the peer, “sighed and looked, and sighed again.” And there was hardly a sturdy tiller of the soil in the surrounding parishes, whose heart beat not high, when his feats of wrestling, leaping, and stone-throwing, and his prowess in the hurling-match, were observed and marked by Nelly Connolly, and who looked not proud when she applauded. But when did an object of admiration fail to produce rivalry; and when did rivalry not engender jealousy, with all its dark train of fears, forebodings, reriminations, enmities? And how could Nelly Connolly, with her pretty face, scarlet cloak, and bonnet with white gauze veil for fair days and Sundays, hope to escape the general destiny of all flesh? Gold will expect to purchase compliance and wedlock, and the aspirant unblessed with fortune’s favours will aim to win by attention and daring, what another would accomplish by overture and rich proposals. Such was precisely the situation in which Nelly’s circumstances involved her. Among the suitors for her hand were two whose superior claims for manhood and for wealth were tacitly acknowledged to leave little chance for the remainder of the crowd of competitors. Patrick Casey was a “strong farmer,” one well to do in the world. He was vigorous and jovial, and those qualities, rendered eloquent by his fine assortment of pigs and black cattle, waving corn-fields, well stored haggart, and comfortable dwelling-house, spoke unutterable things as he thought, and others thought too, in support of his pretensions. He made his advances with cool assurance and confident self-esteem. He offered the inducements of fine clothes, a full purse, a fine table, oceans of whisky and fun galore, and judged the more punctilious heart-breathings of tender passion, as arts fit for those only who were obliged to resort to such mean expedients in default of more solid and enduring enticements: but he had reached the summit of life’s steep, and though strong and fresh, might be considered rather an aged partner for one who had the brightest hours of youth yet beckoning to enjoyment. On the contrary, Terence Morgan was limited in his means to the solitary pig which he drove to the fair to make up his rent, and the scanty plot of ground which he tilled with his own hands to yield him his subsistence of potatoes for every coming year; but Terence Morgan was young, and soft, and winning, and for feats of manhood and stature of attractive beauty, the town which called him son could not boast an equal. With little to recommend him but insinuating address, and amiableness of manner and disposition, he paid his court to the lady of his love, by all the endearing expressions and tokens of attachment, marks of attention, and homage of deep respect, which his ingenuity, sharpened by affection, could devise. And when the smiles of the rustic goddess, Nelly Connolly, first appeared to give encouragement to his aspirations, and to raise him to be the rival of the redoubted Patrick, he was so general a favourite, that as many of his young associates were found to congratulate him, as to bend the frown of envy on his anticipated success. But much remained to be achieved by the worthy Terence. He had won his lady’s ear, but was by no means certain that he had secured her heart. Patrick Casey pushed his addresses with boldness, and being able to back his suit with presents beyond the means of Terence, the general opinion was, that in the natural course of woman’s preference, Nelly would become the prize of the man who dazzled her imagination with ideas of the greater splendour. And in truth the advantage of being raised to a pre-eminence in finery and independence above her compers, to enjoy the bow of even his reverence himself, with sundry other matters, might have been enough to turn the head and decide the choice of a better-educated, stronger-minded maiden than we may suppose Nelly Connolly to be. There was, however, one barrier to Patrick’s happiness

[The Court]
and consequently one presumption more in favour of Terence; and that was, that Nelly's mother, although resolved not to interfere with her daughter's selection, had conceived a most insurmountable aversion to the wealthy suitor Patrick Casey, who cut off from the intercession of a parent in his behalf, was forced to depend for success solely upon creating an interest in the fancy, or the heart of the child. Both lovers pressed their addresses with perseverance and assiduity, each after his peculiar fashion, but both had been kept in most torturing suspense. From the coquettishness of her sex, or from their wish to tantalise while they held the power, or perhaps from a curiosity to find which would first grow tired, Nelly would not express her preference. She smiled on Terence, yet repelled not Patrick. She wore the brooch that Patrick brought, and sported the humble ribbon which Terence gave, in order, she said, that neither should be jealous. But the time had at length arrived when such fooleries were doomed to cease. The decease of her mother made Nelly an orphan, and that mother on her death-bed had earnestly recommended to her child to seek, at once, a protector, and her language against Patrick Casey was, it was supposed, too unequivocal to allow to Nelly any alternative in the rejection of his suit. Still Nelly was left to her own control and inclination, and the will which signed to her the entire property of the house of Connolly, left it unencumbered, to be bestowed on whomever she should think deserving. Things were thus brought to a crisis on the night of Biddy Connolly's wake, and people only waited until after the interment to hear the announcement of each lover's fate. It formed, however, a fruitful subject for gossiping discussion among the old women then assembled, and even the young laid bets as to which Nelly would ultimately declare for; while some, who boasted of their wonderful knowledge of the female heart, asserted that neither of the two would be her choice, and they ventured to speculate who the individual might be who had hitherto enjoyed her secret sighs, while, for the purposes of ostentation or disguise, she permitted the toyings and attentions of the open rivals.

"Sorra wondher she has the sore heart to-night, the crathur," said one of the old dames, in allusion to Nelly Connolly, the old woman specified having just ended a long pull, which she had accompanied by wringing her hands and beating her breasts, although she now continued her discourse in the same calm unruffled tone as if she had given no previous signs of grief—"Sorra wondher she has the sore heart to-night, the crathur—sure it was she that was the good mother to her, and now that she's gone, God rest her soul, amen! she'll not find it so asy to make up her loss." And here she burst forth into another cry of dolour, in which several of her surrounding acquaintances joined.

"Thady's asleep, boys," said a voice from a merry circle in another part of the room; "here's a baby of flax, twist it one o' yess wid me, and we'll tie him down."

"Och, it's sartain," cried another of the old women, renewing the momentarily interrupted conversation, "it's sartain that Terence will have her—didn't ye hear her dying words?"

"I'm not so sure of that," was the answer: "myself thinks Nelly a sensible girl, and although Terence is a fine likely boy, still when the hit's put to the hit, Pat Casey will make her more comfortable and—as boys," she added to the group who were prosecuting their frolics on the person of the sleeping Thady, "as boys—he's a dacent slob of a gorsoon, and don't hurt him—ouch, glory!—look what they're about," and she laughed outright.

"Hon-a-mun, dhioul," cried one of the merry-makers, "you'll be ather smothering him with that paper—don't hold it under him only one nostril at a time—so that he'll be able to get his breath through the other—ye wouldn't be ather killing him entirely, an' sure."

Thady snuffled and grunted and writhed, as the smoke of the lighted paper ascended his nose, to the infinite amusement of those engaged in the joke.

"Faix, thin, Terence is an honest boy," resumed one of the former female speakers, "and wid the little bit of ground that he has, and the nate handful of 'yellow-boys' that Nelly Connolly could put into his pocket, I duna but they might be happier than if they were richer—oh yea, it's not always the goold that makes a body enjoy the world ather all."

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Nelly Connolly.

"Nelly had better have a care, any way," rejoined another; "it would be as well not to be afeer vexing Pat Casey; he's a dark boy, and if she go agin him, I'm afraid there'll be bad work. I heard him dhrop some bitter words, when he heard what Biddy Connolly spoke regarding his qualifications—she that's cowld forenint ye now, glory be to God!"

A new arrival here created another manifestation of extravagant sorrow, and the conversation from other quarters was for the interval once more allowed to become paramount.

"Would you ever have thought that Biddy Connolly would have made such a purty corpse?" asked a hale, stout, chubby-faced country girl, of an athletic peasant who clasped her in one of the most loving ways imaginable, the reciprocal glances of the parties betraying that thoughts at least, wandering to the hymeneal altar, were not indisposed to repair the ravage of the grave, while she administered a friendly pinch to the person in front, by way of letting him know that he was pressing her knee too closely.

"Faix, thin, I believe you're right, Nance," was the reply of her sweetheart; "but she'd have no power to your beautiful peepers, Nance, a-cush-la—bad cess to me, if I could not wish to see you dead yourself for a minute or two, for the sake of looking at you."

"In thoth you're the quare Larry," said Nance, apparently much gratified at the curious compliment of her beau, as she received upon her lips a still more impressive proof of his enthusiastic sincerity.

"Don't mention it," he whispered; "your purty face would make me feel quare if I wor as sober as a justice of the peace—but I wonder who'll be next afeer Biddy Connolly, Nance, darling."

"In thoth," replied Nance, "there'll be fine sport this winther—there's Biddy Connolly gone first, and there's a power more of 'em that'll follow her as fast as beans off a frying-pan—stay, asy—asy—keep off your hands—asy till we count—there's Billy M'Cormack, the blind piper, he'll go next; we'll dance the fipenny over him. Then there's Moll Cusack, that keeps the huckster's shop at the corner of the town, she'll be afeer the piper, and a small loss she'll be—there'll be oceans of whisky at her wake, God bless her! Then there's old drunken Tim Barney, that drinks a quart of potheen for his breakfast—he'll go shortly, and maybe we won't have fun over him. Then there's the pilgrim—God forgive me, I remarked he looked very ricketty-like the last day I saw him; but Father Tom will give us a fortnight's penance if we spake lightly of him; oh! yea, God forgive me for speaking so lightly of such things, at all, at all—but 'tis the way wid us all. Afeer all, if the dead wor alive they wouldn't blame us for sending them merry to their graves."

The lamentations of the old women suddenly ceasing, their busier and louder chatter again assumed the predominance.

"There will be bad work, sure enough," said one of these in answer to the former observation expressive of fear for the result of Nelly Connolly's selection; "Mary Keefe had a dhrame the other night of fresh earth and a corpse."

"That's a sign of death and a wedding," commented one of the gossips.

"And Bess Farrell, that cuts the cards, told me that in Nelly Connolly's fortune there was a great deal of talk, and fighting, and the like."

"May God forgive me!" exclaimed another, who had been listening to the observations of those employed in settling the number of wakes for the winter, "they're waking us before we're dead beyond—ha, ha!—we'll have some enjoyment of the life that's left us, glory be to God," and she filled out a glass of whisky and tossed it off at a single gulp. Her remark drew the attention of the others on the party alluded to.

"It's you that's the sore boy, Paudeen," said one; "look, he'll be the death of the poor o'madhaun, Thady Doherty—he has his hair knitted to the chair under him—the devil's not a match for you, Paudeen."

As she spoke, a tall, well-made, athletic peasant entered, and amid the wail which was instantly set up, the name of the new guest was whispered about with animated and serious looks. It was Terence Morgan, the suitor of Nelly Connolly most
favoured by her mother. After this, hours passed away without any occurrence to break the usual routine pursued on such occasions. Pipes were smoked, whisky drunk, snuff taken, and tricks played; but of the last Thady Doherty came in for the largest share. From a doze, rendered restless by the persecutions of his companions, Thady suddenly started as if from an unpleasant dream, and gazing round the room, enquired—

"Is Pat Casey come yet?"

"No, you omadhaun," was the reply, "lie down and be quiet." In sooth it had been made one of the subjects of conversation through the night that Patrick Casey had paid this mark of neglect to the mother of her whom he had so long courted. But Thady was not so easily satisfied. With a wild bound he sprung from his recumbent posture to his feet, and uttering a loud "whoa," rushed out of the hut.

"Thady has one of his fits upon him," remarked one of his tormentors, laughing.

"Faix, thin, it's my opinion," said one of the old women, "that them, or some of them, that take Thady for a fool, would find it advisable to have a small scrap of his brains sometimes, bad as they are."

Again a considerable time elapsed, when the inmates were alarmed by a low, plaintive howl outside the house. They had heard no footsteps; no rustle or other sound had announced the approach of mortal; and palely and fearfully did they pause to listen.

"The banshee, glory be to God!" ejaculated one of the females. The sound was repeated.

"Hon-a-man, dhioul!" exclaimed Terence Morgan, starting up, "if there's a man above ground, that's the voice of Pat Casey, though he disguises it; and may I never see another pratie, if I don't tach him better manners nor to come playing his vagabone tricks on a night like this." The report of many fire-arms interrupted his speech, and a number of men with blackened faces rushed into the house. All was a scene of uproar and confusion. The candles were extinguished—the women shrieked, and the men scuffled. It was not of long duration. The deep curse of Terence Morgan could be heard, as he grappled with some adversary, and then a heavy fall took place. Another discharge of fire-arms followed, and then another rush outwards, and the hut of Biddy Connolly was left to cursing men and screaming women, those who had been assembled previous to the disaster, and who now groped about, dealing random blows, while many profited even by that hum of disorder to practice to better advantage their incorrigible propensity to fun, and their equally insurmountable inclination to embrace the fair ones happening to fall within their grasp. When lights were re-obtained, and order in some degree restored, Nelly Connolly was not to be found. Terence Morgan was lying insensible and bleeding upon the floor, and several of the male portion of the company, who were recognised as friends of Casey, had also vanished. After some time they recovered Terence from the effects of his encounter, and his first words were respecting Nelly; and when informed that she had been carried off, he expressed no surprise, but gave vent to vows of vengeance on the perpetrators. A formal challenge was resolved on—by the purport of which they defied Patrick Casey and his auxiliaries to meet Terence Morgan and his friends in open field, and there decide, by hand to hand fair fighting, the pretensions of each to the hand of Nelly. The challenge was penned and the messenger deputed to bear it to the house of Casey. The men then departed, the women assembled applauding their design and wishing them success, and for the remainder of the night the females alone watched beside the corpse of Biddy Connolly.

CHAPTER II.

We must now return to trace for awhile the progress of Thady Doherty. After he left the wake-house he proceeded across the bog in as direct a line as its numerous intersections and marshes would allow. Being well acquainted with its various paths, he trod on with perfect fearlessness through the darkness, the ignes fatui which sat upon the green and stagnant pools, or crept, spectre-like, along the banks, did not deceive him. At another time Thady would have trembled at their pallid light, but now his thoughts were too busy, or his mind too much taxed by some secret great resolve, to be influenced or scarred by visionary terrors. When deeds of high
emprise engage attention, the mental energies are frequently found to strengthen in proportion, and the feeble misgivings and busy suggestions of superstition are for the hour disregarded. Paddy Doherty was precisely one of those individuals, yealt simpletons, who makes amends for want of superior sagacity by a great deal of cunning, in whose character is generally discovered to be blended the most foolhardy daring with the most degrading cowardice—the sublimest generosity with the most brutish malignity, occasional flashes of independence, penetration, and wit, with the darkest shades of servility, stupidity, and folly; instances of serious good sense with relapses into the lowest and meanest buffoonery. We may suppose that he was now in one of his happiest moments, for, on his face, as he trotted onwards, there was a shrewd expression of reflection—a shade of thought deeper and more significant than what is usually supposed to be characteristic of the idiotic. And when at intervals he halted, and tossing back his long matted locks from his uncovered brow darted his searching scrutiny into the gloom on every side, there was a bright flashing of the eye which bespoke the innate intensity with which his wayward mind contemplated its ideas.

"Thady, you're a fool, Thady," he soliloquised on those occasions; "but a fool can find out a fox maybe. I don't like that Pat Casey, an' he not coming to the wake this blessed night," and here poor Thady crossed himself with much devoutness, and so far as it went with him, poor fellow, with sincerity. "Musha, wouldn't it be a droll thing if Thady Doherty was more than a match for Pat Casey and the whole clan of 'em—bad scrap to 'em, they're a bad set—no matter—there's bad blood in the wind to-night—I can smell that, and there's not a blood-hound in the three counties will track 'em better nor Thady Doherty," and he chuckled with much delight at the contemplation of over-reaching such fellows as Pat Casey; as himself would then, he thought, be proved a far wiser man than many that were so reckoned. As he approached the limits of the bog and neared the high road, groups of persons were collected here and there in earnest discourse, a circumstance which escaped not the quick notice of Thady, who seemed moreover to have overheard, or guessed the tenor of their conversation, for he still farther accelerated his pace. The people who were thus engaged took no heed of the passer-by, or accorded him a simple word of recognition. His presence excited no suspicion, as Thady was in the habit of traversing the wildest parts of the country, at midnight, when in one of his wild moody frolics. The customary salutation was not, however, omitted.

"God save ye!" said Thady, as he passed each knot of men.

"God save you kindly!" was the immediate rejoinder, and without interruption Thady wended his way, until he came to the last trench which opposed his progress. It ran like a moat on the inside of the mud wall which bounded the road, along which the candle from the window of a shebeen-house gleamed in solitary yet cheering perspective. From the wistful looks which Thady darted on this signal of comfort to the wayfarer, it might be surmised that this identical house of entertainment was either the place of his final destination, or that it mingled with the schemes, whatever they were, then wandering through his brain. Thady looked first at the light, and then at the water beneath him, and pausing as if to collect his brains, or his thoughts, he crept cautiously down, and immersed himself head and body in the icy element. Then scaling the bank again, his teeth chattering, his hair and clothes dripping, and covered with the green ooze, frog-spawn, and mud of the ditch, he laughed wildly at his contrivance. "By my soul, Thady Doherty" he said, shaking himself like a water-dog, "you needn't be much afeared of suspicion now, anyway—by gories, father Tom, with his blessed book and dazzling robes, would hardly find out that you did this on purpose this cowlid night—glory be to God!"

With these words Thady climbed the wall to the road, and in his shivering condition and saturated garments hastened to the shebeen-house, which promised him the comfort of a hot peat-fire, and the chance of spirituous refreshment after his immersion. When he entered the house the first objects which met his view were Pat Casey with two of his friends sitting before the blazing hearth, and in the apparent enjoyment of a pipe of tobacco and a warm tumbler of potheen punch. They evinced surprise and mirth at the apparition of Thady in his present trim.
"Arrah, Thady," cried Casey, "what has the owld boy been doing wid you tonight? and why arn't you at the wake of Biddy Connolly asthoragh? What happened to you, tell us?"

Thady crouched close by the fire before he condescended to reply, and then said—
"Where 'ud I be, I wondher, but at the same wake; by the same token I wish the people wouldn't die to be giving other honest people their death again—it's not a new suit of clothes the same Biddy Connolly would be after putting on my back, now that she's dhrowned the owld rags—the d— take 'em for wakes, God forgive me!"

"But when you were there why couldn't you stay there, and not be gallivanting about the bogs at this hour?" asked Pat Casey.

"Och! didn't they run out of pipes?" was the answer, "and didn't they send me to get 'em? and wasn't I bringing 'em as fast as my legs would let me, sorra much good they are the same legs after the hard kind of life I've led 'em, bless the mark!—ha, ha!—they'll never get the pipes, I'm thinking, unless they send Biddy Connolly herself after 'em, or her ghost, which is the same thing now 'of course that she's dead; well, why as I was going across the bog wid the pipes, who should I meet but the widow Barry's pig?—he's a barrow you know, and he takes to his heels as I got up to him, and whips me off my legs clear and clean, and I didn't know from Adam, until I found myself in the deepest hole in the bog, it must be the deepest hole in the bog, and the rason I know is—the time I took to come from the bottom. By this cross now, and that's enough, if I wasn't an hour and a half coming to the top, may I never be the father of a family if there's a word of lie in it, and I'd be there dhworning to this minute, only that the same pig got betune my legs, and in onder onder he went, and I upon his back, ever and always until he sworn to land, and thin this being the nearest place, I thought I'd come hether to dry my duds, and Pat Casey isn't Pat Casey's mother's son, if he don't give a poor boy a warmer welcome than asking him how he got out of cowld ditch-wather."

Although the humorous exaggerations of Thady created a burst of merriment, yet the simpler scope of his tale was not discredited. A hot glass of punch was immediately vouchedsafed, which while Thady sipped, he took good care to listen to the suppressed conversation of Pat and his associates. After a little time they went out, and Thady soon did the same, and as he crept along the bog (for across it they went), following the sound of their voices, he muttered to himself, with chuckling glees—

"Arrah, Thady, what a fool they think you—maybe I'll spoil Pat Casey's sport in a way he doesn't think of; I knew where to find him as he didn't come to the wake, for it was only ere yesterday, when Biddy Connolly was gave over by the docthor—Jim Brady, and Owen Noolen, siz he, mind what I say, if any thing happens to Biddy Connolly, siz he, meet me at the public-house where ye know, siz he; for whether Nelly says she'll have me or not, siz he, I'll take care to be beforehand wid every one else, and to have her whether she likes it or not, siz he."

And in this manner did Thady act the spy upon the proceedings of Patrick Casey, plotting, pondering, and soliloquising upon the designs of the rival of Terence Morgan, who for especial reasons was his favourite, and for whom he was resolved, if possible, to baulk, in his own way, Pat Casey of the expected prize, and secure Nelly Connolly to his friend Terence.

CHAPTER III.

The destinies of Nelly Connolly, and the movements of Pat Casey subsequent to his outrage at the wake, now demand some attention. Poor, unoffending, harmless, playful, bewitching Nelly Connolly, and yet the fertile source of private conspiracy, domestic dissension, and party feud.

On Terence Morgan's sudden declaration of the presence of Pat Casey, a fearful misgiving came over the mind of Nelly Connolly of what was about to ensue, and when the explosion of fire-arms, the rushing in of disguised and armed men, and the subsequent violence told that she had augured but too truly, her senses yielded to the shock and she was not aware of the struggle which prostrated Terence Morgan, and during which she herself was carried from the house. When they had got her
Nelly Connolly,
clear out, Pat Casey and his companions lost not a moment in following up their scheme.

As speedily as the darkness would permit they bore her across the bog to the high road, where there was a horse in readiness for their arrival. Pat Casey immediately mounted, and taking the insensible form of Nelly across his arm, galloped off. The deep swoon into which Nelly had fallen, facilitated her removal considerably, but now the circulation of the cool night air, together with the more violent motion, produced their effect, and she began to show symptoms of revival. He had turned the animal down a bye-lane overshadowed with trees, and the increasing gloom and broken state of the path obliged him to slacken his speed, and proceed with greater caution. At length his burden became restless, uttered a low moan, and then lay still again. He stopped, and putting his finger to his lips whistled shrilly, and listened. Another whistle was returned, but the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching from the front saluted his ear at the same moment. He paused, and taking a pistol from his bosom urged his steed to a gentle trot. The stranger drew nigh, was by his side, and the two scrutinized each other's features, each surprised to find another on that spot at so late an hour. This disagreeable interloper on Pat Casey's knight-errantry was a gentleman returning from a party. It was unfortunate for Pat.

"God save you!" said the gentleman.

"God save you kindly!" replied Casey, but the words had been scarcely uttered when Nelly Connolly screamed aloud and struggled violently.

"Stand!" cried the gentleman on the instant, but Casey replied not but by driving his single spur into the side of his heavy car-horse, and dashing forward with renewed fury, while he grasped yet more tightly the still shrieking Nelly. But the gentleman was instantly in pursuit, and to lend force to his interposition, a pistol flashed through the darkness, and Pat Casey could hear the bullet rattling among the leaves beside him. Pat instantly turned back in his saddle, and another report told the discharge of a deadly messenger in reply. Both shots were, however, ineffectual, and Pat Casey could not hope that with the animal he rode he could keep the gentleman at a distance mounted on a spirited hunter. Thus pressed to the utmost he drew forth another pistol, and resolving on a desperate expedient, flung himself on the ground with Nelly, whose silence gladdened him in the conviction that she had once more fainted. Then giving the horse a violent blow with his pistol on the flank, the frightened animal bounded forward, while he plunged through the hedge, and crouched quietly beneath it. In less than half a minute the gentleman came up, and judging by the sound of the horse's hoofs that his man was still before him, passed the place of concealment. No sooner had he gone a few yards than Casey arose, and hurrying through the copse, and swamp struck across the open country. He had soon left behind all sound and trace of pursuit, except that the report of another pistol declared the gentleman not even yet to have ascertained his mistake. Nelly continued motionless, and he hoped to gain his retreat before her ultimate recovery. At last he came to an abrupt angle formed by a wall and a clump of trees. Turning this he was in a bye-lane, still narrower and deeper than that which he had left. Here he again whistled, when two men emerged from their covert. A few signs of recognition passed between them, and then Pat Casey resigned his charge into their hands.

"Make haste wid her where ye know, boys," he said, "for it's likely there'll be some hot work in the morning about her."

"Throth then, Pat Casey, she's worth it if you died by her," was the answer, and the parties separated, Pat Casey to go to his home and make his arrangements, and his men where they had been previously ordered to bear Nelly Connolly, who was now like a bird in the meshes of a pitiless fowler. But his men saw not that they were dogged by a third person, and that person was Thady Doherty.

On that night strange noises alarmed the superstitious fears of many a peaceable peasant. A good many were beaten at cross-roads and in the fields by certain substantial spirits armed with sticks, and affirmed to be ambassadors and ministers of the evil one. Several, according to tradition, fainted away on coming into the light, after their vision had been rendered too supernatural, by spiritual sights, to bear the

[The Court]
an Irish Tale.

contrast of earthly things. Banshees howled and maidens shrieked in answer, many of whom, had they wished it, either did, or might, have experienced the fate of the first Roman vestal. All which miraculous apparitions and terrific occurrences, if resolved into their natural causes, would be found to be nothing more than that Captain Rock and his myrmidons, meaning Pat Casey and his companions, were abroad to scare all spies from their track, and to prosecute their plans of nocturnal depredation and amorous frolic.

CHAPTER IV.

From that fainting fit, during the continuance of which Nelly Connolly had been transferred by Casey to the keeping of his two assistants, she recovered with a sensation of shuddering horror. All was stillness round her—the past was like a dream—and for some moments she fancied herself still seated beside her mother’s remains. Gradually, however, she became sensible of her real situation, and the circumstances of the night came crowding on her mind with fearful acuteness. She knew not where she was, but knew she was in the power of Patrick Casey, and she trembled instinctively as she thought of him. It was strange that she should fear him; she had never discouraged his addresses, she had often enjoyed, with secret satisfaction, the delightful suspense in which she had kept him. But the pain of coquetry was over, and from the violence of his late proceeding, she feared she had provoked his vengeance, and had reason to dread the worst. She looked round the place which she considered her prison. The walls seemed of baked turf, and the roof of the same material. A large turf fire blazed upon a rude hearth near her, the smoke of which escaped by a narrow flue also constructed of earth. The chamber, or cavern, or whatever it was, was of small dimensions. Some lime lay heaped in a corner, and a number of casks and jars were piled one over the other. A ladder in one spot seemed supported by the roof, but there was no apparent opening except the chimney, for the admission of either light or air. A horrible idea entered her mind. She thought she could be there for no other purpose, than that of murder. Bitterly then did she lament the vanity which had prevented her from listening to her mother’s advice, and by expressing her choice, avoiding the possibility of her present misfortune. But what situation is so hopeless, or what condition so miserable, as not to admit some scattered rays from the torch of hope. The fiend despair alone can shut them out, and minds the feeblest, the most uninformed, are frequently the least tormented by such a guest. This may arise, perhaps, from the very narrowness of intellectual capacity, their faculties not being able to perceive with accuracy, or to feel with sensitiveness, the depth and measure of perils or of woe. The future presents to them but an impenetrable gloom, awful and terrible to them in imagination, but yet leaving the vast overbalance of evil, unmarked by that defined sharpness and terrible aspect of power which scares the far darting ken of practised reflection, numbs the energies, and goads the surcharged brain to self-destruction. Nelly was superstitious, nervous, affrighted, and yet at that moment the unsubstantial terrors of ghosts and fairies, haunted her full as much as the real danger of death or confinement to be apprehended. And then she hoped she might, perhaps, escape, and if she could effect her exit from this dismal place, before the return of those who had brought her, all might be well. The necessity of exertion next occurred, and timidly she rose from the ground, starting at the rustle of her own garments, and turning pale at the flicker of the shadows on the wall. She made her way to the foot of the ladder, and though she could see no outlet, determined to leave not the experiment untried.

“Musha, God knows,” she said, as she placed her foot on the first step of the ladder, with that unaccountable and inconsistent dash of gaiety, which, like the sun through a thunder-shower, may be often observed to characterize her countrymen, even in the depth of sorrow. “Musha, God knows, it’s a droll way you’re waking your mother this night? Nell Connolly, but who knows yet?”

“The soul’s in her body yet, faix, any way,” said a voice from above, but which in her fright she could not recognize. More dead than alive, and convinced that the

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intention of the persons was her death, she crept behind some casks, and with horrid anticipations listened to every sound. Suddenly a heavy weight was lifted and flung upon the roof, as it seemed, of the chamber, and then a pair of brawny, brown, hairy, half-naked legs were thrust through an aperture upon the top-steps of the ladder. By degrees the whole person became visible, and before the descent was completed, Nelly Connolly had recognized the figure and features of Thady Doherty. Though she still concluded the occasion of his visit to be her murder, she was glad that her enemies had chosen so wavering an instrument, and hoped, even to the last, that by coaxing and caresses, she might work on the good-nature of the simpleton to forego his design, and even to assist in her rescue from others. With a wild stare of astonishment Thady gazed round upon the apparently deserted tenement.

"By all the saints in the priest's book," he said, "I could be on my oath, that I heard the colleen speak, and I abow. Well, why I always thought her a purty colleen, and now I find that she's nothing more nor less than a bit of a fairy—it was n't for nothing I heard the music, an' I goin' along—she's dancing this way very like, and a nate pair of stumps she can shew, bless the mark! How'smendever, I'll make sure afore I go. When Thady knocks down a pig, he don't do it wid his finger in his mouth; a purty thing, indeed, if I'm to be baulked as bad as a child that 'ud be spoon-fed."

So saying, he snatched a cudgel of ominous size from a corner, and commenced searching from cask to cask, striking his stick against them, every now and then, with a vigour sufficient to fell an ox. At length he caught a glimpse of Nelly, and uttering a wild cry, bounded towards her. Finding herself discovered, poor Nelly rose from her hiding-place with the sudden energy of despair, and fastened her arms round the neck of Thady.

"Thady, Thady, asthoragh!" she cried, in imploring accents, "sure you won't kill me—you won't kill me, Thady."

Thady was a little bewildered both by the sudden apparition, and by the as unexpected appeal to his forbearance, and stood for a moment silent, as if pondering in a state of indecision. During this brief interval Nelly dropped on her knees, and by the most moving prayers and exhortations beggled him to spare her life. The attitude, the earnestness of Nelly, at last roused him to recollection.

"Kill you, mavournee," he said, raising her from the ground; "faix, thin, its you, thin, and no one else, that will even be the death of Thady Doherty. Sure amn't I ather resaving two christenings and fine tunes from the 'good people,' by rason of my coming here to save you itself."

"Then you arn't come to kill me?" said the scarce reassured girl.

"Och! don't be coming over us that way," said Thady, "sure wouldn't I commit suicide on a hundred of 'em before I'd hurt a hair of your head! but whisk," he added, as the sound of footsteps over head gave intimation of the arrival of other and more dangerous visitors. Nelly trembled as she whispered.

"Where am I?"

"Arach where 'ud you be but in the still-house of Pat Casey, asthoragh," answered Thady, in the same low tone, "but there they are agin—didn't you hear 'em?"

"An sure, I did," said the terrified Nelly.

"No matter," urged the other, encouragingly, "I'll be by you, but they mustn't see me. I'll hide here by dat, an' I'll be able to manage 'em better, when they don't see who's fighting 'em."

Thady instantly ensconced himself behind the casks. Nelly sank down beside the fire with as much composure as she was able to assume, while two men in friez riding-coats, whom she at once knew to be particular friends and confidants of the dreaded Pat Casey, descended through the aperture. The men approached her with kindliness.

"Are you comfortable, a-lanna?" said one of them to Nelly.

"Purtly well, I thank you," she replied; "I ought to thank ye that ye havn't left me without a fire, an' sure."

"Faix, then, you needn't be a bit afeard" was the answer. "Pat Casey will take right good care of you. We've brought the taste of a bread, and a drop of something that will do you good, and keep out the cowld."

Nelly thanked him with

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increasing confidence, and while his companion arranged a rude pallet of straw for her use, she received from his hands a glass of what she thought spirits, and drank it off. Then giving her fresh assurances of safety and protection, after they had deposited by her side a basket-full of provisions, in case her appetite should grow troublesome, a circumstance which in her situation was not probable, they departed. No sooner had they vanished than Thady re-appeared, with a grin of satisfaction distorting his odd physiognomy. Nelly clung to him with eagerness.

"Now, Thady, darling," she said, "let us leave this place, in the name of God—come, you'll help me."

"You mustn't leave it to-night," replied Thady; "they're on the watch, though they ain't here, I tell you. But they won't be back here until to-morrow, and maybe we won't give 'em leg-bail by that time."

"But why should we go now," said the impatient Nelly.

"Because it wouldnt be for your good," was the rejoinder; "they're going to have a fight on the head of you to-morrow, you see, and they'll not sleep in their beds to-night, only getting themselves drilled by Captain Casey, to make themselves ready like sodgers."

"And will Terence Morgan be in it?" asked Nelly Connolly, anxiously.

"Would he be out of it, an' yourself in question," was the answer; "but no mather, I think you better nor a score of 'em; and if a mother's soul of 'em puts a cross hand to you, they'll find that Thady Doherty can handle an alpen wid the best of 'em, as great a fool as he is maybe."

Nelly yielded to the arguments used by the simple Thady, and resolved to remain where she was, but refused to touch the viands which Thady pressed on her acceptance, and of which he himself plentifully partook. In sooth, they were no very indifferent supper, consisting of the better part of a roast goose, a loaf of bread, a can of new milk, with a little of potheen to qualify it, as she might feel inclined, the last of which Thady, however, declared to be totally unnecessary, as he could procure forty gallons of it without leaving their under-ground retreat. In a short time Nelly grew heavy with sleep, and in spite of her efforts to maintain her vigil, in obedience to the suggestions of caution, as well as delicacy, she was forced finally to yield, and stretching herself on the bed which Pat Casey had provided, she was immediately in a sound sleep. Thady watched by her, and he thought that, considering her alarming situation, she rested more easy than he could expect. Not a motion testified any thing of the disquietude naturally consequent on what she had undergone. He even put his ear to her lips to hear her breathing, and feared that she might be "intending to follow on the road that her mother, the good Biddy Connolly, had gone before her."

"It is n't that you're to the fore, Nelly," he said, "but faix you are very quiet, considering. I never seen any one sleep wid such a weight upon 'em, but my own mother, of a day that she ate the poppies. Thady, you'd give your small-clothes, and a daint set of duds they are—well wear to them!—that she was well awakened up agin, now over-right me. Well, why, if she sleeps this way until to-morrow, she'll be either dead, or she wo'n't sleep agin for a year or two, any way."

And thus Thady soliloquized from time to time, as he watched the still pallid features and scarcely breathing form of Nelly Connolly; but never did a purer heart beat than that which then throbbed with simple, yet sagacious interest in the breast of Thady Doherty.

CHAPTER V.

Early on the following morning, even before the clear light of day had brightened in the horizon, an observant eye might have discovered that some event of more than ordinary importance was about to signalize the lives of the rustics inhabiting the town-lands of Cavan. The roads presented an unusual appearance of animation. One could not have seen more bustle on the morning of a fair. Groups of countrymen were scattered along the fields in every direction, hastening to their rendezvous, with busy tongues and serious aspects, while some enjoyed the occasion which called them together, with many a wild laugh and wilder bound. But their equipments
were ominous of the coming encounter. All carried a weapon of some kind. Most
were fain to be content with the trusty cudgel, while others were armed with the
deadlier pitchfork, and a few boasted of a sword, gun, or pistol. But from the want
of ammunition, and the accumulation of rust, the sword and fire-arms promised to
become much less efficient battle-assistants than the thick knotty bludgeon of oak,
black thorn, or agh. Yet it was easy to conjecture that the wake of Biddy Connolly
was likely to be the herald of a day of slaughter. On two hills opposite to each other,
the hostile factions momentarily concentrated their forces. The undulating nature of
the ground round Cavan afforded uncommon facilities to the peasant leaders in their
choice of position, and skill of warlike arrangement. And much, no doubt, did Pat
Casey and Terence Morgan pride themselves upon the display of these qualifications.
The cause and nature of the quarrel made each the leader of his respective clan, and
they were consequentially the Napoleon and Wellington of their parish field. These
were among the first upon the scene of action, and the few who were assembled were
loud and cordial in their greetings. "Arrah, good sonuher to you, sir," one would
cry; "maybe there wont be wigs upon the green, or we'll win the colean for you
to-day."

"Pat Casey abo' board," would ring from the opposite height, accompanied by
the wild "whoo," so peculiar to the Irish. The clamour and tumult increased, as
new reinforcements constantly came up, and taunts, menace, and invective, were
liberally hurled from hill to hill, as provocatives for the approaching battle. The
posts of the adverse factions were at length supplied with their full contingent of
doughty troops, and enthusiasm and disorder wore the strange name of discipline
and martial array. Then arose vociferous disputes respecting the best method of
joining battle, of employing their resources, and of surrounding their enemies by a
small body detached from the main army; and these altercations were carried on in
a tone quite distinguishable by both, could either party have had the coolness, or the
reflection to listen, or to take advantage of the knowledge of their enemies' plans.
It was laughable to hear the meanest private professing the most implicit obedience
to his commander, yet urging his own opinion with a vehemence little short of
knocking down the general, by way of proving his sincerity. And from the ear-
nestness with which every man asserted his prerogative of speech, the motley
crowd, on either height, reeled to and fro, as if in actual mêlée, and one might
distinctly hear the friendly buffets which frequently enforced a sluggish argument,
making a sort of flourish by way of prelude to the stone and cudgel-play that was so
shortly to follow. Among the confusion of voices it was hard to distinguish one above
another, yet at times such as the following could be overheard:—"I'll be captain of
that district—who says agin it?" "Wo'nt I lade that detachment, general—I'll
take 'em all for you myself, widout wiping a stick upon 'em, the spalpeens." "You
lie, I'll do it." "No, you wo'nt; wasnt it I that gave the Murphy's their breakfast
without salt last year—whoo." Meanwhile the leaders did the best that could be
done with so unruly a crew. They moved through their battalions, and one with a
curse, another with a blow admonished of his duty. Heaps of stones were gathered
at intervals in front of either host. A number of men were selected from each party
to commence the fight with these; and, accordingly, the missiles began to fly
already, and the sharp-shooting combatants to approach each other down the sides
of the hills. They did not exactly do battle like the English archers and Genoese
cross-bowmen at the battle of Cressy, but for all that, are we to disparage their
courage or their qualities? One party had not the good fortune to fling confusion
into the ranks of the other, but then we must not condemn their prowess, for all
alike were one mingled mass of yelling and disordered combatants. Bloody faces,
and tumbles down the declivity, began to show the danger of an amusement which
sought bubble reputation at the hazard of a broken pate. The ardour and in-
patience of the principal bodies were, in the meantime, evinced by every demonstra-
tion of extravagance. Hats and coats were thrown off, hurled into the air, spurned
along the ground, cudgels were struck against each other, flung up and caught in
their descent, embrace followed embrace with a rapidity, giddiness, and devotedness
never exceeded by the most enraptured lovers. Whoop, challenge, boast, threat,
were uttered in discordant chorus. Political animosity, national grievances, personal feelings, were forgotten in the overwhelming emotion of fraternal clanship, and the assertion of family superiority. Nor in their natural buoyancy and excitement were artificial stimulants wanting. The whisky bottle passed from lip to lip, until frequent potations promised to render several more efficient chanters in a carousel, than warriors to win and secure the glories of a triumph. Bellona, or some demon inheriting her disposition and attributes, then certainly held carnival in the bosoms which panted for the combat beneath their coats of frieze; and the fairies, doubtless, lent their aid to swell congenial turbulence. Amid such preparatory tokens and essays of fight, the men were formed in a sort of blundering, wavering, uneven line, along the side of the hill. Then the active, well-made figure of Terence Morgan, and the stout-built trunk-like person of Pat Casey might be seen stalking before their respective factions, the stay and hope of the approaching contest. They were as dissimilar in appearance as in disposition. But woe betide thee, Patrick Casey, should Terence Morgan meet thee in the combat. As little would the stunted briar resist the falling of the lordly oak, as thy head and person resist the force of thy opponent's arm, or sustain the weight of his descending cudgel. A kind of equivocal silence was, however, maintained, while they made an effort to listen to the exhortations with which their generals, as they called them, animated them, unnecessarily enough heaven knows, for the wished-for strife. As these same speeches were rather unique and characteristic in their way, they shall be given verbatim.

"Boys," said Pat Casey, "I'm here—you know me—I'm Pat Casey abo' board—and I suppose I needn't tell ye that I don't care for a man in the world, barrin' yourselfs, and the mother that's in her grave, and that was partly because she swore she'd bury me daicint if ever she died before her darling Pat—do ye hear me, boys, we're here, and what are we here for?"

"To fight," replied many voices.

"To be sure to fight," continued Casey; "to fight while there's leather in our brogues, wather in loch Derg, or a child to be christened in all Christendom."

A yell of delight told how cordially every man heard the announcement of the obstinacy of the engagement. Casey continued.—

"And maybe we ar'n a fine set of spalpeens, more power to us! I'll tell ye what it is, boys—there's not a man from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, as Dan O'Connell says, that wouldn't give the very best of his two eyes to be in our place this minute. Glory be to God! now ye'd all like to have wives, long life to 'em!—and children, God bless the crathurs!—and a tight slip of a colleen is a purty thing to go to mass wid—there's no doubt of that—and it isn't that I'm to the fore, but I love the girls as well as my neighbours, God forgive me—small blame to me for that! Well, why there's no use in talking boys—we'll sweep these rebels beyond into the say—we will—if they war as thick as oats undher a flail, and as strong as a hogshead of whisky—and after we've done that—and I needn't tell ye its as asy as picking up crabs in an orchard after a storm—mind now—listen boys—I say—Pat Casey says it—and Pat Casey's word is as good as an oath from the teeth of a Lord Chief Baron—I say, that after we've had our diversion here, ye'll find in Pat Casey's floor as handsome a flitch of bacon, and as fine a dish of cabbage and praties, and as fine a six gallon cask of potheen, as fine a piper, and as daicint a set of sweet-hearts to dance wid, all ready made and provided, as ever tempted the devil of a Good-Friday—and when ye go home—though I'd take my oath ye'll never do that when ye once get there—when ye go home—ye'll not sleep all night only talking of the bedding of Nelly Connolly and Pat Casey abo' board."

The last word was uttered with a shout, which was responded to by a roar of deafening applause. Simultaneously with this display of oratory on the part of Patrick, although the necessity of narrative unfortunately forces detail, the eloquence of Terence on the other side, was, at least, equally conspicuous.

"It isn't the dirty bit of ground," cried Terence Morgan to his surrounding friends, "it isn't the dirty bit of ground, nor the handful of money, though God knows that same was wanting to me—but I could trample upon the goold, if I had the colleen.—Pat Casey, you have robbed me of my heart, you have spilled its
dearest blood, for I gave my heart to Nelly, and you took it when you dragged her from me, like a thief—boys—you know he did it, and the time he did it, and how he did it, and why he did it—Musha, it was a coward's deed to come wid ten agin one in the lone hour of night to drag a child from watching the spirit of the mother that brought her into the world, and fed her wid a mother's milk, to pray for her on the road to heaven. Pat Casey is a coward, boys, and like a coward he shall give me satisfaction. Tell me, boys, if ye had a colleen that ye loved, would ye bear it?"

"No!" was the universal response.

"No, ye wouldn't; and tear the limbs of Terence Morgan into thongs, and bail his blood to feed the bonows (young pigs), if bone or flesh of Patrick Casey walks home alive this blessed night. 'Terence,' siz Biddy Connolly to me, the day before she died, God be merciful to her soul that's now in Heaven! 'Terence,' siz she, 'I know that you're an honest boy,' siz she, 'and that you have an eye after Nelly,' siz she; 'she's a tenderher crathur, Terence, and wants somebody to shew her the way through the world; and Pat Casey is a dark character,' siz she; 'and whin I'm gone, I wouldn't prevent her inclination,' siz she; 'but,' siz she, 'when I'm gone, if she doesn't marry Pat Casey, you may tell her, Terence Morgan,' siz she, 'though I wouldn't say so exactly to herself,' siz she, 'you may tell her that it will be a second heaven to her dead mother, to hear that she was married to Terence Morgan,' siz she. And its little I thought, boys, that I'd be after receiving a broken heart, instead of being her protecor; but its no matther, boys, we'll have revenge this day, and Patrick Casey shall say wid his dying mouth, 'Arrah, Pat Casey, war'n't you a fool to vex the heart of Terence Morgan, and face him after he vowed revenge—whoo?" and amid the tremendous cheer which succeeded, the dash of many an arm across the brow and the hasty application of many a coat-skirt to the eye, showed that Terence Morgan had awakened the softer sympathies of his hearers, and that in speaking to the heart of every rustic lover, he had combined in his own favour the passions of disappointed hope and outraged feeling, with the incentives of family pride, factious animosity, and the chivalrous desire of conquest.

As soon as the generals had ended their address, a broken drum and a cracked fife commenced in either post to sound the signal of the strife, and on rushed the combatants with a yell which made the hills re-echo. To compare the onset of such warriors to a hurricane, would be to rob them of half their due. The onslaught of the Highlanders at the battle of Culloden was nothing in comparison. Down the hills they came, leaping, whooping, tumbling head over heels, for the potheen had made the former as fit to stand upon as ever nature made the latter. Headlong they went, and prostrate fell their sharpshooters, whom they literally jumped over in their progress, but who showed the degree of indiscriminate ardour with which the latter had inspired them, by showering their stones with unabated vigour on the backs of their own men, as they rushed to the assault. The meeting of the armies in the valley was like the shock of two opposing torrents. The discordant din of drums and fifes, the crashing of all kinds of wooden weapons, and the uproar of the combatants became more tremendous and deafening than ever. But, alas! for the glories of war. Ere the battle had been joined five minutes—when Mars was rejoicing with grim satisfaction, and the delight and fury of those engaged were at the highest pitch, a slight interruption occurred to their ecstasy. This was the apparition of a body of soldiers and police, accompanied by a magistrate, which sweeping at double quick time round the base of the hill, approached the scene of action at the most precious of interesting moments, viz. when the fight had begun to grow mischievously bloody, and the anticipations of victory throned most thickly on the fancies of each rustic champion. This event, however, acted like magic on their mutual animosity. Hostilities were immediately suspended, and both parties, like friends and brothers, huddled together up the hill, and then faced about to make head against the common enemy, several dangling broken fingers and wiping bloody faces. The magistrate approached, and drawing up his men before the crowd, commanded in the name of the king to disperse. The summons was answered with a yell.

"Down with the peelers," cried one.

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"Turn their blood into ditch-water," cried another.

Stones began to be thrown, and the people, by their attitude and looks, seemed determined to oppose the interposition of the law. The magistrate read the riot act amidst abundance of groans and denunciations; and when it was finished, the multitude were again commanded to separate, but in vain. The military were ordered to level their pieces; the people yelled, the magistrate exhorted, and a stone struck him smartly on the leg. He saw there was no time to be lost—the mob were preparing to fling themselves on the soldiers. The magistrate whispered a few words to the constable who stood next him, who repeated them to the next.

"Fire!" then cried the magistrate, and a volley of bullets hissed harmlessly over the heads of the belligerents. As is usual with assemblages in a state of excitement, this forbearance was imputed to pusillanimity, or impotence, and shouts of contempt, rendered impressive by a yet more animated discharge of stones, were the only reply, or token of submission. Matters began to look serious. Several of the military had received bruises and contusions, and the country people were every instant assuming a bolder front. Seeing things thus pushed to extremity, the magistrate reluctantly gave forth the order.

"Prime and load—fix bayonets—charge," and the soldiers rushed against the multitude, amidst whoops of defiance, yells of laughter and ridicule, curses loud and deep, and showers of missiles. On the soldiers came, the magistrate at their head; but ere they had passed half the distance between themselves and the rustic warriors, a new occurrence prevented the collision, and the bloodshed likely to be the consequence, and caused that dispersion, or at all events the retreat of the people, which threats, soldiery, magistracy, and riot act had been found insufficient to accomplish. This was nothing less than the sudden apparition of Thady Doherty, bearing on his shoulder the inanimate form of Nelly Connolly.

Rising like an infernal imp from the bowels of the earth, and with a celerity and vigour which seemed to realize the imaginary strength ascribed to such a demon, Thady presented himself on the summit of a hill to the astonished gaze of the peasants, as he shouted a mingled tone of defiance and triumph.

"Pat Casey, Terence Morgan, whoo—co!" and before the last protracted note was fully uttered, he had darted with his burden from the hill, making a sweep to avoid the country-people and reach the soldiers without impediment. On dashed the multitude in full cry, eager to seize the disputed prize, and dealing on each other random blows which laid several prostrate in their progress, and on dashed the soldiers behind them, but who were immediately left most miserably in the rear. Then shone conspicuous the superior speed and agility of Terence Morgan. With the bound of a deer he sprung forwards, and his desperate efforts distanced every competitor. It soon became a race between Thady and Terence, but with tremendous odds in favour of the former. Still the swiftness of Terence promised fair to make up for his disadvantage of distance, and as leap after leap over the trenches and dykes which obstructed his direct progress diminished every instant the space which divided him from the object of pursuit, the interest of the chase was momentarily on the increase. Both strained their powers to the utmost, Thady to place his charge under legal protection, as knowing it would be the saving of both Nelly and himself from the rough encounter of the hostile parties, and Terence striving, in the madness of hot blood and passion's wildest delirium to rescue his best beloved from the fangs alike of the dreaded "Peeler," and the detested Pat Casey. He knew not whether the intentions of Thady were in favour of himself, or of his rival. He hardly knew whether the form he saw might not be the dead body of Nelly Connolly, and Thady, for all he was aware of, might be her murderer, or leagued with those who were. He was in a fever of excitement; the heat of previous contest the whirl of headlong wrath, his feelings of revenge, the surprise at beholding her at such a time under such guidance set his brain on fire, and in obedience to the tide of impulse he rushed on. He was at that instant no more than a bubble borne on the tumultuous torrent of overwhelming emotion. The energy which he displayed corresponded with the stimulus which urged him onward. He surpassed himself, and while the big drops of perspiration flowed down his glowing visage, he wheeled his cudgel in air.
with a fury and a rapidity to which his former skill were nothing, and jumped over gulls which would have baffled his greatest dexterity at another moment. Nor did Thady Doherty, all burdened as he was, discredit either himself or the cause in which he struggled. No knight-errant ever felt more in behalf of lady fair, or could have made mightier efforts to achieve her deliverance. The depth and width of the trenches obliged him often to make a sweep round, which of course enabled his unencumbered pursuer to take advantage by the straightness of his course. Thady waded, panted, ran, shifted his load from position to position, but in vain: Terence gained upon him, was evidently closing up with him. One circumstance he had on his side, however—the soldiers, the police, the magistrate pressed to meet him as eagerly as he hastened to reach them. They imagined that he was probably a murderer in good earnest, having heard but vaguely of the cause of this battle of the factions, and what with the avidity of the military to intercept his supposed flight, and his own desire to place himself under their security, he bid fair to disappoint Terence Morgan of his anticipated rescue. But the chances were soon to be decided. In wading a dyke his foot struck against a tuft of weeds and rushes which grew from the side of the opposite bank, and, in his impatience, became entangled, and Thady and Nelly measured their length upon the sward. The mishap was irretrievable. When he arose he cast a sudden glance behind him; Terence, with flashing eye and whirling weapon, was at his heels. The countrymen who had been partakers in the fray were scattered widely apart from him and from each other, to use his own language, like “crows over a corn field,” and could oppose neither resistance nor impediment. He saw his danger dwindled to a single adversary, but that was worse than all the rest united. For him to obtain possession of Nelly at that instant, not to mention a broken head for himself without any questions asked, would be to renew the fight, bring the people into collision with the military, and endanger the lives of Nelly and both her lovers—perhaps more. The military were now but a few paces in front, advancing, but the voice of Terence was in his ear.

“Hell-bird, down with the colleen,” yelled Terence Morgan, making a blow at the head of the devoted Thady. It cut but the passive air. With desperate bound Thady sprung forth as it descended, and he was in the centre of the soldiery, and at once the cudgel of Terence clashed against the levelled bayonets.

“Faugh-a-vollaugh!” he shouted, “clear the way, or by the holy eucharist, I’ll smash you into your own shadows! A policeman fastened on his collar, and was immediately laid senseless; another and another met a similar fate, whilst step by step Terence continued to force his frenzied way towards Nelly with his trusty cudgel. But he was surrounded by a host of foes, and the blood began to flow from wounds in his face and arms; he was pent up, pressed, thronged, overpowered; a blow of a musket on the back sent him reeling forward; another on the chest nearly deprived him of sense, his weapon flew from his grasp, and bleeding, exhausted, and defenceless, with a fierce yell of unsubsidized rage and defiance, and by a blind motion of his hands still making show of fight, Terence Morgan fell forward amid the grasp of a dozen enemies, but still in the direction of the prize for which he battled, a bruised and baffled prisoner.

In this condition, Terence Morgan, with the luckless Thady Doherty, was conveyed to the gaol of Cavan, where they were confined in separate but adjoining cells. It was deemed necessary for the purpose of justice that they should be prevented from holding any communication with each other. Water, however, together with all other essentials requisite to Terence, after his severe rencontre, was supplied by the order of the benevolent magistrate, and with the exception of his sorrowful heart, Terence Morgan, to whom a score of buffets were like incentives to the appetite of an epicure, was, in a short time, as fresh and able as before the combat of the morning.

“My curse be on you, Thady Doherty!” he said, as soon as he was left alone, pouring forth the anguish of his heart in the language of bitter complaint and vindictive menace; “its little I thought I’d be after reaving such dirty treatment from you, and I being kind to you since you were a gorsoon; well, you’re like your betthers, more knave than fool; but when I get my legs clane out of this place, if I
don't make a bog of your skull, that will put an end to your crossing the bogs and running away wid colleens."

"Musha, thank you kindly!" cried Thady Doherty, interrupting the astonished Terence, while he thrust his rough head through a hole in the partition. "Musha, thank you kindly, only you're a little bit wrong, you see, as wise as you are Misther Terry. Didn't I thwack the eilians last night?—and didn't I watch 'em take Nelly Connolly to Pat Casey's still-house?—and didn't I go down, wishing myself to keep company wid the crathur?—and hadn't I like to lose my life by it if they cotted me?—and wasn't I determined to lave her in safe custody this morning, when you ran like the devil himself, the Lord save us! and all to get the colleen safe for you?—and this is the way your mother's son is after abusing me to my face, as soon as my back's turned. Oeh fadha!"

"As you hope to be saved, are you telling me the truth?" questioned Terence, incredulously.

"Faix, thin, no; but more nor that," replied Thady with a broad grin, "as I'm afraid to be damned, and Father Tom thinks of that, sometimes, may be."

"Well, no blasphemy," said Terence.

"Of coorse not," answered Thady, "only, if you wish to be saved, why can't keep you; there's a hole here beyond big enough for my body, as this is for my head, and I can make this big enough for you to get into me, so say the word."

"No," said Terence, after a pause; "but stay asy, Thady, if you can get out of this hole that you spake of, and come clane off. I have something by me in the way of a note; it was given to me by Father Tom, some time ago, and he told me that I was an honest boy, to send it to him in case I should ever be in distress. Here, take the docket, Thady, darling, and give it to Father Tom; and if he don't do something for me before night, tell the neighbours, Thady, that they may come to the wake of Terence Morgan. I've made my pace wid God, and what business have I any longer to live, Thady?"

To this Thady Doherty made no reply but by bursting into a loud howl, similar to that he might have uttered if Terence Morgan already lay a corpse before him. His head then disappeared from the aperture, and presently Terence heard a scrambling noise, as of a person climbing up a slippery or uncertain ascent, and then all was still, and by the duration of that silence, Terence concluded justly that Thady Doherty had effected his escape.

CHAPTER VI.

The magistrate who, with his body of auxiliaries, had so critically interrupted the mêlée of the morning, as soon as he had given the necessary orders respecting the due security of his prisoners, hastened homeward to get some refreshment. Nelly Connolly he sent under escort to the house of her mother, now, in fact, her own. He had learned that the quarrel had originated at the wake of the previous night; and suspecting, from certain hostile indications and menaces, that the fight would be renewed at the interment, he showed all the anxiety of a worthy justice of the peace to preserve legal order. Accordingly, he took not off his top-boots nor heavy coat, but sat down, just as he was, to satisfy his appetite, ere he should proceed to re-engage in the performance of his pressing duties. It should, perhaps, have been premised, that the bodies of deceased relatives in Ireland are never kept beyond the time absolutely necessary to provide the indispensables of the funeral—the coffin, winding-sheet, &c. If an individual died during the day, the wake took place on the night immediately ensuing, and the grave closed upon its prey ere the second sun had set. There was ample reason, then, for the hurry of the magistrate; and yet he discussed with vast relish the beefsteak and potatoes, and decanter of old port, which was served for his luncheon. His meal, hasty as it was, did not, however, pass without disturbance. A loud knock announced the arrival of a visitor, and after a few minutes, the servant, by his master's orders, ushered in the intruder, who, dressed in a smart green surtout, and provided with a long riding-whip, entered with an air of mingled good humour and clerical swagger. The magistrate received him with cordiality, desired him to be seated, pushed the decanter before him,

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apologised for being just then much pressed for time, but hoped that Father Tom
would do the best honour to his fare that circumstances would permit. And right
well qualified was Father Tom to do honour to aught in the way of good entertain-
ment. A more spirited and jollier fellow at a hunt, a race, or a wedding, was seldom,
or never met with. He joked with his parishioners, horsewhipped them, prayed for
them, feasted with them, and damned them, with the most obliging courtesy
imaginable; and, in return for such kindnesses, there was not one who had not the
most unbounded confidence in him, or who would not have died to serve him. The
girls, also, nearly idolized him, and at station-time strove hard with each other as to
who should be confessed by Father Tom.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate, to whom Father Tom was well known, "I've
had some hot work this morning; doubtless you are aware of the cause. Those
factions do infinite mischief to the country. Law seems thrown away upon them—
they are incorrigible, incorrigible," and he gulped down a full glass of wine, as in a
strong effort to swallow his indignation.

"By my faith," said Father Tom, "I agree with you, Mr. Judex, so far as that
they are a warm set of fellows, and are sometimes apt to be troublesome, something
like boys when they get out of school; but you know the matter of a broken head
generally cures them, and they are better friends than ever, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah! egad, sir," returned Mr. Judex, with a face unaltered from its gravity by
what he deemed the unseasonable jesting of his companion; "egad, sir, its no joking
matter. There have I been scouring the country to prevent the broil, of which I
had received some small intimation; but, some how or other, they contrived to keep
secret the exact spot of their intended meeting, so that I was only in time to prevent
more serious consequences, after the battle had commenced. As it is, I have two
prisoners on a charge of abduction, and assault on the police. They appear to me
to have been the ringleaders in the riot, and to have some quarrel with each other,
but from the confused statements of both I could ascertain nothing with exactness;
the truth will probably come out in evidence on their trial. The girl, whose name, I
understand, is, Nelly Connolly, whose mother is dead, and sent for the present to her
home, from motives of humanity; but I shall be present at the interment, both to
hinder further mischief, and to secure Nelly as a witness; intimidation might
otherwise interfere to close her mouth, and so defeat the ends of justice."

While the magistrate spoke, Father Tom kept fumbling with the silver head
of his whip in his mouth, removing it only at intervals, to admit the introduction of a
hearty sup of wine; but he soon prepared for a vigorous effort.

"Now, Mr Judex," said he, laying the handle of his riding-whip, which he held
in his right hand, emphatically across the palm of the left—"Now, Mr. Judex,
allow me to differ from you entirely, and I'll give you good and sound reasons for
doing so. In the first place, the young man whom you suppose guilty of the abduction,
is as innocent as a lamb; and for the other, a harmless, good-for-nothing, good-
natured omnadhun, when he placed himself in your hands he did so by a voluntary
act, and to save the girl he did it, she being carried off by another last night."

"Then you know the real party," said the magistrate; "and by bringing him
forward, you can easily prove the innocence of our prisoner."

"There will be another way of proving that," said Father Tom. "I cannot
violate the sacred seal of confession, Mr. Judex. The fact is, you see, Mr. Judex,
Nelly Connolly is as pretty a thing in the way of woman's flesh as you'd meet with
of a summer's day, and to my own knowledge there have been some hundred or so
young fellows, breaking their hearts about her for some time back, and ready enough
to break each other's heads. Ecod, I have given more penance for designs upon her,
than all the rest of the sins of the parish might occasion—ha, ha!—but he that took
her off last night will find himself in the wrong box. I know the secret of her
heart and whether it is the prisoner or not, that has the best chance in the present
game of Cupid."

"All may be very true that you say," replied Mr. Judex; "and yet if it be your
intention to preserve this concealment, I cannot see how the ends of justice can be
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"Poh, poh!" cried the priest, "you are serious, too serious in this affair; remember it is nothing but a game of hearts. You are too serious when dancing on the point of love,—ha, ha! The ends of justice won't be answered? I don't know for that Mr. Judex; but the ends of matrimony will be answered, which is a much more important matter. That is a national benefit, Mr. Judex: you understand me—ha, ha, ha! Come, come, Mr. Judex, between you and me, now that there's no witness by, you wouldn't have the least objection yourself to a colleen like that in question, and I dare say you think her lips worth a hard knock or two."

Mr. Judex shook his head, but could not help smiling at the insinuation of the parish confessor.

"Well," continued Father Tom, "I know I have you not in the confession-box, so I'll pass that matter over; but you will allow, Mr. Judex, that when so numerous a body as the Roman Catholic clergy are confined, by their sacred vows, within the restraint of celibacy, you'll allow that a great many marriages are necessary to make amends to the nation for the domestic privations of so fine a set of stout, healthy, unblemished bachelors. Ha, ha, ha! Eh?"

"The smile of increasing good humour, as well as the glance of roguery shot from the eyes of Judex, shewed that Father Tom was not mistaken in his mode of winding him to his purpose. In fact, the magistrate could not resist the drollery with which the priest levelled his weapons of satire even against the body of which he was himself a member.

"Upon my word then," he said, "you are a merry wag; you would do well in a hermitage, I don't think. However, I see much more fear than argument in all you have said."

"There's the best of reasons for that too," replied the imperturbable Father Tom.

"And what are they?" enquired the magistrate.

"Simply that as yet I have not begun to argue at all, and that is because there is nothing to argue about."

"We have been speaking of the innocence or guilt of the prisoners, whom you declare to be innocent," said Mr. Judex.

"Very true," was the rejoinder; "but as that can be decided immediately by the evidence of the girl, I do not think that worth an argument; but if you have a few minutes to spare, I'll start a subject in a trice. Much could be said about the mode of causing the girl to make the discovery; much about the way in which the prisoners should be treated; much about many other things; but, principally, much has to be said about the way in which you, as a magistrate, Mr. Judex, ought to act, or rather would wish to act, in order to secure the gratitude and good wishes of the people; and what you seem to value more than even this, the furtherance of justice and the preservation of the peace."

"That is the very point I wish to come to," said Mr. Judex, gravely. But Father Tom was determined not to make it a grave argument, and accordingly set about bewildering the brains of the worthy magistrate by another tirade of loquacious raillery.

"It's a laughable thing," he said. "Here we are—you're a bachelor, and I'm a bachelor, instead of providing for the exigencies of nature, of which we are, probably, in spite of my piety and your justice, just as much in want as most other people; but a priest must mind the souls of his flock, and not their bodies, and you, Mr. Judex, excuse me, must mind their bodies and not their souls, and each of us is for the salvation of our respective charge, so that by our joint efforts it is to be expected that we may be able to send some to heaven in this world and the next—we can people a paradise in both places—ha, ha, ha!"

"If such a purpose could be effected by good-will, and good-fellowship," said Judex, "no one than yourself more likely to accomplish it."

"Aye, good-fellowship," cried Father Tom, catching at the word, "that's the very thing—and the very point on which we are likely to differ, Mr. Judex."

"Explain," said Judex.

"Why then, to the point at once," was the answer; "you wish to attend the interment of Biddy Connolly to-day?"
"I do."

"To preserve the peace, and hinder disturbance?"

"Yes."

"Now, by so doing you risk the salvation of souls and bodies. Oh! Mr. Judex, you, as a justice of the peace, should be more judicious in your measures ere you can hope to succeed."

"I do not understand you, sir, said Judex, seriously."

"All in good time," answered Father Tom. "You will attend with a military force?"

"Of course."

"You are wrong, Mr. Judex, very wrong indeed."

"How so?"

"You would wish to spare bloodshed?" said the priest.

"Certainly," replied the worthy magistrate; "and I think the best means to effect that object, is to overcome the factions by a military force."

"And I hold up my finger," returned Father Tom, "and not a man of them but will hold your soldiers in defiance."

"But that you would not do; you will rather assist in keeping the peace, than make yourself instrumental in instigating its violation," said the magistrate, warmly.

"Now, my dear sir, don't be in a hurry, if you please," replied his reverence; "I did not mean that I would shake my head, and all the numskulls in the red coat and green coat battalion should immediately begin to inflict musket-bullet wounds, and sabre and bayonet gashes, upon the persons of my hot-brained but honest-hearted parishioners; no such thing. I only meant to suggest to your consideration that it would be much wiser to have their pugnacious propensities checked by the cool rod of clerical jurisdiction, than by martial law. You must allow that if the arm of the civil power is rendered unnecessary, it must be advantageous to all sides; for even the demonstration of coercion produces ill-will and vindictive feeling in the people's minds against its authors. We all like popularity, Mr. Judex, and I can give you a friendly hint, that you'll be the better liked, the more seldom you show yourself as General of the Peelers, especially when it is done, as my people imagine, through hatred to them, and in consequence of a desire for their destruction."

"On that point," interrupted the magistrate, hastily, "it is in your power, and should be your duty, to undeceive them, to remove from their ignorant minds so unfounded a prejudice, so fertile a source of disaffection and revolt."

"Easy, easy again, sir," cried Father Tom; "not so fast between you and me, Mr. Judex; the clergy are a little more mindful of their own interest than to make common cause with the common enemy, and a little more fond of their own power, than to forfeit any particle of it by sharing their influence with an unpopular party—the institution of Maynooth, and the Jesuitical colleges of France, as you'd say yourself, Mr. Judex you understand me, inculcate a small trifle more of prudence than that. Indeed! It would be a droll thing to see us give our weapons up to ye, to be turned upon ourselves the first opportunity. If we have the power, we must have it to ourselves; we'll not have it banded about from hand to hand, like a burning hot potato, until its cool enough for the use of him that's waiting to swallow it. You understand me, Mr. Judex. Besides, we wouldn't find it so easy to transfer it for any body's pleasure; its true source is in the religion, or call it superstition, if you will, sir, and here it is. They believe we can raise the devil, and lay the devil, and send them into purgatory, and drag them out of purgatory; and send them backwards and forwards to heaven and hell, just as often as we please; and here is our mode of argument, Mr. Judex. All devils are spirits; most men fear spirits; therefore most men fear devils, and, consequently, they will hold those persons in high value, that they think will wield a power over so formidable a foe—ha, ha! All men are prone to evil, you know, Mr. Judex, and, consequently, naturally fear that they may one day fall into the devil's clutches, Mr. Judex; and then they're very thankful to us for promising to drag them out of them. Ignorance is out of the question. What do they care for knowledge, when they know that Father Tom, and the likes of him, will make up for all deficiencies? They argue thus, and devilish good arguers they are, by the same token—ha, ha, ha!—here, they say, the devil pulls one way, but
Father Tom pulls the other. The devil says, I'll have ye, but Father Tom says you shan't; and why shouldn't we fear, and love, and respect Father Tom, and pay him too—ha, ha, ha! when we know that, wid plenty of money, he's sure to be the stronger of the two—ha, ha, ha!"—and thus winding up his half-serious, half-satirical speech, by a tirade of drollery, and a hearty fit of laughter, the good-natured and sagacious Father Tom seized the magistrate finally by the hand, and shook it with enthusiasm, until his opponent, for the soul of him, could not refrain from returning the friendly pressure, and bursting into a fit of merriment, fully corresponding with Father Tom's views and wishes, and Father Tom's boisterous glee.

"What a pity it is," said Father Tom, when he had partly scolded and partly joked Judex into good humour—"what a pity it is that two that might be such a pair of jovial, cordial sparks as you and I, should have any cause of difference; but it shall not be my fault if we are not henceforward the very best friends in the world."

"And we are very good friends," replied Mr. Judex, warmly, "except in a case of duty, imperative duty—I honour your opinion and acquaintance, sir—I do."

"I'll give you other duty to perform, equally imperative, if you'll give way to me in this matter," said Father Tom.

"Come now, no hoaxing," said the magistrate; "I like a jest, but cannot abide being seriously done."

"By my faith, it would be the very last thing I could think of doing," answered the other; "but here's a case in which you have imprisoned an innocent man, two innocent men, and you're about to proceed in a way which will cause you to imprison more innocent men."

"Father Tom, sir" said the magistrate, "is assault innocence?—is abduction innocence? I cannot listen, sir—I must fulfil my duty."

"Will you take my word for the peaceable conduct of the people to-day, admit Terence Morgan and his companion to bail, if I give you information by which you may employ yourself more comfortably, and increase the king's revenue into the bargain?"

"How can you keep them peaceable?" inquired Judex.

"I'll horsewhip them into peace," said Father Tom, "curse them into peace, pray them into peace, and if that do not satisfy you, I'll joke them into peace. But I am in earnest just now, you see, Mr. Judex. I have a witness without who can give you information of an illicit distillery, Mr. Judex—a twenty gallon cask of potheen is no bad premium for magisterial vigilance, Mr. Judex; and I have another gentleman who can identify, if necessary, the real party implicated in last night's fun about the girl, and who will go bail with me for the good conduct of the prisoner in your custody. Will you accept of my proposals?"

Mr. Judex paused an instant, and then said—"Let us see the man you speak of; although you are so incorrigible at a joke, that I fear you are practising on me."

"Make the experiment," returned the priest.

"Agreed."

Father Tom rang the bell without giving the magistrate time to change his resolution, and desired the persons he had left, without, to be admitted. What was the astonishment of Judex to behold the entrance of Thady Doherty, and a gentleman of his acquaintance, who had spent the previous evening in the jolly carousel so much appreciated by himself as well as Father Tom.

"Ha, Lawrence, my friend," he said, shaking the gentleman by the hand; and then turning to Thady, "Well, jail-bird, how did you make your escape from the stronghold where I placed you?"

"Another time for this explanation, Mr. Judex," answered Father Tom; "at present there is not a moment to lose; the interment will take place soon, and neither you nor I will be at our posts. You had better take the depositions, and then decide upon the course to be pursued."

Mr. Judex saw the necessity of compliance, if for nothing else but to escape Father Tom's raillery, and, accordingly, Thady Doherty made his statement, telling the exact locality of Pat Casey's still, together with the quantity of spirits, malt, and
Nelly Connolly,

even the number of casks, jars, and other vessels then to be found upon the premises.

"Very well," said Mr. Judex, when he had ended; "you may now leave the room—you will be provided with a meal in the kitchen if you wish, as you have not been guilty of either of the crimes imputed to your fellow-prisoner. You are discharged, but be not at a distance—you must be our guide to this Patrick Casey's distillery, and it is more than probable will be rewarded, should your intelligence be found to be correct."

Thady availed himself, with speed, of the permission although not much dazzled by the promise of reward, and down to the kitchen he went, where he also made most laudable use of the magistrate's offer of hospitality, but that was not quite enough for Thady. Inventing a plausible excuse to leave the house, he scrambled off as fast as he could, across ditches, hills, and bogs, every now and then dropping into a cabin, saying a few words, and then darting on again. And wherever he went, he created bustle and activity, for immediately each tenement was emptied of its inhabitants, all both male and female, who could, by age or strength, assist in the conveyance of goods, while Thady, bounding with delight, and perspiring and puffing with exertion, held curious converse with himself as he ran along.

"Thady, you omadhannah—sha; wouldn't it be a droll thing if you'd deliver up so much of the raal stuff for nothing else than to go inside the skin of a Peeler? Fai, thin, you may say that wid your own ugly mouth. And isn't the whisky better nor the magistrate's money any day? Of course, by rason that no magistrate's money is honest money. There's for you, Thady? I wonder what Mister Judex 'ud give now, if Thady Doherty was just as big a fool as he'd wish to make him. Troth, thin, it 'ud be the making of you if you'd find out that, Thady—ha, ha!—whoa!" And thus, with many a breathless pause, did Thady Doherty beguile his task, while he plodded on, bare-legged and bare-headed, anxious to make it, as he called it, a "clane job," and be back in time to wait on the commands of Judex.

Meanwhile this last-named personage proceeded with his investigation. Lawrence related his adventure of the preceding night, and gave a ludicrous account of his will-o-the-wisp chase over bog and hedge, to no purpose.

"And you could identify the man?" asked Mr. Judex.

"Most positively," he answered. "We were within a few inches of each other, and, notwithstanding the darkness, I could distinguish him to be a dark man, with a freeze-body coat, and large black whiskers."

"That is not my prisoner," remarked Judex.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Judex," said Father Tom, "supposing you send for the prisoner, and then the gentleman can make use of his eyes for your satisfaction—they say seeing's believing."

"But the interment," pondered Judex.

"It will not take place so soon as all that; besides, they cannot bury her without me, you know, Mr. Judex; at least I promised them to say a mass to carry her the quicker to heaven."

"You are a downright infidel, it is my conviction," said Judex, jestingly.

"If I am, I'm an honest one, you know, Mr. Judex, and ye rogues of magistrates ought to take an honest man's word, and keep it to make amends for what they haven't themselves—ha, ha!—eh?"

"Well, well," replied the magistrate, who preferred compliance at any time to enduring the brunt of Father Tom's repartee; "well, well, I'll send for the prisoner—it's all the same thing, to-be-sure, for the ends of justice must ultimately be answered."

So saying, he rang, and delivered a written order to have the prisoner, Terence Morgan, guarded hither forthwith. During the interval between the order and Terence's arrival, the three gentlemen sat down in free and merry chat. The wine circulated freely also. The magistrate, highly amused by the lively sallies of his guests, permitted himself rather too liberal an indulgence of the generous liquor; and when at length Terence was ushered in, with a countenance the most dejected, he offered a solitary contrast to the jovial faces in the room, for Judex smiled even in

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the performance of his magisterial duty, prepared to agree to any proposal which was jealously expressed and afforded the prospect of promoting peace, and increasing the king’s revenue. In fact, though not to say intoxicated, his intellect was quite sufficiently surrounded by that halo of Bacchus, which prevents us from perceiving the dulness of common events; and Mr. Judex, though he listened with composed features to the details of the case, and heard Mr. Lawrence assert Terence Morgan not to be the man whom he met bearing a female before him in a by-lane, he could not, for the life of him, help saying, nay swearing, in accordance with the wily, boisterous, jeund arguments of Father Tom, that it was a glorious frolic, and that he wouldn’t think much of doing the same thing himself were he in the fellow’s place. Nor did he offer any opposition when he was told that he might go and seize the illicit spirits, and be back in full time to superintend the interment, while they would feel infinite pleasure in taking charge of the prisoner during his absence. Accordingly, he bade a laughing farewell to his wagish friends, and, mounting his horse, rode off, accompanied by a body of police constables, and under the guidance of Thady Doherty, who had returned, and was now profuse in his expressions of gratitude to the magistrate for honouring him with so handsome a job, while Judex paid them amply back by professions of kindness, and promises of reward for his praise-worthy loyalty.

Terence Morgan, who stood by, began to perceive that Father Tom had certainly effected something in his favour, and relaxed his serious features of dolour into an expression of hilarity, when the priest and Lawrence, having exchanged a hearty laugh at what they had done, enjoined Terence to follow them. The three then set out for the house of Biddy Connolly, Father Tom with his riding-whip in his hand, ready for action, and Terence watching with anxiety for the moment which should give once more to his view the idol of his devotion.

Before they had gone far, the funereal cry, ringing over hill and valley, informed them that the remains of Biddy Connolly were already on the road to their final resting-place. Father Tom quickened his pace, and now surmounting a steep hill upon the road, the whole procession came in view, with its train of cars loaded with women, horses with pillions, and mourners. The coffin, of plain deal, was placed across a car with one horse. Nelly Connolly sat beside it, and a few other women were accommodated on the same vehicle round it, who beat the coffin lid, and howled their plaintive and peculiar dirge. A considerable number of cudgel-armed peasants thronged in the train, and among them Pat Casey, showing by his gestures and language, that the fears of the magistrate were not unfounded, and that they intended to renew the morning’s combat. Father Tom walked boldly up, and administering a few strokes of his whip to some of the most vociferous, he effectually quelled all tendency to quarrel. Arrived at the grave, he fulfilled his promise of saying mass; and when this was concluded, and the weeping Nelly saw the earth close above her only parent, Father Tom called on the attention of his hearers, while he addressed to them a few words, suggested by the occasion and the circumstances which had made it remarkable.

“My friends,” he said, “you have here consigned to the grave the mother and protector of Nelly Connolly, a girl about whom most of ye have had your thoughts of rivalry or passion. Ye have quarrelled about her—one of ye has been made prisoner on a charge of abduction and assault. Come forward, Terence Morgan!”

Terence stood beside the priest.

“Here he is,” continued Father Tom, “and he is an innocent man; but as the colleen was carried away by brutal force last night, and as she received a bit of a sleeping draught in the shape of laudanum, at the hands of some of ye, it is necessary that the real criminal should be detected. Come forward, Patrick Casey!” And the accused Patrick came tremulously, and placed himself beside Terence Morgan, over the newly-made grave.

“Now,” said his reverence, “there ye are, mortal enemies to each other, and ye vagabonds dare to be enemies over her that treated ye both with the kindness of brothers; but as one of ye did what the laws of humanity and the laws of God condemn, he must be known before ye all. Mr. Lawrence, which of these men was
met by you in the dark byou ene (lane) last night, at an hour not fit to be mentioned?"

Mr. Lawrence stepped forward, and placed his hand on Casey's shoulder.

"Confess, you vagabond," roared Father Tom, "or the pains of hell shall be let loose upon you this minute. Are you the villain, or not?"

Patrick Casey fell on his knees in an agony of terror, and implored forgiveness for his offence.

"Well, get up for this time," said his reverence, "and now that ye're both on your legs we must think of friendship; Terence Morgan, Pat Casey, give me your hands before the whole of my congregation—there—if ever one or either of you provoke the other by a cross word, or by an ill look, or an unkind act, or show that ye are not united in the strongest ties of brotherhood, I'll anathematize and excommunicate you in this world, and in the next the devil a single day shall ye escape from the pains of purgatory until the day of judgment; and, unless I like it, not even then itself."

The parties shook hands cordially, as they were desired.

"And now there's another duty rather more delicate to perform," said his reverence. "Nelly Connolly, my darling, you stand above the grave of your mother. That mother, on her death-bed, exhorted you to choose a protector. I would not wound your feelings, but as a friend I would entreat and advise you to declare that which I know already, but which it is necessary should come from your own lips—to whom do you intend to give your pretty face, now that are by yourself in the world? Speak, Nelly Connolly, your priest commands you."

But Nelly Connolly spoke not.

"You hesitate," cried Father Tom; "beware of what you do; here has been some pretty work already, and if you go on in the same manner, there is no knowing how many murders, and robberies, and burglaries, you may occasion. Speak, in the name of that mother who looks down to see you fulfil her last commands, her dying will; remember Terence Morgan, or Patrick Casey will be transported, if I wish it, on your account. Speak."

Still Nelly Connolly spoke not, but with a deep blush, and a cry of mingled love and anguish, she flung herself into the arms of Terence Morgan.

"And I'm very much obliged to you for so plain a declaration," said his reverence; "you've done a great deal more than telling it, a-cush-la; you've plucked the crowning rose of the whole, as the great poet says, that I'll tell you of another time, boys; seeing's believing, but feeling has no fellow. And now," he continued, "Terence Morgan, you are sufficiently rewarded for your sufferings; and, Patrick Casey, you are, I think, well punished by the rejection of a suit which you prosecuted in so unseemly a manner."

A murmur of applause arose from the crowd, while the triumphant looks of Terence Morgan presented a fine contrast to the crest-fallen dejection of the forsaken Patrick.

"We couldn't do better now than strike the iron while its hot," said Father Tom. "I'll marry them on the spot. What say ye, boys?"

"Och, more power to yer reverence—glory to yer notions. Marry the colleen by all manner of manes," were the cries which responded to the priest's question.

"Hand here the book!" said Father Tom; "and give me some kind of ring for the occasion."

But before any one could supply what the priest required, Terence Morgan drew a ring from his waistcoat pocket and placed it in the hands of the priest. He had kept it to be used if ever Nelly consented to their union; but little did he dream on that morning that his happiness was so near its completion. Nelly offered some maidenly objections, but the arguments of the priest and the endearments of her lover overcame her reluctance, and before she left the grave of her mother, Nelly Connolly had become the wife of Terence Morgan: she had made her bridal-choice, and sealed her eternal earthly destiny. It was amusing to see with what delight the peasants witnessed the novelty of this circumstance, and with what eagerness the men hitched up their riding-coats, and pressed forward to witness the ceremony; and when the first kiss of matrimonial bliss was impressed on the lips of Nelly, with what
an Irish Tale.

a wild triumphant shout of ecstasy they saw the termination, so unexpected, of a feud which not two hours before had threatened to be of deadly continuance. They even augured that Terence would have a large family, from the circumstance of his being married in a church-yard. Father Tom's face was merrier than all the rest.

"Here's no use in crying," he said; "no help for spilled milk, boys, as the saying is; and I trust there's no sin in the song, so far as regards the present instance—

"Let us be merry and gay,
And drive away care and sorrow;
We'll laugh and sing to-day;
And think about death to-morrow."

Amid the burst of merriment which succeeded this sally of Father Tom, Mr. Judex was seen at some distance, spurring his horse furiously towards them, followed by some half-dozen weary policemen, with Thady Doherty acting in the capacity of guide. Glowing with exertion and choking with rage, the magistrate rode up, and forming his carbineers in martial attitude, dismounted, and marched in menacing array to the motley group assembled in the church-yard. Father Tom was the first that spoke—

"You seem in a hurry, Mr. Judex," he said, in a high tone of hilarity; "what's the matter? I hope the king's troops have not failed in their hopes of a prize."

"Sir," replied Judex, furiously, "we have been baffled. I have been baffled—the government has been baffled—and you, sir, I am sorry to say, who should assist in maintaining the inviolability of the laws, are the first to connive at the escape of those who break them. Sir, sir, it is shameful; you have disgraced your cloth, sir—I repeat it, you have disgraced your cloth, sir—and, shameful, shameful—"

"Back and be quiet, ye unruly set of vagabonds," shouted the priest, using his horsewhip with extreme good-will, on perceiving the disposition of his people to take revenge for the insult and bravado of the magistrate; "back, I say, or I'll whip ye all off your legs into the eternity ye do not deserve—bad as it may turn out. Leave me to deal with the gentleman."

" Didn't I do that job nately?" whispered Thady behind the priest; "the devil a barrel of 'em that wasn't as empty as yer riverine's hat after the head is out of it."

"Hold your tongue, you misbegotten ruffian," cried Father Tom, administering a severe lash on the legs of his unlucky agent, which made him speedily retreat among the laughing crowd, and gave him a lesson of conducting his tongue with greater prudence for the future.

" Coolness is wisdom, Mr. Judex," he said; "and a soft answer turneth away wrath, as Solomon says; but listen to me, and don't be foolish, Mr. Judex. You talk of my breaking the laws, don't you?"

"I do, certainly," said Judex.

"It is not difficult to confute your position, Mr. Judex. Look round you, sir; we are here fifty to one; your very lives hang on my forbearance, and yet you talk of my breaking the laws; have more sense—have more sense, Mr. Judex."

"Deliver up the prisoner," cried Mr. Judex, but in a much milder tone than before; "you engaged to keep him in security when I went on that fool's errand."

"And I am ready to make good my word," rejoined Father Tom. "Terence Morgan, stand forward! There he is, sir, and a vast improvement has taken place since you last saw him; for whereas you left him single in my care, here he is double for you, Mr. Judex—ha, ha! By my faith, it will be well if you always find your grocer and your butcher give you such a bargain; there they are, and as pretty a couple as you'd see in a day's walk."

"Why, it is the girl whom I sent back this morning to her mother's house."

" Ay, Nelly Connolly, sure enough; and if you had found her in the still-house, Mr. Judex, I'll warrant you wouldn't be in such a towering passion about the disappointment in the way of potheen."

"Well, well, you have the prisoner," said the discontented magistrate, glad to come to a compromise with his reverence in any way which offered; "give him
Nelly Connolly,

into my hands, together with Patrick Casey, the author of the late outrage, and I shall forgive you all the rest.

"Forgive me," repeated Father Tom, scornfully, "forgive me for guarding your prisoner; but we’ll say no more about that. I have a word for you respecting these two men, Pat Casey and Terence Morgan. The latter you cannot refuse admitting to bail for the assault, and Mr. Lawrence will be security for all the pains and penalties consequent thereon; and as for Pat Casey, though he certainly acted more like a wild boar than a lover, I’d like to know, Mr. Judex, whisper Mr. Judex, I’d like to know," he continued, in a low voice in the magistrate’s ear, "how you can have the face to commit a man for the very offence that you yourself, in the presence of witnesses, pronounced to be a glorious frolic, and that you would do the same thing, were you in the fellow’s place. Thank you, Mr. Judex," he said, in his former loud tone, and giving the amazed magistrate no time to consider of his dilemma; "thank you, Mr. Judex, you are kind, good-natured, amiable, and desire the affectionate love of my parishioners; and you shall have it. Pat Casey, you have reason to thank Mr. Judex for not transporting you to Botany Bay, this fine morning; and if he don’t rejoice, and if ye all don’t rejoice in the forgiveness of Mr. Judex, when he condescends to treat as a harmless frolic a matter which to another man would be turned into a crime, why ye are an ungrateful set of vagabonds, and I wash my hands clean of every mother’s soul of ye from this day out."

The consciousness of his own imprudence, the assurance of the priest, and the deafening plaudits of the multitude, by whom he heard himself apostrophized by such phrases as "Long life to yer Honour!" "Good sonner to yer Honour!" "May yer Honour live long and die happy!" "May yer Honour never see a day’s ill luck!" alarmed, bewildered and dazzled the magistrate to such a degree, that he fidgeted about with the restlessness of a big fish taken out of its native river, and tumbled alive into a tub of water. But when the people, to testify their triumph, raised Terence Morgan and Nelly Connolly by main force upon their shoulders, and bore them homewards, he came close beside Father Tom, and said—

"A pretty trick this is you pair have served me. I shall remember it."

"No doubt you will," replied Father Tom; "and so will we all; it is one of the best things I ever did in my life. Here have I sent one angel swift as a shot to Heaven, and put a couple of my parishioners in a fair way of furnishing more; and, by my faith, they are a promising pair of campaigners to raise recruits for Elysium. Don’t talk to me about the indecency of marrying the colleen over her mother’s grave. Love is the secret antidote for sorrow, and I’ve shewed her a pint, at least, of unnecessary tears; but you had the best of the argument, Mr. Judex—you had, upon my soul; and I will freely acknowledge, that had I not played you a trick, I would have been no match for you, and you are enthroned in the hearts of the people into the bargain. Come, how can you look stern, when you consider you’ve made two persons so happy, and won the love of so many; why you will be like king Herod for the future, a god and not a man among them. Come, shake hands and be friends."

Mr. Judex, with a little hesitation, could not refrain yielding to the well-timed flattery of the priest, and proffered to him and Lawrence the hand of reconciliation.

"In token that you are sincere," said Father Tom, "you must accompany me and Mr. Lawrence, and we shall be merry in a bumper to the happiness of the young couple whom you have been the providential means of blessing, Mr. Judex. Now, no refusal, or you and I must go to argument again, you know."

Judas assented to the invitation. Indeed, he had no excuse for declining, or rather he feared to awake the further animosity of Father Tom, if he should. Accordingly he dismissed the policemen; and as the three reconciled parties stood to look at the receding multitude, they observed Thady Doherty, leaping along, with indefatigable vigour, and indulging in one of his most extravagant fits of preternatural gaiety, and could overhear him express his sympathies and poetical feelings, in the following extemporeaneous couplet:—

"Nell Connolly, she tuk to a boy of a day,
And if they aren’t happy, that you and I may!"
DIALOGUE BETWEEN WOOD AND STONE.

Upon a pedestal of stone, there stood
A lofty pillar which was formed of wood;
Though joined in one, as firmly as could be,
This wood and stone by no means could agree.
We won't pretend t' investigate the cause,
But should suppose it one of reason's laws,
That natures differing, when combined by force,
Are sure to quarrel, as a thing of course.
Howe'er that be, high words between them ran,
And thus the contest, "Maitre Pierre," began:

STONE. Am I, a noble stone—born to be free,
Converted to a footstool! and for thee!
Has fortune, not content with grinding,
Thus worn and fretted me by finding
A straight unerring shaft in you,
With which to pierce my body through!
Shall one of my solidity and weight
Endure the lot carved out by fate,
So base a one, as being placed below
A painted, paltry, stuck up thing like thou!

WOOD. Nay, for that matter, though you talk so high,
The most degraded of the two am I;
I, who was once a mighty forest's pride,
To find myself in any shape allied
To thee, a heavy, base-born son of earth,
Of low extraction, and of grovelling birth;
Who underground resided, out of sight,
Until by man raised up and brought to light!

STONE. Yea, man, proud man, gladly invokes my aid,
His name to rescue from oblivion's shade.
Where were his bridges, aqueducts, and roads,
His beautéous statues, and his strong abodes?
Where were his gorgeous palaces and domes,
His noble churches, and his sumptuous tombs
Whereby his fading memory I bequeath
To future ages, while he rots beneath?
His birth, his death, would soon forgotten be,
Had he no better chronicler than thee!

WOOD. You boast your mighty works, but by your leave,
Without my aid, scarce one would you achieve;
And by your own most highly-wrought account,
Your services to man chiefly amount.
To that which feeds his luxury and pride,
While for his wants and comforts I provide.
Borne upon me, he ploughs the pathless deep,
My walls from foes the shores of England keep:
'Tis I that form his bed, and dress his meat,
Adorn his house, and render it complete;
Can by myself his habitation form,
In winter's cold, both cheer, and keep him warm.

STONE. Stop! not to you he owes that blessing fire;
If you assert it, you're a downright liar;
For truly I should wonder much to see
The mighty blaze you'd kindle without me.
The Unknown God.

Wood. You might not see it—since I’m grieved to find,
That, like your family, you’re quite stone blind.

Stone. Well, Mr. Touchwood, I must needs allow
You soon take fire, for you are blazing now!
But I have done, for nought that could be said
Would hammer sense into your wooden head;
And, really, I’m too polished, and too cool
To parley longer with a senseless fool;
For, let me argue till time turn me grey,
A cross-grained block like thou will have its way.

Wood. Yes! I maintain my ground till I decay!

Thus was this angry disputation
Conducted to its termination—
And just like disputants of flesh and blood,
Exactly where he was each wrangler stood.

L. M. B.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

In the time of Dioclesian, when Christianity thrrove amidst persecution, Pamphile,
a strenuous disciple of the growing faith, departed from Cesarea to Rome, to unite
his efforts with those of Caius, Quentinn, and several other holy men, successors of
the apostles, who were earnestly occupied in preparing the minds of the faithful to
sustain, with fitting fortitude, the hourly impending martyrdom which awaited them,
in order that the first great atonement might be followed by worthy examples, and
that Christian blood might cleanse the pavements of Rome from the foul stains
of Pagan debauchery and superstition. Thus did the holocaust of the divine founder
of the Christian faith ascend continually towards heaven, and his disciples flocked to
the “city of cities”—that “portal of all nations”—to offer themselves for immolation
upon altars still reeking with victims to the new faith, in order that a world might
be redeemed, and that heaven itself, terror-stricken at human turpitude, might, in
pity, receive into the scales of eternal justice some counterpoise against the over-
brimming mass of sin and wickedness.

One evening, at the close of the short and sublime exhortation which, on each
occasion, was listened to by the small assembled flock, as though it were, in all pro-
bability, the last (for too often ere morning one or other of their number, either
pastor or sheep, answered not the summons, and the de profundis was whispered in
low, yet fervent tones, over the tomb of an immolated brother), Pamphile, having
given his benediction and sorrowful farewell to his brethren, watched them, in pro-
found silence, slowly disappear beneath the sombre vaults of the catacombs. A feeling
of inexpressible melancholy had weighed upon the heart of this holy man during the
entire evening; for, as might naturally be expected, unspeakable tenderness was
quickly generated, and strongly felt, between men thus self-devoted to sacrifice, and
their souls were often divided between the bitterness of mundane regrets, and the
transports of a divine enthusiasm.

It was under these circumstances that the Christian priest still stood before
the altar, though no longer occupied in prayer. The weariness of his frame—emaciated
by fasting—the chill atmosphere of the cavern in which they were forced to hold their
stolen meetings, the solemnity of the diurnal farewell, the sight of that bier, upon
which, day after day, for upwards of a whole month, a mutilated form had been laid
to receive the crown of glory, yet humid with a martyr’s blood, rushed to his mind with a sentiment of disgust and terrible individuality; and overcome by his feelings, he once again knelt before the symbol of all his earthly, as well as his heavenly hopes, exclaiming—

“Lord! if I must drink of this cup, spare me from the dregs; if yon bier be destined to receive my body, in mercy let it lie thereon to-morrow, that I may see none other from amongst my brethren stretched mangled in his gory shroud, so that my heart’s tears may be dried up for ever.”

Scarcely had he concluded, ere he heard some one softly knocking at the secret door which the faithful brethren had constructed, and which was secured on the inside, in order that the cavern might have but one outlet—the same, indeed, by which Pamphile had watched them retire, whereby they might be less exposed to the dangers of surprise. The new-comer could, therefore, only be a spy, or one of the brethren newly arrived from afar, and, by reason of a pursuit, seeking precipitate refuge within the caverns; and Pamphile, thereupon, drew back the bolts with a calm and steady hand—“What wouldst thou?” he asked, as he threw open the door.

Great was his surprise. A female closely veiled was at the portal. She advanced with a timorous step, saying, “Let me not suffer torture—put me not to death—I am a Pagan woman, and come not hither to betray you, but to invoke your God.”

“Our God hath said, ‘Return good for evil,’ replied Pamphile; ‘we kill not, neither do we inflict torture, even upon those who would betray us. Enter, therefore, daughter, and address your prayers unto the true God.’

“Close, then, the door,” replied the Pagan woman; “for were I surprised, I should be accused of being a Christian, and they would put me to the torture in order to extort an avowal of your mysteries.”

The priest accordingly closed the door, and on turning again towards his Pagan visitant, who had removed her veil, he saw one possessed of youth and beauty, richly attired, but upon whose countenance were traces of great inquietude and sorrow.

“Who art thou?” asked the priest, “and what seest thou? Yonder stands the altar of our God. If thou wouldest address him in prayer, I will kneel with thee and beseech him to accord thee that which thou askest.”

But the woman, instead of answering him, cast her eyes around her with an expression of mingled terror and curiosity; and when, by the pallid gleam of the lamp burning before the altar, she descried the cenotaph covered with a mort cloth, stained with livid spots, she started back with horror, exclaiming—

“Thou pretendest that thou dost not kill, that thou tormentest not; wherefore, then, that blood-bespotted shroud?”

“Daughter,” replied the priest, “tis the blood of our brethren, whom Pagan worshippers have slain.”

Hearing this, the woman was tranquill for a short space. “Our gods are not so cruel as we are,” she at length exclaimed, “nor like the gods of Gaul and Germany, who require human sacrifices. They are content with hecatoombs of beasts; and the first-born of a steer is more agreeable to Mars himself, than the blood spilt in battle. Believe me, pontiff of the god Christ, our gods are mild and indulgent; they urge us rather towards pleasure than savage fury; nay, rather, it must needs be, that they are now slumbering, and that the golden-tressed Hebe hath poured forth to them Lethean water, in lieu of ambrosia and nectar, for they seem, in no respect, longer to preside over our destinies, but to have altogether abandoned us. When mortals are forsaken by the gods, they become like unto the ruthless barbarians of the north. I, on my own part, have not ceased to serve them as I ought. Above all have I invoked the goddesses, and sought to render them propitious to me by offerings worthy of my rank and fortune, for I am rich and a patrician, and my name is Lea.”

“You are then that woman so widely celebrated by her indulgence in luxury, and for her beauty, and come you here to brave persecution and death? It must, indeed, be that you have felt some aching void, and the transitory nature of all earthly joys.”

“Old man,” Lea replied, “I have felt the wounds of pride, and know the satiety of pleasure, but as I am still young, and hours of sadness increase upon me, I have called upon the immortals to restore back to me my pristine joys; yet vainly have I
The Unknown God.

sacrificed, in turn, to all the divinities from whom I anticipated aid; in vain have my feet wearied the steps of thy temple, O Venus! in vain have I offered to thee six couples of young African doves, whiter in their plumage than milk; in vain have I touched, with trembling hands and parched lips, the breasts of the statue of Juno Victoria, clasped with devoted ardour the golden cinerite encrusted with precious stones, and fashioned like that which thou lentest her in order, say they, to regain the love of her immortal spouse, Jupiter, the king of gods. Yet, cold and unmindful goddess! thou didst not restore to me my lost power of pleasing; and Juno, haughty queen of Olympus, hath ceased to inspire me with those feelings of indomitable pride which would console me even for the loss of love itself. In vain, too, O Pallas! have I embroidered Tyrian veils, to hang upon thy shrines; thou hast endowed me neither with wisdom, nor a fondness for study, or useful occupation. And thou, O Hebe! did not I tender to thee the richest offerings—did not I sacrifice heifers without spot, and lambs of a year old? No longer in these our days doth thy invisible hand efface from the brows of thy privileged votaries early wrinkles imprinted thereon by the hand of Time, as in days of old, when thy loving tenderness renewed the rose-tints on their lips. Thou hast suffered tears to furrow my cheek, and the streaks of Iris to extend around my eyelids. Thou, too, O Cupid! god of the sun, did I not sacrifice to thee the first-born of a hare, ere it had tasted the wild mountain sage and thyme? Have I not brought from Greece myrtles wreathed in the nose-gays of Amathonte and Gnidus, to scatter their precious flowers upon thy altar? Love, O love! hast thou wholly forgotten me? Gods and goddesses! hath the smoke of my sacrifices wholly silenced you? Hath not my plaint been long and often enough reiterated to the skies, loudly to proclaim how greatly I need divine consolation and assistance? Come, then, such divinity from the north or from the east, from the deserts of Africa or from the land of the Hebrews, who, as they tell me, have but one God, ever unchangeable—provided my prayers be granted, I will offer to him the richest holocausts, and I will grudge neither gifts nor honours to his priests. Speak, then, old man, and inquire of thy oracles, whether the God of the Galileans can manifest a power and beneficence above those of our divinities, for they have become as the deaf, and heed not.”

“Woman,” replied Pamphile, “we receive not gifts, neither interpret we oracles.”

“How serve you, then, your God,” rejoined Lea; “and wherefore serve you him?”

“He hath taught us his word, but it abideth not within the hollow forms of vain idols. He requireth not earthly offerings; the love and worship of faithful hearts is all he asketh. And as for his priests, they and all those who adore the Christ have made a vow of poverty and humility.”

“Thou askest never aught of him, then, and he hath nothing, therefore, to bestow upon you? It may be that he is like unto the Fates, who have sway over all the gods, but who can change nothing upon which they have once determined, how much soever they may be entreated in prayer.”

“Our God listens to us, and grants our requests; and to speak after your form, in order that you may understand my meaning, know that Destiny obeys him, even as a slave his master. ‘Tis his will which ruleth the universe, and none other God exists save he. Receive his word, study his law, and you will discover that in his mercy there is greater treasure to be found than amidst the entire range of earthly vanities.”

“Must I then,” replied the grief-stricken woman, “study your mysteries ere I can offer up my supplications to your God; and will he not accord them until I be initiated therein? If so, farewell, for my mode of life leaves me not time to listen to your exhortations; and, moreover, a fearful persecution would in turn await me. I deemed that by coming hither to make an offering, I might obtain some answer, and return, perchance, not altogether devoid of hope; but since it is forbidden to the priests of your faith to receive the prayers of the heathen, I will go yet once again, and either implore Venus that she restore pleasure back to me, or Vesta, that she may teach me continence.”

“Stay!” said Pamphile to her, mildly; “foolish or culpable requests I am for-
The Unknown God.

bidden to make before my God; it seemeth, however, that you complain of the ravages of time, and the loss of forbidden appetites. The word of Christ teaches us that beauty of mind, and purity of body, are the beauty and love agreeable to the Creator. But if I have thoroughly comprehended all you have uttered, I find you suffering from the common malady by which your nation is tormented—utter disgust of life: from weariness of evil doing; you implore, at the same time, fabulous divinities, who, as you affirm, preside over the most contrary attributes—modesty, luxury, science, pride, folly, wisdom. As you know not what you would have, so are you ignorant what would effect your cure; and, were I to reveal it, you would not comprehend me, for the moments are numbered; you will remain here but for a brief space, and your mind is so estranged from the spirit of the true God, that a year would scarcely suffice for your conversion. Yet, I pray thee, listen: yonder stands the image of the true GOD; kneel down before it in token of respect, not to the wood of that crucifix, but to the Son of God, which it represents, who is in heaven. Raise thy soul to the ETERNAL, and breathe to HIM thy troubles. Know that he is a good and indulgent God, a father to the contrite and afflicted, a God of love for the troubled and fervent in belief. There is no need of interpreter, of priest or angel, between Him and thee. Pray Him only to look into the recesses of thine heart; and if thou desirest sincerely to know and serve Him, he will endow thee with grace, which is a gift more precious, and a consolation more powerful than all the false and fleeting delights of life."

"I have heard words spoken like unto thine," replied Lea; "it hath been told me that the Nazarenes, condemned to death in these latter times, all invoked a god, whom they called the god of love and mercy. It is said, however, that He in nowise resembles the god of Cythera and Paphos, nor can I easily comprehend what mercy, at his hand, you promise; nevertheless, since thou permittedst me to pray in his temple, I will go and invoke him; for if the immortal gods have knowledge of the secret thoughts of men, it is not the less efficacious to reveal it by invocation, in order to testify that hope is placed in them."

"Do what seemeth best unto thee," replied Pamphile. "May the Eternal Creator, blind as thou art, now thou art seeking the light, unseal thine eyes!"

The Roman lady accordingly knelt down upon the damp floor of the cavern, and throwing backwards her lovely head, richly ornamented with pins and bandelettes of gold, she raised her rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, towards the holy image.

"I know not," (she exclaimed,) "what thing I ought to ask of thee, O unknown God! but full well know I what plaint I would address to heaven; for my life is become more bitter than the olive gathered from the tree. I have seen the highest and wealthiest at my feet, but he whom I have chosen for my husband hath forsaken me for pleasure. His whole desire was, it seems, to see me renounce, in his favour, the sternness of my manners, and then to throw myself into the arms of another. I thought to avenge my outraged pride by loving Icilius, and thou well knowest, God of the Nazarenes, since 'tis said that, like unto Jupiter, thou knowest all the actions and thoughts of men—thou knowest that Icilius hath proved unworthy of my love, and hath abandoned me for the blandishments of courtesans, giving me, as a pretext, that he could not longer love a faithless woman. Thou knowest, O divinity! that I did not abase myself, so far as to supplicate the false one, but sought only to be avenged for my injured feelings. Still, thus outraged, doth my life waste away and my beauty fade, alternately between unavailing transports of tenderness or bursts of anger; and when I called down upon the heads of those perjured ones the vengeance of the infernal gods, thou knowest that they have answered me that the infernal gods no longer existed, that Cotytto had strangled Cerberus, and that the Furies themselves had grown placable since Plutus had shared the empire of earth with Comus and his train. "Such is the state of all, O unknown God! Men believe no longer in the justice of Olympus, and the shameless Bacchante insults with impunity the sorrowing vestal. Lucina no longer shields the dignity of wives and mothers; and the altars of Cypris are no longer tended save by dishevelled Mænades. Yet weak as woman may be, O, Omnipotent Divinity! she herself is not the first to forsake the support to which she
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has once clung. Her honour renders infidelity dangerous to her, causing her to expiate it by shame. 'Tis man, therefore, whom I come to accuse before thee, Nazarene!—tis my husband, Icilius—nay, all those whom I have loved in vain, now denounce I to thy justice; avenge me then on their heads, or grant that I may forget them and enter into the forgetfulness of old age. If I have lost a portion of my beauty, and if by regaining it I may recover the affection of those who have betrayed me, render to me once again my youth, and the wonted potency of its charms. But can it be! have I, indeed, lost my bloom so far, as that Torquata, the public singer, notoriously vile by the debauchery of her life, should be preferred to me?

"And yet what are we to do, solitary and despised, within the shades of our deserted gardens? The government of the state, war, the academies, admit us not to those labours which engage man and console him for every ill; from such, by the softness of our sex and from education, are we alike excluded. We are taught only the arts of captivation; and the first care of our matrons, so soon as our tresses float upon our shoulders, is to instruct us how to arrange them in perfumed locks, with what jewels to ornament them, in order to attract the gaze of man! Our most serious labours have relation to attire, and the sole conversation in which we are able to take part, is that in which our senses are sought to be excited, in order to engulp us recklessly in the abandonments of pleasure. If we are chaste, we inspire our husbands only with a chilling esteem and the languor of ennui. If we seek to retain their love by transports of jealousy, they first suspect and then despise us.

"Thus, O God of Galilee! thus treat they the women of Rome. Behold, then, to what degradation those ladies, formerly so respected, have fallen, who gave their bracelets of gold to their country, and were only proud to bear heroes, sons. Luxury, indeed, hath taken up her abode upon the public squares, and been accorded a triumph even in the eyes of honest women. If thy people be faithful to the virtues of former times—if the law impel the heart to rectitude and the body to purity of life, strike, then, O Galilean! with thy lightnings, this impure city, and let a new race dwell therein. I have told thee the horrors attending our present state, answer me, therefore, by the mouth of thy priest. Let an oracle either console or teach me. If, to work me a cure, to free me from the enaniti and frenzy which devour me, it be necessary to invoke the aid of magic, to be present at horrible and revolting sacrifices, to swallow the poisons of Erebus, even that would I do rather than return hopelessly to my solitary couch, and endure the tortures of impotent vengeance."

"I have addressed thy God: now, priest, answer thou for him. Have you not an allotted sybil to consult him? Ah! if you know of some philtrum wherewith to inspire men with love, or else to extinguish its flame in the heart of woman, bestow it on me. I will drain it to the last drop, though it scorch my vitals in mortal agony. Answer, old man, what hecatomb must I offer on thy altars? Doubtest thou that I am rich? Doubtest thou my oath? I will immolate to thy Christ all the flocks upon my domains; I will heap before his shrine all the golden vessels within my palace. Wouldst have my ornaments, the bandelettes upon my brow, the jewels which ornament my sandals? I am told that you accept gifts from the rich merely to distribute them amongst the poor, and that such gifts render your gods propitious. I will do anything to acquire either the gift of love, or the boon of oblivion."

"Unfortunate woman," replied Pamphilé, "that which you ask lies not within our power. Our god confers not upon us the capacity to satisfy human passions. He would cause the hand to wither that would excite or vitiate the blood which flows in human veins. The servants of that God of chastity profess chastity after his example. Those amongst us who enter into marriage, consider fidelity equally the duty of man as it is of woman, and transgression equally criminal in either sex. 'Tis amongst Christians alone that sincere and lasting love can reign. They adore one master only, to whom alone belongeth every virtue, whilst your Pagans adore every known vice, under the image of divers divinities. Those divinities, my daughter, are foul demons, and far from worshipping and fearing them, they ought to be scorned and detested by you. To the God of mercy, gentleness,
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and purity, should your sacrifices be given; he heedeth not offerings of lambs and heifers; and, in pity, look down upon your revengeful desires, your pride, and all the vain pleasures of your life.

"My life then is, for the time to come, pleasureless and without repose," exclaimed the lovely Pagan; "I can sacrifice nought more to thy God than my hatred and resentment, if he accord me only those pleasures which I am unable to grasp and that repose I crave."

"No blessing from the God I serve will ever attend upon the votaries of such pleasures. He reproves, nay forbids them to all who have not sanctified them in his name, by an indissoluble oath."

"What consolation, then, accordeth he to the forsaken woman?" asked Lea, rising to her feet.

"He opens his arms to her," replied the Christian, "and invites her to seek consolation in his bosom."

"O, priest!" exclaimed the Roman lady, "thine oracle is obscure, and passeth my comprehension. May I love thy God, and can thy God love me also!"

"Even so, my daughter, God loveth all men, for they are his children, and when men abandon each other, he consoleth those who take refuge with him. Essay, then, the divine love, O Lea! and thou wilt find, therein, delights so pure as will make thee forgetful of all those of earth."

"Thy oracles astonish and terrify me more and more," exclaimed the woman, retreating from the altar and drawing her veil closely round her face. "The love of a God is a terrible thing, old man, and hath cost mortals dearly who have dared to abandon themselves to it. Semele was reduced to ashes by the glory of Jupiter's countenance, and the jealous Juno cruelly pursued the fugitive Latona."

"Stay, poor insensate, and cast from thee these thoughts, that are engendered of ignorance and nothingness. The true God descends not to the weaknesses of man, for he is not incorporated in an earthly form, as are your fabulous divinities. O daughter of a sinful age, thou art immeshed so deeply in the trammels of error, that I know not in what language to address thee. Time is needful for thy instruction. Wouldst be a Christian?"

"Wherefore should I, if I be not assured thereby to find a termination to my woes?"

"I promise it, then, in the name of the ETERNAL—consolation in this life, recompense in the next."

"And how shall I believe in thy promises, if I have not, from this present time, some proof of the power of thy God?"

"Should I then beseech the Omnipotent God to convince thee by a miracle?" said the priest, rather in self-communion than addressing himself to the Roman lady.

"Ask it!" she exclaimed, "and I will prostrate myself."

"No," replied Pamphile, "for thy soul is in the bonds of error, and still it is not the voice of heaven that calls thee to thy conversion: 'tis that of thy passions, and they are yet too much at strife for thee to harken to the voice of the divinity. Listen, woman: return to thy home, constrain thyself to forget the man who has offended thee, and live henceforward in continence; condemn thyself to solitude, to abstinence and suffering. Offer up to God thy grief and weariness, and be not impatient to endure them. When thy anguish shall increase upon thee, until it seem beyond thy strength to sustain, invoke neither Venus nor Vesta—forget those phantoms—bend thy knees to earth and look towards heaven, where reigns the living God, and utter these words—

'O thou, the true and only God! grant that I may know and love thee, for I would know and love none other but thee.'"

"And then, what miracle would he work in my behalf?" asked the Roman lady, with astonishment.

"The truth will descend and enter into thy heart; the divine love will raise thy courage; each sense will again resume its wonted serenity, and you will then find lasting consolation."

"For ever?"

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“No; man is weak, and can do nothing without continued help from on high. Be earnest in prayer each time thou feel’st afflicted.”

“And each time will be given consolation?”

“If thou prayest with fervour and sincerity.”

“And shall I then become a Christian?” murmured Lea with inquietude. “My husband will denounce me and have me put to death.”

“These persecutions will cease, and the Christ will triumph,” said Pamphil. “Meanwhile fear nothing; reveal to no one living, for the present, thy newly-adopted faith, and pray to the Unknown God in the secrecy of thy heart. Ere long thou wilt experience a thirst for instruction and baptism; and when thou shalt, indeed, have become a Christian, thou wilt no longer live in dread of martyrdom. Retire, my daughter, the hour hath elapsed. When thou hast felt the effect of these my promises, thou wilt repair again to the catacombs.”

On the morrow the catacombs were penetrated by the Roman officials and soldiery, and many were the Christians dispersed or put to the sword; and during the two subsequent years the religion of the Saviour seemed to have been wholly stifled in Rome. Pamphil, however, returned to Caesarea, and his friend Eusebius went to take his place in the city of St. Peter, furnished with the necessary instructions from his predecessor. There he once more collected together the scattered flock, and found it greatly augmented. The faith had grown strong, even in the fetters of its enemies; the truth had been propagated in obscurity; and even amongst the ranks of its former persecutors, numerous brethren spontaneously communicated with the faithful.

One evening, as Eusebius was traversing the city of the Caesars, on his way to a sequestered crypt lying at some distance from the walls, a female African slave accosted him. The woman having dogged his footsteps for some time, had been taken by him for a spy. He was, therefore, about to retrace his steps, in order to deceive her as to his destination, when she thus addressed him—

“In the name of the GOD of Nazareth, a Roman lady desireth to see you in her last moments. Follow me, and fear nothing, for your God is with you.”

Eusebius followed her, and after having, as the shades of night darkened rapidly around, traversed the thick groves surrounding a magnificent country-house, he was introduced to the chamber even of Lea. The Roman lady, though pallid and emaciated, still looked beautiful in her robe of purple. Raising herself upon her ivory couch, in a faint voice, she asked, “Art thou Eusebius, the friend of Pamphil?”

“I am he,” replied the holy apostle.

“Tis well!” said the dying lady; “proceed to give me baptism, for I would, ere I die, avow the true and unknown God. Two years have now passed, during which I have prayed to him in tears, and invoked his aid. Pamphil had promised it me; my grief has become dear to me, and my tears have ceased to burn my cheek. I have lived as he told me; I have abandoned evanescent pleasures—the circus, the feast, the chariot-race, and the temples of the impotent gods. Sequestered within the shade of my silent gardens, I have prayed each time that I felt regret for the fleeting joys of the past stealing over me, and, instead of their torments, have each time experienced a miraculous calm; and a bliss, hitherto untasted, hath possessed me. I could not receive instruction in your mysteries; it must infallibly have exposed one of us to persecution, and I waited in patience for a happier time. But death will not let me see that day. I am dying, and I die in peace, with the hope of seeing thy God; for what Pamphil had enjoined upon me, that have I done. I have prayed with ardour and sincerity. I have repeated unceasingly the prayer which he dictated to me—

‘O thou, the true and only God! grant that I may know and love thee!’”

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The words expired upon Lea’s lips; Eusebius sprinkled the holy water upon her forehead, already damp with the dews of death, saying—

“May THE ETERNAL himself instruct thee within the heavenly mansions in all of which thou wert ignorant upon earth! Expiation and sincerity are the true baptism which he requireth of us here below.”

A placid smile lit up the features of Lea; and the slave who attended her, astonished at the renewed loveliness which her countenance had assumed, ran to fetch a mirror of polished steel, and holding it before the dying lady, “O, my mistress,” exclaimed she ingenuously, “fear not death, for lo! youth blooms again upon thy visage. Thine eyes sparkle with their wonted lustre, thy lip retakes its ruddy hue; the God of Galilee hath wrought a miracle in thy favour; and if thy lovers were to behold thee at this moment, they would abandon all those whom they now adore, to throw themselves once more at thy feet. Arise, then, order thy car to be prepared; I will braid and ornament thy tresses, for Caesar himself would this day worship thy resplendent beauty.”

For a long space did Lea contemplate her image in the glittering mirror; then letting her enfeebled arm drop listlessly by her side, “Were the God of Galilee to restore me to life and health, I would not return to my insensate loves. I would not that my beauty, regenerated by mysterious love, should become the sullied trophy of a scornful mortal. I feel that I am dying, and that I am about to rejoin the focus of imperishable beauty, called by the divine Plato the sovereign good. He also, he must have divined the existence of the ‘Unknown God,’ when he pointed to heaven as the source of love and perfection. O priest! that water which thou hast sprinkled upon my brow, is it not an emblem of the inexhaustible well-spring at which I am now going to slake my thirst?”

“Even so, my daughter,” replied the priest; and discoursing to her of hope and redemption, he beheld her expire with a bland smile wreathing her lips. The holy peace which she had experienced in devoting herself to the worship of the Unknown God and the beatific tranquility of her last moments struck the mind of the African slave so forcibly, that she followed Eusebius to the crypt of the Christians, and joyfully embraced that religion which alone affords consolation to the afflicted, and freedom to the slave.

A ROYAL BRIDAL SONG.

INTRODUCTION.

Ere he bids farewell to his ancient halls,
On the bard of his house young Albert calls;
(The descendant of many a gay troubadour,
Who had harped to his sires in days of yore);
“Awake, minstrel bard!—come, awake! follow me
To the bark that is bearing me over the sea;
Well tune thy harp-strings for a barthem of pride,
A lay for the ear of my Sovereign Bride.”

“Nay; Love’s own minstrel am I, and care not to sing
At the marriage banquet of prince or of king;
A bridal of loyalty little I deem
A subject befitting for Poesy’s theme:
Pomp, splendour, and pageantry—these are all there;
But cold policy sits in purple and pall,
And freezes the accents of love as they fall.”

“Hush! hush! minstrel bard! Though I’ve often heard tell
That with sovereign princes it thus hath befall;
Say not thus, minstrel bard; for thine be it to know,
That with my royal bride ’tis not like to be so.
A Royal Bridal Song.

In childhood 'twas mine her affection to claim,
Our books and our pastimes were often the same;
The hot glare of grandeur, the noontide of power
Never withered the buds of that sweet morning hour;
And she still thought of him, who aspired to no throne
Save a place in the heart he dares reckon his own."

"Ah! my noble young prince, if thus then it be,
I'll joyfully follow thee over the sea;
And I'll waken my harp with pleasure and pride,
Though unworthy the ear of thy Sovereign Bride."

SONG.

Put off your garb of antique grey,
Time-darkened towers of old St. James!
Ye almost mock the bright array
Of princes, peers, and lovely dames,
All gathered around by thine altar side,
To witness the vows of their Sovereign Bride.

Hark! trumpets flourish, loud huzzaz!
Merry bells in chorus swelling,
Shouts near at hand or borne from far
Of England's rapturous joy are telling;
'Tis a nation's glad voice, and 'tis echoing wide
In blessing and prayer for its Sovereign Bride.

Mount and away! for Windsor's bowers
The royal pair are blithely starting,
And the sun, emerged from passing showers,
Is on their escort's sabres darting;
But the joy-beaming faces on every side
Cast a sunshine more bright on the Sovereign Bride.

Where are the flowers to strew her way?
In winter's lap they yet are lying,
But wreaths of ivy and of bay
Are better signs of faith undying.
Her people's firm love which will always abide
Through each storm that may threaten their Sovereign Bride.

And he who shares each loyal token,
The princely bridegroom, lowly bending,
To meet the sounds of greeting spoken,
No dull insensate ear is lending;
His heart beating high, with a lover's fond pride,
To find himself dear for the sake of his bride.

His welcome warm to England's shore
He'll pay back both with heart and hand,
And show he could not prize her more
Were she truly his "father-land."

For with each Briton's welfare his heart was allied,
When he plighted his troth to his Sovereign Bride.

The sun has sunk; but Eton's spires
Are all in bright effulgence beaming;
And o'er the castle of her sires
Are royal banners proudly streaming,
As its lamp-glowing portals are thrown open wide
For the prince of her choice, and the Sovereign Bride.

Oh! may the light of peace and love
(A load-star their young steps attending)
Point to the path, their heads above
Towards the highest throne ascending——
The immortal crown of virtue proved and tried,
May that be yet in store for ALBERT and HIS BRIDE!

L. M. B.
MARGARET FAIRBURN.
A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

...
constitution and our religious principles are opposed to artistical displays of emotion. Under these circumstances, I therefore confess that my curiosity was strongly excited by what had come under my observation. Indeed this feeling, whose intensity is frequently in inverse proportion to the importance of the object, so far influenced my conduct as to lead me to enquire of the headle, whom I have already alluded to, if he knew anything respecting the young person who had been distinguished by so rare a manifestation of piety engrafted upon affection.

"Her name is Fairburn," was his reply; "her father and brother—they are both laid in that grave—lived in this parish for many years—they died within two or three days of one another—she comes here mostly every Sunday evening, and gives the man a trifle to keep up the grave. I believe they are but poorly off."

Such was the full amount of confirmation I could obtain from the functionary, who seemed to think a laconic mode of communication the firmer supporter of dignity and best criterion of superior intelligence. On the second Sunday following that on which the occurrence above narrated took place, I had an opportunity of again visiting the old church-yard, which I did in expectation either of seeing or being enabled to gather further tidings of the amiable girl, whose image, almost contrary to my own consent, had been constantly present to my thoughts.

The intelligence which I received from my prior informant struck upon my heart as if it had been a thunderbolt.

"Poor Margaret!—she is dead!"

Some months had elapsed, and, engrossed by worldly cares, I had almost forgotten poor Margaret, when her lamentable story was again brought to my recollection in the following manner. Happening to call on a widow lady respecting the letting of a house a short distance from town, I observed a miniature over the mantel-piece, which immediately struck me by the resemblance it bore to the sweet girl whose image, though I had seen her but once, was depicted as vividly upon my memory as though we had been acquainted from childhood.

"That, sir, is a likeness which was taken by my poor Vincent," said the widow; "it was the last he ever did."

Vincent, it appeared, was the widow's only son—a young and promising artist; he perished by that ruthless destroyer of human blossoms—consumption. He loved Margaret Fairburn, and Margaret returned his love. But destiny had thrown his black mantle round the lovers, and gazing on the bright star of futurity, their love dissolved in death.

Margaret Fairburn had barely reached her eighteenth summer, when she and two younger orphans were left candidates for the pity of a rude and thoughtless world. Her father died of a broken heart. He was a small but worthy tradesman, and had by prudence secured a little competency for those who might sooner or later be deprived of his protection and support. Alas, for the instability of fortune! In an evil hour, prompted by a too confiding disposition, he became security for an unfortunate friend. The result may be imagined: poor Fairburn lost the savings of twenty years assiduously devoted to an honest occupation. He never held up his head again. His wife survived him but three days, and Margaret was left, not only to watch over, but to maintain two younger children by the miserable produce of a woman's industry. Relatives they had none, save one solitary uncle, whose heart perhaps was still more distant from them than his person. When quarter-day arrived, the scanty furniture of which poor Fairburn's inexorable creditors had left him in possession, was seized upon for rent, and Margaret with her little brother and sister took up their abode in a mean lodging-house in the humble and obscure neighbourhood of Rotherhithe.

It is a common reflection, but not more common than just, that we frequently meet with greater sympathy from strangers than from our own kindred. So it happened with Margaret. It was one rainy Saturday that she removed into her strange dwelling, for strange indeed it appeared to her who had never slept under any but her parent's roof, and who had never known the absence of a mother's watchful love. Margaret had, with the scanty earnings of her needle, procured a few necessary chattels, and when she had made the squalid chamber look as neat and comfortable as it
could be made, at the close of that weary day she sat down and gave relief to her burdened bosom in a flood of tears.

A low tap at the door suddenly dissipated the melancholy thoughts that were crowding on her memory. With agitation and surprise Margaret beheld a stranger enter. He was a young man about six-and-twenty, and from his dress of fustian seemed to be an artisan or decent mechanic. His person was tall, and strongly built, and his features, though disfigured by the small-pox, had an expression of kindness and manly sincerity which modified in no small degree the effect which in general distinguishes countenances of that description.

On seeing Margaret he bowed respectfully, and appeared to hesitate as to the manner in which he should open the business that had caused him to trespass upon her retirement.

"I hope, miss, you'll not be offended," he said, "but I have called with these two pictures, if you would oblige me by accepting them."

With this brief preface the stranger untied a handkerchief and took out two oil-coloured paintings in gilt frames.

"My poor father and mother!" said Margaret, as she gazed sorrowfully upon the portraits.

"It struck me that you would like to retain these," said the young man; "so I attended the sale to-day and bid for them, along with some other trifling articles which you are welcome to, miss, if they will be of any service to you."

"Thank you—thank you," said Margaret; "but I cannot think of taking them from a stranger without repaying you what they cost."

The young man made an effort to speak, but his utterance seemed impeded by some latent emotion.

"Miss," he replied, and a faint smile passed over his countenance, "I am not quite a stranger. This is not the first time of our meeting."

"Indeed, sir!" returned Margaret; "I have no recollection of ever having seen—certainly I have never spoken to you before, for I have but just come to reside here, and I know no one in this neighbourhood—no one at all."

"That may be," rejoined the stranger; "but do you not recollect—it is eight or nine years now since—it was while I was in my apprenticeship—one day you and some other little girls about your own age were playing in the Dock-yard, when in crossing a plank your foot happened to slip—"

"Oh yes—yes," cried Margaret, looking earnestly at the stranger, "and a young man sprang forward, and caught me, or I should have been dashed to pieces. His name was—Stephen Ransom; my father has often spoken of him, but I have never seen him from that day to this."

The stranger shook his head and sighed.

"Are you Stephen Ransom?" said Margaret, with a look in which fervent gratitude was slightly tempered with apprehension or distrust.

"I am Stephen Ransom, and though you have never seen me I have frequently observed you, miss."

"But you never called that we—my father, my brother, and myself, might thank you for your goodness."

"No, miss, I did not desire any thanks for performing a simple act of duty—for it was no more than that. If I—" and Stephen paused, and a slight flush overspread his cheek—"can I be of any service to you?"

Margaret cast down her eyes and made a faltering reply.

"If you should want any carpenter's work done," continued Stephen, "such as putting up some shelves, or anything of that description, it would give me great pleasure to do it for you."

Margaret thanked him, but observed that she had no occasion to trouble him, or she would not hesitate to avail herself of his kind offer. Stephen, however, insisted on his hanging up the two portraits, for which purpose he had brought with him the requisite implements, and having promised to call in a day or two with the other articles he had purchased at the sale, he bade Margaret good night, and took his leave.
The sun had risen above the sombre city, whose mighty pulses, hushed for a few short hours, were now almost to beat again, at the command of Mammon, in all their wonted feverish activity, when Margaret Fairburn issued from her lowly dwelling, and proceeded on her way to the scene of her daily labours. Though her brow bore the traces of long abiding sorrow, yet it was blended with willingness and resignation; she repined not at the lot which had been assigned her. A brother and sister depended on her exertions for their subsistence, and that reflection was alone sufficient to repress any murmur that might have broken forth from a suffering spirit, had that lot been ten times heavier than Providence had appointed.

As Margaret passed a small cottage in the suburbs, she glanced up at the window, and observing that the blinds were withdrawn, paused, apparently with an air of extreme surprise. The chimes were just announcing the hour of six. She had a few moments to spare, so she knocked at the door, and was presently admitted by widow Daly, of whom she anxiously enquired the health of Vincent.

"He is no better," said the widow; "his cough has been very bad all night, but he would rise as soon as it was light this morning, and though he knows how wrong it is, I could not dissuade him from it."

As the widow spoke she conducted Margaret into a small chamber, where, before his easel, engaged in the duties of his profession, appeared the young artist, Vincent Daly. His emaciated figure, his sharp and pallid but still handsome features, and the wild lustre of his large black eyes, announced that the star which governed his destiny would soon shine over his untimely grave.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Vincent, with an animated air, "how rejoiced I am to see you—look," and he pointed to the unfinished painting on which he was employed, "can you guess what that is intended to represent?"

"It is very beautiful," said Margaret.

"No," cried Vincent; "I cannot please myself; the under curve of that lip is deficient in truth—sit down and let me correct it by the original."

"Why, Vincent, have you risen so early this morning?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, I could not sleep. I have been tossing about thinking on the subject all night. 'Tis Beauty praying a respite from Time.' What a preposterous notion you'll say. I thought that fair creature an admirable ideal till you came, and then I perceived at once the impassable gulf that exists between nature and art. There, one touch more and I have finished."

And laying down his palette, the artist retired back a few paces, and surveyed his production with those ecstatic sensations which none but an enthusiast can experience, or appreciate.

"But do you not think, Vincent," said Margaret, "that your health must suffer by devoting yourself so ardently to this pursuit?"

"And what pursuit can be more pleasant or more commendable?" cried Vincent.

"Is it not better to be painting than snoring?—to describe beautiful figures on canvas than to illustrate the ugliest combination of crooked lines on a palliase?"

"But the doctor says it is very wrong," observed the widow.

"I verily believe," returned Vincent, mixing some fresh colours on his palette, "that the doctors frighten people to death—the grave look—the sedate carriage—the solemn prohibitions—the soul-harrowing penalties pronounced in case of disobedience. But I'm resolved not to be intimidated. The best way to put old King Death out of countenance is to turn your back upon him—how silly to be constantly staring such a grim old fellow in the face—don't be persuaded that you are ill, and you'll recover in half the time. People fancy that they are dying, and their friends convince them of it. That shan't be my case—no!"

A bright vermilion tint rose upon his cheek. He ceased speaking, and leaning back covered his eyes, and for some minutes remained in a state of silent exhaustion.

"Margaret," he said, extending his thin white hand, "come and see me again this evening. I have not long to live—I feel it now."

And such is hope! Warmed by a gleam of sunshine it springs suddenly into vernal life. A chill breath passes over it, and, even, while blossoming upon the bough it falls to earth—a scentless, blighted thing.

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[THE COURT]
Margaret Fairburn.

When Margaret returned, as she had promised, she found Vincent reclining in the summer-house at the extremity of the garden, absorbed in contemplation.

"What a lovely evening," he said, gazing up at the Heavens; "I have been sitting here for an hour admiring the lightning. Do you not see those vivid flashes that every now and then flame across the horizon?"

Margaret tenderly remonstrated with him on his imprudence in risking the consequences of exposure to the night air, but he rallied her apprehensions with an affected gaiety.

"How awfully black and sullen is that pile of clouds yonder," observed Vincent.

"I am superstitious, Margaret;—I always was, and something tells me that that black cloud is a messenger of doom to me."

"Oh, Vincent, how can you entertain such a supposition; it has—it can have no ground but in your own imagination."

"Ah, it is easy to say so; but I do believe that the first peal of thunder that bursts from those heavens will be the signal of my death. When you hear it, Margaret, pray for him whose spirit has winged its flight to the unknown, for this world will have closed upon him for ever."

Margaret entreated him, with tears, to abandon those dark forebodings.

"Why I desired to see you this evening," continued Vincent, "was to ask a favour, which, as it is my last, Margaret, I do not think you will deny me."

"You know," answered Margaret, "you know I cannot, Vincent."

"It may be deemed a foolish, perhaps a reprehensible feeling on my part, but I have long thought, and you are aware, Margaret, the sum of human happiness is made up of trifles; I have long thought that I should rest happier in my grave if the shroud that invested me was made by one I loved."

"Vincent, dear, dear, Vincent."

"Can I rely upon you, Margaret, to render me the last proof of affection which I shall ever solicit, or you can ever bestow."

The answer of Margaret was broken by an ebulition of grief, as Vincent clasped her to his breast, and gazed upon her averted countenance with melancholy tenderness.

"I will, Vincent, yes—yes—indeed I will."

It would be no less tedious than painful to pursue this scene. The lovers parted, each with a presentiment that it was their final embrace in this vale of sorrow, and the event verified the presentiment.

It wanted but an hour of midnight when Margaret took leave of her dying lover. With a heart swollen with affliction she traversed the gloomy streets, seeking to avoid the gaze of the curious, and the addresses of the profligate. She had nearly reached her home, when, in turning a corner of the main street, a staggering debauchee, who had just emerged from a neighbouring tavern, rudely accosted her. Margaret attempted in vain to relieve herself from his importunities, but finding the ruffian still detained her she appealed to a stranger, who was passing, for protection. On the instant he advanced, and seizing the ruffian by the collar hurled him into the centre of the road, where he fell lifeless, with the blood gushing from a frightful fissure in his skull.

Margaret had not time to recognize her deliverer before the shouts and trampling of an approaching crowd was heard, and the watch coming up, Stephen Ransom (for it was he) surrendered himself prisoner, while the object of his merited vengeance, extended on a shutter, was borne off to the nearest metropolitan hospital.

With that eccentricity of feeling by which the young artist was distinguished, Vincent had requested that the shroud might be brought to him before he died. As soon, therefore, as Margaret reached his apartment, and had recovered from the agitation to which she had so recently been subjected, she sat down and commenced the melancholy task which affection for her heart's first and only love had prompted her to undertake.

It was a calm moonlight night; everything around her was as silent as the tomb.
On their humble pallet, in one corner of the room, lay the two little children, locked in each other's arms in deep repose. Communing with her own sacred thoughts, Margaret at length completed the quaintly hideous robe of death, and as she looked down on it, with eyes of pensive affliction, one of those mysterious impulses which we can neither account for nor control, suddenly arose within her bosom. She took her needle, and embroidered on the shroud in a fanciful device the names of—

"Vincent" and "Margaret!"

and embalmed them with a flow of tears.

The moon was waning in the sky, and her little lamp shed but a feeble light, while Margaret continued weeping in the passionate anguish of her heart. She had knelt to offer at the throne of mercy the incense of a broken spirit, when a sound, low but distinct, interrupted her devotions. It was the death-watch! Transfixed like an unbreathing statue, Margaret listened to the omen of mortality. At length it ceased, there was a momentary pause, and then—louder and more terrible than the thunders of artillery—a sudden clap of thunder burst from a lowering cloud, and Margaret, with a thrilling shriek, fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered, the little children were caressing her with affectionate solicitude. Looking down she perceived a note which had apparently dropped from her bosom, and having opened it she read as follows:—"Dear Margaret—We have seen each other for the last time. Our sun has set in clouds of darkness. The hopes that lighted our path through this world's wilderness have vanished like the mists of morn—ascending into Heaven. But though forbidden to commune together on earth, may our spirits hold converse in that bright atmosphere which gave them birth, from whence they issued, and to which, like wandering children, they sooner or later with delight return? Can death efface the image that time has engraven on the heart? Will not love follow to the sepulchre her faithful votary, and in the silent precincts of the tomb suspend her starry lamp? O, yes! as we were one in life so in death shall we not be divided. I have gone before to the perennial powers to weave a chaplet for my beloved. Margaret, I wait for thee. Vincent."

If this letter bore upon it an air of mystery, the unknown mode by which it had been conveyed to Margaret's apartment tended to confirm the belief in the interposition of supernatural agency. Margaret, if not naturally of an imaginative temperament, had by her connexion with Vincent, and listening to the wild poetical chimeras in which he constantly indulged, acquired something of his speculative credulity. It was, therefore, with feelings of peculiar anxiety that Margaret hastened to the abode of Widow Daly, where we must leave her, to return to Stephen Ransom, whom it will be remembered we left in the custody of the watch.

We have already stated that the man whose conduct in relation to Margaret had been productive of his own punishment and of Stephen's incarceration, was conveyed to the hospital, where it was found upon examination that he had sustained such severe injury as to render it doubtful whether he could survive many hours. Under these circumstances, it was deemed advisable to take down the deposition of the dying man immediately, for which purpose a magistrate proceeded to the hospital, whither also Stephen Ransom was conducted, that he might be identified and hear the evidence adduced against him.

The patient was lying in bed in the casual ward, his head bound up in linen cloths, some of which were stained with blood. On being interrogated by the magistrate, he opened his eyes with a languid look, and seemed unable to answer or understand the questions that were put to him. Stephen Ransom meanwhile had been sitting at some little distance from the bedside, without once looking upon the dying man, when suddenly the latter extended his hand towards him, and waved it as if he wished to attract the prisoner's attention. Seeing that Ransom disregarded his movements he made a feeble attempt to speak, but his voice failed him, and one of the attendants anticipating his desire, touched Ransom on the arm and requested him
Margaret Fairburn.

to draw near, as the dying man seemed anxious to have some communication with him. Ransom instantly rose, and approaching the dying man allowed him to take his hand; but as he did so Stephen started, and gazing earnestly on the death-like features of the poor wretch, while big drops of perspiration started on Ransom's forehead, he gasped out, to the astonishment and horror of all present, "My brother!"

The dying man smiled faintly, made a convulsive effort to articulate, and as Stephen threw himself upon his knees beside him, without a struggle, expired.

We shall pass rapidly to the conclusion of our tale. Stephen was tried for manslaughter on the coroner's verdict, and acquitted. Margaret, inconsistent though it may appear with her native kindliness of disposition, never once visited Stephen during his imprisonment. She had gone frequently to the prison and enquired after his health; and she had written, expressing her deep regret at the unfortunate calamity in which she had been a principal, though an involuntary agent. This was some consolation to poor Stephen. Love, like a bird, is nourished by crumbs of bread.

As soon as Stephen procured his liberation he waited on Margaret. It was the Sabbath evening, and Margaret was reading her Bible. There was an air of serene resignation—of affliction in repose, on her serene countenance, which, combined with the deep mourning in which she was attired, produced a feeling in the spectator almost approaching to that of awe.

The presentiment of Vincent Daly had been realized. He died at the signal he had predicted, and the secret of his letter died with him.

"You have suffered greatly Mr. Ransom," said Margaret, "and I have been the unwilling cause of all that you have undergone."

"Suffering is a portion of our common lot in this world, Miss Fairburn," replied Stephen—"You have experienced affliction, too, perhaps greater even than my own."

Margaret cast down her eyes, and a tear fell on the miniature of Vincent Daly.

"But," continued Stephen, "it is our duty to bear up for the sake of those whom heaven has placed under our protection."

"I know it—I know it," said Margaret, with an agony that she strove in vain to repress.

"Miss Fairburn," resumed Stephen, after a lengthened pause, "I have come here to-night to confess to you what has been the hope, the aim, the ambition of my life. Do not think, Miss Fairburn, that I would advance a claim upon your gratitude, nor avail myself of such an advantage as circumstances may have placed in my reach, to offer violence to your inclination. If what I am about to say is at variance with your feelings, forget what I may say, and believe me to be sincere when I assure you that I would not wish you to forfeit the smallest portion of your happiness, not even to prevent the entire sacrifice of my own."

Ransom paused, and drawing nearer to Margaret, proceeded as follows—

"Miss Fairburn, I have loved you from the first moment that my eyes beheld what to them appeared an angel on the earth. Years have elapsed since then, but my heart has never changed. I have watched you in your walks, and I have passed your dwelling early at morn and late at night, and felt a pleasure in looking on the walls which concealed you from my sight, but I never ventured to address you. Miss Fairburn, my circumstances then were humble, but by industry and frugality I have gradually bettered my condition, and I have looked forward to the day when I might, without unreasonable presumption, dare to solicit the hand of one who would share with me that in which I could have no enjoyment by myself. I have a home furnished with every comfort, save the presence of one whose smile would cast a halo of joy around my heart, and who would make that home what love alone can make it—a scene of unchanging and unspeakable bliss."

As Stephen concluded, he knelt down and pressed with fervour the hand of Margaret, who rising, in a tone gentle, but firm—sad, but compassionate—answered, "It cannot be, Stephen. My heart is in heaven—I am wedded to the grave."

A week had passed away, and Margaret was returning home rather later than her
usual hour. A crowd had collected round a doorway, where a man was lying to all appearance in a state of senseless inebriety. Margaret glanced at his haggard visage and shrieked. It was Stephen Ransom! She never saw him again.

It was a lovely day in spring that Margaret took the children forth to walk in the pleasant fields. What a contrast between the bosom of nature and her own. Here all was withered leaves. Margaret sat down on the grass, and in dreaming meditation watched her little sister gathering violets and daisies. The enamelled meadows, with their changing smiles of sun and shadow, diffused a balm over poor Margaret’s wounded spirit. There was no sound save the soft warbling of birds awakening long buried remembrances of olden times. Margaret listened to their sweet melody till her heart was full, and then she bowed her face and wept like one who felt it happiness to weep. Suddenly she kissed her little sister, and promising to return shortly, went away across the bridge that spanned the narrow winding river on whose banks they had been straying all that afternoon. The children remained for hours looking for Margaret, but Margaret did not return. A poor man, who happened to pass by, listened to their artless story and went in quest of their lost sister. In time he discovered a bonnet floating on the stream—it was Margaret’s.

Our story is finished. Some benevolent ladies took the little orphans under their protection—and, impressed by the melancholy fate of her whom they had lost, erected in the church mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, a modest tablet—

To the Memory

of

MARGARET FAIRBURN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.

SONNETTO X.

A STEFANO DELLA COLONNA INVITANDO ALLA CAMPAGNA.

Thou noble pillar of a nation’s hope,
Glorious supporter of the Latin name!
Thou, whom ignoble souls in vain invoke,
To leave the rugged paths that lead to Fame!
No gilded palaces entice thee here;
But in their place, the cool and shady vale,
Where the lone bulb, to the roses near,
In warblings soft, unfolds her tender tale;
Nor arch, nor sculptured dome here greet the eye,
But pine-clad mountains rear their stately heads,
And nature all her charms profusely spreads,
To fill the enraptured soul with visions high;
Yet brighter far would be those scenes so dear,
Could I but meet my friend and patron here.

E. E. E.

THE COURT
RICH AND POOR.

BY X. B. SAINTINE, AUTHOR OF THE "MUTILATED,"* ETC.

At the commencement of the present century, I undertook a voyage to the East Indies, impelled to visit those distant countries by a restless activity of mind, which could not, I thought, find a better sphere for indulgence of enterprise. I was exceedingly anxious to watch the progress of that company of British merchants, who, during the time of their first humble ventures, insensibly gained the good-will of the native princes by a rigid adherence to the principles of justice and honour, and who, in the sequel, having first raised armies in order to dispute with the Dutch their right to traffic in black pepper (as the French, now-a-days, under another pretence, have possessed themselves permanently of Algiers), ended by selling whole races of people and giving thrones, by way of makeweights, into the bargain.

When at Madras, I made the acquaintance of one Edward Seyton, a young man of ancient Scottish family, and great-grandson of the celebrated child whose name figures so unhappily in the first enterprises of the East India Company.

Seyton, brought up in London in the very vortex of splendour and gaiety, knew no other happiness than that centered in those pleasures which great wealth can alone procure. At his father’s death he disposed of what he termed the humble patrimony to which he was heir, realized half a million sterling, and sailed for India, “to make his fortune,” as he phrased it. As he possessed very amiable manners, and many intellectual qualities, and we met almost daily in society, we frequently entered into the discussion of ordinary topics; and although our opinions were rarely in unison, a warm intimacy did not the less speedily spring up between us.

During the two years since he had quitted the gay votaries of pleasure in London, his capital was far from having increased with that rapidity on which he had reckoned in his dreams of eastern opulence.

“Am I then destined to grow old, separated thus far from my friends and native country,” would he exclaim, “and merely for the sake of possessing treasures when I am no longer able to enjoy them?”

“What hinders you from enjoying your fortune?” I would reply. And he would answer: “Is it adequate, think you, to all my wants? How wretched is man! His life but one long fleeting desire—an evanescent hope. Hath not heaven endowed him with reason, only to make him feel more bitterly the wretchedness of his existence? Covetousness is engendered in him at his birth, and it is a passion he can never slake; his young and ardent imagination calls up before his bewildered gaze a universe peopled with multifarious pleasures, whose mocking realities unceasingly step in to dissipate the charm; his mental eye takes in a wide expanse, but his hand is impotent to grasp intervening objects; the nook of earth, hailed as his birthplace, produces not sufficient wherewith to satisfy his wants—the aliment requisite to the nourishment of his body, or the liquor to allay his thirst and recruit his strength—the vestment needful to defend his frame from the vicissitudes of the weather—all is placed beyond his reach, hidden, or scattered, unless by dint of grievous toil, or amidst ever-recurring perils he render himself possessor of these necessary things.”

“But you are now speaking only of that small class of men,” replied I, “whose lofty social position, or immense wealth, have alike destined them to taste, and grow surfeited of every enjoyment, and whose jaded senses are perpetually stimulated to new wants.”

“Do others indeed exist?” ingenuously asked the young man. “I cannot imagine any human being in the enjoyment of happiness, whose faculties of sensation are not exercised in all their plenitude, and who rejoices not in his strength by the abuse of it.”

* For this Tale, see Lady's Magazine, October, 1837.
"Unhappily," proceeded he, in a calmer tone of voice, "you have spoken the truth—it is the smallest class. How many lives require to be sacrificed for the attainment of the objects of one! The labour of an entire nation is expended for the happiness of a single monarch. These wretched Indians, by whom we are surrounded, think you not that they excrete existence? Can it be that they are happy? They might have been, perhaps, if our countrymen generally had the same ideas of happiness as those which you entertain."

At this moment we were joined by an officer in the Company's service, who had just received letters from England. After the staple news had been communicated and commented upon, and events which had befallen several of Seyton's friends in the metropolis narrated—

"You have heard me speak of Henry Middleton?" said he.

"Certainly. There, now, is a happy man," cried Seyton, turning towards me with a triumphant look; "of distinguished rank, honourable fortune, possessing magnificent mansions in London and Brighton, besides country seats, and the finest pack of foxhounds the north of England can boast; his equipage displaying the perfection of taste, a sumptuous and well-frequented table, a box at the opera and patent theatres, with friends and mistresses every where! Ah! rich as he is, he knows well how to enjoy the gifts of fortune, and his large income has a well ordered distribution."

"It may have had," replied our military friend, smiling, "for Middleton is dead."

"Dead!"

"Laid hands on his own life!"

"What, then, had he experienced reverses—losses?"

"Certainly not, his income was undipped; and the fastest trotting of his steeds could not have made the round of his acres in twenty-four hours."

"Was he deceived, then, by some friend or mistress?"

"Very unlikely; for his friends were sumptuously entertained, and his mistresses amply paid. He destroyed himself simply because he was tired of life."

"What might be his age?" I asked.

"Thirty-six."

"And with such a noble fortune!"

"What matters it the number of one's mansions, servants, or mistresses?" I remarked to Seyton, resuming our former discussion; "the wealthiest man has but five senses to gratify; so soon as they are blunted—he is old! All vainly does he seek to rekindle that fire of the imagination which animates and etherealises all things: his heart no longer beats with its wonted force, desire has no longer empire over the languid and impoverished current which stagnates in his veins. The bitter conviction then forces itself upon him, that heaven has allotted only a certain quantum of joy for each man's disposal; and that for the permanent enjoyment of happiness, it must not only be husbanded but subjected to regimen. When a man has madly dissipated his apportioned store, and the vista of the future presents itself no longer otherwise than as one wide blank, (for the future is all in all to him who has pushed his powers and imagination to their utmost development), life has lost its end and aim. Rich, honoured, but with an aimless mind, such a man may be compared to a brilliant car divested of its fleet steeds—an argosie, freighted with gold, drifting before the gale, without sail, compass, or pilot."

The peculiarity of Henry Middleton's death, gave rise to a train of reflection which had very unusual presence in the mind of Seyton, and he declared himself, in the sequel, to be of the same opinion as myself—that the possession of too large a fortune, as of too large a power, proves most frequently pregnant with unhappiness. On one occasion he was even disposed to sacrifice his most promising adventures in Indian commerce, and essay the even tenor of a life of quiet competence. But at that period the Company was experiencing the embarrassments which a long and obstinate war had entailed upon it—immense sums were needed for the pay of its numerous armies, friends were to be bought, and enemies disarmed. The expenses hourly exceeded the returns: its securities were depreciated, and all Seyton's newly cherished projects were, consequently, adjourned sine die. "Perhaps," said he, "my patrimony might, indeed, prove sufficient for my wants; but were I now to call
in my ventures, they would not realize me at most more than fifteen or twenty thousand a-year, and that is not enough to live happily upon."

It was in vain that I continually reminded him that the Company was in a position of extreme difficulty—that the French seemed desirous of cutting a way for themselves to India, by way of Egypt. "Take care, therefore," I urged, "that you do not lose all by attempting to recover all." But such reasoning availed not—he only saw the misery of being reduced to an income of twenty thousand a-year. He brooded over the loss he had sustained, and his youth being sacrificed without profit or pleasure. Melancholy seized upon him, and he speedily declared himself to be the poorest as well as the most wretched of men.

The East India Company, however, did not expend its treasures without achieving glory. Hyder Ali and the brave commander of Suffren, no longer existed to oppose limits to the ambition of the English. Tippoo Saib saw the empire founded by his father, crumble to pieces under the British cannon. All those imposing movements of nations and armies—all those weighty interests then under debate at the extremity of the Indian Peninsula, seemed to reawaken the attention of Edward Seaton.

We were together witnesses of the destruction of Mysore, and the death of Tippoo. A catastrophe so striking, had the effect of making him cast an ironic glance at his individual misfortunes, and he confessed that they sank into nothingness by the comparison—like the nervous plaints of a listless malade imaginaire, which become hushed at witnessing the mute endurance of real agony. Then rich spoils of Seringapatam, however, spread themselves before our dazzled gaze, his wonted ideas of opulence, his complaintings and moodiness, and his eternal burden of the impossibility of being happy, without an enormous fortune, again speedily recurred to his mind with increased intensity.

Just as his abandonment to such a frame of mind seemed incurably fixed, an important mission summoned him to Mahee, the capital of the Maldives islands.

As it was only a few days' voyage, I resolved upon accompanying him, and we embarked at Baniany, on the coast of Malabar, the weather being exceedingly fine. The wind, however, shortly changed, and after endeavouring, in vain, to make the gulf of Sinde, we were forced to run before the gale. On the third day we descried the thickly-grouped islands for which we were bound. The wind moderated—night was fast coming on—and, fearing to strike against one of the countless reefs by which the Maldives channels are intersected, we cast anchor in front of a species of sand-bank, then rising dusky out of the water, at a few hundred yards a-head of us.

The captain of our brig, an old seaman who had passed his life in navigating these straits, in order to while away the long evening, related to us the history of the sandy tongue of land then in sight.

After a tedious enumeration and description of all the coasts, bluffs, bays adjacent, together with the direction of the various currents, and the position of reefs, with a view to impress with a favourable opinion of his nautical knowledge—

"Formerly," said he, "yonder island was cultivated, and several families dwelt thereon at their ease; for a plentiful spring of water, but very slightly brackish, is to be found on its sandy soil, and fertility then reigned over its limited extent. But one day—now many years since—a frightful storm, greater than ever seen before within the memory of man, swept wildly over the entire gulf. The sea was whirled in vast eddies to a prodigious height, and a great number of the islands suffered severely, but that one more especially than the rest. During that awful commotion of the elements, it was invisible for several days; and when at last the sea grew calm, it was seen rearing itself above the surface of the waters, but bare, despoiled, and nothing more than a hideous skeleton of its former self. The dwellings, the very soil, even, had the remorseless sea swallowed up. One man only and a single tree escaped the general devastation. You may still distinguish, through the fast-rising fog, near you small white shoal, a tuft of verdure, which, at this distance, resembles a light cloud hovering over the island. 'Tis a cocoa-tree, which, they say, was preserved standing by the debris accumulated round its trunk. The subsiding waters deprived it of such support, but the roots of the cocoa-tree take delight..."
in a sandy bed, and remained firm and unharmed therein. For the islander, absent from home at the time of the hurricane, he now in his single person is the representative of the entire population.

"What!" exclaimed Seyton, "a man existing on that rock?"

"So 'tis said."

"But how can he live there?"

"I know not."

This recital had stimulated our curiosity, and it was determined that on the morrow, at daybreak, we should pay a visit to the island.

Having landed, we at first saw nothing that might induce us to suppose the existence of a human being amidst that arid solitude—not a trace of vegetating earth. A thick calcareous stratum extended around, dotted here and there with mounds of sand. We were not long, however, before we perceived the cocoa-tree, of which we had gradually lost sight, as our boat approached the island; but our looks, vainly, sought some indication that might announce the presence of the islander. At length, our emotion was great on finding at the foot of the tree a slight cabin constructed by the hand of man.

A man therefore inhabited, or had inhabited this desert spot—some wretched being, doubtless, who, grown weary of his fellow-creatures and of existence, must have hither repaired to entomb his griefs. Here he must have perished of anguish and misery; or it might be, from the summit of one of those promontories, he might have voluntarily rejoined that kindred whom he had survived.

Such were our thoughts, when from the cavity of a rock, scooped out like a grotto, but somewhat more dry and despoiled than the rest, we beheld an Indian advancing towards us—the inhabitant, the proprietor, the monarch of the island! He was an elderly man with an olive complexion, exceedingly spare of limb, but whose gait, nevertheless, still indicated the possession of health and strength. As soon as he perceived us, far from appearing intimidated, he came to meet us with a hastened step, and an air of satisfaction depicted upon his countenance.

After he had, according to custom, wished us health and the prayers of the poor, he entered his cabin, brought from thence a few cocoa-nuts, some sun-dried fish, a vessel filled with palm wine, and then squatted down near us, after having spread a mat upon the fine sand which carpeted the small platform surrounding the cocoa-tree.

A hospitality so humble and trustful, the locality of the scene, the scene itself, so simple yet so grand, which spread itself around us—a rock, begirt by sky and ocean—that melancholy feeling of helplessness which seizes upon the man of civilization at finding himself placed in a corner of the globe so isolated and unknown,—all concurred to strike the proud mind of Seyton with astonishment; and the spectacle was not without its charms for myself. A light breeze blew in from the gulf; the sun, then rising behind us, illumined the summit of the palm-tree, whose gigantic foliage, agitated by the wind, caused long bands of wavering light and shade to play flickeringly before our eyes. The flood of day spread ample, and invested all around with the most varied tints. One might almost have deemed that an awakening movement of life and pleasure was manifesting itself in that isle, which on our landing had appeared to us so barren and desolate.

Seyton, whose gaze had at first continually reverted to our vessel, whose tops only could be described above a massive rock, soon thought of nothing else save questioning our host. The latter spoke the Arab tongue, a language commonly used amongst the Mahometans of the Maldives. We could understand him with little difficulty, and conversation was soon readily carried on between us.

"What could have decided you," asked Seymour, "to live alone on this desert spot?"

"Destiny," replied the Indian, crossing his arms upon his breast and raising his eyes towards heaven. "When I returned hither, after the tornado, to see whether the flood had spared at least the tombs of my father and of her who was my beloved companion, I found nought; for the sea had carried away alike the dead and the living. The palm-trees planted by my hand at the two periods at which hea-
ven blessed my race, had disappeared, as well as my two sons. A single tree re-

mained still standing upon the island, and it was that one by which my father had

signalized the day of my birth. The will of the prophet ordered me to remain here;

I obeyed, and am thankful for his behest. He knows better than we ourselves do,

upon what spot we may live most happily."

"But you must, of necessity, have continual recourse to your tribes of the adja-

cent island."

"Oh!" said the Indian with a smile, "for these twenty years past I have myself,

alone, found sufficient for all my wants."

"How?—but your vestments—your food?"

"All is there," said he, pointing to the tree. "Surely the cocoa-tree must have

sprung from the blood of a god! All is there," he repeated, gently embracing the

trunk with his arms. "Are not its large leaves admirably adapted for thatching

my cabin and shielding me from the sun's ardour? From their most slender fibres

I weave my mats. In its fruit I find the milk which affords me a delicious and

wholesome beverage, and a nourishing food; its oil renders my limbs supple, and

reinvigorates my palate. The young rind of the cocoa-nut affords me that precious

wool from which I have woven the mantle that envelops my body, and the nets that

supply me with fish; for the stomach of man is exacting, and the same nourishment

is not always grateful to it. For the vessels and utensils of my hut, am I not in-
debted to it also, as well as for the couch on which I repose. What then need I

more?"

"Man is not born to live in isolation. Have you never envied the lot of the

neighbouring islanders?"

"The face of man is, I own, ever delightful to me to look upon; at intervals I

am visited by the fishermen, and the rarity of the occasions heightens the pleasure

of the meeting. My reminiscences are all centered here—what have I to seek for

elsewhere? And my tree!—can it be transplanted like myself? Is it not my

foster-brother, my benefactor, my support—the interpreter to me of the decrees

of Providence—the book on whose page I can trace the legible memorials of the

sweetest emotions of my youth? My father planted it, and my mother tended it

with sedulous care whilst both of us were young and feeble. It was the mute

witness of the happiest epochs of my life; each of my bygone years has its record

graven upon the trunk by a knotted circle, by a new rind. Forsake it! no; reckon

those knots, they will inform you of my age, and you will tell me whether at such a

period of my days I ought to begin a new course. The tomb of my wife, too!—who

would then take care of it? True, her bones no longer repose therein, but they

once lay beneath that mound; and 'tis thereon I love to reawaken remembrance

of the past, and offer up my prayers to heaven. It is the first act of each successive

day, and I had just completed it when the sound of your voices reached me."

"But ennui!" said I, "does it not at times steal over you, and render existence

burdensome?"

"Ennui! I can scarcely comprehend the meaning of the word; every moment of

my time is occupied—the triple harvest of my fruit is to gather, their preservation

my stuffs to weave—the care of my cabin utensils, the repair of my nets and fishing

—that most delightful of my occupations during the fine season! And then, I am

not the only living thing upon this island,—innumerable races of sea-birds have

taken up their abode behind yonder pile of rocks, hard by my hut. Look! see you

not a flock of them skimming shorewards, and rising above the crest of the wave

now rolling in? These are my neighbours, my friends and companions; they

know me well, and do not fear my presence."

And, as he spoke, several of a long-beaked, blue and white-winged species of

bird swept in circles around us, and collected in groups upon a little eminence situate

to the right of the Indian. He flung them some fragments of fish, after which they

shortly winged away, to circle anew along the shores of the gulf.

"'Tis one other resource Heaven has placed within your reach."

"To destroy them heedlessly! What society would then be left me? On the

contrary, far from hurting them, when the produce of my nets proves abundant, they

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Rich and Poor.

come in for their share. They flock round me at the sound of my voice, and their sports and affections afford me a delightful subject for contemplation."

"These, then, are your pleasures?"

"They are not the only ones. The rising of the orb of day, the expansive view of sea and sky, the passing ships, the green fire-flies darting, in luminous circles, around my head, and glittering like tiny stars—from time to time the wine from my tree—"

"Nothing, therefore, is wanting to your happiness?"

"Alas!" replied the old man, after a pause, "your last question makes me muse—there would be nothing left for me to desire if the betel nut still grew upon the island. Formerly its branches were wont to interlace themselves round the agori, . . . They multiplied far and wide their brilliant and scented trails, on the verge of a once dense grove of date trees standing yonder (and he pointed with his finger towards a ridge, distant some four hundred paces, overgrown with dark moss and grey lichens). Nevertheless, I procure some of it in exchange for a few cocoa-nut shells which I have learned to carve laboriously, as well as sails and ropes fabricated out of the fibrous tissues of my tree."

"You are thereby enabled to carry on a species of commerce?"

"The prophet hath hitherto alike blessed the labours of the man, and the produce of the tree. Superfluity hath been accorded me; but sometimes during the stormy season, the mariners' visits become rare, and betel fails me. What man is perfectly happy! You strangers, you appear to experience a still greater privation of it, for your teeth have not that ruddy stain common to those who are habituated to the use of that delicious plant."

"It grows not in our country."

"Unhappy land! But heaven, doubtless, indemnifies you by the dispensation of other favours; for its beneficence is inexhaustible."

Simple-hearted being, who, in the midst of such great privations, yet vaunted the prodigality of Providence! We quitted him, marvelling at a philosophy at once so simple and so sublime. Beyond the shores of the gulf, an empire had just fallen beneath the blows of an insatiable opulence; but I am not sure whether the spectacle which the poor islander presented for our contemplation, did not strike us still more forcibly than the profound catastrophe of the Sultans of Mysore.

For some time subsequent to this adventure, Edward Seyton did not venture to complain aloud of fate, and caluminate his destiny; his ambitious desires were silent, though not extinct, before such a remembrance; for most men are able to comprehend the force of a great moral lesson, though few may know how to profit by it. After a brief sojourn at Mahee, when we were on the eve of quitting the Maldives, we were desirous once more to visit our host of the palm-tree. We carried with us some betel for his use; but the wise Indian was not destined to receive from us a return for his hospitality. Having landed upon the island, we no longer perceived the summit of the cocoa-tree rearing its slight parasol of foliage aloft—a hurricane had swept all bare. The tree lay uprooted, and the man a corpse—they were stretched one beside the other. We caused the trunk of the palm-tree to be hollowed out, and the body deposited therein, and the sand of the sea-shore was heaped over both.

"The little island, to this day, is called "the isle of the Cocoa-tree."

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TO MY OLD HAT,
ON ITS BEING RAISED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
BY —— REID, ESQ.

My trusty beaver, thou and I
Have voyag'd much since first we met;
'Twas then thou sat'st so tall and high,
With lengthy nap of glossy jet.

But now thou'rt cut to a razée,
The colour gone, the nap so short;
O'er thousand miles of land and sea,
Alike of dust and foam the sport.

Alas! I think me of the day,
When Regent-street thy beauty shaded;
Thou look'd then dashy, trim, and gay,
But now thy shape and grandeur's faded.

Yet cease to mourn, O ruined hat!
Thy master like thyself is changed;
Cheer up, chapeau, we'll have a chat
On what we've seen since first we ranged.

A queen we saw, in merry mood,
Ride through the streets as simple dame;
While close around her people stood,
No fear had she of treason's aim.

A king we saw, with perjur'd gloom,
Amidst his guards, in shirt of steel,
Drive through the streets, as if a tomb
Would stop his rapid chariot wheel.

And then neath sun, 'mong dust and sweat,
We bowl'd along o'er dale and hill;
While thou slept in thy box so neat,
And never dreamt of age or ill.

Yea, when ta'en forth, 'twas but to view
A city built 'tween rival shores;
On one all roaring, headlong, blue,
The other calm its water pours.

When the Lion stream received thee
Thou wast covered up again;
And far o'er river, land, and sea,
Travell'd safe nor met a stain.

Once more brought forth; on bended knee
We saw the armed soldiers pray,
And crouch to him who holds the key
Of fancied heaven's despotic sway.

We saw the dusty burning isle
Which guarded well the cross of yore,
Now sunk 'neath priestcraft's pious guile,
Where knowledge rears her head no more.

And then amidst the Isles of Greece
We thought of scenes of ancient time;
And wonder'd much how long at peace
Would rest the canaille of that clime.

We saw the Dardanelles ope wide
Her portals to our flowing sail;
The spot from which Abydos' Bride
Her song once raised in mournful wail.
The Modern Petruchio.

We saw the gilded crescent reign
   Where once the cross was reared on high;
When Christians called for help in vain—
   No monarch’s help for Christians nigh;
The fairest, brightest spot on earth,
   Infested by the rudest hounds
That hell in passion e’er drove forth,
   Or passport gave to quit her bounds.
Yea, more than this, we two have seen
   Such things as wot not Regent-street;
And thou hast suffer’d much, I ween,
   Midst sun and wind, and rain and sleet.
But all must fade; yea, e’en a hat
   Cannot exist for evermore;
So you and I, my friend, must part
   When I shall row my boat ashore—
And casting thee afar away,
   (’Tis what friends do when friends are down.)
Perhaps we’ll meet some other day;
   If not—I’ll get another one.

North Coast of Africa,
19th July, 1839

THE MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Generally speaking, of all other evil qualities, that may by any chance attach to the female character, men are most apt to decry that of the shrew. A scolding wife appears to have been in all ages the peculiar horror of the bachelor, and a regular apology for the errors of every husband who could plead propensities of that nature in his liege lady. That such ladies were by no means rare aces in the days of queen Anne, the pages of Steele and Addison bear pretty strong testimony; but the spread of education since then, has done much in expelling the demon of domestic discord; and a young wife who can drive it from her bosom, by thumping the keys of a piano, and regain humour by courting harmony, may be allowed the exercise of airs, with an impunity to which her virago grandmother had no pretensions.

It is, indeed, true, that even now-a-days, such a thing may be found as a petulant, flounce-about, termagant young lady; and, strange as it may seem, I once knew a man who really seemed to have a decided predilection for persons of that description; and a beautiful girl, without the piquant charm of what her friends lamented as “the dear girl’s terrible spirit,” was never sufficiently attractive to him to awaken necessary examination of her good qualities. His mother was a sweet, meek woman, and his sisters resembled her, which made many persons, who knew his great attachment to them, much surprised with his peculiar taste, and doubt the truth of his assertion; but their conclusion was wrong. His own temper was inclined to violence, though free from peevishness: he was handsome, clever, and accustomed to receive great observance; but being probably troubled with a large organ of combative ness, and great natural vivacity, he preferred winning homage from the proud, to receiving it from the humble. I well remember it was a regular eulogium with him that, in addition to beauty, fortune, accomplishments, &c., “Miss—had a devil of a temper, and would find the man she married something to do”—a something

[THE COURT}
to which he evidently aspired as the ne plus ultra of matrimonial existence—w
cannot say matrimonial felicity.

This peculiar trait in his character was the more remarkable, because, though
given to colloquial warfare, his heart was full of sensibility and tenderness; and, as
the eldest of a large family, he had been accustomed to exercise the kindness of his
nature in such a manner as to belice his professions, when he proclaimed his wish to
marry a shrew, and master her. Circumstances, however, seemed to confirm these
assertions; for, although extremely susceptible, and repeatedly struck by the charms,
or interested by the manner, of young ladies apparently very desirable as marriage
connections, in the town where he became settled, yet it was observed that he with-
drew when increasing intimacy with the parties revealed more of the lady’s character
to his observation, although she was thereby revealed to greater advantage; and since
he did not appear to be given to flirting, and was by no means of a mercenary turn,
he became a complete puzzle to the persons with whom he associated, and who were,
for the most part, much attached to him.

One night he danced at the monthly assemblies with a young lady, who paid a
short visit, in passing through the town, to one of his friends, by whom he was intro-
duced. She was tall and graceful, had just returned from the continent, and was
dressed in a very superior manner, which, together with her excellent dancing, drew
upon her admiring eyes on every side, a circumstance in itself prepossessing to a
young man of my friend Snowden’s description. Most probably, however, this flame
might, like others, have easily evaporated, if a dispute had not arisen respecting her
right to name a tune in a dance, in which she evinced such a towering sense of her own
rights, such a volubility in vindicating them, and so decided a contemptuous defiance
of those who questioned them, as to crush her opponents to the very ground by a
coup-de-main. Her form, dilated by passion, her eye sparkling with rage, were
improvements to her person, which rendered it irresistible; and whilst he inwardly
exclaimed—

—— “Oh! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the disdain and anger of her lip,”

he also resolved, if possible, to secure a prize which he deemed alike inestimable in
itself, and fearfully difficult of attainment.

The latter fear belongs to all true lovers, but we apprehend only a small portion of
this emotion could be experienced in one who held the pleasures of warfare in such
high estimation. Be this as it may, it is certain that the very following day he made
every necessary inquiry, heard with exceeding joy that the lady was an orphan and
independent, that her fortune was respectable and irretrievably settled on herself;
and although her brother, as the last representative of an old and important family,
might be fastidious, his objections might be got over, in favour of a worthy candidate.

Enough to say, he wooed with a high hand, and won speedily, being assisted by
the brother, who, though a proud, was a peaceable man, and had long desired to
share his house with a quiet mistress, and also by many current reports of ladies who
sighed in secret for one who had been, to a certain degree, but an evidently insuf-
cient one, struck by them in days past. The lady enjoyed the pride of conquest, and
the infliction of mortification. She had lived long in France, and she delighted in
the independence of French wives, and her own power over her property. She was
proud of husband’s fine person and elegant manners, his success in society, and
the consideration her situation as a wife would ensure her. Of his happiness she
thought nothing, but of her own power over it a great deal; and to make him her
subservient slave, her convenient protector, was her great object. So far as she
deemed him below her in situation, she felt rejoiced, as it would ensure submission;
but when, in a few years, he should be possessed of rank and influence, it was well,
because she would reap the advantage.

These thoughts were partly read by Snowden, but they awoke only a smile.

“Ah, ah, madam!” thought he, “it won’t be easy to put you in harness; but I
shall do it ere long. I will make you a happy woman, but I shall take care that
you are an obedient wife.”

MAGAZINE.]
The Modern Petruchio.

And, in truth, his whole mind was occupied with schemes of pleasure and aggrandizement for her, although, being fearful that she would shew great taste for company and gaiety, he made many excellent arrangements in his establishment, as mutual restraints to them both. After a very short acquaintance, he made his first essay as a commander, by urging their marriage at such a very early day; many persons deemed compliance quite out of the question, and not a few foretold a total breach as the consequence of urging so foolish and unprecedented a measure. To their surprise, however, the lady listened to his "pleaded reason," and in doing so, established in him the first belief that she would do so for the rest of her life: "a woman who would listen to her lover, would undoubtedly do so to her husband." Fatal conclusion!

A very short time proved the fallacy of this opinion. After a customary tour, during which innkeepers, housemaids, and casual acquaintances had by turns found that the beautiful bride "had a will of her own," the exertion of which never failed to afford amusement to her wedded lord, they returned home, apparently much in love with each other, but yet prepared to encounter life in the new form offered by the calm of conjugal society.

It was yet to be expected, that for some time visits paid and received would prevent alike the evils of ennui and of temper; but to the surprise of all, on setting in her own house, the lady peremptorily declared that henceforward she should proscribe company of every description.

"But, my dear, we must have a dinner-party or two, to begin with. I exceedingly approve—nay, I sincerely thank you, for your resolution of adopting a style of living so different to that you have been used to; but some friends we must have. As a single man, I have been much in company; and now is my time to make a proper return, and with so fine a woman as you at the head of my table."

"Me, sir? me at the head of your table; if you mean that, I have to tell you, you will never see it—never, sir; my mind is made up on the subject, as I have given you to understand."

"Confounded, madam, what do you mean? I will have a party, and on Wednesday, too; so say no more about it."

"Well! have your party, Sir Anthony Absolute; but remember I shall not join them, nor shall my cook dress the dinner, nor my footman wait on them."

"Your cook, your footman; why d—it, Amelia, you—"

"Swear away, sir, if it will do you any good; but remember this, I have had my own way ever since I was born, and my mind is made up to have it till the day of my death. I am none of your mean-spirited sneaking women, who will either deceive or wheedle; if you allow me quietly to have my own way, I don't know but I may let you have yours; but oppose me, and you will find me a perfect demon."

Of this fact the young husband could have no doubt, and he now entered on the warfare he had predicted and coveted, but although spirit-stirring, it was by no means charming. He carried his point in having a party, and his handsome wife appeared at the head of his table, but it was in a studied undress, and wearing looks of alternate sullenness or scorn, such as every guest innately resolved never more to encounter. Of her words no one could complain, the sound of her voice never reaching the ear of a single guest.

Conquered in one field, Snowden tried another. He persuaded and flattered, but he made no way. The lady was charming, if a chance visitor dropped in, but "as she had said no company should be invited, none should;" and as every altercation rendered the amusement less agreeable to him, though it sharpened the weapons of warfare, he began to seek rest and amusement in any house but his own. This could not last long, he was not only hospitable but domestic, and he determined once more not only to live in his own house, but be the master of that house; and in order to render his residence the more tenable, he invited his mother to pay him a visit for the ensuing winter.

This scheme by no means answered, for although Mrs. Snowden was treated with tolerable personal respect, she was rendered the witness of so much that was distressing to her feelings, in the treatment and discomfort of her son, that it was with
great difficulty she could be induced to remain till the birth of that son’s heir. That period when the holiest affections of nature are generally called into action, when gratitude to heaven for the life spared and the life given, generally spread a blessed calm over the perturbed spirits, and yet awaken the most lively emotions of love and kindness, was spent, in this case, diametrically different. Amelia felt that it was her time to establish despotic sway; and in Snowden she saw (as she had never seen before) the depth of tenderness in his nature, his pity for her sufferings, his thankfulness for the interesting gift of his lovely boy, his affection for her person, and his capability of constant attachment. But, alas! in these very qualities she read also her own power over him. Perpetual bickerings, useless contradictions, doubts of his love, reflections on his disposition, scorn of his services, and a more especial desire to reject the advice of his beloved parent, tended altogether to estrange him from herself and his home, and neutralize the kindly conjugal feelings revived or created in his bosom. It did more, for he was rendered, even in that which ought to have been the sanctuary of conunbrial peace, a perfect adept in the art of scolding—from the vilest peroration to the cutting insinuation, the incredulous retort, the wearying repetition of peevishness, and the inflexible accusation or denial of determinate and persevering obstinacy.

Amelia, kept in perpetual fever by the exercise of her lungs, or the inflammation of her temper, left her room extremely weak, and fully conscious that on whatever point she might hereafter choose to dispute, her husband would talk her down. Should she then yield, and henceforward find her happiness in making his? Might she not, in resigning unwarrantable power, attain that which was legitimately hers, and not likely to be disputed by a man of Snowden’s sensibility? Religious principle and good sense would have said “yes,” but unhappily she was a stranger to the first; and with all her abilities she yet forbade the influence of the last. In consequence she adopted the system of opposing by deeds him whom she could not silence by words. That which he desired, he never obtained. Whatever was his aversion met him in abundance, whether in food, clothing or company. The war was silent, but it was ceaseless. Every servant he approved was compelled to withdraw. The few friends he retained, followed this example. His table was covered with dishes he disliked, or those he approved were spoiled; and all who shewed obedience to his will, or liking to his person, vanished from his path like shadows. With youth, talents, wealth, family connections and apparent influence, he walked in the world, he knew not why, unvalued and alone, in solitude and dejection, nourishing hatred in his heart, from the consciousness of being himself abhorred and persecuted, at once a conscious tyrant and an unhappy victim.

Under these circumstances, the medical attendant of the family, remarking the fragile state of Mrs. Snowden, observed that she never would be well until she went out and gained strength by exercise. After his departure, the husband seconded his words, and said he hoped she would begin on the morrow to take a little walk every day.

“If I go out at all, it will be to-day.”

“That is impossible, for it will rain within ten minutes. I must myself look sharp to avoid it.”

Snowden set out, but, unhappily, not without giving a strict charge against moving. In consequence his wife put on a bonnet and muslin cloak, and made her way into the fields. The rain descended; she was thoroughly drenched; was rendered extremely ill; and made her innocent child ill also. N’importe, her husband was not only angry, but wretched. She had “touched the nerve where agony was born” in him, and that was triumph, however she might herself sympathize with her suffering offspring.

The triumph was short-lived, for the cold she had caught fell on her lungs, and produced rapid consumption. Oh! who can look on such a death-bed? Cheered by no hope, instructed by no circumstance, still nourishing the temper which had betrayed, and repelling the compassion which yet sought to save her, she exhibited to the latest moment of her existence those dispositions which had been nourished from her cradle, and her soul was called to its audit whilst she was actually (despite
The Lone One's Lament.

of extreme weakness and pain) employed in burning the most expensive part of her wardrobe, in order to render it useless to her husband's sisters, although they had, by turns, watched her many a long week, with unceasing patience.

Time came when Snowden again looked round for a wife, but he was now a sadder and a wiser man. A humble, modest girl, but more than all, a sincere Christian, who obeys on principle or reasons from conviction, was the desire of his self-vul- gated spirit; and he was happy enough to find one. In putting his fair boy into her arms, he besought her to guard him from the errors of both his parents, adding a hope that the voice of anger would never pollute his dwelling; that the weakness and sinfulness of passionate reproach and despotic command should never more actuate his conduct, and that the days past had sufficed for his performance of Petruchio.

The prayer was accepted; the resolution which accompanied it was fulfilled. The large and well-conducted family, of which he is now the head, the gentle mistress of his mansion, have never suspected the life he led during two years which ought to have been amongst the happiest of his existence, and which the writer well knew and deplored, and would never have recalled, were it not for the lesson it impresses, and the peculiarity it registers.

THE LONE ONE'S LAMENT.

I.

Bright gold was my dower;
I bloomed the pet-flower
Of mother—she died—and I mourn'd:
The hoarse tempest scowl'd;
The angry winds howl'd;
But she never return'd.

II.

To my room Richard crept,
And together we wept,
For her that was cold in the grave:
We wander'd at night;
The stars shed their light
On the kiss that he gave.

III.

Time flew gaily on—
Till my Richard was gone;
And my father look'd stern, when he gave
His curse—bade me go;
I call'd my love—no;
He came not to save.

IV.

O'er roads long and dreary
I've come faint and weary,
With my babe they tried from me to tear;
But my babe shall not part
From this desolate heart,
Till Mary lie there.

W. Ledger.
MEMOIR OF
M A R I A T H E R E S A,
EMPRESS-QUEEN OF GERMANY, AND MOTHER OF THE UNFORTUNATE MARIE
ANTOINETTE.*

Embellished with a Full-length authentic coloured Portrait, after Schell, from the original in the Gallery at Versailles, No. 94 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits.

The majestic title by which this great sovereign was distinguished throughout Europe, was in the nature of a surname, arising from the peculiar quality of her dignities. She was not only the consort of an elected emperor of Germany, but the heiress of those mighty territories which, united and consolidated in the present century, now form the dominions of her grandson, the present emperor of Austria.

The father of the archduchess Maria Theresa, though not considered by Europe, in general, as a very gracious prince, was, nevertheless, in private life, a tender and adoring parent. The first wish of his heart was to secure the hereditary dominions of his line to his daughter, Maria Theresa, and for this end he cared not to break through the established laws of primogeniture in Austria. Charles VI., the father of the empress, was the fifth son of Leopold I., emperor of Germany and hereditary sovereign of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia.

Charles, who had been a candidate for the disputed crown of Spain, on the death of his brother, Joseph I., being called to the empire, resigned the contest; he had likewise succeeded to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, to the exclusion of his niece, who had married the elector of Bavaria; thus had he established a Salic law in the hereditary dominions of the empire, but which he subsequently wished to abridge in favour of his beautiful daughter, Maria Theresa, the subject of this memoir.

This noble lady was born in the year 1717, six years after her father, Charles VI., had been elected emperor of Germany. During her infancy her brother was regarded as heir to the empire; she had one sister, the Archduchess Marianne.

Tenderly beloved by her parent, she was permitted to cultivate her passionate fondness for music, in which he himself also greatly excelled. The imperial father and daughter were the patrons of Metastasio, and, likewise, of every distinguished poet and musician of that age.

From the letters of Metastasio we find that this highly educated family lived in the greatest domestic happiness. The empress Elizabeth, mother to Maria Theresa, was one of the most amiable princesses of her time, and the fondness for study of her daughters the archduchesses Maria Theresa and Marianne, was warmly supported by their virtuous and accomplished mother. The life of the empress Elizabeth, as well as the happiness of the whole of this united family, was at length darkened by the loss of the heir to the imperial house. Then it was that the troubles of the young Maria Theresa commenced, when her anxious sire sought to make her inherit the birth-right of this lamented prince—the last male representative of the brother of the great Charles V. The peace of the imperial family was also further wounded by a dreadful accident which happened while the father of Maria Theresa was hunting. Metastasio thus describes the event in one of his letters:

"PRAGUE, June 11.

"The emperor being shooting in the wood of Branchais, and having fired at a stag, the ball, after passing through the animal’s body, wounded the Prince of Schwaisemberg, master of the horse, in so fatal a manner, that he died this morning, between three and four o’clock. This dreadful calamity has agonized our emperor. It was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from going to the death-bed of the prince, to implore his pardon; and he sent Count St Julian to perform this melancholy office. Prague is thrown into consternation; many are grieved for the love they bore the prince, and all for the extreme sufferings of their

* See this Portrait-and Memoir, Lady’s Magazine, August, 1836.
Memoir of Maria Theresa,

emperor, for this unintentional homicide has disordered his health; but it is impossible to prevail on him to take any remedies for the fever that is preying on his life, for the empress Elizabeth, and the archduchess, were unfortunately absent from Prague, taking the waters of Carlsbad. The good sense and gentle firmness of these illustrious ladies would have prevailed on the emperor to pardon himself for a fault so wholly unintentional; but as it was, he shut himself up in his chamber at the Prague Palace, and refused to eat or speak; at last, Prince Eugene forced the door, and prevailed on the emperor, for the sake of the empress and his beloved children, to listen to reason."

From the time of this direful event, a shyness and abruptness of manner, the effect of a wounded mind, was always perceptible in the general habits of Charles VI.; but to his wife and beloved daughter he continued to be ever kind and gracious. Many odd stories are, however, told concerning his eccentric conduct toward those about his court.

As Metastasio was appointed poet-laureate to the emperor, and Italian master to the archduchess, he had many opportunities of observing Maria Theresa in domestic life, before the cares of state had laid their iron grasp on the feminine charms of princess and woman.

"The young heiress of the Caesars," as the flatterers of her father's court called the archduchess, Maria Theresa, occasionally gratified her fine taste in music and poetry, by learning and performing the operas of Metastasio, during the happy period which preceded her accession to the regal and imperial crowns of Germany. It is a fine trait in her character that she shrank from the adulation which custom made it the duty of the poet-laureate to pay the daughters of his imperial master. These are his words, on the subject, in a letter to Filippoioni:

"What a difficult task it is to compose verses, many times in the year, on a young princess, who, though she truly merits every praise, will not hear it."

Again, he says:—

"The archduchess, Maria Theresa, and her sister have been studying and performing Le Grazie Vindicato, set by Caldara; all my time has of late been occupied by the task of instructing, directing, and assisting them. But, heavens! what a pleasure it is to have the opportunity of seeing and admiring the excellent qualities of these two august princesses. Elsewhere it would have been difficult to have met with such docility, patience, and gratitude. Oh, how many persons have I encountered without a twentieth part of the claims of these exalted ladies, either as women or princesses, who do not, indeed, possess a thousandth part of their courtesy. They sing and act divinely; and it was a loss to the whole world that the performance was so private, that none but a few ladies of the highest rank in Vienna were permitted to hear them, and these came in masks. The two archduchesses performed the opera, assisted by one lady of their household."

Maria Theresa had the happiness, so rare for royal brides, of marrying the man of her choice. In 1733, her indulgent father permitted her to marry Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, a prince remarkable for beauty, domestic virtues, and refined taste; he was likewise heir of the elder line of Charlemagne, which became united with the line of Hapsburgh. Francis, however, was but little distinguished by the gifts of fortune. Five happy years did the future empress of Germany pass in the society of a beloved husband, and an adoring father and mother, before she was called to the cares of sovereignty. She afterwards strengthened the family union by bestowing her sister, the archduchess Marianne, on Prince Charles of Lorraine, her husband's brother.

Their father died in the year 1740, in his fifty-fifth year, poisoned by eating mushrooms, or rather from an attack of indigestion caused thereby and being unskillfully treated by his physicians. His death was bitterly mourned by his affectionate daughters; and, indeed, it proved a great calamity to Maria Theresa, to Germany, and the rest of Europe.
Mother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Maria Theresa had been acknowledged by the Hungarians as their future queen, during the life time of her father, and she had now to take the somewhat difficult step of claiming the rest of his dominions. The archduchy of Austria was all that could be considered as strictly hereditary, and, truth to say, her claim to it was founded on no very equitable title. The archduchy of Austria should, strictly, have descended by a very peculiar tenure, viz.—"as long as there is a male heir to claim it;" the succession follows the salic law, and excludes women from the sovereignty; but when the male representatives fail, it reverts to the male heir of the eldest female line, or in default of him to a female heir.

Thus, in 1711, had the daughters of the emperor Joseph I. yielded their claim to their uncle; but by the strict law of the Austria succession, the archducal territories ought to have reverted to Charles of Bavaria, the eldest son of the emperor Joseph's daughter. But the long and beneficent reign of Charles VI., had so endeared his memory to his Austrian subjects, that all hearts took part with his daughter. Yet it was not exactly just that the archduchy, which by the ancient institutions of the German empire, was strictly entailed on the heirs of females, in default of heirs male, should go to the heiress of a younger branch. The ancient constitution of Hungary and Bohemia, enjoining the election of a dynasty, and the continuing it in the course of primogeniture, till the line failed or became corrupt, they had every right to choose the line of Lorraine, to furnish them with sovereigns, in preference to that of Bavaria, if it pleased them.

It had been the labour of Charles VI., life to cause his daughter to be recognised by contemporary sovereigns as the future heiress of the hereditary German dominions. All the European potentates, excepting those of France and Bavaria, had entered into a league to support her claims, which alliance was called the Pragmatic Sanction. Although this well-named treaty had occupied the whole attention of Europe for the last two years, and all the heads of all the diplomatists in the civilized world had been pragmatically employed on the same, yet, with the exception of our king George the Second, all the monarchs of Europe broke their faith almost as soon as Charles VI. had expired. But in truth, the Pragmatic Sanction was very little sanctioned by justice.

Maria Theresa could not, indeed, claim the empire, because it was elective, and excluded women as regnant; she claimed the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, with the archduchy of Austria and its Italian dominions. The empire itself (disunited from these great inheritances), was an empty and expensive honour, something worse than merely titular, because the whole of the German electors were perpetually intriguing against the German prince that held it. The imperial crown had been destined by the emperor Charles VI., for the husband of Maria Theresa, who would give to his wife, the titles of empress Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. Francis became a candidate for the empire, on the death of his father-in-law, but was forced to yield to Charles of Bavaria, who carried the superiority of votes. Every one of the powers of Europe, excepting George II., made a direct attack upon the queen, Maria Theresa, at her father's death. Frederick of Prussia seized Silesia and Moravia. France aided Charles of Bavaria, who was elected emperor, and likewise crowned king of Bohemia at Prague.

Maria Theresa was forced, after a succession of disasters, to fly from Vienna. She knew not where to take refuge, in order, to give birth to her babes in security. At last she was sheltered in Hungary, and after some months had elapsed, she appeared before the assembled diet, with her infant son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II., in her arms, and implored the protection of the brave Magnates, in an eloquent and impassioned Latin speech, to this effect:—"Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest relatives, I have no resource left but in your fidelity and courage. Gallant Hungarians, I place in your hands my infants, they depend on you for life and safety."

This appeal was received with enthusiasm, the warlike nobles and magnates (who always went armed to their diet), with one accord, rose and drew their sabres, explaining in their vernacular Latin, "Moriamus pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa." "We will die for our sovereign, Maria Theresa." Though thus enthusiastic in her
cause, this haughty race would not own itself governed by a queen, or regina, whom they designated as a distaff sovereign. Yet all responded to the pleading of distressed beauty. According to Dr. Johnson’s lines—

“Tis done, fair Austria spreads her mournful charms—
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms.”

Without any poetical exaggeration, it is, however, true, that Maria Theresa, with her fair face then unscarred by the small-pox, that tremendous scourge of her family, was the most beautiful princess in Europe. The influence of her personal charms greatly aided the royal sufferer during the severe succession war, in which she was seven years engaged, after the death of her loving father.

This, her successful appeal to the Hungarian diet, was the crisis of her doubtful fortunes; and, from that moment, her career was prosperous. Hungary had previously been an appendage very questionable in its loyalty to the imperial family. Jealous of their freedom, and of the slightest encroachment on their laws, the Hungarians had regarded, with indignation, an hereditary claim made to their elective kingdom, by Ferdinand of Austria, brother to Charles the Fifth, who had married Anne of Hungary, the last descendant of one of their elective kings. In sullen silence, or secret murmurings, the Hungarians yielded submission, but being oppressed by the conjoint powers of Austria and Spain, they were forced to acknowledge the Spanish Austrian family, as their sovereign, during two long centuries. These claims were finally contested by Maria Theresa, and the descendant of a female heir, her rival, the Emperor Charles VII. The Hungarians themselves were generously disposed to succour the unfortunate; moreover, they felt that in taking part with Maria Theresa, they were once more exercising the ancient franchise of electing their sovereign, in whose line and family they were willing the crown should remain, as long as its heirs were capable of sustaining the warlike character of their nation.

Animated with that chivalrous spirit, which was, however, by no means common to the eighteenth century, the efforts of the faithful Hungarians were irresistible in the cause of their queen and her infants.

Accordingly Lintz, Passau, and Munich, the capital of the hereditary dominions of the Bavarian emperor, opened their gates to the queen of Hungary, and she also fortunately received well-timed subsidies from England, where her cause was nearly as popular as in Hungary.*

Closely pressed by her powerful enemies, Maria Theresa was forced to throw up the selfish Frederick of Prussia the sop he coveted, by ceding to him the rich provinces of Silesia and Glàtz, whereupon he entered into a treaty with the queen of Hungary, and nobly left his allies to shift for themselves. Maria Theresa made, indeed, peace with Frederick, but vowed vengeance when she felt herself strong enough to chastise him.

The battle of Dettingen was gained by her ally George II., in 1743; and the same year that Maria Theresa was crowned queen of Bohemia, Frederick, not content with the first concession, now again invaded Bohemia. The battles of Fontenoy, Rocoux, and La Feldt, were fought with various success. Her rival, Charles VII., died, at length, for her peace, of a broken heart, and the husband of Maria Theresa was unanimously elected Emperor, in his place. Francis Stephen received the imperial crown at Frankfort, in 1745.

This succession war, for establishing the claims of the empress-queen, as she was now called, is known in Germany by the emphatic phrase of the Seven Years’ War. Europe was at last quieted by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, October, 1748, when Maria Theresa devoted herself to heal, throughout her dominions, the wounds

*In England the height of popularity used to be permanently established, by exalting the public favourite to the distinction of a sign at an inn, and some red-faced Amazons, bearing the traditional title of “queen of Hungary,” are still to be seen in remote villages in England, shewing clearly that Maria Theresa was the heroine of the middle of the last century in England; and modern times furnish a very remarkable instance of the downfall of a great man, to whom similar public honours had been awarded; for it will be remembered that when the idolized Brougham ceased to maintain the required standard of popular favour, his sign-portrait was reversed.
Mother of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

of war, and repair the sad ravages caused thereby. The emperor Francis, her husband, had no power; his wife, under the title of empress-queen, exercised all the authority over her extensive dominions. She opened the ports of the Mediterranean to commerce; the arts were munificently patronised; her armies were well disciplined, and excellent regulations took place for the support of veteran soldiers, and all those who were disabled in the war. Fortifications were likewise built, observatories for the purposes of astronomy were established at Vienna, Gratz, and Tyrnau; and science was encouraged by munificent rewards, by this great and exalted female sovereign. The old grudge between the empress and Frederick the Great, now again, in the year 1756, broke out with open hostilities. Field Marshal Daun, the general of the imperial forces, was more than a match for the Prussian, and relieved Bohemia in so masterly a manner that Frederick was forced to retreat. To commemorate this exploit, the empress-queen, in the year 1757, instituted the order of Maria Theresa.

Maria Theresa was blessed with a numerous family. Of these the Emperor Joseph, the emperor Leopold, and the archduke Maximilian and four daughters, survived to the age of adolescence. The small-pox made, however, tremendous ravages amongst the children of the imperial family, and several fell victims to this scourge, whilst the fair beauty of her own features was destroyed by it. The other children of the imperial family were carefully educated under the surveillance of their accomplished father; but the education of the young Duke Maximilian, of Caroline, queen of Naples, and the beautiful Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate queen of France, was sadly neglected. The empress, absorbed in the cares of state, left these children to tutors and governesses, who suffered them to indulge in that indolence which is so agreeable to most children.

The empress-queen was passionately fond of her young and lovely daughter, Marie Antoinette. On one occasion, in very exultation of victory and regal power, the empress took this lovely infant on her lap, and told her imperial consort that their Antoinette should choose from the map of Europe, then lying on the table before them, which kingdom she would reign over; the cherub archduchess accidentally pointed to France, upon which the delighted parents clasped her to their bosoms, and said it was the only one worthy of her beauty.

This historical anecdote is thus elegantly alluded to, by a modern anonymous poet—

"Ah, mother mine, who playful bade me choose  
Upon the mimic world where I would reign;  
And when my childish finger did refuse  
All realms save this with infinite disdain,  
Proudly exclaimed, "France only merits thee!—  
You knew not of the cup it held for me."—Lament of Marie Antoinette.

It was during the fierce war with Prussia, that the empress-queen lost her beloved consort, the emperor Francis Stephen. He died suddenly, on a journey, at Innspruck, when about to enter his carriage. Putting his hand to the back of his head, he fell in a fit, and was carried back senseless by his attendants into the apartment which he had just quitted. A vein was forthwith opened in his arm; but with the strange neglect, often, indeed, experienced by the great, who, with a grand retinue, have not a devoted friend, he was afterwards left alone; and a contemporary author affirms, that he was seen lying on a sofa, with his arm unbound, and the blood freely trickling from the orifice, no one having been present to take the least care to restore him to animation, which, perhaps, was only temporarily suspended.

His family, by whom he was sincerely beloved, mourned his death with the sincerest grief. The empress-queen was inconsolable; his death, and the manner of it, left a wound that was never effaced from her memory. He died in his 58th year.

No prince ever handed down to posterity a more amiable character. When about to depart on that journey from which he never returned, he was particularly anxious about his youngest child—the unfortunate Marie Antoinette—then a lovely girl, seven years of age; and when seated in his carriage he said, "I must see that dear child again." She was accordingly brought to the carriage, and put into his arms; he
then embraced and kissed her with such mournful and passionate earnestness, that his conduct surprised every one around him, who thought not the separation would be otherwise than very short. Francis was a prince of truly domestic habits; the routine in the imperial family—a numerous and beautiful one—was just like the home life of a country gentleman’s establishment; they lived temperately, dressed simply, and were taught, by the example of their father, to speak courteously and humanely to every one.

After the death of this excellent prince, Maria Theresa gave up all public amusements; the grief she always cherished for his loss, almost assumed the character of moroseness. She wore continually widow’s weeds, excepting when she was forced to relinquish them for her royal robes, on days of high ceremonial. In her personal habits, no woman who had to labour for her bread ever devoted a greater number of hours to arduous employment, than did the august Maria Theresa to the cares of Government; for she herself read the whole of every paper before she signed it which required the least deliberation. In this employment she devoted many hours of each day. Summer and winter, at her palace in Vienna, she occupied a saloon on the ground floor, opening on to the garden, and when the weather was fine, it was her custom to walk, with her papers in a portfolio slung to her side; here she took constant exercise, and read, as she walked at a rapid, steady pace. So great was her fondness for the open air, that she lived almost in solitude, as no one of her family could bear open windows at Vienna during the winter season; and her favourite minister was compelled to sit shivering, enveloped in furs, while she gave him audience in her saloon, with all the windows open in the severest weather. When Joseph II., her son, after he was elected to the dignity of “Emperor of all Germany,” at the death of his father, had occasionally to transact business with his august mother in this saloon, he used, laughingly, to declare, that a winter campaign, with all the robust exercise and lively excitement of a soldier’s life, was nothing to be compared, in matter of hardship, to sitting hours with his mother and a perished prime minister, reading and signing papers, without a fire, and with open windows when the Danube was frozen over.

From the year 1756 to 1763, the war continued to be waged fiercely between Frederick the Great and the great empress, when Maria Theresa concluded a peace, giving up Silesia, the territory about which the contest had been commenced. During this second seven years’ war, were fought the battles of Hock-kirchen, Krunersdorf, Maxen, Landshut, and Siplitz, the result of which was in favour of the empress; at Rosbach, Torgau, and Lissa, Frederick was victorious. Humanity shudders at calling to mind the blood spilt in these merely territorial combats, wherein sovereigns play the game of war for the domination of some province, which owes no national affection to either party. But Frederick was the aggressor, and the empress can scarcely be blamed in this instance for criminal ambition, in defending her dominions from the encroaching spirit by which the warlike Prussian monarch was actuated. The same plea cannot, however, be offered for her in regard to the partition of Poland.

The first dismemberment of Poland was the only deliberate iniquity, political or personal, that can, indeed, be laid to the charge of Maria Theresa; and well may this generation grieve, with historians, to find this virtuous sovereign making one of the three crowned criminals who first perpetrated that abominable wickedness. It was in the year 1772, that Maria Theresa joined Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia in the first partition of Poland. The plea by which she satisfied her conscience was, that if she had not taken her share, the two other plunderers would have divided it between them! That the subjects she thus acquired were humanely governed is, fortunately for them and the queen-empress, a point that admits not of dispute; and fortunate were they, in the issue, who fell under her benevolent and virtuous sway.

We have said that her eldest son, Joseph, whom she had caused to be elected “King of the Romans,” succeeded to the title of “Emperor” on the death of his father, in the year 1765. He did not exercise the functions of an independent sovereign, although, as heir to Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, he had greater authority than his father; this, however, was little more than pertains to the heir apparent of any powerful dynasty. He had peculiar views of reform, which he wished...
ardently to effect in the imperial dominions, and which made him sometimes think that his mother, and her old prime minister, Prince Kaunitz, kept him a little too much in tutelage, when they discouraged his ardent wishes on the side of liberalism. He remained, however, a dutiful subject and affectionate son.

Among the few faults that blemish the fine character of Maria Theresa, an ascetic devotion, that was nearly allied to personal bigotry, was one—we say personal bigotry, because her religion is totally free from every species of persecution; the evil effects thereof, a too anxious adherence to the rigid discipline of the Catholic church, was injurious only to herself and her own family.

Frequently absorbed in meditation, on the sudden death of her beloved husband, at Innspruck, she abandoned herself to agonies of grief, not only on account of his loss, but because he was called away without a moment either for the utterance of a prayer, or for his having the rites of the church administered to him. Not content with the masses and requiem masses offered up with all the profusion of such ceremonies of the Roman hierarchy, this heiress of the Caesars made it a custom to pray, long and frequently, in the imperial vault, by the coffin of her deceased husband, for the repose of his soul and the forgiveness of his sins. Thus believing, she made his children, as in duty bound, join her in this solemn office; but, to the terror of the young archduchesses, they were often required to descend alone into the vault, to offer up their prayers for their father's soul.

The rigid observance of this custom destroyed the archduchess Josepha. The King of Naples had espoused, by proxy, this beautiful girl, and all things were ready for her departure, when Maria Theresa expressed a wish that the young queen should once more offer up her prayers by the coffin of her father. There was a sternness in the manners of the empress, after the death of her husband, that rendered resistance to her will impossible. The archduchess Josepha heard her mother's commands with dismay. She had always experienced an invincible horror in descending into this gloomy abode of death, to perform so supererogatory a duty; but this feeling of horror was now aggravated by a strong anticipation of personal danger. The wife and child of the emperor Joseph had a few weeks before died of the confluent small-pox; their coffins were in the imperial vault, which was, in consequence, pestiferous in the most virulent degree. Before descending into the vault, the archduchess Josepha tenderly embraced her young sister, and took leave of them with tears, saying, she was going to her death. She sadly, indeed, uttered the truth. On her return from performing these dreadful devotions, she was seized with shivering fits, and died a victim to the small-pox in three days.

Her sister Caroline was afterwards queen of Naples in her place. Whether the empress reproached herself for this command, which proved so fatal to the lovely Josepha is not known; but for the individual herself, assuredly to a woman of sensibility, in marrying an uncultured person like the king of Naples, a much harder fate awaited her than the early death caused by the foul atmosphere of the pestiferous vault and early death.

The emperor Joseph never married after the death of his wife and heir. His marriage had been a happy one, he never sought another, but remained a widower without heirs. The hopes of the empress-queen were therefore centered on her second son, Leopold, for the continuance of the imperial dynasty of Lorraine. This prince had married the heiress of Tuscany and reigned in Florence in her right.

* As an instance of the puereity of the sovereign, to whom the archduchess Josepha was married, we quote the anecdote of the manner in which he received the news of her untimely death. He was exceedingly disappointed and chagrined at being forced to wear black and remain secluded for some days instead of welcoming a young bride with marriage festivities. None of his companions knew how to comfort him. At last he thought he would play at her funeral and walk as chief mourner. This bright device amused him highly, and one of his pages, who was very pretty, pretended to be dead, and was laid out on a bier; all the bufia companions of the king followed in procession, while the pretender corpse was carried through the suite of apartments and laid in state. The king then recollecting the disease that destroyed his poor bride spat on the face of the page who represented the corpse, with dark marks made with a cake of chocolate! And all this was not in a spirit of mockery, but done out of the mere babyish folly of a grown child of twenty years. The archduchess Caroline when she became his wife taught him, after a fashion, to read and to write.
under the title of the Grand duke of Tuscany. Maria Theresa was very anxious for heirs to the imperial line. When the late emperor Francis (the Second), was born, the intelligence was sent to her while all her family were in the evening at the theatre. The imperial theatre adjoins the palace, being one of its appendages, and there is a private entrance into the state box direct from the apartments of the sovereign. It was long since Maria Theresa had entered a theatre, never, indeed, since the death of the emperor. With feelings, therefore, of the greatest astonishment, a crowded audience, attending to the marvels of one of Mozart’s operas, saw their beloved and respected empress, dressed in her plain sable weeds, hurry into the state box among her brilliantly arrayed and beautiful archduchesses. Leaning over the box in great agitation, at one majestic motion of her hand, the orchestra ceased their performance, and the empress-queen addressed these words to her loving people of Vienna, in their vernacular idiom—“Leopold haban un buèb’n” (Leopold has a boy.) She then retired as hastily, while the orchestra, amidst the tears and acclamations of the delighted people, thundered forth the national air of Vienna—“God preserve the Emperor.”

During the chief part of her reign she had but one prime minister, the chancellor of Austria, Prince Kaunitz. This veteran statesman served with fidelity, Maria Theresa, and her sons, the emperors Joseph and Leopold, throughout the unexampled term of forty years. The greatest intriguer in Europe, he was the devoted servant of the imperial house. The chief fault of the empress-queen was, that she acquiesced in a tendency to despotism. Before the close of her days she had the satisfaction of seeing all her surviving children seated on thrones, but lived not to witness the disastrous fate of her youngest and fairest child, Antoinette, and her unfortunate family.

At sixty-three years of age the empress-queen was affected with a declining illness that gradually led her onwards to the grave. Her bodily functions were, perhaps, too much drawn upon from excess of mental exertion, for her intellect remained bright and serene to the last, and with hope, resignation, and fortitude, she prepared for the last great change.

Half an hour before she expired, one of her ladies in waiting whispered that she thought the empress slept. The senses of the dying sovereign were acutely on the alert (of which friends and attendants upon death-bed scenes are sometimes sadly unaware). She heard the remark, and answered mildly—“I cannot sleep, nor would I if I could. I am conscious of the near approach of death, and I will not allow him to surprise me slumbering. I will die awake.”

Her death took place in the year 1780. She was succeeded by her eldest son, Joseph II., in the hereditary appanages of the house of Austria. He was already elective Emperor of Germany.

The character of this great sovereign was marked by the most inflexible firmness of purpose, but as this trait (a remarkable characteristic which we long opined to be visible also in the character of our present most gracious Queen), was generally manifested in a virtuous cause, it was virtue.

Her purity of conduct, as wife and widow, her abstinence from pleasure, and fulfilment of all duties as far as possible, both as sovereign and mother, form a strong contrast, in personal character, to her celebrated contemporary, Catherine of Russia.* Her character, indeed, would be spotless, save for the too rigid enforcement of a supposed duty, which led to the death of her daughter Josepha, besides her belief in the power of earthly absolution for the dead, and sordid ascetic practices of the Romish Church.

It is well known that the empress-queen was one of the most celebrated beauties in Europe. At the time of her famous appeal to the Hungarian diet, she was in the flower of her charms, and she owed much of her success to the admiration excited by her personal appearance; she ceased not, too, to interest, after the time when, of a middle age, she caught the small-pox of some of her children; and this scourg to the imperial family somewhat impaired her beauty.

* See this Portrait and Memoir, Lady’s Magazine, January, 1826.
THE EMPRESS MARIE THÉRÈSE

Queen regnante of Hungary and Bohemia.

Born 1717. Died 1780.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine
Vol. XVIII 1783 of the series of ancient portraits.

N° 14 Gown street, Lincoln's Inn. London.
DESCRIPTION OF THE
PORTRAIT OF MARIA THERESA.
Accompanying the present Number.

This stately portrait, from the pencil of Schell, a German artist, represents the Empress-queen in the prime of her beauty; the picture is one of the most attractive ornaments of the Versailles Gallery. The costume is altogether in the best style of the last century, the only fault being that the hair is laden with powder; its arrangement is, however, graceful—there is no ornament excepting a light diamond spray. The material of the dress is pale green brocade; the form of the bodice, the pointed corset, the waist surrounded with a string of pearls. The bosom is shaded by a full tucker of Brussels lace; the stomacher is laced across with strings of pearls, forming diamond-shaped intersections, each of which is fixed by a ruby stud, from which hangs a pear pearl. Both stomacher and robings of the dress are trimmed with quillings of silver gauze. The lacings, of pearl, are continued in a sort of tablier; the ruby studs and pear pearls gradually increase in size down to the hem, giving a most magnificent effect. The sleeves of the dress, though straight, are nearly covered with three rows of Brussels lace. The imperial mantle of scarlet, lined with ermine, and bordered with gold, is clasped on to the shoulders with two large ruby brooches, set round with pearls, and it elegantly forms the drapery at the back of this beautiful and attractive costume.

SONNET
ON THE AUSPICIOUS MARRIAGE
OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Clothe with rich tapestry the gilded hall,
And weave bright garlands of the fairest flowers!
Hoist silken pennons on the royal towers!
Proclaim the mask, the banquet, and the ball!
And ye far distant from the glittering scene,
Poor and forsaken, even to you is given
To lift your eyes to the blue vault of heaven,
And bless the nuptial hour of England's Queen!
Pray for the Lord's anointed, for such prayers
Will shed a halo round her fair young head,
And o'er her brow a holier lustre shed
Than the rich gems that deck her braided hair:
Then hill and vale shall echo back the strain—
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" "LONG MAY VICTORIA REIGN!"

E. E. E.

L—MARCH, 1840.
A learned Spanish letterato was one day visited by a mediocre, presumptuous pestering poet, who besought him to listen to two sonnets he had made on a court festival, and requested not only that he would pronounce an opinion on them, but moreover that he would select which he should deem the better of the two, since it would not be possible to publish both. The grave and erudite Spaniard endeavoured by a variety of polite excuses to avoid being obliged to declare his opinion, but the pertinacious poet insisted on his listening to the recitation of the two compositions and then expressing his authoritative decision of preference and selection in favour of one. Scarcely had the young pest of a poetaster finished the recital of the first sonnet, when the old letterato exclaimed, "I see—I see—print the other!"

"But how? (enquired the young man, who was just in the act of preparing to read the second). But how can you judge of and select the other, when you have neither heard nor seen it?" "That's of no consequence," said the old Spaniard; "I am sure the other is better than that you have just read, because a worse is impossible!"

This little anecdote was repeated, laughingly, by Mr. R. A., a man of sprightly wit, in reading the note at the bottom of the first page of the catalogue of the British Institution, in which—"the directors regret that from want of room they have been under the necessity of returning a considerable number of pictures." "These are the ones that we ought to see; the others!—the others!—I am sure they are better than these that have been received. It is the case of the Spaniard's two sonnets: L'OTRO, L'OTRO ES EL MEJOR?"

Such were the laughing words that fell from Mr. R. A——, after having viewed the exhibition for the present year; and although we are inclined to consider his expressions much exaggerated, as well as the application of the anecdote to the artistic productions before us, nevertheless we feel compelled to admit that his strictures were not without some grounds of reason. We shall not repeat all his criticisms without modification, because we think them too severe, but we cannot, without a smile, remember how, when standing before No. 221—"Bright-eyed Fancy hoarding o'er" (W. Etty, R. A.)—he exclaimed—"See here, what bad design, worse invention, worse composition, and still worse painting. In fact, it is not painted, but the various colours—red, violet, blue, white, indeed, all the colours of the rainbow—casually brought together by the hand, without the slightest harmony; completely forgetting that without harmony of colours, it is not called—The art of painting, but—The prostitution of painting—children's amusement—playing-cards—madness—nothing! Look again," he went on, "look at Mercury and Argus (51) by T. M. W. Turner, where the blue, violet, and yellow are in complete disagreement. This is the true rival of W. Etty's manner of painting and colouring. But to which of the two honourable Academicians is the merit due of anteriority in the invention of this ultra-romantico-comico-maniace manner of colouring? It would be difficult, perhaps, to solve the question as to which has the prior claim to the merit of the discovery; the safest way, therefore, will be to repeat the judgment of Solomon, and divide it between them in perpetuo, for they have decidedly dipped their pencils upon the same pallet. But truly, I think, their pictures might both be aptly compared to the pallet itself on which the colours are scattered confusedly, awaiting the hand of practice and the eye of harmony, to select and form them into a picture. Without harmony, there may be confusion, but no picture; as without harmony there may be noise, but not music! These things are old, but neither repeated often enough, nor sufficiently understood by many artists."
Fine Arts.

Hearing, not without pain, strictures severe as these from the lips of a learned critic, we made an attempt to soften his opinion; but, without in any way noticing our palliative suggestions, he turned to contemplate—“Christ blessing little children,” (by C. L. Eastlake, R. A.), and reading the verse appended—“And the disciples rebuked them, but Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me,” Matt. xix. 13, 14.—“It is not possible,” he exclaimed, “more completely to profane a subject of scripture at once so lofty and august by tender and mystic. Here (3), all the noble spirit of the fact is lost; the artist has reduced the scene to a trivial conversation of English children and women of the present age, without judgment, without historic truth, without any real beauty, and—as Sir Martin Shee observed in his last discourse upon the Fine Arts—without correctness of style. This painting appears rather a scene of common life from some Flemish landscape, but without the beauty and force of chiaroscuro belonging to that school, for its colouring is feeble, and its light, scattered over in a conventional manner, destitute of all justness of effect. But this defectiveness and total want of good colouring seems to be a common failing of the R. A. and A. R. A. artists. Just look at—The Sailor’s Wife, (380), by S. Drummond, A. R. A., in which woman, child, drapery, sea, mountains, sky—all is of one colour, that is, without any true colour, but the whole overspread by a grey cloud, resembling so much wadding!

“What bad colouring, and how scattered the light, in that very mediocre, or worse than mediocre picture, (420), The enthronization of H. M. Victoria, in Westminster Abbey, by Aglio.

“This fault of diffusing the light too equally over the different parts of the canvas is manifest again in the great picture of Robin Hood, (290), in which is represented—Robin Hood and his merry men entertaining Richard Cœur de Lion in Sherwood Forest. For the more exact understanding of the picture we find it further noted that ‘At last Bold Robin (not knowing the King) drunk Richard’s health, and the King himself drunk to the King.’ On the left is little John, whose stature was seven feet, bringing in to a pryme fallow bucke. Will Scarlet is next to him. Fryer Tuck sings to Allan-a-Dale’s harp. Maid Marian sits in her bower, close to the ‘Triesting tree.’ This large picture, however, deserves not all the blame that has been cast upon it by various journals; some parts of it are well designed; some others well coloured, particularly as to the accessories. But the open mouths of all the faces; the truthless uniformity in the mode of illuminating all the heads; a certain monotony of colouring in some points; the want of harmony in others; defects in osteological design, conventional affectations, and many other instances of negligence, notwithstanding that the painting is highly finished, present just grounds of stricture upon Maclise, A. R. A. The painter of it, a young artist, who, nevertheless, may become a good painter, if he study closely and avoid the mannerism to which he seems inclined. The other little picture of two half-figures, (420), The Farewell, an ancient Knight embracing his Dulcinea, is good in effect, in contrast, and well painted, and shows that Maclise strives to improve. If he studies, there is little doubt that he will attain to a high rank, nor longer appear like a painter upon china.”

Here concluded the indignant philippic of our friend, Mr. R. A., he himself forthwith striding out of the rooms of the exhibition, infuriate in the highest possible degree.

We are somewhat inclined to suspect that our friend is of the number of those unfortunate persons, whose works, or the productions of some favourite friend of whom, were rejected by the directors “for the want of space in the rooms;” whilst they covered the walls with paintings, either of a very mediocre description, or which the public have already seen in many other exhibitions. While, however, we do not entirely accede in the severe judgment passed by our friend above-mentioned, we feel that it would be well for students in painting to reflect deeply on his criticisms, which contain many truths, easy to recognise and apply, notwithstanding their exaggeration, to the pictures pointed out;—truths, which may be harsh, but which should be listened to and learned, even by those already distinguished for their talent; and the word learn ought always to be properly understood, and profitably used by such,
because from them the Art has a right to exact more, and because, as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo have said, "The painter should study his art to the end of his life, and he will always find that much remains to be learned."

We will now commence our own review of the various pictures.

Entrée dans l’Eglise (2), by F. Goodall, is a work in which the architecture is well designed, and painted with a good tone of colouring. The figures are well composed; all is firm and true, and displays much thought. It is a production that affords much promise of the artist’s future success. We admire also his other little picture, (297), representing The Inside of a House in Normandy, where a soldier has been defeated at a game of chance. It exhibits truths of costume, good invention, and much elegance of touch; but he must guard against mannerism.

In Maiden Meditations (4), by N. J. Crowley, R. H. A., as well as in A Brown Study, and in Characters in Mrs. S. C. Hall’s Drama of “The Groves of Blarney,” as represented by Tyrone Power, the painter displays an evident capability of rising to a grade of eminence in the arts. His pencil is vigorous and free; and he only needs to keep in mind that the talented artist should not only display a fine imaginative faculty, and good execution in every figure, but also should cultivate the true chiaroscuro. The Grandmother (5), by J. Callcott Horsley. This tasteful painter has two pictures in the exhibition, painted with grace; but Love’s Messenger possesses this quality in a particular degree, especially in the girl, who is trying to elude the vigilance of her grandmother.

No. 16, View in the higher Swiss Alps, after a Storm, by Calame, is a painting in which the truth of the objects is represented with much poetry, and displays a masterly touch of pencil, with vigour of tint; indeed, it leads to the expectation that the author will arrive at a deep knowledge of the art applied to practice. So also in A Morning View of the Witterhorn, seen from Rosen-Laiti, in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland (30), and in A Savoyard Landscape by Lake Bourget (64), real merit is manifested, as well in conception as in execution.

We perceive another name, which we greet with pleasure, as we believe all will who delight in beautiful landscapes—we mean that of Cresswick. The views At Haddon, Derbyshire (33), Near Ashopton, Derbyshire (216), The Mouth of the Waterford River (273), and An English Lake Scene (341), all have the character of freedom; and the beauty of the branches of the trees is truly wonderful; the figures also are always well introduced, and add much to the general effect. Another quality in the style of Cresswick is a certain elegance, added to that of cor poco far molto. Some persons, however, charge him with a want of fire, and thus complain that in No. 273, he has placed trees on spots where they do not grow. No. 118, The Visit of Boccacio to Petrarch, at Arqua, hearing the degree of the Florentine Senate, restoring his Patrimonial Property, by J. Partridge. The story is gracefully invented, and the contrast of the physiognomy and dress of Petrarch, with the countenance and vestments of Boccacio, is well conceived and full of effect. We might, however, desire a closer observation of the costume of the epoch, and more harmony of lines and colouring. But Mr. J. Partridge is an artist who will attain considerable excellence if his industry does not fail him, and he continues to study the classics and nature. To the latter he has adhered with much fidelity in No. 28, A Sea-boy, which is a picture not without merit; and in No. 164, A Sea-nymph, another graceful painting, and one which proves a studious remembrance of the classics. The picture of the three heads, Apostles, No. 274, is full of masculine vigour of painting, in which may be discovered meditations upon the great masters. No. 11, Bettina, “Still on memory beams one star,” Theodorl Von Holste. This is a work replete with artistic knowledge, and leads us to desire that many more of the productions of such a master were here exhibited.

But why do we feel compelled to pass over rapidly so many works? Because either the execution is so bad, as entirely to conceal the good intention of the invention, or because the subject of the picture is not worth the trouble, or does not please sufficiently for us to speak of them. This last is perhaps the case with T. Von Holste. Why does he not, with his imagination and knowledge, seek for lofty subjects adapted to the necessities of the present epoch, in which the arts should assume
a high character, and noble mission in their organization. This question does not apply solely to this artist, but to the major part of those who possess talent sufficient to entitle them to the name of artist, and to enable them to comprehend its dignity. We address it to those who, rather than "artists," should, from the vulgarity of their talent, and low ignorance of mind, be designated "artisans." We readily accord their ample ability to fill their canvass with pigs, asses, and cauliflowers! But these are accusations which reach not Mr. Hart, R. A., who in the subject of No. 426, *Lady Jane Grey at the place of her Execution*, has evinced a desire to attempt subjects connected with history, and particularly with that of England; from such may always be drawn some great truth, conveying precepts of public utility. The moment selected by the artist is highly pictorial and picturesque.

"She (Lady Jane) was led to execution by Sir John Gage, the constable of the Tower, and attended by Fookham, who was Queen Mary's confessor, and abbot of Westminster, whose exhortations were to the last unavailing. She was disrobed by the attendant ladies, and after repeating the Psalm, 'Miserere mei Deus,' submitted to the axe of the executioner."

And although S. A. Hart has undertaken a grand subject, and treated it in a grand style, and upon a magnificent scale (height thirteen feet nine inches, width thirteen feet), an uncommon thing in this country, still we do not think he has arrived at perfection. On this point we could offer many critical remarks. Some critics have been too severe upon this picture, which in itself has many beautiful qualities. Considering the great difficulties of the subject, we think much indulgence due to the artist who has given an example of the treating lofty subjects in a lofty manner; and for this he is entitled to gratitude. Here we cannot omit an anecdote. Whilst these reflections upon this painting were revolving in our own minds, we overheard a humorous gentleman, who was looking at No. 19, *Contemplation*, exclaim, "In that I cannot have the contemplation of a beau ideal!" and coming to the picture, No. 20, and reading in the catalogue—"What shall I say?"

"Nothing!" he replied. However, the various and graceful pictures in this exhibition, by E. W. Cooke, demand other reflections. For example, No. 44—*Calais Pier*; No. 174—*Scheeling Sands*, and No. 187, *A Dutch Fish Waggon*—are little paintings in which the correctness of the design (for which the English school is never much to be praised), and the truth of the group of the figures, is truly wonderful. It is much to be wished that this artist, who has so many elements of real success as to bear comparison with the Flemish masters, would select subjects of a more historical nature. The same desire extends to another artist, who has some poetry, and a witchery of invention and execution, in things apparently the most vulgar, or least interesting—we mean the magician, E. Landseer, R.A. This picture alone, unique in its kind—*Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds*—No. 1, is an inimitable perfection of execution, and one of the most wonderful pictures of the animal race. These dogs' heads, the whole picture alluded to, seems to us rather a study of heads to be afterwards introduced in the composition of some other picture. We cannot, however, deem it very praise-worthy in so eminent an artist, to deform the public of works more interesting in subject. So unapproachable a master will pardon our requirements; let him think that he is a painter-poet, and that from him are expected, and may be required, happy poems in paintings: that if he is desirous of always introducing into his pictures dogs and other animals, he may find, in the history of the dogs of Saint Bernard and of Newfoundland, in that of horses, lions, and all animals, numerous subjects in which they are the principal heroes, and, for this reason; the perpetuation of their remembrance in some visible manner (as the pencil of a Landseer can immortalize them), may be a delightful lesson of the highest morality and philosophy to many men.

The desire which we have expressed relative to Mr. Cooke, and some other artist, we must now, and for the last time, repeat to Mr. Leigh upon seeing his—*The Free Companion*, No. 134, and—*View of the Castle and Village of Villa Viciosa, with the neighbouring Guadaramma Mountains*—No. 435. In the first of these pictures the genuine manner, full of military expression, fierce and superstitious—evident in the [MAGAZINE.]
whole; in the second, the beauty and truth of the lines, and of the colours, so completely local, induce us to urge Mr. Leigh to exert his talents on subjects more special, definite, and illustrative of the history of his country, which in its civil woes, and in every epoch, furnishes an ample number of facts worthy of being represented in painting. Mr. T. Zeitler is an artist who evinced a disposition to historic, rather than imaginative works. He has represented, in No. 187—The Chartists’ Advance from the Welch Mountains—and in No. 175—The Chartists’ Retreat to the Welch Mountains—there is a degree of freedom and imagination in his works which we admire; at the same time we could wish to see him less frequently negligent in his design, and that he did not treat, in a manner approaching the comic, subjects in themselves of melancholy gravity; and, finally, we should like greater warmth in his colouring, for there is a monotonous ashy colour throughout all his pieces, which in themselves are really graceful, as, for instance, No. 19—Hungarian Nobles and their Attendants; a Sledge Scene at Gran, on the Danube. The local truth of this little painting is certainly astonishing. It is a pity, then, that conventional monotony of colouring, and that, too, not according to the natural effect, should be spread over works, in other respects very truthful. And among other instances of this exhibition, of the same defect, we must cite Mr. J. B. Crome—Scene on the Old River Norwich, Moonlight—(134)—in which, together with many others, monotony is produced by the too abundant use of sepia. Very beautiful is No. 260—Grace Darling—by H. P. Parker—Grace Darling and her Parents supplying refreshments to the North Sunderland Fishermen, who were nearly lost in attempting to reach the wreck of the Forfarshire. The lighthouse being filled with the rescued from the wreck, the fishermen were obliged to take up their abode in an out-house, where they were detained two days by the violence of the weather, during which time they received the ample hospitality of these worthy people, and their daughter. Such is the subject of the picture, and it is well treated; the figures are expressive; the groups well formed; in short, it is a work abounding in talent, but a greenish hue pervades the piece—sky, earth, room, clothes, furniture, men, women, all greenish. It might almost be supposed that the artist, whilst painting, wore green spectacles, which caused him to see every thing in the same tint.

In No. 76, T. Woodward—Fighting Horses—the composition displays true talent, but the artist seems to have beheld all the objects through red glass; consequently the picture is in false colouring. Again, No. 311—Italian Goatherds entertaining a Brother of the Santissima Trinità—is weak, and somewhat inclining to the ashy, whilst the picture is true, well and gracefully composed. The same artist, R. Scott Lander, has adopted a better colouring in The Looking-Glass. A beautiful lady is contemplating herself in a mirror, and like another Narcissus, admiring her own loveliness. The elegance of this work is truly pleasing; the reality of the white silk dress of the conceived creature is wonderful. Beside this is another exquisite little thing, well designed and truly handled. It is a little Neapolitan scene—Gathering Oranges, Naples—by T. Uwins, R. A.—Gale on the Danube, Ratisbone—(23)—Geneva, the Bridge over the Rhine—(220)—Old Buildings at Nuremberg—(227)—and—Venice—G. Jones, R. A., are pictures, or rather sketches of various characteristics, and various kinds of edifices, treated with considerable knowledge. He who can copy so accurately, must be quite capable of inventing originals, both effective and beautiful.

In the works of F. R. Lee, R. A., a poetic mind is very evident, although he has preserved a surprising degree of truth in the objects represented in—A Scene in Penshurst Park—(29)—Woodcutters—(130)—View from St. George’s Hill, looking towards Windsor—and among his numerous pictures (See No. 149), the last mentioned, we find much beauty and reality. Neither of which qualities are, however, discoverable in the two little pictures by another R.A., Etty, No. 338—Group of Children—and 347—The Little Mariner—which is a culpable error as respects both name and the art. He is, nevertheless, a man of talent; but the more a painter has of mannerism, the farther he advances in the false. In regard to Truth, although of a more modest kind, and not academical, the picture—Fruit Piece—(77)—as well as—Captain Rolando showing to Gil Blas the treasure of the Cave (360)—
both by G. LANCE, display a power of pencil in the draperies, fruit vases, and accessories, which is truly admirable. The figures also possess much merit: the style is that of the Spanish school. We might, perhaps, wish for more aerial perspective.

We cannot speak of aerial things, without mentioning No. 139—Rising of the Pleiades—by H. HOWARD, R.A. The artist was inspired by these lines—

"Now from the height of their paternal mount,
The Atlantic sirens, in their wonted course,
Prepare to join the starry host of heaven,
Tuning symphoniously their nightly hymn.
To Jove, the best and greatest."

This piece has much sweetness, and a certain transparency in the tints; but it is deficient in celestial sublimity. The mind which conceived such a picture, and the hand which executed it, both display great talent.

Among those who have, in imitation of Maclise, adopted a transparent brightness of tints, we see R. Rothwell, whose painting, No. 144—Sketched from Nature—deserves notice. But let him beware, the transition from his style to mannerism, is easy? We derived much pleasure from seeing again the beautiful transparency of the tints, the purity, historic interest, and execution, careful and elegant, in all its details, in No. 239, by C. LANESEER, A. R. A. He gives us, in his picture, a page of history; honour to him who feels that the painter ought to unite in himself the philosopher also, the poet, and the historian; and all praise to him who can well execute that which he has well conceived!—the excellence of his hand corresponds to that of his mind. Another less complicate but terrible piece of history is presented to us by W. F. FRITH, in No. 306, Othello and Desdemona. It is apparently the work of a young hand, which promises greater things in composition; but besides the general qualities of the art, he must give much study to the costumes of the epoch represented. All encouragement should be afforded to young artists just beginning their career; we shall, therefore, conclude this article upon the exhibition of the British Institution with offering our congratulations to H. GRIFFIN, Jun. upon his picture—Calais Sands, with Forrouge in the distance, No. 354. This painting occupies a disadvantageous situation, but it shows talent which, with favourable opportunity, will acquire reputation. It is for rich Meccenas to foster youthful genius. Among such, and well meriting praise, and much attention, is W. T. Muller.

His Offering a Greek Slave for Sale in a street leading to the Slave-market, Grand Cairo, No. 363, seems as if it had been painted on the spot; it has all the true oriental taste; the lineal perspective is very correct, the tints beautiful and true, and the effect of the details in the entire piece is excellent. We purpose devoting a short article in the next number to those works now omitted, and particularly to those of ladies; afterwards we shall notice the sculpture. We must not, however, finish this, without expressing our admiration of a young painter, who seems to unite together various styles, among which the Dutch predominates. C. BROCCHI is, perhaps, a young German? His elegant little picture, No. 40—An Effect seen in the Highlands—gave us infinite delight. Two little creatures watching their flocks, are sheltering themselves from the sun, under one umbrella. The effect of light and shade is most beautiful, and the expressions of their countenances charming. In No. 253—Fidelity—is a pleasing picture. We do not much like allegorical and symbolical figures, but we certainly do admire the manner in which the artist has imagined Fidelity. It is a fair lady, with a physiognomy at once gentle, firm, and calm; the eyes are soft, and her brow is encircled with ivy, the colour of which changes not, nor fades with the variations of seasons. Being a celestial virtue, her dress is of the hue of the sky; she wears a girdle to which some keys are attached, symbolizing that all committed to her keeping is secure. She is resting with her left hand upon a pillar, whilst with her right she caresses a dog, the emblem of fidelity. The invention is very pretty; the design correct; the attitude simple, sweet, and delicate; the physiognomy graceful, and the colouring harmonious. We should like to see from the same artist—Strength! Fidelity to the art, and invincible strength conduct to glory in the arts.
THE SILVER-HEADED CANE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

One evening, towards the latter end of the harvest of 1830, two villagers were ascending the little hill upon which the village of Kurowo is situate, engaged in singing a krakowiak, the chorus of which might be distinctly heard at the end of each verse—

"Dana, dana, dana,
Ulina kockana."

As the villagers came to a turn of the road, they stopped their song for a moment, to leap upon a waggon, drawn by four little horses, which one of them had been leading up the steep part of the hill. The waggon contained three barrels of beer, on one of which the youngest of the two placed himself, and began again to carol his krakowiak, in which he was sometimes joined by his companion, who was sitting on the front of the waggon, holding the reins in his left hand, guiding and encouraging the horses with a long whip which he held in his right, and occasionally stopping in his song to utter "Hey, hey! wo, wio, wio!" and such other mystical terms as horses understand.

As the waggon approached a particular part of the road, the young man on the barrel said—"Look, Bartek, here is exactly the spot on which I thrashed the cursed Moscovite, last Monday."

"Well, Wojtek, I wish that I had been with you, were it for nothing else than to have seen how the rascal capered when you applied the whip to his back."

"The whip was nothing; but if you had seen how I applied my cane to his shoulders; it was a horrid bad cane, however; he may thank St. George that it broke so soon."

"You served him rightly. Did the rascal think he had a right to strike you, because he could not find his way to the village? I dare say he did; but little thought of the blows he was to receive in exchange. No, no; fighting is a game at which two generally can play; and he who strikes first, sometimes only comes off second best."

"Although he was not a good Christian, I would have shown him the way, had he but asked me civilly. I taught the dog a lesson, however, that conductors are not to be had in Poland for the beating. Oh! but I forgot, there was one misfortune; the silver top of my cane flew away when it broke, and I could not find it again in the dark, but it is not of much consequence: probably some one poorer than myself will find it, and it may assist to purchase salt for his beef."

As Wojtek finished, Bartek, with a long Pr-r-r-vow, stopped his horses before the door of a little house, the outside of which seemed to have been newly whitewashed, and bore more of the comfortable appearance of an English or Swiss farm-house, than is usually met with in Poland.

The cracking of the whip soon brought out the old woman of the house and her daughter Wilina, both of whom hastened to open the gate, to allow the waggon to enter the yard, where, being safely lodged and the horses put up in the stable, the peasants bent their steps towards the house.

The walls of the lobby were hung around with various implements of husbandry, while the floor was swarming with about twenty fowls, engaged in picking up the means of subsistence, and gabbling in the full luxuriance of all their varied tones. This lobby conducted to the kitchen, which was chiefly lighted by the blaze in the chimney. Some covered pots stood round the fire, guarded by an old cat, murmuring its purring song in deceitful contentment, and ever and anon casting its long-sighted eyes towards some sausages that were drying in the smoke.

As it was the evening before an intended nuptial fête, the old woman had removed
her bed into the barn, and that of Wilina had also disappeared from the corner in which it usually stood. These arrangements had been made in order to gain more room; and to an eye accustomed to its former state gave the kitchen a little of the appearance of being deserted. A small square table stood between two windows, which afforded but an imperfect light, as the fowls had broken the major part of the panes of glass, and these had been supplied by paper, until the itinerant glazier chanced to come to replace them. At this table the young bride was busy preparing her nuptial garments, while Wojtek, forgetting that all the light she had came from these two windows, seated himself with his back to one of them, and otherwise hindered her in her labours, by attracting her blue eyes towards his every time she chanced to let them wander from her work.

The old mother was busy arranging the repast at another table, where Jerzy and his son Bartek had placed themselves in anxious expectation; and when supper was ready, they seemed surprised that Wilina and Wojtek had to be called more than once before they joined them. The repast consisted of milk, potatoes, and a few fish, which Jerzy had caught with his rod in the morning. After this, the peasants regaled themselves with a draught of the beer which Madame Wabinska had sent to Wilina on account of the approaching nuptials; and when Jerzy had finished his third pint of beer, during the drinking of which he passed sundry encomiums both on it and Madame Wabinska, he requested the young people to complete all their arrangements that night, as he had promised to meet their friends at sun-rise next morning.

"Where is the rendezvous, good Jerzy?" said Wojtek.

"Near the image of St. Waurzyonio, on the road to Stesin. Come, then, Bartek, do you give horses their corn, and see that the stool-wagon is got into proper order; and you, Wojtek, go and look after Piotr, Tomek, Stark, and the other druzba, and tell them to get ready to-morrow betimes. I have already seen Maciek and Kubia, and they promise to be with us, and to play their best tunes.

"So, so, replied the mistress of the house; then I, and Wilina, and the mother of Wojtek, and our god-mother Teressa, and Gasprowa, will get ready the cake, the roast, the sausages, the blood-puddings, &c., &c. Oh! but they will be excellent; I will put plenty of pepper into them. Get away, you cursed hypocrite," she continued, addressing herself to the cat, who, observing that the old lady had not been watching her movements, then jumped up at one of the sausages, and brought the whole lot of them down upon the fire and hearth, thus demolishing, at one fell swoop, the charming prospect of how her skill would be relished by the guests of to-morrow.

This untoward event stopped her discourse; and while she was busy searching for pusses, to wreak her vengeance upon the creature, the greater part of the sausages were left to spoil upon the fire, and the cat was enjoying the remainder in some obscure, but safe, retreat.

Wilina was now joined by five or six of her companions, who, after the usual salutations, adjourned with her to the outside of the door, where they repeated and heard all that was worth repeating and hearing, on such an interesting occasion as concerned the last evening that she was to be one of themselves.

Before the sun had risen next morning, Wojtek was in the stable cleaning and feeding his horse, which being finished he proceeded to dress himself with all the care befitting a nuptial morning; and when he led forth his charger, bridled and saddled, it was not wonderful that Wilina should look happy and pleased.

Wojtek was dressed in a pair of white striped breeches, an under-coat of light blue, ornamented with brass buttons, and secured round his waist with a black silk sash; over this he wore a large loose-laced frock-coat, of dark blue, which reached considerably below his knees, almost meeting the white tops of his heavy-heeled boots! On his head he wore a high round casquet of short dark fur, ornamented with three roses of red ribbon, neatly tied in knots behind, while on the top was a small dome of red cloth, surmounted with a tall feather. Round his neck he had a red handkerchief, while, from under his cap, flowed over his shoulders, his long brown ringlets, on which that day no ordinary labour had been bestowed.

Whether this description will serve well to give an idea of the young Polish bride-MAGAZINE.]
groom, we cannot tell; but few peasant girls, of any country, could have looked at him without interest, as curling his white mustaches, and bowing to his affianced, he vaulted into the saddle, and was soon out of sight.

Wilina had not over-slept herself. She also had been at her toilet betimes, attended by four of her companions, who were proud of the honour of assisting to deck her out on her bridal morn, and as she appeared at the cottage-door, looked worthy of her Wojtek. She was dressed in a light-blue jacket, laced in front, with a Vandyke border, which was finished behind in a little peak; her white chemise covered her arms nearly to the elbow, and was again seen peeping out at the neck. Above the jacket, which showed well her shape in all the beauty of a fine form, her frock was of dark blue merino, deeply plaited, and, in part, covered by a little smart white apron, ornamented by two diminutively laughing pockets. Wilina’s head was dressed with the choicest flowers of which the village could boast. A red ribbon was bound round her brow, over her ears, and tied with a graceful bow at the back of her head, while pendant behind might be observed her beautiful fair hair, gracefully braided into two rows, tied with small blue ribbons, interspersed with about a dozen of other ribbons of different colours, but equally long with the hair; white stockings, and black morocco high-heeled shoes, completed her dress, while round her neck might be observed a string of coral beads, to which was attached a little silver cross; and on her finger she wore a ring Wojtek had given her.

If Wilina’s dress was gay, it did not take away from her personal attractions. Her face was oval, rather pale than red, her eyes full of life, only occasionally raised from the ground, her teeth white and regular, her mouth such as would make an old man wish to become better acquainted with it. Such were Wojtek and Wilina on their bridal morn; but the description cannot do justice to her dress and personal charms; it is accurate, but it wants the living soul that spoke forth in every movement of the breathing original.

On the return of Wojtek, Wilina placed in his breast a bouquet of flowers, which were bound by a small white handkerchief, so fixed as to allow three corners to be suspended, this being an old Polish custom to distinguish a bridegroom on the day of his marriage. Wojtek found also something to arrange near the little cross which hung from Wilina’s neck, and forgot himself so far as to press her trembling hand upon his jacket, and was very busy in arranging, adjusting, and admiring her dress, when the druze announced themselves by two volleys of pistols, and loud cries mixed with the trampling of horses.

All the inhabitants of the cottage saluted forth to meet them; and the scene was one of much animation, while old Jerzy might be seen very busily urging his guests to fasten their horses to the barrier in front of the door and enter his house to do honour to the many good things which were prepared for breakfast.

As soon as breakfast was finished, the voiture of Bartek received Wilina and his father, who drove off for the rendezvous, followed by eight druze on horseback, dressed nearly after the same fashion as Wojtek.

On arrival at the figure of Saint Waurzyonio, Jerzy found that the greater number of the carriages were waiting; amongst others the chariots which Madame Wabinska had been kind enough to send, lest they should not themselves have sufficient accommodation; and, in a short time, the whole of the cavalcade moved on towards the church.

Four musicians, seated in the first chariot, led the way, playing gay and lively national tunes suited to the occasion; they were followed by Jerzy’s stool waggon, in which Wilina was seated, surrounded by eight young maidens of the village, all dressed something after the style of herself. Tomasgowa, the mother of Wojtek, with her cronies, occupied the third vehicle; while the fourth contained Jerzy, the schoolmaster, and such other dignitaries of the village as it was usual to invite to feasts of this kind. By the side of the second carriage rode Wojtek, chattering and laughing with his bride and her maidens, not forgetting at the same time to display his horsemanship by taking advantage of every accident that required skilful management of a fiery steed. The druze galloped without ceasing, round and round the cavalcade as it proceeded on its way, crying, singing, leaping and urging their different horses against each other.

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As the parties proceeded, the last carriage picked up a villager, who said, "that during the morning he had passed a troop of Cossacks whom he would have supposed were proceeding to the frontier to relieve the guard, were it not that Abraham, the rich old Jew of the village, had told him, as a secret, that the recruiting was to commence in a few days; he told him also that there was an officer at the hotel, St. Petersburgh, of the town, who, he doubted not, was a general or a major, or some other great officer, as he had very fine gold epaulets, and all the Cossacks touched their bonnets as they passed the window of the chamber which he occupied; he had also been assured that the officer spoke only Russian to the waiters of the hotel, a circumstance which was of itself very suspicious."

"It is well for you and me," said the schoolmaster, "that we are not so young as we once were; we at least are safe, but probably it may be dangerous for Bartek and Wojtek to be seen in the neighbourhood."

"They run a risk, certainly," replied another of the party, "not only of becoming Russian soldiers, but also in that case of being buried alive, as the Russian commanders, in order to save themselves trouble, are in the habit of throwing the dead and wounded into the same ditch." "But Bartek is already thirty years old," replied Jerzy, "and Wojtek is the only son of an old widow woman; both, therefore, are exempt from the conscription;" and thus, warmed by the recollection of his own military career, he began to tell the oft-repeated, and never to be forgotten tale of how, at the battle of Raclawice, he had charged in the front of blazing artillery.

In the third carriage the ladies did not lose the opportunity of talking about their marriage-day, when, as they alleged, times were more favourable, the earth more fruitful, and gold more abundant than in these degenerate times; these were the days, they would say with a sigh, when the men danced better and were more polite than they had been since: those that were widows mourned over the death of their husbands, and told how it had taken place; and the mother of Wojtek wept as she related how her Jomasz had been killed at the battle of Raszyn, leaving her with one infant, whom she had reared with great care, and who was now so soon to depart from her in her old age, but was told to dry her tears, as instead of losing a son she was about to gain a daughter who would take care of her in infirmity, and whose little ones would amuse her as they frolicked round her couch. In such sort of conversation did the time pass away until they arrived at the town, whose inhabitants, aroused by the music and other noises, made haste to their windows and doors to see the bride and bridgroom.

As soon as the carriages could be unburthened of their respective occupants, and the horses stabled, the party proceeded to the church, where, kneeling down in the centre of the aisle, mass was said, after which Wojtek led Wilina to the front of the altar where stood the priest in attendance, or, as he was sometimes irreverently termed, "le maître d’aumône," who, with more haste than devotion, soon completed the ceremony, amidst the tears of Wilina and the female attendants, who seem in all such cases to consider themselves specially licensed to weep. The party then returned to the inn, where, after partaking of eau de vie and cakes, they resumed their places with the cavalcade, and proceeded home, where they would soon have arrived had not Bartek, under the influence of the eau de vie, defied one of Madame Wabin ska’s postilions to a trial of the comparative speed of their horses, at which they both set off at full gallop, amid the cries of Tomaszorva and her cronies. The race was pretty well matched, and it is difficult to say who would have gained had not the wheels of the chariot struck against some rocks in the rut of the road, which freed the horses from the body of the vehicle, leaving it stuck in the middle of the pathway, to the great terror of the inmates, and the amusement of their friends who gave way to the most unbounded merriment as soon as they ascertained that none of them were hurt.

The horses being brought back with some difficulty, were attached to the crazy machine, and the terrified ladies soon found themselves again entering the village of Kurowo, where they were greeted by their friends, who came out to welcome the newly-married couple.

The guests were all soon seated round the well-filled table of Jerzy, when Mr. MAGAZINE.} 251
Piszczakchi, the parish organist, delivered a long proof lecture in praise of Wojtek, Wilina, &c., &c., not forgetting Madame Wabinska, the lady of the manor, and the beer she had sent, as also the other good things on the table provided by their worthy host; after this oration, which was sufficiently tiresome, had been brought to an unexpected close by the smell of sundry savoury dishes finding their way to the olfactory nerves of the orator, the drusba led Wilina and Wojtek before their parents to receive their blessing, which was pronounced with much fervour and solemnity of voice and manner. The repast was continued with great vigour until the sounds of music being heard in the adjoining barn, the younger portion of the guests proceeded thither, preferring the dance to even the beer of Madame Wabinska.

Dancing, merriment, and good-nature, served to pass the time lightly away, until the fatigues of the day and night began to thin the crowd; but it was far in the morning before the more active withdrew, in order to qualify themselves anew for the three days and nights' rejoicing, which is usual at such fêtes. About three o'clock in the morning not more than twenty remained; amongst these might be seen the mothers of Wilina and Wojtek, seated near the chimney, engaged in apparently very confidential and interesting conversation. Jerzy was dancing with one of the village maidens, Wojtek with his blooming wife, while the organist, forgetful of the high dignity of his official situation, had fallen asleep in a corner, evidently under considerably more obligations to the beer than to either the music or the dancing. The schoolmaster, who never missed a practical joke when he could have it with impunity, was busy ornamenting the face of the unconscious organist with a burnt cork, when suddenly the door opened, and a man, enveloped in a military cloak, followed by about thirty Cossacks, entered the barn; the teacher glanced round him for a moment or two, as if endeavouring to recognise some one; Wojtek had scarcely time to observe that he held the end of his lost cane, with the silver top, in his hand, before his ears were saluted with "that is the rascal, seize him—yes—that is the villain who struck me with a cane, away with him—we will teach him not to be so ready in future with his whip and his cane—he will have time enough as a soldier to expiate the atrocious crime of striking an officer of the imperial guard."

As the leader finished, five or six of the men rushed forward. Wojtek, unable to make any resistance, was rudely torn from the agonizing embraces of his mother and wife: these were pushed aside, and told to keep their tears till he came again to see them. Jerzy had made his escape by some private door; and there was apparently not even one arm to assist Wojtek, as both the schoolmaster and organist were covering in a corner, and the females of the party were too much surprised to have rendered even a feeble means of annoyance. Two of the Cossacks were about to bind the hands of their prisoner behind his back, and the officer had given command to his men to fall back and plunder the farm, when three flashes of fire darted from the roof of the barn, and the officer, with one of his men, fell to the ground. Wojtek, with the speed of a deer, sprang from the soldiers; and from the other side of the barn added to the confusion, and defended himself by hurling stools, and whatever else he could lay hand upon, amidst the stunned but not yet terrified Cossacks, who were on the point of again securing their victim, when a second and more deadly volley was poured upon them; and ere they could recover themselves, ten or twelve men, armed partly with guns, and partly with scythes, jumped down from the end of the barn, and dashed towards the door. But the Russian soldiers, unaware of how strong this force might be, and, as is well known, unwilling at any time to fight where there is a chance of reprisal, gained their horses, and before our peasants were able to load, were far out of the reach of their longest guns. The scene was now changed, from merriment and dancing, to silence, only interrupted by the click of a gun or pistol lock, in the act of being cleaned or examined. As the morning light dawned, Jerzy, who had been leaning with his head on his hands, seemed to have been pondering on the novel and unexpected position in which he was placed; and calling around him the whole of the party, who had been sitting or standing in the barn, he pointed to the dead bodies of the officer and five of the Cossacks, lying near the door, and said—

"Before to-morrow's sun is set, these men will have received burial from the hands
of their comrades, and if we remain here, we share the same fate. It is only neces-
sary that Wojtek, Bartek, and myself, with our wives or mothers, seek safety
elsewhere; the imperial troops will not be able to implicate more in the transaction.
Hence to your homes, my friends, and I will arrange for our own safety.”

It was far in the afternoon, when a strong body of mounted soldiers were seen
approaching Kurowo. They halted in front of Jerzy's house; but the inmates were
gone. The neighbours were examined, and some of them bound prisoners, but
nothing could be learned of that devoted family. The soldiers were for burning and
sacking the whole village, but their commander would not then allow it. He said
that perhaps they might come back and do so, for the inhabitants deserved it, but
his orders would not permit it at that time; full authority was, however, given to
plunder the farm of old Jerzy; after which, the dead bodies were brought out and
placed upon a waggon. The house was set on fire; and, regardless of how far the
burning might extend, the Cossacks, with their prisoners, corpses, and booty, turned
from the village, vowing to come back and level it with the ground.

A few weeks after this voluntary banishment of the farmer and his family, the
standard of revolt was raised against the oppressor of Poland, and our fugitives were
enabled to come forth from their ambush, and join the band of patriots; and for
ten long months nobly assisted in the struggle. But the fall of Warsaw was a death-
blow to the freedom of Poland, and the standard of Russia again floated over the
scenes of her former crimes, and the strength, though not the spirit of the nation,
was crushed beneath the foot of ruthless barbarity.

Jerzy was killed in a skirmish at Datnow; the mother of Wojtek soon sunk be-
neath the fatigue of the campaign, from following which nothing could prevent her;
and Jerzy was shortly followed by his wife, who, worn out with fatigue and grief, fell
a victim to the cholera, and was buried in the same grave with her husband.

When the remnant of the Polish army was betrayed at the frontier by General
Gielgud, Wojtek and Wilina were forced into the Prussian territory, but Bartek re-
mained with the party who refused to cross the frontier—and thus was the comfort of
the little circle now doubly broken. Wojtek and Wilina, after a great many hard-
ships, reached France, where, after a few weeks, they were employed to attend to the
dairy upon a military French gentleman's small estate, not far from Besancon.
Bartek wandered about from one country to another, until the Piedmontese expedi-
tion, under Romarino, had failed. He was then compelled to leave behind him,
not only his own country, but even France and Switzerland, as these governments
had no longer the courage to protect the exile and the wanderer; but England, which
affords a shelter to every exile that reaches her shore, received him; and he might
be called happy, were it not that the bitter remembrance of his country haunts his
day and his night dreams; and his fervent prayer is, that he may soon be again
allowed to pray for his country, according to the custom of his forefathers, with the
scythe in his hand, before an altar raised on lances and cannons, under a canopy
dressed with eagles and colours; for then will the tyrant that has made a long and
a wide church-yard of Poland feel the vengeance which the retribution of insulted
justice, crying from a thousand towns and villages, will let burst on his guilty head.

R.
The Czar. A Romance of History. 
In 3 vols.

To those persons who delight in a full banquet of the horrible, served up with considerable powers of diction, we can fully recommend these volumes. The hero is no less a person than Ivan Vasilievitch, surnamed the Terrible, who played his fantastic tricks before "high heaven" in the age of our Queen Elizabeth.

The history of Russia, by the native Karasmin, is, as our author affirms, far more revolting than set forth in any scenes here described. Be it so; yet should the author have remembered that history must not swerve from fact and choose the matter for narrative, but that the romance writer has the free liberty of selecting and arranging, and not being forced to detail facts, unless he please to do so, we think he does wrong to agonize the nerves of delicate women by minute details of physical sufferings, the results of cruelty. Our author possesses eloquence, research, and an accurate knowledge of the country wherein his scenes are laid: and such requisites ought to make his writings admired. Why, therefore, if such were unluckily the case, should he be unsuccessful, unless, thus, the author of his own dethronement.

Ivan the Terrible, was, in the earlier part of his reign, the most beneficent sovereign Russia ever possessed, till the death of his beloved wife Natasha, who was poisoned: thereupon his mind became exasperated to such a pitch of destructiveness, that he deluged his country with blood. The tale commences with the famous embassy sent by Queen Elizabeth to this maniac; the English composing the embassy are the principal personages of the story; but Grace Wilmington, and her friends, are, in our estimation, rather rapid personages, and Sir Thomas Randolph and his monkey alone efficient.

As a proof that our author possesses talents which would command rank in a far higher department of literature than romance, we quote the following spirited and graphic passage:—

Hoida! Cossaque! Hoids! Hourra!
The foremost have the sack—Huzza!

What! though we slay a Turk, or Pole,
We take his goods to save his soul!

Hourra!

Hoida! Cossaque! Hoids! Hourra!
The foeman's hold our course,

Huzza!

The fight, the battle-field, the sack!
Or by the Czar, he's no Cossaque!

Hourra!

Hoids! Cossaque! Hoids! Hourra!
A forage for the prey—Huzza!

A schnapps to Russia's Oto-Czar!
Our Hetman and marauding war!

Hourra!

Such was the burthen of the wild and lawless song, given in hearty chorus by a body of horsemen, who were proceeding at a leisurely pace over an extensive plain which lay between the city of Nijni-Novogorod and Moscow. They were in number about three hundred, and would have been formidable to any troop of equal force. Long pistols, supported by their belts, daggers, swords, and lances, composed their martial weapons; whilst some, without appearing encumbered with such a multiplicity of instruments of destruction, held a short whip for the purpose of flagellating their steeds. In other respects, their equipment being so various, it would require a description of each of the equestrians to convey a correct idea of the whole, such a variety of European and Asiatic costume and equipment was there exhibited. The foremost horseman of the party, however, whom we may conjecture to be the leader, was somewhat more carefully arrayed, and displayed a countenance strongly expressive of intelligence and warlike ardour.

By their reckless bearing, their warlike equipment, and varied accoutrements, the Cossackes, the dreaded Cossackes, were known at a glance,—those warriors, who had spread from the shores of the Caspian to the Dnieper, from Trebizond to the Baikal, and whose renown was to extend to our own age, coupled with enterprise, danger, and success.

Formed by hardy habits for toil and war-
fear, which developed their persons to advantage, a peculiar mode of inoculation, practised amongst them from a very remote period, had preserved them from that defacing scourge of the human race, the small-pox. To these causes may be traced that manly beauty which at that period characterised the hardy warriors of the Don.

Fugitives, and daring spirits from various nations, first formed the ranks of these bold marauders. It is not therefore to be wondered at that a hero sprung up occasionally amongst them; and that as their increasing numbers made them more formidable, whole countries trembled at their approach, or eagerly sought their assistance in an age of direful contentions and incessant wars.

The Greek religion was their adopted faith; and to this circumstance may be attributed that support and preference which Russia so often found in her troubles, from these vagrant troops, which she could not find in those of any other nation. And to their powerful aid, if we trace the acquisitions of Russia since she emerged from barbarism, much may be set down as gained by the support of these valiant auxiliaries. Treated at first as robbers, outlaws, and barbarians, Russia soon learned a different policy towards them. She was not long in discovering that as friends they would be invaluable; as enemies, continually harrassing her, and flying at the approach of her armies; severely felt, but never to be found. As their position occupied the extreme south, and south-west, of the Russian empire, they formed, as allies, a formidable barrier against the Turk and the Pole.

The muster of the female beauties of Russia, for the purpose of affording a choice to Ivan the Terrible, of a new Czarina, affords many entertaining scenes, though too often mixed with dashes of the horrible; and the third volume commences out-hereding Herod.

Our author will find a large class of readers to whom his highly-seasoned fare is truly grateful; but he has abilities to please universally, if he would but restrain his morbid taste for depicting “things horrible.” We will permit him to touch the limits of the terrific, but he must not advance as far as the horrible, or he creates in elegant minds unutterable shrinlings of disgust. On the contrary, if he cultivates refinement, following good advice, and choosing proper subjects, he may preserve all his animation and power of diction, and be, as we have said before, universally admired.


Amongst the various departments of literature, topography deserves a very high rank. Learned and intelligent men, who are residents in one particular district, and close observers of its peculiar features, are sure to collect a mass of valuable information. When the place they illustrate has been remarkable in an historical point of view, the labours of the topographer often cast a strong focus of light on obscure or disputed passages connected with national annals. Southwold is one of these historical spots, possessing a high celebrity in our naval records, a fact which of itself stamps a decided value on this publication. But the History of Southwold, Ancient and Modern, possesses many other high claims to approbation, for it discusses with great spirit and originality, the geological, zoological, botanical, and architectural antiquities of the most interesting part of this the eastern angle of our island.

The old scarce quarto history on Dunwich and Southwold, written by the antiquarian Gardner (himself a native of Southwold), now bears a high price in bibliopele collections, and is totally unattainable in modern libraries. Mr. Wake’s volume not only condenses all the cream of this work, but a great mass of information derived from documents to which no person in Gardner’s day had access; moreover, Mr. Wake has most intelligently written the history of the hundred years which have elapsed since old Gardner penned that volume, which preserved the memory of the emporium of the east—the once august city of Dunwich—from falling into oblivion. Among the valuable features which either escaped Gardner’s research, or were inaccessible to him, we quote the curious letter by Henry Savile, one of the gallant volunteers from the English court, who made it a point of honour to share the dangers of Solebay fight. The following account of that bloody and dearly bought victory must, at this period of England’s naval history, be read with feelings of peculiar interest.

Reminiscences of the engagement at Southwold, between the combined fleets of the
English and French on one hand, and the Dutch on the other.

The memorable victory which England obtained over the Dutch, (A. D. 1672,) is one of those historical reminiscences which connect Southwold and its vicinity with some of the most interesting British incidents.

Southwold-bay, or as it was anciently abbreviated, ‘Solé-bay,’ is celebrated as the scene of an obstinate and sanguinary naval engagement. The fleets of Britain and of France were combined on the one hand against the Dutch fleet on the other. The former of 101 sail of men-of-war, besides fire-ships and tenders, carrying 6,018 guns and 34,000 men. The latter, including fire-ships and tenders, mustered 168, of which 91 were men-of-war. The commanders of the combined squadron were James, Duke of York, Count D’Estrees, and Earl of Sandwich. Against these were opposed, on the side of the Dutch, De Ruyter, Blankart, and Van Ghent, accompanied by Cornelius De Witt, as their deputy from the States.

The English and French lay upon the bay in a very negligent posture. Sandwich warned his brother commanders of their danger, but was answered by His royal Highness with an imputation upon his courage. The event proved how unjust such suspicions, and how much the allies were indebted for their safety to the caution of the man who had been so groundlessly censured. Upon the appearance of the enemy there was much trepidation, and the combined forces had to cut away some of their cables before their ships could be got into readiness. Sandwich left room for his comrades to disengage themselves by hastening out of the bay. This judicious and well-timed movement prevented the destruction of the combined fleet by De Ruyter’s fire-ships—a result which seemed inevitable, from the false and crowded position in which the English vessels were placed.

Having thus succeeded in disentangling his confederates, the despised Sandwich rushed into the battle, determined to conquer or die. By presenting himself at every post of danger, he drew towards him the fiercest shocks and bravery of his opponents. The entire squadron of Van Ghent was thus encountered single-handed. But the intrepidity of Sandwich proved to be more than a match for the Dutch admiral, whom he slew with his own hand, sinking a man-of-war and three other of the enemy’s vessels. At this moment of unequalled success, his battered ship was grappled and fired. Of the thousand brave hands that formed his crew, but a small portion remained. His officers were all cut down, and himself surrounded with flames. Still was he thundering in the midst of the enemy—being vainly solicited to provide for his safety; and when his burning vessel could no longer afford him fighting room, he boldly flung himself into the sea, and exposed, by his gallant conduct, even in death, the rashness of the censure which impugned his bravery.

In the mean time the Duke of York was hotly pressed by De Ruyter; and so fiercely and obstinately was the dispute maintained between them, that of thirty-two actions in which his royal highness had been engaged, he declared this to be the sharpest and longest. His ship became disabled—himself overpowered by numbers—and the enemy so sanguine by reason of his seemingly hopeless condition, that had not Sir Joseph Jordan come to his aid, the Duke must have shared the fate of Sandwich. Twice, during the heat of the battle, he was forced to desert the ships in which he fought, in consequence of the damage and loss of men which they successively suffered. Night at last brought this well-contested engagement to a close, in which the loss on both sides was nearly equal and very great. It may be judged to what an extent the Dutch fleet received injury, from the fact that the publication of their loss was forbidden by the States. The French ships scarcely took any share in the action, but for the most part kept out of the reach of danger. It is supposed that they had received secret orders to stand aloof and to spare their hands, that the Dutch and English might be weakened by mutual animosity. At all events, whatever efforts they made seemed rather intended to counterwork, than to succour, the British arms. Notwithstanding the inequality of numbers, and the desertion which occasioned it, the intrepidity of our seamen forced the enemy to seek their safety in flight—though they fought even in flight. The victory on our side was dearly bought. But it would doubtless have been more complete, had it not been for the merrymaking which the Englishmen kept upon the day preceding the engagement, being Wednesday. Many of their officers and sailors were in consequence prevented from helping their comrades, they themselves being left on shore, where they had been keeping holiday without apprehension, and the enemy having made their appearance so suddenly and unexpectedly.

The Southolders, who were anxiously watching on shore, were precluded by a thick fog from beholding the events of this well-fought day. But the uneasingly ascending smoke, the constant roaring of the guns, and the quickly-repeated concussions, which shook them in their houses and standing-places, held them, as it were, spell-bound by excitement and panic. Under these impressions they were induced, as the day advanced, to muster a strong guard that, in case of a defeat by sea, Southwold might be prepared to give a warm reception to the enemy on shore. From a similar feeling,
they prevented the country people who had flocked into the town to behold the fight from repassing the bridge, before victory was decided in favour of England.

This is followed by a rare and curious document, containing further particulars furnished by Mr. Wake, from a letter written a few days after the event, by one of the surviving officers, and addressed to the commander-in-chief.

Our whole fleet being at anchor in Southwold bay, taking in water, on Tuesday, the 28th of May, betwixt two and three o'clock in the morning, the wind E. by N. a small gale, one of our scouts came in, giving the usual signals of seeing the enemy; upon which, his royal highness immediately gave those of weighing anchor, and getting under sail, which was performed with all the speed possible, considering the short warning; for before seven the whole blue squadron were a-head of the red, and the white a-stern: in which order and at which time the battle began, the enemy having the wind of us; the squadron under Bankert being the van of their fleet, attacked the French, which made the rear of ours, they both separated themselves from both their fleets, and so continued engaged out of our sight almost the whole day, sailing to the southward. At first Bankert came briskly down upon Monsieur d'Estrees; but afterwards finding it too hot, kept a great distance. The Earl of Sandwich, with the blue squadron in the van of our fleet, was attacked by Van Ghent, in the rear of theirs, and endeavouring to get the main from the enemy, found a great opposition, that after having sunk a man-o-war which laid him on board, having above half his men killed, his ship wholly disabled, and having put off the third, which burnt her, the only ship we lost the whole day—his lordship, and all the officers, except Capt. Haddock, being on board her, of which some few ordinary men that were saved by swimming to our ships and boats, give us no further account.

The Henry, that was one of her seconds, commanded by Capt. Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, having put off several fire-ships, most of her men, her captain, and almost all her inferior officers slain, fell into the hands of the Dutch, but was in a little time retaken, and sent safe into harbour by Capt. Strickland in the Plymouth.

Sir Joseph Jordan, vice-admiral of the blue, pursued the design which his admiral did not live to finish, and succeeded in it, getting the wind of the enemy, which he and his division kept the rest of the day.

The body of their fleet commanded by Monsieur de Ruyter attacked the body of ours, commanded by his royal highness. De Ruyter was accompanied by Van Esse, another admiral, and his seconds, which all at a convenient distance fired upon the prince, who being to windward of her own division, could receive little or no assistance from them. The captain, Sir John Cox, killed; the main-top mast, flag-staff, and standard being shot down, and the ship entirely disabled in three hours' time, his royal highness thought it convenient to change his ship; so that about ten o'clock, being attended by Monsieur Blankfort, myself, Mr. Ashton, Monsieur du Puys and John Thompson, his best pilot, he went on board the St. Michael, Sir Robert Holmes, commander; and there put up a new standard, which, because of the great smoke, could not be seen well enough to be attended to by his division. About this time, the Royal Katherine, newly come from the river with fresh men, and wanting many of the conveniences necessary for her defence, was boarded and taken by the enemy; her captain, Sir John Chicheley, being carried prisoner on board their ships; but the enemy leaving no great number of men in her, they were afterwards overpowered by ours, who carried the Dutch that had taken her prisoners and the ship safe into harbour. His royal highness continued on his way, attended by the Phenix, Capt. Le Neve, commander, on head of him and the Fairfax, Capt. Leg, commander, and the Victory, the Earl of Ossory, commander, close astern; till afterwards Captain Berry in the Resolution, and Sir Fretcheville Holles in the Cambridge, came also on head of us, but were both very soon disabled; the latter having also lost her commander, the Earl of Ossory in the Victory, took their places; the engagement being very hot at this time: towards five in the evening, his royal highness observing his ship to sail heavily, the London, and many of the vice-admiral's division, having overtaken the St. Michael, found upon discovery that she had six foot water in the hold; so that with the same company he brought thither, except his pilot, who was killed there, he carried his standard on board the London, Sir Edward Spragg, commander; where after fighting an hour or two with the ships to windward, they were forced to bear down, and gave opportunity to the Duke and Sir Joseph Jordon to join; at which time De Ruyter put out a signal, upon which all his fleet bore down to join the Zelanders, who with others had engaged the French all day; who being to leeward did as well as it was possible for them to do with the distance. The Dutch being to windward, kept from them. Thus ended the battle and the day; the Duke with about thirty sail kept to windward of the Dutch all night, standing to the south-east, and found himself still so the next morning, and so continued till about six o'clock; when seeing some ships a-stern, upon supposition they were the remainders of our fleet, his royal highness tacked and stood with them, and found them to be as he guessed, and the whole French squadron
Literature, &c.

with them. About seven he returned to his own ship, as well refitted as was possible by the care of Captain Narborough.

About ten the whole of the fleet were together, and about twelve we saw the Dutch standing after us. Upon which we tacked, having the weather-gage, and stood to them, in hopes of engaging them presently; but when the van of our fleet was come up to the body of theirs, they tacked, and stood back towards their own coasts. Notwithstanding which, we had certainly engaged them, had we not been prevented, about three o’clock, by a sudden fog, which lasted till six; and though it then cleared up, it blew so fresh, and was so late, and so near their banks, that we did not think it safe to attack them; but continued sailing by them almost within cannon-shot till nine at night. When, being within a league of the oyster-bank, off the coast of Zealand, we tacked and stood till three in the morning to the north-west, at which time we stood back till six, to see if we could perceive the enemy, which not discovering we anchored till the afternoon; then we got under sail, and stood back to our own coast, being very stormy weather.

As the foregoing is the subject of the well-known large painting of Solebay Fight, in Greenwich Hospital, an admirable copy of which is here given, we have hoped to awaken a general interest in favour of the navy, as well as the highly interesting and admirable work of our author.

This is the best of the embellishments of the volume; it is a fine lithographic drawing, drawn by Parrot, printed by Hanhart. The jutting cabin windows of the Royal James presents a curious feature in naval architecture. Another meritorious embellishment, is a correct and attractive view of Southwold, with its beautiful groups of noble elms and glorious old church, rising at the back ground of the Gun-hill. Apropos of the Gun-hill, the following tradition exists regarding the cannon, which are here seen bristling above the German ocean.

If tradition is to be credited, Southwold Gun-hill is indebted for its loud-tongued occupants to the celebrated Duke of Cumberland. That duke, it seems, returning by sea from Scotland, had landed at Southwold through stress of weather, and was somewhat apprehensive lest the slaughter of Culloden should prove as unpopular in England as it was in the north. The enthusiasm of the Southwold people, however, relieved his mind from that doubt. And out of gratitude he bestowed on Southwold the cannon taken from the prince Charles Edward, at the fatal day of Culloden. The prince had captured the cannon from Sir John Cope, at the victory at Preston. The gallant Lord George Murray had, with the prince, brought them before Carlisle, when it surrendered to him. And the prince preserved them during that wonderful retreat into Scotland, which is the admiration of all military men. Again, these cannon were victorious at Falkirk fight, when General Hawley was defeated by prince Charles, a few days before they were re-captured at Culloden. Certain it is, that the Plantagenet single rose may be observed, surmounted by a crown on one or two of the guns, a proof of their antiquity. It is also probable, that “Johnny Cope” got these guns from Edinburgh, every thing of the English army at that era being in a wretched and corrupt state, and all the artillery inefficient.

The medical observations of the learned author promise to be of infinite value to the public. The air at Southwold is well known as the driest in England, and is therefore recommended to all those whose muscular fibres require bracing. The physical causes of this phenomenon are satisfactorily explained in the following passage—

The formation of the soil (at Southwold,) extending along the coast from Harwich to near Yarmouth, constitutes what modern geologists have denominated, the Suffolk Crag, made up of strata of sand and gravel, enclosing shells and masses of terraceous sand, and is found about twenty-five to thirty feet in thickness. As a matter of course, such a combination allows the moisture or rain, when it descends, to percolate with facility. Consequently no terrestrial exhalations take place. And the surface rapidly becomes dry. The circumstance of the town of Southwold being built upon such a formation, together with its elevated position, satisfactorily accounts for the dryness of its locality.

A geologist of great intelligence and practical research, who is peculiarly noted for his discoveries in the intricate department of fossil chonchology, as connected with the “crag,” has further enriched the present work with his erudite observations. This gentleman is Capt. Alexander, whose intelligent papers are well known to the geological society. He says—

The most interesting deposit in the neighbourhood of Southwold is “the crag.” After a gale of wind from the north or north-west, the crag at Easton cliff is generally well exposed. There are occasionally four or five distinct strata, each containing its own pe-
cular shells and fossils in great numbers, although there is scarcely a stratum in which all the fossils are not to be found. This crag, in fact the whole cliff, rests upon a blue clay, which clay is rich in bones and teeth, &c. of various animals. Easton cliff commences about one mile and a quarter north of Southwold, and is in length about one mile and a half. The south end of it consists of a highly-ferruginous sand, in which is not now to be seen a fragment of a shell, although we are informed by a very intelligent person, that he has seen it full of the more common shells belonging to the crag. This ferruginous sand is continued about a quarter of a mile when the cliff assumes a totally different character. The upper part then consists of a vast body of diluvian shingle, sand and clay, a little but not very firmly cemented with oxide of iron. Under this diluvian are various strata of shingle and sand, some much contorted, others regularly dipping north and south; these are intermixed with loam, clay, and large masses of highly-ferruginous sand rock.

Approaching that part of the cliff in which the crag is first seen, the strata become more decided in their component parts; and the northern end of the cliff is principally loam, marl, and a blue clay. But so much of this cliff is washed into the sea every high tide, that it is continually changing its appearance. This crag is also to be seen in two pits in Wangford, three miles from Southwold, and one at Bulchamp, five miles from Southwold: these pits are particularly interesting. We are not aware of any other locality, except a pit at Thorp near Sizewell. This crag is not the same as the "red crag," of Suffolk, with which for many years it has been associated.

This gentleman's list of the geological curiosities found in his neighbourhood is inserted in the work, and will, without doubt, draw many a geological student to visit Southwold.

In the next edition, we would urge attention to very many typographical inaccuracies.

**Tomlins on the Drama.**

If the drama is diseased, it is not from the want of doctors, since each passing month furnishes her with prescriptions and rules for recovery of health. It is a strange circumstance that in every country, as soon as critics have laid down and defined the exact laws which ought to govern tragedy, that department of drama is sure to give up the ghost. Greece had not another tragedy written after Aristotle had established the laws of her regular drama. France, too, gained critics and lost tragedy, in the last century. So the critics to whom Le Sage does such ample justice in Spain, certainly strangled the Spanish drama. Mr. Tomlins has taken the same view of the subject; and in a few pages, of great ability, exposed the follies of these tormentors of the tragic muse.

To test the effect of adhering to a strict unity of action, let us see what the play of "Othello" would be if cast in that mode. The whole of the first act would (as suggested by Johnson) have been narrated; how much this would have tended to increase the intensity of the interest, every one will judge for himself. The second act would have been cut to one scene; indeed it interrupts "the intensity" in any way; and another batch of narrative, telling how Cassio had disgraced himself, and been cashiered would have been better. The third act need only include the working up of Othello's jealousy, and all the fillagree work indirectly developing the story, should be hewn away. The fourth act is a series of incidents sadly detracting from the main action, and barbarously protracting the interest, which, however, could be put aside for some good sound broad declamation. The fifth act would make one good scene, and, by the aid of a little homely and explanatory description in the mouth of Emilia, instead of all the characteristic vulgarity that is so injudiciously put into the mouth of a subordinate personage, we might come at once to the murder, which, for the sake of decency, should be off the scene, as also should Othello's suicide. After all, it would be very inartificial, and therefore should never have been written. "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Lear," are equally unmanageable, and they must be irretrievably faulty, as it is impossible for critics to be wrong who are guided by a work on taste, written upwards of two thousand years since, for a nation whose language is dead, whose religion is exploded, whose race is extinct, and whose manners and habits are only impartially conjectured.

A small portion, indeed, of this highly-entertaining volume is, however, devoted to criticism, even on the critics. It is rather a history of the British stage from the earliest times, replete with curious facts, and amusing information. Truly a most readable little volume; as such, it will gain public attention.
THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

Jan. 31. — The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Normanby, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill.

Feb. 1. — The Countess Bjornsfjerna, the Baroness de Cetto, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, had audiences of her Majesty. Mrs. Fry was presented to the Queen by the Marquis of Normanby.

3. — Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty did Mr. Hayter the honour to sit to him for his great picture of the Coronation.

4. — Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

5. — Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

6. — His Royal Highness the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, accompanied by the Duke, his father, his elder brother, with suite, and attended by Lord Torrington and the Hon. Col. Grey landed at Dover. — Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Sussex visited the Queen.

7. — Prince Albert left Dover for the Fountain Hotel, Canterbury, escorted by the Earl of Cardigan, and a squadron of the 11th dragoons. H. S. H. attended divine Service at the Cathedral in the afternoon. — The Princess Augusta visited her Majesty. — Viscount Melbourne and Madame Didei had audiences of the Queen.

8. — H. R. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha arrived at Buckingham Palace from the Continent. Her Majesty, accompanied by her august Mother, received H. R. H., attended by the great Officers of State of her household.

9 (Sunday). — Her Majesty and her august Mother, Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and Prince Ernest, attended divine service in Buckingham Palace.

H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by his father and brother, paid visits in the afternoon to the members of the Royal Family. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent having been much indisposed for a fortnight past, from an attack of cold and rheumatism, has been frequently prevented from dining at the Royal table.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Monday, Feb. 10. — This being the day appointed for the Marriage of the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty with Field-Marshal H. R. H. Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. His Royal Highness, attended by his suite, proceeded from Buckingham Palace, about half-past eleven o'clock, to St. James's Palace, in the following order:

The First Carriage,

The Second Carriage,
Conveying the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, the Earl of Uxbridge (who afterwards returned to Buckingham Palace, to attend her Majesty's procession), and the officers of the suite of H. S. H. the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, viz. Count Kolossrath, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron de Lowenhof.

The Third Carriage,

Her Majesty, attended by Her Royal Household, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, proceeded, at twelve o'clock, from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace, in the following order:

The First Carriage,
Conveying two Gentlemen Ushers, Charles Heneage, Esq., and the Hon. Heneage Legge; the Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard, Charles Hancock, Esq.; and the Groom of the Robes, Capt. Francis Seymour.

The Second Carriage,

The Third Carriage,
Conveying the Clerk-Marshals, Col. the Hon. F. C. Cavendish; the Vice-Chamberlain, the Earl of Belfast, G. C. H.; and the Comptroller of the Household, the Right Hon. G. S. Byng.

The Fourth Carriage,
Conveying the Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting, Mrs. Brand; the Capt. of the Yeomen of the Guard; the Earl of Ilchester; the Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Kinnaird; and the Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Surrey.

The Fifth Carriage,

The Sixth Carriage,
Conveying the Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting; the Countess of Sandwich; the Master
The Queen's Gazette.

of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H.;
the Lord Steward, the Earl of Errol, K.T.,
G.C.H.; and the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl
of Uxbridge.

The Seventh Carriage,
Conveying Her Most Gracious Majesty the
Queen; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent; and the
Duchess of Sutherland, the Mistress of the
Robes to Her Majesty.

The illustrious personages and others com-
posing the Procession then assembled in the
Throne-Room, and having been called over by
Garter Principal King-of-Arms, the Proces-
sions moved, in the following order, to the
Chapel Royal:—

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.

Master of the Ceremonies, Sir Robert Chester, Knt.
Lancaster Herald.
G. F. Belz, Esq., K.H.
The Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honour, viz.:
Francis Seymour, Esq.
Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.
G. E. Anson, Esq.
Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household,
The Earl of Belfast, G.C.H.
The Earl of Uxbridge.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter,
Supported by their S.H.H. the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, K.G., and the Hereditary
Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, each attended by the Officers of their Suite, viz.:
Count Kolowrat, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron de Lovenfelt.

On arrival at the Chapel, the Drums and
Trumpets filed off in the Ante-Chapel, and, the
Procession advancing, H.R.H. was conducted
to the seat provided for him on the left of the
Altar. His supporters, the Reigning Duke of
Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the Hereditary
Prince, with the Officers of their Suite, occupied
seats near Prince Albert. The Master of
the Ceremonies and the Officers of the Bride-
groom stood near the person of H.R.H.

The Lord-Chamberlain and Vice-Chamber-
lain, with the two Heralds, preceded by Drums
and Trumpets, returned to attend Her Majesty
Her Majesty's Procession moved from the
Throne-Room to the Chapel, in the following
order:—

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.
Sergeant Trumpeter.

Pursuivants of Arms, in their Tabards.
Rouge Croix, William Courtheope, Gent.
Rouge Dragon, T. W. King, Gent.
Heralds in their Tabards and Collars of S.S.
Windsor, Robert Laurie, Esq.
Richmond, James Pulman, Esq.
Lancaster, George Frederick Belz, Esq.

Pages of Honour.
H. W. J. Byng, Esq.
J. C. M. Cowell, Esq.

Secretary in Waiting, Lord Alfred Paget.
Groom in Waiting, the Hon. G. Keppel.
Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household,
The Right Hon. G. S. Byng.
Master of Her Majesty's Buck-hounds,
the Lord Kinnaird.

Kings of Arms, in their Tabards and Collars of S.S.
Norroy, Francis Martin, Esq.
Lord Privy Seal.
The Earl of Clarendon, G.C.B.

Two Sergeants at Arms.
The Lord High Chancellor,
Two Gentlemen at Arms.
Lord Cottenham.
Senior Gentleman Usher. Quarterly Waiter, the Hon. Heneage Legge.
Gentleman Usher, Daily Waiter,
Garter King at Arms,
and of the Sword of State,
in his Collar and Tabard of S.S.,
leaning his Rod,
bearing his Sceptre,
Sir A. W. J. Clifford, Bart., K.H.

The Earl Marshal of England, bearing his Baton, the Duke of Norfolk.
H.R.H. the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, her train borne by Lady Alicia Gordon.
H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, her train borne by Miss Louisa Grace Irby.
H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Lieut.-Col. Cornwall.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge,
the Duchess's train borne by Lady Augusta Somerset.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, her train borne by Lady F. Howard.
H.R.H. the Princess Augusta; her train borne by Lady Mary Pelham.

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THE QUEEN.

Wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter.

Her Majesty's Train borne by the following unmarried ladies, viz.:
Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox,
Lady Elizabeth Anne Georg. Dorothea Howard,
Lady Ida Harriet Augusta Hay,
Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope,
Lady Jane Harriet Bouvier,
Lady Mary Charlotte Howard,

Assisted by the Groom of the Robes, Captain Francis Seymour.

Mistress of the Robes,

The Duchess of Sutherland.

Master of the Horse,

The Earl of Albermarle, G.C.H.

Ladies of the Bedchamber:

The Duchess of Bedford,
The Countess of Sandwich,
The Lady Barham,
The Dowager Lady Lyttleton.

Maids of Honour:

The Hon. Harriet Lister,
The Hon. Caroline Cocks,
The Hon. Matilda Paget,

The Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish.

Women of the Bedchamber:

Viscountess Forbes,
Lady Caroline Barington,
Hon. Mrs. Campbell.

Lady Gardner,
Gen. Lord Hill, G.C.B., G.C.H.,

Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms,
The Lord Foley.

Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard,
The Earl of Ickworth.

Six Gentlemen at Arms.

Silver Stick, Lieut.-Col. John Hall.

Six Yeomen of the Guard closed the Procession.

On arriving at the entrance of the Chapel, the drums and trumpets filed off. The Gentlemen-at-Arms remained in the Ante-Chapel; and the Yeomen of the Guard remained at the foot of the Staircase in the Ante-Chapel during the ceremony. Her Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers conducted the respective persons composing the procession to the place provided for them; the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal to the seats prepared for them on the Haut-pas; and the several ladies attendant upon the Queen to the seats provided near Her Majesty's person.

Her Majesty, on reaching the Haut-pas, took her seat in the Chair of State provided for the occasion, on the right of the Altar, attended by the Ladies bearing Her Majesty's Train.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was present during the solemnity, on the left of the Altar, attended by the Countess of Mayo and Lady Clinton, Ladies in Waiting; the Earl Howe, G.C.H., Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Denbigh, G.C.H., Master of the Horse; the Hon. W. Ashley, Vice-Chamberlain and Treasurer; Col. Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.H., Equerry; and J. G. C. Desbrowe, and J. G. T. Sinclair, Esquires, Pages of Honour.

The service was commenced by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury—having on his right His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York—on his left the Lord Bishop of London, who assisted as Dean of the Chapel Royal. At that part of the service, when the Archbishop of Canterbury read the words—"I pronounce that they be man and wife together," the Park and Tower guns fired. At the conclusion of the service, the procession returned, that of the Bridegroom preceding as before, excepting that H.R.H. Prince Albert conducted Her Majesty from the Chapel Royal to the Throne-room, where the registry of the marriage was attested, with the usual formalities.

The Queen Dowager, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, the Ministers of State, and other persons of distinction, then paid their compliments on the occasion, after which, Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, with the rest of the Royal Family, retired to the Royal closet.

The Knights of the several orders present at the solemnity wore their respective collars.

Feb. 11 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert of Sax Coburg and Gotha, walked out together, for a short time, on the slopes, and the East Terrace, during the morning.

12 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert rode out in a pony phaeton, in the Green Park, during the afternoon, attended by several of the Royal suite.

13 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. drove out in a pony phaeton, in the Great Park.

14.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace, from Windsor Castle. Her Majesty and the Prince were received with loud and frequent gratulations.
The Queen's Gazette.

The numerous body of spectators assembled in the vicinity of the Palace.

15. Her Majesty and Prince Albert paid a visit to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

16. (Sunday.)—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and his S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe and Gotha, attended divine service in the morning in Buckingham Palace.

17. —Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell, had audiences of Her Majesty.

18. —The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of the congratulatory addresses from the Houses of Parliament, on the auspicious occasion of Her Majesty's marriage. Both addresses were very numerously attended by members of both houses.

19. —Her Majesty held her first levee, for the season, at St. James's Palace.

20. —Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

21. —Her Majesty the Queen Dowager gave a state dinner at Marlborough-house, to the Queen and Prince Albert. A select party had the honour of receiving invitations to meet Her Majesty.

22. —Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

23. (Sunday.)—The Queen and Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen Dowager also attended the service.

24. —The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen.

25. —The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses on the Throne from the London Clergy, the University of Cambridge, the Members of the Religious Society of Friends, on the interesting occasion of Her Majesty's marriage. Addresses were also presented to H. R. H. Prince Albert.

The Members of the Religious Society of Friends having, according to the ancient custom, been uncovered by the Yeomen of the Guard, were then introduced to the presence of Her Majesty on the Throne, and presented the following address:

"To Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, the respectable addresses of the undersigned members of a meeting appointed to represent the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

"May it please the Queen,—

"As a Christian and loyal body, permit us, on the important and deeply interesting occasion of thy marriage, to convey to thee the renewed assurance of our cordial attachment to thy person and government.

"The institution of marriage we have ever regarded as a divine ordinance; and it is our prayer to GOD that His blessing may richly crown thy union, and render it conducive alike to thy own happiness, and the welfare of thy people.

"It is with heartfelt satisfaction that we anticipate thy future happiness in this union; and earnest are our desires for thee and thy consort, that, walking in the fear of the Lord, your example may be so ordered in all things by that wisdom which is from above, as powerfully to promote the course of true religion and virtue throughout the land.

"The real prosperity of our beloved country is an object dear to our hearts; and under this feeling we would express our belief, that in proportion as pure practical Christianity is permitted to sway thy counsels, and is promoted amongst thy subjects, will thy prosperity be most effectually advanced, social order maintained, and thy throne established in the affections of thy people.

"May He, by whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice, bless thee, O Queen, and increasingly make thee a blessing to thy own and surrounding nations, and mayst thou, at the end of thy days, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Saviour, be received into everlasting glory."

Her Majesty returned a most gracious answer.

Similar addresses were presented to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Palace.

Feb. 26. —Her Majesty honoured Dury Lane Theatre with her presence.

The Queen's state visit to Drury Lane, accompanied by her royal consort, (being Her Majesty's first formal appearance publicly amongst her loyal subjects since the Royal nuptials,) excited unusual interest amongst all classes of playgoers. The pit doors were besieged by numbers of respectably-attired persons as early as half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, eager to get a peep at the newly-wedded pair; and the streets by which the cortège was to approach the theatre were blockaded by equally anxious, though somewhat poorer, spectators. The house, at the opening of the doors, was crowded to suffocation, and on that side which commanded a view of the royal box, so densely were the spectators packed that stations were taken up by the adventurous and indefatigable the possibility of whose occupation could never have entered the head of either box-keeper or gentleman-usher. Pillars and doors were clung to, bestridden, and maintained in spite of every remonstrance, verbal and physical, with heroic tenacity and inconceivable powers of endurance. Over the royal box was suspended a crimson canopy, decorated with Her Majesty’s initials in gold, surmounted with a gilded figure representing Fame. As seven o'clock approached, expectation was wound up to the highest pitch—and when at about 10 minutes past, two yeomen of the guard stationed themselves on either side the royal box, a general stir took place, which speedily rose into reiterated thunders of applause on the appearance of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. Before the Royal visitors seated themselves the national anthem was sung, and each stanza received a salvo of plaudits, which Her Majesty and the Prince graciously and repeatedly acknowledged. The spectators, as might be expected, were too much interested with the occupants of the royal box to pay much attention to the opera (the Mountain Sylph); and at its conclusion their sentiments of loyalty and patriotism were manifested by calling for “Rule Britannia,” at the commencement of which the Queen and Prince again rose, and continued standing during its execution.
The farce of *Raising the Wind* concluded the performances—Her Majesty laughed most heartily at the humour with which the hero was personated by Oxberry, and Prince Albert seemed highly amused at the various dilemmas of Jeremy Diddler. “God save the Queen!” was again sung, and received with, if possible, increased acclamation, the Prince especially acknowledging the applause bestowed upon the concluding verse. The entire performance was uninterrupted by any thing approaching to a disturbance, and the occupants of the pit and galleries demeaned themselves on the whole very respectfully. Her Majesty was heartily cheered on quitting the theatre by the multitude assembled in the streets adjacent.

**GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.**

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Feb. 8, 12, 15.

H. S. H. Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24, 26.*


H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Feb. 8, 12, 24, 26.*

Baroness Lehzen, Jan. 8, 11, 15, 24.

Duke of Sutherland, Feb. 11, 24.

Duchess of Sutherland, Jan. 31, Feb. 24, 26.*


Marquis of Anglesey, Feb. 17.

Earl of Uxbridge, Jan. 31, Feb. 4, 5, 8, 12, 14, 18, 22, 24, 26.*

Countess of Uxbridge, Feb. 12, 22, 25.

Lady Adelaida Paget, Feb. 17.

Lord Alfred Paget, Feb. 8, 11, 15, 24, 26.*


Ladies Elocorna and Constance Paget, Feb. 4, 22, 25.

Hon. Miss Paget, Feb. 11, 25.

Miss B. Paget, Feb. 24.

The Countess of Sandwich, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.

Hon. C. Howard, Jan. 31, Feb. 25.


Viscount Melbourne, Feb. 1, 7, 8, 12, 15, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25.

Viscount Morpeth, Feb. 1.

Sir John Hobhouse, Feb. 1, 22.

Sir George Grey, Feb. 1.

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Feb. 1.

Right Hon. G. S. Byng, Feb. 1, 5, 8, 12, 17, 26.*

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Feb. 1, 26.*

Earl and Countess of Surrey, Feb. 3.

Lady Fanny Howard, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Lady Mary Howard, Feb. 3.

Lord Leveson, Feb. 3.

Sir Joseph Copley, Feb. 3.

Mr. Rich, Feb. 3.

Earl of Errol, Feb. 4, 7, 8, 12, 14, 18, 19, 22, 24, 26.*

Countess of Errol, Feb. 19, 25.

Mr. Brand, Feb. 4, 11.


Colonel Cowper, Feb. 5, 22.

Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Feb. 6.

Earl of Albemarle, Feb. 8, 11, 22, 26.*

Lord Byron, Feb. 8.

Count Kollowrath, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Baron Alvansleben, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Baron Lovenfels, Feb. 8, 15, 24.


Baron Stockman, Feb. 8, 12.

M. de Gruhen, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Captain Pettenitz, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Mr. Seymour, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.

Countess of Sandwich, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.

Mrs. Brand, Feb. 8, 11.

Viscount Torrington, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.

Hon. C. A. Murray, Feb. 8, 15, 24.

Hon. Miss Murray, Feb. 24, 26.*

Hon. Major Keppel, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.

Hon. Miss Cook, Feb. 11, 12, 15, 26.*

Hon. Miss Cavendish, Feb. 11, 12, 15, 25, 26.*

Mr. Anson, Feb. 11.

Sir Geo. and Hon. Miss Anson, Feb. 12, 25, 26.*

Lord Kinnard, Feb. 13.


Colonel Brown, Feb. 13.

Earl of Surrey, Feb. 14, 15, 20, 25, 26.*

Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Feb. 15, 26.*

Right Hon. F. Baring, Feb. 15.

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Feb. 15.

Marquis & Marchioness of Lansdowne, Feb. 17.

Viscount & Viscountess Palmerston, Feb. 18, 25.

Lady Fanny Cowper, Feb. 18, 25.

Viscount Baring, Feb. 18, 20, 25, 26.*

Major the Hon. G. and Mrs. Keppel, Feb. 18.

Colonel Wylde, Feb. 18, 20, 24, 26.*

Mr. G. E. Anson, Feb. 18, 25.

Mrs. Anson, Feb. 25.

The Saxon Minister, Feb. 20, 25.

The Lord Chancellor, Feb. 20.

Lady Cottenham, Feb. 20.

Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Feb. 20.

Lord and Lady Ashley, Feb. 22, 25.


Lady Mary Grimston, Feb. 24.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, Feb. 24, 26.*

Hon. Miss Lister, Feb. 24, 26.*


Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, Feb. 25.

Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Feb. 25.

Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Feb. 25.

Baron Brunnow, Feb. 25.

Baron de Haeringen, Feb. 25.

Lady Ida Hay, Feb. 25.

Earl of March, Feb. 25.

Lord and Lady Seymour, Feb. 25.

Lord Osbalton, Feb. 25.

Lord Cantalupe, Feb. 25.

Duchess of Bedford, Feb. 26.*

Earl of Ilchester, Feb. 26.*

Lord Hill, Feb. 26.*

Lord Marquis of Headfort, Feb. 26.*

Lord F. Seymour, Feb. 26.*

Hon. F. Byng, Feb. 26.*

Sir W. Martin, Feb. 26.*

Captain Green, Feb. 26.*

Captain Bellairs, Feb. 26.*

[Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre on the 26th.]

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**London Gazette, July 6.**—The Queen has been pleased to declare and ordain that Prince Albert shall henceforth upon all occasions whatsoever, be styled and called “His Royal Highness,” before his name.
and such titles as do now, or hereafter may belong to him, and that for the future he shall use and bear the Royal Arms, differenced with a label of three points argent, the centre point charged with a cross of St. George, quarterly with the arms of his illustrious house, the Royal Arms in the first and fourth quarters; and a supplement to the Gazette, dated the 7th, further announces, that Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint His Royal Highness to be a Field Marshal in the Army.

At an early hour of the morning, all the public avenues leading to Buckingham Palace were thronged with Her Majesty’s loyal subjects. Never was such an immense multitude assembled in St. James’s Park since the rejoicings at the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814. The dense masses waited with exemplary patience during the falling rain, until shortly after noon, when on the appearance of Prince Albert’s bridal procession, loud and continuous applause testified their approbation of Her Majesty’s choice of a royal consort. At a quarter past 12 o’clock, the band in front of the Palace struck up “God save the Queen,” and a salvo of answering shouts proclaimed that Her Majesty was then on her road to St. James’s. As the royal and youthful bride passed down the line of thronging thousands, her pale and anxious countenance betokened her sense of the solemn and vitally important engagement she was about to enter upon, in plight ing her troth to the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. Her Majesty appeared highly gratified by the enthusiastic cheers which greeted her on all sides. The cortège was attended with a full guard of honour, but the carriages were drawn by only two horses each, and without the rich caparison which they usually wear on state occasions.

On the arrival of the Queen at St. James’s Palace, Her Majesty was conducted to her closet, immediately behind the throne-room, where she remained, attended by the maids of honour and trainbearers, until the summons was received from the Lord Chamberlain, conveying the intimation that every thing was duly prepared for the Sovereign’s morning at the Altar. In this room the formal procession having been formed and marshalled, it passed thence to the Presence Chamber, through Queen Anne’s Drawing-room, the Guard of Armoury-room, into the Vestibule, and down the Grand Staircase, and along the Colonnade. The appearance which the scene now presented was one of extreme animation, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the assembled company was composed of elegantly, and, in some instances, brilliantly dressed ladies. The most conspicuous dresses were of light blue, relieved with white, light green, also intermixed with white, amber, crimson, purple, fawn, stone, and a considerable number of white robes only. Every lady exhibited a wedding favour, some of which were admirable specimens of a refined taste. They were of all sizes, many of white satin ribbon, tied up into bows, and mixed with layers of rich silver lace, others merely of ribbon, intermixed with sprigs of orange-flower blossom, whilst were here and there to be seen bouquets of huge dimensions, of ribbon and massive silver bullion, having in their centre what might be termed a branch of orange-blossoms.

The colonnade through which the procession passed to the Chapel, was not only excellently arranged, but was admirably lighted from the lanterns above and the windows behind. The seats, which were separated from the pillared colonnade by a dwarf railing, were covered with crimson cushions with gold coloured borders and fringe. All the remainder of this temporary structure had the semblance of having been constructed of solid masonry. The floor of the colonnade was covered with rich Brussels carpet, which extended throughout the apartments along which the procession passed. The seats erected for the accommodation of the spectators were covered with crimson cushions and yellow fringe, thus sustaining uniformity throughout. They were railed off from the line of procession. Comparatively speaking, there was a scarcity of “rank” amongst the company in the colonnade. As his Grace the Duke of Wellington passed through the colonnade he was most warmly cheered.

THE CHAPEL.

The interior of the Royal Chapel is oblong, standing east and west, about 62 feet in length, and 25 in breadth. At the upper or eastern end is the communion table, and at the lower end, abutting over the main entrance, is the royal gallery or closet. Two galleries, supported by cast-iron pillars, stretched east and west the entire length of the chapel. On the floor, placed longitudinally, were two pews on each side of the Chapel, set apart for the chief nobility, and those who took part in the procession. The galleries, east and west, from both sides of the altar to the royal closet, were occupied—the upper end, on the right, by the Cabinet Ministers and their ladies; on the left by the ladies and officers of Her Majesty’s household. Below the chair, on the right, and in the galleries opposite, usually appropriated as royal closets, the walls of the building were thrown out, and six benches on each side fitted up for the accommodation of peers, peersesses, and other distinguished spectators. The royal closet was assigned to the ambassadors and their ladies. The whole of the seats in the Chapel were stuffed, covered with crimson cloth, and elegantly ornamented with gold fringe. On the communic-
nion table was displayed a vast quantity of gold plate, including six salvers, one of gigantic dimensions, two ponderous and rich vases, four flaggons, four communion cups, and two lofty and magnificent candelabra. The cornice above the altar, of beautifully carved oak, was richly gilt, superb crimson velvet drapery depending from it in graceful folds upon the communion table. Within the railing, which was also covered with crimson velvet, stools were placed on the right of the altar for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and, on the left, for the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel Royal. In front of the communion table were placed four chairs of satin, gilt and covered with crimson silk velvet, each of different construction, and varying in elevation, according to the dignity of the intended occupants. The highest, largest in size, and most costly in workmanship, was of course appropriated to Her Majesty, and was placed somewhat to the right of the centre, so that on the opposite side immediately on Her Majesty’s right hand, being set apart for His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Before these chairs, which were placed about six feet outside the rail, footstools were set of corresponding structure and decoration. There were also footstools for Her Majesty and Prince Albert, on which to kneel at the altar; the seat of Her Majesty’s left chair was placed for Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and on the opposite side, on Prince Albert’s right, one for the Dowager. On Her Majesty’s extreme left were seats for their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge; and on Prince Albert’s extreme right for His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the hereditary Duke, their Royal Highnesses the Duchess, Prince George, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge. The floor of the Chapel was covered with rich purple and gold, gauze hanging figure being the Norman rose. The tout ensemble, both as concerns the extension, decoration, and entire arrangements of the interior, completely harmonized with the original design and structure of the Chapel; simplicity and elegance, not show or gaudiness, being the uniform characteristic. The ceiling is composed of antique fretwork compartments, varying in size and figure, on the panelling of which are emblazoned the quarterings and heraldic distinctions of the different members of the Royal Family, from the time of its erection to that of his late Majesty.

About 2,100 tickets were issued, and notwithstanding the impartiality of the Lord Chamberlain, it may be supposed that he did not succeed in satisfying all who applied for them.

At half-past nine, there were comparatively few seats occupied in the gallery, and not in the procession. Among the earliest arrivals were the Duke of Leeds, Lord Mont-
bowns of white ribbon on either shoulder, and the Hon. Miss Young, were among the last who were able to procure seats in the galleries.

The Marquis of Anglesea, who was dressed in a Russian uniform, and was fortunate enough to obtain the last vacant seat in the pew on the right of the Altar.

At a few minutes before 12, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, having previously taken their places with the Queen Dowager entered the Chapel Royal through the Dean’s vestry door, and took her seat. Her Majesty was arrayed in a robe of rich silk purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. The Bishops immediately rose on the entrance of Her Majesty, who, after having performed her private devotions, the most reverend prelates still standing, sent Lord Howe, who was in waiting, to desire that they might take their seats. This act of considerate courtesy created a general sensation throughout the Chapel.

About half-past 12 o’clock the procession of the Royal Bridgroom entered the Chapel. As the Prince walked up the aisle, carrying what appeared to be a book in his right hand, he repeatedly bowed to the peers in the body of the Chapel. His form, dress, and demeanour were much admired. As the Prince moved along he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the gentlemen, and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. He wore the uniform of a Field Marshal in the British army. Over his shoulders hung the collar of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. His father and brother were also welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and bowed with the reception. Having reached the haut pas, Prince Albert affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager, and then bowed to the Archbishops and Dean. Immediately on his entrance a voluntary was performed by Sir George Smart on the organ. The Master of the Ceremonies, and the officers of the Bridgroom, stood near the person of His Royal Highness. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, preceded by the drums and trumpets, then returned to wait upon Her Majesty, and in a few minutes which was denominating the Queen’s procession was announced by a flourish of trumpets and drums as having been put in motion. On the entrance of Her Majesty into the Chapel, she looked anxious and excited, and was even paler than usual. Her dress was a rich white satin, trimmed with orange-flower blossoms, on her head she wore a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but not so as to conceal her face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. Her bridesmaids and trainbearers were similarly attired, save that they had no veils. Her Majesty wore the collar of the Garter, but no other diamonds or jewels, and her attendants were arrayed with similar simplicity. They were followed by the Duchess of Sutherland. Her Majesty walked up the aisle, followed by her trainbearers and attendants, without noticing or bowing to any of the peers. On reaching the haut pas Her Majesty knelt on her footstool, and having performed her private devotions, sat down in her chair of state. The different officers of state having now taken their seats in the body of the Chapel, the coup d’œil was splendid beyond description.

After the lapse of a few seconds Her Majesty rose and advanced with His Royal Highness Prince Albert to the communion table, when the Archbishop of Canterbury commenced reading the service, rigidly adhering to the rubric throughout. The service was performed with great appropriateness and much feeling, the Bishop of London repeating the responses.

When his Grace came to the words

"Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

His Royal Highness, in a firm tone, replied "I will."

And when he said—"Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God’s ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?" Her Majesty, in a firm voice, and a tone audible in all parts of the chapel, replied "I will."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then said,

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who occupied a seat on the left of Her Majesty, now advanced, and, taking her Majesty’s hand, said, "I do."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then laid hold of Her Majesty’s hand, and pressing it in that of Prince Albert’s, pronounced these words, His Royal Highness repeating them after his Grace:

"I, Albert, take thee, Victoria, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God’s holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Her Majesty repeated the words mutatis mutandis, "I, Victoria, take thee, Albert to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till
Testimonials of Public Respect,

dearth us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my truth.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then took the ring, a plain gold ring, from His Royal Highness, and putting it to the fourth finger of Her Majesty returned it to His Royal Highness. Prince Albert put it on, repeating after his Grace these words—"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then conducted the service as follows, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still remaining kneeling at the altar.

"Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, Victoria and Albert, whom we bless in thy name, that, as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made, whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge, and may ever remain in perfect love and faith together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The Park and Tower guns then fired a Royal salute.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded—"Forasmuch as Albert and Victoria have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands, I pronounce that they are man and wife together. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"O God the Father, Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you; and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen."

The choir then performed the Deus misericordia nobis, in a soul stirring manner, the verse parts being doubled by the choir, and sung by Messrs. Knyvet, Wylde, Vaughan, Sale, and Bradbury, on the decani side, and on the cantoris, by Evans, Salmon, Horncastle, Roberts, Welsh, and Clarke.

Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who had occupied places around the altar, returned to take their positions in the procession. On passing Her Majesty they all paid their congratulations, and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal Bride and Bridegroom, Her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the Queen Dowager was standing, and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took Her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair left the Chapel, all the spectators standing. During the whole of the service the eyes of Her Majesty were intently fixed upon H.R.H. the Prince, her demeanour being calm and self-possessed to a wonderful degree—the Prince, however, whether owing to the solemnity of the rite itself, or the grand and imposing character of the spectacle, evinced great depth of feeling, both in his utterance and manner.

Her Majesty then proceeded to the throne room, where the attestation took place. Her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, which was attested by certain members of the Royal Family, and officers of state present. A splendid table was prepared for the purpose. A part of the ceremony, with the magnificent assemblage by which it was witnessed, presented one of the most striking spectacles of the day.

THE RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE BREAKFAST.

At ten minutes to two o'clock the Royal procession returned to Buckingham Palace. The Prince rode in the carriage with the Queen, who was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland. His Royal Highness assisted Her Majesty to alight, and led her into the Palace. The Royal Bride entered her hall with an open and joyous manner, and perhaps in the slightest degree, and in the most smiling and condescending manner acknowledged the loud and cordial cheers which rang through the apartment. The Royal Bridegroom handed Her Majesty through the state rooms, the Duke of Sussex soon followed, and the guests invited to the dejeuner followed each other in rapid succession.

The following is the list of guests:

—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent; H. S. H. the Duke of Coburg; Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge; H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge; H. R. H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge; H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg; H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of London; Viscount Melbourne; the Lord Chancellor; the Lord President of the Council; the Lord Privy Seal; the Marquis of Normanby; Viscount Palmerston; Lord John Russell; the Lord Steward; the Lord Chamberlain; the Master of the Horse; the Mistress of the Robes; the Lady in Waiting; Maids of Honour—Hon. Miss Cocks and Miss Cavendish; Viscount Torrington; the Hon. Major Keppel; Lord Alfred Paget; Mrs. Brand; the Lady in
Upon Her Majesty's Marriage.

Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent; Gentlemen of the Duke of Coburg's suite; the Lady in Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge.

At the conclusion of the breakfast arrangements were made for the immediate departure of Her Majesty for Windsor, and at a quarter to four the Royal pair left Buckingham Palace, amidst the cheers and festive acclamations of a vast multitude. The first carriage was occupied only by her Majesty and Prince Albert; the second by His serene Highness Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg; and three others by the Lord and Lady in Waiting, the Groom of the Chamber, Equerry, two Maids of Honour, and other attendants of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness. Just before the Royal cortège left Buckingham Palace, the sun shone forth with full brightness, the skies were cleared of their murky clouds, and all things seemed to promise that future happiness which we sincerely trust may be the lot of the illustrious pair.

The prince was dressed in a plain dark travelling dress, and Her Majesty in a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swansdown, with white satin bonnet and feather.

The evening had closed in before the arrival of the Royal party at Windsor. The whole town was therefore illuminated, and the effect produced by the glimmer of the lights on the congregated multitude was exceedingly splendid. Every house in Windsor was illuminated; many of them were handsomely decorated with flags, laurels, mottos, and artificial bouquets. Ingenious devices and transparent representations of the Queen and Prince Albert, were not few nor far between. The Town Hall, the White Hart Inn, the Castle Inn, and several houses in the neighbourhood, were conspicuous for the brilliancy and beauty of their decorations.

It was exactly a quarter to seven o'clock when the Royal carriage drew up at the grand entrance. The Queen was handed from the carriage by the Prince; she immediately took his arm and entered the Castle. In the carriages which followed that in which the Royal pair arrived were Lady Sandwich, lady in waiting; the Hon. Miss Cocks and the Hon. Miss Cavendish, maids of honour; Lord Torrington, Major Keppele, and Mr. Seymour, the groom and equerry in waiting, who formed the Royal dinner party.

In the evening the auspicious event was celebrated by a dinner given in the Townhall. About 100 of the inhabitants of Windsor attended, the Mayor taking the chair; being supported on either side by the members for the borough, Messrs. Ramsbottom and Gordon. Public dinners were given at the Star and Garter, and several inhabitants of the town had private parties in honour of the Royal wedding.

We are happy to say that while the great feasted, the small were not forgotten on this joyous occasion. A substantial dinner of good old English fare was provided for the poorer inhabitants of the place and the neighbouring country, the expense being defrayed by voluntary subscription, to which fund 20l. was contributed by Her Majesty. Nearly six hundred poor families, amounting probably to 2,000 individuals, were by this considerate charity regaled at their own homes with a good dinner and some excellent beer, wherewith to do complete justice to the toast of Health and happiness to Victoria and Albert.

Several of the Inns' Court celebrated this day by a dinner to the members; Lincoln's-Inn was most numerously attended on this joyous occasion; somewhere about 150 students and an equal number of Bar-men.

The Banquet.

In the evening a grand banquet was given, by command of Her Majesty, in the banquet-room of St. James's Palace, built by George IV., at which the Earl of Erroll, as Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, presided. The room was gorgeously decorated, and illuminated by five magnificent lustres, and table candelabra. There were three tables—one across at the upper end, and two tables running down from the middle, capable of receiving 130 guests. Behind the Chairman was displayed, under rich crimson drapery with a crown at the top, the costly gold plate from Windsor Castle; while the tables and serving tables at the sides evinced the well-known taste of Mr. Elliott, her Majesty's table-decker. The banquet, of course, embraced all the luxuries which art and nature could produce; and a band of musicians was in attendance throughout the evening, the company being waited upon by the servants in royal liveries.

We subjoin a list of the guests:—

Her R. H. the Duchess of Kent; H. S. H. the Duke of Coburg; H.S.H. Prince Ernest; the Duke of Norfolk; the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; the Marquis of Headfort; the Marchioness of Normandy; the Earl and Countess of Erroll; the Earl and Countess of Uxbridge; the Earl and Countess of Albermarle; the Earl and Countess of Surrey; the Earl of Belfast; the Earl and Countess of Sandwich; the Earl and Countess of Claremont; the Earl and Countess of Burlington; the Earl and Countess of Fingal; the Earl of Ilchester; the Lady C. Lennox; the Lady A. Paget; the Lady Elizabeth Howard; the Lady Sarah Villiers; the Lady Ida Hay; the Lady Fanny Cowper; the Lady W. Stanhope; the Lady Jane Bouvierie; the Lady E. West; the Lady E. Grimstone; the Lady Ellen Paget; the Lady Mary Howard; the Lord and Lady Byron; the Lord Gardner;
Viscount and Viscountess Torrington; the Lord and Lady Lifld; the Lord Alfred Paget; the Lord Foley; the Lord and Lady Kimnaird; the Lord and Lady Backhouse; the Lord and Lady Portman; the Lord Howden; the Viscountess Forbes and Mr. Vaughan; the Lady F. Howard; the Dowager Lady Lyttelton; the Lady Constance Paget; the Right Hon. G. S. and Lady A. Byng; Sir J. and Lady Copley; Mr. J. and Lady H. Clive; Mr. and Lady Theresa Digby; Col. and Lady J. Wemyss; Col. and Lady K. Buckley; Lady Caroline Barrington; the Hon. Major and Mrs. Keppel; the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey; the Hon. Capt. and Mrs. Campbell; the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cavendish; the Hon. W. Cowper; the Hon. C. A. Murray; Col. Sir Robert and Lady Gardiner; Admiral Sir Robert and Lady Otway; Sir William and Lady Lumley; Sir Henry and Lady Wheatley; the Hon. Harriett Pitt; the Hon. Miss Cocks; the Hon. Miss Spring Rice; the Hon. Matilda Paget; the Hon. Miss Anson; the Hon. Miss Cavendish; the Hon. Miss Lyster; the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Murray; Miss Davys; Mr. and Mrs. Brand; Sir F. Stovin; Col. Armstrong; Mr. Rich; General Sir F. Wetherall; Col. Cooper; General Upton; Master Cavendish; Master Cowell; the Hon. A. Chichester; Master Wemyss; Master Byng; Five Gentlemen of the Duke of Coburg’s suit; Four Gentlemen of Prince Albert's Household.

**THE ILLUMINATIONS.**

In the leading thoroughfares the concourse was immense, both of persons on foot and parties in carriages of every description. The illuminations, however, were not so general as on the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation. The leading thoroughfares of the metropolis presented the greatest number and the most costly.

In Westminster, Bridge-street presented several dazzling devices to the crowds who poured in from the Surrey side of the Thames. Brown's Hotel exhibited a handsome star in variegated lamps illuminating the royal arms. Mr. Howard, No. 25, a like emblem. The Magpie and Horseshoe, portrait of the Queen, with—"Long may she reign, the idol of her people, and the terror of her foes!"

In Great George-street, Lord Bexley’s town-house was enlivened by the blaze of many parti-coloured lamps portraying the initials "V. A.," surmounted by a crown, and ornamented with wreaths. Miss Moore's residence exhibited similar devices; and on each side of the street the frontage of the several dwellings were hung with festoons, stars, and true-lovers'-knots in ever-varying hues. In Little George-street, Mr. O'hard sported a splendid gas star. The portion of the Sessions-house was illuminated by a large crown and initials "V. A.," adorned with festoons in variegated lamps.

On entering Parliament-street a brilliant vista was opened to the view as far as Charing-Cross. In this street a dazzling star in gas, with the initials "V. A.," ornamented the frontage of Messrs. Walmsey's offices, as like devices did that of Messrs. Bigg and Son's premises. Benson's newspaper-office displayed a large imperial star in gas.

Downing-street was unusually light and lively, having a sort of temporary triumphal arch erected at its entrance, upon which were formed in variegated lamps in gigantic characters the names "Victoria" and "Albert."

At Whitehall, in the Treasury-office front, in monstrous size, were depicted in coloured lamps the British Crown and Prince's Crown, with the initials "V. R." and "P. A."

The home-office presented a similar spectacle on a smaller scale, having Norman roses and wreaths in addition.

The Reform Club-house opposite flashed in fitful glare of wind-tormented gas an immense Crown with the Royal initials.

The Board of Trade, in variegated lamps, displayed the star of Brunswick, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock.

The Horse Guards' gate was superbly illuminated. There were two large imperial stars, most tastefully portrayed, the coloured lamps being placed in such a way as to produce a most pleasing effect. The stars were surmounted by a most gorgeous crown to relieve. The Royal initials were ingeniously interwoven with the other devices.

The Navy Pay-office had two crowns, the British and the Prince's, with the letters "V. R." and "P. A.," in coloured lamps.

The balcony of the office of Woods and Forrests was adorned with festoons, and on the facade appeared the crowns and initials, all in variegated lamps.

The Admiralty had a parti-coloured sheet-anchor, and the royal initials; the ensign and Union Jack were displayed in the same channel-like hues.

The Salopian Coffee-house.—A brilliant gas enblazoned crown; and various other devices ornamented the line of buildings.

In Cockspur-street, Hancock and Rixon, the letters "V. A." in many coloured lamps. The British Coffee-house, an appropriate transparency, ornamented with lamps.

Green and Ward, a star, with "V. A." in lamps of various colours.

Wells and Lamb, and Dalton's, each a gas star and crown.

The British Library, a star in coloured lamps.

Throughout the whole of Pall-mall the illuminations were pretty general. The principal were the following:

—Henborrow and Allcock, a brilliant gas star, with the initials "V. A."

—Graham's.—A crown and "V. A.," in parti-coloured lamps.

—The Tuchted-house Tavern.—The same.

—the Messrs. Willis.—The same in gas.
Upon Her Majesty’s Marriage.

The United Service Club, a crown, and “V. A.” in gas.

The Athenæum Club-house, a like device, with the addition of wreaths and the letters “V. R.”

The Carlton Club, the initials “V. R.” and “P. A.” surmounted by a crown, supported by two Brunswick stars, and embellished with festoons, all executed in gas.

The Globe Insurance-office, the same in coloured lamps.

The Ordnance-office presented a still more magnificent tableau than at the National Gallery, combining several devices, and consisting of upwards of 60,000 variegated lamps, tastefully and appropriately arranged to represent a shield containing the arms of the Ordnance Department, an imperial crown of great magnificence, stars of the Orders of the Garter, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick, besides numerous other ornaments, the whole being surmounted with the names “Victoria” and “Albert.”

In St. James’s-street, Crockford’s Club-house displayed the names “Victoria” and “Albert,” in gigantic letters of coloured lamps, surmounted by a magnificent crown.

White’s—“V. R.,” and a crown, supported by laurels, in many-coloured lamps.

Brooke’s—a star and crown, with the initials “V. A.,” ingeniously interwoven in variegated lamps.

In Berkeley-square.—The Earl of Albermarle’s residence displayed two crowns, “V. R.,” and “P. A.,” ingeniously interwoven in variegated lamps.

The Marquis of Lansdowne’s—A brilliant crown in gas, ornamenting the Royal initials, executed in like manner.

Comencing at Hyde-park-corner, the eye of the spectator was first struck by the brilliance of illuminations at Apollon-house, the design being the initials “V. R.” and “P. A.,” surmounted by an imperial crown. Pursuing the path eastward, the mansions of the subjoined nobility and gentry, brilliantly illuminated, engaged especial attention.—Those of the Earl of Rosebery, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Albans, and Miss Burdett Coutts, Cambridge-house, Devonshire-house, and Burlington-house, were illuminated by a novel mode. The screen walls of these mansions were studded with close rows of long flambeaux, which shed a vivid red light, and produced a pleasing effect. Along the whole line of Piccadilly the torches of the Royal Family emulated each other in the taste and variety of their displays; and though the illuminations were not so general as on the occasion of Her Majesty’s corona- tion, still the effect was very splendid. The residence of the Russian Ambassador, in Dover-street, displayed a harmonious transparency of the imperial arms of his sovereign, and the whole front of the premises was tastefully illuminated with variegated lamps. The Alfred Club-house, in Albermarle-street, attracted numerous groups of admirers. The device was a display in gas of the initials of the Royal pair, based by laurel branches, and surmounted by a crown. In Bond-street the principal attraction was the Navy Club-house, and the Clarendon Hotel. The former displayed a large anchor surmounted by the crown on the initials “V. and A.,” in variegated lamps. At the Clarendon Hotel a beautifully painted transparency of the Royal arms was affixed over the principal entrance. It is almost impossible to select the names of individuals, when all had spared no expense in thus testifying their loyalty and attachment to their youthful Sovereign; still, however, we cannot avoid the especial mention of the brilliant displays made by Mr. Giblett, the purveyor; Messrs. Emanuel, manufacturers of boule to Her Majesty; by Mr. Turner, cabinet-maker, of a well-painted transparency—full-length portrait of the Queen in her coronation robes; by Messrs. Grove, fishmongers, a splendid projecting Crown in gas; by Long’s Hotel; by Messrs. Sahwith and Riley; by Messrs. Watson, Wood, and Bell, and by Messrs. More, the army clothesellers. In Hanover-square the Oriental Club-house, and the residences of the Marquis of Downshire, Sir James Clark, and Lord Wrottesley, were brilliantly illuminated. In the Haymarket the great features of encomium and admiration were the illuminations of the Italian Opera House, and of the Haymarket Theatre. That of the Italian Opera House was truly splendid. The centre displayed the Royal arms of England, and the armorial bearings of the illustrious house of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, on separate shields, and depicted in variegated lamps—on each side were the Royal initials grouped in majestic branches of laurel—and the whole was surmounted by the imperial crown. The front of the Haymarket Theatre exhibited a brilliant star, with the initials “V. A.”

The National Gallery, in Trafalgar-square, was the object of universal admiration. Some thousand of lamps were employed to exhibit, on an extended scale, and in a truly appropriate manner, the British crown, and the Prince’s crown. The entire portico was one mass of variegated lamps. The centre was composed of a brilliant star, of the order of the Garter, having on the right side the initials “V. R.” with the crown of England, and on the left the initials “P. A.,” surmounted by the ducal coronet of the house of Saxe Coburg and Gotha—one of the most imposing and effective devices displayed. The Union Club-house on one side of the square, and Morley’s Hotel on the other were also brilliantly illuminated. In the Strand, with the exceptions enumerated below, the illuminations were generally of a simple character, and confined to the exhibition either of a star, the imperial
crown, or the Royal initials in gas or variegated lamps. Mr. Simpson, the decorator, exhibited a beautiful transparency, containing medallion portraits of the Royal pair; Messrs. Ackermann, a transparency of full-length portraits of Her Majesty and her Royal consort; the numerous newspaper offices situate in the Strand, and in particular "the Wedding Sun," which, in point of tasteful and brilliant execution, eclipsed every other, were all most tastefully and expensively brilliant; the facade of Somerset-house presented a gorgeous display of variegated lamps; a projecting imperial crown formed the capital; under it stood the initials "V.R." supported on each side by two magnificent stars, the centre of which contained the initials "V. and A." The entrance to King's College exhibited the Crown tastefully festooned, with the letters "V. and A." in gas. The British Fire Office, Messrs. Contos's Bank, the English Opera House, the Scottish Union Assurance Company, and the Golden-Moss Hotel, also made brilliant displays. The illuminations in Fleet-street were on a similar scale, and of the precise character of those in the Strand. The entrance gates to the Inner and Middle Temple were chastely festooned with variegated lamps; the newspaper-offices and all the banks and houses in the line were well illuminated. On Ludgate-hill the best displays were decidedly those of Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell, Messrs. Pearce, Messrs. Isherwood, and the London Tavern.

Newgate-street was but thinly illuminated. The devices were neither new nor striking. The most conspicuous was the crown at Patriarch's, the oil and colourman, representing a crown and wreath, with the initials "V. and A."

in coloured lamps.

Skinner-street and Snow-hill displayed but a few stray lamps, and Holborn-hill was but imperfectly lighted, if we except a very brilliant star of pure gas at Brett's Hotel which lit the Street on either side for nearly a quarter of a mile.

In Aldersgate-street the principal attraction was the illumination in front of the General Post-office, which was most magnificent. The device was two crowns, with "V.R." and "P.A." under them, and a star in the centre surrounded by a wreath of flowers. This illumination was on a very large scale, covering the whole of the centre front of the Post-office, and had a most dazzling appearance. There were several other minor illuminations.

In Cheapside the stars, crowns, and Royal initials were over almost every other shop. At the corner of King-street there was a very brilliant illumination of the motto "May they long live," which had a good effect. The Mansion-house terminated the illuminations in Cheapside with a gorgeous mass of coloured light in the device of a star surmounted by "V.A." and a crown, encircled with a wreath of flowers. This facing the Bank and several public offices, which were each most brilliantly illuminated, lit up into a perfect glare this part of the city.

In High Holborn, Day and Martin's establishment was by far the most attractive, though here the emblems and devices began to be more gay and striking. A splendid crown, in full relief, and about six feet high, emitted the most beautiful light in diamond-like sparkles. The names "Victoria and Albert" were written beneath in light of equal brilliancy, and the whole was surmounted with a large silken banner. The light was so dazzlingly intense as almost to eclipse the other illuminations in the neighbourhood, and yet the whole effect was chaste, simple, and elegant in the extreme. Nearly opposite, at Park, the gun-maker's, there was a very rich crown, in coloured lamps. Towards the Broadway, St. Giles's, the glare began to lessen, and then wholly to fade, until we came to Tottenham-court-road, with the exception of Gristman's Eye-snuff warehouse, which was very handsomely lighted up, having a rich crown and wreath, with the letters "A. and V." entwined in the centre. Meux's brewery, at the corner of Tottenham-court-road, presented altogether a very imposing appearance, the whole arches of the entrance being thickly studded with brilliantly variegated lamps. From that onward, the lights began to wane, with the exception of a few very brilliant stars, in gas, until we arrived at the Pantheon, which was very richly illuminated, having a raised crown and a rich scroll, with the letters "V. and A." in variegated lamps. Dill, baker to the Queen Dowager, had a gorgeous crown, with the letters "V.R." From that onward to the end of Oxford-street the scene was very brilliant, though but little varied, the devices being in most instances of the same description.

In Lower Grosvenor-street the illuminations, though few, were brilliant. The most effective was that at Duval's, the metal-gilders, where two knights in full armour stood in niches, which were surrounded with a strong gas-light.

Grosvenor-square.—The illuminations in this square, though not general nor striking, were rich in the profusion of variegated lamps. At Lord Wilton's were the letters "V.R." with a scroll. At Lord Verulam's a crown done in exceedingly rich lamps, with the initials "V. and A." at either side. At Lord Courtown's, the letters "V.R." and "P.A." At the Marquis of Winchester's a crown, with the initials "V. and A." At Lord Foley's a rich star, and at Lord Cardigan's a star and wreath.

Lower Brooke-street.—Mivart's Hotel formed the chief attraction in this street. It was covered with various devices in gas, the...
Upon Her Majesty's Marriage.

principal of which was a brilliant crown, with rich wreathing scrolls, chastely and elegantly designed. The most conspicuous in this street, but they faded almost to nothing in Mivart's display.

Manchester-square.—The great, indeed the only attraction here, was the mansion of the French Ambassador. The embellishment was by far the most finished within our circuit. The design was simple—the execution highly finished—and the colours were arranged with most artificial effect. It was merely a portmaiton, on a large scale, of the national arms of France, with the initials of Louis Philippe in the centre, and the whole surmounted by the letters "V. A." The effect from the bottom of the square was very striking, and even so far off as the end of Oxford-street it had the appearance of a strongly-illuminated transparency.

Regent-street.—In this street there were a great number of very brilliant and splendid illuminations over the different shops and club-houses. The most conspicuous were Warren's Hotel—a very splendid co- loured lamp illumination star, crown, and "V. A." Opposite to this, the Junior United Service Club-house had across its whole front a device of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, surrounding two stars, and "V. A." in coloured lamps, which had a most beautiful effect.

The front of the Stranger's Club, "V. A." in gas. The Horticultural Society's offices, two brilliant stars, and "V. A." in gas jets. Messrs. Howell and James's shop had the whole front brilliantly illuminated with gas jets, formed in stars, and the initials of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The pressure of the crowd at this part of Regent-street was terrific; there was a complete block of both pedestrians and vehicles, and from nine till nearly midnight, the screams of fainting and frightened ladies here struck frequently upon the appalled ears of the sight-seeing multitude.

Around the corner in Charles-street—a route the oppressed crowd were forced to take for safety of life or limb—Messrs. Lawrie and McGregor, army agents, with festoons of variegated lamps, tastefully entwined in the balcony, gratefully relieved the passenger's view. And the blaze of Regent-street and the brilliant glare of St. James's square, and the otherwise total darkness of this great linking thoroughfare.

In St. James's square, the front of the Army and Navy Club-house was most splendidly illuminated with gas, displaying the arms of the club, surmounted by an imperial crown, and supported on each side by a star; also the Royal initials, with festoons and other decorations.

The Colonial Club.—"V. A.," and the star of Brunswick, in beautiful lamps.

The Windham Club.—A crown and "V A." executed in like manner.

The Partletson.—The same.

In the Regent-circus a great number of the shopkeepers had stars, the Royal initials, and illuminated crowns over their shop- doors.

Advancing up Regent-street, the stars, crowns, Royal initials, and other devices, were very numerous. The house of Messrs. Barclay and Sons, upholsterers to Her Majesty, was very brilliantly illuminated in each window. The shop of Messrs. J. and J. Holmes, No. 171, had a splendid star, surrounded with laurel branches in gas jets. The shop of Mr. Ackerman, the publisher, displayed a very beautiful transparency of Britannia drawn in a car by four horses. This was surmounted by the Royal standard. Messrs. Lewis and Allanby, silkmakers, had a very splendid illumination over the whole front of their shop. In the centre a crown on a cushion, and on each side a star and "V. A." in gas. Mr. Houbigant's shop had a very brilliant star, surrounded by a wreath. Boyle's Court Guide office, "V. A." and star. The Polytechnic Institution exhibited a globe of fire, surrounded by a radiance of gas.

Portland-place.—Many of the private residences here were handsomely illuminated. Amongst these Lord Denman's house conspicuous, with a star, crown, and festoons of lamps in the windows.

Cavendish-square.—Here the English Agricultural Society's Office, Lady Byron's house, Lord Beresford's house, the Marquis of Winchester's residence, Dr. Phillips', and several other residences were handsomely illuminated.

Long-acre.—The coach-building establishments of Messrs. Wyburn and Hallmarke, Albut and Hallmarke, each coach-builders to Her Majesty, were very splendidly illuminated. Mr. Bartley's shop also displayed a very beautiful illumination of Her Majesty, seated on a cloud with two attendant Cupids.

At the end of Chancery-lane, the Law Institution had a very splendid appearance, with two stars and two flags, bearing each the inscription "Victoria" in gas jets.

Bridge-street, Blackfriars.—Here the Standard-office, Bell's Weekly Messenger-office, and the Hand-in-Hand Fire and Life office, were each very splendidly illuminated, especially the latter, which had the motto "Hand-in-Hand," in gas jets, across the building.

PARISH SCHOOLS AND WORKHOUSES.

We believe that the children of nearly every parochial school, and the inmates of almost every workhouse in the metropolis and its vicinity, were feasted in celebration of Her Majesty's marriage.

N—MARCH, 1840.
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION-PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 824.)—Dinner or Evening Dress.—Dress of white spotted gauze over white satin. The corsage is low and à pointe, ornamented round the neck with a Berthe. Short sleeves of white velvet with two sabots, finished by a third and very small sabot, of the same gauze as the dress. It will be remarked that the sleeves in the plate are very short. The skirt has two tolerably deep flounces, with a pink satin liseré (piping) at the edge, and row of the same, putting on the upper one. Hair curling ringlets at the sides of the head, and intermixed with full-blown roses and buds (see plate); a wreath of the same crosses the entire front of the head. Gold necklace and locket; white kid gloves, with the top trimmed with roses; white silk stockings; black satin shoes; fan.

Carriage Dress.—Redingotte of satin, à reflets (shaded pink and violet). The corsage is only half high; the front in folds, and forming a slight point. The sleeves are taken down in gathers in three places at the shoulder, the remainder very full to the wrist, where they are again taken in to match the top. The skirt is plain at the bottom, but a garniture of passementerie, trimmed on each side with wide black lace (see plate), goes down the left side of the dress. Hat of primrose colour, velours épinglé; the front is much thrown back, and sits completely round to the face; it nearly meets at the chin, and the corners are pointed, not round. It is trimmed with a bow of itself on the left side, and a feather drooping at the right. Underneath the front, at each side, is a yellow rose and bud. Hair in smooth bands, with the ends braided and turned up again. A frill of very wide lace serves instead of a collar (see plate); cambric ruffles; lemon-colour kid gloves; handkerchief trimmed with lace; black satin shoes.

(No. 825.)—New Spring Walking Dresses.—Dress of nut brown satin. Corsage half high, and tight to the bust. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of broad velvet ribbon, put on at distances, its own width left between (see plate). Mantelet scarf of purple velvet, wadded and lined with silk of the same colour; it is trimmed all round with very wide chenille fringe, the colour of the hat. Hat of the primrose colour, velours épinglé. It is very deep at the sides, and the crown sits perfectly flat; the trimming is entirely of velours épinglé, with the exception of a branch of "Forget-me-not," which falls at the right side of the front of the hat. Cambric ruffles; primrose colour kid gloves; black vernished shoes.

Hat of white satin, with a bouquet of small scarlet flaps of ribbon over the crown. Redingotte of pale lavender pour de soie. Corsage demi décotée (half high), and fitting tight to the bust. Sleeves taken down in three places at the shoulder, the remainder excessively full. The skirt opens at the left side (see plate), and is trimmed down the front and all round with a flounce of the same silk as the dress, beginning very narrow at the waist, and increasing gradually in width till it is rounded at the bottom, where it becomes very deep (see plate); it will also be observed that the flounce itself is edged with a chenille fringe, a full half finger in depth. Hair in bands, with flowers underneath the bonnet; collar of guipure, fastened with a rich came; ermine muff, lined with ponceau; pale yellow gloves; black vernished shoes.

PARIS FASHIONS.
(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Feb. 25, 1840.

A thousand thanks, ma chère belle, for your excellent account of the marriage of your amiable young Queen. How much I should have liked being with you, to witness the splendid ceremony! But we, too, have had our share of the rejoicings, for the ball given, on the occasion, at the British Embassy, was splendid beyond description. Only think, two thousand persons were present; and yet, in the two large saloons, the dancers were not too much incommoded; and, then, in the garden, there was such a delightful retreat from the heated atmosphere of the rooms, a most charming pavilion, tastefully ornamented, was erected on the green sward, and opened all round into the galleries of the green houses, which were filled with the most fragrant exotics. The Dukes de Némours and d'Amale, the Prince de Joinville, Prince Paul of Wurtzenberg, the Infants of Spain—in short, all the French and foreign nobility, at present in Paris, were present. The display of diamonds was perfectly dazzling; and such an assemblage of beauty I never witnessed. As to the supper, I refer you to the public papers, which will tell you that the tables groaned under the profusion of delicacies, in and out of season, and that they were decorated with a taste and luxury truly royal.

The dresses of the dancers were all composed of those light materials which only are adapted to the ball-room, where every thing should be light and ethereal. Crapes, gaizes, laces, with garnitures of flowers, marabout tips, bows, &c, composed the majority of the dresses. Black velvet corsages, with white or pink crape skirts, white and pink, and cherry-colour dresses, with black velvet sleeves. By the way, this is a singular fashion, nevertheless, it seems as if it would take. So ma chère, if any accident happens to the sleeve of a new dress you have only to put in black violet ones instead; but mind they must be short sleeves; I never saw it
Fashions.

in long ones. The head-dresses were composed of flowers, feathers, sprigs made of precious stones, &c.; the front hair worn in rings was platé, or braided with the cords braided and turned up again. The dresses of the matronly part of the assembly, were rich and splendid in the extreme; many had trains. Dresses of velvet, velours épinglé, rich brocaded satin, some made à l'antique, with the satin petticoat visible in front of and near; others with flower of rich lace, or antique guipure. Some of the skirts were looped back with shining ornaments; some with topazes or emeralds; some with cameoos; others with a rose, and a small chain of gold; and some with cords and tassels of pearls; and then the coiffures to match these dresses were brilliant with diamonds and precious stones—a la Marie Stuart, à la reine Berthe, à la Fontanges, à la Mancini, à la Jane Grey. In short, there were coiffures of almost every age, together with turbans, à la Sultane, à la Mandane, à la Circassienne, à la Juive, &c., &c. A good deal of black lace was to be seen in dresses of ponceau and pink satin. The Berthe's and guipure flounces were rich and costly. Many corsages had points. Some without draperies, à la Sévigné. The gloves were of white kid, and trimmed at the top to match the dresses; some with garlands of roses or other flowers; some with quilings or puffed fringe; or many in marabout or swan down. The gloves still remain so short, that they only well cover the wrist.

I must now give you a special description of two dresses—a robe of blue velours épinglé, corsage à pointe; open skirt trimmed all round with a broad band of ermine, broader of course, at bottom, and on the train than down the fronts, a piece of the same, cut in the form of a Berthe, was round the bosom of the dress. There was a short under-tight sleeve of white satin, and over that an open Venitian one, lined throughout with ermine. There was something almost regal in the splendour of this dress; the coiffure, in perfect keeping, was à la Mary Queen of Scots. The other dress was similar in make, and made of ponceau terry velvet, and the fur was also ermine. The only difference was, that the inside white satin sleeve, likewise tight, reached to the wrist, and that the outer one was confined, down the arm, with ruby clasps.

I do not know what weather you have had, but we have had a week now of piercing cold, sharp frost every night. This has put back the Spring fashions, and we have all taken to our wrappings again.

Hats continue precisely as I have been describing them to you this same time, nor shall we have a change before Long-Champs velours épinglé is the most fashionable of all materials at present, and next to that velours d'Afrique, a silk that closely resembles the Terry velvet. Feathers, as usual in winter, are more prevalent than flowers. I have, however, seen upon some new hats a light sprig of the scarlet verbena—the forget-me-not, or the calceolaria. These sprigs are placed so as to fall over one side of the front of the hat. Ribbon trimmings are quite out, except for hats. Of the velours d'Afrique, some of these being shot with another colour, require a ribbon of a single shade, and others of one shade require a shot ribbon to set them off. On velvet bonnets, the trimmings, strings, &c., are of velvet.

Shawls continue in as high favour as ever. Cashmere or velvet, wadded and lined with silk, and trimmed with lace, a chenille fringe, or lined and trimmed with fur. I make no doubt but that we shall have something new and pretty in this department of the toilette for spring and summer.

Satin and velvet dresses are more seen at present, than any others in morning costume. Some pretty satin dresses have three rows of wide velvet ribbon on the skirts, others have five rows, but the skirt is narrower. This trimming is far more genteel than flounces, which are quite de mauvais goût, since they have become so general. The long sleeves are very simple just now. Three gatherings at the shoulders, then very loose, and a plain deep wrist, or a shallow wrist, and three gatherings above it. You know manchettes are indispensable.

The corsages, particularly in toilette d'Intérieur, or home morning dress, are only half high, and very much open in front. A frill of wide lace, well put on, that is wide and tolerably full at back, and as far as the turn of the shoulders in front, then becoming narrower and rather plain as it comes down in front towards the waist, until it finishes, when only a inch in width, is more becoming in-doors, than the plain guipure collars now in fashion. A little rossette bow of satin ribbon, with a brooch in the centre, makes a pretty finish to the frill in front. Broché satin, and black satin aprons, are worn; they are very small; the lower corners rounded, and trimmed round with two rows of black lace, one at the edge, the other half the breadth of itself, inside, and put on with a lieré. The pockets on the outside are trimmed with black lace. If the corsage is à pointe, the lower part may be trimmed also with lace.

A little half cap of ribbon and lace, and intermixed with flowers, such as I have before described, complete a pretty morning costume. Black silk mittens.

The newest colours for hats, are primrose, white, and pearl grey. For dresses, nut brown, purple, and two shades of lavender, the one very pale, the other bright like the flower just opening.

There, ma très belle, is all that I can tell you to-day, si non que je t'aime, et t'aimerai toujours,

L. de F——

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General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office for the Printed Alphabetical Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and by petition to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery, and the new system of exurban Burial in England, —part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse, that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where a death takes place, as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in the present list.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolis Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search and how great the expense to discover the simple fact of where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home, an event of hourly occurrence to one or other of parties marrying. So important, indeed, do we ourselves consider this arrangement to be, that we have little doubt that ere long there are few persons concerned who will be incommodious enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown —the place even forgotten;—when, such a record as this registration affords, might be of infinite value; there are, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth, as proof positive of an individual’s age.

BIRTHS.

Ashmore, the wife of James ——, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a dau.; at 57, Upper Bedford-place, Russell Square, Feb. 18.

Bethune, the lady of Charles ——, Esq., of a son; at Rowfaut, Sussex, Jan. 28.

Brown, the wife of the Rev. B. Lewis ——, Esq., of a son; at Ringwood, Feb. 18.

Cathcart, the lady Eleanor, of a son; at Adlesworth-house, Cheshunt, Feb. 20.

Curtis, the wife of William ——, Esq., of a son; at Hastings, Sussex, Feb. 7.

Davidson, the lady of Thomas ——, M.D., of a son; at Shaftesbury-house, Bayswater, Feb. 1.

Duncan, Viscountess of a dau.; at Naples, Jan. 22.

Dyke, the lady of John Dixon ——, of a son; at Milsted-house, Sittingbourne, Kent, Feb. 6.

Goldmaid, the lady of Frederick D. ——, Esq., of a son, Manchester-square, Feb. 17.

Gordon, the lady of Joseph ——, of a dau.; at Shortwood, Jamaica, Dec. 20, 1839.

Hardy, the lady of James ——, Esq., of a dau.; at Mecklenburg-square, Feb. 3.

Lysaght, the lady of the Hon. J. A. ——, Esq., of a son; at Cheltenham, Jan. 28.

Lyall, the lady of Robert ——, Esq., of a son; at Chest-Terrace, Regent’s Park, Feb. 22.


Maxwell, the lady of William Constable ——, Esq., of a dau.; at Evingham-park, Feb. 2.

Negg, the lady of Chichester ——, Esq., of a dau.; at Cheltenham, Jan. 29.

Oliphant, the lady of Major ——, of a son; at Westminster Common, Feb. 20.

Rendlesham, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord ——, of a son and heir; at Florence, Feb. 9.

Seabrook, the lady of Brewster Thomas ——, Esq., of a dau., stillborn; at 17, Oriental-place, Brighton, Feb. 2.


Wilson, the lady of Henry ——, Esq., of a son; at Stowlangtoft-hall, Suffolk, Jan. 28.

MARRIAGES.

Abbott, Mary, 2nd d. of W. H. ——, Esq., to Professor Withers, Bishop’s College, Calcutta, Nov. 13.


Burney, Julia, d. of the late Dr. ——, of Gosport, to Capt. Henry Poole, R. Artill.; Graham’s Town, N. S. W., Oct. 15, 1839.

Clarke, Eleanor, 2nd d. of the late Jno. ——, Esq., to M. Templetom, Esq., of Futtinhur; Calcutta, Oct. 15.

Clarke, Julia Ann, only child of W. Geering ——, Esq., of Doctors’ Commons and Leonard-place, Kennington, to Heathfield Tupper, Esq., of St. Mary Abbott’s-terrace; Kennington, Feb. 4.

Cleghorn, Janet, d. of the late Geo. ——, Esq., of Futtinhur, to Thos. Henry Hychley, Esq., Calcutta, Nov. 5.

Clode, Sophia, yestr. d. of the late George ——, Esq., of Gordon-place, to the Rev. Mathew Blyden Hale, Perpetual Curate of Strow, Gloucestershire; St. Pancras Church, Feb. 25.


Courtenay, Belinda, d. of the late B. ——, Esq., of Twickenham Park, Middlesex, to Charles Arrowsmith, of Devonshire-street, eisd. s. of C. A. ——, Esq., of Burton-crossent; Twickenham Church, Feb. 11.

Cox, Eliza, 2nd d. of Wm. ——, Esq., of Hobart-ville, N. S. Wales, to J. A. Youl, Esq.; Hobart Town, N.S.W., July 9.


[THE COURT]
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.


D’ Rozario, Miss Mary Anne Kenderline Magaret, to J. Pearce, Esq.; Calculia, Oct. 15.

Eager, Miss Jane Elizabeth, to Chas. Stainbridge, Esq.; Cape Town, Sept. 25.

Eyee, Harriet, ygst. d. of the late Henry ——, Esq., of Bodley Grange, to Robert, 2nd son of the late George E. ——, Esq., of Warrens; at the Cathedral, Sarm, Feb. 8.

Gouldstone, Eliza, eld. d. of Wm. ——, Esq., to J. T. Castle, Esq.; Sydney, N. S. W., July 13.

Gordon, Jane, only d. of Capt. C. ——, R.N., of Demurill-hill, Gloucestershire, to the Rev. Scudamore Barr; Tidenham Church, Gloucestershire, Feb. 5.

Green, Isabella, eld. d. of Andrew ——, Esq. of Cockermouth, to William J. Dixon, Esq., eld. s. of William ——, Esq., of Landownterrace, Cheltenham; at Prestbury, Jan. 29.

Haldane, Robina, eld. d. of G. ——, Esq., of Union-grove, Aberdeen, to Thomas N. Farquhar, Esq., of Abington-street, Westminster; at Aberdeen, Feb. 4.

Harris, Mrs. M., widow of the late Capt. ——, to Dr. J. Harford; St. Lawrence Church, Aug. 3.

Headlam, Eleanor Margaret, 2nd. d. of Jno. ——, Esq., Egglestone, Macquarie River, to Jas. J. Bayles, Esq., Rokey; Campbell Town, N. S. W., Aug. 8.

Heald, Rachel, ygst. dau. of Joseph ——, Esq., of Wakefield, to the Rev. R. F. B. Rickards, of Offwell, near Honiton, Devon; the Old Church, Brighten, Feb. 13.

Hessman, Harriet, d. of the Rev. John ——, Minister of Trinity Church, Clifton, to Vaughan ygst. son of the Rev. James ——, Rector of Wraxall, Somerset, at Clifton Church, Feb. 19.

Hiron, Elizabeth, eld. d. of Thomas ——, Esq., of Hackney-house, W. Wick, to John Giles Toooodood, Esq., of Bridgewater, Somerset; Feb. 20.


Huckstep, Miss Elizabeth, ——, to Thos. Hanson, Esq.; Sydney; N. S. W., July 22.

Johnstone, the Hon. Miss Hope, one of the maids of honour to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle; at Marlborough-house, London, Feb. 3.

Keene, Anna, eld. dau. of ——, Esq., of Mous Vale, to G. H. Moore, Esq.; Hobart Town, N. S. W., lately.

Kerr, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of David ——, Esq., to S. O. E. Ludlow, Esq., Madras Engineers; St. Pancras Church, Feb. 6.


Le Neve, Louisa, widow of the late G. F. ——, Esq., Barrow, Suffolk, to B. Harding, Esq., Albany, late of Calculia; St. Pancras Church, Feb. 22.


Little, Amelia, ygst. dau. of the late James ——, Esq., of Gloucester Place, London, to Francis W. Staines, Esq., of Hastings; St. Marylebone Church, Feb. 11.

Longden, Charlotte Sherwin, eld. dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Brancott-hill, Notts, to Edward only son of the late very Rev. George Markham, D. D. Dean of York; at Brancott, Jan. 30.

Lovett, Caroline, 2nd. dau. of Geo. ——, Esq., to Richard E. Batte, Esq., late in N. S. Wales; Hobart Town, Aug. 5.


Marsh, Catherine, eld. d. of the late Rev. Henry ——, of Maunden, Essex, to George Holland, Esq., of Buckland, Lincolnshire; at Bromley, Kent, Feb. 19.


Mudge, Sophia Elizabeth, only d. of Liet.-Col. ——, R. E. of Beechwood, Devon, to the Rev. John Richard Bogue, of Denbury, Devon, only son of the late Capt. Bogue, R. H. A.; at Hendon, Middlesex, Feb. 18.


Needham, Mary, 3rd. d. of the late James ——, Esq. of Kensington, to John Thomas, Esq., Surgeon, Bethlem Hospital; St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, Feb. 19.


Parker, Ann, eld. dau. of Thomas ——, Esq., of Deal, County of Kent, to W. B. Parker, Esq., of the Town Surveyor's depart.; Sydney, N. S. W., lately.

Pennefather, Susan, dau. of Ed. ——, Esq., of Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, and Rathalla, to Richard Hall, Esq., of Copped-hall, Totteridge; St. Peter's, Dublin, Feb. 12.


Perigal, Louisa Ann, ygst. d. of Henry ——,
**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

Esq., of Torrington-square, to Henry Pileon, Esq., of H. M. 63rd Regt.; at St. Pancras Church, Feb. 18.

Powell, Amelia, 4th d. of the late Jas. ——, Esq., to T. L. Matthews, Esq., Madras Med. Serv.; St. John's, E.I., Nov. 2.

Rayner, Emma, 3rd d. of Matthew ——, Esq., of Uxbridge, to Richard Wilson, Esq., of Peryvyle, Sydenham; at Hillingdon, Middlesex, Feb. 18.

Reed, Mary Ann, 2nd d. of Geo. ——, Esq., of Durham, to Henry Jeffery, Esq., Surgeon; Sydney, N.S.W., May 18.

Reynolds, Henrietta Louisa, 3rd d. of John ——, Esq., of Knowle-Green, Staines, to Griffin Bascom, Esq., late of Demerara; Feb. 4.


Scott, Maria Antoinette, d. of the late Alexander ——, Esq., of Beaumont-street, Portland-place, to Alexander Hamilton Lounahan, Esq., 2nd son of Andrew ——, Esq., of Nottingham-place; at Lambeth, Jan. 30.

Sherman, Jessie, only d. of Thomas ——, Esq., late of Charlton, to Leopold Redpath, Esq., Blackheath Terrace; at Charlton Church, Feb. 22.

Smith, Miss, sister to the Princess of Capua, to the Lord Dinorben; at the apartments of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, in Kensington Palace. H. R. H. gave the lovely bride away; Feb. 11.

Smythes, Emily, 3rd d. of the Rev. H. G. ——, B. D., Vicar of Stanground with Farret, Huntingdon, to Edward Greene, 3rd son of Benjamin Greene, Esq., of Russell-square; at Stanground, Feb. 4.

Speake, Julia, ygst. d. of the late Jno. Coverdale, Esq., of Kedgeree, Bengal, to Chas. Bradbury, Esq.; Hobart Town, N. S. W., Sept. 7.

Tucker, Anne, ygst. d. of the late Benjamin Wooley ——, Esq., of Axminster, Devon, to Francis Dumergue, Esq., of the Inner-Temple, Barrister-at-law; at Stockland, Dorset, Jan. 27.

Vinci, Caroline Elizabeth, eld. d. of the Rev. John ——, one of H. M.'s Chaplains in N. S. Wales, to Henry Cape, Esq.; Sutton Forest, July, 4.


Wyse, Mary, d. of Dr. ——, and cousin german to Thomas Wyse, Esq., M.P., to Richard Hore, Esq., of Wexford; lately.

**Deaths.**

A'Court, Hon. Frederick Ashe, aged 22, ygst. son of Lord and Lady Heytesbury; at Heytesbury, Jan. 28.

Alcock, the Hon. Mrs., aged 70, wife of Lieut.-Col., and aunt of the present Viscount Doneraile; at Florence, Feb. 1.

Allen, Mr. Joseph, aged 70, Historical and Portrait Painter; at Erdington, Warwickshire; Nov. 19, 1839.

Allmar, Eleanor Martha Anne, aged 6 months, daughter of Mr. Thomas ——, of Holborn-hill; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Jan. 27.


Bragal, Mr. David, aged 96. Longevity seems peculiar to the family, for his grandfather, his father, and his own age, when taken at an average, have each amounted to 97. His grandfather, when in his 16th yr., happened to cross Magus Muir, on May 3, 1679, when Archbishop Sharp was murdered, and saw the assassins scouring across the heath, after the bloody deed; lately at Balcurrie.

Brecknell, Lady Catherine Caroline, aged 60, reliek of Joseph ——, Esq., formerly of the Life Guards. She was the only surviving daughter of William Charles, third Earl of Portmore; was formerly Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, and was married in 1810; at Cheltenham, lately.

Brine, Rear Admiral Augustus, aged 71, eld. son of the late Admiral James ——; at his residence, Boldre-hill, near Lymington, Jan. 28.

Burnum, Thomas James Philip, Esq., aged 59; at his residence, Arden-house, near Henley-in-Arden, Jan. 30.

[THE COURT]


Chinnery, Sir Brodrick, of Flintfield, co. Cork, Bart. He succeeded his father in 1808; married in 1803, Maria Elizabeth, ystg. d. of Geo. Vernon, of Cloncurry Castle, Esq., and is succeeded by his only son, the Rev. Sir Nicholas — ; at Dublin, Jan. 17.

Const. Francis, Esq., aged 88, formerly chairman of the Middlesex and Westminster Sessions; at Kickersworth, Dec. 16, 1839.

Coram, Robert, jun., Aged 65, of Burgh castle and Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; at Crofton Lodge, Hammersmith, lately.

Coventry, the Right Hon. Peggy Countess Dowd of; she was the second daughter, and cousin of Sir Abraham Pitches, became the second wife of George, the Seventh Earl, in 1738, and was left his widow in 1813, having had issue the present Earl and a numerous family; at Streatham, lately.

Currell, John Richard, Esq., aged 21, a Commoner of Balliol College, Oxford; accidentally drowned in a small skiff, at Sandford, a place on the river about 4 miles from Oxford, Feb. 8.

Cunningham, Allan, Esq., aged 48, the Australian botanist and traveller; at Sydney, N.S.W., June 27, 1839.


Doubuz, Lewis Charles, Esq., aged 85; at his seat, Leyton, Essex, Dec. 15, 1839.


Drake, Lady, the widow of the late Sir Francis Henry Drake; at Cheltenham, Feb. 18.


Egan, Edward, Esq., aged 67; at his residence, Grove End Road, St. John’s Wood, Feb. 11.

Egerton, Lady Emily, ystg. dau. of the Earl of Wilton, Grosvenor Square, lately.

Fitzpatrick, Joanna Harriet Maria, aged 19, eld. and beloved dau. of N. F —, Esq., M.D. of the Lodge near Bedford, and grand dau. of Capt. William Long, Feb. 16.

Gilbert, Davies, Esq., V. P. R. S., aged 75; at Eastbourne, Sussex, Dec. 24, 1839.

Gott, Benjamin, Esq., aged 78; at Arleyhouse, Lecris, Feb. 14.


Guthrie, Elizabeth Arbuthnot, aged 19; eld. and last surv. dau. of David Charles G —, Esq., 30 Portland Place, Feb. 12.

Heath, Julia Georgiana, aged 21; eld. dau. of the Rev. R. H. —, and niece of the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron, to the inexorable grief of her parents and family; at Hastings, Feb. 11.

Harberton, the Rt. Hon. Esther Dow, Viscountess. She was the eld. dau. and co-heir of James Spencer, Esq., was married in 1788, and left a widow in 1833, having had issue the present Viscount and several other children; at Bath, Jan. 3.

Harewood, the Countess of, at Harewood-house, Yorkshire, Feb. 15.

Haynes, Mr. William, aged 68, of Doddington Grove; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 5.


Hilton, William, Esq., R. A., aged 53; Keeper of the Royal Academy; at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. P. de Wint, the able Water colourist, Dec. 30, 1839.

Holroyd, John, Esq., aged 69; formerly owner of Barcombe-place, Sussex. On the 4th May, 1800, His Majesty, George III., twice narrowly escaped being shot—in the morning in Hyde Park, and in the evening, when at Drury Lane Theatre, the insane Hatfield fired at His Majesty; but the direction of the ball was turned by Mr. Holroyd, who struck the assassin’s arm up; for this act deceased was offered a pension, which he refused, and he retained, during the life of His Majesty, much royal patronage.

Hope, Henry Philip, Esq., of Arklow House; brother of the late Thomas Hope, Esq., of Duchess Street, Portland-place. He spoke seven different languages, and maintained an extensive correspondence with learned men in all parts of Europe. He had formed one of the most perfect collections of diamonds and precious stones that has, perhaps, been ever possessed by a private individual, valued at £150,000. Although possessed of an ample fortune, his habits were most simple and unostentatious; he seemed to regard wealth only as the means of doing good. He has left, it is said, to each of his nephews £30,000 a year; at Beddburgh Park, Kent, the seat of Viscount Beresford, Dec. 5, 1839.

Knowles, James, Esq., aged 82, of 92, Alfred-place, Bedford Square; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Feb. 6.

Lambart, the Hon. Richard William, aged 24; late of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late General, Earl of Cavan; at Hythe, Kent, Dec. 26, 1839.

Leahy, John Thomas, Esq., late Lieu. Col. 21st Fusiliers; at the Club House, Sidney, N. S. W., suddenly, June 23, 1839.

Leitrim, Maria, Countess of; at Dinsdale Spa Hotel, Durham, lately.

Longridge, George, Henry, Esq., of Gateshead and of Brighton; he has bequeathed £1000 to the London University College, and £1000 to the University College Hospital; at Hastings, lately.

Maison, Marshal, aged 69, after an illness of ten days; at Paris, Feb. 13.

Mansfield, William, 3d Earl of Mansfield, K. T., aged 63; at Leamington, Feb. 18.

Metcalfe, Capt. Studholme, R. A., aged 29, of atrophy; at Hazareebaugh, E. I., October 14, 1839.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Melvil, Robert, Esq., aged 69, Her Majesty's Consul, at Amsterdam, Feb. 7.
Morley, Miss Barbara, at the advanced age of 93; at her residence, Sheen-vale, Mortlake, Surrey, January 15.
Morrison, William Hampson, aged 40, Queen's Clerk, and Clerk of the Papers of Her Majesty's Mint; at Leamington, Feb. 16.
Newton, Charlotte, only surviv. dau. of Sam. N——, Esq., of Croxton Park, Camb.; at Bath, Jan. 12.
O'Kelly, Lieut. H. M. 4th (or King's Own) regt. of foot; at Bangalore, E. I.; lately.
Ogle, Capt. Bertram Newton, 4th Light Dragoons; 6th son of the Rev. I. S. O——, of Kirkley-hall, Northumberland, of Cholera, whilst on his march with the returning troops from Ghiznee; at Shirkapoor, E. I., Nov. 29, 1839.
Oldham, John, Esq., aged 61, of the Bank of England; at his house in Montague Street, Russell Square, Feb. 14.
Park, Mrs., aged 59, relict of the celebrated Mungo Park; West Claremont Street, London, Jan. 31.
Pellew, Frances Ursula, eld. dau. of the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Norwich, and dau. of Hrn. Visct. Sidmouth; at Hastings, Feb. 17.
Penny, Benjamin, Esq., of Cambewell-terrace; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 10.
Prescott, Charles, Esq., Bombay, C. S. Drowned from on board the Steamer, Zenobia, on the passage from Suez, by falling overboard in a fit of temporary insanity, Nov. 8, 1839.
Rush, Dame Elizabeth Dorothea Cope, wife of Henry R——, Esq., and relict of the late Sir Denvil Cope, Bart., of Brainshill, Hants, at Fir-grove, Eversely, Feb. 16.
Selwin, the Lady Marjory, dau. of the late Sir George W——, and sister to the Marquis of Thomond; in Dublin, lately.
Scott, Capt. George, aged 83, late of E. I. C. S. He was one of the heroic band who defended Gibraltar in 1799, and of whom so few now remain; at Berwick, lately.
Sexty, Arthur, aged 2 years, son of Mr. Philip ——, of Handoon's-terrace; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Jan. 24.
Shearlin, Thomas, Esq., aged 84; also Joseph Shearron, Esq., aged 80; being the last of their race and name. As they lived together united the whole of their lives, and in the same house in which they were born, so in their deaths they were not divided, the one having expired only twenty minutes after the other; at Almondbury, Jan. 7.
Shedden, Millicent Sophia, yest. dau. of Col. Sheddon, of Esford, Lymington, Hants., of consumption; in Montague Square, Feb. 6.
Smart, the beloved wife of William S——, Esq., of Cairnbank; at Montrose, Scotland, Jan. 22.
Spencer, Sir Richard, R. N. governor of the New Settlement of King George's Sound; at his residence in that Colony, lately.
Stackpoole, Lieut. Col., late of the 45th regt. aged 56; of Channville Lodge, near Andover, Jan. 18.
Stuart, Georgiana Frances, wife of Sir Simeon H. S——, Bart.; at Clifton, Jan. 16.
Vardy, Sarah, aged two months, dau. of Joshua ——, Esq., of Stamford-street, Blackfriars; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 10.
Warren, Lady, widow of Admiral, the Rt. Hon. Sir Borlace W——, G. C. B. Her Ladyship is succeeded in her extensive estates by her grandson, Lord Vernon; at Stapleford Hall, near Nottingham, Dec. 28, 1839.
Wilkinson, John, Esq., aged 25, of Mary-street, Hampstead-road; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, Jan. 25.
Woolley, John, Esq., aged 68, of Buckenham-Lodge, Kent—at Brighton, Feb. 14; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Woodhouse, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Thornton ——, of a son; at Naples, Feb. 5.
Wrankmore, Elizabeth Johanna, yest. dau. of the late Richard W——, Esq., of Cape Town; Cape Town, Oct. 21.
Wyattville, Sir Jeffrey, aged 76, the architect; at his house in Lower Brook Street, Feb. 18.
Yates, Lieut. E. I., 34th Light Inf. In camp, near Kurnool, of wounds received in action at Zoraupore, E. I. the same morning, Oct. 18, 1839.
Younghusband, the Lady of Capt. A. Y——, 35th regt. N. I.; at sea, on board the Madagascar, Sep. 12, 1839.
Young, Edward, Esq., aged 33, eld. son of Dr. Henry Y——, of Devonshire-place, deeply lamented by a large circle of relations and friends; at Sydenham, Feb. 2.

[List of charges—for inserting a Marriage, not exceeding 5 lines, 3s.; a Birth or Death, not exceeding 3 lines, 2s.; each line beyond, 6d.—Letters prepared, transmitting notification for insertion, with an order for payment in London, will meet due attention.]
Les solennités se succèdent pour ainsi dire sans interruption : au bénéfice de Tamburini a succédé celui de Fanny Elssler qui, l'ingrate ! sacrifie l'ancien au nouveau Monde. Le bénéfice de mademoiselle Mars, pour rachat de congé, a eu lieu lundi dernier, et ça a été une bonne fortune pour les spectateurs et pour le théâtre qui s'est décidé enfin à jouer la jolie comédie du Cercle, de Poinsinet. Nous pourrions parler encore du brillant concert de la Gazette musicale, et surtout de celui que M. Ole-Bull, ce rival de Paganini, a donné la semaine dernière dans la salle de la Renaissance. Toutes ces réunions nous appartiennent, car partout se trouve la Mode avec tous ses caprices et toutes ses fantaisies, si malémente variés, selon la fortune, l'âge ou le caractère, si diversement nuancés pour obéir à des lois de convenance, de sentiment ou d'instinct, dont il n'appartient pas à la parole de rendre compte.

J'ai fait, Anna, dans ces diverses assemblées, toutes splendides, superbes et brillantes, une ample moisson de prime abord, mais que le choix de la critique a réduite promptement à des dimensions raisonnables, pour ne pas dire exigues. C'est de ce dernier résultat que découleront toutes nos observations.

Pour satisfaire d'abord à vos questions toujours répétées sur le choix des étoffes, je vous dirai que le velours figure toujours avec honneur dans ce que nous appelons les grandes réunions, telles que soirées, concerts, spectacles. On ne voit que des robes en velours
écru, bleu de ciel, vert émeraude, noir, etc. On porte des chapeaux en velours de toutes nuances, et la perfection de la recherche et du bon goût, c’est un chapeau de velours blanc. Enfin on fait de très confortables manteaux dits moccovites en velours bleu Louis, noir, vert Nicolas, violet, grenat, etc.; ils sont doublés chaudement et bordés d’hermine ou de martre zibeline, sortant des magasins Lachnitt.

Je veux pourtant vous donner un spécimen des divers articles que j’ai pu remarquer dans ces réunions, et à chacun desquels se rattache le nom de quelqu’un de ces artistes chéris du monde élégant, et dont notre bulletin se plait à mentionner les chefs-d’œuvre.

D’abord cette robe en velours épingle bleu, garnie de deux rangs de point d’Angleterre qui retombent légèrement sur des bouquets de petites fleurs. A voir la grâce avec laquelle ce corsage s’ouvre au milieu jusqu’à la ceinture, en laissant à découvert une chemisette délicatement brodée et garnie de riches dentelles, on reconnaît sur-le-champ une de ces créations qui, depuis quelque temps, ont porté si haut le nom de madame Bienvenu. C’est encore à madame Bienvenu que nous devons cette robe en velours ponceau garnie de deux montants en dentelle noire brodée or et couleurs, rattachée de distance en distance par une touffe de liserons nuancés. Je ne crois pas avoir besoin de vous dire que les différentes dentelles dont il peut être ici question, sortent toutes de la maison Ferrière-Pennova, qui tient aujourd’hui le sceptre de cette spécialité.

Voici une autre robe de velours, celle-ci est l’œuvre de mademoiselle Augustine, le velours est noir, et la jupe ouverte est garnie de marabout bleus qui en font une création remarquable par sa noble sévérité.

Je vous citerai d’Augustine encore une élégante redingote en velours garnie de passe-menterie, de délicieuses robes en satin garnies de trois volants de dentelles; puis enfin de délicieuses applications de velours sur tulle, organdi ou crêpe.

Une fantaisie fort recherchée aussi et due à l’imagination exercée de madame Larcher, c’est une robe en velours avec écharpe pour garniture, et dont le corsage un peu juste est garni d’une double écharpe arrondie à l’extrémité.

Quoi qu’il ne me reste que peu de place, je veux cependant, avant de passer à une autre spécialité, appeler votre attention sur les ravissantes robes de bal que madame Lallier a livrées cette année à la haute fashion. Ce sont des crêpes bleu de ciel à doubles tuniques, manches garnies d’engagantes bordées d’un ourlet et d’un ruban; des tulles roses garnis de plusieurs rangs de bouillons remontant dans la ceinture, corsage drapé, manches garnies du même nombre de bouillons; mais ce qu’il y a de plus riche et de plus recherché, c’est que les tulles blancs sur dessous de satin bleu garnis de deux hauts volants de tulle.

Je vous apprendrai, comme une bonne nouvelle, que les petits bords ont décidément fait leur temps : ils sont aujourd’hui presque entièrement délaissés.

On porte beaucoup de turbans, parmi lesquels j’en ai remarqué à triple bordure, ce qui m’a paru bien lourd, et ce qui, j’en suis persuadé, ne sera pas sanctionné par Léclère, dont aujourd’hui les décisions font loi.

Il a en ce moment un magnifique assortiment de chapeaux en velours et de turbans de toutes sortes ; il y en a pour tous les caprices et pour tous les goûts. On demande beaucoup ses turbans arabes, dont je vous ai déjà parlé, et que vous verrez bientôt reproduits sur nos gravures. On recherche aussi ses turbans de cachemire blanc autour desquels tourne une
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.


Gants perfectionnés de Prette, B° 55. r. M. des petits champs, 3.

LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

une satin garnie de dentelles et passementeries de Mme. Marie Dupur, M. du Luxembourg, 44.
Chapeau en velours épinglé des M. de Lecere, M. de Rived, 102.
Robe en Mouseline brodée, d’Auguste, 2, Louis le Grand, 32.
Coffre de Soie, 2, Castelain, 32.
Guirlande de fleurs de Chagot — Gants perf. de Sotte, B. 4, 4.
M. des petits champs, 3.
éclatante chaîne de turquoises dont les bouts retombent d’un côté pour faire pendant aux pans de l’écharpe frangée qui retombent de l’autre.

On porte pour ornements beaucoup de feuilles de roses en velours vert, de roses thé, de dahlias, sous la passe des bouquets de violette, etc., etc.; mais ce qu’il y a de plus distingué, c’est une Suzanne de blonde-doutelle en double écharpe.

Adieu, Anna;
Votre amie, Henriette de B....

Description

DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.

N° 5. Costume d’intérieur.
N° 6. Costume de ville.

L’IMPÉRATRICE MARIE-THÉRÈSE,
REINE DE HONGRIE ET BOHÈME.

Marie-Thérèse, née le 15 mai 1717, était fille de Charles VI, à qui, dès ses jeunes ans, elle demandait chaque jour quelques grâces nouvelles. « Je crois, lui dit son père, que vous ne voudriez être reine que pour faire du bien. — Je crois, répondit-elle, que c’est la seule manière de régner qui puisse faire supporter le poids d’une couronne.»

Lorsqu’elle hérita de cette couronne, la Russie et la Bavière tentèrent de lui enlever cet héritage. Obligée de quitter Vienne, elle vint se réfugier en Hongrie, convoqua les États, et se présenta à eux tenant sur ses bras le fils qu’elle venait de mettre au monde. « Je remets entre vos mains, leur dit-elle, la fille et le fils de vos rois qui attendent de vous leur salut. » A ce spectacle touchant, les Hongrois jurèrent de vaincre ou de mourir pour elle. Ils tinrent parole. Marie-Thérèse recouvrera ses états.

Ce fut la plus grande princesse et la femme la plus admirable de son siècle. Elle mourut à Vienne le 27 novembre 1780, à l’âge de soixante trois ans.

Bibliographie.

ÉTRENNES DE LA JEUNESSE PARISIENNE;
UNE SEMAINE DE BONHEUR ; LES JEUNES VOYAGEURS PIÉMONTAIS ; QUINZE JOURS DE VACANCES.

Par Mlle Clara Filleul de Petigny.

Ce sont quatre petits volumes destinés à l’enfance et dans lesquels un âge plus avancé trouverait d’excellentes leçons. Tantôt c’est un roman intéressant dont la morale vient naturellement au dénommé d’un petit drame; tantôt ce sont des anecdotes choisies ou inventées, dont le jeu prouve ou développe une vérité.

Mademoiselle Filleul de Petigny poursuit ici une série de petits ouvrages composés dans un but tout à la fois utile et même littéraire. Sans affecter de prétentions au style, elle écrit avec charme et élégance et sa phrase inspire bien la persuasion qu’elle éprouve. Nous l’engageons à poursuivre cette carrière où elle aura la clientèle des enfants et les remériments des mères.
O MON PAYS !

J'ai parcouru bien des vallées,
Bien des coteaux charmants à voir,
Bien des forêts d'ombres voilées
Comme les horizons du soir.
J'ai vu de limpides fontaines
S'écouler dans des prés fleuris ;
Mais rien n'est beau comme les plaines...
O mon pays ! ô mon pays !

Après que sur ma jeune vie
Des troubles brûlants ont passé,
Je reviens sur ta rive aimée
Me reposer dans le passé,
M'assoire sur ta plaine arrosée,
Et de tes souvenirs bénis,
Rafraîchir mon âme épuisée...,
O mon pays ! ô mon pays !

Les jours de l'enfance ignorée,
C'est une étoile en notre ciel,
C'est dans notre coupe enivrée
Cette rare goutte de miel.
Les autres jours sont des orages,
C'est la mer au sombre roulis.
Pour moi la paix est sur tes plages...
O mon pays ! ô mon pays !

Les souvenirs de l'âme humaine
Sont des flots toujours renaissants,
Et qu'une même heure ramène
Aux mêmes bords retentissants.
Ils viennent après les années
Dans l'âme encore tout rajeunis
Rappeler tes douces journées...,
O mon pays ! ô mon pays !

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Vogue est désormais acquise aux bals masqués de l'Académie royale de musique aussi bien qu'à ceux de la Renaissance. Les milliers d'amateurs qui, chaque samedi et chaque dimanche, ne peuvent trouver de place à ces deux théâtres, sont une preuve meilleure que tous les éloges des journaux. Quant aux représentations à bénéfice, nous savons peu de bien à en dire : elles sont généralement si insignifiantes qu'il vaut mieux, dans l'intérêt même des théâtres, ne pas en parler.

L'Académie royale de musique nous promet pourtant, pour le 25 de ce mois, une représentation à bénéfice que nous aurions tort de ne pas mentionner, car elle aura un grand intérêt de curiosité. Il s'agit de M. Falcon, qui doit chanter le quatrième acte des Huguenots et deux actes de la Juive.

La salle Ventadour a eu la semaine dernière deux succès sans importance, le Mari de la fauvette, de MM. de Villeneuve et Veyrat, et les Pages de Louis douse, de MM. de Villeneuve et Barrière.

Tesseire, de l'Opéra, va débuter dans Lucie de Lammermoor.

Le fameux Ole-Bull, cet émule de Paganini, que beaucoup de virtuoses préfèrent déjà à son rival, a donné, la semaine dernière, une soirée musicale qui avait attiré dans la salle Ventadour tout le Paris amateur. La puissance d'exécution de M. Ole-Bull, admirée dans un adagio cantabile et un rondo pastorale, s'est surtout déployée dans la polacca guerrière, quatuor sur un seul violon, qui a concilié à son auteur les suffrages de la brillante assemblée convoquée pour l'entendre.

Le Théâtre-Français nous annonce l'apparition presque immédiate de Calomnie, comédie en cinq actes de M. Scribe.

Le Palais-Royal, qui fait toujours mieux que promettre, a donné, pour alterner avec les Premières armes de Bichelié, dont le succès est loin de se ralentir, la Famille du Famiste, vaudeville très gai, très spirituel, de MM. Varner, Duvert et Lusanne. C'est un succès pour le théâtre, pour les auteurs, et surtout pour Achard, qui est toujours l'auteur chéri du public.

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Imprimerie de A. Affre, passage du Caire, 54.
CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

Born 1626               Died 1689

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine
VOL. XVIII.   N° 85 of the series of ancient portraits

1840
THE COURT AND 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.

MEMOIR OF
CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,
FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE AMARANTH.

Embellished with a Full-length authentic coloured Portrait, from the original of Bourdon,
No. 85 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits.

This far-famed Queen-regnant was the heiress of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, at the same time champion of protestantism and the hero of his age.
The mother of Christina was Maria Eleanora, eldest daughter of John Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg. Queen Maria Eleanora was a handsome and amiable woman, but according to the superstitions of the seventeenth century, given weakly to faith in astrology. Some weeks before the birth of Christina, she made herself very unhappy, both by her own dreams and the dolorous prognostications of her soothsayers, who predicted not only her own death and that of her expected infant, but that an illness which had just then seized on the great Gustavus would terminate fatally.

Never, however, were conjurors more mistaken in their reckoning; the King got well; the infant was born, a healthy and vigorous child; and Queen Maria Eleanora recovered much sooner than she did on former similar occasions; for the Queen of Sweden had been a mother twice previously, but had lost her infants soon after their birth.

The French biography of Christina, by Lacombe, which is our text-book in this memoir, is compiled chiefly from Queen Christina’s own autobiography, the private memorials of the court of Sweden which enliven this sketch, are, therefore, derived from the highest authority.

“When I was born,” says Christina, “my voice was so strong and sonorous, that they took me for a boy, and the news was spread, in an instant, all over the palace of Stockholm, that an heir was granted to the throne. The tidings reached the king, 
O—APRIL, 1840.
and some alarm was experienced among the queen's attendants at the means of undeceiving him. The sister of the king, the Princess Catherine, undertook that task; but the Great Gustavus manifested neither surprise nor disappointment; he replied tranquilly—

'Let us thank heaven, my sister, for what he has sent us; we will hope this girl will prove as good as any boy. I pray God to preserve her, since he has given her to us.' He then added, laughingly, 'This girl ought to prove a clever one, since she has deceived us all, already.'

This scene took place December 18, 1626.

The king proceeded to order public rejoicings and all the fêtes usually celebrated when an heir-apparent was born to the throne of Sweden. Gustavus was perfectly satisfied with being the father of a living child; the queen, on the contrary, was inconsolable at not being the mother of a son; moreover, she considered her daughter very ugly, as she had a tawny skin and strong masculine features, and she refused to bestow upon her infant those tender caresses which spring from maternal instinct. The infant Christina, in after years, repaid this unkindness by indifference to her royal mother, while she testified lively affection for her mighty sire, and retained a tender remembrance of him throughout her whole life.

More than one mischance beset the nursery and cradle of the infant princess; when only a few days old, a pillar fell near the place where she was sleeping, half covering the bed with its fragments, yet it neither hurt nor disturbed the sleeping babe. She had also many dangerous falls, some of which she ascribed rather to malice than accident. To one of these falls she attributes the defect in her shape; and, although she knew how to conceal her deformity by her dress, yet one of her shoulders was higher than the other.

These sufferings and dangers of infancy, Christina does not scruple to attribute to maternal neglect and dislike, which unnatural feelings influenced the conduct of the queen's women, and the nurses of the little ugly infant, who was to inherit the glory of the great Gustavus; meantime, the affection of the royal sire of Christina was unbounded. He convoked the States-General of Sweden, to render homage to his darling as to his successor, "that cherished child of his heart," who, to quote her own eloquent words, "reposed on palms and laurels, while victory and fortune smiled on her, even in her cradle!"

Paternal love was so active in the heart of the heroic Gustavus, that one time, when on an important statistical visit to the mines of his kingdom, he received news that the infant Christina was attacked with a malady, supposed to be mortal. Alarmed by this news, the king travelled to Stockholm with such diligence that he out-stripped the couriers he had sent with despatches to the capital the day before. On his arrival at Stockholm he found the dreaded crisis past, and his convalescent infant greeted him with smiles of recognition. The heart of the great father overflowed with joy as he took his restored darling into his arms; solemnly he blessed her, and thanked heaven for her preservation with all the ardour of his enthusiastic religious feelings. The strong masculine features which made the queen of Sweden hate her daughter for her unfeminine plainness of person were the print of the hero's own bold, manly cast of countenance—the veterans of Sweden saw in the little princess the model of the honoured countenance of their royal leader, and loved her the more for the very cause that bred the dislike of her mother.

Gustavus ordered a solemn thanksgiving to be offered for the recovery of the heiress to his throne, and, warned by the sharp pain he had suffered when he heard of her danger, he vowed that his infant should never again be separated from him, at least while he remained in his native kingdom. From that hour Christina was the companion of her royal sire in all his travels and voyages. She was only two years old when her father took her with him to the fortress of Calmar.

Upon his arrival the governor of the citadel sent to ask the king whether the usual salvo of cannon, on a royal reception, ought not to be omitted on this occasion, lest they should have the effect of scaring the infant princess. Gustavus pondered for a few seconds and then exclaimed—"Fire, fire! my Christina is a soldier's child; it is fitting that she should be early accustomed to the roar of artillery."
A royal salute burst from the ramparts of Calmar, and so far from being frightened by that martial sound, the infant Christina clapped her tiny hands, and with many gestures of approbation signified her desire of a repetition of the warlike thunder.

From that moment the heroic Swede never omitted taking with him his infant whenever he reviewed his troops, and he pointed out to his generals the joyousness his child testified at the pomp and glitter of the rehearsal of war; he was heard to observe—

"Wait awhile, and the time will come, my girl, when you shall go with me where you will have enough of the reality to your heart’s content."

"But alas for me!" exclaimed Christina, when recording this anecdote, "death prevented my heroic sire from keeping his word, and I had not the happiness of serving my noviciate in the art of war under so great a master!"

The dangers that threatened protestanism now called the Swedish hero to the field in defence of his beloved religion. Gustavus was, by the reformed States of Germany, recognised as their leader and defender against the bigotry of the emperor. The war threatened to be long and bloody, and Gustavus, warned by a foreboding feeling, settled all things as if he should never more re-visit his capital nor country.

To his sister, the Princess Catherine, and to her husband, the Prince Palatine, he confided the care of the finances, and, above all, the charge of the person and education of his dear Christina. Five of his great officers of state he appointed as the heads of the council of regency and tuition during his absence, or in case of the minority of a young queen. Gustavus expressly excluded his consort from interference in his daughter’s affairs, for besides her unmaternal antipathy to her young child, he saw with displeasure her tendency to favour foreigners, and to introduce them to offices of trust in Sweden. The great king left it at the option of the States to fix the date of the young sovereign’s majority, in case of his death, wisely desiring them to be guided in their decision by her capacity and genius for the affairs of government.

The great chancellor Oxenstiern, the prime minister of Sweden, was placed by his royal friend and master as the guiding spirit of all things pertaining to the minority. To this Sully of the north did the warlike Gustavus confide the interests of his beloved child, that Christina whom his prophetic spirit whispered would so soon be fatherless.

The army and senate of Sweden were called upon to recognize Christina as the heiress of their great monarch, in case he should fall in the ensuing campaign.

The senate assembled, and Gustavus presided, holding his infant daughter by the hand. In his beloved presence, she forgot the playfulness of four years of age, and seemed to listen with serious attention, while her great sire unfolded to his senate his plans for her education and government, in case of his death.

Finally, he prepared himself for his voyage to the German continent. The king, when leaving the palace, did not listen to a little compliment which Christina’s attendants had taught her to learn by rote and recite to him. The poor infant finding that the king did not heed her, pulled him by the cloak and, with the plaintive tones of childhood, entreated him to look down upon her, and, when she had succeeded in attracting his attention, commenced again to babble her little oration. Gustavus turned towards his child and, reproaching himself with his temporary neglect, snatched her to his bosom and bathed her with tears.

Christina was inconsolable for the absence of her heroic sire; she wept so much, and for so many days that serious apprehensions were entertained for her sight, particularly as her eyes were weak like those of her royal father. The passionate grief of their infant princess, so enduring beyond what any one could have expected at her tender age, seemed to the Swedes to be a bad presage, and the saying went forth among them, “that their royal hero would never more return to his capital.”

We cannot follow the great Gustavus through that wondrous campaign of 1630, which at the same time raised his glory to its highest pitch, and relieved the oppressed and tormented protestants of Germany from a succession of such horrors as were committed by the merciless Tilly, at Magdeburgh, which the monster merrily
Memoir of Christina, Queen of Sweden;

termed the "Wedding Feast of Magdeburgh." Suffice it that Gustavus anni-
hilated Tilly's army, and as Schiller eloquently says:—

"Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria like a wintry torrent
Did that Gustavus pour."

The might of the great Wallenstein could scarcely check the impetuous career of the royal Swede.

It was on the 16th of November, 1632, that the battle took place between the Swedes and the Imperialists, at Lutzen, in High Saxony, which rendered Christina fatherless, and imposed the weight of a crown on her young and innocent brow.

Gustavus was remarkable for the religious, as well as military discipline that prevailed in his camp: he was not only a zealous protestant, but a practical religiousist, and made all his army observe the ordinances of devotion as if they had been offered by priests. This spirit is well described in the brilliant lines into which Lord Francis Leveson Gower has rendered Schiller’s couplets, in the introduction to the grand dramas of Wallenstein. The discontented mercenary is made to say—

"What a coil and a torment in word and in deed
With that pest of his people, Gustavus the Swede!
A church was each casern, a chapel each tent
And to it at morning and evening we went!
To psalms and prayers round the standard we flew,
At the morning reveillé, the evening tattoo;
And if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He could preach from his saddle as well as the best."

In conformity with this singularly religious bias in a camp, Gustavus received the sacrament at the head of his army, and, after giving the word of command, the whole of the Swedish forces commenced the work of destruction, at the same time singing the 100th psalm. The Imperialists had already given way, and Gustavus was hot in pursuit when a fatal ball stretched him lifeless by a great stone near the high road of Lutzen, still called "the King’s stone."

The death of this great monarch is as much shrouded in mystery as that of his collateral relative Charles XII.; the shot which entered at his back, is supposed, as in the case of Charles, to have come from the hand of one of his own people or his allies. Duke Franz of Lauenberg was the party suspected, who in defence asserted that the king having broken his spectacles at the beginning of the battle, and being very short-sighted, took a small group of Imperial Uhlans for his own people, and fell by their pistols.

Be this as it may Gustavus neither spoke nor breathed after he fell by the great stone of Lutzen. The Swedish battalions, as they marched forward saw the breathless body of their adored sovereign, and, infuriated at the sight, pursued the troops of Wallenstein with such vengeance that they completed the victory.

The death of this warrior king placed his infant daughter Christina, then but five years of age, on the martial throne of Sweden and made her the head and protector of the protestant princes of Germany.

The dead body of Gustavus was embalmed and transported to Sweden; the queen, who had adored her husband, though she never loved her child, abandoned herself to the most frantic expressions of grief at the sight of his coffin; she enclosed herself in a chamber, hung with black and lighted with tapers. She had Christina brought to her, and, clasping her in her arms, bathed her with tears, and traced in her face the exact resemblance of her lost father. During two years she kept her daughter in this doleful solitude. The phrenzy of the queen’s grief prevented the council of regency and tuition, for a while, from complying with the imperative mandate of Gustavus, who expressly ordered, and reiterated his orders in a letter he wrote to his chancellor, the evening before the fatal fight of Lutzen, “that the queen should have every honour that could be paid to her rank in case of her widowhood, but on no account was she to be permitted to interfere with the tuition
of the young sovereign-lady of Sweden." To all the representations of the council on this head, the widowed queen replied with tears and complaints, "that she could not part with her only child, the image of her Gustavus; that she would be her governess and form her infancy herself." Yet she was by no means fitted for any such office, as her sagacious husband had divined; for she gave Christina, as companions to play with and amuse her, a number of those dwarfs and insane buffoons, which it was part of the state of every potentate, at that era, to keep at their courts for diversion and relaxation. Christina, young as she was, detested and defied these odious companions; she flew to her studies as an excuse to get rid of them, and this she considers was the original cause of her love for learning. Yet the human mind is so very ductile at the tender age of Christina, that though her nobler faculties might abhor the fools and dwarfs, yet some of the bizarre conduct which marked her future life might by philosophy be traced to her association with these vicious and half-crazed creatures.

Meantime the States of Sweden assembled. The marshal of the Diet enforced the decree, which declared the daughters of the descendants of Charles IX., grandfather to Christina, capable of succeeding to the throne; in consequence, a debate took place on the subject of crowning Christina immediately.

The venerable constitution of the Swedish monarchy, which presents, in many instances, the model from which the Anglo-Saxon constitution was formed, it is well known is composed of king, nobles, clergy, burgesses and peasants. The last order of men send their elected representatives—the venerable fathers of each country district, to guard the rights of the peasant class. In ancient England, these interesting representatives limited their speeches to "yea, yea," or "nay, nay!"; still they had a vote and a voice in the affairs of the common-wealth; but in the parent model, the land of Odin, the peasant representatives were of more importance; they discussed state questions, and, in the time of the royal patriot Gustavus Vasa, the immediate ancestor of Christina, they had more than once saved their country.

On the present question—Larsson, the Orator or Speaker of the peasant representatives, boldly interrupted the discussion regarding the coronation of Christina, demanding—

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus? we know her not! Let her be shewn to us."

All his coadjutors of the peasant class muttered forth the same words, repeating them after him. The land-marshals immediately left the diet, and, entering the palace, sought the young Christina. When he had found the little queen he carried her at once into the diet, and stood with her in his arms, in the midst of the assembly. The peasant senator approached her; he considered her some minutes attentively, and then spoke—

"Yes, these are the eyes, the nose, the brow of Gustavus Adolphus; we will have her for our king!"

They immediately placed the infant Christina on the throne, and did homage to her as king.

What a beautiful subject for the historical painter, would be this perusal of the features of the daughter of Gustavus, by the venerable peasant senators! How much finer are the situations presented by biographical history, than any that imaginative composition can supply.

The name of the young queen became the war-cry of the protestant alliance, which was combating the emperor in her name. The death of Gustavus did not terminate the celebrated religious war, which was prosecuted with renewed vigour by Christina's great generals, who came to lay at her infant feet the laurels and trophies they had gained under her banners. Oxenstiern was her great minister, Tortenson and Axel Banier her generals, and in her infant name a series of remarkable victories were won in Germany.

The young queen learned in her earliest infancy to act her part with dignity in state receptions. She was, too, remarkable, in a wonderful degree for her tender years, for indomitable courage. Soon after she ascended the throne, an embassy from Russia arrived to condole, to congratulate and renew with her the alliance.
they had entered into with her father. It was dreaded lest the infant queen should be alarmed at the long beards, flowing robes, and strange ceremonials of these barbarians, who would, assuredly, have considered the being debarred from the presence of the young sovereign of Sweden a mortal affront. The royal child, however, went through the whole ceremony of the presentation of these outlandish magnates with great calmness and gravity; moreover she was so greatly amused by the scene, that she requested for the future, that all the ambassadors that came might be presented to her. Thus the infant queen conducted herself, in all respects, worthy of the daughter of a king and of a hero, and it is her own pen which records this anecdote.

Gustavus had, in his last injunctions, recommended that his daughter should be reared in principles of modesty and propriety, as the chief virtues of her sex, but that in all other matters they should give her an education wholly of a masculine character, not only mental but personal. After all, men make strange mistakes when they attempt to educate girls altogether without the aid of women; and Christina is a signal instance of the ill success of such experiments. She had some of the best men in the kingdom for her instructors—Gustavus Horn, nephew to the famous marshal of that name, was her governor. This nobleman had made the tour of Europe, spoke several of its languages, and was one of the most polished gentlemen of his age, besides being an adroit politician, fit to instruct a young sovereign in the arts of diplomacy. But Christina principally attached herself to John Matthias, a philosopher whom her father had named for her preceptor; with him she studied the ancient languages, and read Polybius and also Thucydides in the original.

The instructions of one sensible, right-minded woman would have done the youthful queen more good than did these learned men, with their politics and pedantry. Unfortunately from the want of such tuition and companionship, the young Queen of Sweden "took an invincible antipathy to those of her own sex, and to all they said or did," for such are her own professed opinions on the subject; accordingly, she was even delighted in the display of her own awkwardness in every little handiwork matter pertaining to woman.

Christina, in the course of her masculine education, lost all idea of the modesty so becoming her sex, and which her father earnestly wished might be particularly inculcated on her mind. She is, indeed, a very notable instance and warning to women, of the unloveliness of a merely learned education in a female brought up to despise those graces which are the glory of her sex, by means of which they subdue the ferocity and obtain the moral government of men. Christina is, indeed, a very bad specimen of a royal blue stocking, and she comprised an assemblage in her little person of the worst whims of women who are merely learned without cultivating the virtues and accomplishments of her sex.

Thus educated, Christina passed through the age of girlhood, shewing at the same time a great capacity for learning, much wit and courage, but at the same time giving proof in many instances of a flighty imagination, and of a head little adapted for cool judgment. Her mother forsook Sweden and her young daughter, when Christina was in her fourteenth year, just at the time when a mother's care is most needed by a young girl.

Time wore on, and the Thirty Years' War still continued to draw on the resources of Sweden: it was in general glorious to the Swedish nation, but if countries are not ruined by defeats, they are sure to be so by victories; no historian has calculated the great difficulties which must have beset the eccentric and vain-glory princess when she came of age, difficulties through which she steered her way with astonishing sagacity.

On the 18th of December, 1644, Christina attained her eighteenth year, that precise age when by the ignorance of Gothic barbarism a young female, who, in modern times, and in a lower situation, would not be permitted to walk through the streets by herself and purchase even a bonnet or gown, is invested (if she happen to be born heiress to a kingdom) with the responsibilities of government. Christina by this rule was, on her eighteenth birth-day, placed at the head of affairs, and actually became her own prime minister; for to the great credit of Oxenstiern he had
Founder of the Order of the Amaranth.

declined since it was suspected that he wished to unite his nephew, John, in marriage to the young queen!

The ambassador of France, M. Chamet, in his home letters, gives this description of the young queen presiding in her council:—

"It is almost incredible how much command the young queen carries in her cabinet, where she adds to her dignity of queen, grace, talent, and the art of persuasion to such a degree, that her council are astonished at the power she has over their decisions, almost against their own wills."

Her first act of authority was to load the Grand Chancellor Oxenstiern with wealth and honours; she likewise composed a Latin eulogium on his government, as the guardian of her minority, and pronounced it with grace and correctness in the senate. "What a spectacle," says her French biographer, "for the senators of Sweden to see in the midst of them a young queen, in her nineteenth year, the daughter of the great Gustavus, haranguing them in the majestic language of the ancient Romans, and rendering a grateful tribute to the merit of her guardian minister."

Not long after her accession to the throne Christina showed her dauntless courage in a frightful attack made on her life during divine service in the Chapel Royal, adjoining the castle of Stockholm. One of the Preceptors of the College, a stout man in the prime of life, being seized with a fit of violent madness, resolved to kill the queen, and darting through the crowd, precipitated himself over the balustrade of the seat where Christina was, on her knees, occupied in her devotions. The Count de Brahé, who was Drotset, or Grand Judge of Sweden, perceiving the progress of the lunatic, sent forth a cry of warning and terror, and called on the guards "to save the queen." Her guards crossed their partizans, but the maniac, with Herculean strength, dashed them on one side, and was in an instant by the side of the queen, and aimed a blow at her with a sharp knife, which he had concealed in his sleeve. Christina avoided the blow and pushed forward the captain of the guards, who rushed on the assassin and seized him by the hair. All was the work of a moment. The queen saw directly that her intended murderer was a madman, and, as such, that it was evident he would have no accomplices; she therefore ordered him to be taken care of, and charged her people not to ill-treat him. She then desired that the service might proceed from the point at which it had been interrupted. If she felt any agitation at the danger she had passed, it was not perceptible to the assembled multitude. In France, at that era, and for a hundred years after, an unfortunate maniac of this kind would have been executed with the most horrid tortures; but in the more philosophic North the young queen was contented with incarcerating him, so that he could do no further mischief.

It is, by the way, as well to observe here, that to female sovereigns the world owes the magnumonious example of sparing the unfortunate maniacs who have occasionally attempted their lives. Queen Elizabeth pardoned more than one mad woman who tried to kill her, and here we have Christina following the same merciful example, while humanity is sickened at the horrid tortures inflicted on Chatel, Damien, and even later on Ravaillac,* and other maniacs who have spent their insane destructiveness as assassins of royal personages.

Queen Christina appointed, as the successor of the great Oxenstiern in the administration, Adler Salvius, a young man of low birth, sprung from poor parents, but who had raised himself in the councils of his native country by his learning and abilities; the haughty warriors and nobles of Sweden disdained, however, to give precedence to a prime minister raised from the dregs of the people. John Oxenstiern, the nephew, was one who most prominently took umbrage at the advancement of Salvius, as he was thereby shorn of his prospects of power. Christina wrote to her new minister in these words, alluding to her malcontent lover—

"I exhort you to hold the bridle tight on that restive steed, lest he should leap beyond his lawful bounds."

Christina and her new minister were earnestly desirous of peace, while Oxenstiern

* See the record of this in the memoir of Maria de Medicis, in The Magazine, for March, 1839.
and his party were equally anxious for the continuance of war. In this matter the young queen and the ministers were decidedly in the right; for the continuance of a war which had already lasted thirty years was an outrage on human nature, which no plea of politics or religion could excuse.

This frightful strife was, however, pacified in the year 1648, and a peace was concluded by queen Christina and Salvius, with honour and some territorial acquisitions to Sweden, besides a subsidy of five millions of crowns for the expenses of the war.

Christina had received offers of marriage from every potentate of Europe whose hand was disposable, yet had she refused them all—even the reversion of the Imperial Crown matrimonial had been laid at her feet, for her opponent, the Emperor, in the midst of the war had entered into secret negociations for the marriage of the young queen of the protestant league with the king of the Romans, his heir. She refused, in like manner, the candidate favoured by her mother, Prince Ulric of Denmark; and she equally declined the addresses of the mature king of Poland, John Casimir, and the young Elector of Brandenburg, Frederic William, for whom her great father, it was supposed, had destined her hand.

To add to her list of suitors, the affections of the young Christina had been wooed, either openly or covertly, by almost every young unmarried noble, who idly spent vast sums in preparing almost royal pageants in her dominions in a hopeless rivalry; the aversion of the Queen of Sweden to matrimony seemed, however, to be as invincible as that of our great Queen Elizabeth.*

Whilst the important negociations regarding the grand pacification of Europe were pending, Christina enjoyed a respite from the perpetual solicitations of her senate to bestow her hand on some one of her numerous suitors. In the year 1650 she was, however, again urged by her people to choose a spouse and name him king. Charles Gustavus, the son of the prince Palatine and her aunt Catherine, the presumptive heir to the crown of Sweden, was the person on whom the wishes of the nation rested. This gallant and handsome prince, it was supposed, would have won the affections of his royal cousin, and, at the same time, every one believed that he was truly attached to her. In fact, Christina, who used to play with him when they were children, had always called him her husband, and promised to marry him. Subsequently he had greatly distinguished himself in arms, was obedient as a subject, tender as a friend, had been born and brought up a Swede. No one could, therefore, divine why these royal cousins did not marry, since the respectful and loving homage of the prince had been tendered, exclusively, from his boyhood, to his cousin.

Some authors have fancied that Christina had discovered some slight, and so incontrovertible was the opinion she had formed that the heart of her cousin was not really her own—howsoever devoted he seemed to her, that it cast a blight on her mind; and in after-life probably produced all those remarkable eccentricities of her conduct.

When the Swedish senate became more than usually urgent with their young queen, now in her twenty-fourth year, to give her hand to Charles Gustavus, she refused to do so, making, at the same time, the following singular declaration:—

“I prefer recognising this good and heroic prince as my immediate successor—a successor well capable of holding with glory the reins of government, to marrying him. For, depend upon it, it is far more probable that I should give birth to a Nero than to an Augustus.”

She then desired that the senate would immediately recognise Prince Charles Gustavus as her successor to the crown of Sweden, and from that time he received the title of Royal Highness; he swore allegiance, and rendered the most perfect obedience to his reigning sovereign, and never had queen a more devoted subject. Soon afterwards he retired to his appanage of the Isle of Oeland, lest any faction should endeavour, secretly, to make free with his name.

After the recognition of her successor, the next grand event which occupied the

* See this portrait and memoir in the Lady's Magazine for Jan. 1837.
attention of Christina was her coronation, which was performed at Stockholm with great magnificence. When the queen left the cathedral, she mounted a superb car, drawn by four white horses abreast, in the style of a Roman triumph. Before this car marched her treasurer, flinging medals of gold and silver among the populace.

On this occasion Count Oxenstiern observed that Christina, being the first of her sex who had borne independent rule in Sweden, ought to be regarded and treated as a king, and, as king, Christina was proclaimed.

Christina was the great patroness of men of letters in Europe. She gave an asylum to Grotius, and corresponded with most of the learned men in Europe. In this course of liberality it is not to be wondered at that she lavished her treasures on some unworthy persons: many quitted France to share in her bounty. Among these was one Michon, the son of a barber at Sens, who took the name of Bourdelot. This man was a scoffer of all rule and order, and an atheist; he greatly scandalized the nobility of Sweden by the freedom of speech which their queen allowed to him. The queen-mother (who had returned to her daughter’s court after Christina’s assumption of power), undertook to remonstrate with her daughter on the predilection she showed for this unworthy favourite, but was repulsed with great harshness and indignation.

Christina at length became tired of him and dismissed him; and, with that versatility which now began to be apparent in her character, after a fortnight’s absence, she herself began to speak most contemptuously of the character and attainments of this same Bourdelot. This is, however, but too generally the lot of fallen favourites.

After great familiarity, her conduct was seemingly wholly changed; her religious opinions were unsettled; and instead of her usually laudable application to state business, she began to complain piteously when any application to state affairs was required of her, until in the end she announced that she was tired of being a queen and that she longed to abdicate the throne of Sweden and be free.

For two years did her senate, her subjects, and, above all, her disinterested successor, Charles Gustavus, combat this resolution; but Christina was weary of her métier, and she resolved to resign her sceptre to her cousin, in order that she might taste the sweets of a life of privacy; moreover, she was disgusted with the rigorous sky and sullen climate of the north, and longed to flee to brighter realms, where nature and the arts flourish conjointly.

Whilst this intention of abdicating was the subject of discussion in Sweden, Christina somewhat diverted her ennui by founding the Order of the Amaranth, which she bestowed on ladies as well as on chevaliers.

The pomp and processions appertaining to this whim having diverted her for some time, Christina was again wearied from the lack of a new excitement, and she could think of nothing more striking, or better calculated to produce eclat throughout Europe, than the abdication of a young queen in the height of glory and prosperity, accordingly, she announced her intention of resigning her sceptre at Upsal, on the 21st of May, 1654, while in her twenty-eighth year.

Previously, however, she visited Nicoping, the seat where her mother resided. Prince Charles Gustavus, her intended successor, accompanied her to her parent, in this parting visit.

“‘I am,’” she said to her mother, “disencumbering myself of the weight of government, it is true, but console yourself, if you lose a daughter, you gain a son, who will be King of Sweden, and who will treat you with filial attention and respect.”

She bade her adieux with firmness, but the queen-mother melted into tears; and the violence of her grief touched all present with sorrow, except only her royal daughter.

The term of her rule prescribed by Christina at length arrived. On the 21st of May the States-General of Sweden assembled in the ancient city of Upsal; and the foreign ambassadors were invited to witness the voluntary abdication of a queen tired of the cares of royalty. Christina seated herself on the throne: with a brilliant harangue she addressed the assembly on the prosperous events of her reign of ten years past, and likewise commented on the virtues of her successor. She next mentioned the terms of the provision she wished to receive to meet her expenses in private life. From the territories conquered by her father she proposed to draw a
revenue of two hundred and forty thousand rix-dollars; but she would have shewn greater wisdom, as the sequel will shew, had she fixed upon the Pomeranian dominions of Sweden as the sources whence to derive her income. She herself wished to have the independent sovereignty of these territories, but the senate objected to this arrangement as injurious to Sweden. After agreeing upon the articles of the Act of Abdicating, which Christina had to sign, the assembly broke up; and she appointed the 16th of the June following as the day of her final abdication. This act renounced for Christina, and for any children she might hereafter have and for their descendants, all claims upon the crown of Sweden.

Accordingly Christina ascended the throne of her ancestors on the day of abdication, for the last time; she wore the crown on her head, and carried the sceptre and globe of sovereignty in her hands; whilst the Grand Marshal and Grand Treasurer carried before her the sword of state and the great golden key.

The ceremony of abdication took place in the great hall of the castle of Stockholm, wherein were assembled all the grandees of the kingdom, and the ladies of the court, with the foreign ambassadors. The Grand Chamberlain and the Captain of the Guards having taken their places behind the queen, she ascended an elevation of three steps, on which was placed a chair of massive silver, in which she seated herself; to the right of this throne was seated Prince Charles Gustavus, in a fauteuil. One of the senators then read in a loud voice the act of abdication, whereby the queen discharged her people from their vows of fidelity to her, and abdicated the crown of Sweden. The deed, which had been previously signed by the queen, was given to the prince. An act was then read by which the prince, her successor, engaged to secure to Christina the full possession and enjoyment of the lands and revenues she had reserved; this document was then presented to Christina.

After this the great officers of the kingdom approached the throne to receive from Christina the emblems of royalty, which they severally deposited on a table at the left hand of the steps. But when it came to the turn of Count Pierre Brahé, as Grand Judge of Sweden, to take the crown, a most affecting scene was presented to the eye of the spectator: in positive and touching terms he refused to uplift the crown from the head of the queen, so that she herself was forced to take it off from her head with her own hand. Then divesting herself of the royal mantle, she stood forth arrayed in a simple white satin dress. Again, however, before she descended from the throne she made an eloquent speech, of half an hour's duration, in which she recapitulated the blessings of the glorious peace she had made for Sweden; as the chief feature of her prosperous reign she likewise descanted on the "glorious career of her father." Before she had concluded the eyes of every spectator were suffused in tears, and loud and grievous sobbing was heard throughout the hall; and no sooner had she descended from the throne, than those witnesses of her abdication seized upon her royal mantle and tearing it into the smallest pieces they shared it among them, as relics of that memorable day.

The King, Charles Gustavus, who had knelt before her and received the crown from her hands, immediately took it from off his head, and refused to wear it, or ascend the throne in her presence. On the same eventful day he was proclaimed King of Sweden, and distributed medals on which he appeared enthroned and receiving the crown from Christina; and on the reverse was the inscription, "I hold the crown from God and Christina"—a legend which gave some offence to his new subjects, whose senate considered that they had exercised, in some degree, the ancient Scandinavian right of election, when they recognised him as the successor of his cousin.

Christina now bade farewell to the kingdom of her recent rule, and travelled with as much expedition to clear its borders as if she had just abdicated sovereignty to a dangerous enemy. This was in order to indulge in a new whim which had taken possession of her mind. On the frontiers she dismissed all her female attendants, and assumed the dress of the other sex, saying, "I would, if I could, be a man." Thus habited as a young cavalier, she passed herself off as the son of Count Dolma, one of her suite.

When arrived at the little rivulet which separates Sweden from Denmark, she
Founder of the Order of the Amaranth.

alighted from her carriage, sprang across the stream, exclaiming with transport—

"I am at length free and out of Sweden, whither I hope never again to return."

Whilst making this ungracious speech concerning a country which had never given her the least cause of offence, her cousin, King Charles Gustavus, was preparing for her such a proof of devoted love, as, indeed, no queen, however lovely and attractive, could boast; though Christina had so fully surrendered her throne to him and placed her crown on his brow, and had, too, quitted Sweden, so that the most fastidious detractor could not say his was an interested love, her cousin sent after her a passionate offer of his hand and crown. He again renewed his courtship as soon as she had cleared the borders, lest it should be supposed that secret compulsion had any sway in deciding her. Christina replied to this delicate tender of affection in these words—

"Believe me that I repent not already of my determination to be free and to live wholly for myself. My liberty is of more value than the most brilliant slavery."

As, however, Charles Gustavus loved Christina for herself, he constantly wrote her the most tender letters, and, long after her abdication, was heard to say—

"Christina made me king, she gave me both my wife and my realm, but I shall be unhappy all my days, because she refused me the glory of possessing herself. Nothing can console me for that misfortune." Yet one would have thought that the following portrait of the person and manners of the object of his first choice, should have consoled any lover.

Christina was received at Paris by Louis XIV., and the Queen-regent, Anne of Austria, with enthusiasm; but her behaviour and costume struck the Parisian fair with consternation. She is thus described by the lively pen of the Princess-authoress, the celebrated Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the grand Mademoiselle, cousin of Louis XIV—

"I," says Madame de Montpensier, "had heard speak of her odd style of dress, in terms of such evident exaggeration, that I had great fear of laughing in her face when I saw her. I was, therefore, determined to look at her, previously to my introduction, and prepare myself before I spoke to her. When she passed by, some of my people cried gare! She certainly surprised me, but not in a way that made me laugh. She wore a grey petticoat laced with gold and silver, a juste-au-corps† of camlet, likewise trimmed with gold lace, a kerchief of Genoa point lace, knotted round the throat with fire-coloured ribbon, a fair wig, and a hat with black plumes, which she carried in her hand. She is fair, has blue eyes; at times her manners are soft, at other times very rude. Her mouth is agreeable enough, though large; her teeth fine, her nose a strong aquiline. She is very small; her juste-au-corps hid her defective shape; she appeared to me to be a pretty boy. After the ballet I was presented to her, and we went to the play. Here, indeed, she surprised me. I can hardly recount her doings. Not content with applauding, riotously, the passages in the comedy which pleased her, she repeated them after the actors, swore aloud, taking the name of God in vain. Every moment she lolled back in her chair, threw her feet from one side to the other, and, at last, hung them over the arm of her chair; further, she fell into profound reveries, heaved great sighs, and, all of a sudden, recovered herself, like a person who awakes suddenly from a dream. She is altogether an extraordinary being. After the play we went to see some fire-works on the water. Some of the rockets fell near me. I felt afraid, but she held me by the hand and laughed at me.

"What," said she, "can a princess who has done such extraordinary things, and even commanded in battle, know fear?"

I replied, "That I had courage enough when it was needed, but that I kept my bravery for such occasions, and never encountered unnecessary danger."

She said, "She ever had the greatest wish to be in a battle, and that, of all people, she envied most the Great Condé," further adding, "he is your good friend."

"Yes, Madame," I replied, "and my near relative."

* See this Portrait and Memoir, April, 1839.
† Something like a short surtout, longer than a jacket, and shorter than a frock-coat.
Memoir of Christina, Queen of Sweden:

"He is the greatest man in the world," rejoined Christina, "and no one can deprive him of that reputation."

Christina then departed for Italy, where, having committed a thousand follies, and forsaken the protestant religion which her father had died to protect, and been baptized at Rome, by the name of Alessandra, by the hand of the Pope himself, she became again desirous of exhibiting her eccentricities in France. She first arrived at the palace of Fontainebleau, on the 4th of September, in the year 1656.

While Christina was at Fontainebleau, many of the court ladies came and saluted her; offended and annoyed, she made this ungracious remark—"Why are these women so familiar? is it because I look like a man?"

The year following she made another visit to France. Her intriguing spirit had not, however, rendered her a very welcome guest. She was nevertheless invited to take up her residence at the palace of Fontainebleau; and here it was that she perpetrated that dark tragedy which has stained her name to all futurity. She arrived at Fontainebleau the 15th of October, in the year 1657. "Her equipage," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "was less sumptuous than before, and her dress neglected. I met her in a villainous old coach, in which were seated with her Sentinelli, the captain of her guards, and the Marquess Monadeschi, her grand equerry. She wore a yellow petticoat, a fort vilaine juste-au-corps, almost ragged, and a cap. I now thought her ugly; when I had before seen her, she struck me as being rather pretty."

The causes that led Christina to put Monadeschi to death have never been developed. He had been detected by Sentinelli in some treacherous correspondence regarding his royal mistress and benefactress. A mortal hatred subsisted between these officers of Christina's wandering and fantastic court; they were rivals for her benefits and favours; and some say that Monadeschi was more highly favoured by Christina than was consistent with her maiden reputation, and that jealousy was the cause of the tragic scene that followed. But it is possible that the vain Italian had boasted of favours he never received; whatever his crime, the proof of it was contained in letters written by his own hand. While Sentinelli was absent collecting the last proofs of Monadeschi's guilt, Christina took an airing vis-a-vis with Monadeschi. She pretended to give him her confidence, saying she had been betrayed; and she mentioned Sentinelli as the guilty party, as if she suspected him of the wrong she knew had been perpetrated by the man to whom she was then speaking. Monadeschi eagerly caught at the opportunity thus artfully offered him; he inveighed both against Sentinelli and the treachery committed, which he magnified with all the eloquence of Italian superlatives.

"And what punishment does such a treason merit?" asked Christina, calmly.

"Death, replied the Italian—death on the spot! And if an executioner be wanting, I will perform justice on him myself."

"Thou art the man who hast done this villany," said the daughter of Gustavus, with awful calmness; "thou hast passed sentence on thyself. Remember it well when thy period of justice cometh, which will not be long delayed."

She ordered her guards (for she always maintained a queenly escort) to arrest Monadeschi when she left the carriage, and to take care that he did not escape.

It was on the 6th of November 1657, when Christina had nearly completed her thirty-second year, that she sent for Père le Bel, superior of the Trinity Convent of Fontainebleau. She was standing in the Galerie des Cerfs when she deposited a sealed packet in his hands.

"Observe well," she said, "the place, the day, the hour, when I deliver to you this sealed packet, and bring it with you when I send for you."

On Saturday, the 10th of the same month, the father was again sent for. A footman ushered him into the Galerie des Cerfs, and closed and bolted the door with precipitation. Christina stood in the middle of the gallery, speaking apart to Monadeschi; three men stood at a distance. When Christina saw the holy man, she said to him, in a loud voice, "Return me that packet."

She opened it, unfolded the letters one by one, and presented them to her recalcitrant grand equerry, asking separately to every one she gave him—
"Know you this letter?—this?—this?"
They were but copies; and the grand equerry, with pale and trembling lips, positively denied all knowledge of them. Christina fixed her searching eyes on his shrinking countenance, then drawing the originals of these letters, in his own hand-writing, from her bosom, she said in a calm, stern voice—
"Perhaps you know these better?"
The proofs were too overwhelming. Monadeschi fell on his knees before her, and cried for mercy and pardon.
At that instant, the three men in the background drew their swords, and marched forward. At their head was Sentinelli, captain of Christina's guards, the same man whose death, under similar circumstances Monadeschi himself insisted upon. Monadeschi clung to the queen's robe, bathed her feet with his tears and implored one look of compassion. Christina regarded him fixedly, listened to all his passionate pleadings, and then, with a tranquil air, turned towards the holy man and said—
"Mon Père, witness that I give this wretched man time to justify himself, if he can—more time than he would, in a similar case, have given to another."
She then demanded of Monadeschi some papers and some little keys, which he gave her. She next entered coolly into conversation with him, to give him an opportunity of explaining his conduct and of even excusing himself if he could; but the more his royal mistress questioned him the more he faltered, and the worse his case appeared to be. At length the queen rose and said to the holy father—
"Prepare this man for death, and have a care of his soul."
The good father joined his entreaties to the agonizing supplications of the wretched Monadeschi. The daughter of the great Gustavus was inflexible.
"This traitor," said she, "is more criminal than those who are condemned to the wheel. To him I have communicated my most secret thoughts and my affairs of the greatest importance. The benefits I have bestowed on him are more than would have been given to a brother. As such I ever regarded him. I cannot pardon him. He shall die!"

Père le Bel, after appealing in vain to her womanly compassion and to her Christian principles, ventured to represent to her that such an execution, without tribunal or judge, and in the palace too of a king who was affording her hospitality, perpetrated moreover in defiance of the laws of the country, would be considered a murder; and that if the wretched man had done aught deserving death she had better appeal to the justice of France. Christina replied haughtily—
"I am not," she said, "a refugee princess seeking an asylum in France; I am a queen, and as such capable of punishing one of my servants who has sworn allegiance to me, and basely betrayed me; nor can he deny that before your eyes are incontrovertible proofs of his guilt, written and signed by his own hand. Go, fulfil your ministry, and prepare him, for he dies within the hour."

The Père le Bel could not escape from the part forced upon him in this strange tragedy. The queen retired into her own apartment, which opened into the Galerie des Cerfs. The Père confessed Monadeschi; but though the principal witness in this homicide, Père le Bel gives us no information regarding the revelation made in confession—it doubtless comprehended the crime which brought such awful consequences on his penitent.

The confession was ended, the almoner of queen Christina entered the room; the unfortunate Monadeschi flew to him, took his hand, bathed it with his tears, and implored him to plead for pardon. But this family priest of Christina's appears to have borne the mandate from his royal mistress for the wretched man's death. He quitted Monadeschi, and spoke a few words to Sentinelli, who had remained with his drawn sword. The almoner then retired to the end of the gallery, while Sentinelli and his guardsmen marched forward, saying to Monadeschi—
"Ask pardon of God, for thy death is at hand! Hast thou confessed?"

At the same moment he struck Monadeschi a violent blow on the chest. The victim pushed back the sword with his right hand, and three of his fingers were severed. The two other swordsman now closed with him, but their blows were without effect, for it was found that Monadeschi had a shirt of mail beneath his
dress; at length, flinging him to the ground, they cut his throat. Christina was within hearing of the murderous struggle, which had been awfully prolonged. On the floor of the Galerie des Cerfs at Fontainebleau the blood of Monadeschi is still shewn.

The queen sent money for masses for his soul to the convent of Père le Bel, and the unhappy Monadeschi was interred in the church of the Trinity. He was a man of great wealth and possessions. Christina expressed regret at being forced to execute him.

"But," said she, "it was just to punish this traitor for his crime."

Whether the world would have considered his crime worthy of death was not known: as she had never revealed the nature of his offence, a mystery will rest on it for ever.

After this exploit, Louis XIV., in no very measured terms, bade his guest to depart from France. She next intended to favour the court of Cromwell with her company, but that usurper, whose revolutionary murders she had praised and encouraged with unfeminine exultation, was by no means desirous of her company. Perhaps, the most sensible speech he ever made was concerning her. He declared "if she had assassinated a man in England as she had done in the Galerie des Cerfs, he should have made her amenable to English criminal jurisprudence."

After this horrid adventure Christina lost the respect of her contemporaries. She had, as her great minister Oxenstiern has prophesied to her, bitterly repented the renunciation of her kingdom, even during the lifetime of her gallant and devoted relative, Charles Gustavus, who died in 1659, leaving a son in his minority. During the last illness of Charles Gustavus, his kingdom, exhausted by his long wars, and, above all, by his victories, ran in arrear with Christina, leaving her income unpaid; from this circumstance she was reduced to great pecuniary distress, so that had it not been for an annuity allowed her by the Pope, she would have lacked even the necessities of life.

Christina was not of a temper to endure any inconveniences she could remedy by personal energy; accordingly, she quitted Rome, where she had taken up her abode, and travelled night and day till she reached her own kingdom: there the young king, Charles XI., and her own mother, received her with great respect, and reinstated her in her own apartments. At this period she had the melancholy duty of attending the funeral of her lover and friend Charles Gustavus. Had she not forsaken the Lutheran religion, and made a great parade of her Catholicism, (the profession of which religion in Sweden was considered to be a crime worthy of death,) Christina might have remounted her own throne; but the Swedes would not tolerate the celebration of mass in the palace of their kings. As Christina made herself a regular pest by her intrigues at every court where she visited, it may be judged how far she was a welcome guest in that which had once been her own. She, however, arranged the matter of her income with her usually commanding ability; the Swedish regency, glad to come to any terms to get rid of her, gave security to Fexiera, her banker, that she should regularly receive her income. After staying in Sweden, and once again going through the ceremony of abdication in favour of her young relative, Charles XI., in the month of May, 1661, Christina left Sweden, and made some sojourn at Hamburg and Copenhagen, where she joined with the king of Denmark in assisting an alchymist, named Borri, in his search for the philosopher's stone.

Christina's next freak was to become a candidate for the throne of Poland, which she claimed after the abdication of John Casimir, as the next descendant of the Jagellons; assuredly she had some hereditary right to the duchy of Lithuania, and she would have accepted the crown of Poland by election.

The Poles declared they would gladly have had her, but for her love of celibacy, and positive refusal to continue a royal line.

"I avow," she wrote to them, "that this objection embarrasses me excessively, and considering my honour and my age there is no remedy for it. I have ever been a mortal enemy to the horrible yoke of matrimony. God created me free, and not for the empire of the world would I submit to a master."
Founder of the Order of the Amaranth.

Thereupon the Poles elected Michael Wisnowwicki, a nobleman wholly without political interest, but a degree nearer than Christina to the male line of Jagellon.

Thus disappointed, Christina resided at Rome, where her palazzo was the rendezvous of all the literati who sojourned in the immortal city. One trick played by her upon the pedantic savants of Rome deserves to be recorded. She had an honorary medal struck in compliment to herself, which she distributed to all her friends and admirers. On one side was her head, on the reverse a Phoenix on the pile, and, in Greek characters, 'Makelos' beneath. This unfortunate word set all the antiquaries in Rome together by the ears, as to the meaning of the word, and from what Greek root it was derived; for some Greek word they all insisted it to be. Some sought about it, others abused those who were of a contrary opinion, and the most rational set about writing pamphlets on the subject. Greatly did Queen Christina enjoy the storm. When it had raged as long as she found to be amusing, she convulsed all her learned admirers, by telling them that the word 'Makelos' was not Greek, but that it belonged to her native north, and it was, in fact, an ancient Swedish word, which signified incomparable, not to be mated. A modest allusion this, assuredly, to herself and the Phoenix, though she said but truly when she wrote, "not to be mated."

This is a specimen of the scavant-queen's amusements in the Eternal city, where, during the rest of her days, she was the great lioness—but lionesses were not then in fashion. The rest of Europe regarded the murder of Monadelschi as a great blot upon the queen's character; but a murder in Italy, especially in vindication of a lady's honour, was viewed at that time as rather an estimable act than otherwise.

Christina died of a relapse after a fit of Pontine fever, on the 19th of April, 1689. Her death was rapid, and she met the king of terrors with her accustomed strength of mind. She left the Pope all she was possessed of, and that was only an act of justice, since at various times, when her ill-paid pension was withheld, she drew all her subsistence from the bounty of the Pontiff.

Her remains were interred, with great funeral pomp, in St. Peter's cathedral; her gilded bust is placed over her tomb, and, by her own orders, this simple inscription:—

Vixit Christina annos LVIII.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

Accompanying the present Number.

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Our memoir cannot receive more complete illustration than by the accompanying portrait, where Bourdon, dispensing with all queenly array, has drawn Christina as she really appeared in every-day life. The petticoat she was so unwilling to wear is here green, instead of "villanous yellow," and with this exception she appears precisely as the lively pen of the Princess of France, Mademoiselle de Montpensier has described her, for which we refer our readers to our memoir.

We recognise the flowing light wig—the man's hat of that era, which, graceful as it is in form, does not appear so masculine in our eyes as in those of her contemporaries—the man's jacket, called a juste-au-corps—the riding gloves which covered her dirty hands—not forgetting the gentleman's cane, smartly decked with knots of ribbon, which Christina exercised freely on the shoulders of all those she thought deserving such castigation.

Such was the Amazonian garb of the celebrated Queen of the North.

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IF BUT A LITTLE BIRD WERE I!

FROM——“SI J'ETOIS PETIT OISEAU!” OF BERANGER.

I, who would c'en amidst the fair,
A passenger still love to be,
Oh! that I'd wings to cleave the air
Like each gay soaring bird I see!
How far, how high, how wide his range!
Through the calm air, the brilliant sky,
In search of change, delightful change!
I'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!

Then, Philomel my accents lending
The charms which to her own belong;
The country maiden's steps attending,
I'd bear a second in her song;
I'd go to where the hermit dwells,
Who lends an ear to misery's cry;
From him who Holy Water sells,
I'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!

Then would I seek some shady grove,
Resounding with the reveller's laugh,
And by my lays each youth would move
In beauty's praise his wine to quaff—
The worn-out veteran to cheer,
My choicest song I next would try;
To make his native village dear
I'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!

Then, on a prison wall I'd light,
And sing some soothing plaintive strain;
But strive to hide my wings from sight,
Lest they augment the captive's pain.
My visit some may cheer; to some
'Twill cause, perchance, a bitter sigh,
Reminding them of childhood's home:
Then would I swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!

Then would I charm some hapless king
Who seeks to fly from dull ennui;
And tune my voice sweet peace to sing,
Perched near him on an olive tree;
A branch from off the olive tearing,
I'd seek some exiled family,
The welcome sign in triumph bearing,
I'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!

From sin and guilt I'd take my flight,
Far as the source of dawning day,
If cruel love, in foul despite,
Place not his nets across my way—
If no new snare, in evil hour
On some fond bosom heaving high,
Enter me in the hunter's power—
I'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If but a little bird were I!
THE BRIDE.

It is now nearly seven years since I paid my first visit to—— Spa, to pass a few months with a much-attached friend, recently settled there. The amusements of one Spa resembling so nearly the amusements of another, and having been so often described, I shall forbear fatiguing the reader's attention by descending upon so threadbare a subject. Suffice it, then, that a few mornings after my arrival, whilst performing my diurnal pilgrimage to the springs, accompanied by my friend, my attention was particularly attracted by a visitant, whom I had not till that instant noticed. He was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, dressed in deep mourning. His height would have been far above the usual standard, had not infirmity (for it could not be age) bowed his body nearly double; his whole person was dreadfully emaciated, and his face destitute of all expression. His cheeks, his lips, the whites of his eyes, were of a uniform livid copper-like hue. His appearance excited my utmost commiseration, for it seemed as though a breath would have snapped the frail thread by which he still held on existence. When first I noticed him two servants in mourning liveries were lifting him from a splendid chariot, whereby he bore him to an easy chair, stuffed with pillows, not far from the spot where we sat; his feet rested upon a cushion, and the two domestics placed themselves on each side of his chair, ready to administer to his slightest wants and wishes, whilst in the back ground stood his carriage, in readiness to convey him whithersoever he listed. After gazing upon him for some time in silence, I turned to my friend, as I said, "I fear the miraculous waters of even that noted spring, will fail in renovating the poor invalid, who it would seem is gifted with every blessing except health."

"He is," said he, answering me in the beautiful language of scripture, "A man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof." Were you not a stranger here," he continued, "you would be acquainted with his melancholy history; although two years have expired since the ill-fated event, he has not yet left off his mourning garb; there are some sorrows over which time, that great healer, seems, nevertheless, to have no influence."

As Alfred said these words I saw a tear glistening in his eye; he brushed it away hastily with the back of his hand.

"Yes," he resumed, "I can tell you the sad tale, I was present at the dreadful scene, my tears mingled with those which death alone can efface from the heart of one who is very dear to me; but," he added, "I will not keep you longer in suspense."

After a brief pause, he continued—

"It is now three years since I made the acquaintance of Don Manuel de Montalto, the last descendant of a noble Spanish family. His father had been killed in the year 1805, in a naval engagement, and, shortly after, he lost his mother, so that a little beyond five years of age, he was left an orphan. He too was brought up to the profession of arms, a career which he however much disliked. Don Manuel was not handsome, but he had a distingué air, and he was moreover well read. In character he was grave, mild, generous, pacific, becoming deeply attached where he had a liking, but he was also reserved, and possessed of not a little of his national pride. We soon became inseparable; in short, I looked upon him as a brother, and he preferred sharing my retirement, to partaking of the festivities which this place affords. You see," said Alfred, pointing to it as he spoke, "that white house on the top of the hill."

"I do," was my reply, "and I almost envy the possessor. Although small it seems to be a perfect paradise."

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"It is, or rather it was so," returned my friend; "it is now the residence of the Baron de Saverne, yonder invalid, but at the time I speak of, it belonged to Madame de St. Clair, the widow of a French officer, who was killed in the year 1814, at the very gates of Paris.

This lady's family consisted of three daughters, Isabel, a lovely girl of eighteen, the other two, Emma and Helen, were younger. Madame de St. Clair was one of those tall, majestic, handsome-looking women, whose age it is almost impossible to define; she dressed well and did the honours of her house with the utmost grace and elegance. During her husband's lifetime she was fond of gaiety, and now a widow with only a scanty pension, and three fortuneless daughters to provide for, she found it impossible to restrain her love for mixing in society. Several offers of marriage had been made to her, but she had wisely declined them, for the meaning of 'obey' was in her vocabulary totally reversed. In short, having at an early age lost her mother, she had been placed at the head of her father's establishment, where she ruled with unlimited sway, which, in a house of her own, gave birth to despotism. Madame de St. Clair had been a devoted wife and excellent mother; she also possessed worldly sense. Her husband's property having been in personal life annuities, expired with him. Thus reduced, she wrote to an uncle of Colonel de St. Clair, entreating him to join her family, promising that no exertion should be spared on their parts to render his old age cheerful and happy. This offer was immediately accepted, and the gouty, whimsical egotist, possessor of ninety thousand pounds, was duly installed in yonder pretty house, whither Madame de St. Clair and her family had removed at his desire, for her previous life had been spent in Paris. It was a picture worthy the pencil of an artist, to see the old man, carefully wrapped in flannels, seated in his great chair and surrounded by these three sweet girls, coaxing and playing with him, and with a thousand innocent inventions seeking to sweeten his few remaining years. Much to his niece's satisfaction of the old gentleman deposited with her a weighty purse on the first of every month, part, he said, of what would one day be her's and her children's, for his will was made. Madame de St. Clair, therefore, as her uncle was fond of company, established weekly soirées at her house in a similar style to those of Paris: there I was introduced by Don Manuel; and it was not long before I suspected that the fair Isabel was the magnet that drew him thither. This supposition, was, however, carefully buried in my bosom, for Don Manuel had not made me his confidant, and not willing to question him, I did not permit myself even to make the slightest allusion, either to himself or Mademoiselle de St. Clair. Willing to assist my friend, whenever I found an opportunity, I failed not to speak a few words in his favor to our hostess, who had not the slightest suspicion of the attachment which I suspected was returned by the gentle Isabel. When I witnessed her emotion, the bright tinct that mounted to her cheek, her sparkling eye on the entrance of Manuel, my only wonder was that these unequivocal signs should have hitherto passed unnoticed by her mother. It is true, that they seldom entered into conversation, and never did I see them side by side for more than a minute at a time, so closely did Madame de St. Clair watch her daughter's movements.

Things were in this state when the tidings of the events of July, 1830, reached us. The predictions of the last fifteen years had been realized by a revolution of three days. Madame de St. Clair gave a grand entertainment, her saloons were decorated with the flag of national liberty and tri-coloured cockades and ribbons; in short, all the emblems of the overthrow of royalty were displayed in profusion, and in the enthusiasm of the moment the 'Parisienne' was sung, and its 'refrain' chorused by two hundred voices that a few days before would have been equally vociferous in their cries of 'Vive le roi.' One, however, in that large assembly partook not of the general hilarity: near me, leaning his elbow on a table, and his head resting upon his hand, sat Don Manuel, absorbed by reflections far from a cheering nature. "This air," said he, at length speaking, "reminds me of the Hymn of Riege; its echoes will soon be heard beyond the Pyrenees."

These words were overheard by Isabel, who at the moment, approached us.
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"Yes," she answered; "and will you not rejoice in your country's liberty, as well as we do in that of ours; it promises happiness, does it not?"

Manuel shook his head, and Isabel was about to rejoin, when the words—

"Isabel, come hither," were heard, and the poor girl, who would have given worlds for five minutes' conversation with her lover, was forced to obey her mother's summons.

Not more than a week had elapsed, when De Montalto one morning entered my chamber—

"You have heard the news from Spain," he said, "that Mina is about to cross the Pyrenees!"

"I have heard something of it," I answered; "but will he indeed enter Spain in arms?"

"He will. I start for the frontier to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" I exclaimed, "is it possible? A sudden resolution," I added, "is it not; you did not mention it before."

"What use," he said, "to have imparted to you intelligence which I see grieves you; but, my good Alfred, it must be so, although I foresee that the result of the enterprise will only be loss of life, still I owe it to my countrymen to second their efforts for liberty. I must be gone; honour commands; and were death itself my assured portion, I would not hesitate."

I was perfectly astounded; I had nothing to answer, nothing to urge which would or could in any way alter a resolution based on honour. Manuel saw how deeply I was affected.

"I want you," said he "to come with me to-night to Madame de St. Clair's, and let us go early."

I promised to be ready, and we parted. Early, however, as we entered Madame de St. Clair's drawing-room, we found several persons already assembled.

Isabel was standing close to her uncle's easy-chair, employed in the formation of a bouquet, while her sister Helen seated upon the old gentleman's foot-stool was handing her the flowers one by one.

"Dear uncle," she exclaimed, as we entered, "is it not a sweet bouquet; how I love these delicate roses!"

"They are a type of your own loveliness, my child," answered the old man fondly. At that moment Isabel perceived us; her cheeks became suffused with crimson, and she bent her head over the flowers; in another instant her emotion had subsided, and a smiling glance of recognition passed between the lovers. This her state of happiness was, however, but of short duration, for an exclamation of surprise from her mother riveted her attention, and caused her to turn as pale as death.

"What, you really must set out to-morrow morning?" said Madame de St. Clair; "and does Mina propose entering Spain immediately?"

Isabel guessed all from these few words, and vainly trying to conceal her emotion, would have been completely overpowered, had she not quitted the room. The poor girl, however, escaped their notice; for every eye, except mine, was turned upon Don Manuel, who was relating the circumstances connected with his departure.

In less than a quarter of an hour Isabel returned; her face was pale, and bore all the trace of recent tears. She seated herself in the embrasure of a window, retaining in her hand her bouquet, and, with it, an embroidered handkerchief, wet, as it seemed to me, with her tears.

In a short time the conversation took a more general turn. Madame de St. Clair called her daughter, who, laying her handkerchief and bouquet upon the chair, hurried to her mother and then for a moment quitted the room. Meantime Don Manuel advanced to the window which Isabel had quitted, and, perceiving he was unnoticed, took up the handkerchief and bouquet, and, after pressing the former to his lips, thrust it into his bosom. Mademoiselle de St. Clair now returned to her seat; a glance at her lover convinced her what had become of the handkerchief, and she sought not for it. When he returned her flowers, my sharp eye detected a letter accompanying them.

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Twelve o'clock, the signal for departure, now struck. Don Manuel pressed Madame de St. Clair's proffered hand to his lips; and as he passed the spot where Isabel stood, pale and trembling, he merely bowed, and hurried from the room.

I passed that whole night with my friend; Isabel's name was never mentioned, but he made me promise to write frequently, and tell him every thing that happened.

At an early hour the following morning he departed.

Anxious to know how Isabel bore this trial, I called at Madame de St. Clair's two days after, and was told by Helen that her sister was confined to her chamber from illness. Although I called frequently, it was ten days before I saw the lovely Isabella. Alas! how changed! She was as pale, as weak, as dejected, as though she had gone through a long illness. Her mother and her friends expressed the greatest anxiety and surprise at so sad, so sudden a change, while they lost themselves in a maze of conjectures respecting the cause. I alone saw to the bottom of that suffering heart; I alone could assign a reason why a smile no longer lit up that lovely countenance.

Having at length received a letter from my friend, wherein I perceived that his state of mind was scarcely less desponding than that of Isabel, he informed me that they were still preparing for the expedition, which was encompassed with great obstacles and many difficulties, and concluded with these words, "These delays will be my death; I can no longer support this cruel absence."

A couple of weeks passed without further intelligence from Don Manuel. Accordingly I called one evening, in my way to a ball, to make enquiries after Mademoiselle de St. Clair, when, to my surprise, I found the three sisters alone in the drawing-room. The moment I was announced, Isabel came towards me; she was dressed in pink crepe, with flowers in her hair. A slight flush animated her countenance, and it was long since I had seen her apparently so happy.

"Oh!" she said, "are you not rejoiced at the good news from the frontier? They say the expedition is not to take place, that Mina has returned to Bordeaux, and that the next accounts will confirm the intelligence. Oh! how many lives it will spare!"

And she raised her beautiful eyes in thankfulness.

"I expect letters from Don Manuel," I said; "I trust they will confirm this good news. But you are going out, it seems?"

"We are going to Madame Angelo's ball," answered Isabel, with a sigh; "yet willingly would I have remained at home."

"Oh yes!" said Emma, interrupting her sister; "it would have been better for us all to have staid at home, for uncle has been ill, and——"

"He has been ill for two days," continued Isabel in her turn, interrupting the little girl, "but he is a great deal better to-day; the doctor says there is not the slightest danger, and mamma is very anxious that we should go."

"And uncle is very cross, and very angry with mamma for all that; he does not like to be left alone," whispered little Helen. "At that moment Madame de St. Clair, in all the luxury of velvet and feathers, came into the room, accompanied by the doctor.

Turning to me, she enquired whether I had heard the news, upon which the medical gentleman delivered, in a very pompous strain, his opinion that Mina would certainly retreat and not go to get himself shot in exemplification of Ferdinand's elementy. The hour had arrived for our departure to Madame Angelo's, and as I was also invited, Madame de St. Clair offered me a seat in her carriage. The ball was one of the most brilliant I had ever witnessed; still a weight seemed to rest upon my heart, which completely destroyed my pleasure; I looked at Isabel, she too had lost her gaiety; I took a vacant seat next to her.

"I wonder I have not had a letter from Manuel," I whispered; "his next must announce his return."

"Who knows," answered Isabel, in a low voice, "but he may return without writing; it is certain they will not enter Spain; surely if the expedition was to take place he would have written."

"That is my opinion," I added; and seeing her mother's eyes fixed upon us, I
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rose and walked into the card-room, muttering to myself—"A girl may be blest, certainly, in having an attentive mother; nevertheless, vigilance may, sometimes, be carried a degree too far."

As I entered the card-room a servant was in the act of placing, upon a table, the evening paper which had just arrived.

"Why here is bad news," exclaimed a stout old gentleman who had taken up a Bordeaux paper.

These words spread quickly through the rooms; crowds rushed in, all anxious for the earliest intelligence:—

"Mina has entered Spain," pursued the same person, "and an engagement has already taken place; a dreadful havoc, they say, has been made amongst the Constitutionalists; fifteen officers were taken and shot; no quarter is expected; Mina has not been captured, but they fear his retreat will be cut off."

As soon as the gentleman released the paper, I snatched it up; would that I could have contradicted what he said! I returned to the ball-room; Isabel had heard the news while dancing in a quadrille. I approached her, pale, with disordered locks; the poor girl scarcely knowing what she was about, was mechanically finishing the dance. She gave me one look, oh! how expressive of all she felt! Her partner led her to her seat next her mother, and I followed at a distance. Madame de St. Clair was terrified at the appearance of her daughter, but not the slightest suspicion of the cause of her indisposition entered her mind.

"We are going," whispered Madame de St. Clair; "the heat of the room has overcome Isabel," and drawing her daughter's arm within her own, she quitted the room, followed by her two youngest girls and myself. Isabel had, however, scarcely descended half the stairs before she fainted, and I forthwith carried her in my arms to the carriage, where she was placed between her weeping mother and sisters.

The day following I called at the house, when I learnt that the old gentleman's ill-humour on the preceding night had occasioned a relapse accompanied by the most dangerous symptoms, yet, that Mademoiselle Isabel, although she had passed a bad night, was rather better; for several successive days I obtained similar answers, receiving no letter from the frontier, I doubted not that my poor friend had fallen. At length, I found a letter from Don Manuel. With a beating heart I broke the seal; it only contained a few words—

"My dear friend, I have at last re-crossed the Pyrenees, and am now once more in France: wounded, expiring with cold and fatigue, I have succeeded in reaching that country where, I trust, my bones will find a resting-place; the land that contains all that we hold dearest upon earth, is not a land of exile; my wound is horribly bad, but they say not mortal! God grant it—for I would live, farewell!"

I repaired instantly to Madame de St. Clair's, where I was admitted for the first time since the night of the ball. Scarcely had I gazed at Isabel ere I was convinced that she had heard news from Manuel; no doubt he had concealed his being wounded, or at least its danger from her, and there was so much hope, so much confidence, so much happiness in the smile with which she greeted me, that I could not for my life pain her by narrating my own fears of his safety, when announcing my intention of setting off the next morning for Bayonne.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a kind friend! you will bring him back so soon!"

Madame de St. Clair now entered, looking dreadfully flurried, 'telling me that her uncle had not more than a few hours to live. I shortened my visit, and four days afterwards was with my poor wounded friend at Bayonne. His first questions were about Isabel; he then admitted me to an unlimited confidence. Isabel, he said, had succeeded in evading her mother's vigilance, a correspondence had been carried on between them, and mutual promises and protestations were the result.

Notwithstanding Manuel's great anxiety and impatience to return, he was unable to do so, the surgeons having protested against his being removed for two or three months to come.

I had not been with him many days when a letter from Isabel announced the death of their uncle, and the further dreadful intelligence of their having been cut
off in his will. It appeared that on the night of the fatal ball which had rendered us so miserable, the old gentleman, in a fit of anger at having been left alone, revoked the will he had so long before made in favour of his niece and her children, and after having formally and expressly declared that people who had quitted his dying couch to attend a ball, were unworthy of being benefited by him, he named as his sole heir a very distant relative, of whom he had scarcely the slightest knowledge; the fatal document was duly signed, so that its authenticity was beyond dispute.

Manuel rallied at this intelligence.

"At length," he exclaimed, vehemently, "I may venture to hope; surely Madame de St. Clair will not refuse me the hand of her portionless daughter! Isabel's supposed fortune was the only obstacle to my wishes!"

Manuel was now on the tip-toe of impatience for my return to make him au fait in all that was passing.

Madame de St. Clair received me as usual. She was elegantly dressed in deep mourning, and the rouge upon her cheeks was more than a shade deeper than usual. She was certainly thinner, and there was a restlessness and an agitation about her which I had never before perceived. She talked over the event with the utmost self-possession; in short, to a stranger, it would not have seemed that any unexpected event had taken place; so great was the command she had acquired over her feelings. In the course of conversation I discovered that she expected the heir, whom she had never seen, in the course of the following week, and that she purposed shortly after quitting this place for a while, for the benefit of change of air.

At my next visit I had, accordingly, the honour of being presented to the Baron de Saverne, and you scarcely will credit it, that in yonder decrepit, corpse-like being, my eyes rested on the handsomest face I had ever beheld!"

Alfred paused, whilst our eyes sought the miserable-looking object whose presence had already attracted me.

After a lengthened silence he continued—"Affairs of a private nature now called me to another part of the country, and on my return two or three weeks after, I found the Baron de Saverne, to all appearance, domesticated in the family circle. Madame de St. Clair no longer spoke of 'change of air;'; and I found that instead of her weekly parties, she had a few friends at her house nearly every evening. Various were the surmises and conjectures formed at the good understanding which seemed to reign between the widow and the usurper of her rights. A slight rumour of the possibility of Madame de St. Clair becoming the Baroness de Saverne, insensibly began to gain ground. Would to heaven it had been so!

Isabel always received me with a mixture of joy and emotion. Although Manuel had written her word that he had confided their secret to me, still she possessed that innate delicacy, that exquisite reserve, which prevented her ever even hinting at the subject, and I, on my part, respected her too highly to say one word which I thought likely to call up a blush upon her cheek. It was with sorrow that I saw her wasting form and increasing paleness; her spirits, too, were gone—the cause, Manuel's prolonged absence, was to me sufficiently clear. Alas! poor girl, that may have been only one of the causes of her grief!

Madame de St. Clair, it seems, one morning said to her daughter—

"My dear Isabel, I have got news that will quickly bring the roses back to your cheeks; it is, indeed, more happiness than we dared to anticipate; Monsieur de Saverne has made me proposals for your hand, which I have joyfully accepted."

Poor Isabel, the news was too much for her; she uttered only the exclamation "Oh!" and fainted.—

Madame de St. Clair was at first bewildered. She could not precisely define her daughter's emotion. Was it joy? or could it be sorrow? Yet, wherefore should it be the latter? With all her shrewdness and close observation, she was not mistress of Isabel's thoughts. The poor girl, who had not wholly lost consciousness, soon recovered to hear the same words repeated with a thousand observations upon Isabel's good fortune and the Baron de Saverne's kindness of heart in having promised

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fortunes to Emma and Helen, and having insisted upon Madame de St. Clair still retaining her place as mistress of his house, a post which had been filled by her with so much grace and dignity.

Notwithstanding the dread and awe in which Isabel stood of her mother, she at length summoned up sufficient courage to decline the proposal, whereupon her calculating parent burst into invectives upon the unfeeling, disobedient conduct of her daughter, for whom she had done so much, concluded by ordering her to her own chamber, there to remain till she came to her reason. The next day, however, Madame de St. Clair altered her determination, and, ordering the carriage, sent Isabel under safe escort to a maiden aunt, who lived about five miles in the country. This lady, who had been informed of the whole affair, promised to lecture her niece into submission.

The unhappy Isabel, held out as long possible; at length, between her aunt’s sermons and her mother’s reproaches, one day, half distracted, when Madame de St. Clair who had called to pay a visit to her sister, was departing without having once spoken to her daughter, she stepped forward, saying—

"Mamma, my mind is made up; I will marry the Baron de Saverne."

Madame de St. Clair was thereupon vehement in her thanks; the poor girl was pressed to the maternal bosom, and, with a promise of sending for her speedily, departed.

"The baron wishes the marriage to take place immediately, my love," said the mother, putting her head out of the carriage window.

"It is for you to fix, madam," said Isabel, coldly; "I will obey."

"A thousand thanks, my sweet Isabel;" and the smiling parent drove away.

The next day Isabel was reinstated in the family circle, and the marriage publicly announced.

Indignant, astounded, I hastened to Madame de St. Clair’s. For the first time I saw Isabel alone. Her mother and the baron were abroad making purchases, and their unhappy victim had time to relate all the particulars I have told you. Manuel’s name was not, however, mentioned.

"How I feel for you! what a sacrifice!" burst involuntarily at every instant from me.

"Yes," she answered, "a cruel one it is; but I hope to die before its completion."

The ceremony was fixed for the first of March; it was then the nineteenth of February. I did not write to Manuel, as I purposed paying him a visit of condolence when all was over.

Preparations were going on rapidly at Madame de St. Clair’s. Never did I see that lady in such high spirits; her affectation of humility, on receiving the congratulations of all those who envied her good fortune, exasperated me to the utmost against her. The Baron de Saverne I never liked; his face, I told you, was perfectly handsome, but his manners were what I called coarse, and I believe his intellectual acquirements were at a still lower ebb. His face appeared absolutely radiant with happiness, but I think that, had I been in his place, the forced calmness of the bride-elect would have struck me as ominous. I judged then, that with all his money, for he had a large fortune independently of the ninety thousand pounds, that the Baron de Saverne possessed none of that sensitiveness of heart, so endearing to a woman of delicacy, and, as the time drew near, I felt more and more apprehensive for the happiness of Mademoiselle de St. Clair.

The fatal first of March at length arrived. With a heart full of every bitter feeling, I conjured up to my mind the dire results that might attend the union that day about to take place, and I thought much of many other gay watering-places, and other dreadful sacrifices to keep up an appearance in society beyond our means. I thought, too, of the unhappy victim, whom the selfish vanity of her mother had sacrificed, of violence done to her affections, of her after-life, and, lastly, of the wild despair of Manuel. Whilst thus pondering, I heard footsteps on the stairs. What feeling came over me I know not, but my heart misgave me as the door opened, and the wretched object of my last meditations hastily entered the room.
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“Great God! Manuel!” I exclaimed, “What brings you hither?”
“I know all,” exclaimed the unhappy man. “She wrote to me. I will, I must see her once more. Oh! why could I not have arrived sooner, but I was forced to stop, my wound opened afresh, and it is to-day—this very day!”

He fell back in the chair almost powerless, and he murmured forth, “Why, why did they save my life? Why not have let me die?” After some time I succeeded in recovering him. I seated myself near him, and tried to speak, but I found no words to lessen the despair I witnessed. Manuel, his eyes fixed, his hands clasped, silent, and overwhelmed with his grief, seemed neither to see nor hear me. A tear rolled down his pale, furrowed cheek, and his grief was of that dreadful description, which has no utterance.

A long hour passed in this way, when the sound of the clock suddenly aroused him.

“Tis twelve!” said he, with a shudder; “in twelve hours more it will be over. She told me it would be at midnight—before then I shall have seen her.”

“Impossible!” I cried, “that you can see her now; you are not in a fit state to appear at the house; and think of her, and how your presence would distress her!”

“It is alone I must see her,” returned Manuel, “I have written to her; she knows I am here waiting for her answer. Oh! yes, she will consent to this one interview—our last—nothing is impossible to those driven to such despair as ours!”

A few minutes afterwards a note was put into his hand.

“She consents!” he exclaimed, his voice nearly indistinct with his emotion, and he gave me the letter to read; it contained but a few lines to this effect—

“Yes, one secret interview, our first and last, before I belong to another! Yes, it shall be so; I am decided. A few short moments more of happiness in this world, and then a life of absence and despair! The little gate at the end of the garden will be open at ten o’clock to-night, and Catherine will meet you on the stairs leading to my room.”

“You surely do not intend keeping this appointment?” I said, as I returned the note.

“Keeping it!” he reiterated, “aye, at the cost of my life, I will. Do I not love her—does she not love me; and should we be torn from each other without one embrace?”

In vain I tried to shake his resolution. I represented the difficulty, the danger, the obstacles attendant upon it. He heard me not; his whole heart, soul, his life were bound up in the one interview, and at nine o’clock in the evening, when I was forced to leave him, his determination was unshaken as ever.

It was a few minutes after nine when I entered Madame de St. Clair’s drawing-room. The contract had been signed in the course of the morning, and at five o’clock in the afternoon the civil marriage had taken place, in the presence of a few intimate friends, the solemnization of the religious ceremony, and an altar had been erected in the largest drawing-room for that purpose.

A numerous and brilliant society had already arrived, and they entered merrily on the dance. The bride was surrounded by numerous admirers entreating the honour of her hand in the dance, so that for a while I could not approach her; and to be able to gain one moment for conversation, was impossible. I gazed in sorrow upon her surpassing loveliness, undiminished in the power of captivating, though her face was pale as death. Her white lace robe, the wreath of white roses upon her brow, and the pearls entwined in her dark tresses, became her more than any dress in which I had ever seen her. At that moment the hour of ten began to strike. A hectic flush was visible on Isabel’s cheek. She looked violently agitated, and there was a wildness in her eye, as she passed by where I stood, which alarmed me greatly. In another moment she quitted the room, followed by her mother. Words cannot express the uneasiness I felt. I passed on to an open window and looked into the garden. All there was darkness: still I fancied I detected a figure stealing along a side-walk.

Madame de St. Clair now returned to the ball-room. I heard her say that she had been arranging the bridal veil, and placing the orange bouquet on her daughter’s...
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head, and that finding her so pale and agitated, she had acceded to her request of being permitted to remain, for a short time, alone in her chamber.

Meantime dancing was continued, and Madame de St. Clair sat smiling, gay, happy. I, too, stood on the same spot, my eyes fixed upon her, and in agony un-speakable I listened in anxious expectation.

All at once I thought I heard a shriek, and almost at the same instant Helen, the youngest of the sisters, rushed into the room, screaming out, "Help! help! Come! Isabel is dead—Monsieur de Saverne has killed his wife!"

Strange to say, no one moved. No one believed the horrid tale, not even the mother; but when Helen came down, I saw spots of blood on her frock. Madame de St. Clair uttered one wild shriek, and fainted.

Whilst some persons were assisting the now wretched mother, Helen related the particulars. She said that Monsieur de Saverne, annoyed at her sister's absence, had asked her to show him her room, and that going to the door, found it fastened within; that recollecting the little door in the alcove, they proceeded that way, which they did noiselessly, to surprise Isabel, she said. At the first glance, she perceived her sister sitting at the table, on which she saw a hat and sword; that M. de Saverne seized the latter and stabbed his wife, who had thrown herself between him and, she thought, Don Manuel. Accompanied by other persons, I ran to the room where the dreadful scene had been enacted; the servants were already there, and had placed the hapless girl on her bed, where she lay, with eyes closed and scarcely breathing, her bridal robe and veil drenched in the blood which was still issuing from her wound.

Don Manuel, statue-like, was standing with his back against the wall for support, and with horrified looks, gazing on the almost lifeless form of all that he had loved in this world.

The husband, too, was there, struggling, like a maniac, from the hands of some persons who were endeavouring to drag him from the chamber.

"In the name of heaven," I whispered, "Manuel, let us begone."

"Not yet," he answered, and bending over Isabel called her by her name.

The unhappy mother now rushed into the room, and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, but her child spoke not. An awful stillness reigned throughout the apartment, into which crowds were passing, who a few brief moments before had been dancing. Their countenances were deeply expressive of the dreadful contrast between a ball-room and this chamber of death—between the festivities of a bridal night, and lamentations over a corpse.

All eyes were eagerly turned on the physician, who had now arrived. He leaned over the still inanimate form, listened to the difficult breathings, which were becoming every moment less frequent, felt her pulse, which had nearly ceased beating, and gave another look at the wound in her left side, close to the heart. He then seated himself at the side of the bed, without speaking.

The poor mother turned her gaze towards him, entreating him to give her one word of hope. "Oh!" she said, "will she not say one word to me? Save her, save her, and let me not lose her thus." Several persons now tried to remove her from the room, but she successfully resisted their endeavours.

"My place is here, beside my child," she cried; "I will not leave her, but, doctor she will bleed to death—you do not stop the blood!"

"No human aid can save her," said the medical man, sorrowfully; "she has but an instant more to live."

At these dreadful words Manuel uttered a shriek of horror; and fell senseless in the arms of a person who caught him, and the doctor released the fair cold hand he had till then retained.

"It is all over!" he said. "She is dead!"

I stayed no longer; but rushing after my unhappy friend, who had been borne away, had him removed to my own house.

For many months the unhappy young man's constitution alternated betwixt life and death. He, however, recovered sufficiently to be able to be moved to Niece,
but still that was France, where he had lost all that he held dearest upon earth; he could not support his lot; and in the hope that continual change of scene would in the end succeed, in some degree, in mitigating his suffering, he travelled by easy journeys to various parts of the kingdom; but his melancholy was not to be subdued, and two months ago he embarked for Brazil, telling me as he bade me farewell that he trusted he should not survive the voyage.

I never again visited at Madame de St. Clair's. I could not bear to enter the house where I had seen the lovely Isabel expire under such dreadful circumstances. I am told that the Baron de Saverne experiences every day a return of the same fearful convulsions that seized him at the moment he was besprinkled with his wife's blood. He surely cannot hold out long, and Madame de St. Clair will yet inhabit the ninety thousand pounds. May the cruel lesson she has received, be a warning in the disposal of her two younger daughters!"

Alfred ceased speaking, and | observed the tears running down his face; nor were my own eyes dry. In silent gratitude, yet the depth of sadness, I pressed his hand for his deeply interesting tale; then quitting our seats, we turned our steps homeward.

L. V. F.

THREE PARABLES.

The following Three Parables, by Krummacher, were addressed to the Memory of Sacontâla, the beautiful Queen of Prussia.

[In the original German they are not in verse, but the translator found it easier to retain the simplicity, their chief characteristic, in unadorned metre, than in a literal prose translation.]

PARABLE THE FIRST. 1805.

Sacontâla was the Queen,
Most lovely, lov'd and blest,
Who with the Prince Vickrama
The Indian throne possess't.

Like her, none e'er adorn'd the state;
None gave such joy to earth;
And now, all come to celebrate
The glad day of her birth.

Not in the palaces alone
The rich and great rejoice;
But every cottage in the land
Sends forth a cheerful voice.

Nor was it but in outward show
That each one had his part;
The voice of joy was deeper far
That echoed in the heart.

For fair was Sacontâla's face,
And soft and kind her eye,
Which with a mild, yet royal grace,
On all beam'd lovingly.

'Twas like the evening sun's bright ray,
Which slanting from the hill,
Doth dewy freshness from its smile
O'er mount and vale distil.

And such was Sacontâla's face,
So gentle and serene:
For this, the Indians, like her sons,
Ador'd their matchless queen.

And now rich offerings they bring
Of gems, and balm, and gold;
Whilst some to Bramah pray'd that he
Would no good gift withhold.

But see, amongst the festive throng
Who round the palace stand,
A Brahmin, and he beareth too
An offering in his hand.

A rushen basket form'd with skill,
And willow bands across,
And round its edge an ornament
Of bright and velvet moss.

The servants in the royal hall
Thus spake in scornful tone,
"Behold the gift yon Brahmin deems
Meet for a mighty throne:

"A rush-wove basket, edg'd with moss,
The curling moss and mean;
And this he thinks fit offering
To make an Eastern Queen."
Three Parables.

But fearlessly the Brahmin pass'd
Amidst the jeering crowd,
And at Queen Sacontāla's throne:
In confidence he bow'd.

"Behold, benignant Queen," he cried,
"Dear mother of the state;
Behold thy servant, who in hope,
Doth on thy favour wait.

"And on my offering smile: 'tis wove
With rushes from the rill,
And fill'd with flowers from the grove,
And green moss from the hill;

"All gather'd in the distant vale,
The sweet and lonely glade,
The farthest in thy kingdom's bound,
Where first thy childhood stray'd.

"With these memorials of thy youth,
I come this day to greet;
So spake the Brahmin, and he laid
The basket at her feet.

Then bowed the Queen, and gracious smiles
Lit up her gentle eyes;

Those flowers hath bid a thousand thoughts
Of former days arise.

The Brahmin to his lonely vale
Return'd, which fairer seem'd,
Since on his heart the smiling eyes
Of Sacontāla beam'd.

And thus the poet from the banks
Of Heuber and the Rhine,
Would to a Queen as lov'd, present
An offering at her shrine;

Wild flowers, but springing from his heart,
And nourish'd with the dew,
Of that true-hearted land which once
She lov'd to wander through.

Where yet a virtuous people hail,
And venerate her name;
Who reigning in their hearts hath found
A monarch's brightest fame.

Oh! may Louisa's gracious smile
Hallow the lays I've wrought,
The humble as the offering
The Eastern Brahmin brought.

PARABLE THE SECOND. 1807.

The fairest of the Queens of Ind
Again her birthday keeps,
But silently to Brahm prays,
As bitterly she weeps;

For widely o'er the mourning land
Passes the scourge of war,
And Sacontāla's lord, the King,
Midst slaughter roams afar.

And in the bosom of the Queen
Reigns yet more poignant grief,
Because upon the battle field
Lies many a gallant chief;

Whilst some, the servants of the King,
Whom royal favour crowns,
Shew faithless hearts, and dastard arms,
Now adverse fortune frowns.

For this fair Sacontāla mourn'd,
And bent her eyes on earth;
For this, as if her day of death,
They wept her day of birth.

Then spake a handmaid of the Queen,
Who ceas'd not her bewail,
"The Brahmin waits, who brought before
The flowers of the vale."

"Alas!" then sigh'd the gentle Queen,
"Little can flowers avail;
They cannot soothe my wounded heart,
Or make my cheek less pale.

"Yet bring the holy Brahmin in;
For I am faint to see
If in my grief, such simple tastes,
Are grateful still to me."

The Brahmin greets, with lowly bend,
As he was wont to greet;
"Behold, O! mother of the state,
Thy servant at thy feet;"
Three Parables.

And in its deep and dark recess
So bright the jewel shone,
As if the gloomy setting gave
New lustre to the stone.
The lovely monarch mark'd it well,
She mark'd, but did not speak;

And then a brightly glistening tear
Roll'd gently down her cheek.
The Brahmin to his vale return'd,
His heart oppressed with fears,
And heaviness, for he had seen
Fair Sacontála's tears.

PARABLE THE THIRD. 1815.

In his lone vale, in silent grief,
The sorrowing Brahmin wander'd;
And on the tried, enduring Queen,
With heavy heart he ponder'd.
For now a new and fearful war
Burst from the distant West;
A fell destroyer and his bands
The Eastern realms opprest.
With haughty pride and insolence,
He all the land subdued;
His warriors smil'd at the success
Which all beside them rued.
The Brahmin, with unceasing prayers,
The mighty God implor'd,
For Vikrama, the brave, the just,
And her his Queen ador'd.
But vainly rose the Brahmin's pray'rs,
The tide of war roll'd on,
Until it reach'd the happy vale
Where peace had sweetly shone.
Then fled he to the mountains wild,
The rugged rocks and high;
He sought not man—his heart was full—
The Brahmin wish'd to die.
Yet he liv'd on in solitude,
For many a tedious year,
Till suddenly triumphant sounds
Were heard the land to cheer.
The hollow drum roll'd by from far,
The cymbal's clashing voice,
With songs of joy and thankfulness,
To make his heart rejoice.
The Brahmin bow'd to earth and pray'd;
Then rose, and o'er his head
His trembling hands, with eager haste,
The precious incense shed.
And then he said, "These aged eyes,
Before they close in dust,
Would fain behold their Queen once more,
And triumph with the just."
So with the fairest flow'rs of spring
The basket bloom'd anew,
And wreaths of olive and of palm
Mix'd with the myrtle's hue.
In silent gladness on he went
Along his tedious way;
He heeded not the bustling throng,
Nor voices of the gay.
At last he stops, the palace gates
Rejoice his aged eyes;
Whose fading light again shines bright,
As happier thoughts arise.

"Lead me to Sacontála's feet,"
He said, "for here I bring
Once more the gift she lov'd before,
The lowly offering.
"Sever'd for seven long tedious years
Have been the world and I;
I wait once more to see my Queen,
And then in peace to die."
But as he spoke, the weeping train
Murmur'd in accents low,
Then ask'd the Brahmin, "Wherefore weep,
"And why this gloomy brow?"
"Art thou so strange then to the earth,"
(Thus did they say at last),
"That thou alone art ignorant
Of all that there hath past?"
Then did they lead the aged man
To Sacontála's grave;
"Behold," they said, "when hearts are broke,
No earthly power can save."
Then plentifully the stream of tears
From their sad eyes ran o'er;
Their grief lay heavy at their hearts,
And they could speak no more.
Then shone upon the Brahmin's brow,
The fire of former days,
And up to heaven exultingly
He sought his eyes to raise.
"See I not Brahá's throne," he said,
"And is not that the glow
From the bright springs of purest day,
Which round his dwelling flow.
"And see I not, on fragrant clouds
That shed the morning dew,
Our Queen, our Sacontála rest,
Still to her people true.
"The spotless victim for the land,
The priestess she of peace,
Entreats, before great Brahá's throne,
Her country's woes may cease.
"Oh! blessed one! tho' now remov'd
To a far brighter reign,
Yet do I consecrate the flowers
Of earth to thee again."
And then the old man held his peace,
And bow'd his hoary head,
Where he had strew'd the fragrant flowers
Above the royal dead.
Soft was the gentle breeze from heaven,
Which o'er the mourner stole,
By Brahá sent, upon its wings
To bear the Brahmin's soul.

A. BEE.
PAT STUART;
THE TYRANT DON JUAN OF THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

Mainland, the principal of the Shetland Islands, bears a singular resemblance to the form of a dragon with outspread wings. Lerwick, the capital, is placed in the dragon's head like an eye; whilst the immense bay which affords protection to the island of Brassa, called Brassa Sound, and which would easily hold two thousand vessels, looks like the mouth of the monster; Samburgh-head forms his crooked nostril, and Fitful-head rears itself aloft like his threatening crest. These two promontories are constantly exposed to tremendous inroads of the sea which engirdles the storm-lashed Shetland isles. A friable, brownish, species of free-stone forms at intervals the bases of these headlands. From time to time enormous blocks, detached from the steep tables by the action of the waves, fall thundering down into the ocean, where they spread into fresh shoals; others remain suspended in mid-air, like the walls of a citadel whose basements have been undermined by cannon. Swiftly does the fisherman urge his bark past those hanging masses, which the foot of a kid might perchance hurl down to crush him. These iron-grey rocks, with blood-red, rust-like veins, rise in thick clusters round a portion of Fitful-head and the west coast of Lerwick, of which the promontory is the terminating point. Upon one of these rocks, jutting far out into the sea, belted with foam like the prow of a vessel, the polished free-stone of which has presented greater resistance to the invasion of the waves, a mass of misshapen erections may be descried—towers shattered or prostrate, walls hanging in crumbling masses, or creviced with widely-gaping chinks, and, in hue, of as dark a grey as the gloomy rock itself. These walls and towers, constructed of unhewn stone in natural blocks scarcely held together by a rude cement, have, however, resisted the assaults of time, rather from the solidity of their masses and peculiar site than by any skillfulness of architecture; one or two of the chief towers are still roofed with those grey flags which, in the Shetland isles, are used as substitutes for slate and tile. The tenacious ivy creeps not along the walls, nor envelops the towers with its mantle of verdure; it is a plant unknown in these countries; its branches would not attain sufficient strength to cling fast to the stone, from which the furious blasts would else soon detach it. The moss and the lichen, only, cover it in scattered patches, the lichen with bluish and silvery veins, and the moss presenting itself in large bunches of every variety of colour—of a blackish hue at the base, they grow yellow, brown, and assume a bright crimson tint as they approach the summits of the towers and the battlements by which the latter are crowned. During the ominous hour of storm, lit up by livid flashes of lightning, the hoary edifice, they wholly cover, seems dotted all over with blood; but if the evening sun, at the moment when he dips his glowing orb into the waves, bursts through the storm-clouds and gilds those ancient towers with his last, yet most refulgent beams, the gazer might take the dismantled hold for one of those structures of phantasy, with its roofs of flame and walls of fire, which, their mortal career past, in Norse mythology are affirmed to be tenanted by Scandinavian heroes and demi-gods.

These towers, these time-battered walls, with the entire cincture of massive fortifications, once formed the strong castle of Scalloway, of which Sir Walter Scott seems to have given a sketch in the description of the manor of Jarlshof—the dwelling of Magnus Troil. Although constructed upon no regular principle of architecture, and partly in ruins, Scalloway, dates not, however, from a very remote epoch. The castle bears the date of the year 1601 upon its walls, and over the gateway may be read the following inscription:

""'Paticius, Orcadeae et Zelandiae comes,
Cuius fundamen sanum domus illa manebit
Labiis et contra si sit arena perit.'"

This Patrick, Earl of the Orkneys, as these lines testify, though evidently ambitious of playing the wit, was, however, very far from being an agreeable pedant, or even one learned in omne quod exit in um. On the contrary, he has left behind him a terrible remembrance throughout these islands.
Pat Stuart; the Tyrant

Pat Stuart (for so was the redoubtable Earl of the Orkneys, popularly, called) is, in fact, the raw-head-and-blood-bones, the ogre wherewith to terrify children, and the bug-bear even of women and maidens. The women always expect to encounter him in the windings of each ravine, or behind each rock. If everything related in the Shetland islands of this defunct scourge of the Orkneys were believed, certes he would have amply merited the strange reputation in which his memory is held. Even Shetland peasants of the male sex have not, themselves, to this very day lost all terror of Pat Stuart; they speak of him with no little reserve, as though he were an evil, yet, all-powerful demon. No promise that could be made to one of these credulous islanders—not even the gift of a well-filled keg of bland, or a barrel of whale-oil at his return—would induce him to go and pluck, by night, a tuft of moss, or detach a stone from the old manorial ruin.

Scalloway is held to be the head-quarters of the evil genii of the island. It is therein that the brownies linger out their lives, and are heard to gnash their teeth amid the pauses of the wind; that the trows dance in circles, snorting in chorus like swine, bleating like lambs, or screaming like birds of prey. All night long, in the deserted corridors, may be heard the clang of hammers beating iron, of bellows roaring, and the crackling of forge-fires, for the trows are held to be indefatigable blacksmiths. On the nights when the storm walks abroad in its awful majesty, the Walkyrir* is seen seated upon the highest of the castle towers, with naked legs hanging over the battlements, and with elbow upon her knee and her head sustained by her hand, sad and sorrowful, she keeps her gaze fixed upon the ship in peril, her eye sparkling amid the surrounding darkness, like the enchanted carbuncle of the Wart† Mountain.

These desolate places, and that so long deserted castle, were once, however, the theatre of joyous scenes, and mad and boisterous orgies. If chronicles, living as well as dead, are to be believed, and both are not wanting amongst the islands, Pat Stuart was, in his day, as roystering a boon companion as he was a doer of all things evil. Well as he loved wine and women, the pleasure seasoned by danger had most charms for him—the more audacious the prank, the more eagerly did he strive to accomplish it. Pat Stuart was, in a word, the Don Juan of the Shetland isles.

Patrick Stuart was cousin to King James VI. of Scotland; and descended from a natural son of James V. He took it into his head to be sovereign of the islands of the Orkneys and Shetland, and being unable to obtain his dominion as a right, he was determined at any rate to keep the actual possession by a strong hand. In 1601, as we have already stated, he had erected his fortress of Scalloway, having fixed upon Shetland as the seat of his stronghold, because its islands were still less accessible than those of the Orkneys to the jurisdiction of the government of Scotland of which he declared himself to be independent. Once established in his castle of Scalloway, he lorded it, like a veritable autocrat, over the islands of the north, and governed them with horrible tyranny. His history resembles very closely those of the petty Italian princes of the fifteenth century. There are the same despotic caprices, the same dissoluteness and the same ferocity, the same activity and the same resources in moments of difficulty, the same eccentricities throughout the course of his criminal life, and the same dramatic end. The incidents which appertain to the close of his days, and which entailed an ignominious death upon the tyrant of the Shetland isles, are of singularly romantic interest. The version which follows is that most credited throughout the island.

* The tutelary genius of expiring warriors.
† The Wart is a steep mountain in one of the Shetland isles. During the months of June and July, at some distance off, towards midnight, something shining on its summit is perceptible. It has been sought to discover what this shining object might be, but, hitherto, unsuccessfully. The common people affirm that this light is caused by an enchanted carbuncle, incrusted in the rock. Dr. Wallace, in his description of the Orkneys, attributes this extraordinary light to the reverberations of the sun’s rays, whose disk in that latitude, and in that season of the year, appears at midnight on the level of the horizon, taken in by the eye on the summit of the Wart Mountain. Dr. Wallace supposes that these rays strike upon rocks wetted with drops of water, sprinkled by the gush of some spring.
Don Juan of the Shetland Islands.

Patrick, Earl of the Orkneys, lived a life of debauchery, and believed no longer in the existence of a God. When this lawless tyrant felt desirous of playing a priest some ill-turn, or of seducing a young maiden, he performed it with an inconceivable satisfaction; and as he was full of audacity, every means which led to the attainment of his ends seemed good to him—means, no matter whether the most iniquitous or the most dangerous. Patrick had thus reigned for upwards of ten years over Shetland; and notwithstanding the complaints of the inhabitants of those islands, the Scottish government had tolerated that species of usurpation, incapable as it then was of effecting its annihilation. To put an end to it, it would have been necessary to seize upon the person of the oppressor—to equip a fleet, raise an army, and lay siege, in regular form, to Scalloway castle, then reputed to be impregnable.

Patrick Stuart, who well knew in what horror he was held by the inhabitants of the islands, never appeared abroad without being accompanied by a troop of well-armed satellites; these were mostly Scotch, Irish, or Norwegian adventurers, whom he enriched by his rapine, and on whom he looked rather as his companions in debauchery than as hired soldiers.

 Lerwick, the capital, which at the present day numbers a population of very nearly two thousand souls, did not reckon in Patrick’s time more than a few hundreds. Lerwick, for many years past, has been the resort of whole fleets of fishing vessels of every nation which put into that harbour, both at the beginning of the summer, when the immense shoals of herrings invade the creeks and bays, and during autumn, when the cod-fishing commences. In the time of Patrick Stuart, (as at the present day) Lerwick, was, therefore, the port and market-town of those parts; and thither upon certain days did the peasants and fishermen of the islands repair to buy provisions or to sell produce. Lerwick being only a few miles distant from Scalloway, Patrick, consequently, made frequent incursions upon it, either, it being market-day and he was desirous of cheaply provisioning his stronghold by arbitrarily carrying off the merchandise brought by the poor peasantry from the country or neighbouring islands, or that he resolved to impose some onerous tax upon the miserable town. On such occasions, when the islanders gained intelligence of the freebooter’s projects, they concealed their provisions and merchandise and took to their heels. But Patrick frequently pounced so unexpectedly upon them, as scarcely to leave them time to flee, much less for concealment of their wares. The inhabitants of the island who repaired to the market, posted, therefore, in the environs of the town—upon a rock, or some eminence which commanded the country round-about, sentinels, whose duty it was to apprise them of the Earl’s approach, and thus give them time to evacuate the place.

The winter of 1614 was drawing to a close, when, to the long nights of that ungenial clime—those nights of some twenty long hours which succeed the dreary day illumined by a chill and pallid sun, whose disk scarcely rises a few feet above the foggy horizon—succeed fewer hours of darkness, and less gloomy days; when the snow melts upon the mountains and the grass blades in the meadows, exposed to the south, begin to look green; the birds return in flocks from the east and the south; the cold, which is never so rigorous in these islands as in other countries—situate under the same degree of latitude, no longer stays the rivulet’s course or blocks up, with heaps of ice, the creeks and harbours of Mainland; when, therefore, it is practicable to go from the hamlet to the nearest town, without running the risk of being lost in snow-wreaths, nor engulfed in quagmires, the inhabitants were beginning again to revisit one another, and as their winter stores of provisions were exhausted, were repairing from all points of the island, and from all the neighbouring islands, to Lerwick, where they calculated upon purchasing a fresh stock. These markets, held at the close of the winter season, are always better supplied and more numerously attended than during the rest of the year. On the year above named, the first market-day at Lerwick had passed over without any misadventure: the second day’s traffic was about to be opened, and the country people, somewhat emboldened, had flocked thither in great numbers. Suddenly a man, mounted upon one of those black shelties, with hair long and curly as a sheep’s fleece, rode at full gallop into the centre of the market-
place, whither farmers, peasants, and fishermen were swarming in crowds. Some drove before them geese, fowls, and goats, sheep, or the small black ox, called kyes, which bears a family resemblance to the shelties, being like them hairy and woolly, and having, also, the fierce and cunning eye, as well as untameable disposition. Others were steering their barks, laden with salmon, thorn-backs, herrings, and smoked wild geese. "Pat Stuart! Pat Stuart!" shouted the horseman with a voice of thunder, and he disappeared along the lane opposite to that by which he had arrived. In an instant the place was empty. The fishermen leapt on board their barks, hoisted their sails, or pulled from the shore with all the speed with which they could ply the oar; the peasants and farmers retreat in the utmost disorder along the route by which the unknown had disappeared; the salesmen, who could not take to their heels, flung their wares in confused heaps into the neighbouring houses, and hastily barred the doors; yet ere the spot could be entirely evacuated and the market clean swept, Patrick reached it at full gallop. He was mounted upon a noble horse, which, from his size and white coat, was readily to be recognised as of Norwegian breed. The people of his suite accompanied him upon every species of horse—English, Scotch, and native. Patrick was casd in armour from head to heel. He reined up in the centre of the market-place and cast a glance of wrath and disdain upon this scene of confusion of which he was the author—upon the barks flinging out their sheets to the breeze, upon the fugitive rustics, upon salesmen who, unable to carry off their wares, now stood humble, submissive, and frozen with terror before him.

Patrick, however, contented himself with a smile of bitter scorn; on that occasion he tore from his unfortunate vassals neither their cattle, bread, nor money. At a foot's pace he made the round of the market-place, followed by his attendants. Having arrived opposite to the church-door, he made a sudden halt. He sat motionless upon his horse, with gaze rivetted upon the porch—looking like an equestrian statue erected in front of the sacred edifice. Wherefore gazeth he thus? What has he seen? A youthful maiden stands beneath the portal's arch. She is radiant with all the loveliness of the north: fair shining hair, deep blue eyes, and a snowy skin, veined with azure and rose. Her terrified glance is directed towards the market-place. When the cry from the horseman of "Pat Stuart!—Pat Stuart!" resounded, she had fled for refuge to the door-way of the church. The brigand noble dare not, surely, drag her thence; at least so she thought.

"Who is yonder pretty maiden?" asked Patrick, turning to one of the foremost amongst his train.

"It is the lovely Eda, the flower of Mainland."
"She is of the violet species, then; for she looks modest and dwells retired. I never saw her before."
"Last summer Eda was merely a child; the winter has made a grown damsels of her."
"And a lovely damsels, by Saint Riegan!" cried the Earl.
"Ay, ay! who might make a monk forget his vow of chastity."
"If a monk ever remembered him of it. But where dwells this mysterious creature, this marvellous unknown?"
"Upon the Grunista Rock, to the north of Lerwick, not far from the island of Brasso."
"What, on yon point of dark rocks which rise like a tower above the plains and marshes by which Lerwick is surrounded? The linnet, then, hath hidden herself in the eagle's eyrie!"
"Because the linnet is timid, and knows that the eagle's nest is perched on such a steep as few may venture to climb in search of her."
"Ah, is it so? we'll see that," muttered the Earl, already feeling a glow of savage passion lit up within his bosom.

Turning instantly his horse's head round upon his track, he quitted Lerwick by the same road he had entered it, but not without casting a last look upon the beauteous Eda.

The Court of Scotland had become outworn with the tyranny and depredations of this Earl of the Orkneys. Each successive day brought fresh complaints from the
inhabitants of the islands against Patrick, who was the sole object. On more than one occasion the menaces of the Scottish Government had struck terror to him even in his lair; King James, in full council, had declared that the executioner alone could do justice to his cousin of the Orkneys. Patrick had been acquainted with this, and he feared to drive to extremity those whom he had, already, too highly incensed. He dare not, therefore, venture upon the open commission of crime before the eyes of the town’s-folk, upon the very threshold of their sanctuary; he preferred rather having recourse to covert means, which seemed to him far safer, and no less sure.

Scarcely had he reached the open country, ere he dispatched one of his familiars back to the town; from him he learned that Eda would return that evening, after market close, to the Brunista Rock, that some peasants belonging to a neighbouring hamlet would bear her company part of the way, but that the remainder she would have to perform alone, and, by night, in all probability, the days being so short, and her journey a long one. This was enough for Patrick; and forthwith he proceeded to concert measures accordingly. Quickly he made his way back to Scalloway, assumed the peasant garb, and mounting the first pony he could lay hands upon, pushed forward rapidly in the direction of the Brunista Rock. This he reached some little while before nightfall, and posted himself in ambush behind a mass of rock, at the foot of the precipice forming an angle of the road along which Eda must pass. The shades of night already enveloped the plain, and Patrick had begun to find the time long to wait, when his ear suddenly caught the sound of a woman’s footsteps approaching from the direction in which the town lay. As her vestments brushed the rock behind which he lay concealed, the Earl gently stretched forward his hand and touched the woollen stuff of a woman’s gown. He was no longer in doubt—it was Eda. Patrick, springing upon the unfortunate at a single bound, like a cat watching for a bird, clasped her in his arms with the grasp of a giant, and ere she had time to utter a cry, he had covered her head with a sack, with which, for this purpose, he had provided himself. The captive had fallen to the ground without making the slightest resistance; Patrick drew the mouth of the sack downwards to the feet, put it entirely over her, secured it with a cord, and then, heedless of the plaints and low moans of his victim, threw it over his shoulders, and took the road to Scalloway. As Patrick walked forwards, at the utmost speed of which he was capable, he cast long and anxious glances across the plain, but which the surrounding gloom limited to a few paces on either hand, in hopes of discovering a shifty within reach. As, however, no trace of one could be distinguished, and his physical powers were prodigious, he continued resolutely to hurry homeward with his sack, which he found less heavy than he could have expected—the struggles of the unhappy creature enclosed therein having become more and more feeble.

Patrick, who had looked for a vigorous resistance, felicitated himself upon the ready resignation manifested by his victim. He had taken care to cut several holes in the bottom of the sack; consequently he had no fear that his prisoner lacked air. He hastened rapidly forward, for the distance was long, and he was anxious to regain Scalloway before daybreak. He had performed about a third of the way, when he heard the tramp of a horse behind him, and in a moment afterwards the voices of two peasants. Was he pursued? Patrick stopped and listened for an instant. The peasants were discoursing upon the incident of that day’s market, and of the terror which the appearance of Pat Stuart had infused. Patrick resolved upon waiting for their coming up; the night was one of such pitchy darkness that he did not fear recognition. The good peasants were at first scared at meeting a man at that dead hour of the night; but when they perceived that he was heavily laden, they regained their courage and entered into conversation with him.

“What are you carrying in that sack?”

“A porker, bought at Lerwick market.”

“A Scotch porker, I should say, to judge by his size, for none in these parts are so long or so fat.”

“Ay, a Scotch porker, equal in bulk and length to any Shetland man.”

“Why not make him walk, instead of thus carrying him in a sack?”

“The porker might stray, and the trowsers would then make off with him.”

Q—April, 1840.
"But the animal grunts and groans like a Christian?"

And as the man spoke, the wretched creature enclosed in the sack uttered a sort of low moaning, that would have softened the heart of any other less obdurate than that of the ravisher.

"Nothing more strongly resembles the voice of a human being than the squeak of a pig."

"But the poor beast will burst if you don't ease it."

"And its bearer feels ready to give up the ghost; I cannot go a step further!" cried Patrick, suddenly halting.

"Take my horse for the rest of the journey, and fling your sack across his back," said one of the peasants.

"Speak you in earnest?"

"Ay, by Saint David! I am tired with the jolting of this accursed shelly, so I'll e'en let the Scotchman try how he likes him."

"Oh, the Scotchman will willingly make the trial," said Patrick, lifting the sack upon the beast's back. Then, bestriding him in a twinkling, and darting his heels against his flanks, ere the peasants had time to perceive his intention, he set off at a round gallop, leaving them both thunderstruck at the strange adventure.

"'Tis the king of the trouts!" said one.

"Or Pat Stuart!" added he who had been so neatly tricked out of his shelly. "I saw his demon eye gleam from under his bonnet; that's one of his pranks, sure enough."

The two peasants confined themselves to conjectures, and, as may readily be imagined, they were careful not to venture in pursuit of the robber.

Patrick galloped for a long while in the direction of Scalloway, the lights in whose windows he descried at intervals gleaming through the fog. But as that country, termed, very accurately, by ancient geographers, the lungs of the ocean, is thickly intersected with marshes, swamps, and floating mosses, before he could reach the foot of the rock upon which Scalloway stood, was compelled to take many devious windings to avoid the danger of being engulfed. Dawn was beginning to glimmer upon the distant horizon when he knocked at the castle gate. Dismounting, he lifted the sack from the pony's back, which, no sooner relieved from its load, took to its heels, and Patrick, raising a loud shout, the guards recognised his voice and opened the gate. Patrick entered with the sack upon his shoulder, the occupant of which had long lain motionless. He ascended to the apartment usually tenanted by him, and carefully secured the door. Patrick had grown uneasy at the quiescence of his prisoner. He approached a window and flung it open, that the beams of morning, which were just reddening the crests of the billows, might afford him increase of light. Then placing the sack upright in the embrasure of the window, he took his dagger and ripped it open from top to bottom at one gash.

What was the surprise and horror of the ravisher when, instead of the lovely girl, pale and swooning, whom he expected to see freed from the sack, and to restore to animation with his kisses, he beheld the horrible features of an old woman, a bony visage puckered all over with wrinkles. Between a nose, hooked like the beak of a bird, and which touched her pointed chin, a wide and shapeless mouth expanded, lipless as well as toothless, and round which bristled long grizzly hairs; two hollow and glassy eyes, bordered with reddened eyelids, were set in deep dun circles; and a few scattered locks of dirty-grey hue, falling raggedly upon her scraggy neck and shoulders, waved round her fleshless form—rendered still more hideous by the rigidity of death.

"I have carried off the Walkyriur!" cried Patrick, as he staggered backwards with inexpressible disgust. The next moment, as though ashamed of his terror, he approached the body, over which a wan sunbeam played with a sickly light—the lustreless eyes seemed fixed upon him with an expression of bitter irony, and seizing upon it with the grasp of a madman, he hurled it forth from the window, hoping thereby to free himself from the horrible spectacle.

* Strabo—citing Pytheas the Massilian touching the island of Thule, which, says he, "is neither land, nor sea, nor air, but composed, as it were, of all those three elements together, and may be compared to the lungs of the sea."
Don Juan of the Shetland Islands.

"'Tis the Walkyriur! 'tis the Walkyriur!" he repeated, whilst the corpse rolled from rock to rock. The mangled remains proved to be those of the aged Meg Dhu, the mother of Eda, whom the Earl had seized on her return homewards, after having long waited for her daughter upon the road from Lerwick.

The body was discovered lying at the foot of the rock by some fishermen; and the peasants who had fallen in with the Earl on the preceding night having related what had happened to them, it was no longer doubted that Patrick had been the cause of the poor old woman's death, whom he had so strangely mistaken for her daughter.

In a hamlet adjacent to the Grunista Rock dwelt two young peasants who, on every occasion of their meeting Eda on the plain whilst pasturing their flocks, or upon the sea-shore as they were hauling their nets, warmly expressed their estimation of her beauty, their passion for her, and their desire to take her to wife. The lovely and courageous-hearted girl now went in search of them.

"Magnus," said she to the one, "Sweyn," said she to the other, "you love me, at least you say so, but prove to me that you speak truth. Pat Stuart, the demon of Scalloway, has murdered my mother; Pat Stuart must die a death as violent as hers! I promise myself hand and heart to whichever of you shall be the first to avenge me on Pat Stuart!"

Joyfully did Sweyn and Magnus listen to Eda's promise, for both ardently loved her, and both were lads of courage and resolution. On the morrow succeeding that day a wandering minstrel knocked at the gate of Scalloway castle—one of that class of minstrels still to be met with in these islands who remind one of the bards of other days. The portal was opened and the minstrel conducted into the castle; but whether that he had sung distastefully, or that he had been discovered lurking about the door of Patrick's sleeping chamber, dagger in hand, on the morrow at daybreak the poor minstrel was seen hanging by the heels from one of the spouts of the highest of the castle towers. And there indeed he hung, until the crows had made more repasts than one at his expense. That minstrel was Sweyn, the most impetuous of the two lovers. Magnus still lived, and in nowise discouraged at the fate of his rival; but instead of going, like the impetuous Sweyn, to throw himself into the wolf's jaws, he preferred to take the monster in a snare. On several occasions he had posted himself in ambush behind a rock, or buried himself neck high in the moss, hard by the road along which Patrick was about to pass; but the Earl had each time either been accompanied by a numerous guard, or had passed at too great a distance from Magnus. One day, however, Patrick Stuart, having ventured to pass through a steep rocky defile, Magnus, who lurked in wait for him, hurled down a huge block from the summit of a sloping precipice, which killed his noble Norwegian horse, and crushed two of his followers. But Magnus had imprudently shown himself at the moment when he saw Patrick overthrown, and stupified at beholding him rise again alive, did not conceal himself with sufficient alacrity, for a ball from one of the soldier's muskets took effect between his shoulders. Magnus, although not killed on the spot, was unable to flee, the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, and his wound was evidently mortal. Patrick ordered his men to tie him to the tail of a wild sheltie, and loose the animal upon the plain.

"These boors will henceforward, perhaps, leave the road clear for me," said he, at the instant of the animal's escaping with Magnus across the rocks; "the example will profit them."

When at the close of evening the wild sheltie sank with exhaustion, the mangled remains of Magnus were no longer capable of recognition; his limbs were all broken or dislocated, and his flesh hung in long shreds, half stripped from his bones. Eda had now, therefore, to bemoan the loss of both lovers, in addition to the death of her parent. In Patrick Stuart centered the triple crime, and how could she, a lone, weak girl, avenge herself and them at once, upon the powerful tyrant?

The Grunista Rock, on the summit of which Eda's cabin stood, resembled a reversed pyramid, or rather a gigantic mushroom, whose stalk was deeply imbedded in a soil bristling all around with rocks—the stalk being much narrower than the crown, which was flattened at top. On the centre of that small platform, the sole
habitation upon the rock, the cabin was situate. From the plain, the only access to it was by means of a ladder placed upright against the circular edge of the crag. In former times the inhabitants of the Grunista had made use of ladders fixed in the rock, like those of Loueche, in Switzerland; but since the Earl of the Orkneys had taken up his abode at Scalloway, bringing with him a band who overran the country to pillage and extort ransom, the dwellers upon the crag had unfastened the rivets which retained the ladder to the rocky wall. At night, when all had climbed into the nest, they drew up the ladders from below, thus cutting themselves off from all intercourse with the rest of the island, and having nothing to fear from any of the human race. By degrees the inhabitants of the Grunista became less numerous; Eda's father was dead, her young brother had embraced the fisherman's vocation and dwelt in another part of the island, and when at last her mother had become the victim of Patrick, Eda was left the sole tenant of the Rock. The peasantry of the neighbouring hamlets, uneasy at seeing her thus dwelling in such utter isolation, had repeatedly invited her to take up her abode amongst them; not a woman of their number who would not gladly have filled the place of mother to her, and the youth of both sexes already looked upon her as a sister. But Eda was obstinate in refusal. Since the deaths of Sweyn and Magnus, although her danger had become greater than before, her resolution was the same; and when they urged her to quit her solitary retreat, she firmly repeated that so long as the Grunista Rock remained standing she would have no other dwelling-place.

The platform of the Grunista, as we have said, was accessible only on one side, and at one point. The rugged sides of the precipice, and the mosses and aquatic plants which covered the hollows filled with water, admitted not of ladders being placed elsewhere. That accessible side presented, too, imminent danger, the foot of the ladder resting merely upon a narrow ledge, elevated at a great height above the level of the plain, and this was reached by a steep stairway cut out of the rock. Holes had been dug in the flat of the ledge wherein to receive the ends of the ladder, which otherwise must have slid from beneath any one ascending or descending.

It was no maidenly caprice, but a well-meditated plan which retained Eda upon that desolate spot. The fears of the friendly peasants, who entreated her not to dwell thus solitarily, appeared to her well founded; and she hourly expected a fresh attack from her formidable enemy. Far from fearing it, she longed for his doing so, certain of being able to make it the most profitable opportunity for her revenge. During the day she rarely went to any distance from the rock, and always in company with others; and of an evening, carefully drawing the ladder up after her, she proceeded to place several huge stones upon the edge of the cornice. These stones, partly impeding over the precipice, and retained solely by their own weight, would infallibly fall if any attempt were made to scale the rock upon that side, and if their weight failed to crush the assailant, the noise of their descent would at least warn the young maiden of the impending danger. In these instances of foresight Eda was not deceived. One night when, having retired within her hut, she kept her lonesome watch with all the vigilance of a sentinel (for she slept only towards morning), whilst listening eagerly to the varied sounds which interrupted the silence of night, to the light sighing of the sea-breeze, the plaints of the screech-owl, and the sharp cry of the sea fowl, she heard a slight rustling noise, not far below the hut, the unusual sound of some strange body being raised against the side of the rock; and this was instantly followed by the fall of a stone, which rolled to the bottom of the precipice with a long rumbling sound. There was no longer room for doubt, the enemy was at hand! Eda lost not a moment, but, full of alacrity and courage, she ran to the spot at which solely the rock was accessible. The fall of the stone had not disconcerted the assailant; the ladder with which he was provided was again reared against the rock, and a man had already climbed several of the lowermost rails. Eda could not longer be dubious that such was the fact, when, grasping the uprights which rose above the level of the ledge, she felt the weight of the man, and that he was rapidly making his way up. The moment was critical, the danger pressing. Eda, collecting all her strength, essayed to raise the ladder from the side of the rock and cast it backwards; but the stranger already hung upon it with his
whole weight—the young maiden lacked strength to cast it off, the ladder fell back against the ledge. Eda's heart sank not, but seizing the ladder by one end, she dragged it to one side, so that it slid along the wall of the precipice. The ladder obeyed this last effort and slowly yielded: the man who was in the act of mounting uttered a terrible imprecation, and, as he was only a few feet from the rocky ledge, he struggled desperately to cling to it, but his weight bore him downwards. The ladder lost its poise and fell clattering to the bottom, and at the same moment the courageous girl heard the heavy sound of a body sheathed in armour rolling to the bottom of the rock. But was the enemy killed? The night was one of pitchy darkness, and Eda had no means of ascertaining the fact; cries and maledictions, however, speedily reached her ear from the foot of the rock, and she was no longer left in doubt that the assailant was still living. These cries and imprecations were intermingled with plaints, wrung from the unknown by his agony—he was therefore severely wounded; and these groans and imprecations proceeding from the same spot, warranted the conjecture that the hurts of her enemy were sufficiently serious to prevent him from rising and making off. Eda therefore took her measures accordingly. On the summit of the rock she collected together all the straw and turf she could find, and set it on fire. The heap quickly raised a crackling flame, which Eda fed by flinging the benches, tables, and chairs, composing the furniture of the cabin, upon it, so that at a distance it might be thought that the cabin itself was on fire. This project did not fail to prove successful. But a few minutes elapsed after the beacon flame had glared, ere the bells of a neighbouring hamlet were heard pealing an alarum; and distant shouts were speedily mingled with the clang of the bells, shouts that spread momentarily on every side as they approached nearer to the rock, at the foot of which the most alert amongst the islanders had arrived. The groans of the wounded man had ceased. Was he dead?—or had he fled? Eda hesitated no longer; she grasps her ladder, adjusts it upon the platform, rapidly descends it, and relates to the first comer what had happened. The brigand is wounded and cannot be far off. Search is made, and speedily, by the aid of torches, a man caséd in armour is discovered, left, like a crab or lobster, by the retiring of the sea, wedged in a cleft of the rock. His face is deathly pale, yet rage still flashes in his eye; his helmet is shattered and his armour fractured in many places; the steel cuissches have pierced into his flesh, and one leg appears broken; his hand, however, still grasps his battle-axe, and he seems determined to make use of it.

"Tis the brigand, Pat Stuart! Seize him!" cried one of the peasants, and more rash than the rest of his companions, who stood aloof hesitatingly, he rushed upon the wounded man to seize him. A stroke from the battle-axe clave his skull, and proved that the victim had not been mistaken in Patrick's identity, and that it was indeed that formidable scourge of Shetland who was now at bay before them.

"Death to the brigand! Death to the assassin!" shouted the peasants; but the bloody axe which the Earl held on high, kept them at a distance. They overwhelmed him with execrations as they hovered round but did not dare to grapple with him. Eda at last gave them an example by seizing a fragment of rock and hurling it at the head of the disabled tyrant; each in turn followed up the blow, and Patrick, unable to offer resistance to the death-shower, soon fell prostrate and senseless. His battle-axe was instantly wrenched from his stiffening grasp, though the hand seemed still reluctant to yield up the weapon; they clustered about him, yet not without terror, even as fishermen surround a stranded whale which they have harpooned all day. Did Patrick stir hand or foot whilst they were in the act of binding him with ropes, they instantly took to their heels; and when the Earl recovered his senses, he found himself lashed tighter and faster and with more cords than the dwarfs of Lilliput used to secure Gulliver.

"Death to him! Death to him!" still shouted the peasants, as they conducted their prisoner to Lerwick to hang him on a gibbet. In Mainland, as in Scotland, the criminal law then decreed that immediate justice should be done upon the murder detected in the commission of his crime, with the red hand, to use the energetic expression of the ancient code. Already was the Earl of the Orkneys bound fast, and having the axe with which he had committed his last murder suspended round
his neck, (for so the law willed it,) hoisted upon the gibbet ladder amid the joyous acclamations of the Shetlanders, whose felicitations at seeing themselves rid of the tyrant were evinced in transports of loud shouting; already had the fatal noose encircled the murderer’s neck, when suddenly the captain of a Scottish vessel of war which had arrived on the previous evening from Leith made his appearance upon the market-place at the head of his crew; he was the bearer of the king’s commands. Patrick, Earl of the Orkneys and cousin to the monarch, was not destined to so obscure a death. Justice should be done, solemn justice, the king’s messenger promised it; but notwithstanding such promises, it was not without ferocious murmurs of vengeance that the crowd remitted their prey to his custody.

The king, however, kept his word; justice had its due. Convicted of the crime of rebellion, of the abuse of power and crimes innumerable, Patrick, Earl of the Orkneys, was executed at Edinburgh in 1614. In the Museum of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, is still to be seen the instrument of his punishment. It is called the Maiden; the criminal, about to be put to death by the Maiden, was compelled to kneel down upon a scaffold, with the body bent forward, the head being placed between two beams, painted black, above which a sharp axe was suspended, having a heavy wedge of lead attached to it. This axe was retained by a cord passing over a pulley. On the executioner loosing the cord, the axe slid down a double groove, between the two beams, and at one blow separated the head from the trunk. The Maiden, it will be seen, was nothing more than the guillotine* of the French.

The Regent Morton, the last of the terrible race of Douglas, at once the pride and terror of their country, had caused the Maiden to be brought from Halifax, in Yorkshire, to Edinburgh. At Halifax it had been in use from time immemorial, and Morton, who considered the infusion of terror as the surest means of maintaining himself in power, took care not to lose sight of so formidable an invention. If a commotion happened in any corner of Scotland, or any restive county required to be disciplined, thither Morton forthwith dispatched the Maiden; a few heads were stricken off, and all became quiet again. If one amongst the often rebellious nobles murmured, or gave rise to the slightest inquietude, Morton menaced him with the caresses of the terrible Virgin, as Marat, in the time of the French revolution, threatened his enemies with the guillotine’s kisses, and the noble incontinently held his peace, and became once more a faithful and devoted adherent. It has often happened, however, that the inventor has died a victim to his own invention. Morton, the old lion as he was called, was at last obliged to resign his power into the hands of his royal master, who had attained his majority. That was, indeed, an hour of triumph and vengeance for his enemies; accused by them of being an accomplice in the murder of Darnley, the king’s father, Morton was tried, condemned to death, and, in his turn, placed his grey head under the steel axe of the Maiden.

Earl Patrick of the Orkneys, the tyrant of Shetland, was one of the last criminals who perished by the punishment of the Maiden.† The English form of execution beginning then to prevail in Scotland, the gallows was ultimately substituted for the axe of the Maiden.

* The punishment of the guillotine appears, therefore, to have been borrowed by the French from Scotland. The Scots copied it from the English, and in the sixteenth century it was popular in Germany. An engraving, by Aldrigraver, a pupil of Albert Durer, and which bears the date of 1559, representing Titus Manlius ordering the decapitation of his son for having fought without his commands, depicts the son of Titus with his head under the blade of a very well designed guillotine. As in all the German engravings of that school and epoch, every vein in the wood and each nail may be counted; the curve of the edge of the axe is also shown with mathematical exactitude. This guillotine is of more massive construction than the Maiden of Edinburgh, or the French guillotine. In Aldrigraver’s print the executioner holds down the head of the sufferer with one hand, placed between the uprights of the machine, whilst with the other he unbooks the cord at the extremity of which hangs the axe. Titus Manlius, with his hand upon his hip, and armed cap a pie, like a knight of Maximilian’s train, appears to be looking with stolid indifference upon his son’s punishment.

† The last execution by the machine was that of the Earl of Argyle, condemned as a rebel to be beheaded in 1685. He ascended the scaffold with great firmness, and throwing his arm round the upright beams of the Maiden, exclaimed—"This is the most charming girl I have ever embraced." Those who are curious in such matters of torturous engines will find a curious account of that most terrible of all punishments called the Kiss of the Virgin, in this Magazine for Dec., 1838.
ALL THINGS CHANGE.

'Twas the spring time o' the year,
When the violets appear,
And on the gusty gale
Cometh scent of primrose pale;
I loved a while to stray,
Till it chanced upon a day
A low voice struck mine ear,
And when I stopt to hear,
Methought it seem'd to say—
"All things pass away
And hasten to decay."

Then I mocked in my heart
That such beauty should depart;
And I smil'd at words so strange
Foretelling death and change.
The cloudless sky was blue,
The grass was green'd with dew,
And the flowers budding round
Enamell'd all the ground:
So "Hence!" I said, "Away;
When earth shines forth so gay
There cometh no decay."

And I sought the greenest bowers,
And pluck'd the brightest flowers;
But soon the bush and braken
By the violet were forsaken;
And I sought, but sought in vain,
For the primrose on the plain.
"Where are ye?" then I said,
"Are ye stolen?—are ye fled?
Ye were here but yesterday."
And the voice again did say—
"On earth 'tis all decay;
Those things have past away."

Now behold, 'twas merry June,
And the birds were all in tune,
And the air breathed rich perfume
From the rose's lavish bloom;
And I thought no more of spring,
But the joy such days can bring,
'Neath the broad oak I reclin'd,
Fann'd by the western wind;
Or with lazy feet would climb
The banks bedecked with thyme;
Yet the warning voice did say—
"All hast'neth to decay;
E'en this will fade away."

A little time—'twas strange
How gradual came the change:
But the buds and flowers were gone,
And each tree and bush upon
Hung berries black and red,
In those sweet blossom's stead.
And darker tints came stealing,
A something sad revealing,
And the blue sky now lay hid,
Like a bright eye 'neath its lid;
Then said I, "Well-a-day!—
The voice doth truly say—
'That all things fade away."

Next chilly winds did blow,
Then hoar frost came and snow;
The bushes all were bare,
Not a leaf or berry there,
And the hard, unyielding ground,
Seem'd in iron fetters bound.
Across the face of heaven
The stormy clouds were driven,
And by the blast so rude
The wither'd leaves were strow'd;
Then I sigh'd and said, "Good sooth,
'Twas no falsehood, but a truth,
That fairest things decay,
All beauty fades away."

A. B.

TO MY GARDEN—APRIL SONNET.

Come to this sheltered spot, sweet Flora, come
With all thy glorious train—the lily fair,
The glowing rose, perfuming the warm air,
All fragrant blossoms make these shades your home,
Who brilliant hues of velvet softness wear.
Simple and cultur'd, delicate and rare,
Bloom freely here—where neither elf nor gnome
Cold biting frost nor withering breezes bear!
Summon mild fertile dews upon my flowers,
Impearling every bud with lucid gem,
Woo fleecy clouds to temper noontide hours,
Bid here descend the balmy April showers;
So will I worship thee, who smilest on them,
As rapt I wander through these rainbow bowers.

A. B.
HEZEKIAH HATESCRIBE.

FROM A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL TO A FRIEND, NOT OF THE NEW STAMP.

OLDSTYLE COURT, February, 1840.

DEAR BENJAMIN,—It seemeth a long season since I last sat down to pen thee an epistle, and truly, my good friend, the matter of postage hath heretofore been a consideration of some weight betwixt you and me. But now I take it, thou wilt be looking out for a letter from Oldstyle Court, not because thou art labouring under any particular uneasiness concerning the state of thy health, or that of my affairs; but simply because thou wilt obtain for nothing instead of nine-pence, the satisfaction of hearing from an old cronie. Herein, good Benjamin, I mean thee no reproach, nor esteem thee a jot the less, and therefore do I set pen to paper, firstly, not to disappoint thy expectancy; secondly, to communicate my thoughts touching this Penny Postage, and lastly, because I have to make thee acquainted with a measure of serious importance to myself, into which this last measure of the ministry is like to be the unhappy means of driving me—Look ye now, there are my Lords of the Treasury, boasting to our poor oppressed nation of the wonderful boon they have conferred onere by the reduction of postage; and one half of the community are fools enough to flatter themselves that they have a great deal to be thankful for. Nay, till convinced of mine error, by the dear bought experience of the last six weeks, I was simpleton enough to believe that even I, mine own self, should be a gainer thereby; but now do I find that never yet was tax more onerous and heavy than this seeming remission of one is likely to prove to many in like circumstances with myself—including all those who handle not the “pen of a ready writer.” I will show you how greatly it doth work me profit! Yonder I behold from my window an unhappy fox brushing the dew from the open fields, the hounds in full cry behind him. Truly Mr. Reynard oweth a large amount of gratitude to the stopper of earths, who has just blocked up all his sunny places of refuge, and at a debt of obligation do I, Hezekiah Hatescribe, of Oldstyle Court, in the county of—Esq., owe to the abolitionists of protecting postage. You have long known me, Benjamin, as a man boasting himself of independence, a single man, little tormented by near relations at a distance, or distant relations living near. Of my numerous array of nephews, nieces, and cousins, all until this present time have been content with firing off certain periodical salutes in honour of their rich bachelor namesake, (annual epistles to be answered annually) but the case is altered now. Since the reduction of postage duty, these hundred cousins have esteemed it their duty to send forth repeated volleys of defiance—head—more especially of the feminine gender, a phalanx of amazons armed with grey goose shaft, with crow quill, and with pointed steel; nor doth this suffice them, they even direct against me the manoeuvres of their little “household troops,” their infantry in training, and many a round hand bullet has been directed against me through the quills of my great-nephews and grand-nieces, and cousins “once removed.” Truly, Benjamin, I am hot-pursued, as thou wilt assuredly believe, when I tell thee to what an extremity I have been reduced in my efforts to escape from the deluge of letters “which like unto the frogs on the board of Pharaoh overspread the table.” Yes, I have resolved, almost resolved to take unto myself a partner—if but to serve me as a breast-plate against the assaults of my relations. Post-ridden as I have described, I posted down to my own old friend Dawkins’s place, Homespun hall, in Devonshire. You know Dawkins is much such a staid fellow as you and I, with a bachelor’s house kept by his sister. Perchance thou hast never heard, that this sister of his was a flirt of mine when we were both young, and (having made up my mind on the main point) I considered at my time of life it would be both easier and more becoming to try and revive an old flame than attempt to light up a new one; moreover, I was the more inclined to turn my thoughts towards Martha Dawkins, inasmuch as she being of about the same standing as myself, was likely, as I foolishly reckoned, to have been left a little behind-hand in the modern run of universal feminine accomplishments; that of a running hand included. I remembered her a pretty bashful girl, “mild and meek, swift to hear” (me), “and slow to speak,” according to the then approved receipt for young ladies’s behaviour. But this was twenty years ago, and I was not so unreasonable as not to look for finding her a little the worse for wear, nor therein were my expectations unfulfilled, her countenance had, I found, lost no considerable portion of the fair red and white which once attached my youthful admiration, and I even detected, through my spectacles, a sprinkling of grey in her once raven-black hair. I will confess, Benjamin, that when I betook myself for the night to our friend’s well remembered “best bed-room,” which I had last occupied as a young man, certain mis-doubtings came over me concerning the business of my visit, but such reflections were speedily reproved on beholding mine own image in the toilet-table glass. “Ah!”
Hezekiah Hatescribe.

... sighed I, shaking my bald-head, as I proceeded to lay aside the new front "row" where-with Parkinson had just furnished me—"Ah! Hezekiah! look at home!" Accordingly I made myself "at home" for a week at Homespun Hall, talked over old times with my old friend, acted them over again with his sister, and returned to my own home a man "engaged;" but withal still keeping in hand some six months at least of such indomitable as yet remaineth to me. Thou knowest I was never given to the taking of post-office letters, but I will expect them from my accustomed pace, even where it concerneth an affair in which the post hath involved me. But there remaineth the worst to tell. On the evening of my return home, I found (as I had in sooth expected) my library table covered with family letters. I tossed them aside unopened, and wisely, Benjamin, I caught myself indulging in a half malicious smile, to think how many fair sheets of paper would have escaped pollution if my fair cousins could have divined the business on which I had been absent. As for Martha, I comforted myself with the thought that she was no great scrib; true, I had found her "slow to speak," but I attributed her loquacity to a flattering cause. During the course of our former acquaintance I had received but one epistle from her, that was "short and sweet," so sweet that it had been laid up in lavender ever since, but on this night of my return from Homespun Hall I took it out of the secret drawer of my writing desk, and read it over to freshen up faded recollections.—But ah! my friend, all old remembrances were full speedily to be driven out of my head by new observations, for the very next morning but one, comes another letter from my lady love. With what tenderness do I transcribe a paragraph from it? I will not cross your perusal, that you may clearly discern through her observations on the Penny Post, the increasing miseries with which it bideth fair to overwhelm me. Thus she writeth:—"One hundred and ten long miles between us!—and that for six long weary months! Oh! Hezekiah, but wherefore talk of distance! wherefore complain of time? What is distance, what is separation now, to hearts the most devoted? No longer is companionship requisite for the daily, the unshackled interchange of mutual thoughts and mutual wishes. You may write daily (mark that, Benjamin!) I shall write daily, and with what impatience shall I expect the return of our Mercury, (my friend's farming boy who rides the blind mare to the post-office.) "You know," she continues, "I am no politician; we women are made for feeling, not for thought; but when I hear my brother abusing the present cabinet, I always raise my feeble voice in defence of a ministry, which have so sweetly ministered to the alleviation of the pains of absence; and for ever shall I bless the benevolent authors of post reform, a reform which must for ever stamp their names on the grateful hearts of parted friends!" There's for you Benjamin!—how the women doth write, and I doubt not she took especial pride in the putting together of that last sentence; certes, she did esteem it a bright conversation of sentiment and wit combined, a vivid flash of sheet lightning, and truly it doth dazzle my poor aching vision. Wilt thou credit it, the above extract is from the first of a daily series of twenty letters, none of them you may be sure pre-paid; her "Mercury" forgets the penny, or pockets it, as his light-fingered godship would have done of yore, had he been dispatched by Venus to a Penny Post-office established in Olympus. Not to overwhelm you by the weight of my misfortune, I will only brie fly mention one other infraction, for each letter costs me sixpence extra, although upon the high-road, beyond the twopenny, as Oldstyle Court house is distant a few miles from a post town.

For the six months ensuing, on a moderate calculation, I reckon upon receiving at least a hundred and fifty such epistles, the which alone (in default of stamps) will amount, at twopence each, and the further sum of sixpence each, to a very serious sum; but even that imperteth little to the prospect of at least a hundred and fifty days on which letters must be read—none of them red letter days for me! Then one, at least, in every half-dozen, must be answered; and at what a woeful expense in the several items of time, study, and paper, to which of a surety I shall be compelled to add the cost of "A Complete Letter-writer," to assist my poor powers of invention. But suppose, in abridgment of this state of purgatory, I plunge at once into the h—I mean ascend at once into the heaven of matrimony. Surely a bold man shall be to venture, after this penny-post experience of Martha's propensity for penmanship! Cer tes when vows are once interchanged, there will lack opportunity for the interlacing of letters; but such a mistress of her pen will never feel content unless it be always travelling over paper, it can now post at the rate of one penny a sheet of foolscap. Doubtless she hath some female confidant and correspondent (peradventure a dozen) to whom she will make diurnal communication of all that passeth in mine household, when she is become mistress thereof. I can never submit to this!—but how else put to silence all my scribbling cousins! Unhappy man that I am! Of a surety, Benjamin, I shall one of these days be tempted to put a penknife to my throat, and make myself tidy, having first altered my will in favor of the only one amongst my hundred cousins who hath not tormented me with a letter.

I have now, my friend, laid before you my unhappy case, which closely resembling the letter-case lying on my table, hath become swollen to unlooked-for dimensions. Pain would...
I avert my gaze for a moment from my own peculiar miseries. I cast a glance around, but not the less do I shudder at the awful prospects opening on us all through the newly-cut vistas of change—more especially through the rash removal of the "lock," which hath heretofore arrested the stream of scribbling—a stream which now threatens to inundate the land with an inky deluge, from which no man’s house will afford him an ark of shelter. Gossip and scandal, plumèd in pen feathers, will now fly far and wide, and, like a mischievous black and white magpie, do nothing but pick holes in other people’s reputations. Verily, there is no domestic stream, however smoothly it may glide, upon which froth and scum will not arise, and these will henceforward not only be transmitted through all its family branches, but every domestic, from the chief hatter of Prince A——— participating in the throne, to the all-work drudge of Mr. C.—the tailor who sitteth upon the shop-board, will be for ever comparing notes, by letter, on the comparative merits of their places, and demerits of their superiors.

I look further, Benjamin. I behold the evil reproduced and perpetuated in the shape of books compiled from letters, or manufactured by authors raised in the nursery-ground of letter-writing. "Lives and Correspondences" have of late years been sufficiently voluminous, but to what an enormous bulk will "The Memoirs of Great Men" be, in future, swollen; and for those of "Great Women," we must enlarge our libraries to contain them!

But whither is my subject bearing me? Can it be that I also am infected with the scribbling epidemic? Forbid it, shades of my unlettered ancestors! Fare thee, then, well, Benjamin, and may heaven keep thee from being letter-pressed like thine unhappy friend,
HANNIBAL AT CAPUA.

Hannibal, the African, is, without a single exception, the greatest of all ancient heroes. The victories of Alexander were of comparatively easy achievement. The Macedonian merely conquered armies and women. The timorous glance he cast over Italy was speedily averted, for the road to Babylon and Tarsus was a more smiling one. He loved better to bathe in the Cydnus than in the Tiber, and he had less dread of Darius than of the Consul Papirius Cursor. Hannibal, on the contrary, held in utter disdain aught that could be attained with facility. He dreamt of impossibilities only to convert them into realities. The oath taken by him, when a child in his father's hands, to cherish a mortal hatred against the Romans, was indeed well kept; that hatred grew with his growth. At the age of five-and-twenty, he asked for a sword and a small band of soldiers; they were given to him; and he forthwith conceived the plan of a campaign, such as history affords no other parallel. He traversed Spain and Gaul, fighting one continuous battle. He conquered the latter, and made auxiliaries of them. The ranks of his army numbered those ancient enemies of Rome who still held Brennus in their memories. Never was an army composed of so many divers elements. Each nation had furnished forth to the youthful Carthaginian general its contingent of warriors, from the burning deserts of Barca to the ice-bound Alps. Hannibal, with his political astuteness, his African resolve, his fiery eloquence, maintained, under rigid discipline, all those rival races banded together for a time against the common enemy. He promised them an immense booty—a division of lands—the treasures of the universe, which he proclaimed to them were hidden in the capitol. He promised them, also, feasts and games in recompense for their warlike continence, and he himself set the example of that manly virtue in the soldier. That young and ardent African was never known to abandon himself to the seductions which effeminate. He slept upon the bare ground at the feet of his sentinels; he arose at daybreak to make the round of the camp, shared his bread with the soldiers, and drank, like them, the waters of the torrent from out the hollow of his hand. When the enemy had fallen beneath his sword, the Alps next reared their frowning crests before him to arrest his march—a fresh victory to achieve, yet more difficult than that of Saguntum. Never had general a stranger battle to fight, and that, too, with soldiers the least likely to come out of it with honour.

Hannibal had, however, thus addressed his army, alike exhausted with victories, privation, and fatigue: "Yonder rise the Alps! Behold the limit of your labours; one step more, and they are ended!"

The Alps towered on high like polar icebergs, from the plain even up to the clouds. The struggle was commenced. Two-thirds of Hannibal's troops had never before seen snow nor ice.

Up those stupendous glaciers, by gigantic ladders which ascended to the clouds, the desert children of Angola, shivering beneath their chlamys, were seen climbing, fearless of the strange horrors by which they were at every step surrounded. The black Almoravid tribes of the ancient country of Techor; the swarthy moors of Zala; the savage tribes of the Lumnites, who are scorched beneath the tropic of Cancer; the tawny warriors of Barca and Levata, who dwell upon the sandy plains to the west of the Libyan chain;—all those sons of the glowing east scaled the threatening barriers of nature, led on by Hannibal the Indomitable. * The light sagum of a

* If the reader be astonished at this recital, how much more is the traveller when gazing at the the site of the mighty project. Light-footed and aided as he himself may be, and well guided too, it is with extreme difficulty that he progresses on his way; but when, not merely men, but provisions, ammunition, and even elephants, were to make the ascent, it seems, indeed, as it seemed to us, almost as difficult of belief that Hannibal and his army did so pass, as to give credit to anything (not wrought by miraculous power) recorded in history. We must, also, always take into account the improvements made, and facilities afforded in the lapse of ages, at the base of these mountains, as tremendous in their height, as they are magnificently grand in the ruggedness of their form and the peculiarities of their structure and covering.—Ed.

MAGAZINE.
Hannibal at Capua.

Gaulish herdsmen flung across his naked and sun-burned shoulders, and with icicles clinging like grape-tendrils to his hair and beard, none dare murmur in the ear of their youthful general. All followed in silence, with their gaze fixed upon the lion of Carthage emblazoned upon their standards, and which seemed already to hurl defiance at the Roman wolf and her cubs. At intervals, the horrible crashing of stupendous avalanches which overwhelped whole lines of soldiers, horses, and elephants, arrested the army's march, for such was the defense opposed by the Alps to the incursion of the barbarians. Still, however, did those barbarians continue to mount. A gesture from Hannibal served to extricate hundreds from the abyss of the superincumbent masses which had entombed them. Neither the pines which tossed their branches, loudly roaring to the wintry tempest, and shaking down gigantic hail-showers, the whirlwinds of frozen snow, the headlong torrents that opened the chasms of their beds under the invaders' feet, nor the potent blasts which roared through every cavernous fissure, whose depths were unfathomable—nothing stopped that heroic escalade. One morning, at daybreak, the Gallic vanguard planted its standard, bearing the well-known emblems of the miselteo and the soaring cock, upon the last peak of those alpine summits. A tremendous druidical clamour thereupon rolled down the icy passes. The African Titans answered it with tiger-like roars, and rushed with prodigious leaps up the last steeps, piled skyward. The culminating ridge was seen covered with all that venturous army, which at length beheld beneath its feet the vanquished Alps. Hannibal, mounted upon the last elephant, pointed out to his soldiers the fertile plains of Lombardy, watered by the Eridanus, and seemed to exclaim, "Behold the reward of your toils!" Again arose a fresh burst of admiration and savage shouts. The dark children of Barea, with their heads bound with rolls of linen, falling in a double fillet upon their brawny shoulders, with arms stretched down to the granite pedestals of the mountains, motionless features, and gaze fixed upon the sun, resembled an army of living sphynxes, which Egypt had sent to Rome, and which was then halting upon those mountain barriers. The Africans rolled themselves down from the summits of the Alps upon the plains of Italy, like a dark avalanche. A warm and balmy air, which infused vigour to the frame, reanimated the troops of Hannibal, who rushed with irrepressible delight upon those gardens of flowers, which they looked upon as theirs by conquest. Two consular armies sent against him, were annihilated on the banks of the Trebia and the Po; and, in the intoxication of those two victories, his followers demanded, with loud shouts, the promised lands—the repose so dearly earned—the expected festivals—the wines of the south, and the girls of Italy—all, in fine, that the conquered owed to the conqueror. A revolt now broke out in the ranks of the army, and rival nations composing it answered it with their voices in one general manifestation of the same desire. Mago, Hannibal's brother, was, therefore, deputed by the sedulous leaders to embody the complaint of the army to the Carthaginian general.

"Brother," said Mago, "the soldiers murmur; they claim the fulfilment of your promises. Hath their hour for pleasure and repose yet arrived?"

"What I have promised, that will I perform," replied Hannibal. "We are at the gates of Rome. We must deal yet one stroke more, and Italy is ours."

The Carthaginian general forthwith sprang upon his horse, rode through the ranks of his army, speaking with pride to the Africans, with subtlety to the Spaniards, with frankness to the Gauls, and with eloquence to all. Thus he quickly appeased the sedition, and hurried on his warriors over the crests and gorges of the Etruscan Appenines. There a new foe awaited him—an epidemic resulting from miasma. Hannibal himself was struck in the right eye by this aerial demon. When he arose, convalescent, from his rocky couch, it was to draw the sword against fresh legions that awaited him by the lake Trasymeneus. Carthage was a third time victorious.

"Now is Rome our own!" said Hannibal to his soldiers.

But Hannibal knew too well the secret of his weakness, to attempt a decisive blow against all-powerful Rome, so formidable by her girdle of fortifications and the fell despair to which he had driven her children. He directed his march, therefore, towards the Adriatic, in the hope of meeting with the Carthaginian fleet and the
Hannibal at Capua.

succour he expected. The skilful general, however, had yet to know his own country thoroughly. The orators of the Carthaginian senate, who spoke eloquently, but fought not, had already begun to oppose Hannibal. The radiant glories of the young warrior obfuscated the jaundiced eyes of the Senators. One of their number delivered himself of that famous dilemma:—"Either is Hannibal victorious, as he boasts of being, and hath no need of succour, or he is beaten, in which case he ought only to think of his retreat." This sort of argument had great weight with the Carthaginian senate.

"They know not," said Hannibal, in a melancholy tone, "they know not that three victories are as fatal as one defeat!" At the battle of Heraclea, Pyrrhus had twenty-eight thousand soldiers; he lost one-half and gained the battle. "Such another victory," said he, "and I am lost."

The Carthaginian army held its march along the shores of the Adriatic. All the strong places closed their gates, as it appeared, before them. Each day Hannibal had to suppress a new sedition. His soldiers saw nought before them, save an open sea and a barren country; until at length that monotonous life, which they could not comprehend, seemed to them as a mockery after the dazzling rewards promised by their chief. In order to obtain provisions he was compelled to march towards Piceum, and now the strategy of Fabius Cunctator, the prudent inventor of marches and counter-marches, harrassed him with incessant occupation. The announcement of a decisive battle was hailed with eager acclamations by Hannibal's army. It was, it seemed, a last victory yet to be gained by them, and Hannibal obtained it by his devoted troops. Forty thousand Romans and a consul were stretched in death upon the plains of Cannæ, but by the fall of such and so many men the victors found themselves decimated.

Then was it, so say many historians, that he ought to have marched upon Rome. Livy, that illustrious fabulist, speaks of a certain orator who said to Hannibal:—"You know how to conquer, but you know not how to profit by your victory." Hannibal knew the Romans of those days better than did Titus Livy; moreover, he was fully alive to the real condition and the temper of his army. He knew that after a wearisome march across the Abruzzi, he would find in the end that haughty Rome, which felicitated Terence Varro at not having despaired of the Republic after the disaster of Cannæ; a sublime avowal which raised the moral courage of the vanquished, and paved the way for the funerals of Saguntum upon the Capitoline hill. Victor of Cannæ, Hannibal felt that boundless exultation of accomplished vengeance, which he swore upon the domestic altars to satiate. He had made Rome bleed from four veins; but exhausted by his own efforts, he wished not blindly to fling himself, like an expiatory holocaust, upon the mausoleum of Paulus Emilius. His army, moreover, would not have followed him; it reclaimed with loud cries its hour of festival, and Hannibal accorded it. Never had repose been better merited.

The Carthaginian army had entered upon that lovely country which has received the appellation of Campania Felice. The vanguard of Numidian cavalry who were pursuing the wandering bank of the Vulturnus, raised a wide and joyful clamour on discovering the city of Capua, gently reposing upon its amphitheatre of odoriferous thickets of rose trees, like its elder sisters, Paestum and Sybaris. It was a spring tide evening; the sun sinking gorgeously behind the Cumean hills. The air might have been likened to molten gold; the fresh breeze from the adjacent river rustled amongst the trembling poplar leaves, and the huge pines murmured like the waves of Baia, the hills exhaling their store of mingled perfumes. That soft name of the Happy Land seemed resounding on all sides with its languid Latin cadence, with its mysterious voluptuousness. The Carthaginian army saluted the lovely Capua with a warrior's welcome, and Hannibal delivered her up like a mistress to his soldiers.

The woman-city seemed to receive with complacent smiles the homage of those indomitable lovers who came to her embrace from the passion-generating regions of Southern Gaul, Spain, and Barca. Her two rotundas of white marble shone dazzlingly, like the bosom of a bacchante who had flung aside her veil: her graceful
Hannibal at Capua.

columns, like those of Pæstum, rise aloft like so many polished arms prepared to encircle the warriors with tender caresses; in her streets resounded the erotic hymns of Dorian structure which she had copied from Greece; and to console her for the absence of the sea, she bathed her form in the liquid azure of the heavens.

When Capua heard the tidings that the illustrious Carthaginian had arrived from the Aufidian shore upon the banks of the Vultanus, she opened her gates and sent forth a legion more formidable than that of Fabius—an army of women. At the name of Hannibal, the young maidens of Casilinum, the Greek courtesans of Basilicate, of Tarentum and Neapolis, the daughters of Samnium, who sold perfumes in the markets of Seplasia, hastened in crowds along the high-road to contemplate those iron-nerved men who had trampled under their feet the two strongest powers throughout the universe—those of the Alps and of Rome. The victorious army arrived before Capua at sunset; at its head marched the Gaulish cavalry, naked to the waist; all of lofty stature, with long, light and curling hair; their horses' necks garlanded with branches of the oak and olive; having sheathed their curved sabres, and suspended their crescent-shaped bucklers to their saddle-rings, gracefully balanced in the right hand they held the vine rods* taken from the centurions in four fields of battle. The young Iturix, who wounded Paulus Emilius, was conspicuous amidst the crowd of stalwart warriors; he had been appointed standard-bearer, and carried the ensigns of the cock and mistletoe—the national bird appearing to be rising on the wing from a nest of oak leaves. In the rear of Iturix came the squadrons of Massilia's horsemen, their sole vesture being wide borders of fine woollen stuff, with the Phrygian cap negligently covering their black and curling hair. Their vexillaries bore an azure banner, upon which was embroidered, in gold, the owl of Pallas and the prow of a trireme. Those young soldiers had followed the steps of Hannibal purely from their love of war and the chase; though brave in battle, but during a march disorderly and impatient of the military yoke, turbulent and quarrelsome, like the Athenians, whose national traditions were incorporated amongst them. Now were they singing Thessalian hymns, taught by ancient Phoci to her Gallic daughter; and strophes in the divine language of Homer, thus chanted by the soldier musicians, made ravishing music in the ears of the daughter of Capua, who strewed the road before them with sweet-smelling thyme, the soft blossoms of the broom, and olive branches.

Next came the horsemen of Numantia and Boetica clad in snowy vests, ornamented with purple borders, and armed with a short, straight, two-edged sword,—the foeman struck by that weapon rose not up again.

Even as a strait separates Spain and Africa, so did a long space divide those Spaniards from the Carthaginian army, the interval being filled up by a tumultuous crowd of archers and slingers from the Balearic isles. After them came the Numidian cavalry, with Mago at their head. Hannibal himself marched in the centre of his infantry, and so glorious was the appearance of this division of the army, that it might well have been mistaken for a Roman legion, the soldiers being attired in the spoils of those they had conquered. The Carthaginians wore the arms, helmets, and cuirasses of the standard-bearers slain at Trebia, Thrasyemenus, and Canne. Each soldier exhibited the armour of some Roman victim, and Hannibal, mounted upon a superb black horse, wore the ample scarlet mantle of Sempronius, the consul, found hanging on the Portus Decumana, at Thrasyemenus. The young hero, with manly countenance, sat gracefully erect upon his fiery Barb, his long dark curls waving over his shoulders, in aspect like one of those native Egyptian gods, which, carved out of black granite, were popularized by the Theban sculptors. A long melodious shout hailed the conqueror of Rome, and as Hannibal answered it by carrying his hand to his lips, a young female was seen to spring from out the crowd, and present him with a crown of laurel. It was Olympia, the loveliest amongst all the lovely Campanians—a soul of fire shrined in a form of alabaster, one of those beings esteemed in these our merely utilitarian days, to be altogether fabulous. Olympia, the youthful Greek of Tarentum, had, at twenty-five years of age, been enriched by the heritage of a

* A vine rod was the symbol of a Centurion in the Roman army.
Hannibal at Capua.

strap's wealth, whose favourite she had been. Her exurban villa already resired all that voluptuous opulence for which, in after times, those marine residences along the bay of Baia were celebrated. Under her roof artists from Tarentum, Corinth, Segesta, Taorminum, found hospitable reception. There was it that Cleomenes,* Triseas, Apollodorus, had chiselled the Venus Victrix, to which divine honours were paid at Capua, the Danae of the temple of Segesta, the Erigone in the temple of Bacchus at Tarentum, the Amphitrite in the temple of Neptune, at Metapontum. Olympia, the mortal of divine form, had been the model for all those statues; and the votaries who bent before those shrines, appeared to offer incense to the living woman who had lent her beauty to Parian marble. The artists, happier far than those who avowed themselves her adorers, had, indeed, realised the fable of Pygmalion.

Such was the adorable woman who, at the gates of Capua, appeared in order to enchain the young Carthaginian hero. His gaze once fixed upon her, none other object had power to distract it; and when the senate approached to present its homage to the victor, in a never-ending harangue, according to the custom of those days, Hannibal listened to the patrician orator with marked abstraction, and could only reply to it with embarrassed brevity—he too, ever so eloquent, could only say—"I thank you for your fair words; the universe reckons only three cities, Carthage, Capua, and Rome; a little while and but two will remain." Listening or speaking, his eye ceased not to single out from the cortège, by which she was attended, the beauteous Olympia, who might well have been taken for the Queen of Capua, so conspicuously was she distinguishable from her companions, by her stature, her robe of purple, her shoulders of incomparable whiteness, and her tresses all sparkling with bandelettes of gold. The Gauls, as they passed her, spontaneously saluted the young and blue-eyed Grecian, who recalled to their minds the maidens of their own smiling land.

Twilight had shot her last dubious gleams as the army defiled through the streets of Capua, and then from the Roman gate to the street of Neapolis, a distance of some three thousand paces, the interval was illuminated by resinous torches, as during the festivals of Bacchus, and the spectacle then assumed a still more marvelous aspect. The arms, armour, and countenances of those swart warriors from Africa and Spain, were lit up by their red rays, and, from the locality, might have been deemed to be Tartarean bands emerging from the adjacent Avernus. The Campanian women rushed, with bacchanalian frenzy, amongst the Gallic squadrons, tossing aloft their thyrses and pine-apple rods. Clarions, too, sounded, as it were in derision, the Tibicinian air of Caius Dullius; the sons of Massilia shouted the hymn Io phare! Io Bacche! and Capua felt one wide delirium;—until at last the market stores of Septilaia had exhausted all their perfumes upon the heads of those brave warriors; until the torch lights were, one by one, extinguished, and the priests closed the temples of the immortal gods.

Hannibal had confided the custody of the city to Mago; he had entered the dwelling of Stenius and Paeuvius, of the Celer family, as its lord. Two slaves were serving the golden apples of Sorrentum, and vases of wine, called in Campania, obbe calene.† By his side sat his well-loved friend, Iturix the Gaul.

At that moment a cubicular slave laid before Hannibal a roll of papyrus, sealed. Hannibal broke the seal and read—

"In me ruens Venus deseruit Cyprim. Mara, festina."

"By Neptune," exclaimed he, "these letters come of a verity from the desert of Sphynx, or the grotto of the Syrenae."

"Tis a treason," said the Gaul; "we are hard by the defile where the Consul Pontius fell in an ambuscade."

Hannibal reflected for an instant.

"Iturix," continued he, "perchance 'tis a dove of Venus who brings this message?"

* This artist is said to have been the sculptor of that beautiful antique statue, the Venus de Medicis of the Florence Gallery.

† Rich wine of Cales, a town in Capania, mentioned by Horace.
Hannibal at Capua.

"'Tis a practice amongst us Gauls to bait nets with doves, therein to catch live eagles.'

"Let the eagle be snared, if such be his destiny," exclaimed Hannibal, rising from table.

"May thy father Neptune keep thee from nocturnal ambush!" "The shade of the false Fabius hovers about thee."

"Wilt be my companion. What say'st thou, Iturix?"

"Always along with thee when there is a Roman to slay."

"Gird on thy Spanish sword, Iturix: the Gaulish weapon befits not the perils of the night."

"Lo, I am ready."

"Come, then, and follow the dove!"

Hannibal bound a veil about his head, the two ends of which fell on either side his neck, and flinging merely a light chlamys across his shoulders, he quitted the house with the Gaul. The cubicular slave walked a few paces in advance, bearing a resinous torch.

"I need only," said Hannibal, laughingly, "the flute-player to resemble Caius Duilius. These Romans, who pass for grave men, act frequently like mere buffoons. Their Caius Duilius took from us, by surprise, two old triremes that sorely hampered our fleet; and by way of rewarding this naval consul, the senate, in its wisdom, decrees that whenever Caius Duilius shall go forth at night, he be always accompanied by a torch-bearer and a flute-player. Such attendants, methinks, must greatly embarrass a consul in his nocturnal rambles, and the decree savours more of a punishment than a recompense.

The slave extinguished his torch as he halted upon the threshold of a saffron-coloured dwelling, and flinging the door open, Hannibal and Iturix were entering together, when, by a gesture from the slave, who placed himself before the Gaul, Hannibal understood that access to the mansion was permitted to him alone.

"Well!" said the Gaul, "I will keep watch then," and Hannibal entered alone.

The first hour after sunrise a feeling of vague uneasiness spread itself amongst the chiefs of the army. Secret reports being carried to Mago and Maharbal, that treason had been concocted in the dwelling of a citizen named Perolla, and that the life of Hannibal was menaced by a concealed dagger. Mago, favoured by the darkness, had repaired to the house of Stenius and Pacuvius Celer, in order to give his brother prudent counsel. He had found therein only Isalca, the leader of the Gentiles, who, on his part, had hastened thither to warn the Carthaginian general. Mago and Isalca together proceeded in silence along the Via Tifata, which led to the citadel, lending an eager ear to every noise at that dead hour of night; but they met with nought to justify their fears. Capua slumbered with that deep sleep attendant upon the vigils of the festivals of Saturn. Around the temples, in the woods consecrated to the immortal gods, were heard mysterious plaints and sighs, but these were attributed by Mago to the invisible protectors of the vanquished Campania. The two warriors traversed the great square of the Hecateon, upon the site of which was afterwards erected the famous amphitheatre of Capua (which now presents one amongst the most interesting remains of antiquity), and, at the angle of the adjacent cross-road, they encountered the vigilant Iturix, standing under the portico of a dwelling-house.

"My brother? say, where is my brother?" cried Mago to the Gaul.

Iturix replied by placing the fore-finger of his right hand upon his lips, making the sign peculiar to the goddess Muta.

Mago eagerly dragged the young Gaul towards the square of the Hecateon.

"What speech of an enemy hath led Hannibal into the snares of that dwelling?" asked the Carthaginian of Iturix.

"The Campanian beauty," replied the Gaul.

"What insinuations hast thou either of her treason or her amity? Must we violate the threshold of the hospitable divinities? or must we bar the door against the profane?"

"I have heard the sounds of the Greek lyre; I have inhaled the perfumes which
Hannibal at Capua.

have ascended from the nymphaeum;* and four hours have elapsed since the lyre has ceased to resound, since the fire has been extinguished upon the bath tripods. Go, therefore, and be happy; I shall watch until I hear the first strains of Diana's horns ring through the welkin. Place implicit confidence in the heart and eye of the Gaul."

Thus saying, and more, he succeeded in mitigating their anxiety. The dawn, which pours its tide of gladness for those who have kept sorrowful vigil, was now gilding the island eminences. The grave Mago granted a smile to the divinities presiding over the day, and pointing out to Iturix a name written in white, slender characters upon the ostenary stone, he said to him—

"Let us withdraw, and respect the mysteries of the night. Come!"

The name written upon the stone was that of Olympia. Though the clarions of the vigilant Gauls rang loudly from the walls of the lofty citadel, the indwellers of the voluptuous city were still wrapt in deep slumber, save one joyous group, consisting of the young moors of Barca and their Massilian comrades, who were wending their way along the Via Romana, repairing to the chase in the thickets of oak and rose laurels crowning the richly-wooded Mount Tifata, and the Massilians were in chorus singing the hymn to Diana Venatrix, which they had learned in the noblest of the many temples raised to the goddess in every part of Gaul. The market people of Casilinum were on their road to the Sepulchre. The purifiers of the temples were drawing the lustral water from the limpid springs, yet unsullied by diurnal visitors, ere they proceeded to throw open the portals of the temples of the gods.

By slow degrees the city teemed anew with noise and animation; but it was the indolent stir of a populace awakening to the pursuit of pleasure—to whom, indeed, toil was wholly repugnant. It had been rumoured that Hannibal would make a public festival, and that the youthful hero would previously preside over the games, held in the square of the Hecateleon, in the attire of a Roman consul. The streets were strewn with flowers, the islands festooned with verdure, whilst clouds of incense arose from the peristyles of the temples, and the priests were seen crowning the statues of their divinities with wreaths of roses and myrtle. Already had the senate in numerous train made its appearance before the dwelling of Celer, wherein it was understood Hannibal had reposed for the first time since his avenging march around the world. The senate and populace had, till now, maintained a profound silence, awaiting patiently till the wide-opening gates of Pacuvius should welcome the victor of Canne. Almost all the senators were young men, but grown prematurely old in aspect by a life of debauchery, their looks were filled with that gravity which otherwise youth would have denied them. The chief member of the senate delivered his harangue, embodied as briefly as possible, in order neither to fatigue hero, assembly, nor orator. The Pacuvian portals, however, still remained unopened.

Not in that of Pacuvius, but in another and more distant dwelling, was Hannibal reclining on a couch of Tyrian purple, listening to the accents of a voice soft as the Ionian wave when it dies upon the shores of Tarentum, addressing him in the divine language invented for lovers, heroes, and gods:—

"Son of Hamilcar," said she, "when thy foot hath trodden the Via Nola, thou wilt have forgotten Olympia, the Grecian."

"And Olympia will have forgotten me also," returned Hannibal.

"All who pay me court, say thus."

"And thou hast never loved?"

Olympia wound her ivory arms around Hannibal's neck, and her long and lovely tresses swept his brow.

"Never?" repeated Hannibal.

"Never!" said Olympia, with a smile of divine expression.

"What use makest thou of thy charms?"

"I make the gods jealous of those who adore my statues."

"Still thou art not happy?"

* A building adorned with statues of the nymphs, and abounding with fountains and waterfalls which diffused an agreeable and refreshing coolness. The structure was borrowed from the Greeks.

R—April, 1840.
Hannibal at Capua.

"I wait, I seek, I hope for happiness. Such is my happiness. Ah! I would pour forth all the gold of my coffers in exchange for one of the rays that encircle thy warlike brow!—Tis ever thus!—May the kind gods pour consolation into my heart!—Hannibal, hast ever seen woman like unto me?"

A sphinx-like smile contracted the swarthy features of the young African. Olympia repeated her question.

"Woman," said Hannibal, "when I was a child, my father made me descend with him into the submarine temple of Typhon, the avenging god, the deity of evil. A priest of the city of Hermes immolated a black bull upon the altar, and filled a large patera with the victim’s blood. That blood looked in the torchlight like the waves of your Tartarean stream; I gazed long upon it, until methought a flame of fire leapt from out of it. We were three, only, in the temple; my father, the priest, and I. Around us towered enormous statues of black granite, with hideous features and crowns of writhing serpents; before the altar was depicted, upon a gory basement, the gigantic image of Typhon, who, with lips swollen with ire, shook above our heads the knotted lashes of a scourge; I fancied that I heard the weapon of the infernal god whistle in my ears, for the night breeze rocked the vessels then in port, and sang loudly amongst their cordage. The Carthaginian fleet was anchored above our heads, and the sub-marine temple was filled with mysterious and fearful sounds, caused by the tempest and the sea. 'Twas there, before that priest, before those terrible idols, before that bowl of blood, and in that appalling night, my father required an oath from me. Nor was my father the least imposing figure of the group. His dark eyes shot forth flames, and his long beard waved upon his bosom like a fleece in a tiger’s mouth; he held out to me one of those heavy antique swords which the soldiers of Cambyses left in the sands of Ammon. I rushed forward to grasp the weapon with feverish fury, I held it aloft in my childish grasp, and calling upon the divinities of darkness, the genii of the great desert, and the grim idols of the temple, I swore a bloody and eternal hatred to the power of Rome. At the sound of my voice, methought the Carthaginian triremes crashed together over head; the wind howled piercingly from the desert, as it were favourably to waft my fleet into the Tyrenian sea; the temple applauded my oath, the sacrificed bull emitted his last bellow—which sounded in my ear like the expiring sigh of Rome, the abhorred city! My father strained me to his bosom, and his august tears scorched my brow. Ten years elapsed since that solemn night ere the so long wished-for day arrived on which I was to set out to attack Saguntum, a city allied to the Romans; those ten years were but a continuation of that night. My dreams, whether of solitude or sleep, were all of Rome; I had but one remembrance—that of my oath; but one idea—that of vengeance. With my gaze I seemed to devour the sea which separated me from Italy; each day, and a hundred times each day, did I trace with my sword upon the sand the long lines which mapped my route from Africa to Rome, that immense semicircle which commences at Saguntum and finishes at Tarentum. Venture to ask me now, Olympia, whether I have yielded up one single instant of my youth to pleasure. The sole mistress I have pursued has been Rome; she has had my every thought for ten long expectant years; I should have feared to oppose to that passionate hate a rival in that of love; the name of Rome has been ever upon my lips, there was no room for another. And not until after having struck four times at the heart of that accursed city, did I suffer one look to fall upon woman’s face, and that face was thine, O beautiful Olympia. May the fates bless thee!"

Olympia entwined her fingers caressingly amongst the thick, black locks of Hannibal.

"Thou art a hero—a god," said she to him; "and the love of a goddess is thy due. Chaste and lovely nymphs dwell in the marine grottos of Neapolis; and, doubtless, when thou passest over the golden sands of their sacred bay, the loveliest of those immortals will call thee by name, and lead thee to her nuptial bed of living coral and silver shells. Those nymphs sing melodiously as the Syrens; they warble the strophes of the Syracusean shepherd; they will repeat them to thee in the pure tongue of Hellas; they will serve thee with apples of gold in baskets of crystal—and
Hannibal at Capua.

thou shalt taste with them those Olympian delights which the gods only reveal to mortal heroes, in recompense for great labours which virtue hath accomplished."

"Thinkest thou, Olympia, that these nymphae are more beauteous than thou?"

"Beware of speaking ill of the divinities! For myself, I am but a mortal, and can bestow upon thee nothing, not even my love, for I will not lie in the face of the gods, as do other women. Wert thou merely some young statuary from Corinth or Mitylene, I might say I loved thee, out of mere compassion. But to thee, who bearest on thy brow the cares of the universe—to thee, who cannot be moved at what passeth within the heart of an insignificant woman—to thee, the accents of truth are due, for thou art great, even as a god, and I would be sincere as the supplicant at the foot of the altar. Hannibal, thou hast my adoration; I love thee not—I love no man living. I thought, however, that I could love thee; but this morning my heart whispered 'Oh! how delightful to behold that man kneeling there before me like a child!'—to enchain with my fingers that untameable lion who hath bounded from his native desert upon our Capuan shores! To think, whilst entwining my arms around his neck, of his deeds at Cannæ and Thrasymenus—terrible as the Thracian god—shining rays of terror—controlling two armies with a glance—monarch of the world, and rival of Heaven!' Alas! I am still what I was before—happy at thy good fortune—miserable at my own nothingness. But that brief bliss will be my last; and henceforward, no mortal will have power to infused into my heart that which Hannibal hath not been able to inspire. 'Tis a strange consolation for me; and I thank thee for having revealed to me the depths of my misery. If thou quits me, my thoughts will follow thee like invisible friends. If thou abidest, I will be thy slave; I will serve thee, as to day, upon this hospitable triclinium. I will rejoice to dwell in thy shadow—to listen to thy harmonious voice, so formidable amid the clangour of battle—to kiss that right hand, which hath smitten down giants—to behold a smile upon that visage, which hath gleamed like a meteor of terror across the universe."

Two limpid tears, brilliant as the pearls of Ophir, rolled down the checks of Olympia. The hero's lips caught those gems of the fair Grecian's soul, and casting his eyes upon a sunbeam which suddenly illuminated the dark court of the impluvium started to his feet.

"Woman!" said Hannibal, "my sire, the sun, warns me of this delay. An army and the world await me. May Venus and the smiling Graces preserve thy beauty! I salute thy hospitable Penates; they have been kind and propitious to me."

So saying, he bound the purple band around his brows, the aigrette which fastened it sustaining the feather of an eagle killed upon the Alps; and negligently flinging his consular mantle across his shoulders, he made one step towards the atrium.

"Thou goest, then!" said the lovely Campanian, in a voice whose accents might well have been deemed amorous.

Hannibal made a sign in the affirmative.

"And when shall I behold thee again?" asked Olympia.

"When the first shades of evening descend," replied Hannibal, in low voice.

"No; to-morrow, at the first ray of the sun."

"Be it even as thou wishest!"

Pensive, as though he had sustained a defeat, Hannibal quitted the house; and that heroic brow, whose serenity Alpine tempests and the roar of battle had failed to trouble, grew more and more sad as his steps bore him from the presence of the bewitching Campanian. Iturix, the watchful Gaul, was the first to note the sombre indiscretion of the hero's footsteps, which some supernatural power seemed to rivet to the threshold of the dwelling.

"I give thee thanks," said Hannibal to him; "and I recognise the fidelity of the Gaul."

"The city is in great commotion," said Iturix. "Let us hasten; imminent peril, perchance, surrounds us."

"May it be as thou sayest! Iturix; I better love perils than cares. Conduct me to the dwelling of the Celer."
Hannibal at Capua.

As they advanced towards the centre of the city, the tumult increased, as if the entire population had revolted, and the caressing welcome of the previous evening had paved the way for the morrow's vengeance. Amid this whirlwind of distant clamour, Hannibal distinguished the shouts of his Africans, rising louder even than the women's shrieks.

"'Tis well," remarked Hannibal to Iturix; "My tigers are devouring a revolting prey."

Both ran in the direction of the tumult. The Gaul's weapon instantly brandished; that of Hannibal remained sheathed.

"Thy horse—give me thy horse!" cried the hero to a Numidian who rode past them.

"Hannibal lives!" shouted the Numidian, as he flung himself over the head of his steed with marvellous agility, at the same instant that Hannibal, no less nimble than he, vaulted upon the bare and glossy back of the spirited Arabian.

The vast square in front of the dwelling of the Celer, and the streets leading to it, were choked up with an immense concourse of unarmed citizens and Carthaginian soldiers. The senators, heavily laden with chains, were placed under a strong guard, and looked like victims awaiting the sacrificator. It had been rumoured on all sides, that Hannibal had been assassinated by the son of the patrician Perolla, and that Mago waited only until the sun had fully risen, to hurl down a terrible vengeance for his brother's murder. The soldiers shouted for blood, and the exasperation of the army had reached its utmost pitch, since Hannibal, who had never yet failed to answer the first summons of his Carthaginians, made not his appearance.

Suddenly, at the angle of a cross-road, the waving of his ample scarlet mantle was seen; and the intelligent and powerful Numidian steed bore, at one spring, his noble rider amongst the foremost groups of the multitude.

"Hannibal! Hannibal!" exclaimed at once a hundred thousand voices.

"I am here!" said the hero; "what Roman panic hath troubled the hearts of my soldiers? Are we not here in full security, amongst the citizens of Campania? Soldiers, would ye not suffer your general to prolong, at Capua, the last sleep in which he indulged at Carthage? Abjure, then, these idle terrors; to-morrow, ere the cock shall crow, will I be stirring."

Unanimous shouts, indicative of almost delirious joy, welcomed the hero's words. The soldiers, aided by the citizens, carried Hannibal in triumph to the Campus Martius, a vast plain stretching along the shore of the Vulturnus, like that of the Tiber at Rome. There the army, under the command of Mago and Maharbal, according to the Latian custom, was drawn up into three lines, and Hannibal, on foot, traversed the ranks of his African, Spanish, and Gallic comrades in arms, haranguing each centurion, speaking in friendly terms to the bravest of the wounded, distributing gifts, and receiving, in exchange, at every step, bursts of ardent attachment from all those savage hordes of which he was the intelligent parent and adored chief.

When the lines were broken up, and the soldiers addressed themselves to their various sports, the populace of Capua, who had till then stood aloof, mingled with the strangers to take part in the games and festivities, and speedily the entire plain, throughout its vast extent, resounded with sounds of glee and revelry.

"Iturix," said the still pensive Hannibal, "I would give my four victories to be one of the meanest amongst my soldiers. Behold how happy they are, and then mark the gloom which shrouds my brow. How singular a contrast, the joyfulness of your army, and the inquietude of its general!"

"But then the glory—whose is it?" asked the Gaul, with a look and tone expressive of the loftiest pride.

"The glory... ay!... The glory is a great thing for me! After the lapse of a thousand years, no one throughout the wide universe will know the name of that horseman of Techor, who lent me his steed awhile ago. I know it not myself!... Ay, glory is a great thing. But was it for glory I became a general?"... "I was to wreak a vengeance of blood and death! Vengeance will..."
Hannibal at Capua.

be speedily satiated, and then must I needs take refuge from a thirst for glory, and console myself for being the slave of my soldiers."

"What, O Hannibal, say'st thou?"

"Hast thou not seen it, Gaul? Day nor night are my own. I am my army's captive; it has long been accustomed to see me at all hours; it reposes, relying upon my vigilance, and awakens before my eyes are closed. And it being so, 'tis incumbent upon me to devote myself to such noble warriors, who have blindly followed me, alike reckless of my object and of my means. Last night the dagger of a courtesan might have snatched me from that army, which exists only by me and for me. But the seductions of pleasure are not sufficiently imperious to tear me from my duties. It passes the power of your imagination, O Iturix, to conceive how deep is the bitter anguish which that visit and that woman have inflicted on my heart. Yet she merits not the sacrifice of an army. Suffer, then, those happy soldiers to revel in the delights of this hour of relaxation and indulgence; it needs must be that their chief preserve his utmost energy wherewith to re-temper their courage, if, perchance, it bend to pleasure during this day's festival. So shall it be;—Hannibal hath said it. Believe my words, O Iturix, when I affirm that I have this morning gained a victory more difficult of achievement than those of Thrasymenus and Canne. Thou little know'st Olympia!"

Hannibal now was silent, seemingly delighted in gazing at the mirthful crowd which covered the Campus Martius. From time to time he would stop one of his soldiers, saying to him, "Thou wast the first to cross the Rhone before Uergurum." To another, "'Twas thou who plantedst the Punic lion upon the high Alps." To another, "Thou didst guide my elephant across the Etrurian marshes." To another, "Thou didst take the first Roman standard from the ranks of the vexillaries at Thrasymenus." To another, "Thou foughtest in single combat with Minutius, the leader of the cavalry. At Canne thou didst slay four young patricians with thine own hand." And to all the warriors Hannibal cheerfully extended his hand, while the Campus Martius rang with acclamations.

That day passed over in peaceful serenity, but the morrow was, to the general, clouded with sinister presages. The army, still fully confident in its leader, continued its festivities and debaucheries; the days winged away in a voluptuous recklessness, which after the previous long and arduous toils, seemed to have been fully earned. Hannibal quitted not the roof of Pacuvius Celer, save to bestow his paternal cares upon his soldiers.

Whilst the army was thus busied, a rumour spread itself abroad that Quintus Fulvius and Appius Claudius, consuls, had taken the field, and were marching upon Capua. Hannibal determined upon taking up better and safer quarters at Nola or Neapolis, two cities well provisioned, and considered impregnable. At an early hour of the morning the order for departure was given.

The moment for quitting Capua was that at which the sentinel offers up his prayer of thanksgiving to Hecate, for having preserved him from the danger of the night past. The army was drawn up in marching order upon the Campus Martius. The African clarions were sounding the Egyptian air, peculiar to the mysteries of Isis, and Capua poured forth its countless masses upon the road leading from the ramparts. Whilst Hannibal was engaged in dispatching letters to Mago and Isalca, in the atrium of Celer, a woman, like an apparition, flung herself before him. It was Olympia.

She was attired in a dark robe powdered with stars, like the vestment of Erebus, and might have been taken for the goddess of night, descended from heaven upon a sun-beam.

"Thou departest!" said she; the words expired upon her lips, and she cast her eyes upon the ground.

"Woman," said Hannibal, "what god hostile to Carthage hath conducted thy steps across the threshold of this dwelling? Beware of shewing thyself to my soldiers, or giving me either a smile or a tear in their sight, lest they learn the weakness of their general."

* The modern name is Beaucaire; and here it was that the adventurous warriors of Massilia joined the left wing of Hannibal's army.
**Hannibal at Capua.**

"Then shall I be carried to Rome as a slave and sold to some patrician, who will remember him of Cannæ and Capua."

"May the gods preserve thee from so great misfortune; the gods are ever propitious to beauty."

At that moment the Getulian cavalry were heard defiling through the street, and the air resounded with the voices of the officers repeating the words of command of Isala.

"Thou hearest, Olympia," said Hannibal, "the march hath commenced. I must needs hasten to the Nola gate, to shew myself unto my army. O! Olympia, listen! I would leave thee a keepsake; I will send to the founder bushels of gold, sufficient to make thee a diadem and a throne. . . ."

"Gold!" repeated Olympia, and a disdainful smile curled her ruby lip; "thou offerest me gold! . . . I forgive thee: thou hast never spoken but to soldiers; thou art a hero only, and not a lover. Keep, Hannibal, thy bushels of gold. I ask only that eagle plume which decorates thy turban. Give it, and I depart."

And without doors the Gauls were heard singing the chorus of the druidical hymn: "Teutates thirsts for blood; Teutates hath spoken to the Oak. We will sing until the hour of death."

"Take what thou askest, beauteous Olympia!" said Hannibal. "Thou seest, my thoughts must not be sacrificed to pleasure."

Thereupon he detached the eagle plume from his head-dress, and offered it to the lovely Campanian.

"Tis well," said Olympia: "hereafter will I have no other ornament. If I be led to Rome a slave, I will shew this glorious jewel to my masters, and they will wax pale. Now, would I make thee a gift. Capua is the city of perfumes and of poisons. Take, then, this ring. In its bezil is enclosed a terrible juice, which kills like a dagger stricken to the heart. Should the fortunes of thy arms some day prove contrary, this ring will save thee from the shame of escorting a triumphal car."

"I accept it," said Hannibal. "Thus, my last thoughts will be yours."

"Yes, I wish it thus. I now almost fear I love thee!"

A few minutes afterwards, Hannibal bade farewell to Capua for ever. He directed his march upon Nola and Neapolis, and the deserted Capua deemed that she already beheld the avenging genius of Rome standing upon her milliary stone, which still bore the impress of the she-wolf and her human twins.

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**SONNETTO FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.**

**TO LAURA.**

**FACENDO UN PRESENTE DI FRUTTA NELLA STAGIONE, DI PRIMAVERA.**

When the resplendent orb that marks the hours
Returns to dwell with Taurus, virtue flows
From the full horn of plenty, that bestows
A verdant robe on woods, and fields, and flowers.
Nor only is this precious influence shed
On wood- clad hills, or green and flowery vales;
O'er earth's remotest spots the charm prevails;
And verdure smiles in each sequestered glade.
Thus she, who shines among her sex a Sun,
Sheds o'er my soul a pure and dazzling stream
Of light, to gild the poet's golden dream
Of fame, which her sweet eyes for me have won:
My path of life no opening spring could cheer
Should my bright planet seek another sphere.

E. E. E.
THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

In that chain of mountains, not far from the castle of Rulizingen, there lived, in an age too remote to be identified, a charcoal-burner and his son, who gained a scanty but honest livelihood by handiwork. The son took small delight therein from the time when he had been accidentally a spectator of a grand tournament, and beheld the lord thereof surrounded by noble knights and ladies of high degree. From that period his brain was completely turned; and holding in absolute contempt all sublunar, not to say subterranean matters, unconnected with chivalry, he repeatedly besought his father’s permission to enter the service of some renowned knight. The old man was, however, resolute in his refusal, and invariably replied to his son’s pleadings, that man must be content with the station allotted to him. One day when, as was frequently the case, each had fallen into dispute upon this subject, an old monk passed their way. After making enquiry as to the cause of their quarrel, he for some time regarded the youth with considerable attention, and next examined his hand, as though he would read the future in its varied lines; this done, he pronounced the “benedicite,” saying, “With God’s help! let this be thy motto, my son.” He then indicated a certain spot to the old man, desiring that henceforward he should burn his charcoal there, and there only. The words of the monk were strictly obeyed, and after the first essay, a large lump of molten silver was discovered in the pit. The second trial was attended with an equally fortunate result; again, and repeatedly, success attended them, until at last the charcoal-burners amassed an immense treasure, which they concealed in the cavity of a rock.

About this time the duke became involved in a disastrous war, and after a long series of misfortunes, found himself compelled to seek shelter, together with his wife and children, at the Kaiserstuhl, an isolated castle in a wild part of the forest. He might easily have collected another army, and offered valiant opposition to the approaching foe, but his finances were exhausted, and he had no alternative but to suffer equal privations with the few retainers who had followed him in his retreat. The news of the duke’s straitened situation was not long in reaching the charcoal-burner’s hut, and he said to his son, “Haste thee, and go up to the Kaiserstuhl; tell the duke our treasure is at his command, and make him the offer of thy personal service.” The youth was too overjoyed to thank his father by words, and after heartily but silently embracing him, set forward on his portentous journey, which he performed without accident or hindrance. He easily gained access to the fallen Herzog, whose wonder at the peasant’s mission, and the generosity which prompted it, surpassed description. Having presented the good youth to his wife and daughter, he instantly commenced active measures for applying this newly-acquired wealth to the best advantage. A large body of armed men were secretly collected, and the duke was shortly enabled to make an unexpected descent upon the enemy, who believed himself in quiet possession of his newly-acquired territories.

The young charcoal-burner now found many opportunities of acquiring distinction, and contributed his wealth and zeal much to his patron’s success. A second encounter afforded a still more brilliant display of his warlike abilities and valour; and having had the good fortune to take prisoner the hostile leader, the war was brought to a happy conclusion. The Herzog’s gratitude was thereupon boundless; he conferred titles, and gifts of territory by turns, on the exulting charcoal-burner, and, finally, bestowed on him the hand of one of his daughters in marriage.

The author of the “Old Freyburg Chronicles,” relates this legend, with some alterations, and represents—although historically incorrect—that the young charcoal-burner was the founder of the castle of Zähringen.
FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Second Notice.)

“Palaces may be ruined, temples may be destroyed, but the works of genius are never lost. Man may neglect or spurn them, but God is their protector.”

VATES, page 47.

In perusing “Vates,” a work of much originality, in which, under the guise of mysterious extravagance, there are discoverable profound reflections upon the human race, its follies, and its perfectibility, we have met with some ideas respecting the Fine Arts well worthy of attention. The graphic outline illustrations also, by T. Landseer, merit particular notice. With the impression left by this interesting work still fresh in our mind when we entered the British Institution, our thoughts turned upon the division which is there made of the Art into two schools, and frequently recurred to the following passage in the above-mentioned book:—

“. . . . and when I had exhausted myself in examining the numberless objects around, I turned to the genius and besought him to introduce to my notice the more pleasing impersonations of tranquillity.

“Those,” he said, “we have left; they belong to higher Art; they are the models of the ‘Scuola del Paradiso.’ Repose is loved only by the good, the great, the few, and therefore it is that the ‘Scuola dell’Inferno’ prospers best. In this school ambition struggles towards some unattainable end; the passions are in a state of evolution; they are aiming at some object which they long for, whether directed by fear or courage, hope or despair, and that object is repose; but as they seek it by means of excitement, they only find it in death.”

Mentally repeating these words, which, in certain respects, are true, we reflected, while looking around upon the various pictures displayed in this exhibition, as to what classification of them would be made by that severe critic, our friend Mr. R. A——, who accompanied us in our first visit, as we mentioned last month. For ourselves, we certainly think that in the classification of works of Art, the productions of ladies ought to be assigned to the Scuola del Paradiso: imitating therefore Dante, in his divine poem, though without precisely declaring that we shall have first to pass through the Scuola dell’Inferno, and then through the Purgatorio, before we arrive at Paradise. We have thought it good to reserve our remarks upon the works of ladies, as a bonne bouche for the end of the article.

The first two pictures we shall now notice, are two pretty little things; one, The Duett (42); the other, The Invalid (43).

“And when affliction’s fainting breath
Warns me I’ve done with all beneath,
What can compose my soul in death?

The Bible!”

The composition is graceful of The Duett, where the eyes of the gentleman betray his desire to be in “unison” with the young lady, not only in music, but in heart.

The Invalid merits laudatory notice, for the air of resigned suffering displayed in the pallid, but interesting countenance of the young lady, whose life is drawing to its close, and who is watchingly attended by a friend, in whose face is fully expressed the anxiety she feels for her suffering patient. This picture admirably exemplifies the truth, that friendship is a real balsam of consolation in the hour of woe. The style of the painting is taken partly from Watteau; but we would advise Mr. T. Clater to be more observant of the colours of nature, than of the conventional manner of any master whatever, which advice (together, perhaps, with some others more critical upon the design), will probably be thought by some applicable also to the picture (34), which, for expression, is, in many respects, very remarkable, by C.
Runciman, "Camilla robbing Gil Blas of a diamond ring, and persuading him of her very tender sensations, which she confirms by placing her ring (a mock ruby) on his finger." Even in imaginative things, invention should always be subservient to truth, and strive to avoid the monstrous faults into which many men of talent have fallen, such as Turner and Etty, who, probably, because at first too much praised for their imaginative invention, have ended (like all manneristic painters of all times and all nations) by representing things, forms, and colours which never have existed in nature, and, fortunately, never will.

These reflections may be applied to various pictures in the Exhibition, and amongst others to The Fount (37), by G. F. Watts.

"Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarmed by Greece,
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace."

There is, however, complete truth in the picture, by J. Inskipp, representing A Neapolitan Fruit Girl. The character of the physiognomy, the colour, the dress, the attitude, all is truth. It is evidently, as the French would say, après nature. Some persons see in it a slight negligence of design, and aerial perspective, easily susceptible of correction. How will Mr. Inskipp receive this? But what shall we say to Reflection (72), by Mr Bewick:—

"She ceased all further hope, and now began
To make reflection,
This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
That once disdaining, she might be disdained."

Dryden.

These lines, to which this painting is intended as an illustration, are admirably calculated to inspire an artist. But is the Reflection of Mr. Bewick a faithful interpretation of the immortal poet? Before giving to this question a decisive answer in the affirmative, much reflection would be requisite on the part either of the painter himself, or the spectator. Let us turn to another picture (46), by W. Buckler. "The mysterious page giving the conditions of the sword to Roland Græme, in the hostelry of St. Michael's."—Vide the Abbot. Is the design of this painting correct? Is there a well-arranged distribution in the invention? Is the perspective exactly just? Although we recognise a certain degree of grace in the picture, we think the problem rather mysterious.

And since we are speaking of pictorial truth, we must observe, that we do not find it very forcibly displayed in the picture, No. 95, Cimabue and Giotto, by E. M. Ward. Giotto, born at Vespignano, near Florence, was the son of a shepherd. Whilst guarding his flocks, he was discovered by Cimabue drawing the figure of a goat with a bit of pointed stone on a tile. Struck with the disposition of the boy, he persuaded his father to entrust him to his care, and took him to Florence, where he educated him with the greatest attention. Giotto afterwards became so distinguished a painter as to eclipse his master, and to lay the foundation of the Florentine school. This little anecdote, which is, as it were, the title-page of the history of the art of painting, is full of poetry, and well worthy of being represented with truth and beauty. But this picture seems to fail considerably in attaining either the one or the other. Still we applaud the good intention of the artist, as well as his excellent taste and useful example in selecting interesting subjects, and not the usual common-place insipid things, such as the servant-maid, the gypsy, the grandmother, the dog, the cat, and spinach, which many would perhaps call or suppose to be trees, for as such it is painted! We do not, however, intend to include among this number the Chêne d’Allouville, Normandie, No. 89, by W. Cowen. The execution is in many parts very good, and the scene truthful. We seem actually to see "this oak which is supposed to be 800 or 900 years old." The chapel (on the right-hand side of the picture) within the tree, was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, curate of Allouville, in 1696. Over the chapel is a room called the cell of the hermit." But why has not W. Cowen illustrated the scene by some figure connected with some interesting anecdote, the circumstances of which transpired near the Chêne? On that spot many military facts, for example, and others of various kinds,
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...ave occurred, all which offer material for imparting interest to the simple sketch of a rural scene. The present is an epoch in which such drawings do not afford much satisfaction, unless they contain in themselves something of greater fullness of meaning; and by many painters this appears frequently to be entirely forgotten.

But when we point out that Art, in painting as in poetry, has its appearance of Form as well as its essence of Idea, let it not be thought that the ancient masters were ignorant of this. There are innumerable examples of the contrary, but we shall cite only Giotto, whom we have already mentioned, and Michael Angelo; of whom one gave an impulse to the art still in its infancy, and the other raised it to a high degree of perfection. Both these old masters were poets, in their writings and in their paintings; and their works of art are the surest comments upon their poetry, which again is illustrative of their paintings. Both declare to us, that in their works they contemplated two objects, the one external, and the other internal; one manifest, the other concealed; one material, the other spiritual or intellectual: hence the division of the good and the bad into the forms of the beautiful and its contrary; hence, also, as we quoted at the commencement, “La Scuola del Paradiso,” and “La Scuola dell’ Inferno.” That we may not be too prolix, and in order to illustrate the two conceptions, the one manifest and the other concealed, we will here give a few verses of a canzone of Giotto, extracted from some manuscript in the “Biblioteca Riccardiana,” in Firenze:

“Guarda che ben s’intenda, Che sue parole son molto profonde, E talor hanno doppio intendimento. Però il tuo viso abenda, E guarda il vea che dentro vi s’asconde.”

These lines, which Mr. J. E. Taylor, with much judgment, affixes as an epigraph to his excellent book upon Michael Angelo, considered as philosopher-poet, constitute a preface and annunciation, teaching us that in works of Art, we should always direct attention to this double purpose or end. And this end should be as much as possible of a character lofty, noble, useful to the social life of the human race, and accordant with the wants of the age.

When these august moral ends of human society are disregarded, the Art is reduced to mere play, loses its noble character of divine origin, and sinks into a meretricious article of commerce.

We have made this brief digression, for the purpose of shewing the views with which we regard the Art, and upon which our criticisms are based. We do not, however, wish to be considered so rigidly severe, as not to tolerate that the Art should sometimes stoop to assist in the promotion of worthy amusement, or bend to things of simple but useful elegance, since, in the judgment of Michael Angelo—whose decisions will ever be regarded as lessons in artistic philosophy—utility and pleasure may be derived from the Fine Arts, even in things the most minute and trifling. We only desire to urge the point, that the modern artists should be diligently careful to select subjects of more interest than those we usually meet with in exhibitions.

But reverting more strictly to our subject, we much admire the talent of S. West. The picture (168), "Head of a Man (a study for a large picture) painted from life at Rome," is designed with consummate correctness, the osteology is perfect, the form well modelled, the coloring beautiful, the touch masterly. This work displays a deep study of nature, as well as of the mode in which Michael Angelo, Giulio, Raffinelle, and other great masters viewed, copied, and beautified her by selection and by style. In fine, this head appears to us a classic production of much merit, and excites a strong desire to see the completed large picture for which it is intended. But how could a man of such power as West think of taking a subject such as Venus dissuading Adonis from hunting (85)? Mythology has no portion in the Art in these days: the artist of the present time should be historian, poet; should aim at the promotion of civilization. This is what West is worthy to be—this is what he ought to be.

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Among the works representing scenes of common life, we admired "The Timber Carriage," (106), by J. F. Herrig; and we really believe it would be difficult to exhibit a higher degree of truth, although we cannot but feel that a character of aridity and stiffness is thrown over the whole, by a too great desire in the artist to give the utmost possible finish to the picture. Not far from this is "Hope deferred," (109), by H. Montague; and here, on the contrary, in connexion however with much of grace, we detect somewhat of negligence. But its neighbour, "The Recreation," (110), by J. J. Chalon, A.R.A., betrays a negligence and dryness hardly tolerable to our eyes. In water-colors there is a certain practice, peculiar to that kind of painting, of leaving some things imperfectly defined, and others but slightly sketched; and many water-color painters, when they apply themselves to oils, continue this method, which in water-colors truly produces effect, but in oil painting only defect. We suspect that such is the case with Mr. Chalon in the present instance, No. 110. He has taken for his model Watteau, but the sweet freedom of that master disappears under the hands of his imitator.

W. T. E. Parry, in his Out of Tune, (133), which seems to us a very happy imitation, chiefly of Watteau; and Mr. T. Clater, in his Marketable Commodity, (312), have succeeded better in a similar attempt. The latter is an imitation almost entirely in the style of Watteau, and whether as regards composition, or color and touch, is a picture that would be an ornament to any room. Of another species, and in a style half Flemish, half Spanish, mingled in a manner somewhat original, is a painting of much warmth of coloring, and with a certain freedom of expression—Sancho, Governor of Barataria, (125), by F. P. Stephanoff; and as we are speaking of expression, we cannot pass unnoticed the picture representing An Asiatic Mendicant, (129), by W. Bowness, in which the expression of entreaty is very natural, and its quite pictorial execution reminds us strongly of a picture by Velasques. This "Asiatic Mendicant" is a portrait, like that of Dr. Torres, under the character of Rudolph the Brave, (136), by W. Bewick. We were better pleased, however, with the portrait which this artist exhibited last year; nevertheless, there is much to commend in this. The warrior is leaning upon his extremo ratio, his sword; and the artist, in the boldly-painted attitude of the figure, has, as it were, inscribed upon his lips the very words which he has subjoined in illustration of the picture. "The sacred ground of my ancestors (whose piety and personal enmity were still nobler monuments than their possessions) has been seized by barbarian rapacity, the instruments of whose robbery are even now violating in the hall of my fathers! Stript of my inheritance, I have nothing left but my good sword and my incorruptible faith!" This picture is very spirited, and contrasts with No. (141). Rebecca, (vide Sir Walter Scott), by S. Drummond, A.R.A., a pretty thing, with much beauty in the physiognomy of Rebecca, probably a portrait, but imbued with a coldness of colouring which, although not so great as in his other paintings, yet marks this quality as a characteristic of this certainly talented artist.

In the middle room we encountered a Scene after a Battue, (167), by J. Giles. The dead animals made us think we should much prefer to see them alive under the pencil of Landsmeer—so also in Fruit, (177), by G. Stevens—there is a lack of truth. Mr. J. Williams, in his picture of The Forum of Pompeii, (181), was inspired by the following lines:

"Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,
Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb;
Lovely in ruin, graceful in decay,
The silent city rears her walls of gray."

And we find the material truth of the place is perfect, but in the truth of local colouring, as well as in the aerial perspective, there is much to be desired. To No. 173, An incident of Milton's life, when a Student at Cambridge, is affixed the following epigraph:

"Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministri de' mici mali,
Chiusi se m'uccidete,
Aperti, che farete?"
These four lines of a well-known Italian madrigal are printed, as usual, with a multitude of errors, it seeming to be a privilege of catalogues of exhibitions of the Fine Arts to massacre all foreign words that may chance to come within their limits; but the picture to which the madrigal gave occasion is pleasing: the two young ladies are gracefully designed and attired. It is harmonious, but has, perhaps, a little too much warmth.

A Canzonet, called “Barcarola Veniziana,” has suggested to Mr. H. O'NEIL the subject of No. 208. The picture represents the interior of a gondola, in which is a youth, upon whose shoulder reclines Biondina, a fair, golden-haired girl. This painting certainly is a very happy conception, and full of poetry; the scene should have been evening, according to the line, “L' altra sera go menà;” but the light upon the figures is that of day, and such as would fall upon them not in a gondola, but in an open place. We remarked the same errors of not producing with truth the effects of light and shade, not giving all things their local shading, by which the picture is deprived of all truthful effect, in Scene from Hamlet, No. 205. The whole of this picture is theatrical and unpoetical, and the Ghost looks like a doll to terrify children with. A better effect, however, of light and warmth is exhibited in the two pictures by Mr. T. CLATER—The Game at Put, No. 209, and No. 200, Jack Sheavehole’s Return to his Father’s Cottage after Ten Years’ Cruise, (vide Bentley’s Miscellany, vol. 1. p. 481). There is variety and a certain degree of spirit in the picture A Musical Party, (189), by Mr. H. O’NEIL; but the critic might be allowed to ask the reason of certain shades and ambiguities of design here, as well as in Faust and Margaret, (207), by T. M. JOY; and why the two figures are so theatrical, and the lady attired in that kind of drapery? Mr. H. O’NEIL is a man of talent, and might with ease avoid exposing himself to such enquiries.

The Wanderer (196), by C. SKOTTOWE, is a very expressive picture, but feeble and greyish. Pont aux Poissons Abbeville (167), by HARRY WILSON, is full of truth. “Southsea Common, Hants (198) by A. VICKERS, is a small, but highly graceful cabinet painting. Fra Nicolo, (199), by C. R. BONE. What shall we say of Fra Nicolo? We think that instead of obtruding himself into the exhibition, he would have done better to remain in his convent; but since he has chosen to exhibit himself, we can only implore heaven that he may speedily return, and never bury himself within the cloister walls. We have already had occasion to speak of a picture, by A. Vickers. And now we come to two other small paintings of the same artist. Scene in Monsal Dale, Derbyshire, (285), is very beautiful, although rather cold; and the “Coast Scene, View of Yarmouth from Freshwater, Isle of Wight, (287), has similar qualities. No. 247, by J. KING. “Christ teaches trust in providence, by directing his hearers to ‘consider the lilies of the field how they grow.’” St. Mat. e. vi. 28,” appears to us, as regards colour, altogether false. “Interior of Penshurst Castle, with part of Queen Elizabeth’s room,” (248), by A. MORTON, is, to a certain degree, not deficient in effect; and “Roses from Nature,” (250), by J. HOLLAND, is really graceful; the flowers seem to breathe forth fragrance. Reading in the catalogue the title, “Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius,” (256), with these beautiful verses:

   "At a step
   Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand
   Like those so long within that awful place,
   Immoveable, nor asking, can it be?"—Rogers’ Italy.

we were led to anticipate a truthful and beautiful representation of his grand scene, but sad was the delusion! We turned with eagerness to the perfectly true and beautiful painting of “The Interior of a Saxon Church,” (264) by F. NASH. Full of expressive truth also, but in a very different manner was the picture of “Mohammed Hafiz, Patil, or hereditary head of a village,” (265), by J. P. KNIGHT, A. R. A. But while speaking of contrast in character and effect, and having praised the brown features of “Mohammed Hafiz,” let us glance at No. 303, by G. PATTEN, A. R. A.

   “The Graces, daughters of delight,
   Handmaids of Venus.”—Fide Spenser’s Fairie Queene.

We should think these were portraits, and from their attributes, their attitudes,
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and gaiety, should judge them to be rather three Bacchanals than Graces. The picture has the qualities we so frequently meet with in this artist, the colouring, red—the chiaroscuro, timid—the light too much scattered—and, added to all, a certain theatrical character, which much diminishes the merit of his pictures. No. 304 seems like a portrait which Mr. J. S. Agar has embodied in the figure of "Judith escaping with the head of Holofernes. Although this painting is defective in harmony, still it displays a certain boldness, and certain colors decided in tone, which please very much. We thought its neighbour, "Imogene and Iachimo," (303), by A. G. Woolmer, cold and monotonous, and the rigid critic, Mr.——R. A. classified it not in the school "del Paradiso," not in the school "dell' Inferno," but in that "del Limbo;" for he said, it is one of those innocent, blond manger pictures which we see so frequently. Glancing en passant at "La Loggia" (308), by G. B. Moore, in which the effect of light is extremely good, we went into the South Room, and on the door we beheld a picture, "The Prodigal," (323), by the Rev. E. Pryce Owen. Whatever of bad mannerism the worst imitators of Fontana and Cortona have admired, seems collected and all wonderfully mingled together in this painting; the coloring is false, the design incorrect; and if it is true, as some affirm, that this Reverend is an amateur, infinitely better would it have been, had he, in application of the principle of charity, left this space in the room for some young artist, who might thus make himself known, and obtain the means of supporting his family. The same will apply to another work of this Rev. ecclesiastic, bearing the old title "Omnia Vincit Amor," (384), and portraying the old idea of Cupid astride a Dolphin. Here we encounter the same defects; the flesh of Cupid looks like "German Sausages." Not far from this is "Ahmed Pasha, Bey of Tunis, having ridden out to the Goletta, returns in his state boats, whilst his horses, and those of his suite, are driven back to Tunis," (328), by C. Hamilton. This is a study of horses which has some very curious details, but with one defect prominent in most of the pictures of the Exhibition, that of having the light equally dispersed over the whole. No. 362, by J. Absolon, has much grace, as regards the coloring, and the touch of the pencil; it has, however, the defect of light above mentioned. "Affection," (365), by J. G. Middleton, is a portrait of a Lady with her children; there is some freedom, perhaps, in the style of the likeness, but still the same disregard of chiaroscuro. "Bacharach on the Rhine," (371), by C. Deane, is an exact local representation.

"Falls of the Conway, near Penmachno, N. W." (372), by F. C. Sewio. This picture is full of effect. "The Louvre" (373), by S. Allan, presents a very accurate picture of this celebrated Gallery of Paris, but we cannot believe that the effect of the light is true. Among all the paintings exhibited by Mr. S. J. Rochard, "Les Apprêts" (376), afforded us the greatest pleasure; it is the portrait of a beautiful lady, clad in black satin, in the act of fixing in her ear an elegant ear-ring; the portrait is exquisite, the attitude of the figure elegant, the design of the hands graceful, and the coloring at once spirited and harmonious. "The Invocation to Sabrina" (377), by J. Wood, on the other hand, is the utter negation of all harmony. "The Blacksmith of Antwerp" (379), by R. R. M'Ian, is a little picture, the execution of which displays much beautiful detail. The figure of the young girl attentively watching the draughtsman is full of grace; but we feel as if something more were requisite in the coloring and touch; it is, however, a picture that would form an ornament to any cabinet. We cannot say the same of the painting, "Jupiter and Phaeton" (387), by R. Jeffrey. Neither the subject, nor the yellowish hue pervading the entire piece, nor many other qualities of the execution, seem calculated ever to adorn a drawing-room. The adjacent work, "Rehearsing the Maiden Speech" (388), by R. W. Buss, is comical in the invention, but totally devoid of harmony. "A Crypt in Kirkwall Abbey, Yorkshire" (390), by F. Nash. This, on the contrary, is a very well harmonised painting, and has, therefore, much beauty of effect.

"The first appearance of Christ to his Apostles after his Resurrection" (392), by E. B. Morris. "And as they thus spoke, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, MAGAZINE.] 341
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and supposed they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are you troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?"—Luke, ch. xxiv. 36.

Many of the foregoing observations upon the difficulty attending the adequate representation of such sublime subjects of biblical or Christian painting, are applicable to this picture. The scene appears rather theatrical than divine; but as regards the execution, and the design of some of the heads, the work is evidently that of a man of talent, who, by a little study, might easily overcome that false style of scattering the light equally on all parts of the picture.

We found in No. 394 another, “Affection,” by A. Johnston, who, after the example of many others, has illustrated his picture by a few lines of poetry—

“Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow’ry May adorns the scene,
That wantsons round its bleating dam;
An’ she’s twa glancin’ sparklin’ een.”

Robert Burns.

The style of composition in this piece is touching, but the colouring is somewhat cold.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; therefore, from subjects lofty, heroic, and grave, we take one step, and, behold! our attention is riveted to the great Hidalgo, “Don Quixote” (405), by J. Phillipp. Although the usual physiognomical character of this comic hero is not preserved in this painting, the meditative mood of the noble knight is humourously expressed in his countenance; and we plainly foresee that such a champion will not be wanting in boldness to knock down puppet-shows, or to make daring assaults upon wind-mills. The style is broad, the touch free, and the tone of coloring very good.

No. 407, “Shakspeare, who stood godfather for Ben Johnson’s daughter, presented the mother, on that occasion, with a compliment to be given to the child when she became of age,” by A. Chisholm. On the left of Shakspeare sits Beaumont, on the right Fletcher; behind stands Sir Walter Raleigh, with John Selden; at the end of the table sits Ben Johnson, receiving an appropriate lecture from the clergyman. Such is the distribution of the figures in this picture, which derives additional interest from the authenticity of the portraits, and which really does, in some degree, shew the effect of chiaroscuro, a quality marvellously difficult to discover in the Exhibition-room in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty! For such reason, therefore, and because the subject selected portrays an incident in the life of so great a man as the immortal tragic poet of Britain, one of the few subjects not absolutely devoid of interest, we willingly abstain from making any criticism upon some things in the design and coloring, which did not altogether please us. We would not omit to mention the “Hollyhocks” (411), by Mr. J. Holland, in the coloring of which there is much freshness and transparent lightness. We were delighted also with the “View in the neighbourhood of Ipswich—Moonlight” (410), by J. B. Crome.

“The Night Life Buoy” (412), by C. H. Seaforth. This picture represents the boat of an Indianman, with the crew in the act of hauling in the man who had fallen overboard, whilst another man (who is supposed to have jumped overboard to the assistance of his shipmate, knowing him to be no swimmer) is waiting his turn to be taken on board. This figure is introduced to show the manner in which a person holds on the buoy, whilst standing on the foot-plate. The ship is seen to have to, burning a blue light, to show her situation to the boat. In this piece the effect of the various lights is curious, and not altogether pleasing. But the difficulties of the subject are such, that although, in the opinion of a severe critic, the picture may not appear perfect, yet the artist evidently possesses considerable talent. Equally curious is the piece, “View of Moel Ali with a Hindostanee Dance, and the tame Tiger of Hyderabad, at the great annual procession to the Mohammedan Temples.” This is taken from under the celebrated banyan tree, which, by its dropping branches, forms a forest in itself (430), by W. Havell. The tone of coloring, which is full of spirit, the forms of the plants and of the human beings, every thing, in short, differs so essentially from the surrounding representations, that much interest and
curiosity is excited by this work; but we witnessed a considerable degree of risibility also excited by one poor picture, whitish, ashly, dry, ill designed, worse painted, cold, without the least idea of aerial perspective—without any semblance of pictorial art, “Saint Peter’s College (the dormitory), Westminster” (433), by G. R. SARGEANT.

At the commencement of this article we promised to devote some portion of it to the works by ladies; we now apply ourselves to the fulfilment of our promise, and with this we shall conclude our report upon the Exhibition.

It is well known that many women of antiquity were distinguished for their proficiency in the Fine Arts; amongst the most celebrated were Timarete, and the beautiful and noble-minded Olympia, who delighted in the representation of such facts alone as from their exalted character were worthy of eternal fame. Irene also was another, who young, lovely, and innocent, employed her pencil in depicting histories full of beauty and innocence. In subsequent times also, after the revival of the arts, women were not wanting who bore their part in the noble mission, which the painter and sculptor share with the poet and philosopher, of delighting while they instruct and ameliorate the human race. We have Saint Caterina da Vigri, who, considering the period in which she lived, has left some very tolerable paintings; Agnese Dolci, sister of the delightful painter, Carlo Dolci; Livinia Fontana, who in portraits rivalled Paolo Veronese; and Elizabetta Sirani, who sometimes equalled her master Guido Reni, and was buried in the same tomb with him. Among female sculptors we may name Properzia de Rossi, who died a victim to unrequited love; and the Princess Maria d’Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe, king of the French; and a hundred others who acquired a high fame, which is supported by living ladies of all nations. The barbarous and absurd notion that woman is incompetent to that which requires strong intellectual effort, is obsolete. It is now admitted that intellect is of no sex.

And here in England, where in the women intellectual power and physical beauty are so frequently combined, there are many of the fair sex highly worthy of distinction both in science and the arts. But our present subject restricts us to the mention of those ladies only who have devoted themselves to painting, and whose pictures are included in this Exhibition. We shall, however, impose no modification upon our sincere opinion; nor shall we permit ourselves to be influenced by that of others, but shall frankly express the simple result of an impartial examination.

“The Sisters” (9), by Mrs. W. CArPENTER, is a little picture very pleasing in subject, which makes us desire to see others by that lady, but of higher importance, and more carefully designed. “Une Paysanne Francaise” (38), by Mrs. Soyer, is a study that, with a little correction, and somewhat less of dryness, would serve well to be introduced into some larger composition.

No. 45, “View at Ventnor, Isle of Wight,” by Mrs. AArnold (late Miss Gouldsmith), exhibits considerable talent; and we have only to suggest the advisableness of always selecting points of interest for representation. The simple landscape may often be the scene of a picture, but should not be the picture itself. “Children at a Well” (75), by the same lady, displays much taste and interesting sentiment. The following lines from Gray’s Elegy aroused the spirit of painting in C. LUCY,—a name which, we are given to understand, has been assumed by a certain lady, Miss ——, who having delighted the world with her dancing in the galope, as well as by the music of her voice in La Cenerentola, “non piu mesta accanto al foco,” in which she displayed talent, spirit, and joyousness combined, seems to have retired to devote to painting the hours of gloom and melancholy thought—

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empires may have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy some living lyre.”

GRAY’S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

But although this picture (63) indicates talent to a certain extent, we should, nevertheless, prefer to see C. LUCY, or Miss ——, dedicating her thoughts to subjects of other character, and would recommend a closer study of aerial perspective.
The same suggestion will, perhaps, apply to a “A View near Subiaco” (68), by Mrs. S. Palmer. It is a pleasing picture, and not without local truth, but the aerial perspective, the vaporous atmosphere, seems to be defective.

No. 117 is an interesting little picture, by Miss M. Drummond, in which there is no want of talent, but the coloring is not good. We much admired, however, the sweetness of coloring, and freedom of touch, in the tender, graceful, attractive physiognomy of the study (194), by Mrs. W. Carpenter, to which she has affixed the simple title of “Female Head.” But we were not so well satisfied, in all its parts, with the style of the “Landscape Study” (213), by Miss A. Mitani, because it at once evidences both labor, and the effort to conceal it.

Had Noah’s Ark been visited by the Landseers, a family gifted with true genius in the Arts, and especially in the perfect painting of animals, we should have had likenesses to the life of its whole freight. “A Dog’s Head” (228), by Miss E. Landseer, will place this beyond all question. No. 238, “La Jota Aragonese,” by Miss F. Corbeaux, does not appear to us one of her best pieces, although it possesses a certain grace. We offer our warm congratulations to the lady whose imagination was attracted by the tender subject depicted in “Maternal Love,” (245), by Mrs. M’Ian. Here we see plainly how the Art may become a precious memento, a lesson of high morality. There is nothing more sublimely tender than maternal love, a love whose date is prior to the cradle, and which survives the tomb. The painting, also, is praiseworthy; and we are so much pleased with the subject, that we shall abstain from any severity of criticism. “A Young Lady at the Pianoforte,” by Miss E. Schmack. We consider this a very pleasing portrait, but there is a want of correctness of style. Design is the foundation of the art. We had the same impression of “Psittaca Alexandria” (271), by Miss Kearley. We thought more highly of another picture by the same Miss Kearley (445); the subject is from Chaucer’s poem, “The Flower and the Leaf.” A beautiful young lady in a balcony stands pensively watching the procession below of the knights and ladies going to a tournament. The coloring is feeble; but altogether it is an admirable little cabinet picture. The “Landscape near Windsor” (281), by Mrs. Lancaster, is a local portraiture, which wants not the merit of exactness. No. 346, “Reading the Scriptures,” by Miss E. Jones, appears to us a pretty thing, decidedly indicative of talent, but defective in style. “The Sacrifice of Alcestis” (395), by Lady Burghersh, is based upon the following stupendous lines taken from Alfieri’s translation of the Alcestis of Euripides—

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Ella, il fatal suo giorno
Tosto che vede a sorgere,
Con bel decoro sì reggiva.
All’ are
Innanzi pescia standosi, esclamava:
O Dea d’ Averno e mia, poich’ ivi scendo,
L’ ultima volta ch’io qui me ti prosto,
Supplicherotti, O Dea, che protetto trice
Sonnora tu degli orfani mi figli
Senti gl’ orecchi, &c.
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The picture is large (10 feet 6 inches wide, 7 feet 8 inches high), and the undertaking difficult. Alcestis, holding with either hand her two children advances, looking fixedly on the image of the divinity, while the child (in the first line of the picture), ignorant of the impending fate, with infantile attitude drags behind. The physiognomy of Alcestis is perfectly Grecean; the invention simple, and tending to the classical. There is perhaps a want of harmony, and of chiaroscuro; and the design is not altogether free from negligence. In a similar manner, “The Banquet Scene in Macbeth,” Act III., scene 4 (height 7 feet 7 inches, width 9 feet 4 inches), seems a subject exceeding the power of Mrs. Criddle; nevertheless the spirit and desire she displays are highly laudable, and instead of criticism, she ought rather to receive praise for her courage. A person of her talent will assuredly persevere in study, for study powerfully aids the development of genius.

Finally, we would scatter over the distinguished company of lady artists and amatrices, who have, in this Exhibition, so nobly united in the contest for fame—
we would besprinkle them with the flowers so tastefully painted in "Fruits and Flowers" (443), by Mrs. A. GAUGAIN. We should do it with greater pleasure, as flowers are the symbol of Paradise, and as, in accordance with the author cited at the commencement of this article, we class the ladies in the Scuola del Paradiso.

It only remains to say a few words upon the sculpture included in the Exhibition.

The specimens of SCULPTURE comprised in the Exhibition of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, amount to but eighteen in number, one of them being the model of a monument, which may be said to belong to architecture, and others consisting of little models in wax! In fact, the sculpture is really so insignificant in quantity, as to be utterly unworthy of being denounced a part of a celebrated Exhibition in the capital of Great Britain. Perhaps it is because sculptors, in whom England is rather rich than otherwise, object to exhibit their productions, on account of the want of a room proper for the purpose. We do not know, but such we suppose to be the reason. The present arrangements, at all events, seem very inappropriate, for many of the specimens—indeed most of them—are placed close together upon a table, in the same way as the Italian boys that come generally from Lucca, place their images upon a board which they carry on their head, and with it traverse the world. Add to which, the table on which the statues, &c., are collected in this British Institution, is planted against the balustrade of the staircase, so that it is not possible to pass round them. But since it is not in our power, by any length of reflections, to increase either the number or interest of the works of sculpture displayed, we will content ourselves with noticing those which would merit a worthy place in a good and veritable Exhibition of Sculpture.

No. 447, “Design for the Nelson Monument,” by E. H. Baily, R.A. This design is stated to have been honored with the Second Prize. At the base stands the great naval commander; on his left is represented the genius of Britain; Victory, his attendant, is seated on his right. At the back of the Obelisk is an emblematic figure of the Nile. Neptune, and the subordinate deities of the ocean, form a triumphal procession round the rock on which the monument is placed, thereby indicating that the victories of Nelson were as extensive as the element on which he fought.

We can readily believe that to this design was awarded the second prize, for the proportions are beautiful, and the whole effect glorious; indeed, we like it, in many respects, better than that which obtained the first prize, but which was miserably poor in invention. We may, nevertheless, be permitted to remark to W. E. Baily, R.A., to all Academicians Royal and other, as well as to the whole tribe of Artists that people the surface of the globe, that the world does no longer love these allegorical figures, these mythological tscopes, however much they may have been esteemed in an age more innocent, more Arcadian than ours. A monument, at the present day, bedecked with mythological ornament, will scarcely receive the meed of popularity.

As far as we were able to see, the “Study of an Infant’s Head” (449) by J. Dinhall, appears to be a work that affords much promise. The composition of “The Death of Lear, a sketch for a large model” (450), by J. Foley—

Edgar. He faints! my lord, my lord!

truly seems good; but we must wait to see the proportions on a larger scale, before we can form a decided judgment. “II Penseroso, in marble” (451), by T. THORN-ycroft, leaves much to be desired as to the character of the expression. “The Young Champion” (456), by T. Kirk, R.H.A., is admirably invented; the proportions are beautiful; the forms well selected; and if well executed in marble, will be a jewel. “Study for a Colossal Statue” (459), by E. Richardson, promises to become a monument worthy of Sir Walter Scott. The traits of meditativeon are excellently well expressed in the physiognomy. “Statue in marble of Christ Rejected” (460), by R. C. Lucas, appears to be good, but it is so unsuitably placed, that it is impossible to make the observations requisite to form an opinion. The same thing happens to many pictures of small dimensions, and therefore intended to be seen in a low position; they are by some inexplicable inconsistency placed at the

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top of the walls of the Exhibition. "The Statue of an Orphan Girl" (461), appears to be very sweetly imagined, and well executed by the graceful hand of a young lady: it is, in fact, the work of Miss M. Francis. "Dorothea, from Don Quixote" (462), by J. Bell, is a work in clay by no means deficient in grace of invention, and a disposition of outlines which pleases very much. We shall see the marble. Nos. 463 and 464 are two large statues in marble, representing in nudity the proportions of the female and male form. The artist merits great praise, as he seems to have, with masterly skill, combined in his works classic recollections, with the study of nature. The excellent artist of both these specimens is J. G. Lough, who is truly a master of the marble.

"The Captive" (463), which is a woman, naked, and with her arms bound to her side, seems a little too florid and plump for a captive; but perhaps she was recently made captive. We should think the artist had well studied the Magdalen of Canova. Is it so? The other number (464), is "David," and here, in the invention, we seem to behold, mutato nomine, Apollo complete, i.e. the statue of Apollo Sagittarius, "nota lippis et torsoribus," but always classical and immortal through its splendid beauty. Mr. J. Lough is an artist of great merit, and we heartily hope he may receive commissions that will call forth the whole power of his genius. To the wealthy we wish "mens sana in corpore sano," that they may prefer to encourage artists, and lay out their money on painting and sculpture, rather than on things of vain and transient luxury, and that they may long enjoy the contemplation of works of art, which they have caused to be produced, together with the pleasure always derivable to a noble mind, from the consciousness of being a Meccenas of the Arts.

Finally, we would urge upon the Artists not to be discouraged by the obstacles they encounter; not to suffer their minds to be seduced, or their energy to be relaxed, by the praises or honors they may receive. To modify and balance the influence of the two opposite forces—discouragement and elation—is the property of true genius. The aspirations of genius thus attain immortality. "Palaeces may be ruined, temples may be destroyed, but the works of genius are never lost. Man may neglect or spurn them, but God is their protector!"

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

MODEL OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.—We have had much pleasure in visiting this. It has been the occupation of eleven years in the life of an ingenious artist, Celestino Val, of Brescia, principal mechanician of the theatre of St. Carlo at Naples. We have minutely examined and compared many of the measurements, and believe the proportions to be perfectly preserved: the scale is one to a hundred. We strongly recommend a visit to this exhibition to all architects who have not had an opportunity of visiting Rome; those who have will need no recommendation of ours to enjoy the pleasure of having a representation brought before them revealing one of the few objects in the world of which we believe it may be truly said no man in beholding it ever turned aside disappointed, or ever felt that his expectations had been raised too high. To give some idea of the greatness of St. Peter's, let us mark the comparison with St. Paul's here in point of size:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>St. Peter's</th>
<th>St. Paul</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Extreme length</td>
<td>643 feet</td>
<td>510 feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transept</td>
<td>444</td>
<td>282</td>
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<tr>
<td>Height to the top of the Cross</td>
<td>458</td>
<td>404</td>
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<tr>
<td>Breadth of the nave</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height of the nave</td>
<td>146</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
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[THE COURT]
"But," said the Baroness, gravely, "doubtless there are instances of such things coming to pass."

"I hardly know," returned the Baron, of one so well authenticated as not to admit of doubt. There are many tales related, I grant you, enough to freeze the blood in one's veins; but upon inquiry I could never trace one to its source. There is no certainty in them; they are told of a dozen different families; the time, too, of the fulfilment of these marvellous prophecies varies a century with each relator; in short, I place no faith in them, nor could I think that you were so credulous as your manner now leads me to infer."

These last words the Baron pronounced with a smile, which, however, met with no counterpart on the serious face of the Baroness. She was vexed with herself for having betrayed a tendency to superstition, which her good sense had hitherto taught her to repress. On the present occasion she had unwarily been led into discussion on a subject about which, although extremely interesting to her peculiar turn of mind, she seldom conversed, from a fear of exposing the credulity she was conscious of indulging to that ridicule which she felt she might merit, yet without having in her own mind power to endure. Brought up from infancy in a remote German province, in an ancestral castle, under the superintendence of an aunt whose knowledge of the world was limited to the forest around her, and whose ignorant and uncultivated mind gave full credit to every superstitious tale, it is not surprising that the Baroness imbibed some sentiments of credulity, though she possessed a well-informed mind, and accurate judgment. At an early age she had been united to the Baron de Rerenvelt, a noble of ancient descent, whose very limited fortune, the mere shadow, indeed, of former possessions, obliged him to abide almost entirely in his ancient castle, situate in a remote and secluded part of the country. As time passed on, his good sense and elegant acquirements greatly improved the Baroness; but as by carefully concealing the weak points of her character she received no correction from the judicious Baron, her superstitious fears flourished more than ever, whilst the passion for romance was fed by contemplation and secret study. Just as she had finished reading a certain wild legend of a prophecy which had been fulfilled in its minutest circumstances, when, moreover, her mind was deeply impressed with the recollection of the tale, she was suddenly summoned to the presence of her husband. Irresistibly impelled to speak of that which at the moment occupied her thoughts, with full frankness she narrated what she had read to the Baron and a conversation thereupon ensued, in which his sceptical notions led her to affirm a contrary belief, with an earnestness, too, which greatly astonished him; yet still regarding her sentiments rather as fit subject for mirth than serious admonition, he laughingly said—

"I suppose you will hardly forgive me for allowing you to be mistress of my castle so many years and still leaving you in ignorance of a mysterious, obscure, and, I doubt not, terrible prediction relating to our family, which has, I believe, been transmitted from father to son from the first founder, though by whom uttered is buried in oblivion. I have never heard that the report has in any way been made intelligible; but you, perchance, would carry such good faith to its unravelling that you may be the person destined to fathom its mysteries."

The Baroness could no longer attempt to conceal her emotions of the importance she attached to this ominous prediction, and starting up, exclaimed—

"Is it possible that you have so long kept me in ignorance of so extraordinary a circumstance, and yet treat it as so insignificant a matter. I entreat you to show me this prediction, if preserved in written characters, else relate it to me, if it exists only in oral tradition. You will not refuse."

MAGAZINE.}
“Certainly not,” replied the Baron; “I have no such desire; but I am grieved to see you regard the wild ravings of some crazy hag, or half-mad dreamer, as likely to foretell the fate of so ancient a house as ours; for myself, at least, I have thought so little of the saying, that I solemnly assure you I know not where to seek for the MS.; yet am I ready to give you all the information I can on the subject; and, if you choose to rummage over the dusty recesses and chests of the library, far be it from me to forbid you. I remember hearing this prophecy from my grandfather; and from him I learnt that it had been carefully preserved for some centuries in the family archives. At my urgent request he produced it, and, as far as memory serves, it was contained in a very ancient looking cover, once splendidly ornamented, but then woefully tarnished. There was about it a fastening of three large and clumsy clasps, opening which, a single sheet presented itself resembling parchment, but what it was could scarcely be told, it was so greatly injured by time; on it was traced, in some extremely ancient character, a few lines apparently in metre, of which I could not make out a syllable. There were also several pages in a character of more modern date—attempts doubtless at explanation, or a translation of the prophecy, by men learned in ancient mysteries; as far, however, as I recollect, their interpretations did not agree, and my grandfather, who, to say the truth, seemed to attach no small importance to the subject, deeply lamented that the whole matter must still remain a profound mystery. The MS. was subsequently removed, and, although no doubt placed in some very secure receptacle, yet from that day I have scarcely thought of it.”

The Baroness who had listened with breathless attention expressed great disappointment, yet could nothing prevent her endeavouring to discover it; and her lord was rather pleased than otherwise that in the solitude of Rerenvelt she had found a pursuit to interest her.

It is needless to say with what anxious curiosity the search was begun, though the Baroness almost shrank from the undertaking, when entering the spacious library her eyes wandered over heaps of dusty volumes, large chests filled with mouldering manuscripts, and drawers into which papers and parchments had been thrust in the greatest possible confusion.

In vain she unfolded each separately; in vain she dived into each recess covered with dust and cobwebs; the wished-for volume eluded discovery. The Baron for some days good-humouredly assisted her, till weary of the toil and not being greatly interested, he relinquished the pursuit to resume his usual habits; and in chasing the wild-boar, and other animals with which the forest abounded, he passed those hours during which the Baroness was thus busied in the old and dark library of the castle.

It happened one day that fatigued and disheartened, whilst seated in the recess of a window, resting momentarily from her labours, she was revolving useless conjectures in her mind respecting the ancient prophecy, her son the little Earnest von Rerenvelt entered, leading his twin sister, Paula—“Why do you stay in this dull, dark room all day, mother,” said Earnest, “instead of playing and walking, as you used, with Paula and me. The sun is as bright and as warm as if it were quite summer, and I am sure there are already some flowers in the forest; so come along with us; pray come, dear mother,” he continued, pulling the Baroness’s robe to attract her attention; but as he marked her eyes fixed upon him with a look as vacant as if she did not observe him, he again repeated, “Mother, mother, what are you seeking for always? Let me help you, and Paula will help you, and when we have found what you want, you will come with us, won’t you?”

“I fear, Earnest,” said the Baroness, roused by his importunity, “you will not be very successful; but if you wish it, you shall look over the contents of this old chest in the corner, provided the dust do not smother you and dear little Paula. You must turn over all the papers carefully; and should you meet with a very old-looking little book, with three clasps, you will be a very useful little boy, indeed, for that is the thing I am giving myself so much trouble about.”

Little Earnest eagerly climbed up the tall sides of the huge chest, then helped his sister over, and they employed themselves for some time with great perseverance,
A Sketch after the German fashion.

turning over the heaps it contained, when Earnest suddenly exclaimed —"I have not found the book, but here is something very curious. See, mother, here is a little trunk in one corner with a lock; and here is an old key all over dirt and dust which I think will open it, but I am not strong enough to turn it."

The delighted parent stepped forward, and having with some difficulty unlocked the box, what words can paint her joy and surprise at seeing, safely concealed at the bottom, an ancient volume, whose appearance exactly corresponded with the Baron's description. There seemed, too, something strange and marvellous, that its discovery should be denied to her minute and careful search, and yet be accomplished at the first glance of Earnest, the heir of Rerenvelt. With mingled feelings of awe and curiosity, she withdrew the tarnished volume from its place of concealment, and kissed her son, whose fate she dreaded might, perchance, be traced in its mysterious contents. The Baroness having quickly dismissed the children, hastened to her own chamber to examine the MS., and to dive if possible into its mysteries. One peep, however, sufficed to shew that it was sealed to her comprehension. The characters were unlike any she had ever seen, and the fluid with which they were traced, were so pale through age, that the letters could be seen only by a strong light. There were likewise several other pieces of parchment, which, on inspection, proved to be the before-mentioned explanations and translations of monks and learned men. After careful examination, the Baroness at length selected two, bearing names of high authority, which, corresponding nearer than the rest, on these the Baroness fixed her attention, as most likely to give her some useful clue: they may be thus rendered into English—

"When the grim Black Raven lies in its nest,
Loving and close to the White Dove's breast,
Then let the Rerenvelts beware:
'Blood! blood! blood!' thus saith the seer,
And yet no mortal foe is near;
But the birds will droop, and the towers will fall,
When a shadow rests in their ancient hall."

The Baroness read and re-read those mysterious lines, but she could understand no more than that some dreadful fate hung over her house, which yet was so obscurely declared, that neither human wisdom nor foresight could prevent it. Sometimes it crossed her fearful mind, that from her son being so singularly the instrument of bringing it to light it might have some mysterious connection with his fate; but after hours of deep reflection, she could perceive nothing in its evidently figurative allusions particularly applicable to the young heir.

The Baroness hastened to obtain the Baron's opinion of those dark denunciations, but he owned his inability to fathom them.

Time passed on with but little change in the Rerenvelt family. The Baron pursued the chase with his usual ardour, and the Baroness remained as much at home as ever, brooding over the defaced characters of the ancient book, though the impression on her mind became daily fainter and fainter, as she saw how completely her utmost efforts were baffled to comprehend the meaning of them. As to Earnest and Paula, each year they grew more and more interesting and lovely, and with dispositions as kind and winning, as their persons were graceful and beautiful.

It was nearly three years from the time of the first conversation, when the Baron and his lady, seated at table at a far later hour than usual, for the Baron had till twilight been pursuing a wild boar, that their attention was suddenly arrested by a loud ringing at the castle bell. It doubtless announced the arrival of a visitor of consequence, for as they lived in great seclusion, they were seldom intruded upon without due warning, especially at so unseasonable an hour; they were, therefore, greatly surprised, and the Baroness somewhat alarmed. The arrival of the old seneschal with a letter soon, however, unravelled the mystery. The bearer, he said, remained without the castle gate, till the Baron should have read the packet.
and had time to return an answer. Thereupon the Baron, breaking open the wax which fastened the silken string, read aloud as follows:

"So many years have rolled away since Leonce von Wolfstein has met with Earnest von Rerenvelt, that he would almost fear to address him, did he not place implicit confidence in his former friendship, and judging the heart of Earnest by his own feel certain that he will with gladness seize the opportunity of complying with a request of the companion of his youth. On my own affairs, and why I have so long neglected to communicate with one I have ever loved and esteemed, I have not now time to enter. You may hear all you wish to know from the dear and valued friend to whose hands I commit these lines, whom, too, I am eager to recommend, for my sake, to your hospitality and protection. He is one of the most superior of men; but persecuted and oppressed by the country which ought to revere and cherish him, he seeks a temporary asylum, where, free from malignant observation, he may determine upon his future course. Certain of your active benevolence, of your tried friendship, I have besought him to receive from you that succour which, I am persuaded, you will readily grant him. A short period will enable him to rise above all the malevolent efforts of his enemies, but he will for ever retain the impression of your kindness. Farewell, my earliest friend, and esteem Zuverlein, as you once did"

"Leonce von Wolfstein."

When the Baron had finished this letter, his noble countenance glowing with fond recollection of his early friend, he hastily desired the Count Zuverlein to be ushered into the hall. It was a large and lofty room, was dimly lighted by one lamp in the centre and others placed along the walls at wide intervals, and these cast but a melancholy glimmer upon the heavy dark oak of which the chamber was constructed, so that when the large door was thrown open, the Baroness’s eager eyes could discover nothing but the outline of a remarkably tall person, enveloped in a dark mantle, clasped around his throat, and on his head a covering like a helmet, over which waved a high thick plume of the blackest feathers, which he slowly lifted from his head, and then replaced. As he stood in the gloom, with the faint rays of the lamps but partially falling on his figure, his appearance was so extraordinary, that to the eyes of the Baroness he looked more like aphantom than an earthly being, and an undefined feeling of fear led her to shrink from his presence, at the same time that she made a profound salutation. What added to the singularity of the scene was, that owing to the wind admitted by the unclosing of the castle gate, or to some other singular cause, a sudden rush of air whistled through the old hall, and the lamps flaring, and then changing to a bright blue, waved and quivered for an instant and then suddenly expired, leaving the party in darkness, excepting for the dull gleams that shot forth from the huge pine logs in the chimney. This accident was, however, speedily remedied, and the Count, yielding to the hearty welcome of the hospitable Baron, advanced forward, and after a little ceremony, took his seat at the table. As he placed himself there, a rattling sound attracted the attention of the Baroness; and the Baron inquired if his guest would not disarm himself, now that he was in perfect security. He declined, however, in a voice so peculiar, that the Baron and Baroness both involuntarily looked up to see if the other had observed it. "You will surely, Count," said the Baron, "allow me to ease you of this enormous helmet; after a long journey it must press heavily upon your brow." The Count bowed, and slowly lifting it from his head, yielded it to one of the attendants, who, not aware of its weight, would have dropped it on the floor, had he not been at the instant relieved by a fellow-servant. The arrival of lights at this moment enabled the eager Baroness to raise her eyes, and gaze upon her guest’s countenance. It was, indeed, the most extraordinary and singular that had ever met her gaze: with complexion pale even to wansness, lips totally colourless, large eyes, as if fixed and glassy, forehead and brow perfectly smooth, and cheeks fallen in towards the mouth, as visible with the dead. When addressed by the Baron, he answered in a low tone, as if conscious of its remarkably deep and hollow utterance; but there was something indescribably fascinating in his manner, and in the half smile which, for a moment, played faintly over his ghastly cheek. The Baron spoke of Leonce de Wolfstein, of their long separation, of his desire to be informed concerning his situation and pursuits, and the gratification he should feel if the Count would favour
A Sketch after the German fashion.

him with details when recovered from the fatigues of his journey. The stranger answered with a peculiar smile, that his journey had, indeed, been from a far country, but he entered not into further particulars. In vain was the table replenished for the refreshment of his guest; although the Count suffered the Baron to place viands upon his plate, yet he not only sent them away untouched, but he seemed to shudder as the odour of the meats and wines rose up in the hall. He even appeared to the curious gaze of the Baroness to grow paler and paler; but that might be the effect of the lamps, which, in spite of the trimming of the old butler, persisted in burning with spiral blue flames, flickering and quivering in the most unmanageable manner. The Baron himself, somewhat fatigued with his day's exercise and at a loss how to entertain his guest, who grew more and more taciturn and abstracted, early proposed that they should retire to rest, and the Count was accordingly shown to the chamber prepared for him.

After he had retired the Baroness made no remarks upon the singular demeanour of their new inmate; and the Baron himself also kept silence. Perhaps their feelings were too undefined even to themselves, and they were willing to await the effects of longer observation before they spoke. In the morning the Baroness arose with a sort of dread respecting her guest, and she shuddered as she entered the hall and found him already there. His tall figure was enveloped in his sable mantle, and he stood motionless in one of the recesses of the window, drawn up to the full extent of his remarkable height, with his arms folded, and apparently in deep contemplation. On the entrance of the Baroness he started, and advancing with slow steps, respectfully touched the hand which she courteously extended towards him. But what a hand and what a touch met hers! It froze her with its marble coldness; it was bony and thin to transparency, and yet the white skin seemed dragged over it with unnatural tightness. Again the very blood of the Baroness receded from her heart though she could not explain from what cause. After a moment's pause she invited the Count to the breakfast-table, and when she dared to lift her eyes to his countenance, it looked still more wild and peculiar in the bright light of the morning sun, than it had even the evening before. But he relaxed from his silence, and again the Baroness was astonished; she had never before heard such eloquence as that which adorned his speech. The simplest subjects became of interest; the richest imagery, the most poetical language flowed carelessly, as if he were unconscious of his superiority, and the voice which uttered them was at once the most fascinating and singular that ever struck on human ear. As if spell-bound, the Baroness listened, and as she listened, delight mingled with the awe with which this extraordinary person had so unaccountably impressed her, and she warmly expressed her hope, that he would find in her husband's castle the safe asylum he was seeking, and that he would look upon them both as most sincere in their wishes to serve him. The entrance of the Baron prevented an answer. The conversation, however, which had so enchanted his hostess was continued; and it was not long before she saw that the effect upon the Baron was the same as that produced upon herself. Accordingly the Baron's good-humoured countenance lost its gravity and expanded into smiles of delight, as the Count, with admirable readiness, suitting his subject to his hearer, spoke of the chase and the wild inhabitants of the forest, with a minuteness of detail which shewed his tact and skill. In short the Count completely mastered the prejudices of both, although in the mind of the Baroness, more especially, there remained some inexplicable feeling of awe, which served only to increase the intense interest he had excited.

Another circumstance in which her maternal vanity was concerned likewise contributed to increase the Baroness's favourable disposition towards him. Earnest and Paula entered the room, and no sooner had the Count perceived them, than the most singular change took place in his countenance. His wan cheeks flushed, the colour rushed into his white lips, his large glassy eyes moved quickly with animation, and his whole frame quivered as if agitated by some deep emotion.

"You love children, Count," said the fond mother, smiling; "these are my little twins, Earnest and Paula;" and as she spoke she led them towards him. She was not a little fearful that they might shew some reluctance to approach so singular
Zuverlein; or, the Prediction.

a being; they, however, on the contrary, quitted their mother’s hand, and, advancing, seemed to be as pleased and fascinated as their parents were. The Count, too, extended his bony hands and pulled them towards him with extraordinary impetuosity, whilst his countenance assumed such a remarkable expression of eagerness, bordering upon ferocity, as for a moment alarmed the Baroness. The Count, now suddenly arose from his seat, and apologising for the inquietude which the aspect of these beautiful children had caused him, bringing, he said, to his mind certain painful recollections, left the room, having first made his peace with the Baroness. It occasioned no little wonder to the Baroness that the sight of Earnest and Paula continued to produce a decided effect upon this singular person; they never approached him but the same alteration took place in his countenance with the same apparently convulsive efforts to retain them; but he as constantly restrained himself, and either left the room or retired to a distance.

The wonder of the Baroness (for the Baron was no acute observer) was also excited by the abstemiousness of their guest. He scarcely partook of the social meal, and when she ventured to remark it, he hinted at some religious vow which bound him to avoid eating in society, and said that he applied to the superintendent of the household for the small portion of bread which sufficed for his nourishment. This, upon inquiry, the Baroness found to be true, but she was also told that the scanty portion he demanded was often found untouched in his chamber, or scattered beneath the casement of his window.

It chanced one day, that the conversation turned upon the Baroness’s favourite subject, apparitions, and the power of foretelling future events, and this she had purposely introduced, because she had a strong desire to shew the old prophetic rhymes to one whom she fancied peculiarly calculated, from his almost universal knowledge, to explain their meaning. Their guest conversed about these mysterious subjects with reluctance, but it was evident to the Baroness that he inclined to give them full credence, and she was delighted that he attached great importance to them. When, therefore, she produced her treasured volume, and opening it asked him to peruse the characters and, if possible explain them, she watched his countenance, with almost breathless anxiety. As she fully expected, it underwent one of its remarkable changes, of which, fully aware, he seemed anxious to screen his face from observation, for stooping forwards he concealed his brow with his hands. Awhile pondering over the parchment with profound attention and then looking up with a smile of sadness and deep emotion, he asked if no light had ever been thrown upon the mysterious denunciation.

“None whatever,” replied the Baroness, herself in turn becoming exceedingly pale, for she felt as if the moment of explanation had arrived.

“I have divined a part,” resumed the Count, in a solemn voice, and a part is yet to me dark and inexplicable; but doubtless the time approaches, when every thing mysterious will be cleared away.

The Baroness, trembling with agitation, now eagerly exclaimed—

“Reveal to me what you know.”

“You know not what dread secret it is you wish to become acquainted with,” answered Zuverlein; “but,” and again the same horrid smile quivered over his deadly lips, “yet will you persist until I consent; I will therefore yield to your wishes. Mark well, then, the first lines of the prediction—

‘When the grim Black Raven lies in its nest,
Loving and close to the White Dove’s breast,
Then let the Rerenvelts beware.’

I marvel that words, thus clear in their import, should have eluded your powers of comprehension. Tell me, I pray, the distinctive symbol of your house.”

“A Raven,” replied the Baroness. “Do you not mark it sculptured over the portal, and wrought in stone along the walls of this very chamber?”

“Well,” continued the Count Zuverlein, “your son, Earnest von Rerenvelt, I hold to be designated under the figure of the grim Black Raven, the family badge; the White Dove is surely his sister Paula, described as plainly by the circumstance
of her remarkable fairness and gentleness, as her brother by his dark complexion and manly spirit. His lying in the nest by this gentle bird surely describes the peculiarly close connection between them; for if I understood you aright, you declared them to be twins."

"It is too true," replied the Baroness, weeping bitterly; "the prophecy must too surely allude to my own children. How could it happen that I never discovered what now appears to me so obvious. But I implore you, fathom also the meaning of the dreadful denunciation which completes it. Who knows but that watchfulness and precaution might avert their ill-starred fate."

"I have told you," replied the Count, gravely, "that it is not for me to unfold the mystery further. Nay, I may be completely mistaken in my conjectures as to the meaning of the first lines; and it will therefore be unworthy of your spirit to attach undue importance to an opinion, for declaring which, I surely have not sufficient grounds."

These empty words gave not consolation to the unhappy Baroness, who was now firmly persuaded that her own children were too surely pointed at by the terrible prediction, and neither rest nor peace longer inhabited her bosom. Nevertheless she kept from the Baron her own fears, as a profound secret, pondering in silence and solitude over her dreaded misfortune, too late, indeed, perceiving that the foreknowledge of misfortune is the bitterest curse, and that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

It was not now to be wondered at that the spirits of the Countess were often greatly depressed, her good state of health consequently broken, and that she frequently hoped to be released from this world's affliction before the sad issue of her children's fate. It appeared, moreover, as if they alone were not to be victims in this prediction; for about this time an extraordinary mortality occurred in the families of the Baron's vassals, under very singular and unaccountable circumstances. Fears were first awakened by the death of a young child, who had strolled into the neighbouring forest, in high health and spirits, to pick flowers. Alarmed at its protracted absence, the mother sought it and discovered it lying on a bank apparently in a deep sleep. But on attempting to rouse it, she was horror-struck at finding it lifeless. There was no disease, nor mark of violence. The limbs lay composed, a smile still dimpled the cheek, on which a lily hue had only displaced that of the rose which usually animated and adorned it. The next day the child of another peasant was found under nearly similar circumstances; and from this time scarcely a day elapsed without the Baroness being informed of the death of some little victim within the Baron's dominions. There were sometimes perceived faint traces of blood about the child's lips, but no wound of any sort to account for their fate. In vain did wretched parents confine their tender offspring within their own miserable huts. If they left them a moment to pursue their necessary avocations, if they fetched water from the spring, or went to collect a handful of fuel, that lapse of time was sufficient for the cruel hand of death to do its invisible work; for so sure was the wretched mother, upon her return, to find her sight greeted by the aspect of a lifeless corpse, instead of being cheered by the smiles of the gay little cherub she had so lately left. Thus then a cloud of gloom seemed to settle over the lands and towers of Rerenvelt, until the Baron himself began at length to catch the general infection. The Baroness, too wretched to take further pleasure in that conversation which had so lately delighted her, now passed her days chiefly in her own apartment with her beloved children; and the Count spent much of his time in wandering through the forest, from the earliest dawn of day till twilight, in solitary self-communion. During his rambles he sometimes met peasants and serfs who lived in and about the forest, and his remarkable form produced fear and terror upon their superstitious minds. They thereupon began, in some inexplicable manner, to link him with the calamities which befell their offspring; and no sooner did they set eyes upon his tall, dark figure, with plumes waving amongst the forest trees, than they avoided him as some unholy thing. To so great a pitch did their feelings of alarm carry them, that several amongst them went in a body to entreat the Baron that he would no longer shelter a being who, they were convinced, had some for-
Zuverlein; or, the Prediction.

bidden communication with the powers of darkness. Singularly enough, it happened that the Baron had, on that very morning, prevailed upon the Baroness to reveal to him the cause of her altered spirits and daily increasing dejection; and, acquitted with the reason, he had expressed, in no very gentle terms, his displeasure, as he termed it, at the folly of his guest, who had so unwarrantably embittered the happiness of her life by his own fanciful explanation of the prediction.

With this cloud of vexation on his mind, though he smiled at the superstitious fears of his vassals, he was not disinclined to join with them in their wishes that the Count Zuverlein would seek some other asylum, although his sentiments of what was due to hospitality, and his regard for his friend Leonce de Wolfstein, forbade his openly declaring his wishes. It chanced that same evening, as the Baron, his wife, and the Count were assembled in the old hall, listening in silence to a tremendous storm which shook the towers of Revenvelt to their foundation, the Count suddenly turned towards them, and declared that the termination of his visit was nearly arrived.

"I perceive," he sarcastically said, "that my presence is unwelcome; nevertheless, I am not unmindful of the hospitality that has been extended to me. Before to-morrow's dawn I shall be far away, for ere then my mission will be accomplished, and I must return whence I came."

At the conclusion of these mysterious words, he folded his dark mantle around him; and when the lightning gleamed fiercely through the windows, he looked yet more ghastly and terrific than on the night when he first entered the castle. The Baron, rather embarrassed at this strange turn of affairs, muttered some indistinct words but expressed himself more intelligibly when he pressed upon his guest offers of assistance and accommodation on his journey. These were, however, declined, and the remainder of the evening was spent by all the three in awkward silence and abstraction. In truth the night was not calculated to excite even the light-hearted to mirth. The storm continued terrific as before, nay, it even increased in awfulness: the pealing thunder cracked over the castle as if it would burst the very fabric walls—lightning illumined the sky in sheets of liquid fire, succeeded by the blackest darkness—whilst the boisterous hurricane dashed impetuous through the forest, tearing up, in its progress, trees of the largest dimensions, filling the heavens themselves with turmoil and confusion.

"The night wears on," remarked the Baron, "and though I fear we may not sleep in this war of the elements, I recommend that we retire to the solitude of our chambers." The Count hastily arose, saying, he should be far distant before his hosts were stirring in the morning; and again thanking them for the courteous reception they had given him, bade them both an earnest farewell.

The Baron and Baroness each now pressed him to delay his departure, for it seemed unlikely that the storm would have entirely subsided by dawn. Nevertheless he peremptorily though courteously declined, remarking that storm and sunshine were equally immaterial to him, saying which, he bowed profoundly, and, taking his lamp, withdrew to his chamber.

"It is strange," said the Baron, as he walked along the passage leading to their own apartment, "it is strange, Paula, that all this noise and hubbub should not rouse me from the drowsiness which oppresses me, but I am overpowered with sleep."

"I would I were so also," replied the Baroness, sighing; "but my spirits are more than ever depressed. What a dreadful night. Each moment seems as if these old towers would fall."

"Never fear," said the Baron, "they will last our time; ay, and our little Earnest's also, in spite of Zuverlein's wise discovery."

The Baroness shook her head and answered not. The Baron, extended on his couch, was soon asleep; but the Baroness endeavoured, in vain, to compose her mind, as she seated herself near the huge stove, alarmed at the violence of the still continuing storm, and thinking about the singular guest she should, probably, see no more. In the midst of these ruminations, she, too, imperceptibly sunk into an unquiet dose, from which ere long she awoke in an excess of terror she could not
A Sketch after the German fashion.

control, although she could not retrace, with any degree of accuracy, the visions which had disturbed her slumbers. They were, however, connected somewhat with her children, some danger seemed to hang over them, though it was but obscurely depicted to her mind; when, at that moment, the old castle clock struck-twelve, and its hollow tone piercing through the howling of the tempest, fell on her ears like a death-knell. She started from her chair, resolved to proceed to her children's apartment and satisfy herself of their safety. Cautiously she unclosed their own door that she might not disturb the Baron, and shading her lamp with her hand from the gusts of wind which swept along the passages, she went on her way to the opposite turret, which was occupied by Paula and Earnest.

The children, indeed, slept in a spacious chamber opening from the stair-case, and a door at the end communicated with another room, occupied by their attendants. The Baroness's first surprise was to find the outer door open, but a dead silence reigned within, and she supposed it had been burst open by the wind. As she entered that apartment she fearfully cast her eyes around, but the surrounding darkness was so slightly dissipated by the nearly expiring rays of the lamp, which flared fitfully on the marble table in the centre of the room, that nothing was clearly perceptible. But when her eyes grew accustomed to this state of obscurity, she perceived, indeed, a tall, dark mass leaning over the side of Paula's couch, and by the flowing sable mantle and waving plumes, she knew it to be Zuverlein! With a shriek that seemed to burst her heart, she flew to the spot, and with her eyeballs starting from her head, gazed upon the dreadful sight. Slowly he turned his livid face towards her; his glassy eyes shone with horrid animation, his lips alone were red and glowing, yet stained with large drops of fresh crimson blood.

"Know me now," he triumphantly exclaimed, and his voice sang through her ear like the funeral echoes in a vault, wilder, too, than the raving of the storm; "know me now for the fuller of thy house's destiny—"

'Blood! blood! blood!' thus said the seer,
And yet no mortal foe is near;
But the birds will droop and the towers will fall,
When a shadow rests in their ancient hall."

Behold that shadow, that phantom of the tomb, that demon of the grave, who, curst with ten thousand curses, rests not in the lonely sepulchre; but, sent forth by the power of evil, wanders over the earth to destroy. Yet on the mortal part alone I revel. Behold the last heirs of Rerenvelt, they lie lifeless and bloodless; yet their spirits I cannot control. They are gone where I am for ever excluded. Yet I have sucked the stream warm from the heart. Their destiny on earth is fulfilled!"

"Demon accursed!" shrieked the agonized mother, "Thou art, indeed, that terrible monster whose existence I could never even credit. Thou art that vampire, who, even in the tomb, delights in blood, and gorges on human victims." But she spoke to the air. A laugh of horrid power and wildness alone answered her. The demon had vanished.

Too surely did the long foretold destruction fall thus upon this unhappy house. Scarcely were the fair and lovely twins consigned to the grave, ere a similar fate awaited their unhappy mother; and the Baron, who in a state of extreme despair and sadness, had quitted the hall of his ancestors for a foreign land, with a view to alleviate his sufferings, perished on his passage over the seas. Thus disposed of were the whole family, when the ancient and deserted towers of Rerenvelt, as if instinctively following in the footsteps of general decay, fell a heap of ruins.

For such calamitous events the busy tongue of idle tradition sought out a cause, and it was said, that in the days long gone by, the early founders of that barony had been guilty of great and grievous crimes, and that this was a terrible expiation of the family offences; and the tongue of tradition handing down the same to each succeeding generation, the peasant wandering through the forest still points, with fearful shudderings, to the spot thus blasted and accursed by the presence of the Vampire Demon.

A. Bee.
THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY SEASON.

BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

THE BLOSSOMS OF SPRING.

How beautiful, how unattainable to the pencil of the most finished artist, is the flowery mantle cast by the hand of generous nature over smiling earth! The gay pasture and verdant meadow are redolent with dewy perfumes, and decked in all the splendour of opening flowers, exhibiting every tint of the most brilliant hues. The orchard, too, is full of promise; here hang the tender bouquets of the cherry tree; there snowy blossoms cluster so thick around the branches of the plum, as to render their support almost invisible. The apricot vaunts its covering of wild roses, the peach and almond trees smile in vesture of tenderest pink, while the apple's delicately-scented, and rosy-tinted flowrets, surpass all their surrounding compeers in varied loveliness. What an assemblage of beauty—what abundant promise—what hopes of a rich and fruitful harvest from this wilderness of bloom! Yet how many accidents may blast its early pride, and wither it in the bud! Who can foresee the sudden storms and chilling frosts that shall nip the young blossoms ere the work of fructification has begun? or how defend the ripening fruit from the inroads of the noxious caterpillar, which gnaws into the core, leaving the surface fair and apparently uninjured; or else protect it when swelling into maturity, against the bruising hail-shower, or the unsparing lightning-flash? Of all the countless millions of flowers which the eye loves to linger on—flattering the imagination with a fair and genial future—but few, very few, comparatively speaking, attain perfection; and it is a work of difficulty and vigilant care to shield even these from the accidents attendant on their culture;* but here also the goodness of Providence is manifest, in supplying this lavish display of the riches of nature, that some portion at least of the abounding spring may, despite all unforeseen misfortunes, be hereafter perfected for the use and enjoyment of creatures.

High-souled aspirations, and dawning hopes of youth, how closely do ye resemble the smiling season of the year! With what daring resolutions, and rash designs for the attainment of supposed happiness, do we not enter on the thorny paths of worldly life. The road to fame and honour is open to us: the glowing, but far-off prospect, stretching before our anxious gaze, lures us irresistibly onwards; and we feel as though we need but extend a hand to grasp the dazzling prize. Heedlessly we give ourselves up to the exciting fancies of youthful imagination, and, in every guilelessness of heart, think no evil of those whose characters are unknown to us, and fear nought from others to whom we have never offered injury. Proudly and confidently we enter upon the career which choice or circumstance leads us to adopt, while the brilliant reward which is to crown our efforts seems so nigh that we already fancy it our own—but, too soon, alas!, follows the bitter pang of disappointment! Unforeseen events, and other views, continually start up and impede our progress; sudden vicissitudes of fortune compel us to alter the first formed plan; falsehood and selfishness either destroy or place at a greater distance from us the wished-for goal. A thousand blighted hopes exhaust the enterprising spirit; crushed affections, wounded pride, and friendship basely betrayed, occasion mistrust and loss of energy; and 'tis well for that heart, into whose secret recesses the poison of evil principle has not worked its baneful way. At last, with rapid strides the race is run; and happy are they who, at its close, find themselves possessed of some of the mellowed untainted fruit of youth's early blossom. Praised, then, be that wise all-seeing Providence, which, in the moral as well as the physical world, dispenses its benefits with equal goodness and justice, implanting on the youthful mind those powers of action which enable it to stand against the storms of adversity, and finally to enjoy the fruit of virtuous exertion in as large a portion of temporal felicity as mortals are permitted so to do on earth.

* It must be remembered that many of these are transplanted from their native soil—children of a foreign land.—Ep.

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[THE COURT]
BIANCA CAPELLO;

or,

THE WHITE-AND BLUE FACTIONS OF FLORENCE IN 1578.

I. AN EVENING AT FLORENCE.

The clock of the ducal palace at Florence was on the stroke of eight, and the sinking sun, about to disappear within his pavilion of gold and crimson, shot his last slant rays over the city of the Medici. It was a bland and lovely evening, a gentle breeze whispered amongst the tops of the ancient chestnut trees in the square of the Pazzi palace, and played round the obelisk which, in the year 1564, had been erected by the proud hand of Cosmo I., to perpetuate the remembrance of the great battle of Marciano. Not only were the streets deserted and wrapped in gloom, but even in the Via Larga, and similar portions of the city, which ordinarily at that hour are thronged by a vast assemblage, there reigned a profound silence. Every shop was closed, as also the entrance to every dwelling. The balconies were untenanted by the elegant Florentine signorinas, who are wont, in light and coquettish costumes, to occupy those cool and prominent posts of observation, whilst gay promenaders in the open square exchanged with them their ardent tokens of recognition. In vain also would have been the search for the slender unrestrained form of the fair citizen maiden of Florence, in her scarlet satin spencer, silken mantle embroidered with Venetian points, and black velvet cap decked with bows of worked lace—maidens whose fortunes well nigh equalled those of noble dames, under a government which derived its main force and chief splendour from the protection jointly accorded to the arts and to commerce. From time to time, however, a few isolated groups of nobles were seen hurriedly crossing the street De la Scala, on their way, some to the ducal, some to the cardinal’s palace, as they respectively were partizans of one or other of the two factions which at that epoch divided Florence. Troops of men-at-arms and patrols of soldiers of the guard, traversing every quarter of the city, alone broke this gloomy silence, by the clash of their arms, and the measured tread of their footsteps. It might easily have been conjectured, from such unusual appearance, that the whole of Florence, terrified at the divisions of its chiefs, had shut itself up in expectation of some fearful crisis. A great event was, in fact, at that moment on the point of fulfilment in Tuscany—an event pregnant with the fate of Florence, and likely to cause the effusion of more blood, and give birth to greater crimes than the ancient long-continued struggle between the Medici and Salviati, the noble and popular factions. Angela Capello, daughter of Bianca Capello, duchess-regent, and Francesco de Medici, last grand duke of Tuscany, was on the morrow to be crowned in the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore.

Two gentlemen elegantly attired, and from wearing the collar of the order of San Stephano, belonging evidently to the first families of Florence, were at that moment walking together in the square of the Pazzi palace. The one celebrated for his talents, courage, and virtue, the Duke Città de Castello, had presided over the affairs of the state, under the reign of Cosmo de Medici; the other was Rizoldi, commander of the government galleys, the terror of the natives of Barbary, whom he had vanquished at Famagosta, Hippone, and Tarentum.

"How happy am I to see you once again, my old and excellent friend," exclaimed the latter, affectionately pressing the Duke’s hands within his own.

"I stand more highly indebted to chance than to yourself, for this meeting," replied the Duke; "for after so long an absence from court, and such entire abstraction from public affairs, I feared I might neither find at Florence a countenance I knew, nor a heart bearing remembrance of me—court friendships are of such brief duration.

"Deign to let mine prove an exception; 'tis as sincere and durable as if formed elsewhere. . . . But what weighty motive can have decided the Duke de Castello to depart from his voluntary exile, now of some years duration, to visit Florence on such a day as this?"

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"A letter from our youthful sovereign inviting me to the coronation festival," was the reply.

"I believe," exclaimed the cavalier, "that on the death of Cosmo I., you made a vow never to return to court?"

"Tis true," replied Castello. "I was not unmindful that the favorites of princes are rarely those of their successors . . . that the favour of a minister excites probably more jealousy, and deep intrigue, than the power of his master. . . . I knew, too, that a state prison proved not infrequently the recompense of those initiated into cabinet secrets, and that the slightest re-action might cause me to be incarcerated. . . . On the accession of Francesco, I quitted court, purposing never to appear there again."

Rifoldi smiled.

"The oath of a great noble. . . . Behold you here!"

"I ought to tell you also that another and . . . in truth a more frivolous motive brings me hither. At the decline of life, when the termination of one's career is at hand, the recollection of the past is the only delight of existence; then the mind experiences lively sensations of delight at beholding once more the theatre of our day-dreams, our fond pleasures, our first triumphs . . . . those places which formerly were witnesses of our grandeur and our power . . . and that fond phantasy of old age has not failed to influence my antipathies and my resolves. . . . But this happy occasion having led to our meeting, inform me of what hath occurred at court since I quitted it."

"Are you, then, entirely ignorant?" asked Rifoldi, in the greatest surprise.

"Positively, my friend. . . . I converted my villa upon the banks of the Arno into a secret abode, wherein the report of public affairs should not reach me; the receipt of news, and even letters, was strictly interdicted; in a word, politics and its wearisome cares dared not to cross the threshold of the door. . . . The information will therefore greatly serve me."

"I perceive," replied the cavalier, smiling, "that you have not entirely lost your courtier habits, and that before treading a stage, you are desirous of knowing the secret movements of the side scenes. . . . Well, then, you know, doubtless, that at the period of Bianca Capello's marriage with Francesco de Medicis, to secure her claims she had feigned to be pregnant, and presented, as her own son, the child of another?"

"Of that I was ignorant . . . but proceed. . . . Did the Grand Duke detect the fraud?"

"He quickly discovered it; but hating his brother, seized upon that occasion to place an insurmountable obstacle between him and the throne . . . . he adopted the infant and recognised it as his heir."

"And Ferdinand?"

"As you may suppose, did not behold his claims frustrated with impunity. . . . A few days after its adoption, the infant disappeared."

"Assassinated?"

"Even so."

"By Ferdinand?"

"No certain proof was ever acquired to implicate him, but conjecture was not idle. Every tongue accused him of the crime; Bianca herself was so convinced that he was the author of it; that from that time, her natural aversion to the Cardinal was changed into implacable hatred. . . . One year afterwards, the grand-duchess becoming really enceinte, gave birth to a daughter, whose birth was, nevertheless, kept secret."

"To what end?" inquired the Duke.

"Can you not guess? . . . From fear lest the cruel fate of this legitimate infant might happen to be that of the suppositious . . . assassination?"

"But since the birth of this child has been so carefully concealed, how happens it that you are aware of it?"

"Because it has ceased to be a secret: every one knows of it . . . for Francesco, when at the point of death, bequeathed the government of Tuscany to Bianca Ca-

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Bianca Capello.

... pello, as guardian of her daughter, whom he enjoined should at a fitting period be recognised... To-morrow the ceremony of the coronation will take place in the regent's palace, and the youthful Angela will be publicly adopted by the pregadi as a daughter of Saint Mark.

"But," said the Duke, "in what light does Ferdinando regard this ceremony?"

"He hath hitherto put restraint upon his feelings," replied the cavalier; "yet is there little doubt of his plotting some mischief. Since the imprisonment of his brother at Prolo-a-Caño, his palace has become the rendezvous of numerous discontented persons, whom the elevation and favour of Bianca Capello have made amongst all classes. The Cardinal, too, has rallied round his standard a host of vagabonds, notorious for debauchery, overwhelmed with debts, and destitute of reputation, who, in the end, belong to any and every party, ranging themselves unscrupulously under any banner, and fattening by the bloodshedding of relations!... I know, moreover..."

"All health to the signor excellcntissime Rifoldi," at that moment exclaimed a voice behind the cavalier, interrupting his revelations; whereupon a young man, attired with the most fastidious and ridiculous care, accosted the two nobles with a low bow.

"All health to the poet Torregiano, the favorite of the muses," replied the cavalier.

"Say, rather, the forsaken of the muses, amico mio. For these last ten days they have been aught but favorable... The gloomy shadows of Saint Mark's, whither I led them during my last visit to Venice have, it seems, weakened the link of their mysterious affection for me... But, by the Madonna Santa Maria del Fiore, behold me returned to the classic soil of the arts and poesy, and I hope fully to avenge myself upon them by the influence of kindred inspirations..."

Apropos of Venice, signor Rifoldi, would you have the model of the last fashion of hair-dressing?... They dress hair magnificently at Venice!"

So saying, the Florentine dandy doffed his cap, and allowed the waving curls to fall over the lace collar of his pourpoint.

"See, ..." he continued... is it not a noble and distinguished style?"

"Assuredly," said the Duke.

"Well! Messire... the celebrated Caducci, the inventor of this style of hair-dressing, to which he has given his name, and which blends grace with elegance, is just about to take up his abode at Florence. I have it, indeed, from his own mouth... and I am enchanted at it," pursued the poet with ludicrous exultation... "for, in good faith, noble signors, is it not humiliating to us Tuscan gentlemen to behold our sprigs of fashion, our luxurious princes, our kings of bon ton, wear their hair, that noble and magnificent ornament of the human kind, with the same negligence, the same simplicity, the same absence of art, of taste, of poesy, as the lazzaroni of Naples, the beggars of Rome, or the mendicant monks of the Camalduldes!"

"Your indignation is as natural as it is justifiable," the cavalier replied, as he used his utmost efforts to preserve his gravity... "But it grows late, and my duty summons me to the port. Adieu, noble pupil of Traversari, of Gentile Durbino, of Flavio Blondo!"

"Emulator of Pic de la Mirandola and Tasso," added the Duke.

"Say their rival, excellencies!" replied the poet, with a low bow.

And turning round upon his heel he walked away, apostrophizing in a loud voice and most emphatic manner—

"City of arts and poesy sublime,
Hail Florence!..."

"What an addled pate," said Castello, bursting forth into laughter so soon as the poet was out of sight.

"Every court must have its ape," replied Rifoldi, "and that sorry rhymster enacts the part to perfection."

And the two friends slowly descended the street Scalata. Having reached the Cardinal's palace, resplendent with the blaze of a thousand tapers, and before which...
a large array of military force was drawn up. Rifoldi, turning towards the Duke, pointed to a gentleman who was then ascending the palace steps.

"Mark you that man," said he; "'tis Count Orsini, the Cardinal's secret adviser and most formidable enemy to the regency. If it be true that there exists in the world a more active, resolute, and astute mind than that of Ferdinando, 'tis certainly in yonder noble. Descended from one of the most illustrious families of Tuscany, allied to the Medici by his mother Alphonsina, who married Pietro II. in 1512, haughty, bold, and enterprising, equally prompt to conceive as to execute his projects, born to enact the warrior on the field of battle and the statesman in the council chamber, a great, and perchance even an honest man, immoderate ambition has corrupted his original disposition, gangreened his heart, and debased his character, compelling him headlong into endless conspiracies, and keeping him ever in the paths of intrigue and revolt. That man's hand may be traced in every plot framed against the new government, and you may thereby imagine that the Duchess-regent has no greater or more terrible enemy than the Orsini."

The two noblemen, shaking hands with great cordiality, then separated; the Duke to pay his respects to the Regent, Rifoldi to watch over the security of the city.

II. FERDINANDO DE MEDICIS.

The Count Orsini, who, we have just said, was seen hurriedly ascending the steps of the Cardinal's palace, whispered the pass-word of Ferdinando's partizans, "Medici and Florence," in the ear of the sentinel who guarded the entrance, then crossing the guard-room and the grand hall of audience, he entered the private cabinet wherein the Cardinal Duke, seated in a huge fauteuil, with his head supported by his hands, appeared absorbed in deep meditation.

That man, the descendant of the illustrious house of the Medici, the founders of Tuscan liberty, who erected monuments of art unequalled by every other princely house of Europe—fostered throughout Italy, painting, sculpture, poetry, philosophy, and the classics; and also introduced to the world the greatest geniuses which have appeared in every branch of science, Julio Romano, John of Bologna, Michael Angelo, Gentile Durbino, Pic de Mirandola, Machiavel, Boccacio, Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, and Galileo—that man, we repeat, the heir of so many princes celebrated in war and peace, in government, in the arts, strange would it have been had he absolutely been altogether wanting in the characteristics of greatness, and that strength of mind peculiar to every one of his race. He had as much talent for government as can be possessed without political wisdom, as much pride as may exist without nobility of mind, as much courage as may carry the outward appearance of dignity and virtue. This Count Orsini, at the epoch at which this sketch commences, though only thirty-six years of age, was already decorated with the cardinal's hat. In stature he was above the ordinary height, and possessed a countenance remarkable for expression and energy; his features were wan, but manly. His fierce and haughty glance inspired either respect or fear at his own bidding, whilst the sinister smile that curled his thin lip, and the unutterable scowl of his dark brow, bespoke a soul above the weakness incident to humanity, and destitute of the softer sentiments of human nature. He was, as usual, unattired in any portion of ecclesiastical costume, but wore a secular dress, sword, and collar of the order of San Stephano, of which he was grand-master. Sixtus the Fifth, who then filled the pontifical chair, and who held the character of that prince in high esteem—for there were in many of its relations striking points of resemblance with his own—had authorised him to wear the laic costume, in the same manner as, some few years later, he authorised him wholly to abjure the ecclesiastic character and the cardinalship with which he was invested, in order to marry Christine, daughter of Charles of Lorraine and Claude of France.

At the noise made by the Count on entering, the Cardinal suddenly raised his head, and cast a dull glance at the favorite.

"Well, Count," said he, "what news? Hast thou seen the Duchess?"

"The widow of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, wife of Duke Francesco, your brother?" ironically asked the Count. . . . "I have not obtained that favour."

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Bianca Capella.

The Cardinal wrathfully stamped his foot upon the floor. "On my life, Count, this is an insult towards me, in your person."

"And the prelude," artfully added Orsini, "of what your highness may expect, if you be resolved to check them in the outset."

"You therefore think that extreme measures must be resorted to?"

"I think, my lord, touching the means, that the most prompt are the best, and the bolder the surer."

"In conspiracies, Orsini, prudence paves the way to success."

"But a timid prudence is, my lord, ever sure to bring with it ruin. Besides, you have no longer the power of choosing means. To hesitate is to compromise the success of your cause; to hesitate is irreparably to lose all, and to drag down along with you all the gentlemen who in your service have risked their fortunes, honor, and life!"

"But if I free them from their engagement?" coldly returned the Cardinal, playing with the jewelled order of San Stephano which decorated his breast.

"Free them from their engagements?" repeated the Count with warmth. . . .

"and what avails it? Think you the inexorable Bianca Capello will pardon them? Think you she knows not the names of her adversaries, and that her lists of proscription are not made out? Deem you, in fine, she's blind—that there lurks not in her mind some suspicion . . . . that she traverses the slippery path of conspiracy without feeling it shake beneath her step . . . . that she stands on the brink of a precipice, without being alive to its depth? . . . . But only, my lord, gaze around . . . . contemplate what you have to hope for, what you have to fear! Bianca Capello hates you with all the hatred cherished by your deceased brother; she waits but for the occasion to prove to you that she has forgotten neither your constant opposition, your scorn, nor your outrages! The preparations which she has latterly made, sufficiently demonstrate that it is her intention to reign as a despot, and that the ducal mantle shall shroud none other shoulders than her own. The presence of the old adviser of Cosmo I.—the Duke of Istria—at Florence, affords sufficient proof, if any were wanting, of the line of policy she would pursue, and the deeds of vengeance which will signalise her advent to power! . . . ."

"All your fears seem to be but too likely to be realized, my lord Count," replied Ferdinando; "but in the struggle in which we are about to engage, have we sufficient warranty of success? . . . The populace . . . ."

"The people are like the courtiers and the bravi, my lord! . . . . They belong rightly to those who pay them best. . . . A little gold, and many promises, and the people are ours!"

"It may be so," replied the Cardinal with a smile; "but can we say so much for the nobility—vain of its privileges, desirous of the legitimacy of the rights of sovereigns, whom interest, affection, and party-spirit, firmly attach to the fortunes of Bianca Capello?"

"The nobility! . . . Create the counts dukes, cavaliers counts; promise to appoint your officers to commands; ambitious statesmen to posts; bestow crosses upon the fools, and gold upon all. . . . Then will the nobility be in your favour, as well as the people! . . . And what fortune will equal yours, if you succeed! . . . The cities of Pisa and Ferrara recognise your power; Venice awaits only the first bursts of insurrection to give to it her sanction; Padua will open her gates to you, and you may then, in a manner worthy of a Medicis, follow up the alliance with Christine of Lorraine, that constant object alike of your wishes and your policy. You may do more, my lord," added the Count, imprudently, "you may restore to Tuscany her honour, her liberty, her independence, so strangely compromised by the scandalous yoke which the imbecile weakness of your brother has imposed upon her, by bringing her, as a conquered province, under subjection to the tyrannical and ambitious policy of the court of Spain!"

So saying the Count seated himself, and fixed an enquiring look upon the Cardinal, as though he would have read in his face the impression his last words had produced upon his mind, but he saw nothing in his eye save the resolute calmness of a resolution irrevocably taken.

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"The prospect which you have shadowed forth to my mental vision is assuredly a cheering one," replied the Cardinal, after a momentary silence. "Your expectations, I well know, are well founded; your views wise, high-minded, noble, but my determination is taken, and ere I sully my cause by the commission of another murder, I will clear up my doubts. . . . I will gain an interview with the Duchess-regent. . . . I will learn what are her plans and projects. . . . and woe to her if she content not herself with the title of sovereign!"

"Then woe, indeed, to her, my lord!"

"Silence! . . . here come your partisans."

The door of the Duke's private cabinet opened as he spoke, and gave admittance to a crowd of gentlemen whom personal interest, ambition, a turbulent spirit, or equivocal position in the state, had gained over to a faction from which there had been promised—to some posts and dignities, of which the new government had deprived them; to others the regaining of that wealth which had been expended in the debaucheries of a corrupt court, and which, in short, opened to all those who attached themselves to it, a career of honor and power. Amongst this retinue there figured several members of the first families in Tuscany, and who had acquired in the service of the state a brilliant and well-merited reputation. There were but few exceptions worthy of a better cause; these were the persons of the Albuzzi, Tor-buani, Leon Sforza, Piccolomini, Savonarola.

The Cardinal advanced a few paces to meet the conspirators, and after motioning them to seat themselves around him:—"My lords," he began, in a firm and assured tone of voice, "the time for temporising is past. Florence, a prey to intestine dissensions, the sport of every factious breeze, impatiently sighs for that order and tranquillity which a strong and paternal government is alone capable of providing for her. To-day shall Tuscany choose between Bianca and me, between a bastard power, usurped by craft and baseness, and the firm and glorious power of a prince, whose ancestors have governed Tuscany during three centuries. 'Tis for you to decide, noble signors, whether you prefer to become vile tools to a woman's caprice, or the companions of the dangers, the fortunes, and the glory of a Medicis."

"We are yours to the death!" replied the conspirators, placing, with simultaneous movement, their hands upon their sword hilts.

"'Tis well, 'tis well! I expected not less, as well from the love you bear your country as from your devotion to my person. My lords, the place of rendezvous is the hall of state. . . . to-morrow, at two o'clock. . . . let each of our adherents repair thither, in order that at a glance I may know our strength and mark well my adherents. . . . The rallying token will be a bow of blue satin worn at the wrist. . . . Let our friends know this. . . . If I offer my hand to the Duchess on quitting the hall, you will strike her upon the steps of the altar. . . . If I give not that signal, beware of attempting her life. . . . Powerful reasons will then constrain me to change or else defer the execution of our projects."

Taking from the table several packets sealed with his arms, he then placed them in the hands of the conspirators:

"Count Piccolomini. . . . bie you, on quitting the palace, to the arsenal. . . . you, Marquis Leon Sforza, to the Santa Maria barracks. . . . My lord the Duke, to the port. . . . there promise, to the merchant-men, in my name, immunity from toll. Albizzi, you will take the command of the city force. . . . The silk tax shall be abolished. . . . announce it to the merchants. . . . Each of you shall retain his post and dignity when we have gained the victory. . . . Adieu, noble signors; the grand duke of Tuscany will not be unmindful of any the slightest service rendered to Ferdinando de Medicis.

At these words all the conspirators bowed respectfully to their chief, and after having taken the oath for faithful execution of his orders and the sacrifice of every thing to ensure success to his cause, they defiled before the guards of the Cardinal's palace, repeating their pass-word—"Medici and Florence!"

III. THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

The great hall of the ducale palace shone resplendent with every thing beautiful

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and luxurious which wealth and love of the arts had, in the persons of the first Medici, brought into that quarter of Italy. If the fairy descriptions of Ariosto and Tasso were founded beyond the imagination of the poets—a pendant and a type in the world of reality—assuredly it was to be seen in the ducal palace of Florence on the day of the coronation of Angela Capello. The ducal throne, powdered with golden eagles, armorial bearings of the grand-dukes of Tuscany, was surmounted by an immense canopy of white satin, raised in the form of a dome, and sustained by two pillars of the Doric order, of the finest Carrara marble. Small benches covered with crimson velvet beneath Venetian tapestries of embroidered silk, of elaborate and finished workmanship, were allotted to the members of the different departments of the state, and at the lower end, elegant tribunes hung with scarlet draperies, flowered with gold, were raised upon the second story for the reception of the ladies of the court and such of the privileged citizens who had obtained the high favour of being present at the ceremony of the coronation.

Against the walls there hung in long parallel lines, in the order of their respective accession to power, portraits of all the Medici, from the venerable Cosmo, the greatest citizen who had ever raised himself in a free country, to Lorenzo I., (surnamed the Magnificent by the gratitude of the artists of his age). The members of that warlike and illustrious race, thus represented in their war panoply and chivalric attitudes, presented to the imagination an array as imposing as it was formidable. It seemed as though they were there to protest unanimously against the elevation to the throne of a female, who, without possessing the heritage of their name and their blood, would nevertheless inherit their crown and rank.

Celebrated throughout Italy for her beauty, her intrigues, her vices, and her ambition, Bianca Capello had exercised, during the inglorious reign of Francesco de' Medici, an absolute sway over the state affairs. She was the daughter of Bartolomeo Capello, one of the most distinguished gentlemen of Venice, and niece to Grimani, the patriarch of Aquila. Her family was connected by numerous alliances with the highest nobility. Seduced at the age of eighteen by a young Florentine, Pietro Bonaventuri, who engaged in commerce at Venice, she thereby brought upon the proud nobility of her country the unheard-of disgrace of a well-born dame abandoning her paternal roof to follow the fortunes of a poor, obscure, and despiseful adventurer. Being presented, in 1576, to the grand-duke Francesco de' Medici, the latter became desperately enamoured of her, caused her to be declared a daughter of San Marco in 1579, by the Pregadi, and espoused her in the year 1581. From that period the influence of Bianca upon the government was direct and permanent, and, in the council, interposed a balance of power against the cardinal-duke Ferdinando de' Medici, her rival and mortal enemy. Therein she displayed a talent for intrigue, a spirit of dissimulation, a loftiness of conception, and a firmness of character little to be expected from the course of her early career. In a word, Bianca Capello acquired throughout Tuscany, in an incredibly short period of time, a celebrity equal to that of some few women recorded by the historian, who, by turns, were either the glory or the reproach of their sex—such as Joan of Naples, Isabeau of Bavaria,* Blanche of Castile,† Elizabeth of England,‡ Christine of Sweden, and Catherine de' Medici.

The members of the executive government had not yet been admitted to the great hall. The Regent was still unseated, invested with all the insignia of sovereignty, and wearing the ducal coronet upon her head. An aged man, with snow white locks, wrinkled brow, and stooping gait, stood in a respectful attitude before her. Attired in the garb of the servitor of the Duchess-regent, he presented one of those marked specimens of the Italian cast of feature—a countenance full of strength and character, the Ausonian model of which is exhibited in a few of the rare and sublimer limnings of Salvador Rosa and Michael Angelo.

After a brief silence, the Regent turned towards the old man and extended her hand towards him, which he kissed respectfully as he stooped to take it.

"I have just embraced my beloved daughter," said she to him ... "'tis the high-

* See the Lady's Mag. for May, 1833. † In progress. ‡ See Lady's Mag. July, 1836.
est happiness left me! . . . Ah Pietro! my good and faithful servant, what a debt of gratitude do I not owe you, who have preserved her hitherto from every snare and every danger! . . . You shall never more quit my child . . . you shall follow her steps everywhere . . . at all times and seasons you shall watch over her like a father . . . for the murderer of her brother watches also . . . and . . .”

She did not finish her sentence, for turning round, her eye caught the cold and impenetrable gaze of Ferdinando de Medici. At the unexpected sight of that man, whom she most hated and most feared of any living being, Bianca was unable to repress a gesture indicative of terror—she started with an exclamation of surprise; but Ferdinando, without appearing to remark the Regent’s emotion, uncapable before her, and in a singularly calm tone of voice—

“I was anxious, lady,” he said, bowing low before her, “to be the first to present my homage to you.”

“A neglect, courtesy,” replied Bianca, ironically, “to which I am so much the more sensible, seeing that you have rendered me wholly unaccustomed to it.”

“I know, lady, that up to the present time neither that concord nor that confidence has existed between us which I could have desired. Unjust suspicions on your part, prejudices, probably ill-founded, on mine, have contributed to keep alive this unhappy feud. But all private differences ought now to give way for the welfare of the state . . . and your personal interests . . . your future career of power . . . you understand me . . . is it not so?”

Bianca answered only by a bitter smile.

“I will, then, endeavour to explain myself more clearly,” pursued the Cardinal. “A powerful state to govern, malecontents to hold in restraint, perchance the opposition of enemies, are pre-occupations of too weighty a character for the mind of a youthful princess to whom the path of pleasure presents so many attractions . . . the death of my brother, moreover, has aroused the hopes of slumbering factions, the disaffected daily multiply, ambition is abroad on untiring wing, and it is to be feared that of numerous pretenders . . .”

“In my right dwells my strength, my lord, and I care not for other power.”

“A false maxim, lady! In politics force constitutes right—yet may you never learn this by rude experience!”

“Is that prediction or menace which your eminence has deigned to offer me?”

“Neither the one nor the other . . . simply a word of advice which I venture to give you.”

A momentary silence succeeded.

“I said,” rejoined the Duke, in the same frigid tone of voice in which he had hitherto spoken, “that to repress the attempts of the factions, and shield the crown of your daughter from the dangers by which it is environed, there is need of a firmer authority—an arm more potent than a woman’s . . . Methinks you have need of support, and I have come to offer you mine.”

An angry gesture was here unintentionally apparent on the part of the Regent.

“Yours!” . . . she haughtily exclaimed; but in an instant recovering herself, she replied, in as composed a manner as she could assume:—“But, admitting that I consent to reign only in name, bethink you seriously that that power, in passing into other hands than mine, may equally become one day dangerous to my daughter’s cause as to myself.”

“It would cease to be so,” replied the Cardinal, “if it were confided to a man of a rank sufficiently elevated and of name so illustrious as to hinder all doubts of disloyalty on his part!”

“Youself, for instance, my lord Cardinal; is it not so? Because you have to up to the present juncture seen me more occupied with my own pursuits of pleasure than with the affairs of state, you deem me incapable of holding the reins of government? . . . Because I am only a woman, you believe me unable to command men? . . . Undeceive yourself, my lord; from to-day I am Regent of the duchy of Tuscany; I will govern and govern alone; for which I need neither the support of your name, your experienced counsels, nor your disinterested protection.”

“Bianca Capello forgets,” haughtily replied the Cardinal, “that to the whim of
my brother she alone owes that throne to which my birth calls me, and that I am Ferdinando de Medici!

"The Grand-Duchess of Tuscany will prove in fitting time and place, alike to friends and enemies, that she remembers her of the past, my lord Cardinal!"

At this moment a chamberlain entering, announced that the different members of the state requested admission to her presence.

"Give them entrance," exclaimed the Duchess, whilst Ferdinando, leaning against one of the columns of the ducal throne, maintained a threatening silence.

Now advanced in succession, in their fitting order of precedence, the proctor of the Doge, the president of the senate, the orators, the members of the senate and council of two hundred, the provost of the merchants, the provost of marine, the knights of the order of San Stephano, and the different orders of nobility. The greater number of the latter, wearing a bow of blue satin upon the wrist, proceeded to range themselves around Ferdinando, and formed an imposing majority, at the head of which figured the Count Orsini, Piccolomi, Ludovico Sforza, Albizzi Tor-nabuoni and Don Garcia. The nobles, adherents of Bianca Capello, decorated with a white scarf, the badge of the Regent, ranged themselves on the left of the ducal throne, under the guidance of Riboldi, of the Duke de Castello, J. Machiavel, son of the celebrated historian, and Caducci, son of the famous gonfalonier of that name, who, yielding himself up as a sacrifice for the good of his country, was beheaded in the year 1539. The poet Torregiano, who never declared himself exclusively for any party, although a gentleman of the highest lineage—preserving a prudent neutrality in all quarrels, and boasting of preferring the poetic heritage of the Traversari, of Giannozzo Manetti, Marsio Ficino, Aretino, Flavio Blondo, Benedetto Accolti, to those of the Sforza, Piccolomi, Capponi, Porti Carrero, and of all the Tuscan knights, cased in steel from top to toe, who had by turns defended and overthrown Italy, from the time of the great Cosmo downwards—Torregiano, be it known, on the present occasion, had wisely ensconced himself upon a raised platform standing apart, where, with arms folded upon his breast, legs carelessly extended, and eyes fixed upon the ceiling, he seemed embodying the ordinary and favorite inspirations of his muse, to be drawn from the scene that was about to be enacted before him, for the subject of some future poem or sonnet. When all the members of the state had taken their stations, the proctor of the Doge advanced to the foot of the throne, bowed low before the Regent, and amidst the deepest silence of both parties—

"Grand-duchess," said he, "charged by the republic of Venice to recognise in your most serene Highness a daughter of San Marco, I come in its name, and in that of the senate of Florence, to lay at the foot of your throne the homage of our fidelity."

"I thank your excellency for the assurances you bring me, in the name of the state of which you are the representative," replied Bianca, rising. Then taking from the hands of one of her ladies of honour the young Angela Capello, a lovely child of four years old, whose rosy countenance, delicate features, and long golden tresses presented a living embodiment of one of Raphael's sweetest cherubs, she raised her in her arms, and presented her to the nobility. "My lords," she exclaimed, in a firm and unhesitating voice, "I place under the protection of heaven and your good swords my daughter Angela Capello, legitimate heiress to the Duchy. Tis amongst you, relying upon the strong arm of the Florentine nobility, that I shall seek refuge with her"—and, as she spoke, the Duchess cast a significant look at Ferdinando—"if ever those who, by their birth and rank standing nearest to the throne, should attempt its overthrow by abusing the power they have received for its defence!"

The Regent had scarcely finished speaking, ere loud acclamations on the part of the white faction caused the vaulted dome of the hall to ring again, whilst, as if by an electric movement, all the nobles who composed it drew their swords, placed their plumed caps upon the points of their blades, and raising them above their heads, shouted "Viva Bianca Capello! Viva Angela Capello!" "Florence for Capello!"
Bianca Capello.

The Regent, evincing great emotion at these stormy demonstrations of loyalty, accompanied as they were by other passionate tokens of personal attachment, turned again with a smile of satisfaction and gratitude to the assembled nobility; but her astonishment and terror were great, when, on casting a glance around her, she remarked that all those wearing the blue satin bow, and the entire body of the knights of the order of San Stephano, comprising more than two-thirds of those assembled in that imposing scene, stood silent and motionless, with their eyes fixed upon Ferdinando. A feeling of undefinable terror, the foreboding of an impending catastrophe, at once seized upon her mind and heart. For the first time Bianca saw all she had to dread from the members of a faction who had just given her such public proof of their indifference and contempt, and the idea occurred to her of postponing the coronation ceremonies till another day, in order to take additional measures for the safety of her daughter and herself; yet it was but a momentary thought; she was of a character too firm and resolute long to remain under the impression of fear. With measured steps she descended the steps of the throne, and gave orders for the advance of the procession towards the cathedral.

Ferdinando, who during the whole of this scene had remained calm and silent, as though indifferent to what was passing around him, made one step towards the Duchess, at the same time presenting her his hand.

"Permit me," said he to her, "to claim an honour which belongs to me...

your hand, Duchess!"

"Must I then really accept of your support, my lord Cardinal?"

"As far as the foot of the altar, Duchess!"

The procession then began to move.

"What a touching reconciliation!" exclaimed the poet Torregiano, laying his hand upon the arm of the Duke de Castello. "Think you not with me, your excellency, that a scene has just been enacted before us furnishing the subject for a poem worthy of Tasso?...

"And a drama worthy of Machiavel!" replied the Duke, taking his place in the procession.

IV. THE FIFTEENTH OF FEBRUARY, 1587.

A large muster of military force had been drawn up within the precincts of the cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore. The whole regiment of guards and several companies of militia lined the exterior approach, whilst within a double line of gentlemen extended itself in parallels from the pillars of the porch to those of the nave. Citizens, merchants, children and aged people of all classes, of which latter women formed the greater part, all eagerly anxious to witness so unusual a spectacle, blocked up the space left free by the armed forces and the nobility. A few menacing countenances of the conspirators were seen here and there mingled with the crowd—throwing a dark and ominous tint across that varied and brilliant picture. Neither reigned there amongst the dense masses of that motley assemblage of citizens, merchants, men-at-arms, and nobles, that air of unanimity, nor that noisy ebullition of exterior gaiety with which the populace are ordinarily accustomed to welcome such ceremonies. It seemed as though a secret presentiment, a vague apprehension, one of those prophetic torments which always precede the great crisis of a nation’s existence, like that hush of the elements which precedes the grander convulsions of nature, had seized upon the minds and hearts of all present. The aged remembered with a shudder, that under well-nigh similar circumstances, at the same hour too—and in that same cathedral, during the preceding century, without respect to the sanctity of the place, the factions of the Pazzi and the Salviati had drawn their swords against the Medicis, and deluged the flag-stones of the ancient sanctuary with gore. The women even, with imprecations upon their own eager curiosity, vainly essayed to clear a passage for themselves and their children through the crowd, with a view to reach the lower end of the nave in order to secure a retreat in ease of accident. The attitude of the two rival parties, and more especially of the two great actors in that scene, the Duchess-regent and the Cardinal, was in nowise of a nature to quiet the apprehensions of the multitude. Bianca Capello looked calm, but excessively pale;
Bianca Capello.

holding her daughter by the hand, she cast around her a haughty glance, in which, however, despite all her habitual hypocrisy and strength of character, she was unable to dissemble a marked expression of inquietude. The countenance of Ferdinando betrayed neither the emotion of fear, the shame of defeat, nor the pride of triumph; cold, impassive, impenetrable, he alike defied remark or conjecture. The aspect of the youthful Angela Capello alone diffused a gentle and poetic tinge over the gloomy elements of that threatening horizon. Simply attired in a white robe, calm and fearless amidst the agitation of that anxious assemblage, the grandeur of all that varied pomp, she smiled sweetly in the frowning faces of those armed men who were so speedily to turn the points of their weapons against her innocent breast!

Now was the holy service ended. The Archbishop of Florence had just taken the crown from the altar, and was about to place it upon the brow of Angela Capello. The Duchess-regent, who had not relinquished hold of her daughter’s hand throughout the ceremony, was in the act of bowing reverentially with her before the prelate, when the Count Orsini, who had posted himself almost immediately behind her, dashed suddenly between those who intervened a few paces forwards; which movement placed him between the Duchess and the Cardinal, and ere any one present could perceive his design, and arrest him in its execution; with a blow, swift as lightning, he plunged his dagger up to the hilt in Bianca’s breast, and flung the dripping weapon aloft amongst the crowd, as he shouted, with a firm and sonorous voice, “Death to the Capello!”

Struck below the right breast, the Duchess instantly carried her hand to the wound, and rose up for an instant, all bleeding, before the multitude, and then fell senseless upon the steps of the altar.

The terror which at that moment assailed every spectator, the clamour of the men-at-arms, the shrieks of the women and children, together with the surprise, horror, and stupor of all, formed one of those scenes which, to attempt to describe, were almost a hopeless task. All order was at once broken through. Every mother grasped her child in her arms, and, laden with that precious burden, sought some outlet for escape. By a similar movement, the same instinct, and a like hope, the mass of the populace who thronged the interior rushed towards the door of the edifice; but too densely compact to effect so hurried a movement, that terror-stricken multitude was hurled to and fro by the conflicting impulse from various parts of it, and all those who were unable to sustain that horrible shock were, in the twinkling of an eye, either suffocated, or trodden to death under foot. At the same time all the nobles belonging to the Bianca faction drew their swords, shouting, “Treason!” whilst from the four corners of the temple the numerous voices of the conspirators answered those isolated shouts, by “Viva Medicis! Death to the Capello!”

Thereupon began one of those frightful massacres which, with ensanguined characters, sully so many pages in the human history, disgusting the sage and the philosopher with those men whose lives, in their dreams of ambition, grandeur, politics, exhibit these as their ruling passions. There being room neither for attack nor defence, neither means of retreat—compelled, too, to fight and conquer, or die on that spot whereon the sword was unsheathed from the scabbard, the whites and blues fought with all the rage of wild beasts, and literally, during the space of several hours, were hewing each other like hewers of wood in some mighty forest. It was a foot-to-foot struggle, the duel of man to man, more hideous from the narrow space which hemmed in the combatants, and the fury of the two factions, as well as by the disparity of their numbers, and by the sanctity of the place in which that atrocious drama was enacted. In a short space of time, piles of bodies strewed the pavements of the ancient edifice, and torrents of blood escaping from every issue, too plainly told terror-stricken Florence, that the vile passions of men had just given birth to a new enormity.

No one, however, during the horrors of that sanguinary conflict, could gather tidings of the fate of the youthful Angela Capello. In vain did the conspirators devote all their energies in the most active search. Notwithstanding every enquiry, it was impossible to discover the slightest trace that could afford a clue of what had
become of her. Several present were, however, heard to affirm, that during the heat of the fight they saw an old man, with a white beard, bearing an infant in his arms, preceded by two nobles of the Regent's party, who, cutting a way for him through the crowd, quickly disappeared beyond the church porch. Investigation then terminated in nought else but these vague indications, so that it was never positively known whether the youthful Angela had been saved by a friendly hand, or had perished in the struggle.

Two hours subsequent to this scene, Bianca Capello, extended upon a sofa in the ducal palace, whither she had been conveyed by a handful of faithful adherents, was expiring with pangs of dreadful agony. The Cardinal-duke attended by his suite had just entered the hall of state; but whether from shame or compassion, or the wish to hold himself aloof from the dying imprecations of his victim, he stayed his step as he was about to enter, and imposed a significant gesture of silence upon the nobles who surrounded him. The aged Pietro, with death-like countenance and eyes streaming with tears, knelt near the Regent's side and sustained her livid head between his trembling hands. "O great Heaven!" exclaimed the dying woman in a voice well nigh inarticulate from pain,—"spare my sufferings!... What terrible tortures!... the infamous wretches!... they have stricken me to the very heart!... To die!... to die!... so young!... a queen too!... and a mother!... who will watch over my babe!... Oh! 'tis a dreadful fate!... My child!... my child!" she added abruptly, as though some sudden thought now again struck her with heart-rending anxiety, and essaying to rise, she joined her hands in the attitude of prayer to those around her;—"Oh! for mercy sake... have compassion upon a poor dying mother!... tell me what hath befallen my child!"

"She is saved!" replied the old man in a low voice.

"Saved! saved! on thy eternal salvation," she earnestly asked, "is my daughter saved?"

"Truly so, on my eternal salvation!"

"Then I can die content!"

At this moment she pointed to the Cardinal-duke, who, having paused at the end of the saloon, was conversing in a low tone with the nobles of his party: "Pietro," added she, grinding her teeth, in a fresh fit of impotent rage, "Pietro... look... there... there, that man still pale from crime... there... behold my murderer!... Farewell!... watch over Angela... Farewell!... Vengeance!... Vengeance!"

"Justice!" replied the old man, in a solemn voice.

At that moment the door of the hall opened, and the count Orsini spoke in a loud tone to the Cardinal—

"Will his highness deign to show himself upon the balcony... the people collected in the square of the palace demand with loud cries to see their sovereign." Bianca heard these latter words, and her pride—greater than ever, even at that last moment of agony and death, her very pride gained the mastery. By a terrible effort she raised herself upright, exclaiming as she extended her gore-stained arm towards the count, and shouted in accents in which all her rage and despair were commingled—

"Traitor, thou liest!... There is but one sovereign here... 'tis I... I, duchess de Medici... I command you to stay!... Ah!..."

The Cardinal advanced with his suite towards the sofa, on which the Regent had that instant expired, and for a brief space silently contemplated the pale and bleeding form of Bianca Capello, then striking his hand abruptly upon the Count's shoulder—

"Now," said he, "am I indeed Grand-duke of Tuscany!"

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Opera. Torquato Tasso. By Donizetti.

We noticed this opera in our periodical last year; nevertheless, we shall make a few additional remarks upon it, and principally respecting the music. The Torquato Tasso, as regards the poetry of Ferretti, possesses some good dramatic positions and some poetic passages; it is interesting also as a history of the misfortunes of the greatest modern epic poet. Donizetti wrote this music some years past, and as it was performed in many theatres, availed himself of it by adapting some portions to other operas subsequently composed. In Lucrezia Borgia, therefore, we meet several reminiscences of this opera; and the piece called Cabaletta, that is, the last melody of a song, of lively movement, which changes measure, and is frequently repeated, the Cabaletta of the duet of basses in the Marino Faliero, is found ad literam in the finale of the first act of Torquato Tasso.

Although the music is not of a highly studied character, yet there are some portions of remarkable beauty; particularly the Adagio in the last duet of the Second Act, the Aria of the Second Act sung by Don Gerardo, and the Third Act, which, indeed, consists wholly in the Rondeau of the bass, is very excellent, in many parts we may say sublime. The choruses are graceful, well invented, and the instrumentation good; they were also tolerably well sung.

The orchestra is good, and with the exception of being too loud, which destroys the effect of light and shade, performed well. The scenery and dresses are terrible. We will now pass on to the vocal performances.

Mademoiselle De Verny (Donna Eleonora d'Este) considering she is French, it will be easy to understand that her style is French, that is to say, she finds difficulty in the Italian musical accentuation. Her pronunciation is extremely defective; her voice rather harsh than sweet, thin rather than full; and somewhat imperfect in its intonation. Sometimes, however, the public applauded, when to us Mademoiselle De Verny seemed upon the verge of being out of tune; we conclude thence that our ears are too exacting and severe.

Signor Riccardi (Tenor) has a sympathetic voice, and his falsetto is very sweet; but his manner is a little extravagant; it is, therefore, difficult to give a just account of him; for in some passages we heard him with considerable pleasure, and in others with absolute pain. As a singer he cannot endure much labour, although his appearance is so robust. Lablache, jun. has still much to accomplish before he can bear comparison with his father; nevertheless, his progress is evident, and he studies—two things which afford good hope of an artist. Signor Lablache contributes much, however, to the success of the opera Torquato Tasso. But the honours, the triumphant crown belong to the truly excellent bass, Signor Coletti, who most admirably sustains the character, and sings the rôle of the protagonist, Torquato Tasso.

Coletti is a young man of good personal appearance, possessing a fine voice, clear, modulated, powerful, and equal in its whole extent; his gestures are good; his deportment noble, and his acting always appropriate. Signor Coletti can restrain the full torrent of his voice, and, on every fit occasion, can adopt the piano; and sings with perfect clearness even his highest notes, which are re, mi, fa. In general, also, he sings the Adagio in a truly excellent manner. We are not personally acquainted with this young artist, but we would intimate to him that in the opinion of a certain severe critic, when he sings A Mezza Voce, the pronunciation of his words is not sufficiently distinct. Signor Coletti's best pieces in this opera are the Recitative of his Sortita, that is, of his first appearance upon the stage; and the concluding Duetto of the Second Act. To us he seems a fine vocalist, and unusually great
Her Majesty's Theatre.

A dramatic artist, when, in reply to the Duke, who threatens him with imprisonment, declaring that he will cause him to be thought mad, or out of his mind, he says:

"Il senno è don d'Iddio,  
E se l'Iddio non me'l toglie; il senno è mio!"

When in the Third Act Coletti puts forth his whole power, he certainly showed himself a really good actor, and an excellent singer; and afterwards in the Cabaletta, when he displays all the force of his voice, he excited general and well-merited enthusiasm. The continued acclamation of the public to Signor Coletti, are a guarantee of the justness of our report. Each evening he has been called upon to repeat the Adagio of the Rondeau, and had the honour of being summoned upon the stage after the opera, to receive the encouraging applause of the audience. In Her Majesty's Theatre, London, as well as at the Theatre Royal, Lisbon, where also he was highly applauded, the public has treated him with justly deserved favour.

La Sonnambula.—Madame Persiani, whose superiority obtains universal and enduring admiration, made her appearance on Saturday, 14th ult., upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. The reiterated and long-continued applause with which she was received, are proof that the select and fashionable assembly at the theatre, as well as the public in general, preserve most enchanting recollections of this celebrated and true gem of the musical world.

The ever-welcome opera, and so full of the sweetest beauties—La Sonnambula—by our most valued friend, the pathetic composer Bellini, was selected to display again the magic enchantment of the voice and eminent talent of Madame Persiani. Although arrived but the preceding day, and consequently fatigued with travelling, she was, as usual, truly admirable, and in style perfect. But we must give some particulars respecting the artists who sang with her. The tenor, Ricciardi, appeared, as he generally does, timid at first; nor did he please us very much; nevertheless his Aria was received by the audience with applause. In the duet with Persiani, Ricciardi's execution was tolerably good; and his singing in the Sextet contributed much to the success of that most beautiful concerted piece, which, by both the vocalists and the orchestra, was executed with wonderful skill.

Signor Frederico Lablache, a bass, sang the part of the Count; and in the popular air, "Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni," &c., he really merited much greater applause than he received. But young Lablache has to contend against the remembrance of Tamburini in the same part; and also the desire of hearing in it the admired Coletti!

Mademoiselle Ernestina Grisi sang her part very appropriately; but, judging from this and the opera of Torquato Tasso, and from what we heard last year, we cannot tell whether Ernestina Grisi will ever far exceed mediocrity, which, to artists, is not the aurea mediocritas of Horace.

But what pieces did Madame Persiani excel? Truly we cannot decide, for in all she sang most beautifully. We lament that Signor Ricciardi could not sing with Persiani the famous duet, "Son geloso del Zeffiro erzante," &c., which she and Rubini performed so enchantingly. But in her celebrated final variations, Alle gioie ed al contento, &c., Madame Persiani was inimitable. All that can be imagined of difficult in the chromatic scale; all the most difficult gruppi and fioretti, modulated with the degree of perfection that might be looked for from a first-rate artist; all, all was sung and executed by Madame Persiani in a manner beyond praise. In giving the passage,

"Della terra in cui viviamo,  
Ci facciamo un ciel d’amor."

the melodious sweetness of her tones converted the whole theatre into "a heaven of love."

Of the first given ballet, "Les Pages de Vendôme," we shall not speak, because we do not think it worth notice; but "The Gipsy," the second, pleased us more.
Her Majesty's Theatre.

Fanny Elssler, that fascinating dancer, performed a beautiful pas à deux with M. Mathieu. But when the corps is complete, we purpose noticing both the dancers and the dances. The season has commenced; concerts, opera, and other festivities, will not leave our pages without some materials of interest or amusement; and we shall give faithful reports, interspersing occasionally anecdotes, and other varieties connected with operatic music.

Madame Persiani, of whom we have written above when alluding to La Sonnambula, seems to us, as we have already stated, perfection—the personification of the poetry of song—and we had hoped to have the gratification of hearing her, as announced, in Beatrice Tenda, an opera of Bellini's, but a painful indisposition prevented her appearance, and the new opera is consequently delayed. We are therefore compelled to defer the pleasure we had anticipated for our readers, in a description of new manifestations of the pre-eminent powers of this admired Prima Donna.

We have spoken also of that superlatively charming dancer, Fanny Elssler; but we cannot sufficiently express the delight she afforded us by her dancing in La Tarantella. The grace she displays, the steadiness, the agility, all is wonderful. She is not a woman, but the veritable Goddess of Dancing. How exquisite it would be to see a pas à trois by Fanny Elssler, Peppina Ceritto, and Maria Tagioni! All would imagine that the three graces had made a rendezvous here in London. Dancing would then have displayed its

Ne plus ultra.

SONETTO FROM PETRARCH.

GLI OCCHI DI LAURO.

Thrice blessed be the year, the month, the day,
Thrice blest the season and the joyful hour,
And the fair spot where first I felt the power
Of those sweet eyes that now inspire my lay;
Thrice blest the first sweet tremor of my heart,
When Love first bound me with his silken chains:
Blest be the arrow, blessed e’en the pain,
That to my soul could dreams so bright impart;
And blessed be the words, the prayers, the sighs,
Breathed forth in calling on the loved one’s name;
And blessed be the tears that fill my eyes;
And blest for ever be the page of fame
To whose bright leaf my eager spirit flies
To trace those thoughts that fill my heart with flame.

E. E. E.
Prophet of the Caucasus; an Historical Romance, by Edward Spencer, Esq. Whittaker and Co.

A noble style, original matter, and great, though untutored strength, distinguish this romance. Little skilled in the technical habits of fictitious composition, these volumes will give more pleasure to those who have admired the author as a tourist writer on realities, than to the mere novel reader. Whilst perusing many of his brilliant and dramatic scenes, clothed in unaffected yet powerful language, for a moment we thought that the loftiest departments of fiction were the proper aim of his genius, yet this singularly-excit ing work has in it too much learning and research for a romance, and is too eloquent and poetical for topographical history. The scenes want concentration and a fixedness of purpose either as romance or as history. Our author draws characters and plans scenes of the greatest interest, and then wanders from the persons on whom our attention is powerfully fixed to others, who in turn are dismissed in the same abrupt manner. This arises from want of experience in the business of story telling. Were the author to peruse the ‘Mutilated,’ a long story, in former numbers of this magazine, by X. V. Saintine, he would readily perceive how a talented writer, intent upon detail, step by step leads the reader to a knowledge of everything of which he intends to acquaint him. Mr. Spencer has every material for excellence, but this want of apprenticeship to use his tools, prevents him from putting his work together with a business-like style. We regret that he did not work up his materials into a history of the ‘Conquest of the Crimea, by Catherine and Potemkin,’ for it is certain Europe has never before received such information on this subject as is now presented; and it is as certain that this information will be neglected by the romance reader, and for the worst of all possible reasons, because its basis is truth; so also by the reader of reality, on account of the interwoven portions of fiction. Earnestly, therefore, do we recommend our author, now he has satisfied his wish of drawing the noble and extraordinary character of Elijah Mansour, as a hero of romance, to write a true history of the wild and wondrous in which he figured, retaining of course all the translations of genuine poetry with which the volumes are studded. The Circassian tribes of gallant warriors being still in a state of defiance and resistance to the Russian autocrat, renders the subject of the present work attractive, not so much to romance readers as to those readers who have been pleased with our author’s former excellent productions, which have placed Mr. Spencer deservedly high amongst topographical historians; and to our taste there is no higher or more useful class of authorship.

The prophet is Ali Jah Mansour, commonly called Elijah; though styled a prophet, he has no tricks of prediction or soothsaying, but merely exercises the power of a strong mind over minds that are weak. He is, indeed, a noble pattern of a hero, and wherever he appears the page glows with a very fine effect of noble and skilful diction.

The plan of the work we cannot describe better than in the author’s own words:

The whole of the characters introduced in the work are historical; and if we have in one or two instances substituted fictitious names, it has been done in deference to the feelings of their descendants. With respect to the Empress Catherine, Joseph II. of Austria, Abd-ul-Hamed, the Caliph of Turkey, the rival Khans of Krim-Tartary, Selim and Chahyn, Prince Potemkin, Suworoff, and the other Russian generals who figure in our work, their characters are already traced in the ever-enduring pages of history; and if we have made them hold converse and act their part in our drama, we have endeavoured to preserve the peculiarities they severally exhibited through life, and in no instance have we outstripped the bounds of moderation. Those who are acquainted with the history of Krim-Tartary
at this eventful period, will do justice to the accuracy of our statements, so far as regards the dark and mysterious machinery employed by Prince Potemkin for effecting the ruin of the Tartars, the overthrow of their empire.

The Prophet of the Caucasus, Ali-Jah (Elijah) Mansour, the hero of our tale, long the terror of the Cossacks, and the hope of the Turks and Tartars, must be pronounced, when we consider the magnitude of the power against which he had to contend, the inadequacy of the means at his command, to be one of the most remarkable men of his age. Not only do the Turks and Tartars, but even the Russian historians, concur in representing him as a man of very uncommon powers, both mental and physical. Acquainted with many of the European and Asiatic languages, conversant with the arts and sciences of the Western nations, he was regarded as a supernatural being by the illiterate children of the East; and so brilliant were the people as to spread the fame of his piety, so verified by the event his predictions and warnings, as to induce the Caliph of the Faithful to invest him with the dignity of Scheick, High Priest, and Prophet of Allah. With the aid of the talismanic power of science, he foretold to his wondering followers the revolutions of nature, the portentous appearance of comets, the eclipse of the sun and moon, and calculated the distance of unnumbered worlds from the earth. He read the character of the people among whom his fate had thrown him as he would a book, he was the mainspring of their actions, the engineer that directed their movements, the prophet that predicted the fate of battles, which, being planned by his powerful mind, guided by his own hand, and aided by the indomitable bravery of his followers, the accuracy of his calculations enabled him to look forward to success as a certain result.

In many instances we prefer the fiction of Mr. Spencer to the far-famed pages of Hope and Morier: the moral is far superior to both, but he cannot connect a story with equal skill.

Here is an instance of our author’s success in comic and sprightly passages:

Among the most distinguished officers attached to the court of Chahyn Gherai, was General Suworof, afterwards so famous in the Russian wars, and who, at this time, filled the office of general commando of the Khan’s forces. The rough soldier, animated rather with the rosy fluid he had taken at the table of the ambassador, than by any vivacity of temperament, his natural disposition being morose and sullen, on quitting the hospital board, mounted his horse, and accompanied by two of his aides-de-camp, bent his course along the banks of the Dijournouk-Sou. He had not proceeded far from the town, when one of his companions descried an arabat: a species of covered waggon, in which the ladies of the country were accustomed to take the air.

“So,” exclaimed Count Gleboff, a thoughtless lively youth, “here comes a cage full of pretty birds. What if we open it, despite the black scarecrows that surround it? Ho! by all the saints! it appears, from the dress of the attendants, to belong to the Light of the Faithful! his most glorious majesty, king Khan; no doubt his warblers are among the rarest of their species.”

“By the holy St. Ivan! I agree with you, Gleboff,” returned the general with a chuckle, intended to be a laugh; there surely cannot be much harm in a Giaour looking at the pretty captives; besides, it will be a charity to treat the poor things with a sight of three fine young fellows like ourselves.” Notting, with a sarcastic grin, to his companions, who, like himself, with the broad, hawk-like, harsh features, and yellow complexions, had certainly as little of beauty in their persons, as courtesy in their manners.

The originator of the frolic, finding himself thus outmanoeuvred by his chief, rode up to the attendants, and, in the Tartar language, commanded them to stop. The eunuch slaves, afraid to disobey any mandate issued by their military tyrants, instantly complied with his arbitrary behest. After withdrawing the silken curtains of the ararat, the discourteous knight, in language somewhat too peremptory to be called a request, announced to the fair travellers it was the pleasure of his companions and himself that they instantly unveil.

Whether the possessors of pretty faces in Mahomedan countries are glad of a reasonable pretext for showing them, or whether this bevy of beauties were determined to make a virtue of necessity, we cannot presume to decide; but certain it is they did not manifest as much reluctance as modest Islamic ladies ought at the violence offered to their veils.

“Now, by St. Catherine and the sword of my father!” exclaimed Suworof, with a loud laugh, “the cowardly Khan is a better gallant in his harem, than a soldier in the field. Truly that pretty wench in the purple jacket, I could find in my soul to relieve him of the cost of maintaining. Zounds! what a valuable toy she would be to bribe Potemkin to my views and interests.”

“Pretty one, tell me thy name?”

The nymph of the harem replied by a word which Suvorof and his companions vainly endeavoured to pronounce.

“As God is my general, and the empress my mother,” cried the general in a pet, “what a name the pretty heathen has got! but, never mind, I will discover thee, my
rose, even in the inmost chamber of the Zenana.

Then, without farther ceremony, he proceeded to tear a small portion of the embroidered veil worn by the object of his admiration, whose dark eyes, very naturally, flashed most angrily at this impertinent proceeding.

However, woman-like, when the Muscovite chief, with much apparent devotion, kissed the fragment, and placed it in his bosom, the clouds of indignation gradually passed away from her countenance; in truth, it were a pity that either sorrow or anger should ever shade such a face, since nature does not often mould a being so singularly lovely as this favourite of the Khan. Her companions she had probably selected for the same reason that painters and authors shade a picture, to make the lighter parts appear still brighter; for their broad Mongol features were pronounced by the volatile officers to be seen to most advantage beneath the ample folds of the yashmak.

We cannot further pursue Suvorof’s adventures with this Light of the Harem, which will greatly divert the reader: Suvorof’s character is one of the best drawn and best sustained in the work.

We sincerely recommend this publication (which we are loth to call a romance) to our readers, wishing they may derive the same entertainment, and gain as much information as we ourselves have, from its perusal.

**Insurrection in Poland.** By S. B. Gnrowski.

The great struggle for freedom which took place in Poland, during the year 1830, is one of those grand and striking European epochs on which the eyes of the world will long be intently fixed, and on which future historians will dilate with intense interest. But there is a marked difference between the contemporary historian who records the facts and events which have passed under his own observation, and the general historian who reads and collates the evidence of all the witnesses who have offered their testimony on the subject.

The general historian ought to delay his work till human prejudice and passion have died natural deaths—till the cabinets of princes have been thrown open, and private correspondence and private intrigue made public—then it is his office to read, mark, and compare all that time has unveiled, and to sum up the whole even as a judge sums up evidence on a trial. The business of the contemporary historian is to give true record on all matters on which his individual observation has been concentrated; he is like a witness on a trial, where evidence is taken, as far as his personal knowledge goes, but as it is impossible that one pair of eyes can see—one pair of ears can hear—or one pair of hands record the simultaneous doings of some millions of men, all in a state of excitement, it stands to reason, that, for the sake of truth, the testimony of several contemporaneous witnesses is desirable, whenever an epoch replete with great national events has occurred.

Thus we read Gnrowski’s present history with the more intense interest, because we have previously read the clever detail of the Polish struggle for independence, published by one of his compatriots, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, totally different as those are in their views of subjects and characters. Others engaged in the same great struggle will, we hope and trust, contribute their links to complete the grand chain of historical evidence furnished by witnesses of these deeply-moving scenes; for instead of superseding each other contemporaneous historians infinitely increase the value and interest of each other’s publications. Who would care to watch a trial where but one witness was examined? Would that Polish patriots had thus held the pens of ready writers in the former noble struggle, under Kosciusko;—of what infinite value would two or three historical records like the present have proved now!—but if the Polish heroes of the last century had made the progress in intellect that their sons have done, in the present age, Gnrowski would have had a different strain of events to record, and there would

"From Fate’s dark book a leaf been torn, And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

Gnrowski opens his work with a view of the government and conduct of Constantine, for some years previous to the rising of the Polish patriots.

The character of Constantine is one on which all the authorities are seen unanimously to agree. Our present author has touched off this half-crazed barbarian writer, with no littleskill and spirit.
The barbarian who had professed to have neither mind, nor capacity, nor strength, to govern the Muscovites, and whose neck,* as he himself said at Dresden, was not strong enough for being tamed in St. Petersburg, found himself all-sufficient for oppressing fifteen millions of Poles, and probably only because he did not tremble for his life amongst them. He was, indeed, said to love them; but it was with such love as children feel for the toys which they amuse themselves by breaking. Poland, sacrificed for the security of Russia, became at once his appanage, his prey, and his sport. In other countries, despotism may be systematically and logically exercised; in Warsaw it was the result, partly of system, and partly of Constantine's aberration, caprice, and temper. An inhuman tyrant, possessed of exalted genius, may revolt, but he does not degrade his subjects. He may rouse their intellect, and stir up their spirit of revenge; but he does not debase their national character. But the endurance of a harlequin, with a field-marshal's staff, dreaming of craft and despoticism, as a satire on the sense and courage of the sufferers. Such was Constantine. This persecutor of students and of Jews, this terror of degraded women, with whom he often quarrelled, and ordered them to shave their heads,—this spy, trembling and suspicious, listening with a thousand ears to the low whispers, to the loud complaints, and to the secret councils of the nation,—this executioner of soldiers, whom for a button fastened contrary to regulation, a false step in march, or an ill-adjusted knapsack, he deprived of honour, liberty, or life;—this architect and gaoler of state prisons;—this distributer in person of blows and stripes;—this doubtful, intermediate point in the hierarchy of beings, placed on the confines, where the brute race ceases, and the human begins, half-man, half-monkey, in whom the Asiatic physiognomy, Kalmuck features, bristle eyebrows, flattened and turned-up nose, and hoarse and stilled voice struggled for mastery with some few traces of the European countenance, and a studiously polished manner; this type of the savage of Muscovy as propagated under the Tartar rule;—this incarnation of her spirit, institutions, and history, ruled Poland for fifteen years. Perhaps destiny would not or dared not push further this irony of fortune. What the hat of authority placed upon a staff was to the countrymen of William Tell, such was Constantine's, with its white feather, to the Poles. For fifteen years were they doomed to bow to this hat, unless warned in time by the rattling of his carriage wheels to escape in all directions.

Let it not, however, be supposed that his despotism was without a plan, and a deep one. His pleasure, like that of the fiend, lay in the moral ruin of good men; and his business was to convert honest patriots into ruffians, and to degrade any man, distinguished by chivalrous deeds, by integrity, by talent, by civic merit, into a member of his household,—a loiterer in his anti-chamber. His modes of effecting this object were various. Some were dishonoured by public insults; others, by a show of special favour. Some were imprisoned—others marked with ignominy, or exposed to the ordeal of public contempt. To shake hands with him being held infamous in Poland, the Grand Duke, aware of this, would offer his arm to one suspected malcontent; embrace another as his friend; or by a pat on the shoulder, or a pinch on the cheek (his customary caress) devote a third to the mistrust of his countrymen. Frequently his cunning was successful, and nothing remained for the victim but to become secretly or openly the oppressor of his brethren, or to end his life in some subterranean dungeon. Thus, on the square of Saxony, where Constantine was in the daily habit of mustering the troops for hours, did many a warrior, honoured in the campaigns of Kosciusko and Napoleon, survive his well-earned reputation.

This personal sketch is worthy of the historians of the seventeenth century; graphic portraits conjuring the bodily semblance of their subject before the mind's eye of the reader have an effect so truly magical.

If we were to produce no other passage but the present would not our readers agree with us that the volume under discussion was a noble piece of history; but the pages of this deeply interesting story of a nation's wrongs team with passages of superior power, among which we may mention the following. We must premise that this masterly sketch of the character of Lelewel is preceded by a spirited detail of the impediments thrown in the way of the young government by the agitations of the republican party, the most violent of whom was young Mochnacki. The most curious part of this detail is certainly the history of the negotiation with Constantine, after the rising of the students had placed Warsaw in a temporary state of freedom. This rising is tolerably well known to the English public, but the ne-
The delegates of the club had to wait a full hour before they were admitted into the council. They entered with their muskets. Some of the members were filled with consternation, others were indignant, and Lelewel gnashed his teeth with vexation at the conduct of the clubbists, by which he, as their president, was compromised in the opinion of his colleagues. Prince Czartoryski first interrupted the general silence, and replied with his usual mildness to the communications then made by the delegates, observing that some of the measures proposed by them, such as the arrest of Constantine, were no longer practicable, whilst the revolution just concluded. Mochnacki, in whose opinion this convention was highly dishonourable, and who thought that Constantine ought to be made to beg on his knees for mercy, exclaimed, shaking his musket: "Prince, you are jesting; we rose to deliver Poland, not to accept conditions from the Grand Duke, who is a prisoner of the revolution. Let the government no longer persist in acting this comedy, which may terminate tragically either for the insurrection, or its enemies and doubtful partisans, alluding to Lubecki. His address excited the indignation of all the members; Chackacki left the hall in a fury, Malachowski and Prince Radziwill tendered their resignation; Lelewel was silent. The venerable Nicewicz bared his breast, exclaiming, "Strike this heart, which has ever beat for the fatherland; murder us, since you come here with arms, since you mistrust conscience and honourable old age." Prince Czartoryski and Ostrowski alone endeavoured to appease the clubbists, promising to take their proposals into consideration. So ended this Jacobinical orgy, as the visit of the clubbists to the Bank has since been stigmatized.

About three o'clock in the morning, General Szeimbek arrived in Warsaw with one regiment of the line, nor could the threats or the prayers of the Grand Duke avail against his ardour to join the insurgents. In two days, he marched seventy miles, sending invitations on his way to other generals to follow his example, and was now conducted triumphantly into the city by Colonel Kicki.
and the ever-watchful youths of the University. Chlopicki too went out to meet him. The presence of this General acted, as it invariably did, like magic on the soldiers. They greeted him again and again, with long, loud, hearty cheers, “Long live Chlopicki! Long live the Fatherland!” Szembek hastened to tender his allegiance to the Government. “I have done my duty as a Pole, and as a soldier, I come to unite with you—I am ready with my soldiers to shed my blood for Poland.” He was believed, for there is a proverb, “Trust Szembek, he will not betray you.” The tumult roused the citizens, as well as the clubbists, who, impatient to learn the result of their proposals to the Government, met before day-break, in the hope that, after their late proceeding, Lelewel would join them in seizing the reins of power. He now appeared amongst them for the first time, but his very first words were a death-blow to the hopes they had conceived of him; for he counselled moderation. Lelewel is not a man of action. A great revolutionary crisis does not warm his blood, nor inspire his soul, grown stagnant and withered by his long seclusion from all commerce, save that of old books. As events become colossal, he dwindles before them. His greatest talent is for conspiracy. During fifteen years, in which he had been a member of the very secret society, he had contrived to avoid all persecution in consequence. Whilst professor at Vilno, he converted all the students into ardent patriots, implacable conspirators against the yoke of the stranger. The Lithuanian corps overflowed with his pupils. All his historical writings are but ingenious and masterly plots against tyranny, either real or imaginary. Born and grown old, under the suspended knout, Lelewel has a sort of Robespierrianism in his character. He is never the first to give an opinion, but when others have manifested theirs he either keeps silence, or pronounces some words of manifold meaning, often unintelligible, and thus seems to agree with his associates. This caution is partly owing to his pretensions to infallibility—which, rather than put to stake, he will abstain from speaking. True to his character, he now coquetted with the insurrection—was present in the counsel, and the club, was present everywhere—that is, he was nowhere. The spirits of the club, damped by his ominous words, revived at the appearance of Szembek. Borne into the assembly in the arms of the members, he jumped upon the table, and repeated what he had said at the Bank: “I am only a soldier; I know not how to speak, but I will shed with my soldiers, the last drop of blood for the fatherland.” The club-rooms proving too small to contain such an immense concourse, the assembly went into the open air. Szembek, addressing the people from a cart, assured them of the arrival of his regiment, and was answered by the usual shouts, “Long live Szembek! Death to the Muscovites!”

Various opinions exist among the intelligent leaders of the Polish emigration in London, as to the wisdom of thus negotiating with Constantine, and permitting his departure to Russia. But we would ask what army Poland could have sent against Nicholas, so truly embarrassing and annoying as the presence of his disinheritred brother? and the sudden death of Constantine, which speedily followed his return, happened so extremely convenient for Nicholas, that Europe strongly mistrusted the agency of the lucky accident of the cholera. Can the question of the policy of permitting the return of Constantine, by the moderate party, have a better answer than this suspicion?

Besides the deep interest which the heart-rending history of his struggle must raise in every feeling mind, this volume is replete with a rich and magnificent eloquence of style.

What a grand picture does the following passage raise on the minds of its readers:

All attention was turned to the field of Grochow; to those stately woods, which, in a wide semi-circle, gird the capital of Poland; those woods, dark and gloomy as the nation’s fate, through which the savages of Suwarof had once come to butcher the population of Praga.

It is not the least among the merits of this work, that it has a monopolistic tendency. Every one of its pages brings conviction to the mind of the reader, on the uselessness of his gallant, but anarchical country, pouring forth its blood like water merely to establish anarchy. Till some brave descendant of their glorious Jagellons rally them under his standard, as a constitutional king, of what avails their bravery? Truly only to remind us of La Fontaine’s battle of the Dragon with many Heads and the Dragon with many Tails.

If eloquence and powerful description can interest the English public, then this fine piece of history will be widely read; it is infinitely touching in its narrative, full of spirit, fire, and original anecdote, and, of course, extremely entertaining.

We have read the pages with a deep and overwhelming interest; and we can recommend them to all readers who prefer occupying their time with profitable reality, to the constant perusal of unprofitable fictions.

U.—April, 1810.
Prince Albert and the House of Saxony.


Public curiosity has been so exceedingly eager in gathering every particular relating to the young Prince on whom our Lady Sovereign has bestowed her fair hand, that all must acknowledge that this family historical volume has been published at a peculiarly favourable moment. The second edition is before us, and may certainly be considered official in its authenticity, since the serene and royal person of whom it treats has condescended to communicate to the author some further particulars, besides correcting some errors which had crept into the first publication.

It is embellished with a well-engraved portrait—an excellent likeness, and which may serve to console His Royal Highness for those grinning monsters seen in every window, which the living lieses of his royal spouse choose to designate by the name of Prince Albert.

Prince Albert; his Country and Kindred. Ward.

This very prettily illustrated work is full of merit of a topographical order; it is chiefly devoted to the history of the country of Prince Albert, and has very agreeable views of the principal palaces and towns of Saxe Coburg. The view of Gotha, the capital of Prince Albert's country, is very interesting, but the wood-cut portraits are so indifferent it is a pity they were added to the rest. It is singular that in a country so closely allied to Germany in language, religion, and manners, the history and statistics of the German States are really as little generally known in Great Britain as those of China. The present epoch is a favorable one to make us better acquainted with German history; and we can on the whole recommend this pamphlet for that purpose. It is an agreeable compilation from Sir F. Head's Brunnens, Dr. Hawkings' Germany, and other popular writers; in its chief object the author has very well succeeded, which is to make our countrymen better acquainted with the country of Prince Albert.

Flowers of my Spring.

Those who have made the human mind their study will too often be grieved by the manifestation of a spirit willing to attack and offend, combined with utter feebleness and want of ability to do mischief. Deeply, then, indeed, is such a spirit to be deplored when displayed by a young aspirant to poetic celebrity.

We would ask our author to reason with himself, and define the feeling which led him to attack a chess-club, composed, as he says, of tradesmen. What hold, what scope for satire, can there really be in chess-playing, unconnected, as it always is, with gambling or habits of dissipation? What mind but one the most devoid of benevolence would strive to sting or provoke persons engaged so harmlessly? We do not deem chess-playing a virtue, and we are even disposed to rate far lower than the world in general the skill needful in this game of peremptiveness; but who could feel such anger at the sight of men quietly and reflectively employed therein, as with goose quill to lampoon the players.

In many other instances irrational anger deforms our young aspirant's pages, and we earnestly conjure him to expel from his bosom that evil demon, vengeance, whose features look more than usually ugly through a poetical medium; this demon, too, will prove a very destructive and injurious companion in his journey through life. Let him, then, cultivate benevolence, a fair flower which his "poetical spring" has not yet produced, and eschewing all the thorns and briars of anger, lay before the public a pleasanter volume of the fruits of an intellet ripened under a genial sun.

Let him be startled at the plain fact, put forth for his guidance and the public benefit—we would correct, or destroy if unable to do so, all literary wasps, the worst and most dangerous of all animals of the creation. We are entirely unprejudiced against him, ignorant of his name, of the names of his enemies, or even of the precise situation of his locale on the map of England. It is our pride and our honest duty to remonstrate with him on the ill temper of his young muse. Indeed, when a person either at home or abroad, or in the retirement of his study, feels himself in a state of mind "willing to give and take offence," let him be sure
that the less his fellow creatures see, hear, or read about him, the better.

In regard to the poetry of our author, it is certainly superior to the verses which fill many of the volumes poured from the press by young persons of seventeen and eighteen years of age. As we have often remarked, it is as unwise for youthful beginners to publish their compositions as it would be for boys of thirteen and fourteen to print and publish their school exercises and themes. Many a promising genius will be crushed by his own extreme imprudence of snatching off, and laying before the public, heaps of unripe, tasteless, and too often bitter fruit, which would be thankfully received if mellowed by time, and cultivated under judicious pruning.

The descriptive and reflective style of poetry is most suited to our author's genius. In the "Evening Ramble," "Manufacture," and the somewhat mysterious poem of "Mary Millet," some lines occasionally are found which give promise of better things at some future time. We select some pleasing verses from "The Poet's Home," as a specimen of the contents of the volume:

Near where some river's mirror breast Is laid in stillness 'neath the shore, Where shades of trees in slumbers rest And fear no mighty tempest's roar:

Or where the rocks are towering high, In shapes fantastic o'er the wave; While shadows fling a deeper dye, And sink to many a pearly cave.

Slow sounding from the minster tower I hear the sweeping solemn bell Invite all back at vespers hour, While lengthen'd echoes round me swell.

Or I could dwell by lovely Dee, Where rolls its waves 'neath Chester wall; Or where the Ouse full-flowing free, Rolls past full many an ancient hall.

And that imperial city's towers Where Constantine in days of yore Had cent'd all his mighty powers, And since far-fam'd for holy lore.

A home like these, where time hath shed Bright honours from his hoary hand, Is where I wish to rest my head Upon mine own dear native land!

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This, the second volume, is now before us; and as far as concerns the Duke's own despatches, it is a well-executed digest. Some of the author's concluding remarks on the great man of his age, do not, however, altogether please us; and no wonder, since assuredly it is a wretched failure in judgment to attempt to sum the character of an illustrious person before death—his Grace not having had the advantage, like a certain noble lord B, of D-y'ing before his time. Years hence, a Life of the Duke of Wellington may be written with truth; for during that time, private letters on all sides will be made public, and the inscrutable veil which now hangs over the proceedings of the cabinet councils of Europe, will be uplifted. The worst action attributed by Mr. Soane to the Duke is, that he minded his own business in the case of Ney.

We do not much relish, and we are sure England will not, the ambiguous phrase which speaks of Wellington as one that has been. The hero of a thousand fights is now the sage whose wisdom is consulted, even by his enemies, in every dilemma; and, heaven knows, they are neither few nor light into which our Government are daily plunging the nation, amidst times, too, most wild and whirling. The Duke, we affirm, is more popular, more beloved than ever he was.

But to return to our business. We would ask, how can any one write the life of a man before it is lived out, or sum up a character before it has developed itself up to the instant of dissolution? We suppose the title of "The Life" of the Duke of Wellington was a mere bookseller's puff, which the author could not help; yet, when that author labours to torture his pages to correspond with such a mistake, in our mind his labours become an affair of criticism.

While we condemn Soane's presumption in undertaking a self-affirmed impossible task, we are willing to allow him, as an annalist, to be deserving of great praise. His narrative of the battle of Waterloo is a terse and nobly written piece of history, never surpassed. We conclude with an extract from this praiseworthy executed portion of the volume.
The men had now been fighting hard for many hours, without rest and without food, and when a moment’s relief was asked for the worn-out remnant of one corps, the stern, but unavoidable reply was, “Everything depends on the firm countenance and unre- laxed steadiness of the British; they must not move.” And most nobly did these gal- lant fellows maintain their post, while the shot and shells flew fast amongst them without any opportunity for the moment of reta- liating upon the enemy. Upon one such occasion it required all the authority of the Duke to restrain their natural impatience; “Not yet, my brave fellows,” he said; “be firm a little longer; you shall have at them by and by,”—a homely appeal, that did what probably nothing else would have effected, so ferocious had the soldiers become from the length and fierceness of the struggle. Under any other leader the allies would inevitably have been beaten. Twice was the battle saved by the indomitable perseverance of Wellington, who never failed to show himself at the point of danger and in the critical moment, distinguishable from all around him by his blue coat and his plain cocked-hat. On this eventful day he was not only com- mander-in-chief, but, as occasion required, a general of division, a commander of corps, or a colonel of a regiment, rallying the troops and leading them on to the attack, or, with the devoted heroism of olden times, flinging himself into some enfeebled square, when, if the men had not stood the shock, he must have inevitably been cut to pieces. Even the post which he usually occupied to watch and direct the battle, was so exposed, that his escape appeared little short of a miracle; Sir William de Lancey fell mortally wounded at this post, many others of his staff were struck down while close to him, and once he was himself very near being made prisoner by a select body of French horse, who had cut their way through the allied infantry. Alarmed at this fearful havoc and the con- tinued absence of the Prussians, many of the superior officers urged him to retreat, but to their remonstrances he only replied by ask- ing, “Will the troops stand?”—“Till they perish,” was the answer— “Then I will stand with them till the last man,” rejoined the Duke.

It was now seven o’clock. The fifth division was reduced from six thousand to eighteen hundred men; part of the sixth corps, that formed a reserve, was almost de- stroyed without having fired a single shot, being mowed down by the shells and by the fire of the enemy’s light troops; and still there was no appearance of Prince Blucher. Wellington became anxious; he had given battle to far superior numbers upon the faith of the Prussians being in the field by three o’clock at farthest, and he repeatedly sent to see if they were coming. Napoleon himself considered (his) victory as certain, and was only surprised at the obstinacy of the English, who did not know when they were beaten, but who must eventually yield notwithstanding. Soult, to whom the remark was ad- dressed, replied that “He much doubted if they would ever give way;”—“And why?” exclaimed Napoleon, with his usual quick- ness. The Marshal could give no better rea- son than his past experience of them, adding that it was his firm belief they would sooner suffer themselves to be cut to pieces where they stood; but Bonaparte remained incredulous, and gaily observed that “he should yet be at Brussels in time for supper.”

**Righte Faithfull Chronique of the Grand Tourney holden by the Earl of Eglinton.** Saunders and Otley.

This playful narrative of the Eglinton Tournament has been by no means under- stood by the critical press; the imitation of the ancient records in which such scenes are described in the olden time, has been mistaken for a decided prefer- ence in the mind of the author for florid and inflated language. Mr. Bulkeley is an historical antiquary, too familiar with his subject to make allowance for the ex- treme ignorance of the world in such matters; and without needful explana- tion of his purpose, has given a descrip- tion of a modern tournament in the pre- cise terms that a minstrel retainer of Henry the Seventh’s era would have composed a “Faithfull Chronique.” Yet all the noble and numerous company that the Lord of Eglinton received in his castle will be much pleased with this description of the scene. We extract the following sketch of the ladies who were present, premising that the quaint- ness of the language is in proper keeping with the whole affair:

As the Queen of Love and Beauty took her throne, each acknowledged her unrivalled right to such pre-eminence. Her pages were the pretty children Hays and Campbells, Lady Charleville, Mrs. Garden Campbell, Miss Upton, Miss Hamilton of Sundrum, her ladies of honour. A lodge contained Ladies Hopetoun, Graham, Montgomerie, Mex- borough, &c. Behind sat the lovely Balloch- myle Archerieses. What battalion, however veteran, could withstand the mortal arrows their bright eyes shot forth? The Queen’s Squires stood near the Queen; the Archers formed her guard. Amidst such hosts of beauty, how name all? how make selection? The ladies of honour were dressed with elab-
boration. The costume of Lady Charleville set off her noble figure to the utmost advantage. The youth and beauty of Mrs. Garden Campbell, heightened, if possible, by a dress not less rich and elegant, than becoming, fascinated. Miss Upton, Miss Hamilton, with persons ever charming, looked surpassing themselves. Lady Graham was beautiful, as she ever was, is, must, and will be. The Anne Burrell cap set off the fine contour and cameo-profile of Miss Macdonald to the utmost. The fine classic head and perfect bust of Miss Stuart de Rothsay owed but little to an elegant costume, that administered all in the power of dress. The eye next rested on the amiable Lady Blantyre and the sylphlike Stuarts. In classic elegance, and delicacy of keeping, the costume of the Misses Cunynghame was unique. The piquant air of Miss Malcolm derived new charms beneath Mary Stuart’s coif. But unravilled in magnificence shone forth the fine person of the Marchioness of Londonderry. An interesting simplicity threw an irresistible charm over the costly robe of Lady Frances Vane. Connoisseurs ceased not to extol the costume of Lady Montgomery. The Duchess of Montrose, in perfection, looked herself—could volumes speak more? Lady Glenlyon wore brilliants of immense value. In ranks of beauty, can the Miss Murrays be overlooked? And there shone the lovely Miss Bush. Nor should be omitted the elegant appearance of Lady Listowel.

Our author assumes the historical style in his learned notitia, which is very well written, and does him great credit.

Poems of James Bird. With Memoir.
By T. Harral.

This elegant little volume is a tribute of friendship, on the part of Mr. Harral, to the memory of a most pleasing poet and excellent man, James Bird, culled from his poems by the tasteful hands of one long known in the literary world as editor and writer, and himself a fosterer of the genius of the lamented Bird. The poetical collection is preceded by a memoir of the author, written with taste and feeling.

This publication is for the benefit of the poet’s widow and numerous family; those, therefore, who heed our praises and purchase, will do a good work, besides obtaining a collection full of beauty.

The playful spirit which distinguished Janes Bird, did not desert him in moments of mortal pain. How many an invalid can sympathise with the following poetical journal of a consumptive, but how few could speak of their own sufferings with such commendable philosophy? In many of his expressions, poetry not unworthy of comparison with Burns may be noticed. Diaries of invalids have been written when the patient returned to perfect health; but this is truly the outpouring of the spirit of a dying man. He survived but a few weeks after penning his farewell to the year 1838.

Good bye, old year! I’m glad you’re going,
You’ve nearly compassed my undoing,
For, while your course you were pursuing,

How did you maul me?

Did you not e’en from head to crest,
From leg to arm, from back to chest,
Did you not, fiend-like, do your best
To overhaul me?

What did you do in January,
When youthful hearts were blythe and airy,
As social mirth and friends might vary

Their new-year’s pastime?

E’en then you gloated o’er my case,
And left of health so little trace,
Some whisper’d, when they saw my face,

“Twill be the last time!”

And when dull February came,
Did you not rack my amitten frame,
’Till tears of agony and shame

Flow’d like a river?

Oh! then you played the tyrant’s part,
Oppress’d the pulses of my heart,
And plung’d a fever-poison’d dart

Sharp through my liver!

And when the winds of March rushed down,
With ragged men and chilling frown,
Sweeping o’er country and o’er town

With piercing breath,—

Did you not at me jibe and scoff,
And choke my lungs with wheezing cough,
’Till I was nearly smuggled off

By Captain Death?

When April sent her gentle showers
To call to life Spring’s infant flowers,
To glad the earth and deck the bowers

With bud and leaf—

What was your boon? A smiling ray
That dazzled, mock’d, and fled away,
Just like your glinting April day,

Faithless and brief!

And when May showed her blooming face,
Her radiant smile, her glowing grace,
When idle poets, “out of place,”

Penn’d many a stanza—

How did you serve me? Torturing imp!
With aches and pains you made me limp,
And curl’d me up just like a shrimp—

With influenza?

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In June, disquiet'd on my bed,
I could not eat my daily bread;
Besides my worthy Doctor said,
"Pray live on sago,
Rice, arrow-root, and water-gruel;"
While you, relentless and more cruel,
To scorching fire you added fuel,
With sharp lumbago!

But when July's hot sun came round,
And harvest deck'd the laughing ground,
And joy in every nook was found,
Again I rallied.

I greeted friends from house to house,
But, as a cat plays with a mouse
To whet her teeth for a grand carouse,
With me you dallyed.

And when sweet August smiled, for me
Joy smiled not, though I sought the sea,
Which in its might eternally
Sweeps Dunwich shore;
Friends press'd around to soothe my lot,
But, warn'd by pain, I linger'd not,
And I may view that much-lov'd spot
Perhaps no more!

Then came September—yes! old year!
This month of thine has cost me dear,
It shook my inmost heart with fear:
The vital stream
Burst from the broken vessels fast,
Till neath the swooning weakness cast
I sank, and deem'd that now was past
Life's fever'd dream.

Then came dark visions—nameless things,
Like vampire-bats, with smothering wings,
And scorpions, with their fiery stings,
Hover'd around me;
While faint and helpless as I lay,
Scarce had I heart and strength to pray
Heaven, in its love, to break away
The spell that bound me!

October came—the dying leaf
Fell from the tree—its life how brief!—
Like one that sudden falls with grief,
Type of man's state;
But I, though shaken, blighted, worn,
Life's stem all shatter'd, branches torn,
Heav'n left me not—though oft forlorn,
All desolate.

Friends with one heart, whose ample core,
With human kindness gushing o'er,
Flock'd daily, hourly round my door,
Of every station.
They came, a kind and gen'rous band,
With soothing hope and accents bland;
They came with open heart and hand,
And consolation.

Oh! tell me not the human heart
Is all depraved—sin's filthy mart—
And that it bears no counterpart
Of God within it:

No! though imbru'd with evil's taint,
It bursts through error's dark restraint,
And proves the tight-laced modern saint
Wrong every minute!

Another word! fast fading year!
November came, with aspect drear—
How did you ply your vengeance here?
You tried by stealth
To smother life with fog and cloud,
And, of your gloom and darkness proud,
Wrapp'd, as it were, within your shroud,
The corpse of health!

December reign'd—your fleeting power
Is dying, with the dying hour,
And, though your frowns no longer lour,
I would not scoff:
Hark! 'tis the midnight's solemn chime!
Farewell! struck off the rolls of Time,
Begone! I deem it no great crime
To huff you off!

But what is Time? A thought—a dream!
Lord of Eternity! Supreme!
To thee alone should rise my theme,
My votive breath,
An offering grateful, glowing, free,
My heart an altar, Lord! should be
With incense burning bright to thee
In life and death!

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Historical Report on Southwold Harbour.

By Lieut. Ellis, R.N.

This pamphlet is remarkable for its clear-headed, business-like style, and gives considerable information, on a very curious and important subject, connected with the perpetual changes which occur on the eastern coast of England, originating in the wearing away of the cliffs by the action of the sea. Lieutenant Ellis gives some historical details relating to this phenomenon, and draws his inferences from the past to the present times, with considerable reasoning powers.

His observations on piers and jetties, the result of his own experience as surveyor of the most difficult harbour in Great Britain, deserve universal attention from scientific men. One word by way of illustrating our position—

When piers are extended in a moving soil, the space fills up on either side, shoaling the water at the extremity, and carrying the bar further out, thus frustrating the object sought to be obtained. The extension of piers in such a case to obtain deep water at the end of them is a delusion; for in proportion as the piers are carried out to sea, in that proportion will the bar be removed from them.

[THE COURT]
Feb. 27.—Her Majesty gave audiences to Viscounts Melbourne and Duncannon, and the Judge Advocate-General.

28.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert went to Covent-Garden in state.

29.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, at which M. Guizot, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from H.M. the King of the French, had an audience to deliver his credentials.

March 1. (Sunday).—Her Majesty, and Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager, attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

2. The Queen gave audiences to the Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne.

3.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses on the throne. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured Covent-Garden Theatre with their presence.

4.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. The Queen took equestrian exercise in the Riding School.

5.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.

6.—The Queen held a levee (the second, this season) at St. James's Palace, and afterwards a Chapter of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, in the Royal Closet, at which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to invest H.R.H. Prince Albert with the Ensigns of a Military Grand Cross of the Order. The Queen wore the mantle and collar of the Order of the Vestiture.

7.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty.

8 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxx Coburg took an airing in an open carriage and four.

9.—Her Majesty gave a state dinner to the Queen Dowager at Buckingham Palace.

10.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

11.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, at which the Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Concert of Ancient Music with their presence.

12.—Her Majesty, attended by the ladies of her suite, took equestrian exercise in the Riding School.

13.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses on the throne.

14.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

15 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Princess Augusta, attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

16.—The Princess Augusta visited the Queen. Her Majesty gave a state dinner.

17.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the Haymarket Theatre with their presence.

18.—The Queen held a levee at St. James's Palace.

19.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. The Queen and Prince Albert had audiences of Her Majesty.

20.—The Earl of Albemarle and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen.

21.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

22.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

23.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

24.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

25.—The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the performance of Mr. Charles Kemble, in The Wonder, at Covent Garden with their presence.

26.—The Queen and Princess Augusta had audiences of Her Majesty.

27.—The Duchess of Northumberland had an audience of Her Majesty; as also Viscount Melbourne.

The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the performance of Mr. Charles Kemble, as Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, at Covent Garden Theatre, with their presence.

Numerous addresses of congratulation, upon the auspicious occasion of the Royal Nuptials, have been presented to Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, and to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. M. The Queen Dowager, Mar. 9.
H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Mar. 16, 23.
H. R. H. Duchess of Cambridge, Mar. 2.
H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, Mar. 23.
H. S. H. Hereditary Prince of Saxx Coburg and Gotha, Mar. 2, 9, 11, 14, 16.
Viscount Melbourne, Feb. 27, 29, Mar. 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 23, 25.
Baron de Nieuwma, Feb. 27.
Earl and Countess of Carnflace, Feb. 27.
Lady Elizabeth Howard, Feb. 27.
Lady Emily Howard, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, 25.
Earl and Countess of Minto, Feb. 27.
Viscount Boringdon, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 7, 9, 12.
Duke of Sutherland, Mar. 23.
Duchess of Sutherland, Feb. 28, Mar. 9, 11, 16, 23.
Marchioness of Normanby, Feb. 28.
Hon. Miss Lister, Feb. 28, Mar. 2, 3, 9, 11, 16.
Hon. Miss Pitt, Feb. 28.
Hon. Miss Coxe, Feb. 28.
Hon. Miss Cavendish, Feb. 28, Mar. 16.
Hon. Miss Paget, Feb. 28, Mar. 23.
Lady Harriet Clive, Feb. 28.
Earl of Albemarle, Feb. 28, Mar. 19.
Earl of Erroll, Feb. 28, Mar. 2, 5, 9, 13, 16, 23.
Earl of Uxbridge, Feb. 21, Mar. 2, 5, 9, 11, 16, 19, 23, 25.
Earl of Jersey, Feb. 28, Mar. 20.
Lord Hill, Feb. 28, Mar. 16.
Lord Robert Grosvenor, Feb. 28, Mar. 5.
Earl of Siberville, Feb. 28, Mar. 4, 25.
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Feb. 28, Mar. 16.
Countess of Uxbridge, Mar. 9.
Lord Alfred Paget, Feb. 28, Mar. 4.
Hon. F. Byng, Feb. 28.
Sir W. M. Martin, Feb. 28.
Viscount Morpeth, Feb. 29.
Lord Holland, Feb. 29.
Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Feb. 29.
Countess of Lichfield, Mar. 2.
Earl and Countess of Surrey, Mar. 2, 16.
Lord and Lady Cowley, Mar. 2.
Lord and Lady Kinmuir, Mar. 2.
Lord Fitzalan, Mar. 2.
Lady Batham, Mar. 2, 7, 9, 11, 16.
Baroness Lehzen, Mar. 2, 9, 23.
Hon. C. A. Murray, Mar. 9, 23.
Hon. Miss Murray, Mar. 2, 9, 10, 11, 14, 16.
Mr. Seymour, Mar. 2, 3, 10, 23, 24, 26.
Baron de Lowenfels, Mar. 2, 9, 16.

Baron de Grueben, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23.
Lord Lilford, Mar. 3, 9, 10, 11, 14, 16.
 Colonel Wemyss, Mar. 3, 9, 11, 14, 16, 17, 24, 24, 26.
 Lord George Lennox, Mar. 4, 5, 19, 27.
 M. Guizot, Mar. 5.
 Marquis of Westminster, 5.
 Viscount and Viscountess Sydney, 5.
 Sir H. and Lady Vivian, 5.
 Gen. the Hon. A. Upton, 7.
 Colonel and Lady Mary Fox, 7.
 Mr. G. S. Anson, 7, 16, 19.
 Duke of Wellington, 9.
 Lord Adolphus Fitzclare, 9.
 Hon. Miss Mitchell, 9.
 Colonel Armstrong, 9, 10, 16.
 The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Howey, 12.
 Earl and Countess of Tankerville, 12.
 Earl and Countess of Rosebery, 12.
 Earl of Cardigan, 12.
 Hon. and Mrs. Stanley, 12.
 Lady Augusta Somerset, 16.
 Marquis of Normanby, 16.
 Lady Ida Hay, 16.
 Viscount and Viscountess Beresford, 16.
 Lord and Lady Seymour, 16.
 Lord Foley, 16.
 Hon. Louise Noel, 16.
 Dow. Lady Lyttelton, 17, 23, 24.
 Earl of Fingall, 17, 23, 24.
 Earl and Countess Cowper, 19.
 Lady Frances Cowper, 23.
 Lord and Lady Burghersh, 19.
 Mr. and Hon. Mrs. W. Hamilton, 19.
 Lord Leveson, 20.
 Colonel Copper, 20.
 Marquis of Douglas, 23.
 Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, 23.
 Duke of Norfolk, 27.
 Duke of Argyll, 27.
 Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, 27.
 The American Minister and Mrs. Stephenson, 27.

[Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre.]

Major- General the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, departed his life, after three day's illness, at half-past two o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, the 29th of February, at Pembroke House, the residence of his brother the Earl of Harrington, aged 58. While no man in London has been so well known by sight, for many years, as General Stanhope, few in reality have been so little known in character. Not many persons are aware that in Lincoln Stanhope, the aristocratic lounge, whose singularly noble figure was daily seen in every place of fashionable resort, they beheld a soldier of Wellington, and one who had purchased repose in the latter years of his life at the price of his blood, and of nearly thirty years of active and brilliant service, and at a time of his country's utmost need; that pacing along on his gallant grey, or driving his four-in-hand, they beheld the leader of one of the most distinguished regiments of dragoons on the bloody field of Talavera.

He entered the army in 1798, as cornet in the 16th Light Dragoons, and after a military career of great gallantry and success, the veteran hero received the rank of Major-General on the 28th of June, 1838. His manners were refined, elegant, and correct. He was never known to say an unkind word, nor do an unkind action. He was a member of Crockford's, yet never gambled. Peace be with him, for he was one in whom the soldier and the true gentleman were so happily blended, it will be long before we find his equal. His remains were consigned to the family vault at Elavston, where his ancestors have reposed since the reign of Henry VIII. To a man all the tenantry of the family went out to meet the corpse of the brave General Stanhope and attended it to the grave.

[THE COURT]
Fashions.

Burford's Panorama of Benares.—The last and very successful effort of Mr. Burford's prolific and discursive pencil, is a view of the holy city of Benares. The painting, for which Captain R. Smith furnished drawings, has great breadth and vigour, and the composition is one of surpassing interest for an European, from the innumerable varieties of temples, palaces, and padogas, of the most fantastic architecture, that rise in a wide amphitheatrical sweep along the lofty (left or northern) bank of the Ganges. The spectator is supposed to be stationed upon the sacred river, near the centre of the semicircular bend, whence the eye takes in the whole shoreward aspect of the city—some five or six miles in length. The various coloured temples along the bank are reached by a continuous chain of ghauts—stupendous flights of broad steps descending far into the stream, and covered by crowds of bathers, male and female—bathing constituting one of the most important of the religious rites of the Hindoos. Brahmins, seen sheltered by huge chhatas or umbrellas, muttering prayers to the devout; Fakiers, and other wretched-looking devotees, soliciting charity; together with an infinite variety of costume displayed by the retinues of native nobles, processions of rajahs, &c., all beheld with admirable distinctness, under the unclouded luster of a glowing Indian sun, form a scene of oriental and natural peculiarities of unrivalled novelty and absorbing interest:—while the rippling current of the noble river, defiled by the fanatical creed of the Hindoos, studded with strange looking, yet picturesque vessels of all sizes—from the graceful bolio or pleasure boat of the rich native, the elegant moahpunkee of the Nawab, splendidly painted, gilt and varnished with the hues and splendour of enamel, to the clumsy looking pulwar, or traffic boat, and the accha, or ferry boat, scooped from the trunk of the cotton tree, with its band of pilgrims bound for the holy city. Nor must we forget the unsightly rafts moored in the stream decorated with garlands of flowers and bearing the rotting carcasses, in various stages of decomposition, of the superstitious votaries of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—half devoured by birds of prey—who have expired on the banks of the sacred river, and are thus left to undergo perfect ablation as their most secure passport to heaven. The panorama is altogether one of great attraction—an admirable specimen of the art, and a vivid portraiture of one of the most interesting views upon the Ganges.

Royal Naplial Note Paper.—The well known taste of Mr. Schloss in literary bijouterie has, on the happy occasion of Her Majesty's marriage, been displayed by an exceedingly appropriate and tasteful design of arabesque scroll work, on letter-paper of all sizes, with admirable likenesses, in profile, of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

[Our May Number will most probably contain Four Plates of Fashions.]

No. 830.—Costume de Visites.—Carriage costume—Morning dress of satin. Corsage half high, sloped down in front en cœur, and with a number of flat folds put on at the shoulder and finishing in centre. The sleeves are plaited down a considerable distance below the shoulder. The remainder is full to the waist. The skirt of the dress is trimmed down at each side of the front with bows made of the same material as the dress (see plate). There are five at each side, and those at the top are smaller than those at bottom. These bows are cut on the cross-way, in the form of three ends (see plate), trimmed all round with a luier piping (and lined at the back with slight silk); the tops of the sleeves are ornamented with bows of the same description. Hat of velours épinglé, bleu Louise; the front sits round to the face, and it comes very low at the sides; the bunch of feathers with coloured tips droops at the left side; full-blown roses are underneath the front. Hair in bands; cambrie ruffles trimmed with narrow lace; a narrow lace also goes round the bosom of the dress; white kid gloves; black varnished shoes; bouquet of violets.

2nd Figure.—Hat of pink gros d’Afrique. It will be perceived that the crown of this hat, instead of being at all upright, sits perfectly flat on a slant lower than the front of the bonnet (see plate), and is much smaller than the crowns lately worn; it comes very low at the sides of the front, and one side is pointed, the other rounded; a double border is round the front and top of the crown. The trimming consists of a piece of the same silk as the hat, cut on the cross-way, and rolled lightly; a small bunch of roses is placed at the right side, close to the ear.
Dress of pale lavender silk; corsage half high and tight; large sleeves. Scarf of green velvet, lined with satin of the same colour; the ends trimmed with chenille fringe. Cambric ruffles; white kid gloves; hair in bands, the ends braided and turned up.

No. 833.—Ball Dress and Walking Dress—Dress of white gauze satiné (a very rich gauze with satin stripes at distances)—see plate. Corsage à pointe, a very long point; the plate gives almost like a stomacher point. Sleeves perfectly tight to the arm, with three rows of deep blonde, one reaching exactly to the top of the other (see plate); the skirt, which is very long and full, is looped up at the left side with a bunch of full-blown roses; two others are placed at distances between that and the waist. Front hair in ringlets à la Mancini, intermixed with roses and hop blossoms. The back in large bows and braids, dressed quite low at the back of the head. Gold fonnière; blonde berthe; brooch; kid gloves, with a gold bracelet above that on the left arm; white shoes.

Sitting Figure, Evening Half Dress.—Dress of green satin mousseline de soie. The corset is decolleté, and sits tight to the bust; crossing in front low down near the waist, and being quite open on the neck (see plate); the sleeves are plain on the shoulder, with three bouillons; the remainder very full to the wrist. The skirt of the dress opens at the left side, and is ornamented all the way down with a double satin rouleau on each side, put on in a wave, with small rosettes between at distances (see plate). The bonnet is of white crépe lisse, the front very much off the face; underneath are velvet flowers. Hair in long ringlets. Blonde full round the bosom of the dress; white kid gloves; ruffles; black satin shoes.

PARIS FASHIONS.
(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, March 26th, 1840.

I had hoped, ma chère belle, to have been enabled to give you some new Spring fashions in this letter; but malheureusement les gibbonées de Mars, keep us by our firesides, or if absolute we are forced to go out, we wrap ourselves up with cloaks and furs as if it were still Christmas. The weather is piercing; we have hail and snow, accompanied by the most cruel north winds; ainsi, point de nouveautés. Let us hope that before Long-Champs we shall have a change for the better. We still wear redingotes of satin and velvet wadded, and trimmed with ermine or sable, and I assure you that a nice warm Bernous is a very acceptable addition to our walking or carriage costume. These dresses have undergone no change lately in their make; the sleeves are confined at some distance below the shoulder; the remainder to the wrist is full; and they have a trimming of some description down the front or side of the skirt—sometimes bows of the material of the dress; at others rouleaux, or a bouillon trimming, or tucks or passementerie.

The long points are coming in again for ball dresses, and short trains are worn to all the robes in full dress, except to those for dancing. The top of the corsages is more generally ornamented with Berthes than with draperies à la Sévigné, and the skirts are trimmed with a profusion of flowers, intermixed with blonde or puffings of crapes. A flounce of Guipure, almost plain, is a favourite trimming on satin dresses.

Sleeves.—The plain, tight, long sleeves are coming in again decidedly, notwithstanding all that has been said against them; must be admitted that they are a good one, and advantageous to some figures, viz., to those remarkably tall and thin, or to those inclined to embonpoint and low in stature. I saw some new dresses at Victorine's and Palmyre's; all had long tight sleeves, without the slightest trimming, and finished without a peignoir or waistband. Long-Champs will decide this mode. The sleeves of all the new evening dresses, of course including les toilettes de bal, are short, plain, and tight, with a flat guipure ruffle turned up over the sleeve. Some ladies who consider these sleeves too disfiguring, put a fall of blonde at the bottom, and some even put two or three falls on the sleeve. But where the plain one looks well, it should be adopted by all means.

Have you seen any of our new manteaux (cloaks)? They are lovely in the extreme. They are made of satin, black the most elegant; but violet and dark green are worn, slightly wadded (which always gives an additional richness to satin), and lined throughout with a different coloured satin, blue lining to black, orange to violet, &c. They are made without a piece at the neck, and merely plaited into the band that forms the collar. They have a very small cape or flat collar, or a small hood, and the length of the cloak is to a little below the knees; the lining turns over about an inch all round the cloak, and has a pretty effect, and a black lace is put outside—of course I mean wide lace. It may be only at the bottom, or may be carried all round. Some of these cloaks are made of velvet, and lined and trimmed with ermine. The Bernous, you know, are made of woollen materials, and are cut on the cross-way, the back corner rounded, and the two front ones left long and pointed; they are caught up over the arm; all these cloaks have capacious or hoods. On dit, that we shall have hoods to the new Spring and Summer shawls. As to the latter they can hardly be decided yet; but I have heard they will be of clear muslin, lined with coloured taffetas, trimmed all round with deep white lace, and as I have just told you,
they are to have hoods; but whilst we can sit to write beside a large fire, as I am doing now, in my boudoir, it is premature to talk of clear muslin shawls, and summer and sunshine. By the way, it is incredible what mischief this last severe weather has done us. For miles and miles round Paris the strawberry plants have been destroyed, as well as all the early vegetables that were not under grass, and the mortality amongst the flowers is dreadful to think upon, for those that love them; the rose trees that were already in leaf are all lost.

Hats.—The hats are getting smaller, and a more becoming shape, more in the style of the Bibis. The front and crown seem all of one piece, and towards the back the form gradually slants, so that the back of the crown is even lower than the bonnet. These little bonnets sit very round and comfortably to the face; they come very long at the sides, the trimming is as simple as possible, or quite the contrary. Some have feathers, flowers, and lace; others only a trimming of the material. The pink hat in one of the accompanying plates describes it exactly.

Ribbons are completely out at present. The fashionable materials are still velours épinglé, gros d’Afrique, a silk that closely resembles the Terry velvet, and satin. I have seen some new hats in preparation for our belles, de gros de Naples or poux de soie, covered with gauze of the same colour. The gauze is put on in the manner called Bonnettrès, and I know no other word by which to describe it; the gauze is cut the shape of the bonnet, but infinitely larger, and gathered over at distances at the wrong side; the threads are then drawn up to the size, and it is put over the hat, so that the gauze is quite full (froncée); there are four or five rows of gathering in the depth of the front, two or three on the crown; the round at top is covered flat; the double border of the bonnet then goes outside the gauze; the only trimming on these is a half wreath of violets, a bunch of lilac, a half wreath of bachelor’s buttons intermixed with the hen and chicken daisy; two little sprigs of the latter are underneath the front. Some of these bonnets are white and covered with India muslin.

The new straw bonnets are all of the flat shape that I have described; some have a large straw bavolet folded up and down again, but every person who has worn these knows how unpleasant they are; therefore bavolets of the material with which the bonnet is trimmed will be likely to be more frequently adopted. Talking of bavolets, I must not omit to tell you the last new improvement. You know it was impossible to do before without ribbon to hide the sewing on of the bavolet, which was always left raw; now that ribbons are out of fashion, the bavolets are made as follows:—They are double, the lower fall about half a finger in depth, the upper one a little less; when made of material that has both sides alike, as gros de Naples, poux de soie, the bavolet is cut all in one; when folded down, a narrow running is put at top, in which a bit of ribbon or wire is inserted, and which serves to draw in the bavolet to its proper length—(this is much better than plaiting or gathering, much stronger and less troublesome)—it also forms a neat heading; the running should be very narrow; of course, done in this manner, there is no necessity of putting a ribbon across to hide the sewing on.

Flowers.—For coiffure en cheveux; two branches of the camelia, pink acacia, two dahlias, roses, or a wreath of mixed flowers. For caps: Hop blossoms in every colour, roses, and field flowers. For straw bonnets: A branch of lilac, violets, lily of the valley; and for silk hats, all the above, with bachelor’s buttons, daisies, hen and chicken, and fancy drooping flowers, pink or blue, consisting of large bells, one inside the other; they are placed quite at the side; wreaths going all round are sometimes worn.

Of course you know that the trimming of the caps and other coiffures are worn as low as possible at the sides of the face, far below the chin. It is not every face that this fashion becomes; at the top of the head the cap or borders cannot be too far back; but coming down at each side they are brought as much forward as possible.

The pocket handkerchiefs at present exceed any thing that can be imagined in beauty. I will just describe what we wear in every toilette.

For negligence, the handkerchief is fine cambric, with a light pattern worked all round in chain stitch (point de chainette), in red, blue, or puce cotton.

For toilette de ville, what we call visiting morning dress, or carriage costume—cambric handkerchief, with an open hem or rivière, and a row of lace outside.

For dinner or home evening dress, a cambric handkerchief richly embroidered and trimmed with lace.

For grand costume, a clear cambric handkerchief worked in guipure.

I purpose giving you for the month of May several ensembles de toilette, for walking and in-door costume, as well as for grande toilette.

Prevailing colours.—For hats:—apple-green and primrose (coming in), grey or poussière, and gros bleu. For dresses: bright violet, poussière, and gros vert (dark green). For lining black cashmere shawls: Orange, cherry colour, amber, rose colour, and apple green—an immense variety in this latter department.

Adieu chérie. The account of Long-Champs in my next will make my letter better worth your attention. Meantime, je t’embrasse tendrement.

L. de F—.

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General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office for the Printed Alphabetical Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of auricular Burial in England,—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where the death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1834, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in our last month's list.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact of where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home, an event of daily occurrence to one or other of parties marrying. So important, indeed, do we ourselves consider this registration to be, that we have little doubt that ere long there are few persons concerned who will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place ever forgotten—when, such a record as this registration affords, might be of infinite value; and there is, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth, as proof positive of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Alexander, lady of Geo. ———, M.D., of a son; Hammermith, Feb. 20.
Baynold, lady of Brigadier, of a son; Aurungabad, E. I., Dec. 22, 1839.
Balders, Katherine Lady, of a dau.; Maidstone, Jan. 25.
Beacon, lady of C. ———, Esq., C. S., of a son; Patna, E. I., Nov. 19, 1839.
Bevan, Angela Lady, of a son; Upper Harley Street, lately.
Boyle, lady of Capt. J. T. ———, of a dau.; Upper Seymour Street, West, Connaught Square, Feb. 19.
Boyle, lady of Thomas ———, C. S., of a son; Tellicherry, E. I., May 23, 1839.
Brock, lady of Capt. C. B. ———, of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.
Byng, lady of Capt. ———, 6th Light Cavalry, of a son; Bowemipple, E. I., Dec. 9.
Cantiss, lady of Capt. ———, 5th N. I., of a dau.; Trichinopoly, E. I., Nov. 11, 1839.
Carpenier, lady of Chas. ———, Esq., of a dau.; Walthamstow, March 16.
Chaplin, lady of J. C. ———, Esq., of a son; Edgbaston, March 17.
Christian, lady of H. L. ———, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 22, 1839.

Dick, lady of T. C. ———, Esq., C. S., of a son; Patna, E. I., Nov. 23, 1839.
Duncombe, Hon. Mrs. A., of a son; Lower Brook Street, Feb. 11.
Ely, lady of Mr. ———, commanding 42d N. I., of a dau.; Hussingbath, E. I., Dec. 6, 1839.
Fane, wife of the Rev. Frederick ———, of a son; Wormley, Dec. 19.
Gist, wife of Wm. ———, Esq., of a son; Dintow House, Gloucester, lately.
Goas, lady of S. P. ———, Esq., 1st L. C., of a son; at sea, on board the Duke of Bedford, Sep. 18, 1829.
Greene, lady of Capt. ———, 5th Light Cav., of a son; Arcot, E. I., Dec. 4, 1839.
Griffin, lady of G. ———, Esq., 24th N. I., of a son; Kampilree, E. I., Nov. 22, 1839.
Gunning, lady of Capt. ———, 17th regt. N. I., of a son; Madras, Dec. 11, 1839.
Hamilton, lady of Lieut. G. ———, 53rd N. I., of a son; Loodinh, E. I., Nov. 18, 1839.
Hewitt, lady Mary, of a dau.; Astley Castle, near Coventry, Feb. 8.
Hewett, lady of R. ———, Esq., of a son; Tulsehill, March 17.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Hill, lady of Capt. ——, H. M. 57th regt., of a dau.; Trichinopoly, E. I., Nov. 9, 1839.

Hogson, lady of Wm. F. ——, Esq.; 3 Grove Place, Hackney, of a son, Feb. 24.

Jervis, lady of Lieut. W. ——, 42d N. I., of a son; Allyburgh, E. I., Nov. 8, 1839.


Larpent, lady of A. de H ——, Esq., of a son; in Kild St.; E. I., Nov. 20, 1839.

Luard, lady of Lieut.-Col. ——, of a dau.; Calcutta, Nov. 21, 1839.

Martin, lady of Wm. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Nov. 23, 1839.

Maxwell, lady of C. ——, Esq., 18th Regt., of a son; Barrackpore, E. I., Dec. 19, 1839.


Metcalfe, lady of Thomas ——, Esq., of a dau.; Fitzroy Square, March 15.

Morant, lady of Rev. James ——, A.M., of a son; Belgium, E. I., Nov. 17, 1839.


Ogilvie, lady of Jas. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Nov. 29, 1839.

Ogilvie, lady of W. C. ——, Esq., of a son; Salon, E. I., November 25, 1839.

Ommannanley, lady of Francis ——, Esq., of a son; Norfolk Street, Feb. 1.

Patterson, lady of Capt. John ——, H. C. Serv., of a dau.; the house of her father, 24, Upper Gloucester Place., Feb. 1.

Pearse, lady of Geo. ——, Esq., M.D. Secretary of the M.B., of a son; Madras, Nov. 17, 1839.


Pilcher, lady of Lieut. and Adjlt. H. V. ——, 6th L. C., of a son; Bowenpilly, E. I., Nov. 2, 1839.

Playfair, lady of G. ——, Esq., Surgeon, of a son; Meersut, E. I., Nov. 15, 1839.

Powys, wife of H. P. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Hardwick, lately.

Pringle, lady of W. A. ——, Esq., of a son; Berhampore, E. I., Dec. 9, 1839.


Sandeman, lady of Hugh Fraser ——, Esq., of a dau.; Dorset Square, March 17.

Sawbridge, lady of the Rev. Edward H. ——, of a son; Thelnetham, Suffolk, March 16.


Spencer, wife of the Hon. Thomas George ——, of a dau.; Cornbury Park, Feb. 16.


Thomas, lady of Capt. H. Leigh ——, of a son; Proll-y-Crochon, Denbighshire, Feb. 27.

Todd, lady of Capt. F. B. ——, 11th N. I., of a dau.; Sangor, Central India, Nov. 7, 1839.


Vos, lady of T. M. ——, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 27.

Wahab, lady of Major ——, 16th N. I., of a son; Cuddapra, E. I., Nov. 9, 1839.

Welfare, wife of the Ven. Archdeacon ——, of a son; Brightstone Rectory, Isle of Wight, Jan. 22.


Wingfield, wife of the Hon. W. ——, of a son; Kellyvill, lately.

MARRIAGES.


Arnold, Eliza, edd. d. of J. H. ——, Esq., of Balham Hill, to William Brissaut Minch, of Denmark Hill; Streatham Church, March 14.

Arnold, Catherine Augusta, 2nd d. of J. H. ——, Esq., to Henry Hardcastle Burder, Esq., edd. s. of the Rev. Dr. —— of Hackney; Streatham, March 14.


Bellamy, Harriet Frances, d. of the late Chas. ——, Esq., E. I. C. S., and grand-niece of the late Earl of Kenmure, to Wm. Copeland, of Colliston; Kenmure Castle, Jan. 24.


Chichester, Sarah Emma, 3rd d. of Arthur ——, Esq. of Stokelake, to W. D. Hornson, Esq. of Cullington, Cornwall; Hennock, Feb. 11.

Dann, Wilhelmina, wid. of the late Jno. ——, Esq. of Peckham, Surrey; St. Giles's, Cumberwell, March 28.


Distan, Mary Catherine, only d. of Henry ——, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica, to Francis Hamilton, Esq. of Kensworth, Herts.; St. Mary's, Boughton-square, March 17.
Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Dickenson, Matilda, d. of the late Robt. ——, Esq., to J. J. M. Bond, Esq. of Leighton, Montgomeryshire; Kensington, Feb. 13.


Ford, Mary, eld. d. of the late Sir F. ——, to Wm. Lionel, 2nd s. of the late Sir R. V. Darrell, Bart.; Charlton Kings, Jan. 29.

Fresco, Frances Anne, 5th d. of Edw. ——, Esq. of Bilton, Gloucestershire, to Wm. Hart, Esq., of the E. I. C.'s Civil Service, ye. s. of the late Gen. ——, co. Donegal; Bilton Church, Jan. 29.

Gibbs, Hester Elizabeth, ye. s. of the late Davies ——, Esq. of East Bourne, Sussex, and Tredgda, Cornwall, to W. S. Holmes, Esq. of Gawdy Hall, Norfolk; East Bourne, Feb. 13.

Gilmore, Margaret, 5th d. of the late Jno. ——, Esq., to Gibson R. French, Esq.; Calcutta, Dec. 18.


Grant, Marianne ye. s. of J. C. Clarke, Esq. of Caworth-park, Berks, to the Rev. Jas. Elliott, of Hartfield-grove, Sussex; Old Windsor, Jan. 16.

Grant, Anna, ye. s. of the late Capt. Jas. ——, R.N., to Ald. J. Buxton, ye. s. of J. ——, Esq., late Paymaster of the 24th Inf.; St. Helier's, Jersey, Jan. 10.

Greaves, Emily-Elizabeth-Eleanor, eld. d. of the late W. D. ——, Esq., Surgeon of the 2nd Madras Army, to Lieut.-Col. N. Aloes, of the same army; Cape of Good Hope, Nov. 21, 1839.

Green, Isabella, eld. d. of Andrew, Esq. of Cockermouth, and grand d. of the late Henry Thompson, Esq. of Cheltenham, to J. DIXON, eld. s. of W. ——, Esq. of Cheltenham; Prestbury, Jan. 29.


Hanwell, Elizabeth Catherine, ye. s. of the late Adam Josh ——, to Geo. Curne, Esq. of Dorchester; Warham, Jan. 29.

Holland, Mary, d. of Jno. ——, Esq., of Brunton-street, Berkeley-square, to W. Phillips, Esq.; Great Chesterton, Oxfordshire, Feb. 27.

Hutchinson, Theodosia Frances, 2nd d. of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Wm. ——, to the Rev. Hugh Bole, Rector of Llanfihangel, Brecknockshire, only d. of the late Hugh ——, Esq. of Rrecow; All Saints, Leamington, Feb. 27.

Hyde, Miss Martha, of the Upper Orphan School, Kidderpore, to J. T. D. Cameron, Esq. of La Martiniere; Calcutta, Dec. 17, 1839.


Lawrence, Frances Cornelia, 2nd d. of the late Thos. ——, Esq., of Demerara, to Thomas Loughborough, Esq., of Austrinfia; St. Luke's, Northwood, Feb. 13.

Linton, Emma, d. of the late Jno. ——, Esq. of Clnaph-rise, to the Rev. C. Bradley, Vicar of Glusbury, Brecknockshire; Florence, Jan. 14.

Lyons, Anne-Bickerton-Theresa, eld. d. of Sir Edmunn ——, H. M. Minister Plenip. in Greece, and sister of Lady Fizzalan, to the Baron Phillip de Wurtzburgh, son of the Baron de Wurtzburgh; Athens, Dec. 24.

Maitland, Emma, 5th d. of C. Fuller ——, Esq. of Henly, to the Rev. Augustus Fitzroy, Rector of Fakenham, Suffolk, 3rd s. of the late Lord Henry ——; Remenham, Berks, lately.

Middlemas, Elizabeth Jane, ye. s. of Christpher ——, Esq., East Lothian, North Britain, to Alexander S. Sawyer, Esq.; Calcutta, Nov. 20, 1839.

Newsam, Preecilla, relict of the late R. ——, Esq. and 4th d. of the late Rev. T. B. Holgson, of Isham, Northamptonshire, to Henry Taylor, Esq. of Rickermersworth; St. George's, Hanover-square, Feb. 27.

Norcott, Emily-Dorcas, d. of Jno. ——, Esq. of Springfield, Cork, to Chas. Winter, Esq., Capt. 76th Regt.; Bullerant, Jan. 18.

O'Callaghan, Helena, 3rd d. of the late Henry ——, Esq. of Clare, Ireland, to Edward Lomas, Esq. of Netley-place, Surrey; Cuffon, Jan. 23.

Percival, Louisa Ann, ye. s. of H. ——, Esq. to Henry Pilleau, Esq. of H. M. 63rd Regt.; St. Pancras Church, lately.


Roberts, Mary, 2nd d. of the Rev. Thos. ——, of Bristol, to Joshua Ryland Marsham, Esq. Bar. at Law; St. James's Church, Bristol, Jan. 11.

Savigny, Frances Elizabeth Josephine, to Jas. Graves, Esq., A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin; Calcutta, Dec. 19, 1839.

Scott, Maria, Antoinette, d. of the late Alex. ——, Esq. of Beaumont-street, to A. H. Laughnan, Esq., 2nd s. of And. ——, Esq. of Nottingham-place, Lambeth, Jan. 30.

Sherwin, Charlotte, eld. d. of the late Jno. Langdon, Esq., to Edward Markham, Esq. only s. of the late Very Rev. the Dean of York; Brancote, Notts, Jan. 30.

Smith, Elizabeth, d. of W. ——, Esq., to Rev. Edw. Harton, Vicar of Denchworth, Berks; Wceton, lately.

[THE COURT]
Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Shuttleworth, Frances, eld. d. of Jno. B. —— Esq., of Bedford-place and Hamptonwick, to Henry Jefferston, M.D., of Finsbury-circus; St. George's, Bloomsbury, March 17, 1840.

Walker, Harriett, relief of the late Lieut.-Col. Leslie —— K.H., to E. P. Woolrich, Esq., of Quebec, Canada, and Southam, Warwickshire; St. George's, Hanover-square, lately.


Wood, Elizabeth Frances, d. of Maj. W. —— Bengal Horse Artillery, to Wm. Shirriff, of the Bengal Med. Serv.; Dum-Dum, E.I., Nov. 25, 1839.

Wood, Ellen, d. of the Rev. Geo. Davey —— B.A., Minister of St. Peter's Church, Maidstone, to the Rev. Thomas Turner Barker, B.A., Curate of Trinity Church, Maidstone; St. Peter's Church, Maidstone, lately.

DEATHS.

Adiell, James, Captain of the Ship Commerce, on the passage from Bombay to Liverpool, Oct. 29, 1839.

Anderson, T. C. Lieut. (Brev. Capt.) 24 Reg. N. I. on board the Chloe Harold, in which vessel he had taken his passage to the Cape; aged 35, Dec. 6, 1839.


Billinghurst, Josiah, Esq., of the Island of St. Vincent; Beaumont Street, Portland Place, Feb. 6.

Birbeck, Joshua, Esq., aged 93. He commenced business as a hat manufacturer with very limited means, and died worth £100,000. London, Feb. 4.

Bonifant, Bartholomew Comm. R. N. (1818.) He was a native of Corsica, and schoolfellow to Napoleon Buonaparte. He obtained rank of Lieut. in the British Navy, 1809; saw much service, and was highly esteemed as an excellent officer. His remains were interred with naval honors, in the churchyard at Longfleet. The coffin was covered with an union jack. Lately.

Borrell, Lawrence Caton, Esq., Norfolk Street, Feb. 1.

Britzcke, G. I., Lieut. 49 Bengal Native Inft., yest. son of the late G. P. —— Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office, Home Department. Suddenly at Neemuch, E. I., Jan. 16.

Callaway, William, son of William John —— Bridge Road, Lambeth, aged 11 months, 9th March; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Campbell, G. N. C. Major, Bengal Artillery, fifth son of the late Wm. —— Esq., of Fairfield, N. B. whilst on board the Hero of Malown, on the passage from Calcutta to Ceylon, Oct. 21, 1839.

Chattlehoff, Dr., Nicholas Josh.; Cawnpore, E. I., Dec. 16, 1839.

Cocke, Jas., Major, commanding of the Artillery Reserve Force, after an illness of three days; Kurgachee, E. I., Dec. 13, 1839.

Crofton, Nicholas, Esq., at his residence, aged 83; North Biddick-hall, lately.

Cumming, Alex., Esq., of Logic, North Britain, Hon. E. I. C. Bengal Civil Service, Jan. 30.

D'Cruz, Aurelia, Mrs., 4th dau. of the late J. J. Vasconcellos, Esq., on her way from Guvalior to Agra, aged 27; Dholpopor, E. I., Nov. 8, 1839.

De Tuerville, Countess, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Mar. 10.

Dean, Robt. M., Esq., aged 52, of Reading, late of Caversham; Fentonville, Feb. 2.

Dias, Roger, Esq., aged 22; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.

Douglas, Henry, Esq., a civil servant of 1779, on the Annuity List, leaving, it is said, 25 lacs of Rupees; Patna, E. I. lately.

Ellis, Major, H. M. 62d Regt., aged 29; Spencer's Hotel, Calcutta, Dec. 16, 1839.

Evans, Robt., Esq., Ranelagh Street, Pinkico, March 6.

Ferguson, Thos. Esq., aged 55, late Merchant at Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1839.


Gaskin, Mary Elizabeth, wife of John Sheafe —— Esq., member of Her Majesty's Council in Barbadoes; Upper Montagu-Street, Montagu-Square, Mar. 18.

Goodman, Samuel, son of Mr. W. —— aged 2 yrs. 5 mo. Lewisham, Kent; buried in South Metropolitan Cemetery, Mar. 5.

Goodridge, A. F., Esq., M. D., only son of Jno. —— Esq., R. N. late Master Attendant at the Cape of Good Hope; Candonna Mine, in the Brazil; Nov. 1, 1839.

Govey, T. B. Capt. comdr. of the Ship Asia; at sea on the voyage from Batavia, lately.

Gravatt, T., Lieut. H. M. 2d. or Queen's Royal Regt.; killed at the storming of Khelatt, Nov. 18, 1839.

Greenwood, Wm. Rev., aged 56, acting chaplain of Burdwan; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.

Green, Elizabeth, relief of the late Jas. —— Esq., of Linton Abbey, Nottinghamshire; Blackheath, Feb. 10.

Hare, Chas., Esq., aged 56; at his residence Berkeley-Square, March 11.

Harris, Wm. Capt. aged 65, late of the Comp. Service, of paralysis; Cochin, E. I., Nov. 21, 1839.


Hartley, George, Esq., aged 30, Dacca, E. I., Nov. 23, 1839.

Harvey, Mary, lady of Wm. —— Esq., Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, Feb. 3.

Hastings, Wm., Esq., aged 55, late of the Excise Office; Kensington, Feb. 3.

Hills, Scott George, Esq., aged 30, of Kishnaghr, Calcutta, Dec. 12, 1839.

Hooper, Capt., aged 82, late of the Hon. E. I. Comp. Serv., New Dorset Place, Clapham, Feb. 16.

Hay, Capt. comdr. Lady of the Lake, at sea on the voyage to Calcutta, lately.

Houghton, Adelaide Jane, dau. of Jas. —— Esq., Earl Street, Blackfriars, aged 10 yrs. 2 mo.; buried in South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 22.

Jauvren, Lieut. of H. M. 4th L. Drags. with the army of the Indus, lately.
Births, Marriages and Deaths.


Liddell, Archibald, Esq., aged 27; Calcutta, Nov. 22, 1839.


Mansell, Phillis, relict of the late John ——, Esq., aged 67, Camberwell; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 27.

Mantell, Hannah Matilda, dau. of Dr. —— of Clapham Common, aged 17 years; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

McLeod, Geo., Lieut., engineer, aged 22, of fever; Lower Scinde, Tatta, E. I., Nov. 5, 1839.


Macpherson, Jas., Esq., his infant and infant perished at sea from on board the Ship Sunda, wrecked off the coast of China, Oct. 12, 1839.

Martinell, Eliza, wife of Henry ——, Esq., Secretary to the Military Fund; Calcutta, Nov. 28, 1839.

Nisbett, Anthony, Esq., aged 25, Chester; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Mar. 4.

Oakie, Charlotte Ann, wife of Mr. John ——, Moore Place, Lambeth, aged 25; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Mar. 13.

O'Byrne, J. O. Capt. of the 25th Regt. N. I., died three marches from Cawnpore on the Allahabad road, E. I., Nov. 29, 1839.

Penderygrass, Capt. of the Ship Catherine, and Capt. Marshall, of the Ship Charles Dumergue, drowned during a severe gale; Coringa, E. I., Nov. 16, 1839.

Peel, Robt., Esq., suddenly of pulmonary affection of the lungs; Tesse, E. I., Dec. 11, 1839.

Richey, Eliza, wife of J. A. ——, Esq., aged 23 years; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.

Preston, Benj., Esq., aged 58, late of Calcutta, sincerely regrettet; Upper Berkeley Street, Feb. 16.


Russell, G. J., Lieut. 5th I. C. Assist. to the Commissioner in Mysoore; Chittlebroo, E. I., Nov. 24, 1839.

Schuler, Anne, aged 77, relict of the late Francis ——, Esq.; can Dec. E. I., Dec. 3, 1839.

Short, Bartholemew, Esq., age 72, and last survivor of the late Rev. W. ——, D. L., Preb. of Westminster, and of King's Worship, Feb. 5.

Smith, Rosa, wife of Robt. ——, Esq., of Park Village, West, Regent's Park, March 17.

Thomas, Lieut., 51st Regt. on the passage from India, lately.

Udny, Augusta Sophia, only dau. of C. G. ——, Esq., C. S.; Chowinghee, E. I., Nov. 23, 1839.

Wallop, Hon. Mrs., aged 91; Highbury Terrace, March 11.


Whiffin, Capt. com. of the Virginia, and Mr. Harland, chief mate of the above vessel, murdered by convicts, only two days after leaving Bombay for Signapore, Dec. 16, 1839.

Whyte, Jane, wife of Chas. ——, Esq., Surgeon to the Forces, and 3d dau. of the late John Luscombe, Esq., of Combe Royal Devon; Clifton, Jan. 3.

Wight, Alexx, Surgeon, and Mary Hume, his wife, drowned in the river Godavery, through the upsetting of a boat, leaving three infant children; Rajahmundry, E. I., Nov. 8, 1839.


Winfield, Wm., Esq., aged 68, Bartrams, Hampstead, Feb. 12.

Wicking, John, Esq., aged 75, Crowhurst, Surrey; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Mar. 8.

Young, infant son of Mr. George ——, died the day of its birth, Smith's Square, Westminster, buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery; Mar. 10.

[List of charges—for inserting a Marriage, not exceeding 5 lines, 3s.; a Birth or Death, not exceeding 3 lines, 2s.; each line beyond, 6d.—Letters pre-paid, transmitting notification for insertion, with an order for payment in London, will meet due attention.]
LE FOLLET,
Courrier des Salons.
JOURNAL DES MODES.
BOULEVART SAINT-MARTIN, 61.
1er AVRIL 1840.

MODES.

Ce serait vraiment un grand bonheur si la solennité de Longchamps, dont le mois prochain doit nous révéler les merveilles, était favorisée d'un ciel aussi pur, d'une température aussi douce que le ciel et la température dont nous jouissons depuis quelques jours, amnésiales avant-coureurs d'un printemps qui, s'il tient ses promesses, fera époque dans les annales de la Mode.

De par le carême et le préfet de police, nous avons été forcés de dire un assez brusque adieu à ces bals publics, auxquels l'intelligente administration de la salle Ventadour avait su imprimer, un cachet tout particulier de bon goût et de vrai plaisir, mystères féeriques, fêtes défilantes, que le carnaval a entraînées avec lui dans ses ruines, et que nous regretterons jusqu'à ce qu'elles nous soient rendues.

Nous avons, il est vrai, pour nous dédommager, le Ziagaro, dont le brillant succès attire chaque soir à la Renaissance tous les amateurs de chant et de danse ; nous avons les concerts, et puis encore les soirées et les bals particuliers, et les promenades, etc.

Par ces jours de bourgeons naissants, de premières fleurs, de chaud soleil et d'air pur, les toilettes de ville occupent beaucoup plus que les toilettes de soirée ou de bal, quelque ces dernières ne manquent pas de donner encore beaucoup d'occupation à nos jeunes artistes, dont l'imagination se préoccupe déjà, de toutes les créations qu'elles doivent exposer au grand jour.

Aujourd'hui, donc on se tâte sur le passé tout en anticipant un peu sur un avenir bien prochain, il est vrai ; toujours les petits, ce n'est pas tant que l'on envoie tout
de soie, les foulards et les reps; toujours les satins, les velours et les mousselines de laine.

Vous citerai-je aujourd'hui quelques modèles? Oui, car je ne saurais me résoudre à passer sous silence cette fraîche et gracieuse robe de madame Ferrière Pemnona.

La réputation si bien méritée de cette maison s'accroît chaque jour, et elle est maintenant placée sous le puissant patronage des plus influentes et des plus distinguées de nos élégantes. La robe dont je parle ici était coquettement garnie de sabots en point d'Angleterre, spécialité dont on peut dire que madame Pemnona a le monopole. Ces sabots, qui tombaient à triple rang jusque sur le milieu du bras, s'échelonnaient d'une manière toute gracieuse en partant de l'emmanchure. Le corsage était en cœur et un peu décolleté, pour obéir aux exigences de la Mode, que nous sommes très loin d'approuver sur ce point; ceci soit dit en passant.

J'ai vu cette robe portée, et je puis vous assurer qu'elle avait une grâce et un charme qui attiraient tous les regards. Il est vrai de dire aussi que la jeune dame dont cette toilette relévaient encore les charmes; portait un de ces merveilleux corsets qui ont élevé si haut la réputation de notre célèbre Pousse; corsets qu'il serait presque ridicule de vanter aujourd'hui, tant cette nécessité de toute toilette élégante est aujourd'hui généralement comprise; il est vrai enfin que cette robe avait pour soutien une sous-jupe d'Oudinot-Lutel, autre merveille également indispensable, et dont la réputation pourrait-on en croire, trouve encore quelques opposants, le mérite quelques incrédules. La cause de la sous-jupe était gagnée si tout le monde avait pu en voir les effets dans cette circonstance: on aurait été forcé d'avouer que la sous-jupe soutient amplement la robe, en donnant, par une combinaison aussi simple qu'ingénieuse, tout l'écart nécessaire aux riches et lourdes garnitures qui lui doivent toute leur grâce. N'est-ce pas la sous-jupe encore qui crée la régularité des plis, l'harmonie des ouvrailles?

Vous m'avez demandé, Anna, deux mots sur les négligés-habillés; je ne saurais mieux faire que de vous citer une nouveauté de mademoiselle Constance, qui sait donner à ce genre tout le piquant et toute la coquetterie dont il est susceptible. C'était une robe d'organzi légèrement brodée en cheville bleue et garnie de très hauts volants, les manches à triple bouillon vont jusqu'au coude; le corsage est en cœur et très ouvert; ceci est un négligé du soir.

Les redingotes en reps sont fort bien portées pour négligé de ville, surtout lorsqu'elles sortent des mains intelligentes d'Augustine, et que l'on y joint un de ces délicieux cols de mousseline, comme on n'en trouve qu'chez madame Pollet; ces cols, qui sont fort recherchés, forment le fichu à cœur et sont garnis de valenciennes; les mains et chettes en pareil sont de rigueur.

Une autre fantaisie que nous devons encore à madame Pollet, ce sont de charmantes collettes composées de plusieurs bandes de mousseline demi plissées sans apprêt, de sorte que la bande, au lieu de retomber lourde et plate flotte avec une légèreté et une grâce toute particulière. Les châles de madame Hélye-Pessonneaux n'ont rien perdu de leur beauté. Il serait impossible d'ailleurs de trouver une maison qui comporte mieux les délicates exigences de la richesse, du bon goût, du luxe. Aujourd'hui le nom de madame Hélye-Pessonneaux fait autorité dans le monde élégant; pas de corbeilles de mariage où ne figure quelqu'un de ces élégants cachemires que ses riches magasins offrent depuis quelque temps à l'admiration du monde élégant.

J'espère que j'aurai bientôt à vous signaler quelque nouveauté due à l'imagination de
LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau et Bonnet de Leclerc: 3, de Rivele, 10e. — Robe de Constance: 15, Thivonne, 57.


Court Magazine, No 11, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn, London.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61
Chapeau d'Almandine, 5, Richelieu, 164 — Coiffure de Paris, Passage Choiseul, 23.
Robe d'Augustine, 4, Louis-le-Grand, 32 — Fleurs de Chapet — Jardinière de Gandillet, rue Bellefont, 32.
Court Magazine, No. 6 Carey Street Lincoln's Inn, London
l'infatigable Leclère ; aujourd'hui je me contenterai d'appeler votre attention sur un ravissant, bonnet qui, à la première représentation de Ziagaró, a fait sensation au théâtre de la Renaissance. C'est une coiffure en pointe garnie de papillons boutons légèrement agrafés sur les tempes par de petites branches en chenille.

Je vous citerai encore, avant de vous renvoyer à mon prochain bulletin, un fort joli chapeau rose à pointe arrondie, gracieusement accompagné d'une voilette d'Angleterre.

Et maintenant, adieu, Anna.

Votre amie, Henriette de B....

**Description**

**DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.**

N° 7. Costume d'intérieur.
N° 8. Costume de ville.

**CHRISTINE.**

**REINE DE SUÈDE.**

Christine, reine de Suède, née le 18 décembre 1626, de Marie-Éléonore de Brandebourg et de Gustave-Adolphe, succéda à son père, mort en 1632 au milieu de ses victoires. La pénétration de son esprit et son courage éclatèrent dès son enfance. Gustave, espérant beaucoup de la jeune princesse, s'était plu à la mener avec lui dans ses voyages. Il la conduisit à Colmar, elle n'avait pas encore deux ans. Le gouverneur demanda si on tenterait le canon et si on ne craignait pas que le bruit n'empouvantât l'enfant. Gustave hésita d'abord sur la réponse, mais, après un moment de silence :

« Tirez, dit-il, elle est la fille d'un soldat, il faut qu'elle s'y accoutume. » L'enfant, loin de s'effrayer, riait, battait les mains, et semblait demander qu'on redoublât. Cette intrépidité plût à Gustave qui depuis, faisait la revue de ses troupes devant elle, et voyant le plaisir qu'elle prenait à ce spectacle militaire : « Allez, dit-il, laissez-moi faire; je vous mènerai un jour en des lieux où vous aurez contentement. » Il mourut trop tôt pour tenir parole, et Christine, qui regretta toute sa vie de n'avoir pu voir une bataille, regretta encore plus de n'avoir pas fait l'apprentissage de la guerre sous un tel maître.

L'amour des lettres et la liberté lui inspirèrent de faire, dès l'âge de vingt ans, d'abandonner un peuple qui ne savait que combattre, et d'abdiquer sa couronne. Elle laissa mourir ce dessein pendant sept années. Enfin, après avoir prétendu, par ses ambassadeurs, aux traités de Westphalie qui pacifiquèrent l'Allemagne, elle descendit du trône pour y faire monter Charles-Gustave, son cousin german, le 16 juin 1634. Christine quitta la Suède peu de jours après son abdication, et fit frapper une médaille dont la légende était : « que le Parnasse vant mieux que le trône. » Travestie en homme, elle traversa le Danemark et l'Allemagne, se rendit à Bruxelles, y embrassa la religion catholique, et de là passa à Innsbruck où elle jura solennellement le luthéranisme. Lorsque le prince de Condé mourut, Christine, qui l'avait toujours admiré, écrivit à mademoiselle de Scudéri pour l'engager à célerer ce héros.

« La mort, disait-elle dans sa lettre, qui s'approche et ne marque jamais son moment, ne m'inquiète pas ; je l'attends sans la désirer ni la craindre. » Elle mourut trois ans après, le 19 avril 1689 ; elle ordonna qu'on ne mettrait sur son tombeau que ces mots :

D. O. M. VISIT CHRISTINAMD. ANN. LXXXI.

**UN PONT NEUF.**

**LE DANSEUR AUQUEL EXPOSE L'ORGUEIL.**

Epicié millionnaire retiré, M. Curedent
avait, dans son jardin anglais, fait jeter un pont sur un petit ruisseau fangeux qui traversait son parc, et, pour le grossir, il en avait arrêté les eaux déjà croupissantes. Le pont était très large et à une arche. Il voulait passer dessous en bateau, mais l’arche était basse; les eaux peu profondes, l’homme très gros; de manière que dans ses voyages nautiques, arrivé au pont, il se conclait à plat ventre dans le bateau et un paysan venait pousser le navire. Mais le dos du sire touche à l’arche, le batelet s’enfonce; le paysan veut vaincre l’obstacle, il pousse et pousse tant que la barque, enfoncée dans la vase, ne peut plus ni avancer ni reculer. Le navigateur, pris comme dans un état, mugit, heurté comme un beau diable, le paysan redouble d’efforts, et plus il pousse plus il enfonce son maître. Ecoutez-le.

— Ah! Jérôme, j’étoffe... dépêche-toi, tire-moi d’ici, appelle quelqu’un, car si ma femme allait le savoir, si elle me voyait, ça ne serait pas fini... Cours au village.

— Je cours, not’ maître.

— Tâche que ma femme ne nous voie pas, ne sache rien, car ce serait bien une autre tempête.

— Oui, oui, soyez tranquille.

Jérôme court au village; mais il fallait raconter l’histoire, convaincre les rieurs (car on riait beaucoup de l’aventure) que le danger était réel, et tout cela emportait le temps. Et ce n’était pas tout.

L’heure du déjeuner sonne. Madame Curedent, ne voyant pas venir son mari, sort toute en colère, court dans le jardin, appelle, et, n’entendant personne, allait rentrer, quand elle aperçoit Jérôme à la tête d’une troupe de paysans armés d’instruments divers.

— Mon Dieu! Est-ce une émeute? Où cours-vous ainsi?

— Madame, délivrer monsieur.

— Délivrer monsieur!... Et d’où?... de qui?... de quoi?...

— De dessous le pont où il est engravé.

Madame le suit; tandis que les paysans se mettent à la besogne, elle descend au bord du ruisseau et aperçoit le patient, plié en deux,

qui soufflait comme un bœuf et souffrait mort et passion.

— Eh bien! que faites-vous là, monsieur? s’écrie-t-elle en furie.

— Ah! délivrez-moi! j’étoffe... je meurs.

— Je vous l’avais cependant bien défendu; mais l’orgueil... Un pont... on veut avoir un pont... Vous voyez ce qu’il en coûte d’avoir un pont.

— Oh! oui, je conviens que c’est ridicule, et je t’en demande pardon, bichette.

— Eh bien! pour me prouver que vous vous repentez sincèrement, promettez devant témoins que vous consentez au mariage de Sophie et de Jules.

— Oh! oui, de tout mon cœur. Cependant diable!... sitôt grand-père...

— Et vieux galantin... Y songez-vous encore? Vraiment je vous le conseille, l’amour vous va aussi bien que l’orgueil... Un épicer ! Ah! vous regrettez de n’avoir pas un de vant votre nom; soyez tranquille; désormais cela ne vous manquera pas, et partout où vous irez on criera : Voilà, voilà M. du Pont!

Et à cette saillie de la bonne langue, Jérôme et tous les travailleurs partent d’un éclat de rire, et le patient lui-même, malgré la torture qu’il éprouve, ne peut s’empêcher de faire cho- rus. Enfin, grâce aux efforts des pontonniers, le pont fut promptement trouvé, le millionnaire repêché, car le ruisseau avait grossi et l’eau remplissait la barque; on le hissa, non sans difficulté, car le bonhomme était énorme et le trou assez étroit; enfin il sortit, bien entendu, avec force basses à la tête, force martrissures et contusions au dos et sur les épaulas.

Néanmoins, en définitif, tout le monde y gagna, Jules d’abord la main de Sophie, la femme un peu plus d’autorité sur son mari, et ce mari lui-même un titre de noblesse; car M. Curedent, depuis ce jour-là, fut surnommé M. du Pont.

Bonvalot.
CHRISTINA OF PISA.

Born 1563.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine.

No. 86 of the series of ancient portraits.

1840
THE COURT AND 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.

MEMOIR OF
CHRISTINE OF PISA.

Illustrated with a Full-length Portrait, engraved from an illuminated manuscript, executed at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and now in the British Museum.

To a woman belongs the especial glory of first awakening in France a taste for literature; that woman, little as it may be known to readers in general, was Christine of Pisa, whose portrait most appropriately adorns our collection of celebrated ladies.

Christine was the daughter, and grand-daughter of two very learned Italians of the fourteenth century. Her father, Tomaso di Pisa, a celebrated literary character, native of Pisa, had settled at Bologna, having married the only daughter of his intimate friend Dr. Forti, member of the grand council of Venice. Such were the parents of our Christine, who was born at Bologna about the year 1363, at the commencement of the auspicious reign of Charles the Wise of France.

The fame of Tomaso di Pisa had extended beyond the Alps; two great sovereigns—those of France and Hungary—invited him to their courts in order to assist in civilizing their subjects; and the father of Christine, attracted by the personal virtues of Charles and stimulated by a desire to see the university of Paris which was then rising to eminence under the fostering care of that enlightened prince, gave preference to the French invitation.

Charles the Wise treated the learned stranger with such distinction that he resigned all his hopes of advancement at Venice, and resolving to become a denizen of France, Tomaso summoned his wife and children to Paris, where, in the month of December, 1368, they were received in the most flattering manner, the king with all his court giving them audience at the Louvre. The Parisians, delighted with the magnificence of the Lombard habits worn by the Italian Signora and her children, followed in crowds, and welcomed them with the utmost enthusiasm.

X—MAY, 1840. 393
Memoir of Christine of Pisa.

Christine was but five years old when with the rest of her family she was thus graciously received by Charles V. and his people. Perhaps in these matter-of-fact days, it may somewhat lessen the literary estimation in which the learned Tomaso ought to be held, when we acknowledge that chiefly to his skill in astrology—the science most venerated in the middle ages, must be attributed his being so warmly received by the reigning king of France; still, it must be remembered, that in other and more profitable studies he had made considerable progress.

Tomaso was both the greatest mathematician and astronomer of his day. We owe most of our great discoveries in chemistry to that which is now regarded as a futile pursuit—alchemy; mathematics and astronomy likewise owe much to the stimulus which the false marvels of astrology imparted to those studies, held to be indispensable auxiliaries in the attainment of "starry lore." We must, therefore, forgive Tomaso the infirmity which was rather the dominant superstition of the age, than his own peculiar bias, more especially when we consider that from his family there emanated a taste for letters throughout all France. True, indeed, it was but a faint glimmer, soon to be darkened in the wide-spreading obscurity—a precious spark which the stormy days of Charles VI. all but extinguished.

Christine was brought up under the care of her father and the king as a young lady of rank: in her childhood she shewed the greatest aptitude for learning. Instructed by her father, she made considerable progress in the Latin language. At fifteen years of age she became an accomplished linguist, and was skilled in other sciences most extraordinary for her sex and era. Her beauty attracted many admirers whom her merits retained in allegiance to her wit, humour and learning. She thus modestly mentions the subject.

"Whilst I was yet a young girl I was demanded in marriage by many chevaliers, nobles, and rich clerks. They looked upon me," she adds, in great simplicity, "as a great match, on account of the love the king bore my father—that was the cause and not mine own value."

A young gentleman of Picardy, Etienne Castel, was preferred by her before all rivals. Charles V. graced the happy nuptials by his presence and soon after promoted the husband of Christine to the high office of private secretary. The brave and faithful Castel filled this post with great honour, and by his assistance the beneficent Charles made his country so prosperous, that France gratefully bestowed on the royal patriot the appellations of wise and good.

Thus far had Christine all that could make life desirable—a noble and adoring husband, a gracious sovereign,—a wise and affectionate father, blessings to which was soon added that of a family of lovely infants. But prosperity in this life is not a durable estate even for the wise and good. The patriot sovereign of France died—and, with a new court, sprung up new favourites. Tomaso di Pisa, accordingly, lost his influence, and the uncles of the young king, either hating Castel or fearing his probity, deprived his father-in-law of the handsome pension he derived from the country of his royal friend—Charles the Wise, and Castel, himself, of his office. Then did Christine first know trouble. Her father fell into indigence, and becoming a prey to melancholy, ill health and infirmity of mind speedily succeeded, and in no long space of time he was carried, like his royal patron, to the tomb.

Christine bestows the highest eulogium on her father, and, above all, takes care to assure us that he died at the very hour on which he had predicted the event would happen. All great astrologers it seems are expected to keep precisely the appointment they have made with death—it being, by the way, a point of etiquette to which some great professors of the art have fallen martyrs.

Christine further assures the world, that many of the wise and patriotic measures so successfully undertaken by Charles V., were owing to the advice given him by her father, who observed their auspicious result by his astrological art. It is very probable that Tomaso foresaw that honest and wise legislation would produce beneficial effects to France, but that he drew such conclusions from the stars is another affair. This is, however, a very curious chapter in the history of political government.

"Not in our time," she continued, in further commendation of her father's talents,
neither for a hundred years, previously, lived there a man who had such knowledge in mathematical studies, or who gave such true astrological judgments."

Charles paid this sage the enormous salary of a hundred livres per month! besides gifts, as Christine declares, of books and other bagatelles. This noble pension, in the lifetime of her royal patron, had placed Tomaso on a level with the peers of France, "who came," pursues his daughter, "to bow their coroneted helmets before the laurel crown that encircled the head of the savant, even as Pompey, vanquisher of three parts of the known world, inclined the Roman fasces before the door of the philosopher Possidorus."

This is no bad specimen of the eloquence of the fair and accomplished Christine. Madame de Staël could scarcely have turned a classical allusion with more grace than did this blue belle of the fourteenth century.

After the death of Tomaso his family looked up to Castel—the husband of Christine, as their protector; his prudence enabled him to support them, but this worthy man was, at the early age of thirty-five, reft, by sudden illness, from Christine and his helpless dependents.

Christine, a widow and mother of three children, when but only twenty-five years of age, found herself nearly destitute, but her bitterest deprivation was the loss of her noble-minded Etienne.

"I have lost him," she cried, in the excess of her grief; "I was the simple dove obedient to his will; he was my comfort, my pleasure, my support!" Oh gentle alliance! I was young and he was wise; was any union like ours in this world! Alas! my beloved has vanished from me for ever! Mine eyes pour forth floods of bitter water. An hour does not seem to have elapsed since I lost him!"

The unfortunate widow, to add to her other troubles, became involved in litigation. In order to retain the relics of her property, she was constrained to suceed from tribunal to tribunal, yet without the power of obtaining justice. The government of France falling into ruin around her rendered justice difficult to be obtained. While she was prosecuting her causes, her beauty drew on her a great deal of troublesome admiration and many lawless offers, "and this," she says, "added greatly to my tribulation."

At last, she resolved to pursue literature as a profession; she had assisted her father in arranging the Bibliothèque Royale, or at least the precious seeds of that magnificent establishment first sown by Charles the Wise, its royal founder; these consisted of nine hundred manuscripts which had been placed under the care of Tomaso and Christine.

It appears that Christine still had access to these treasures, for when alluding to them she says, "I retired from the world—I read and composed. At first I studied the ancient histories, from the commencement of the world; next those of the Hebrews and Assyrians, and then descended from them to those of the Romans, the Britons, and the French." From history she passed to poetry in which she found her natural bent. She calls her first metrical compositions ditez, which is exactly translated by our old picturesque word ditties; these consisted of ballads, rondeaux, lays, and virelays. She was fascinated by her new employment. "But," she expressly says, "notwithstanding I compose these gallant ditties, they are for others not for myself. Love will never dwell with me."

She was mistaken, however, in her mournful prediction, and perhaps at that moment unconsciously felt the benign influence of her malady. Her friends and neighbours were perfectly aware of it, for she thus complains of their gossiping observations:

"What wickedness! they publish throughout the whole city that I love and am beloved, while God and myself know there is nothing in it."

Concealment was out of the question; the lover of Christine occupied too distinguished a station for his passion to be long a secret. He was the Earl of Salisbury, the English ambassador, who had been sent by his unfortunate master, Richard II., on a mission to the French court, in order to induce Charles VI., the father of the young English Queen Isabella, to dismiss Henry of Bolingbroke (then in exile) from his capital; and to break off the marriage of that prince with the Princess Marie of Berri. Salisbury executed these delicate missions with the utmost success, but he...
Memoir of Christine of Pisa.

lost his own heart to the learned and beautiful Christine, who it appears still had the entrée of the French court. Salisbury was himself a poet, and the fine mind of Christine doubly enhanced in his eyes the loveliness of her person. It was on the occasion of her reciting some of her verses before the French court that Salisbury first beheld her. They conversed upon the topic congenial to both, and their pleasure in each others society soon grew into confidence.

"Gracious Chevalier," said Christine to the noble Englishman, "you not only love ditties but you are, yourself, a delectable ditteur.* Charm me in your turn by the recital of some gentille lays." Thus, however, he answered her:

"O thou pearl of the finest mind, as well as the flower of the fairest beauty! no more rest remains for me, O desire of my heart, pleasure of my eyes, torment of my thoughts, you have attracted me, body and soul. You have stilled my voice and all I can do at this moment is to see and hear you."

The heart of the poor Earl was certainly in a desperate way, if this sad ditty does not greatly exaggerate his passion for the fair Christine.

Tradition declares that Christine, on hearing this poem which the Earl composed in her praise, reproached him with saying so much and meaning so little; so Salisbury promised to put more restraint on his passion.

Though for reasons, well known to himself, he did not propose marriage, he was exceedingly anxious to befriend Christine, and finding she had a son aged thirteen he offered to take him as his page of honour and advance him at the English court.

"Madame," said he to Christine, "I must not love you for I have renounced marriage. Yet I want to occupy myself with some one connected with you. You have a son—trust him in my hands, I shall feel happy in having him near me, and in promoting his advancement."

Christine, softened to tears by this address, clasped her fatherless boy to her bosom and then presented him, with eyes full of gratitude, to the generous Earl.

"I consign him to you," she said, "it is hard to give but it would be cruel to my child if I retained him; yet I cannot exist without seeing him sometimes. If your sojourn in England should be long, maternal love will lend me wings and I shall fly to visit him."

This would have been a dangerous step for Christine, as Salisbury reiterated the impossibility of his marrying again. Whereupon there was remonstrance from the fair widow:

"So young as you are, and so nobly endowed both by nature and fortune, to renounce love and Hymen!"

"Ah! Madame," replied he, laying his hand on her heart, "respect my secret, which rests here."

This secret was nothing else than that the Earl, who passed himself off at the court of France as a sentimental widower, was already provided with a wife in England—such fair incognita being the great heiress Maude, daughter of a London citizen and widow of a rich merchant.

Our French authority is exceedingly perplexed by the mystical renunciation of love and Hymen, by the gallant Earl, yet a reference to Dugdale's Baronage will explain the mystery by the simple statement that the Countess Maude was alive, and mother of two sons. Maude, likewise, from the irrefragable evidence of wills and charters, survived her husband. How woefully is the romantic illusion of a mysterious courtship dispelled by the single ray flung upon it from a plain statement of facts. This passage, however, in the life of Christine, presents a profitable lesson to woman, if properly considered. Christine was an intelligent and virtuous lady, and this insidious deceiver dared not attempt to betray her. He was a zealous Lollard, but no great honour in point of principle to the infant reformation in England.

Salisbury was, however, one of those mixed characters in whose soul good and evil maintain a vehement and continual contest: incapable of undeviating truth, or rectitude, he, nevertheless, occasionally performed acts of beneficence. Like most

* This word seems to have supplanted to the term Troubadour, for a lyric poet.
men who waver between the two principles, his end was calamitous. Want of justice is ever accompanied by want of judgment; hence the unceasing ill-fortune of persons who are occasionally beneficent to their fellow creatures from mere impulse, but at the same time act on no fixed principle of moral conduct. The brave, the talented, the accomplished Salisbury was one of those unfortunate characters.

Christine remained in ignorance of the reason of her lover’s mysterious renunciation of the only method by which he could call a virtuous, and firm-principled woman his own. After his departure to England with her son, Christine remained secluded in her home, mourning in the anguish of a wounded heart, and meditating upon the unaccountable cause which separated her from one to all appearance so completely her captive.

“I pass,” she says, “my time in reading at my window, or esconced in a nook, where no one can see me.” My heart swells, large drops fall unconsciously from my eyes. My only comfort is to compose rondeaux and ditties, love keeps me far from human intercourse, and inexorably retains me his prey. Thus,

“Seulette je suis, et seulette vous être.”
“Alone I am, and lone I wish to be.”

is the commencement of one of her most popular love songs, and the reality of her feelings infused so much true pathos into her compositions that they became wonderfully popular. Although at this epoch she excluded herself wholly from society, her fame increased throughout Europe; meantime Salisbury proved the kindest of patrons to her son, who saw a most prosperous career opening before him at the English court, when the horrors of revolution opened an abyss beneath the feet of his lord; the invasion of Henry of Bolingbroke terminating in the deposition of Richard II., Salisbury, his prime minister, was involved in the misfortunes of his royal master, and, soon afterwards, when endeavouring to effect a counter revolution, he was beheaded in a popular tumult, in spite of the tears, lamentations and entreaties of the young Castel, his devoted page; and the faithful boy was covered with the blood of his kind, but erring master.

The papers of the Earl of Salisbury being seized and carried to Henry IV., that learned usurper found amongst them the poems of Christine, and, after reading them, became so great an admirer of her genius that he invited the fair authoress to England where she would be treated as the greatest ornament of his new court; Christine gave, however, a decided and chilling refusal to the murderer of her friend.

Here is her memorandum on the subject:

“This beau roi began by behaving in the most flattering manner to my son; twice he sent to me by heralds—notable men—praying and soliciting me, by strength of promise, to pass over to London. But I refused all advancement at his hands, either for my son or for myself, because I cannot but believe that the end of the disloyal will be calamitous.”

On her son’s return to France she bathed him with her tears; but those tears flowed not solely on his account. The past was for her a subject of silent but agonizing grief and, perpetually dwelling on the sad end of him whom she called the graceful Count she fell into a deep melancholy; one bitter remembrance poisoning the rest of her days.

Many crowned heads, taking pity on her extreme misery, offered her succour and advancement at their courts; and had she chosen to have quitted France she could indeed have obtained an establishment in her native country. Visconti, Duke of Milan, promised her, she declares, a pension for life if she would repair to Lombardy. To the unhappy, locality is a matter of indifference, but, generally, their minds are averse from change.

Visconti was not angry at this refusal: he bestowed many benefits on Christine,

* This angle or corner is probably the favourite nook wherein she wrote and studied, as shown in our portrait.
† He was buried in the abbey of Cirencester where his head was hacked off by the towns-people; Maud, his widow, obtained leave to transfer his corpse to Bisham abbey, in Berkshire.
although she still sojourned at Paris. It was the unfortunate lot of this lady to lose
by death all those who had once actively befriended her; the Duke of Milan soon
followed her former protectors to the tomb, and she had now to add his name to those
of Charles V., her father, her husband, and the murdered Salisbury.

One patron, however, remained—Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy. This
generous prince took charge of her son, the young Castel, recently returned from
England. He was her only remaining hope, for she had lost her other children
during their infancy. In order to console the unhappy Christine, the Duke of
Burgundy employed her in a task the most dear to her heart; this was to write the
life of Charles V. The gracious manner in which Philip made this offer both
soothed and touched her feelings, and she gladly set about penning the history of
the wise monarch of France, but before it was finished his noble-hearted brother
died.

We are happy that her apostrophe to King Charles has been preserved; it is full
of eloquent pathos.

"Ah! memory of Charles V., my generous master! be ever blessed! Now
can I praise you without flattery, for you have paid the inevitable tribute of nature;
but your name, oh great king, shall live for ever in the remembrance of the learned
you cherished. You were no warrior, my prince, you were but wise, yet what title
is, in reality, more glorious than this? You loved Science, priceless treasure, and
found it a celestial garden wherein are always to be gathered flowers and fruit."

Upon the death of Philip of Burgundy, Christine was, for a time, deprived of
every means of helping herself, although there were her aged mother, her son, and
three destitute relatives requiring her support.

"I am thrice doubled," she says, "as to expenditure, having six persons to
maintain, but misfortune seems to give me powers of exertion of which I did not think
myself capable. I feel when nature has blessed us with firmness of mind that a state
of suffering tends only to increase our capabilities for action."

In the midst of her sufferings she declares that she took pride in maintaining a
respectable outward appearance, and, not suffering her disastrous affairs to be publicly
known; she always appeared well dressed.

"I wear," she says, "occasionally, a modish mantle, furred with grey, a fine
burcoat of scarlet, a radiant girdle flowered with gold, and some pearls saved from
the wreck of my fortunes. My hair is always well curled and nicely braided behind. My bed is handsome, though our repasts are very slender, but reason would
ordain this if my means were even better, and philosophy is ever well contented."

It was her greatest cause for suffering that she was at length forced to request a
loan:

"Beau Sire Dieu," she exclaims, "how I blushed then!"

To importune even for her own put her almost into a state of fever. At length,
in her thirty-ninth year, Charles VI. granted her a handsome pension of two hun-
dred livres, but in the then unsettled state of the government, the difficulty was to
get this salary paid by his treasurers, who gave her many a walk, and caused her to
ask very earnestly and often before they would pay her a single sou.

Christine nevertheless struggled on till old age, though often troubled for the
means of subsistence. Philosophy and religion taught her calmly to endure all the
vicissitudes of life, and to trust in God for that daily bread, which, in truth, had never
failed her. Her latter days were less marked by misfortune than had been the flower
of her youth; "or," says she, "I can now bear vicissitude better; my life is like the
turbulent ocean, which deprived of impetus to roar and foam sinks at length into a
dead calm."

Many portraits remain of this celebrated lady, whose works, richly illuminated,
are the ornament of the finest manuscript collections in Europe. The likenesses of
the fair authoress, which frequently occur in their vellum pages, speak more for her
beauty than anything which she has said for herself.

"I owe to my Creator," she says, "that I have a person without deformity, and
tolerably agreeable."

This judgment of her personal graces is too modest, and if she has not been
greatly flattered in the illuminated frontispiece to her *Cité des Dames*, she was certainly beautiful. She is represented seated under a dais or canopy, leaning on her left hand, the elbow resting on her desk. Her face is oval, her features regular, her shape slender but beautifully rounded. Her eyes are lustrous, exceedingly expressive, and downcast. The head-dress she wears is a sort of lilac bonnet, covered with fine white gauze; but her chemisette of extreme fineness, a little opened, hides not the beauty of her fair throat and shoulders. Her robe is blue, embroidered with gold on the petticoat, the corsage giving to view a little violet velvet corset, laced with gold. The style of this portrait is greatly in accordance with our own though described from an Italian copy of one of her works. The magnificent volume from which we have drawn our likeness is now in the British Museum.

Her *Cité des Dames* was composed principally for the instruction of Queens and Princesses. The authoress invites them to lower their grandeur, and receive instruction from her without thinking it a disgrace to do so. The age in which Christine lived was more devout than moral, and those who scrupled not to assassinate their enemies never failed to arise for the worship of God by morning’s dawn. The too notorious Isabeau of Bavaria,* was an instance of this revolting union of devotion and profligate conduct.

Christine in her moral lecture, thus reproves the pride of modern queens:

“*Our immortal Blanche,† Queen Regent of France, sought other ways of distinguishing herself, it was by her sweetness of manners that she disarmed her turbulent barons. Her beauty drew all their regards, her gracefulness won their love, yet, the womanly dignity expressed in her eyes commanded their respect. Without a crown she would have reigned by her charms—that natural and true empire of woman. One look made her malcontent vassals hasten to Palestine. Under another Queen what mischief would not Count Thibaut of Champagne have done in France. She would have tamed at once this villain King of Navarre (Charles the Bad) who now does us such harm.*”

The over fondness for dress, that eternal reproach to women, drew down sarcastic comments from Christine. She reproaches the French ladies for their frequent change of fashions, and new-born desire of dictating the modes to Europe—she says

“*Is it not quite an outrage? for the other day the tailleur of robes told me that he made for a simple demoiselle of Gatoins, a cottehardie containing five double ells, Paris measure, of the fine cloth of Brussels, she had three quarters in length of trailing train, to say nothing of the bombards puffed out round the bottom. In truth, in no other country, but France, do women vary thus their modes. For in other realms their tastes are more constant; they cling to their habiliments with the same affection they shew for their residences and the places where they have passed their childhood. But these French women change their fashions every year, and what is worse, strangers follow their example.*”

Christine gives some curious examples of the tenacity with which ladies maintained their precedence, and even fought, regarding disputed points, at the balls of Isabeau de Bavaria. “The noble ladies elbow the simple demoiselles who frequently try to take the pas of them. Nay, even the entrance to the sanctuary is not free from these violations—the peace is sometimes broken and tourets (a sort of cap), and colletettes are torn into fragments, and strewn on the pavements of the churches. It is in Picardy and Bretagne that the ladies are most lively and firm in defending their rights of precedence, while their noble spouses, seated tranquilly on the lordly bench appointed for the seigneurs, behold the fray, and praise her most who wins the latter.

Our Christine it may be seen, is a lively and satirical historian of costume: in her *Cité des Dames* we find the most ancient description of lying-in visits:—

“On these occasions,” she declares, “there is a parade of the greatest magnificence, and often the citizen’s wife equals the luxury of the greatest ladies.”

She gives the description of a visit of this kind paid to a merchant’s wife just after her accouchement. These visits were called by the expressive phrase of the "Chattering hours of the accouchée," and doubtless they well deserved the name.

* See this Portrait and Memoir in the Lady’s Magazine, for May, 1831.
† This Portrait is in Progress.
Memoir of Christine of Pisa.

After traversing several superbly furnished apartments, Christine reached a chamber in which was set out a grand buffet full of silver vessels; opposite to which stood the bed of the lying-in lady. The room was hung with tapestry of Cyprus, richly shot with gold, and, around, were placed elegant cushions embroidered with the devices and cyphers of the mistress of the house. The bed was of the finest quality; the sheets, cloth of Rheims, which must have cost 300 livres, the couvre pied, a new invention of stuff wrought in silk and silver. The carpet which was trodden under foot was the same, only shot with gold. The wife of the merchant reclined in bed, attired in a gorgeous robe of crimson silk, while the gentille pillows on which she leant were buttoned with great pearls.

"Oh times! oh manners!" exclaimed the indignant Christine, "these rich citizens' wives surpass in luxury Queen Isabeau! and the King permits it. Where are his impositions of aid, tailles and emprunts to hinder such excesses in the bourgeois of France?"

One of Christine's poems was translated into English by Antony Wydville, the accomplished brother of Queen Elizabeth Wydville.† This was called "The Moral Proverbs and the Book of Prudence" by Christine de Pisan, daughter of Thomas de Pisan, otherwise called of Bologna. The Moral Proverbs consist of rhyming distichs, but the Book of Prudence is in prose.

A slight specimen of Christine's authorship, and Earl River's translation, will probably satisfy our readers.

The great virtues of our elders notable
Oft to remember is thing profitable
A happy house that is, where dwelleth prudence,
For where she is, reason is in presence.

A very excellent maxim which leads us to suppose that notwithstanding her literary talents, Christine had a well-ordered house—for she seems to understand the principles of good government of a family. The gallant Rivers proceeds to say

Of these sayings Christina was authoress,
In making which she had such intelligence
That thereof she was the mirror and mistress of prudence.
And thus in English doth rehearse
Antoin Widervyle the Earl Rivers.

Christine's compositions had the honour of being almost the first work that employed Caxton's printing presses; the old printer concludes his task by adding some rhyme.

Go thou little quire and recommend me
Unto the good grace of my especial lord
The Earl Rivers, for I imprinted thee,
At his commandment; following every word.
His copy as his secretary can record
At Westminster, of Feverer the 20th day,
And of King Edward the seventeenth year vraye.

Christine wrote in verse the epistle of Othea, Goddess of Prudence, addressed to Hector. This last work is dedicated to the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, afterwards murdered in the Rue Barbet. A fine illumination is found in the commencement of the poem: Christine is represented on her knees, offering her book to Orleans and his wife Violante of Milan.† It is a treatise of education, addressed to the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess, afterwards the famous poet, Duke of Orleans.

Christine obtained much of her popularity by making the French acquainted, through the medium of translation, with the poetic fictions of Ovid and Virgil: the illiterate French lords, charmed with the genius of these great poets, and knowing nothing of them, supposed, indeed, that the fine imagery from which she culled originated, in fact, from the genius of our authoress.

* Coverplate; it covered the feet of her bed.
† A Portrait and Memoir of this Queen is in preparation.
‡ See her Portrait and Memoir, January, 1840.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF

CHRISTINE OF PISA.

Accompanying the present number.

It is a curious circumstance, that wherever the portrait of Christine of Pisa occurs in the illuminated quarto we have been describing, she is dressed in a garment of blue; the favourite hue, therefore, of the learned ladies in the fourteenth century, whether by design, or accident, is precisely similar to that which ironically symbolizes them in our own times. Perhaps the colour of Christine's dress was chosen as most becoming to her transparently fair complexion, and that it was coquetry caused her to rank herself among the blue sisterhood. There is a striking resemblance in all Christine's portraits, wherever she is represented in this book, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, there is the same fair complexion and mild features, the same style of coiffeur and garment of azure dye. Her taste in dress is simple and elegant. The white Italian faziola is somewhat modified by being strained over the wire frame-work which formed the horned cap of that era. Her gown is made of plain blue camlet, bordered round the bust with a fine lawn tucker, the sleeves are strait to the wrists: the upper sleeves, are, however, of the long form, and instead of cuffs, they hang down like open lappets; these upper sleeves are edged with white silk, and all her garments appear to be lined with the same material, or else with white fur; she is here without ornament on her person. Christine is represented in her own writing-cabinet, sitting under a low-turned arch, with a croisée casement, likewise arched, on her left hand. She is transcribing with a reed pen in her quarto M.S. on a table covered with a cloth, her pewter inkstand, or writing box, with four little feet and a cover, is of a form and pattern still to be seen at every roadside inn in remote districts of England, where the march of modern improvements, in such utensils has not yet progressed—the pewter writing-box of the learned Christine, is in fact, ridiculously familiar to the eye of moderns, and her library fauteuil, of the pattern of chairs made in the days of Henry IV., seems as if taken out of a modern dining-room. The pug-dog of the learned beauty is demurely seated by the side of his mistress, adorned with the finery she has denied herself, so that the little creature has around his neck, a costly collar enriched with a row of gold bells. Altogether this peculiarly authentic portrait, with its domestic accessories, is one of the most interesting relics of the middle ages, at an era too, when records of domestic history and all details of costume are, in general, singularly dark and unsatisfactory.

The book which seems originally to have been written for some exalted personage, has a mark in it which shows that it was once in the collection of the Duke of Newcastle. This is a paper, originally part of an external leaf, on which is written, "Henry, Duke of Newcastle, his books, 1676." To whom it had belonged in France does not appear. The volume, independently of its manifold pictorial attractions, is, undoubtedly, of great value and curiosity, as many of the pieces it contains are not mentioned in the usual catalogues of the author's works, yet are here marked with her name, or other sufficient demonstrations as coming from her.
ONWARD the weary soldiers march’d
Across the land of Spain;
With hunger faint, for water parch’d,
They trod the burning plain:
Warriors were they, of Jerome’s guard,
In Spanish warfare maim’d and scar’d.

When lo! before their languid eyes,
They saw an abbey’s turrets rise
Above the neighbouring wood;
The gothic towers stood fair and light
Against the sky of azure bright,
And when they met their gladdened sight,
Oh! then those soldiers wild and rude
Press’d on to gain their solitude.

They rush’d unto the abbey gate,
They struck its portal loud;
Small courtesy had they to wait—
That rough impatient crowd.
Forth at the noisy summons came,
Prior and monks, a solemn train,
And greet the enemies of Spain,
With artful tongues, but hearts of flame.

“Ho prior!” cried the chieftain then,
“Out with thy stores and feed our men,
And we, who rule, whom thou may’st count
A goodly show, will straight dismount;
And thou must guide us, one and all,
Into the refectory hall,
To treat us with the blood-red wine,
For which our thirsty lips do pine.”

Gravely bent the prior tall,
And some mutter’d words let fall;
“Thy will’s our law;” he cried, “and lo!
Thou and thy band are welcome here;
But grant thy menial troops may go,
To fair Figueras, down below,
(Thou mayst see the hamlet near):
There, they’ll meet with hearty cheer,
Our stores would scant provide,
Nor they be fully satisfied;
Humble monks and poor are we,
Nathless shall it be our care,
Our frugal viands to prepare
With a bénédicte.”

The chiefs consent, dismiss the troops,
And enter in the abbey gate.
About they stand in restless groups,
Whilst the monk’s repast they wait.
Anon they hear a deep-ton’d bell,
’Twas a sound they greeted well.
Forth the prior comes to crave
Their presence, with a gesture grave;
So they marshal, one and all,
In the old refectory hall.

“Now, mark sir prior,” said the chief,
“Tales are abroad of Spanish guile,
How some have rued, that gave belief
To honey’d speech and gracious smile.
Think not that we fear deceit
Within these holy walls to meet;
Yet give heed to our desire,
Reverend monks, and you sir prior,
That at the festive meal ye sit,
And with us partake of it.”

Prior and monks assenting bow’d,
Then chant the grace full long and loud.
Calmly beam’d each sunken brow,
As with courteous word they prest
The feast upon each hungry guest,
And bade the wine cup flow.

Deep drank the chiefs of the blood-red wine,
Till their glowing cheeks began to shine;
And they swore the goblet of the Rhine,
Was not so bright as this.
The prior and monks then lifted up,
With a steady hand, the brimming cup;
And they pledg’d once more each hated guest,
Tho’ as deadly guile was in every breast
As prompted the traitor’s kiss.

When all had deeply the goblet quaff’d,
Uprose the prior, that man of craft,
And solemnly he cried:
“Unbidden guests, altho’ ye be—
Unwelcome guests as ye are to me—
Say, have we given ye dainty food,
And generous wine to warm your blood,
And are ye satisfied?”

[THE COURT]
The Monks of Figueras.

Dark as night was the prior's brow,
Tho' a deadly light was in his eyes,
And a shuddering chill came over now
His guests, with a wild surprise,
Yet they say the cheer was good, and they
Right gladly thanks to their host would pay.

Again the prior bow'd, tho' stern
His flashing eyes on each did turn,
As thus he spake in accents slow:
"If ye have aught to do below,
Set ye unto it fast,
Death was your host at this board of mirth,
Ye have eaten your final meal on earth,
This hour's indeed our last!
Ere the bell toll we all shall meet
Before the awful judgment seat."

Uprang in haste each trembling guest,
Fain would they deem them words of jest,
But in the prior's looks half hid
A something gleam'd that hope forbid.
Instinctively each hand was laid
In act to draw the ready blade,
But every monk stood stern and calm,
With stedfast eye and warding arm;
Thou might'st have deem'd them sculptur'd stone,
Those silent brothers, every one,
Till thus th' exulting prior spoke,
And that awful stillness broke:

"Vain beams vengeance in your eyes,
We all are one dread sacrifice,
To lure ye to the poison'd bowl,
Each cheerfully his life resigns.
Behold how in a Spanish soul
Devoted patriotism shines,
When not in battle field alone,
Our prowess and our faith ye own.

"But peaceful monks in sacred walls,
Listen when their country calls,
And, for no sound of man's applause,
Fall victims in their country's cause.
Ruthless ravagers!—in vain,
Ye would subdue the sons of Spain."

The prior ceas'd; a bitter smile
Pass'd o'er his pale wan face the while,
Whilst upon each changing brow,
Fitful shadows went and came,
As the deadly poison now
Circled through each tortur'd frame.

Every spirit winged its flight,
Before the vesper bell did toll,
And a solemn mass was said that night,
For the peace of every soul.
'Twas a fearful sight, in that Abbey Hall,
To see them lie in shroud and pall.
No enmity did then divide,
But as in friendship, side by side,
Death laid them in their warfare vain,
The warriors of France, by the monks of Spain!

B.

Our early legendary English history offers a parallel of monkish patriotism in the death of King John, by poison administered by a monk; it is thus described by Holinshed, upon the authority of Caxton:—

"There be which have written that after he had lost his army, he came to the Abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeased therewith; as he, that for the hatred which he bare the English people that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wished all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."
MATTHEWS, AND THE LAST DAYS OF MRS. FLINT.
A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

Of the various burthens which weigh down the country labourer, few are more heavy than those imposed upon him by the "Conductor" of the village "Omnibus" shop. This great monopolist in a "small way," demands three times the value for the trashy, but indispensable articles of the depot; and even if an opposition "concern" should be started, that brings no relief to the labourer, because he is harnessed to the "old one," by the halter of debt, which he has been kindly permitted to slip over his own head. The landlord may grind, the overseer may torture, but the sleek thriving shopkeeper fattens like a very vampyre, not exactly on the blood, but truly by the sweat of his poor customer's brow.

Now reader, gentle or simple, (the latter term is meant in all innocency) please to imagine a country village as it might, and ought to be, and such as it always is, in the descriptions of poetical poets and rural romancers; those especially who rhyme to the sound of Bow Bell, and scribble all the evening with pens that have done "office" in the city, all the morning. Picture to yourself such a village—all sweet and smiling! Sweet in its flowery gardens; sweet in its woodbine-covered porches! Smiling in its white cottages peeping through embowering trees, and laughing in its happy, rosy-looking children, sporting in the sun. Look at this pretty picture, then imagine its reverse, and we need only give you a mere outline of "our village"—the village of Slowberry. Slowberry was an old place, and resembling most of its inhabitants a very poor-looking place; and yet it was the joint property of two rich proprietors, who divided it longitudinally between them. Both these great men once lived in the neighbourhood, but they were never great friends, but great rivals in the matter of dogs, horses, and suchlike objects of gentlemanly ambition. For some years one of them had been an absentee, but they still found scope for competition, and that was in the ruinous condition of their respective cottages, which, seemingly animated by the spirit of their owners, shook their high gables, and threatened to fall on one of another. But this "rule of ruin" was not without exceptions in the house of the overseer, the innkeeper, and above all, the substantial "well-to-do"-looking tenement, known as "the shop," the all-sort shop. There, in its ample, polished window, presenting to all simple customers a most imposing front, were displayed, as on a showman's board, choice specimens of the various articles, mismanned goods within. Woollen night-caps and Welsh wigs to cover the bald craniums of the aged; picture-books to delight the little curly pates of the young; cakes of "hard-bake," which the archin only found hard when there was no halfpenny in his ragged pocket, and "Gibraltar Rock," to which few could climb. Near the door, keeping guard over tubs of rancid butter and musty flour, stood a formidable array of pitchforks and shovels, supported by a reserve of moss, and birch brooms, while the numerous shelves within were piled with damaged calicoes, moth-eaten stuffs, and sundries of "fleecy hosiery," all well adapted for fleecing those who bought them. Intermingled with these were groceries of the same mixed character, and drugs which might have been labelled (not labelled with the name of "genuine" poison. The store itself was a low-roofed, irregular place, bearing tokens of having grown in greatness, as its proprietor grew in riches; first the back kitchen, and then one-half of the back parlour having been sacrificed to the devouring shop. But capacious as that had become, there were certain bulky commodities for which it would not afford stowage, such as coals, crockery, and firewood, and these, except a few picked samples, were disposed of below, in an open cellar, to the depths of which, be it particularly noted, a steep stair led down from the shop directly behind the counter. At that counter (as much a fixture as itself) stood Mistress Flint, the sole proprietress of the establishment. There, at "the
receipt of custom,” had she stood as maid, wife, and widow, successively, for five-and-forty years. Aye! we speak literally, for none had ever missed her from her “customed place,” except on two momentous occasions. First, on her marriage with Philip Flint, her late father’s handsome apprentice, and next on the consequent exfoliation of a little fragment of Flint, of whom more anon. We are very accurate in our notice of the above exceptions to Mrs. Flint’s constant attendance on her duty, for on the very day that Mr. Flint, who,—by the way had never been “headstone” of his chimney “corner”—was laid with a stone at his own head in Slowberry church-yard, his pious relict, having first sat down to read a chapter about David in the First Book of Kings, took off her weepers, and proceeded to do a little business in the shop. The person of Mrs. Flint somewhat resembled her name, more especially as applied to a flint stone artificially shaped for fire-arms, its outline consisting entirely of sharp edges and angles. The widow was a gaunt large-boned woman, whom nature had put into the mould of a giantess; but her parents having put her into the arms of a little starveling nurse, Dame Nature’s “handy work” was marred by a fall and its upward growth diverted to the back and shoulders, which, as Mrs. Flint advanced in years, advanced out of all proportion. Her face assorted with her figure. It was made up of “all points,” save a good one, and was stamped with that impression of fretfulness and pain which often accompanies and results from a distorted form, but, in her case, was heightened by the eager twinkle of an avaricious eye, seeming to say, “I’ll grasp all,” while the pursed-up mouth responded, “I’ll get you all.” There was also something peculiar in Mrs. Flint’s complexion, which always, summer and winter, spring-time and harvest, wore the same cold blueish hue, turning to deep purple at the extremity of her nose which was always tipped by a chilblain.

Now a word for the widow’s only son, whom having once alluded to, we are anxious to describe, lest the reader should commit even the momentary injustice of fancying him “the image” of his mother, either in mind or person. All he inherited from her was a strongly-knit frame, which (in his case, not having been disjointed) bid fair, in course of time, to make a goodly building. He had a light curly head, open forehead, and merry blue eye, none of which “certes” found their counterparts under the maternal cap of the widow; but according to some of the elders of the village, young Philip was the “very spit” of his father, as they once remembered him a smart, light-hearted apprentice, before one fatal day when (leaving love for lure) he walked to church with Margery, his late master’s daughter, and walked back again fancying himself the master now. Never was man more deceived, for in making himself the “slave of the king,” he found himself more than ever the slave of “shop” and mistress too. Poor Philip Flint! he soon got tired of his shackles and his life together; and his curly head, and once merry eye, were early laid under the green turf, leaving their patterns to the world in the person of Philip the second, a lad of about fourteen, when our tale commences.

It was Saturday night—a raw November night, with rain freezing as it fell—Mrs. Flint was full of business, and the two dips set on her counter, in lieu of one on ordinary occasions, were rapidly flaring out the threads of their existence, as the shop-door, repeatedly opened and shut, gave entrance or exit to numerous customers. These consisted, for the most part, of labourer’s wives come to barter a week’s wages for some of the choice requisites of life aboveenumerated; of aged widows grasping in their palsied hands the whole of their eighteen-penny weekly stipend, and of poverty-stinted children scarcely able to reach the counter, just creeping from their cradles to learn the business of their life of hardship. There were several customers of the above description in the shop, when a man entered who claims a more particular notice. His age might be approaching sixty; he wore an old red jacket, which any one conversant with military matters would have known by its facings to have been intended to face the enemy both on land and sea: in plain terms, as having been made for a marine. The nether garments of its wearer, if not in “good keeping” with the above, were at least in better “preservation,” and consisted of velveteens and stout leather gaiters. On his head was a sailor’s low shining hat, surmounted on one side by the remnant of a marine feather, balanced...
Matthews, and the last days of Mrs. Flint,

on the other by one from the tail of a cock pheasant. A belt was over his shoulders, whether "sporting" or warlike, seemed questionable. The face of this worthy was as compound as his dress, displaying a strange mixture of mischievous malignity and blunt good humour—the former expression might be a good deal heightened by the absence of one eye, for one eye always looks cunning, as if the soul must needs keep a sharper look out, because it has only one window to look through. As his upper half indicated, this veteran had once been a soldier, and corporal of marines, his name was Matthews, but he was generally known by the style and title of "Mad Matthews," for it was the prevailing opinion that the musket ball which had entered at the loophole of his eye had effected a lodgment in the citadel of his brain. But if Matthews was mad, there was a good deal of method in his madness; and it was only when under the influence of drink (a not very rare occurrence) that the late "non-commissioned officer" could have been fairly subjected to a "commission" of lunacy. Since his discharge from the "king's service," he had been employed in that of a Mr. Popping, steward of the absentee proprietor before alluded to, acting as a sort of under gamekeeper and "preserve" policeman. Latterly, however, either on account of increasing age, or increasing infirmity (in the matter of liquor), the "corporal" had received a new "discharge"—his place having been given to a steady well-conducted man in the village, who, as the phrase goes, had once seen better days. Against this man, who was named William Norris, Matthews entertained an implacable hatred, attributing to his underhand agency the loss of the sylvan authority whose trappings yet graced his limbs. "Mad Matthews" was now getting his bread, or what he liked better "his sup" amongst the farmers who employed him in odd jobs, and called him "a deuced clever useful fellow" when in his sober senses; but drunk, or sober, he was ever muttering "curses deep," and sometimes "loud" against poor Norris, who at this time really seemed labouring under their influence, for owing to an attack of fever, he had been obliged to give up work, and had not yet risen from a two month's illness.

Well, we left Mrs. Flint's shop just as "Mad Matthews" had entered it. Finding the widow and her son both engaged, the "corporal," who made himself at home everywhere, helped himself to a seat—the only seat—one specially provided for bettermost customers, together with another luxury in the shape of an iron stove, whose smoke was conveyed through a pipe like the chimney of a Margate steamer, the reservoir for fuel being about the size of a church poor-box, and, generally, as well filled. But such as they were, Matthews made the best use of the conveniences; he lit his pipe at the semblance of a fire, placed the wooden stool close to the huge chimney, and leaning his back against it, sat quietly whistling away at the "fragrant weed," no bad antidote against the surrounding compound effluvia of cheese, candles, peppermint, and poverty. Thus comfortably seated, the veteran's one eye rested on what was going on—there was nothing very amusing in watching the parcelling of pennyworths; but an observer of human nature might have drawn from the scene some inferences of character, especially as to the "dealers" old and young—he might have seen how the mother's scale always turned in favour of herself—while the son's always preponderated in that of the customer, and he would have said—"All chips are not of the old block," neither will "all twigs go the way they are bent."

It was growing late—the long "muttons" were getting short, and Mrs. Flint was thinking of mutton in another shape, a nice tit bit then spinning at the kitchen fire for supper, it was only the "turn" of two or three more customers to be "done," and the meat would be "done to a turn." At this critical juncture (both for the mutton and Mrs. Flint's temper), a woman poorly, but very cleanly dressed, holding an infant in her arms, and accompanied by a little girl, advanced up to the counter. "If you please ma'am," said she, "I want a quarter loaf," at the same time tendering a shilling in payment, which, before transferred to the till, the careful widow proceeded to subject to the test of sterling value, which she never failed applying. As the shilling was rung upon the counter, it returned a sound not altogether satisfactory to her practised ear.

"You'd best take that to another market, Mrs. Norris!" said she, "it won't
A Domestic Sketch.

do here, I can tell you!" offering back the rejected coin with one hand, and 
applying the other with a retaining grasp on the quartern loaf nearest the poor woman.
"I don't think it sounded much amiss, mother!" interposed Philip.
"And who cares what you think," responded Mrs. Flint angrily, "I say the 
shilling's not worth a brass farthing, and that's enough."
"I suppose you know best ma'am," said Mrs. Norris meekly, "but perhaps 
you'll set the loaf down in your book, for, God help us! it's the last shilling we've 
got."
The speaker's hollow cheek and the hungry eyes of her elder child confirmed the 
assertion. Mrs. Flint believed that the shilling was her last, but she did not think 
it was the first Mrs. Norris had laid out that night; for though her husband was sick, 
she earned something by needlework, and those earnings must have wandered from 
the widow's shop, perhaps into that of a daring young couple who had recently 
ventured to set up in a "small way," over against her. At this thought, no wonder 
that the Flint was stealed to pity! and she almost threw the luckless piece in Mrs. 
Norris's face, as she said with a sneer,
"Set the loaf to your account? eh! a very likely matter. Your husband ill these 
two months, and, by all accounts, not likely to get about again. Take your trumpery 
over the way; they're young hands there! easier cheated; or perhaps they'll give 
you credit for your grand custom."
Poor Mrs. Norris's pale cheek flushed crimson, but she said nothing, and wrapping 
her thread bare cloak around her baby, was turning to depart, when "Mad Matthews" 
rose from his wooden stool and marched up to the counter.
"I say good 'oman," said he, addressing Mrs. Norris (who started when she saw 
him), "give us a look at that ere shiner!"
It was still in the poor woman's hand, and she placed it in that of Matthews. 
The old soldier carefully examined it with his single optic, as he held it close to the 
candle.
"Humph!" said he, looking at Mrs. Flint, "so you calls this a bad un? eh! 
it would be a good job if all folks was made of as good metal. I tell ye, if I was 
in the ridgement aen, and sergeant instead of corporal, I'd tip a recruit with it to-
morrow, and d— me if I'd ever cheat in the king's name! that's all."
"Well to be sure, Master Matthews," said the widow, but in a somewhat depre-
crating tone (for she stood a little in awe of the mad marine), "who'd have thought 
to see you a-siding against me, and with her, of all people in the world, when her 
husband got you turned out of your situation!"
This was touching Matthews on the raw, and an almost fiendish glance shot from 
his one eye, as he muttered between clenched teeth, "Aye, the rascal! no need to 
put me in mind o' that! but that's neither here nor there. I shan't stand by and 
see no helpless woman cheated, whoever she belongs to. No, not by you, nor 
nobody, Mistress Flint."
"Cheated, indeed," exclaimed the widow, bridling up as high as her super-
incumbent back would allow, "I'm not going to stay here all night for you or you 
either; its time to shut up shop."
"Aye, shut up shop, and welcome!" said Matthews, "it wouldn't do much harm 
if it was shut up altogether, but only just wait a bit till such time as we've got what 
we come for. We'll go then, missus, and not afore."
So saying Matthews fresh cocked his oilskin hat, and with arms crossed over his 
breast stood by the side of Mrs. Norris. She, poor woman, who would rather that 
nobody had "stood by her" than her present champion, the avowed enemy of her 
husband, now made an attempt to retreat from the shop, but Matthews grasped her 
cloak with one hand, while he felt in his waistcoat pocket with the other.
"Stay a bit," said he, "and I'll make a chop with you, if you've a mind to give 
me that ere shiner; but d— it if I've got a farthing about me!"
"Oh! thank you all the same," said Mrs. Norris, quite relieved at escaping 
from the proposed obligation, "thank you; good night."
She raised her hand as she spoke to take the disputed shilling off the counter, on 
the edge of which Matthews had just laid it down, but Mrs. Flint hastily snatched it

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Matthews, and the last days of Mrs. Flint,

up, reached a nail and hammer from a contiguous shelf, and with one stroke from her sinewy arm pinned it to the counter.

"There!" said she with a sneer, "that matter's settled! Mrs. Norris, I wish you good night!"

The poor woman's heart was too full to return the kind farewell, and she silently departed to face the driving sleet, and what she dreaded more, the faces of her hungry children and sick husband. Thus returning without the bread they were looking for, engrossed by her bitter thoughts and her anxiety to screen her infant from the piercing night air, she failed to notice the absence of the elder child from her side, nor did she discover, till she had got home, that little Susan was missing.

The cause of the child's absence is easily explained. While the principal actors were engaged on the "boards" of Mrs. Flint's shop, there had been a bye-play, a sort of under-plot proceeding between Philip and Susan Norris, who, by the way, were old acquaintances and cronies. Philip did few things in an artful way, but he used, now and then, when his mother's eyes were engaged in an opposite direction, to take this opportunity of conveying a raisin, a fig, or a pinch of sugar, into the little hands of the children who came shopping with, or without, their elders; and in this way he had long before made sweet advances to Susan. On the evening in question, when he saw the poor child eyeing with eagerness the disputed loaf, then looking with alarm at his mother's angry gestures, and lastly pursing up her mouth for a cry, he crept softly round the counter, whispered her to follow him, and she should have a nice slice of bread and something better too. The temptation, or the tempter, was irresistible. The descending corners of Susan's mouth curled upwards into a smile; she put her little cold hand in his, and was led by her conductor into the back parlour behind the shop. Having seated her upon a little carpet footstool before the fire, he was proceeding to the corner cupboard, for the purpose of fulfilling his edible promise, when his mother's harsh voice recalled him to the shop. "Only stay a minute Susan, and I'll be back directly," said Philip, as he obeyed the summons. His mother wanted him to go out with a parcel: it was only a very little way, and he thought to be back in a few minutes, long before the matter of "the shilling" was terminated. But, as we shall see, he was out in his reckoning.

Little Susan, meanwhile, stayed eagerly listening for her friend's return, afraid to issue forth alone into the awful presence of Mrs. Flint, half hoping, half fearing, that her mother would call her; and when Mrs. Norris left the shop, thus still she sat trembling on her stool, which was now become the "stool of repentance."

CHAPTER II.

When Mistress Flint found herself alone with "Mad Matthews," she felt that she would much rather have been in any other society. She, however, pretended to be very busy in restoring some of her discomposed articles to their accustomed stations, taking ever and anon a sidelong glance round her cap border, at the face of the old marine, as he stood silently eyeing her proceedings; and the result of these "reconnoiterings" was the opinion that she had best be civil.

"And what might you please to want, Master Matthews?" said she at length, in one of her blandest tones.

"Oh, the wind's shifted! blows fair now, eh! missus. I didn't know that I should please to want anything, but you shan't lose by your civility, more especial as it's noways common. Suppose I takes a couple of your faggots home with me to-night. You'd a whole cargo in yesterday from farmer Gooch. Had'nt you?"

There was a cunning leer in Matthew's one eye, as he put the concluding query, which the widow might not have liked had she seen it; but she always liked a demand upon her stores, and she briskly answered, "A couple of faggots! Very well master, just hold the candle to light me down these steps," she continued, turning to the cellar behind her.

"I'd better come and lend you a hand, hadn't I?" returned the old man.

Mrs. Flint made no reply, but hastening down to the depths below, presently, reascended, grasping a faggot. Matthews set down the candle and took it from her.
"Umph!" said he, as he lifted it like a feather, "so this is what you calls a faggot, do you? I'll be blessed if you ain't the biggest faggot of the two, and more fitter for burning. A faggot, eh! why there's not a stick in the whole bundle that's half the size of them bony arms of your's. Come, come missus, I'm too old a soldier to be done this ere way. I'll just step down with you this time, and see if I can't pick out a better."

Suiting the action to the word, he followed the widow into her cellar, carrying the candle in his hand. Arrived at the bottom of the steps, he carefully surveyed the dark precincts of Mrs. Flint's subterranean store. In one corner, near the pile of faggots, he discovered a heap of stout pieces of firewood, certain choice pickings, destined, among other uses, to cook her Sunday dinner on the morrow. Matthews stooped, took up several of the sticks and examined them closely by the light of the candle.

"That's it!" said he at last, selecting one of which he kept possession; then looking slyly at Mrs. Flint—"so Mistress," said he, "you had these here faggots from farmer Gooch. You knowed that before, didn't you, and now suppose I tells you what may hap you didn't know before, and that's the name of the person as bound 'em up—he's called Jim Matthews, late corporal in the royal marines." Mrs. Flint expected what was coming, she felt in an awkward position, so she turned and stooped to alter one behind her earthenware pans, but Matthew's follow'd and contrived to make her notice, "bon gré, mal gré," the piece of wood he held in his hand—"D'ye see that missus? there's the very initials J. M. as I cut on that ere stick last Wednesday, as I was a sitting on the faggot arter I'd bound it, getting a snack of bread and cheese. What d'ye say to that old gal?"

Mrs. Flint had very little to say upon the subject, for she was taken quite aback, and, though bursting with indignation, she quietly held the light, while the corporal coolly employed himself in restoring two of the faggots to perhaps something more than their original dimensions.

"Whew——!" exclaimed he drawing a long breath, and seating himself upon one of the bundles after their completion, "whew! I thought I'd done my work on that job a'fore now, but as you've given me such a deal more labour—missus, why the least you can do is to give me a little summat to drink by way of refreshment,—I'm not particular," he continued looking round the darkness visible, "any thing you've got, and here if there ar'n a barrel quite, quite convenient!" he pointed, as he spoke, to a small cask with a new spiggot. Unhappy Mrs. Flint! it was a cask of home-brewed ale just broached, but, alas, she must submit. Matthews had risen, taken from the stock of crockery-ware a huge mug fitted to serve his turn, and, that in one hand, and the faggot stake in the other, stood over her to enforce performance of his hard behest—there was no remedy, no rescue. In vain she listened for the sound of Philip's return, for the possible entrance of another customer, all in vain, so she "sighed and drew," "sighed and drew," "sighed and drew again!"

"Mad Matthews" began to get merry, his one eye twinkled and glowed like a hot coal, but it failed to thaw the system of Mrs. Flint, whose remaining teeth chattered in her head and blue nose grew every instant bluer, as she continued plying her unwelcome guest, whose "spirits" rose, as her "ale" diminished. In the height of his glee, his mind, as it was wont to do, wandered backwards, and he fancied himself again the gallant corporal, profanely taking the "highly respectable" Mrs. Flint for a female follower of "the corps." Under this illusion, he laughed, and sung uproariously, and, amongst fragments of other ditties, more exceptionable, trolled forth—

The horse-guards red, and the horse-guards blue,
The rifle brigade and artillery too,
All mighty fine fellows they be sir!
But of red, blue and green
Give me the marine—
The jolly marine!
Who's at home upon land, and sea, sir!

"At home, with a vengeance!" inwardly groaned the unfortunate widow.

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Matthews, and the last days of Mrs. Flint,

“...And now Judy,” said the corporal, “come and sit along side o’me, and let’s have that funny story of yours about the Frenchman as comed to life a’gen, after you’d cut off his dimint ring, and his little finger along with it. Come Judy, sit ye down there’s plenty of room for you and “I.””

“Judy indeed! who’s Judy! I’ll cry thieves! murder!” shrieked Mrs. Flint as the “jolly marine” caught hold of her arm.

“Why you don’t mean to say you’re not Judy Mac Vultur of our’s,” said Matthews continuing to hold her arm while he stared in the alarmed widow’s face with half knowing, half dubious expression. “Not Judy!—but now I come to look at you a’gen, I ax your pardon, you’re not half as handsome as she—aye, I knows you well enough now, you’re mother Flint as used to keep the shop up in our village,—no, no, you never strips the dead arter a battle like Judy Mac Vultur, you’re only in the habit of stripping poor bodies as has got life in ‘em.” Mrs. Flint could endure no more; by a desperate effort she escaped from her tormentor, and made for the cellar steps, meaning to run out into the street; but Matthews was close after her, the fumes of the ale seemed, however, evaporating, for he had shouldered his faggots, followed the widow quietly enough up the steps, and when he got into the shop seemed about to take his departure. Few people in Mrs. Flint’s predicament would have thrown a straw’s obstacle in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, but, once more above ground, she rose superior to her fears, and her “ruling passion” regained its sway; so as Matthews made towards the door, she could not forbear saying, though her voice trembled from cold, and recent fright, “I suppose master Matthews I’m to put those faggots down in the book.”

“Book!” exclaimed he turning round sharply and throwing his burthen on the floor, “I’d as soon be down in the devil’s own book—my father was down in your father’s books and that was why he died in the workus! No, no, I’ll step out and get the money at the Duke o’ Cumberland, they trusts me there—but please to let ‘em alone,” pointing to the faggots, “they don’t want no more picking, wait a bit, and I’ll be sure to come back and pay you to-night.”

“Oh never mind to-night!” at last said the widow, who did not admire the tone of his last words, and who, when she had fairly seen his back, resolved not to look upon his face again that evening; “never mind,” repeated she, as she closed the shop door. Although, much to her surprise, Philip had not yet returned, she made up her mind, as soon as Matthews was out of hearing, to put up the outside shutters of her shop windows and make all fast, when just as she was going out for that purpose, she heard the sound of footsteps approaching, but in an opposite direction to that which the Corporal had taken. “Perhaps its Philip at last,” thought she, “or, late as it is, another customer;” and the latter being a description of person against whom she never closed her door, she suspended her operations of bolting and barring, and gave free admission to the new comer. A tall man entered, muffled in a large great-coat; his hat was a good deal slouched and he wore a white night-cap under it. By the time Mrs. Flint had bustled round to her accustomed station behind the counter, the man having reached it, raised his hat a little from his brows, and, when the widow recognised his features, she started. Well she might; for it was none other than Norris, the Corporal’s successor, whose wife’s shilling she had rejected—not risen from the grave, indeed, to which she had condemned him, though looking pale and haggard as if he had—but from his sick bed, for the express purpose of paying her a visit, a compliment she would gladly have dispensed with, feeling pretty sure of its purpose; indeed, Mrs. Flint, though not of a very excitable temperament, had been made a little nervous by her adventure with “mad Matthews,” and she now felt a creeping sensation of dread come over her.

“Mrs. Flint,” began Norris, in a calm but resolute voice, “I’ve come for the quartern loaf my wife paid for this evening.”

Any one but the widow would have gladly compromised the business in this stage of it, even by the sacrifice of a loaf of bread, but again the ruling passion possessed her.

“I’m not going to give good bread for bad money; perhaps your wife forgot to tell you that her shilling wasn’t worth a farthing.”
"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint," said the man, his voice was the same, but his eye grew sterner, "I saw that shilling, and believe it to be as good a one as ever was coined; but good or bad, I must have bread this night for my starving family; I don't go home without."

So saying, he stretched out his hand, wasted with recent fever, and laid hold on a loaf. Mrs. Flint eagerly snatched it from his grasp.

"It's my property. I tell you, you shan't have it!" she exclaimed.

"But I will," said Norris, and by a strong effort he threw himself over the counter, and grappled with the iron-jointed woman. In his reduced state she was more than his match, and, had strength decided the contest, would probably have come off victorious; but the struggle was otherwise terminated; in her blind fury Mrs. Flint forgot the open cellar in her rear, and an unlucky step backwards precipitated her from top to bottom of the stair. The blood, which an instant before had been rushing with fevered excitement through the veins of Norris, struck coldly back to his heart; he snatched up the light and ran down the cellar steps, where, on the stone floor, to all appearance dead, lay the unfortunate widow. As he attempted to raise her up, a few crimson drops trickled from her temple, but no sign of consciousness was visible.

"Good God!" exclaimed Norris, "she's dead. I've murdered her!"

At this moment a slight noise proceeded from the shop above; he hastily ascended, but the last of the two candles, which had long been flickering, now went out in his hand. All remains of fire had long been extinguished in the wretched stove, and though a cloudy moonlight was partially admitted through the open shop door, no moving object was visible within. Norris spoke, but no answer was returned; and horror-struck and bewildered he hurried out into the street. Though so reduced by illness that he had with difficulty reached the shop, he felt no weakness now; the sleetly rain drove full in his face, but he did not know it; all his sensations were swallowed up in one appalling consciousness—that there was blood upon his hands—the blood of a fellow-creature deprived of life by his violence; and though as he passed through the village he saw here and there a light yet streaming from a cottage window, he did not even heed the probability that some of their inmates might be still abroad, and, the wonder his appearance would, if met, excite. His own habitation was situate about a quarter of a mile from the village, at the bottom of a steep high-banked lane overhung with trees. As he left the open road, and turned down this lonesome lane, now nearly involved in darkness, his horror assumed more the shape of fear, and when he heard the sound of light footsteps following his, a cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead, and his steps seemed rooted to the ground as he strove to hasten on. The footsteps gained upon him, and he turned with a thrill of terror at the touch of a cold hand upon his own. The dark lane was crossed at intervals by streams of moonlight passing through gaps in the over-arching boughs; he had reached one now, and as he looked shudderingly over his shoulder, he almost expected to behold the hard features of Mrs. Flint fixed in death, as he believed he had seen them; but what a contrast to the image his fancy had depicted—the moonbeam only shewed him the innocent young face of his daughter Susan, and it was only her soft cold little hand that laid hold of his, as she breathlessly exclaimed—

"Father, dear father! do wait for me! I've run so fast, and I'm so frightened. Oh so frightened!"

"Susan," said Norris, "how's this? Why are you not at home?" (He had forgotten that her mother had returned without her.) "How did you come here? Where did you come from?" he repeated, angrily.

"Mother left me at the shop, and ever since, almost, I've been waiting in the back parlour where Philip left me; and when I saw you come away I ran after you; but I am so frightened!" and here the little girl clung, convulsively, to Norris's arm.

"Frightened, child—at what?" said he, roughly, though his voice trembled.

"Oh, father, I'm— I'm afraid to tell you."

"Speak!" said Norris, impetuously.

"Then don't be angry. As I was looking through the parlour door I saw you

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come into the shop, and then—I heard you quarrelling with that shocking woman who was so cross to mother; and then I saw—I saw you push her down somewhere, and you said—oh, such dreadful words!—you said you’d murdered her!—but you didn’t—I’m sure you didn’t, father; for it’s only wicked people that are murderers—and you’re not wicked.”

Norris heard in silent agony. “God help me!” thought he, “my child is a witness against me!” He stopped, for they were now within a few paces of his cottage, and arrested the steps of the child, who, impatient to get home, was pulling him by the hand.

“Susan,” said he, “if Mrs. Flint is dead, I did not mean to kill her; but, Susan, do you hear me, say nothing to anybody about what you saw to-night.”

“No, not to mother?” asked the child.

“No, not even to your mother.”

It was a hard and dreadful secrecy to impose on one so young and innocent! When Susan was that night left by her mother in the room shared with her little brothers and sisters, she was frightened, for the first time, at being in the dark: they, though they had gone supperless to bed, and cried themselves asleep, were now wrapt in happy forgetfulness of want, and dreaming, perhaps, of plenty; while she lay awake, trembling till daylight—at last falling asleep, only to dream frightful things about her father and Philip, and then wake with a scream, as she fancied Mrs. Flint standing over her bed.

CHAPTER III.

We will e’en now trudge backward a step or two, and see what became of Philip Flint when dispatched on his mother’s mission. We are, indeed, very desirous to rescue our hero (as we mean to make him) from the imputation of having broken faith with his little “ladye love;” and we not only hope to do this, but also to “shew him up” in a new light—more in the character of a young knight “errant,” aiding the “fair distress,” than in that of an idle “errand” boy loitering on his way. The commission he had in hand was a large packet of Emden groats, which had been ordered from London for a particular occasion, now sent to the house of Mr. Popjoy, the steward of the great absentee before mentioned. This gentleman’s house was situate on a small farm of his own, contiguous to the village and adjoining the property of his employer, where, between his own estate and that of his patron, he lived very much at his ease. Mr. Popjoy, amongst other worldly treasures, boasted of a handsome, good-humoured wife, and three daughters, just “growing up,” their different stages on the road to womanhood being chiefly denoted by their progressive modes of “coiffure.” Miss Sophia, the youngest, still luxuriated in “tresses unconfined,” save by the embraces of sixty curl papers at night; Miss Araminta had arrived at the “magnificence” of “two tails;” whilst Miss Popjoy prided herself on the classic dignity of a Grecian plait. With these gradations of female loveliness around his table, or his fire-side, what could mortal man desire more? But Mr. Popjoy sometimes remembered that he was mortal, and thence another wish that had not yet been gratified. When he was gone, who was to hand down the name of Popjoy to future generations?—who was to live on the property of his patron?—who inherit his own?

While we have been thus digressing, Philip was waiting at Mr. Popjoy’s door, and had to ring three times before it was opened. During the operation of “cooling his heels”—(no difficult matter on a bitter November night,) he came to the conclusion that there was something amiss, or unusual, going on within the house, for many voices were audible, and many lights visible flitting about from window to window, just like Jack-o’-lanthorns. At last, his third ring brought the servant-girl to take his parcel, and he was in the act of going away when somebody appeared on the top of the stairs which faced the door. This was a fat, comely personage, whom any one used to such inflections, a poor curate for instance with a growing family, or a poet with ditto, would have at once recognised as a “monthly nurse;” but Philip being neither, only saw an ordinary elder lady, and heard her eagerly asking Sally, the maid, “who is there?”
"Only a lad with the groats," was the reply.  
"Dear—dear me!" half sighed half cried the comely dame.  "I was in hopes it was our boy Dick got back from the fair at last.  Bless us and save us, how unlucky; and to think of Mr. Popjoy being away at market, and his poor dear lady as bad, as bad can be; but I say, Sally, perhaps that lad—just ask him now, if he wouldn't be so kind as take the pony, and ride as fast as ever he can, and fetch Doctor Coddle from Hackington.  He wouldn't have his trouble for nothing, I warrant him." This was said aside, that is, meant to be heard.  "I say, my good boy," continued the stout lady, now addressing Philip.  "I'm sure you can't—"

But her persuasions were suddenly cut short by a voice calling "Nurse! nurse!" in a tone of "flurry" that set her duck legs at once in motion, and left Sally alone to work upon the feelings of the desired messenger, who had all this time stood twirling his hat in the passage.  He, however, pretty well comprehended the state of the case, and as it certainly seemed an urgent one, and Philip was very good-natured, Sally had little difficulty in completing the negotiation which nurse had begun.

"I must just step home first, though," commenced Philip; but he checked himself, on reflecting that if he went home, his mother would not let him go at all; he therefore allowed himself to be led by Sally into the stable, saddled Ben, the fat pony, having first awoke him, and was presently mounted, and galloping as fast as his steed would permit towards the market-town of Hackington, four miles from Slowberry.  As good luck would have it, the Galen, as had been the pony, was asleep in his bed, but he turned out in better humour, and soon galloped past the messenger on his way to the house where his services were required.

"Good night, my lad," said the Doctor, with a laugh, as he gave Philip the "go by;" "I'll ride as hard for you when you happen to want me."

"Good night, Sir," returned Philip, but he could not return the laugh, and felt very dreary indeed when he had quite lost the sound of the retreating hoofs, and heard nothing but the night wind dismally moaning in the tops of the tall naked elms on either side of the road.  The road itself was in this part very deep and sandy, suiting much better the bone and sinew of the Doctor's anatomical stead than the short stumps of Philip's pussey pony.  Ben, at least, seemed to think that he had done quite enough, and was in decided ill-humour at having to do more.  He happened to have been born a Highland pony, and was christened after Ben-Lomond.  It is not improbable, therefore, that he possessed the gift of "second sight," and was favoured on this occasion with some visual foreshowing of coming events.  Then might he have seen, phanted in the moonlight shadows that crossed his road, the apparition of an aged pony, such as he in the course of nature must become, a venerable pony, bespotted, and belaboured, and bekicked, by some such urchin rider as the little master Popjoy then popping into the world might become in course of years.  No wonder, in that case, that Ben was in ill-humour at having been made instrumental to his own future torment—no wonder that he shied at the shadows—no wonder that he stumbled at the stones—no wonder that he stood still in the sand, and, following his own inspirations, did everything but obey the impulse of his luckless rider.  Poor Philip was sorely put to it; his spirits failed, and, we must confess it, his courage began to fail also—who knows but that he might have been unconsciously infected with the supernatural terrors of his steed?  However that might be, he heartily wished himself at home, and yet felt a sort of undefined dread at the thoughts of getting there.  This might be supposed to arise from a not unnatural apprehension of Mrs. Flint's probable ire at his prolonged absence; but it was not his mother's anger that he dreaded, he only feared the having made her uneasy; for unlovable as she was, Mrs. Flint was loved by her son, and in him, most assuredly, was centered the little of human kindness which softened her stony nature.  At length Philip's sandy lane, like all others, came to a turning, and his midnight journey towards an end.  Ben's hallucinations became mingled with sensations more corporeal, as he sniffed his stable from afar; and Philip, having left him at his master's, proceeded through the village on foot.  It was then between twelve and one o'clock—not a single light was visible in any of the cottages, and, much to his
surprise, there was none to be seen at his mother’s, although both her bedroom window and a side one in the back parlour were visible from the road. "Surely she can’t have gone to bed and locked me out," thought Philip. He had now nearly reached the door, but that being painted black, and the moon having nearly gone down, it was scarcely to be distinguished; he put out his hand to feel for the knocker, when to his astonishment the door gave way at a touch—it was partly open. The lad’s heart misgave him; all was dark in the shop, and he hastily passed through it to the back parlour. There all was dark too; the fire had long gone out, and he stumbled over the little stool on which he had left Susan. "Mother! mother!" he exclaimed loudly, (though his own voice alarmed him,) making his way up stairs to the room she occupied; but she was not sleeping there that night. Not knowing what to think, but fearing he knew not what and dreaded to know, Philip with a trembling hand proceeded to strike a light, but it was some minutes before he succeeded. He looked round the shop—there was nothing unusual to be seen there, not a thing seemed missing or disturbed. Again he went into the back parlour—there was the cloth just as it had been laid for supper, both their suppers;—into the kitchen, there were cinders in the grate, and the little bit of roast mutton had been burnt to a cinder too;—into his mother’s room, the bed was undisturbed—where else should he look?—the cellar communicating with the shop, that was the last place he thought of, but when he did think of it, his blood ran cold, for it was the last, the only place where she could be—there he must find her—but how?

There he did find her, and to all appearance much as Norris had left her. For a moment, the youth stood petrified with terror, then he raised the body (around the head of which was a nearly concealed pool of blood), and, with a man’s strength, he carried it upstairs into the parlour, where was a horse-hair sofa, on which he laid it. He took the cold stiff hand in his; he looked into the rigid face of his wretched parent, and though he had never seen death before, he knew too well that he was gazing on it now. And yet if help could be procured, it was just possible—he would alarm the next neighbour; but no. He bethought him of Mr. Poyjoy’s house, where he knew that people were up and watching. Perhaps the doctor might be there. He flew through the village like a madman, caught the surgeon as he was just taking his departure, and got him to accompany him home. One glance at what remained of Mrs. Flint was enough for the doctor.

"My poor boy," said he, taking Philip kindly by the hand, "you have lost your mother. Nothing can be done for her; but I'll stay with you to-night, and see about all requisite steps for the holding of an inquest as soon as possible."

Philip’s tears gushed forth, but when he could speak—"it was an accident; don’t you think so sir? She must have fallen down those stairs?"

"Why, yes, no doubt she fell down the steps," replied the doctor; "but there’s an awkward wound here on this other side the head," he continued, stooping down to examine the cranium of the unfortunate woman with professional "sang froid." "I can’t pronounce an opinion yet, but the matter will be fully investigated. It’s only a pity that you moved the body!"

The matter was investigated, how fully we cannot say; but chiefly from the surgeon’s opinion, with other corroborative circumstances, the coroner’s jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder against some person, or persons, unknown."

Mrs. Flint’s tragical end served as a "nine day’s" wonder, and that was succeeded by a second concerning the large amount of wealth of which it was found she had died possessed. The poor simple folk opened their eyes with astonishment at what they esteemed the prodigious mine of riches accumulated by the widow and her late father, forgetting that it had all been drawn from the impoverished reins of their fathers and themselves. The property, of course, fell to her son, who was now in his fifteenth year. The loss of his mother, or possibly, the rumour of her riches, suddenly brought to light a relative of Philip’s, of whom he had never heard; an uncle who now came forward, and testified an extraordinary degree of interest in the fortunes of his nephew. He even proposed to Philip, such was his self-denying regard, that himself, his wife, and ten children, should leave their very lucrative business in London, and settle down with him at Slowberry, where, by their assistance, he might
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carry on the shop; but Philip, who now felt himself pretty much his own master, was resolved to have done with the “shop” altogether. His taste had always inclined him much more to roaming about green fields, than standing behind a counter. He wanted to turn farmer, and he luckily found a friend ready to encourage and assist him in gratifying this predilection—a friend made on the night he had lost his mother—none other than Mr. Popjoy, the steward, on whose domestic business he had ridden, express. This gentleman, “en attendant” the period to which he was now happily enabled to look forward when “his son” would become his assistant, wanted to “take in” a youth as a sort of “sub” and pupil.

“Philip would be just the thing,” and he offered to receive him into “the bosom of his family” on highly advantageous terms, to which party we do not pretend to say. But young Flint was satisfied with any terms which put him in the way of tasting the pleasures, and learning the mysteries of husbandry. So a bargain was struck without Philip’s uncle having much to do in the business; the shop was disposed of: white apron and brown holland sleeves were exchanged for leather gaiters and fustian jacket, and our rustic hero began (under the steward’s guidance) to qualify himself for the management of the farm in which his wealth was to be invested. Entering the family of Popjoy under such favourable circumstances, no wonder that he soon became, or, more properly speaking, was, a “ready-made” favorite. The steward pronounced him a promising lad, likely to turn out “something” under his tuition. Mrs. Popjoy treated him like “a son,” though she had now a “son” of her own. The elder Miss Popjoy patronised, the younger played with him, and even little Master Peter Popjoy, as if endued with some infantile consciousness of what he owed him on the “advent” of his life, would pucker up his fat checks, and crow merrily, whenever Philip made his appearance.

CHAPTER IV.

Having recorded the change wrought in the fortunes of Philip, we shall take a glance at one who had much to do with his altered position—we mean William Norris. Subsequently to the night of Mrs. Flint’s death, her self-convicted destroyer had been the prey of mingled remorse and dread; the latter, of course, aggravated by the “finding” of the coroner’s jury. At one moment he nearly made up his mind to go at once to a magistrate, confess the real truth, and depend on extenuating circumstances for indulgence. Then again he considered that if he were thus to direct the eye of inquiry towards himself, there were other circumstances which would implicate him as the predetermined murderer of the miserable woman. Others had been present in the shop during the dispute about his wife’s shilling, and his having immediately afterwards risen from his bed to go to the shop would be considered an act only committed under the influence of anger and revenge, instead of that of want and desperation. He therefore resolved on keeping the secret, which, as yet, he believed was entirely confined to his own bosom and that of his little daughter, whose faith, child as she was, he never doubted. When a little time had elapsed, his anxiety became much allayed, and laying “the flattering notion to his soul” that the deed he had done was not designed, it began to rise up before him less frequently. His health was also restored, and his circumstances improved. Mr. Popjoy, at Philip’s instigation, had replaced him in the office wherein he had just succeeded “Mad Matthews” before his illness, and his children no longer wanted bread.

But a circumstance soon occurred which reawakened all his apprehensions, in more than their original form. He had one evening been out to shoot rabbits on his employer’s grounds, and was returning home late. He had to cross a narrow deep stream turning a mill, over which was thrown a rude bridge, consisting of a single roughly-hewn plank, and as he approached he discerned a figure standing motionless upon it. Coming nearer, he recognised the strange costume of “Mad Matthews,” who, with his stick shouldered in lieu of a musket, occupied the centre of the bridge, exactly in the position of a sentinel on guard.

“Stand!” exclaimed he, roughly and imperatively as Norris came up, and when
Norris saw at a glance that he had been drinking, and said, soothingly, "Come Matthews! I'll wait till you've got over," at the same time stepping aside to allow the old man free passage; but the "corporal" kept his position, and burst into a hoarse laugh of derision, saying—

"Aye, I'll warrant you'll let me pass; but who told you I'd let you pass?

"Don't you know I'm a responsible officer, corporal of the Royal Marines, and I'm on guard here, by the general's particular orders. And do you know," continued he, lowering his voice a little, "I've got a very serious job on my hands, and I'm on guard here by the general's particular orders. And, do you know," continued he, somewhat lowering his voice, "I've got a very serious job on my hands, and I shouldn't wonder, my man, betwixt you and I, if you'd summation to do with it. But let's have another look at ye?"

So saying Matthews held up one hand to his eye, and, bending his fingers, as if to form a spy-glass, brought it to bear on the face of Norris as the setting sun gleamed upon it.

"By Jove it's all right!" shouted Matthews, "your the very man as I've got to deal with; the 'dentical fellar as murdered Madge M'Vultur of our ridgment. No, dang it! not Madge. I always confuses them two together, but that other old faggot up in the village yonder. You knows well enough; she as you knocked at head, and kicked down her own cellar."

Norris impatiently moved onward over the bridge. The "corporal" levelled his stick as if in act to fire.

"Just stir a step," said he, "back'ards or for'ards, I'll shoot you through the head, and that'll be robbing Jack Ketch."

"Come, come, have done with your foolery Matthews," said Norris, striving to appear unconcerned, but, inly, trembling with alarm and irritation, "Come let me pass, or—"

"Or what, my fine chap?" returned the other.

"You'll see," said Norris, cocking his gun, hoping to frighten the old man into a retreat, or silence.

The latter, however, kept his ground, and Norris, almost as mad as himself, again advanced on the narrow plank to within a pace of where he was standing,

"Keep off! keep off!" then shouted, or, rather, shrieked, Matthews. "Keep off, I say, there's blood, blood, upon you!"

He pointed as he spoke to some spots on Norris's jacket, which had fallen from the fresh killed rabbits.

"Don't come near me," he continued, stamping furiously, till the rude bridge shook again, "don't touch me with your bloody hands or they'll say I did it, and they'll hang me instead of you. A capital joke that! Ha! ha! ha! and then he laughed as loudly as he had before shrunk.

Norris was annoyed almost beyond endurance. To pass the old man was impossible without pushing him off the bridge into the stream; and galled, and irritated, and alarmed as he was, he felt, for one moment, almost tempted to silence, for even the wild and incoherent, but dangerous, and to him inexplicable allusions of his tormentor; but it was only for a moment, and instead of attempting to pursue his way, he resolved to turn back and go home by a circuitous route, the only other that led to the village. He had turned round in execution of his purpose, when the bark of a dog resounded from an adjacent copse, from which Mr. Popjoy, accompanied by Philip, presently issued.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Matthews, the instant he saw them, "there's the general!"

He then quitted his post, and advancing to Popjoy with a military salute, pointed towards Norris, "That's him, cried he; there's your prisoner! take him in the king's name!"

"Who? what?" asked the steward in astonishment, "Why there's the fellor as murdered Madge M———. No, not her, but the widder, I always forgets his name, but I don't forget him. I'm ready to swear to him any day. Lay hold on him!"
But I say general (and here Matthews lowered his voice to a whisper), I shouldn't wonder if he told you it was me as did it; but never mind him, don't you believe him general, that's all.

"Why, what the deuce does the fellow mean?" said Mr. Popjoy, "but I see he's drunk; drunk mad. Come my old boy, he continued addressing Matthews, just march yourself off these premises, or I'll have you taken up and put in the stocks."

Matthews stood for a moment as if stunned and transfixed by the "general's" grateful acknowledgment of his services; then drawing himself up, and putting on a ludicrous air of outraged dignity, he took off his shiny hat, pulled out the remnant of the marine feather, and tore off his belt which he threw along with his mock musket on the ground.

"There, sir," said he, "I quit the service. Don't say you discharged me! an old soldier, and a crack shot like me, just to take into favour a pitiful cut-throat rascal like that"—pointing to Norris. So saying, Matthews faced to the right-about, and crossed the bridge in grand marching style.

"Capital!" exclaimed Popjoy with a laugh.

Matthews turned round and struck his clenched fist. "But really continued the steward, the old fellow gets crazier than ever. We (he meant himself and the parish) must have him shut up before he does mischief. Well Norris, so you've got the rabbits. Give 'em to us and we'll save you the trouble of carrying them up to the house."

Philip here spoke a word to the steward, who concluded, "and Norris, you can take a couple home for yourself."

Having crossed the bridge over the mill stream, the three separated, and Norris pursued his solitary way home, engaged in a new train of ideas upon an old subject; a train that much apprehended would be one day fired by the old soldier's random shots, though this time they had fallen harmless.

From that period Norris became again a prey to continued anxiety both at home and abroad. The widow's untimely end had still left sufficient impression to form an occasional topic of surmise and discussion amongst the inhabitants of Slowberry, and when he chanced to be present on these occasions, he felt as if every eye was upon him, and that he was betrayed by his looks. At home, too, he was never without a continual remembrance. Whenever he happened to catch the wild dark eye of Susan bent on him, he would fancy that her thoughts were following the direction of his own; and there were times when he even fancied that the affectionate and gentle child shrank from him as a "murderer." There he was mistaken, but it was no fancy that the impression of that night had sunk deep on her tender mind, and the more so, because, concealed at his behest, it had changed her from a lively frolicsome little creature into one grave and thoughtful beyond her years. Then Mr. Popjoy did not execute his threat of having "Mad Matthews" shut up, and he was continually crossing his path, and repeating his dangerous allusions, till the persecuted Norris began to feel that he could endure his annoyances no longer. He was in this desperate state of mind, when going one day to Hackington, he entered a public-house and took up a newspaper. For what ill, mental or bodily did not the columns of a newspaper afford some promised remedy. Even Norris found one which appeared to suit his case. A ship was advertised as about to sail for the Swan River settlement with a cargo of emigrants. He would join them. In regard to the desertion of his family, he found many a plausible plea to excuse it, at least to himself.

"They will be better off," thought he, "in my absence. My presence, at least, is fraught with a danger, from which they will then be free; and while that generous boy Philip lives, and lives in ignorance of the truth, they'll never want a friend. Then if I succeed, and find things as they're represented, they might follow me."

In two days Norris was embarked on board the "Sea Gull," on his way to Swan River, and his wife was weeping over the letter which briefly intimated his purpose, without, of course, throwing any light on its inducing motives.
LET the rustic performers on the barn-like stage of Slowberry be supposed to have played their pantomime behind the curtain for some ten or twelve years; and now drawing it up, let us see what transformations have been wrought amongst them by the magic wand of time. Who ever saw “Father Time” depicted with a wand? says some critical defacer of this the “Figure head” or head figure of our chapter. Confessedly, we never did; but suppose it pleaseth us to place a wand, together with an hour-glass in his dexter hand—who, let us ask, is so great a worker of strange and sometimes sudden transformations as Father Time? and though the old gentleman is a desperate mower, he does not perform all his work with his scythe, however he may measure it by his hour-glass: a wonder-working wand, may, therefore, serve his turn, and, appropriate or not, we leave the emblem in his hand. Well then! under the touch, or repeated touches if you will, of this same instrument, Susan Norris had become as pretty a young woman as you would wish to see on a fine summer’s day sitting at a cottage door; though some might have thought her a shade too “penseroso” for a rustic beauty. As for Philip Flint, he had shot up into a capital “shot” and a famous cricket-player, altogether a very “likely” young man, and not very unlikel) to propose a match (not of cricket) with the young woman aforesaid—so at least it was whispered by some people at Slowberry, though others would have been quite shocked at any such notions, and, amongst the latter, all the members of the Popjoy family, who certainly ought to have known best, Philip being still domesticated with them, and still their prized and petted favourite. But favoritism, alas! mostly ends in disappointment. Favorites are generally esteemed ungrateful, and Philip was at length destined to fall under the imputation of this, the “besetting vice” of his position; whether justly or not, we leave the reader to determine. The epoch had now nearly arrived to which he had so long looked forward; the period which was to make him entire master of himself, of the farm on which he had set his eye, and possessor, perhaps—of something, or somebody on whom he had set his heart. The Poopjays knew he was soon about to leave their roof for one of his own at his new farm—“Ringdove Grange,” and as the time for his setting off from them and “setting up” for himself drew nigh and nigher, they vied with each other in little touching testimonials of regrad and regret. The worthy steward himself would frequently neglect his employers’ concerns, and, sometimes, his own, while advising and assisting the young farmer in the ordering and arrangement of his new establishment. The motherly Mrs. Popjoy insisted upon making for him with her own hands three dozen pots of jam and jelly, as a store for his bachelor’s cupboard, till “such time” as he should settle with a housekeeper, a point on which she expressed a world of friendly interest, advising him above all things to look out for a steady well-behaved person of a “certain age.” As for the young ladies (who were by this time quite grown up) they were not a whit behind their excellent parents in manifestations of friendly feeling; equal in degree; differing but in kind. Miss Popjoy was accomplished—had a piano and a paint box, and both were put in requisition on occasion of this “parting for” Ringdove Grange. She selected her songs with delicate and tender reference to what might naturally be supposed to occupy the young man’s mind. “When a Little Farm we keep,” “The Woodpecker,” and even “Judy Callaghan,” were not deemed inappropriate to the coming event. Thus, when Philip one day happened to enter the little parlour (no! “boudoir,”) where the ladies plied their morning avocations, he saw her busily employed in manufacturing a rose upon a hand-skeeen; she innocently enquired what it was meant for, whereupon Miss Popjoy drooped her head, and, while the carnation of her cheek outblushed the rose on her pastel-board, she softly whispered, “Can’t you guess?” and when she raised her head again, there was something on the rose not there before, a dew-drop, or a tear? Which was it?

The younger Misses Popjoy were great needlewomen, not vulgar sewers of seams (that was their mother’s business, or the maid’s) but great devourers of German wool, and they, not to be behind their sister in any thing but seniority, were working one against the other in order to complete, the first an urn-rug—the second a tea-pot.
A Domestic Sketch.

stand for the master of Ringdove Grange. We had almost forgotten the offering of Master Peter Popjoy, who had now become the “Great Peter”—the “Autocrat” of the family: like his Russian namesake, he was a great boat-builder; and at the expense of two cut fingers and half a bottle of Friar’s Balsam, he scooped a little elder-built ship (his sisters rigged it) to be “laid up” on Philip’s parlour mantle shelf. Shame on Philip Flint, had he been insensible to kindnesses such as these; we trust he was not—but appearances were certainly against him. When a few weeks—but a few little weeks remained of his sojourn amongst the Popjoys, any one might have thought, (they did certainly) that his mornings being more than ever occupied in concerns of “house and homestead,” his evenings would be exclusively devoted to them:—but—strange!—it was not so. In vain Miss Popjoy opened her “planter”—her mother and her sisters looked off their work and on the door, equally in vain! The steward wondered what made Philip so late in coming home to supper, and little Peter might have wondered, only he was fast asleep. Now, if instead of sitting on their chairs, or, worse, on thorns, and foolishly looking at a solid door, the family party of Popjoy could have been suddenly caught up in the air, and, like the “Diable Boitteux,” of peeping through the neighbouring house tops; then would they have seen the object of all their wonderment quietly seated in the neatly-furnished parlour of a cottage, not a hundred miles off, in company with a respectable matron, making, or who had been making, tea; a pretty young woman, whose downcast eyes were rivetted on her work, and two or three children, the youngest seated upon Philip’s knee.

Very quiet and respectable company this, for a young farmer, or for any other young man to be seen in, and yet had these, his Popjoy friends, beheld him at that moment, what horror and alarm would have been awakened in their tender bosoms,—what “confirmation dire” would it not have given to floating rumours passed hitherto aside as idle wind which they respected not—for had they been thus forced to witness—with their eyes—the company wherein their favourite passed his evenings, then, alas! no longer could they have shut their ears on the “ridiculous,” “absurd,” “incredible” report, that Philip Flint “kept company” with Susan Morris.

On one of these same evenings—a fine summer Sunday evening—Philip took his usual stroll down the shady lane leading to Norris’s cottage, which, from a ruinous poverty-stricken tenement, had become an abode, humble, indeed, but bespeaking the easy circumstances of its inhabitants—consisting of the mother and her children, for Norris was still an alien. Philip found the family collected under a large pear tree in the garden; on the bench beneath it sat Mrs. Norris and her eldest daughter, while the children were parading their Sunday habiliments on the sand walk before them. Susan had been seeking the text of the morning’s sermon, but the Bible lay beside her, closed, and she was grasping her mother’s hand in both her own. Tears were in the eyes both of parent and child. The recent devotions of the day had freshly awakened their gratitude to the Giver of all Good for the blessings they now enjoyed, but, mingled with that feeling, there had arisen bitter reminiscences of one far away, perhaps dead, whom they would have given worlds to have beheld witness of, and sharer in their prosperity. They had been talking of “husband” and “father,” and started, as a cry of pleasure from the children who had spied him at the garden gate, announced Philip’s approach.

Now, much fear we, that, “truth compelled,” we are about to offend—the “rigidly righteous,” the “Andrew Agnewites,” the Sabbatical non-profanes of our day—the Pharisees of former ones. “To propose” eating hot rolls—to “propose” selling cool oranges, these, for poor sinners, are heinous offences—but to “propose” for a wife, on the Sabbath day! that must truly “out-Herod Herod!” Why have not these reformers introduced a “bill” for the suppression of Sunday “billing” and cooing? why are not “love lanes” made indictable as “private nuisances?”—then would plebeian marriages be almost abolished (for what rustic or mechanic could find time for courtship on a week day?) Poor husbandmen would all die bachelors, and every rich man might have as many wives as the Grand Signor, or kill them off at pleasure as fast as Blue Beard.

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Matthews, and the last days of Mrs. Flint.

Philip Flint's business may be guessed from the foregoing preamble; but thus much we are bound to say in his defence, namely, that when he entered the cottage garden that day, he had not the slightest idea of making a "declaration" till some future one in the week ensuing—but somehow or another—it needs not to enquire, the battlements of circumstances gave a stroke to the shuttlecock of his intentions—only of his intentions, for his love—mind you, was no such light and alternating toy. Ask some of the late armour-burthened champions of Eglington, and they, perchance, may feelingly tell you, that "passages at arms" are sometimes more amusing to the spectators than the actors, but "love passages," whether whispered in a cottage garden, or on a "castle terrace," are always pleasantest to those "engaged," or about to become so. Let, then, the wooing of Philip Flint remain shrouded amidst the apple blossoms of its scene—the cottage orchard;—its result only (for a little bird carried thus much of the matter) need be told; and—alack, and-a-well-a-day!  No apple blossom of them all was more blighted than poor Philip's hopes. If Susan's lips denied that she loved him, they were no doubt convicted of wilful perjury by the treachery of her cheeks and eyes, which turned "maiden's" we mean "queen's" evidence against them; but for all that, a verdict of "refusal" was pronounced. In vain did the "condemned" press for the reason of his sentence; that remained behind. Something, indeed, Susan faltered out, concerning difference of station, of his prosperous estate, and her lowly lot, herself and family dependent on his bounty; but to dwell on such a plea, to him seemed like an insult—yet she could urge no better; and, for a moment, the vision of a rival, some more-favoured swain than he, some Adonis of the village, in coat of Sunday best—arose before the jealous eye of her lover; but he looked at Susan's, and knew that he had only seen a vision.

An awkward predicament the lovers were in. She knew not what to say—he had said all that he could think of, but kept saying it over and over again, till the stars peeped through the boughs of the old apple trees, to see what they were about; and Mrs. Norris, speculating, perhaps, on the same subject, sent one of Susan's little sisters to bid them in to tea. But Philip was in no mood to make one of their party that night; he left the cottage somewhat abruptly, and not being much more inclined to become a segment of the Popjoy circle, retired early to make philosophical calculations on the knotty problem of his disappointment. Solve it he could not, so, like a puzzled schoolboy, he at last resolved to apply for assistance to a wiser, at least older head—to appeal from Susan's self to Susan's mother, and the next day did not pass without trial of this experiment. Mrs. Norris was of course favorable to his suit, and, in her pride, and gratitude and pleasure at the confirmation of hopes that she had almost chid herself for entertaining, the good woman thought very little of the "stumbling block" which Susan had thrown in the way of their fulfilment. "Nothing but a little shilly shallying," said she to herself; "but yet Susie's no business to shew any such airs to him, the little minx! but I'll take her well to task, and know the rights of the matter;" and with a pledge of some such interference in his behalf, Philip was fain to be satisfied.

That very night, the children having been sent to bed an hour earlier than usual, Mrs. Norris opened the business she had in hand, and at heart, too. The numberless merits, and countless benefits of the "rejected" were first brought out in strong array against the seeming insensibility, and ingratitude of Susan, who only wept in silent acquiescence; and then her mother getting downright angry, threw in a sharp fire of reproach—

"Why girl," said she, "you're enough to make one go wild with this nonsensical behaviour. If you didn't love Philip that would be another matter, but you can't help loving him—so kind, and handsome, and generous as he is! Too good for you by half, and that's the truth! I only wish your poor dear father was but here! you'd hear reason, perhaps, from him!"

"My father!" exclaimed Susan; "oh no! no! he'd say I did but right—that I couldn't—No! he'd never urge me to be Philip's wife."

"No! and pray why not? asked the matron angrily; "Why wouldn't your father urge you to make yourself happy, and every body about you! but you don't deserve to be happy!"
Susan only answered by a fresh burst of tears. Mrs. Norris looked at her angrily and in silence, for a minute—it was only for a minute. She had spoken too harshly to her good, and gentle, and dutiful child. She held out her arms and Susan wept upon her neck.

“Well, dearest,” she presently resumed in her usually kind voice, “if you have a reason, though heaven knows what that can be, I’ll say no more, though how to tell Philip I don’t know.” She paused, then continued; “but in one thing Susan, if your mind’s made up, I’ve made up mine too. We must all leave this cottage and the place as well; this is no home for us to live in, upon Philip’s bounty, now you’ve refused him what he, poor fellow, seems to think a recompense; besides, people would talk; he’s been here too much of late; I think so now. Yes, we must go, the sooner the better; but where?—Why, to our own parish to be sure! You, Susan, must go to service, and they’ll take me and the children into the workhouse.”

The look of utter wretchedness with which the poor woman said these words, smote Susan to the heart. Her resolution faltered before the thoughts of the misery and separation she was about to bring on herself and those she loved. All the pleadings of her heart rose up in combined array against what had been the decision of her judgment, and it fell at last before them.

“Oh, mother!” she exclaimed, “do not talk thus; any thing rather than all this should happen. I’ll consent to——”

“That’s my own darling Susan,” cried Mrs. Norris, brightening through her tears. “You’ll think of what I’ve said then.”

“Oh! no, not think, mother—it’s better not. I’ve decided—that is, if Philip, after what has past——”

“Will make it up! eh, dear!” interrupted her mother, fairly smiling; “it’s more than you deserve; but I’ll see what can be done to pacify him.”

The good woman did not find this a very difficult task, and in Philip’s joy at the success of her mediation, he forgot to be angry, or jealous at the mother’s having succeeded where the lover had failed.

Susan’s “objection” had, it is hardly requisite to say, been grounded on her knowledge of her father’s agency in the death of Philip’s mother, and the consequences its discovery might yet entail; but now, once persuaded to follow the dictates of her heart, she strove to banish all further misgivings; to look back no longer at the cloud behind, which after all might never burst, but, cheerfully, forward to the sunshine of love and happiness breaking out before her.

As for Philip, he was the happiest young fellow living, and yet, strange to say, he became, at this particular juncture, an object of extraordinary pity to the united family of Popjoy.

“Poor fellow! it is perfectly distressing to think how he is about to throw himself away! how painful to friends who took so much interest in his welfare to behold such a sacrifice!” and then what a cruel aggravation was the thought that “pots of preserves,” painted fire-screens, urn-rug, and tea-pot stand, all, even the “peter-boat,” were thrown away too! Nay, even the last fond proof of interest, their combined pity, was apparently but wasted on its unworthy object. We fear, indeed, that Philip was ungrateful, for having had enough of pity, he paid up his annual stipend to the worthy steward, for board, washing, lodging, and learning, about three weeks before it was due, and took possession of “Ringdove Grange,” which he busied himself in preparing for Susan’s reception.

Chapter VI.

The parish church of Slowberry, like the village it belonged to, had somewhat of a neglected air. It was a pretty little building of ancient date, with a tall white spire of more recent erection, rising just where it should form a cluster of fine trees; the church-yard boasted a rare specimen of the country church-yard’s peculiar pride, a venerably knarled and knotted yew waving its dark sables over the snow-white grave-stones; and the path leading from the village to the church was as rural and picturesque as could possibly be desired for a marriage procession or a funeral train. In short, Slowberry church would have furnished a very pretty sketch for a
lady's album, but just like that common receptacle and its contents, looked best when viewed on the outside, and from a certain distance. In the first place, the site of the building was very low, and the shaded church, lacking sun in summer, and fire in winter, had its consecrated walls curiously tapestried with variegated draperies of green mould, which often dripped "holy water" over the heads of the assembled worshippers. The inscriptions on the time-worn monuments were nearly defaced, and the old oaken pews were in themselves "monuments" of decay. The blue pulpit cloth was moth eaten, the minister's surplice spotted with mildew, and the clerk wore a green coat and red neckcloth. The choir was in excellent "keeping" with the rest, though the performances of which it consisted, never "kept time" either with voices, or instruments, the latter consisting of a bassoon, clarinet, and cracked fiddle.

It was Whit-Sunday: the above described place of worship was unusually full, especially of new bonnets, but the Popjoy pew in the centre of the church, and, generally, the centre of fashion, was (wonder of wonders!) on that day "unbonneted," only the bald head of the steward, and the brown pate of little Peter (standing on the seat), were visible. The ladies stayed at home, but they, no doubt, had excellent private reasons for making their devotions private also. The second lesson had been read, the green-coated clerk handed up a scrap of paper to the minister, the minister was old, the damp atmosphere of the church had brought a film over his spectacles, and he could not at first decipher the two names of the pair desirous in future to have but one between them. There was a pause—to some in the congregation an anxious pause. In London churches, or in those of large towns, this preliminary to matrimony excites no "sensation," barely even attention; and the list of bachelors and spinsters is hurried over and little heeded except by those immediately interested. Not so in the confined sphere of a small country village. There the deaf old dame who has been content to catch one word in each verse of the preceding lesson, pushes back her rusty black silk bonnet, and nudge her neighbour, or her "good man," to supply the deficiency of her own auricular organ. The blooming maiden, in or out of service, blushes red as her new prayer-book, which she nervously opens and shuts, or, scarce knowing what she is about, wraps up again in the clean blue bordered handkerchief wherein it was brought to church. She takes one sly glance round, and then looks studiously downwards, lest she should catch the wicked eye of some "neighbour lad," which she is quite certain must be fixed on her. A few serious spinsters who have renounced the "vanities of the flesh and devil," and whose eyes had only been innocently fixed upon a well-sitting bonnet that sat just before them, became all at once so wrapped in their devotion as to appear perfectly insensible to what they doubtless considered (spite of the rubric) a profane break in the liturgy of mother church.

But to proceed, the minister assisted by a whisper from the clerk, has ascertained the individuals wanting a "permit" to marry, and clearly pronounces the names of "Philip Flint" and "Susan Norris." Curiosity is satisfied; the listeners lay down their pricked up ears, and take up their prayer books; for the succeeding part of the formulary is always but a mere form; the minister pronounces the conclusion of his charge, "Ye are now to declare it!" when, bursting like a thunder clap on the startled hearers, a deep rough voice eagerly exclaims, "I do!" A simultaneous stir followed this unexpected prohibition, from whom or whence proceeding, nobody had heard, but all were now looking round as if it were possible to see. The shock had shaken every nerve in the church; some were seized with a sudden inclination to sneeze, some to laugh, some to cough; amongst others Mr. Popjoy coughed, and little Peter laughed. The parson forgot the "jubilate," and the clerk's "amen," was wanting to "the belief." Like many others he could not believe his ears.

Every body thought the sermon twice as long as usual, though it is a certain fact that the preacher more than once turned over a double leaf of his copied manuscript discourse, and left his pulpit before half his hearers had got through the "squeezes" at the church door, being impatient to reach his vestry, where he thought he might learn the "rights" of a proceeding which had set every thing wrong; but the "forbidder" did not appear to "show cause" for his "impediment."
A Domestic Sketch.

On the evening of this occurrence, Susan and her mother sat together long and late at the open window of their cottage, holding no "pleasant" discourse on the mystery. Indeed Mrs. Norris had nearly all the talk to herself; poor Susan said but little. What could she say? and she was heartily glad when her mother, tired with wondering, and, heaping no good wishes on the "wicked cowardly wretch" who was striving to hinder their happiness, proposed going to bed. But she was more in a mood for meditation than for sleep. The night was warm, and having put out her candle, she sat at her bed-room window, looking into the garden all bright and silvery with the moonlight. As she was thus sitting, lost in surmises and forebodings, she was startled by a rustling among the trees, and presently saw a man approaching the cottage by a narrow dilapidated walk that led from the orchard. On first perceiving him she felt a little alarm, but that feeling soon gave way to one of interest and curiosity, as, unseen herself, she continued to watch the motions of the intruder. He had now reached the walk which ran along the front of the house, and having paced slowly backwards and forwards several times stopped nearly under the window at which Susan sat, and looking up towards it, the moonlight shone full upon his face, and Susan knew it well.

"My father! my father!" she exclaimed, while a feeling of faintness came over her, and she could neither rise nor open the casement to arrest his steps, as he turned out of the walk, as if about to go away: but again he stopped; it seemed as if he could not go. In a minute or two Susan had, in some measure, recovered herself. Trembling with haste, but still careful not to alarm her mother, she went down stairs, unfastened the house door softly, saw her father near the garden gate, and rushing down the walk that led to it, was in another instant clasped to his heart. For both, that was a moment of perfect human happiness—yet was its inseparable alloy near at hand. "Oh how happy! How happy will mother be to-morrow," cried Susan, as she drew him towards the cottage door, and looked up in his imperfectly seen face, so familiar, yet seeming strange and altered. "Yes how happy she will be to-morrow—not to-night—and that's the reason, father dear, that you were going away; you were afraid of disturbing us so late; but come in, I'll manage all so quietly, and, in the morning, prepare mother to—"

"My child," said Norris, "there's no need to prepare your mother, for I'm going to-night—now—and she mustn't know that I've been here at all."

"Not know!" exclaimed Susan, grasping her father's arm, "going! going to-night!"

"Yes, going" returned he, "you needn't wish to keep me, for you'd have been happier now, if I had never come."

"Happy! dearest father, haven't you made me, won't you make us all happy by coming back to us?"

"Ah! Susan, what were you talking about with your poor mother, as you sat together by the window? You little thought who was listening to you then. She little knew, poor soul, that I was the 'cowardly wicked wretch' who came to take away your happiness, and her's, and every body's; but it was Susan!"

We shall relate in fewer words, what Norris went on tell, how in his voluntary exile his mind had still remained restless and uneasy, while his heart yearned upon those he had left at home. Once he had written to his wife proposing that she should, if possible, go out and join him with their family, but the proposal with the letter containing it, never reached her. At length he resolved to risk a return, shaping his subsequent measures according to circumstances and what might have inspired in his absence, but still having uppermost the idea of going back to the settlement, accompanied by his family. He had reached Slowberry only that morning, entered the church-yard after the congregation were assembled, and lingered there to examine, in fear and trembling, the sexton's stone almanack, lest he might see the name of wife or child recorded on it. The windows of the church were open, and he felt an irresistible impulse to take a look within—a glance that might tell him much of the change befallen in his twelve years' absence. He mounted on a tombstone close by the side of one of the "ivy curtained windows," and, unseen himself, surveyed the interior. The old church itself looked just the same; it had
Matthews, and the last days of Mrs. Flint,

not been "beautified" by the hand of improvement—and a period that makes new things old, sometimes leaves old things, to all appearance, much the same—things, alas! not persons—and many a head once black, or brown, or sandy, did Norris find turned to grey, as he looked around. But first, we may be sure, he sought out the corner where his family had been used to sit—his wife!—he did not see her—his children! he would not know them if they were there. He saw a pretty-looking young woman in what had been his seat.

"Can it be my Susan?" thought he, "No! Susan had dark eyes, the stranger blue; she was a stranger."

The father was looking round to make, perhaps, another guess, when Susan's name, coupled with Philip Flint's met his startled ear—his daughter and the son of her whose life he had cut short—it sounded a strange and unnatural union. Surely heaven had sent him to forbid it! Almost involuntarily he uttered the prohibition, and slipping down from his station, left the church-yard unperceived. The remainder of the day he passed in some of his old retired haunts, where Sunday strollers were not likely to intrude, and at dusk stole down the lane to his own cottage, where, concealed amongst the shrubs in the garden, he had seen his wife and Susan as they sat at the open window, and overheard a part of their conversation. Then Norris repented that he had returned, as it seemed only to mar the happiness of those he loved. Supposing he were to remain with his family, Matthews was doubtless still alive, and the dangerous secret in his possession he had certainly not kept to himself, and, through this medium, suspicions against him had probably been excited—confirmed by his absence—and waiting only his presence to bring it home to him. To stay with his family, then, would be impossible; yet, at this juncture, to take them from happiness, and comfort, and competence, to share the dangers and difficulties of his exile, that he could not endure to think of. No, he must return as he came, bear his self-imposed burthen alone, and end his life in prayer, that no portion of it might fall upon the innocent.

After detailing to his daughter the substance of the above, Norris concluded, "Yes Susan, my mind's made up. I've seen the old place once more, and must be content to die in a foreign land (he drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes). Now go in; your poor mother may be disturbed, and I can't see her only to part again. Go, and God bless you my girl, and Philip too—my blessing on you both!—and kiss the children for me to-morrow."

"Stay, dearest father!" exclaimed Susan clinging to him, "you shall not go; do not think of me, and as for Philip, though one above knows how I love him! I tell you father, I always had misgivings about that unhappy. Once I did refuse him, and something has all along told me that I must not, should not be his wife; and now you'll be with us, mother will want for nothing, and she'll go back with you—and we'll all go and be happy together, as we used to be. Listen to me father, and do not leave us!"

Norris turned away, as tears coursed each other down his rough cheek. He looked up at the cottage windows, and thought of his wife and children who were asleep within, and dreaming, perhaps, of him.

"Susan, Susan," he exclaimed, "do not tempt me—but at all events I must leave you now—to-morrow you shall hear from me, and if I stay"—

"Do not say "if,"" interrupted Susan eagerly.

"Well, well, don't stop me now. Good night, and blessings on thee, my dear, my dutiful child!"

So saying, he strained Susan to his heart, passed suddenly through the garden gate, and without looking round, strode quickly up the lane leading to the village.

CHAPTER VII.

When Norris emerged from the dark lane, it was about eleven o'clock, but a few scattered lights were still gleaming from some of the upper casements in the village, and one was yet visible through the muslin curtain in the parlour window of the two well remembered "Shop." Norris hastily crossed the road to avoid passing it closely. The moon was still high, and displayed the aspect of the houses precisely
the same as they looked on the night of Mrs. Flint's death. Improvement, in his rapid march, had, somehow or other, contrived to stride over the village of Slowberry. There were the ruinous cottages, the rag-stuffed windows, the high gables still, but threatening a fall, or restrained from their bent, by the agency of some arresting prop. Norris had been too much excited all day to think about taking food, besides wishing to avoid recognition, but as he approached the large open porch of the old fashioned village inn (the Duke of Cumberland, not the King of Hanover), he felt almost tempted to venture in and ask for refreshment—the "Duke" had, however, put on his nightcap—all within was decorously dark and silent. The magistrates of Slowberry had, of late, been making a wonderful stir about early hours, and Boniface, in fearing his licence, had that very evening been reluctantly ejecting some unruly guests who were very desirous of doing further honor to his hospitality. It was certainly rather a hard case for "mine host," but the jolly sabbath revellers had little reason to grumble; for the discriminating legislature, which drove them early out of the "Publican's" House, indulgently permitted them to make up for the deprivation by boozing till midnight, or morning, at the adjacent beer-shop, whose keeper not being a Publican, was, therefore, no sinner in the eye of the law, for entertaining them. Now, beer-shops, "were not" when Norris left England, but seeing the "Duke's Head" dull and empty as aforesaid, he proceeded towards a cottage, displaying a light, which he recollected as having been inhabited by a wheelwright. At last he came to a change in Slowberry: the house looked more wretched than ever, but a gaudy sign was stuck over the door, a pair of skittles was painted on the tumble-down gates, and sounds of revelry proceeded from within; a dingy red stuff curtain was stretched across the lower part of the window, but Norris looking through the dirty panes above it, saw a group of men sitting drinking and smoking round the table. There were no faces amongst them that he knew; some, doubtless, he had seen before, but not likely to recognise the child of innocence, in the youth of early depravity, he ventured in. The party round the table were too much engrossed in their own merriment to take much notice of him, so, asking for what he wanted, he went and sat down on a bench, apart, occupied only by two old labourers, of these he remembered something, but twelve years had dimmed their sight, and, altered as he was, it was very improbable that they would know him; he, however, kept on his hat, and turned his face from the light.

"Well, I suppose, it's all up with Mad Matthews," said one of the elders, appearing to have just started a new subject.

"Why, yes," returned the other, "the 'Union's' done his job, as its done many a better man's afore him. By what I hears, he's never once held up his head since the time as they made him put on the workus regimentes instead of them queer soldier's gimeracks, as he was always so proud on. They tells me, he was right down raving, or made believe so, the day as they wanted him to march to church along with the rest of the workus people (I don't believe as he ever was in a place of worship in his life), howsumdever, he got his ends, for they let him stay at home, and never tried to make him go no more."

"Aye, aye," said the first speaker, "that was always the way on him, they called him 'Mad Matthews,' but to my way of thinking, he was always more knave than fool. I says was, for by all accounts he's right down mad, now, and no mistake. There's Dame Densham, she that's got lately appointed one of them Union nurses, was a telling my wife one day, how that she and the other woman what sits up with him o' nights are fleered out o' their lives, to hear how he keeps going on, more especial now the nurses isn't allowed a drop o' gin to keep up their spirits. Well as she was a saying, he's for ever raving about blood and murder, calling out for William Norris, and saying he can't die till he's seen him. You remember's Norris don't ye! the husband of the widder as we calls her, and father to that nice gal as they forbid the bans on this morning. It was a queer start, that! but you know Norris took himself off the very same year, thirteen year ago, come November as Mrs. Flint was murdered. Matthews used always make believe as though he knew'd a good deal about the business, and I've heer'd him as much as
sey that Norris had a hand in't, but what was the use of heeding such a crack-brained fool. It was a queer go altogether; but one thing's certain, the old fellar's got something on his mind, and as to Mother Flint, to be sure it was a shocking end for a human creature to come to, but betwixt you and I, there's been many a worse job than sending her to ' kingdom come,' a bit earlier that she looked for."

"Ah, she was a bad un," said the other old man, rising and knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the hob—but one comfort, the son don't take arter his mother—and so we'll let her go to the devil in peace!"

"Amen," said the other, as he also rose to depart, a movement, not unwelcome to Norris, who had been any thing but an indifferent listener to the foregoing colloquy; he took the opportunity of rising also and asking the woman of the house for a night's lodging. The next morning he was up betimes and enquiring his way to the New " Union " Workhouse.

He found it a large red brick building with four imposing faces, situate on a common adjacent to Slowberry; nothing could be more healthy and bracing than the air of its site—it was enough to create an appetite under the ribs of old age, sickness, death itself:—how appropriately was it chosen! how much in union with the benevolent spirit of the " Unions" to excite wants, and then deny them the means of gratification.

Norris asked to see the master and mistress of the workhouse, the pauper porter noticed his shabby dress, and supposing him a candidate for admission eyed him sulkily, much as a starved dog in possession of a bare bone would look at another who came to know the other end of it.

"I don't know," said he, "that the missus is up, or master either—but what's your business? You've got an order I suppose?"

"No," replied Norris. "I want to see an old man that's here, of the name of Matthews, 'Mad Matthews' he's called."

"Oh, that's want you want is it," said the Union Cerberus, a little relaxing, "I'll go and let 'em know you're here, for if you don't see the old fellar soon, it's like you won't see him at all, 'caus the doctor says he's going post haste to a better place, it must be, for it can't be no worser than these here Union workkusses."

In due time the matron made her appearance, and being a most motherly personage, exemplary in the discharge of her duties to those under her care, she no sooner heard that Norris's business was a visit to the sick, than she instituted a minute enquiry as to whether he had come with clean hands and empty pockets; whether these might not contain some quarter ounce of tea or sugar, snuff or sago, arrow root or oranges, one half apple of the "fruit" "forbidden" in parish paradieses. —Norris's appearance was in favor of his assertion of innocence, and a female pauper was soon summoned to conduct him to the apartment of Matthews, who, having within the last few weeks shown symptoms of violence, had been removed from the general infirmary to a sort of strong box, used as a place of punishment for the refractory, and occasionally as one of confinement for insane persons committed to the care of the establishment. In this apartment, its whitewashed walls, unrelieved by fire-place or furniture of any description, save by one chair and the chair sometimes used for unruly inmates:—on a curtainless bed, opposite a curtainless window, admitting the full glare of the morning sun, lay, what might already be called, the "remains" of "Mad Matthews," who appeared to be in an uneasy slumber. Two women were in the room—one standing over the bed, watching the sick man's face, with a mixture of hard indifference and anxious eagerness, apparently awaiting his last gasp, as a signal of release from her wearisome watch—the other was near the window, seemingly engaged in a vain attempt to read the written contents of a dirty piece of paper she held in her hand, and which (judging by the leaden inkstand placed on the single chair by Matthews' bed, had been the product of his last occupation. As the door was roughly opened by Norris's conductor, the sleeper gave a convulsive start, and breathed two or three times heavily.

"He's going now!" exclaimed the woman who stood beside the bed, "the doctor said he would as soon as ever he awoke."

"Not he!" cried the other, advancing from the window, and crumpling up in her
hand the paper she had been looking at, "Not he! I say he can't die while he's got that on his mind as hinders him—not till he's made a clean breast—the parson's coming this morning, and then, may be—"

Here she was suddenly interrupted—Old Matthews started up in bed, seized hold of her arm, squeezed it, as if in a vice, and with open mouth, and his one wild eye starting out of its socket as he caught sight of Norris at his bed's foot screamed out—

"Stop! stop! don't hang him—I say, can't you stop? it was"—but here the old man suddenly paused—his eye lost its wildness, and he sunk back upon the bed, still looking fixedly, but calmly—almost complacently, at Norris—"I was only dreaming," he said presently, in an altered tone—"but thank God! you're come; that's not a dream, howsomdever;—but Norris, come a bit nearer, can't you? I don't see clear, somehow, and the sun's right a-head there! but I'm quite sensible now; not mad—mind that—come nearer, I say," he repeated, putting out his shrunken hand.

Norris moved to the bed-side, and grasped it.

"Stoop down," said Matthews, "close—closer! I wants to whisper something."

"Good women," said Norris, to the nurses, who were both standing close behind him, "can't you leave us a few minutes?"

The women hesitated, but the old man's eye again lighted up, threateningly, as he attempted to rise, and they thought it advisable to retreat.

"Be they both gone?" asked he, on hearing the door shut, and on Norris answering in the affirmative, "now, then," said he, "I don't want to know nothing how you com'd here—for its as much as I've got time to tell you what's been a-working at my heart, and a-firing my brain these twelve year—they called me 'mad,' afore then, but I've been madder since. You ha'nt forgot that Saturday night—the night as Mrs. Flint—"

"Forgot!" interrupted Norris.

"Hush! let me go on while I've got time and my proper senses—well, that night I was in the shop, though you didn't see me, nor she neither—for I com'd in softly when you was a-wrangling about the loaf. I told her I'd go back, and so I did:— and then, as I was a-standing in a dark corner, I see'd you a-struggling, and how the old creetur fell down the cellar stairs, and hear'd you say as you'd murdered her. That night, as I take it, the old un hisself was at my elbow, for as I stood and seed what was a going on, if I wasn't as glad as though I'd got a thousand pounds prize-money. I didn't bear the old 'oman herself no very good will—on more scores than one—and that same night we'd had a bit of a breeze—but as for you, Norris, ever sin that business of being turned off from Popjoy's, there was never a Frenchman as I hated half as I hated you! and when I see'd what you'd done, thinks I to myself, now I has him! and, trust me, if I don't pay off old scores! Well, as soon as ever you'd left the shop, I went to the head of the cellar stairs—you knows the candle was gone out; but, thinks I, I'll listen and see if all's quiet—presently I heer'd a rustling down amongst the straw, and the gingly of the crockery, and then the voice of the old 'oman a-grumbling, much as usual. By——, says I to myself, or the old un at my elbow, he's only done the job by halves, but I'll finish it! All this time I'd got in my hand the thick stick as belonged to the faggot (there's not time to tell you about that). Well, I laid hold on it tight, and stood at the stairs head, quiet as death, and presently up comes the old crone, a-muttering to herself all the way. I held my breath for fear of making a noise, and when I heerd her a step or two below me, I twirled the faggot stake round my head, and gave'd a blow as would have shook the main-mast of a seventy-four. She fell back'ards with a groan—and never got up agen."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Norris, "then I'm not a murderer."

Matthews had sunk back exhausted on the bed; but all at once he strove to raise himself, and stretched out his hand as if in search of something—"Where's that paper," said he, "what I was a-writing just afore you com'd, leastways afore I went to sleep, and got they two women to put their names to—their marks however!"

Norris looked round, and beheld upon the floor the piece of crumpled paper he had seen in one of the nurses' hands, who had dropped it on leaving the room, "Here," said he, as he unfolded, and put it into the old man's hand.

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Matthews, and the last of Mrs. Flint,

Matthews held it towards the light—his sight was growing very dim, but he knew his own scrawl—"Its all right," said he, "that's my written confession, and if you keeps it, it'll serve you as a bit of a certificate, if you should ever be called over the coals about that e're business—but its not like you ever will now."

Here one of the women came back to say that the clergyman had come to visit Matthews, and was waiting below.

"Well, goodbye t'ye, Norris," said the old marine, "I hope we parts friends, afore I starts on my long voyage. Say you forges me!"

"From my soul!" exclaimed Norris, grasping his hand, "and may God forgive us both! for we both had a share in that poor wretch's death."

Leaving Matthews to the care he most required (that of the clergyman), Norris left the workhouse and no longer hesitated to bend his steps homewards.

The bans of Susan and Philip were again put up; but they were not again forbidden.

The Popjoy family held themselves (for a season) very high and distantly towards their lost and degraded "favorite," but at last came down—as far as Ringdove Grange, and patronised Susan, by eating her whipt syllabub, and strawberries and cream—we mean, especially, the ladies and Master Peter. As for the old gentleman, he always continued to testify a paternal regard for his pupil in the art of agriculture, by borrowing the young farmer's team, his waggons, or his labourers, when harvest was abroad and skies looked lowering.

"Mad Matthews" died in the workhouse, shortly after his confession to Norris, which was followed by one to the clergyman, who never revealed it; and, with this exception, the manner of the widow's death was never known to any but the father and daughter.

And now for the satisfaction of those who may yet doubt whether after all, Philip and Susan should have come together, we can confidently assert that their "curtains are never drawn in dead of night" by the blue-nosed ghost of Mrs. Flint. Wherever else her restless spirit may have wandered, it never comes to reproach Susan for having at last consented to make her son as happy a young farmer as ever whistled on his own cornstack at harvest home, or dispensed his own punch on a Christmas-eve. By means of the extensive and well-directed charities of the young couple, a great portion of Mrs. Flint's "drop"-acquired "ocean" of wealth has flowed back into the channels whence it was derived; and for once, an universal benefit is diffused from the hoarded accumulations of a "village omnibus shop."

DOMINO.

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ON AN OLD LADY THAT PAINTED.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Whom spite of nature's scorn,
Bloomers in the winter of her days
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at threescore,
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass guileless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If o'er impatient of the bliss
Into her arms you fall,
The plaister'd fair returns a kiss,
Like Thyse through a wall.

Cole M.S.S.

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[THE COURT]
THE MAIDEN AND THE GUILLOTINE.

The word Maiden, belonging in its literal signification exclusively to the English language, is commonly associated with the most charming idealities of female youthfulness. It calls to mind that virgin purity of woman's life—the most precious appanage alike of physical and intellectual beauty. It belongs also, by more titles than one, to the most dramatic of England's annals; and, firstly, that it was one of the most glorious appellations of the renowned Queen Elizabeth*—"The Maiden Queen," the "Royal Virgin," for thus was that great princess entitled when even in the seventieth year of her age, which title too, our countrymen by a species of posthumous flattery have delighted in retaining for her up to the present time. True it is that we English have likewise called her the "Good Queen Bess," yet Heaven only knows whether goodness of heart, any more than virginal purity, was, or was not, the distinguishing characteristic of the justly renowned, yet terrible daughter of Harry the Eighth!

Elizabeth, the Royal Maiden, to use then an appellation by which she was so fond of being addressed, added to the superior qualities of a masculine mind and the imperious sovereignty of a great empire, all the recherché trickery of a coquette, and the littlenesses peculiar to inordinate female vanity. The wounds of self love! were, however, on her part, so much the more dangerous, that her irascible, impassioned and despotic character urged her to extremes whether in hate or love. Was it not, indeed, solely a piece of petty feminine vengeance, exalted by the pride of royal power which doomed the Earl of Essex to the scaffold. Yet the same blow which struck off her favorite's head, broke the yet woman-heart of Elizabeth. The Maiden Queen died of grief and remorse at having slain her lover.

But, lately, it was especially reserved for the lieges of our present youthful sovereign, to apply to her either or both epithets in all their full force and truthfulness. To us, the phrase of the "fair virgin throne'd in the west," instead of a poetical trope, is a literal historic fact.

To what strange usage—to what inconceivable object did, alas! the signification of that word descend, to which preference was thus given above every other, by the vanity of a coquetish queen. Well, indeed, might one, ignorant of the invention of the deadly machine of which we are about to speak, exhaust in vain his patience, and with it the very round of conjecture, without in any shape arriving at the true object of his search.

The designation of the Maiden then, was formerly given in England to an instrument of death, the rival of the gallows, and an hundred-fold more hideous than it in character, by the frightful nature of its accessories—an instrument of death known in later times in France, and still, not unfrequently seen in full operation at the Barrière St. Jacques, on the road from Paris to Orleans—THE GUILLOTINE!

Sceptical, as the reader may probably be upon the accuracy of the fact, it is nevertheless quite true!—the Guillotine is a machine of English invention, the use of which (singularly enough), was well known during the reign of Queen Elizabeth—and proceeded from the same mechanical genius, which, in our own days, has given birth to the wonder-working Spinning Jennies.

To England, belongs, indeed, the equivocal honour of the invention, the French, who in a later adoption of the instrument merely modified it, lay claim at furthest to a patent for bringing it into full operation. What a sublime contemplation for the two most civilized nations of the world to share between them—the one for having invented, the other for having brought to perfection, this strangely christened apparatus of death!—in other words, a species of instrument of butchery admirably adapted to carry criminal sentences into execution with all the regularity of anatomical operation, to annihilate secundem artem with the smallest possible delay the

* See the Portrait and Memoir in the Lady's Magazine, for January, 1837.
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greatest number of criminals, to destroy irretrievably, in the person of the sufferer, the author of a crime and the possibility of repentance!

The proofs and authorities are abundant and incontrovertible for the demonstration of the English origin of the guillotine, and, under its primitive name of the Maiden.

Several writers, amongst others, the compilers of the Newgate Calendar, have recorded the existence of that instrument of punishment in the recapitulation of divers historical events and acts of criminal justice. The indefatigable Pennant, during his travels in the North of England, pushed his researches the furthest on the subject, and collected a host of facts relative to the adoption and use of this machine as a means of repressing crime.

A forest in Yorkshire was the locality whereon this apparatus of death was first erected, and, doubtless, supplied timber for the frame work. The forest of Hardwick formed an independent jurisdiction, which extended over eighteen towns and hamlets enclosed within its limits. It was governed in criminal matters by its ancient local customs, and it appears, that amongst the number of these latter, may be reckoned the use of the Maiden—an instrument of punishment unknown in other parts of England. The town of Halifax standing on the skirts of the forest, a jury composed of freeholders selected from the towns within the boundaries, was therein summoned to take cognizance of delinquencies, and see the sentences carried into execution.

The manufacture of woollen stuffs in York, so extensively carried on at the present day, had become famous, even so early as the fifteenth century. The town of Halifax was noted for the encouragement it gave to that growing branch of industry, which, afterwards, became the source of its great prosperity; its hilly environs were daily seen speckled with pieces of cloth of all colours, suspended from tenters' poles. This display of valuable stuffs was unfortunately beheld by other eyes than those of the honest chapmen of the cloth-market; depredations soon multiplied to a formidable extent, and the fabricators were too plainly convinced that a large forest proves a dangerous neighbourhood for an industrious manufacturing town.

About the same time, also, there was within the jurisdiction of Hardwick forest, another interest equally trenched upon, and whose proprietors were actively jealous of their rights. The nobles saw with indignation every law for the preservation of game violated with the utmost audacity. Whether it was to oppose an effectual check to these hardy poachers, that feudal justice determined upon calling to its aid some more terrible apparatus wherewith to marshal forth the execution of its sentences, or that such a rigorous means of repression was provoked by the unceasing depredations upon the cloth manufacturers, seems uncertain. Pennant, however, inclines to the latter cause.

"The time when this custom took place," remarks that accurate observer and naturalist, "is unknown. In passing through Halifax, I observed a square spot, about four feet high and thirteen broad, made of neat ashler stone, accessible on one side by four or five steps. On this was placed the Maiden, an instrument for beheading criminals; a privilege of great antiquity in this place. It seems to have been confined to the limits of the forest of Hardwick, or the eighteen towns and hamlets within its precincts. Whether Earl Warren, lord of this forest, might have established it among the sanguinary laws then in use against the invaders of the hunting rights, or whether it might not take place after the woollen manufacturers at Halifax began to gain strength, is uncertain. The latter suggestion is very probable, for the wild country around the town was inhabited by a lawless set, whose depredations on the cloth-tenters might soon have stifled the efforts of infant industry. For the protection of trade, and for the greater terror of offenders by speedy execution, this custom seems to have been established, so at least to receive the force of law, which was, "That if a felon be taken within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick, with goods stolen out or within the said precincts, either hand-habend, back-berand, or confession'd, to the value of thirteen-pence half-penny, he shall, after three market-days, or meeting-days within the town of Halifax next after such his apprehension and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his
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head cut from his body.” The offender had always a fair trial; for as soon as he was taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff at Halifax, exposed on the three market-days, placed in the stocks, with the goods stolen on his back; or, if the theft was of the cattle kind, they were placed by him; and this was done both to strike terror into others, and to produce new informations against him. The bailiff then summoned four freeholders of each town, within the forest, to form a jury. The felon and prosecutors were brought face to face, and the goods—the cow, a horse, or whatever was stolen, was produced. If found guilty, the felon was remanded to prison, had a week's time allowed for preparation, and then was conveyed to this spot, where his head was struck off by this machine. I should have premised,” continues Pennant, “that if the criminal, either after apprehension, or in the way to execution, should escape out of the limits of the forest (part being close to the town), the bailiff had no farther power over him; but if he should be caught within the precincts, at any time, he was immediately executed on his former sentence. This privilege was very freely used during the reign of Elizabeth, the records before that time are lost. Twenty-five suffered in her reign, and at least twelve from 1623 to 1650, after which, I believe, the privilege was no more exerted. This machine of death,” continues our author, “is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament House, at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in the form of a painter’s easel, and about ten feet high; at four feet from the bottom is a cross bar, on which the felon lays his head, and which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these is placed a sharp axe, with a vast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method. I must add,” continues Pennant, “that if the sufferer is condemned for stealing a horse or a cow, the string is tied to the beast, which, on being whipped, pulls out this peg, and becomes the executioner.”

Having established, thus circumstantially, the origin of the Maiden, the use of which seems happily to have been lost during the protectorate of Cromwell, we will rapidly trace the remainder of its history. The machine invented by Halifax law, was not, it seems, destined to remain within the narrow limits of a provincial district, but, at a later day to cross the sea and reach Paris by the somewhat circuitous route of Scotland. An extraordinary occurrence of circumstances first brought about its transportation to Edinburgh.

Few readers are unacquainted with the events which drove Mary Stuart* from the Scottish throne and conducted her to the scaffold. Equally well known is it that the Maiden Queen Elizabeth—the rival of that unfortunate princess—never forgave her the possession of superior beauty, nor her claims to the English crown.

It was the Earl of Morton, a member of the celebrated family of Douglas, who powerfully aided the Queen of England, in bringing about the ruin of the lovely Mary. He possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities so indispensable to the leader of a faction—the courage, energy, and skill both of the soldier and the statesman—but the thorough corruption of his principles had, at an early stage of his career, perverted the exercise of those eminent qualities. All means seemed good to him for the attainment of his ends, or the increase of his wealth. Notwithstanding the excesses, the vengeance, and atrocity murders of which his life presented a long tissue, he, nevertheless, professed to hold that religious faith which in those days was seen to ally itself so readily with crime. As a reformist, he was a member of the Congregation of the Lord.

Although that association was avowedly hostile to the Catholic religion, Mary Stuart had given her confidence to Morton, with the title of Lord Chancellor. The Earl, however, did not long preserve it. David Rizzio supplanted him in the queen's good graces; and the jealousy, with which the minister was inspired against the wretched minion, gave birth to his first crime. He found little difficulty in gaining

* See this Portrait and Memoir, May, 1834.
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accomplices from amongst the Scottish nobility. Lord Darnley—the weak-minded consort of the queen—and the principal lords of the court, were animated with the same sentiment of lurking hatred against the favorite. Morton undertook to ensure the execution of the common vengeance. At the head of twenty-four armed men, he secured all the palace issues, whilst his associates dispatched Rizzio in the apartments of the queen.

Morton was compelled to seek refuge in England. His banishment, which took place in the year 1566, led his steps to the town of Halifax, in which the punishment of the Maiden was then in full vigour. This singular machine attracted his attention, and he took a model of it. Recalled to Edinburgh, and placed at the head of the government by the assassination of Lord Darnley, the defeat of the royalists, the abdication of Mary Stuart, and the successive deaths of the most influential men of his faction, he did not fail to remember the mode of execution practised within the precincts of Hardwick forest, when private disorders, succeeding to civil war, disturbed unceasingly the public tranquillity. Either that he thought the Maiden well calculated to intimidate vulgar malefactors, or that he found it superior to the gallows, as a mode of execution, he introduced the use of it at Edinburgh during his vigorous administration.

In the year 1572 Morton, it is known, followed the Earl of Murray to the conference held at York. It is not impossible that it might be during this second journey, and not at the period of his exile, that he originally encountered the Maiden. The question, however, is unimportant, since it concerns merely an error of date.

The Scottish reformers had, therefore, torn the crown from the brow of Mary Stuart; that unhappy princess had imprudently thrown herself into the hands of Elizabeth; her young son James had been proclaimed king by the victorious party, and already, as a child, had given proofs of that weakness and pusillanimity which he so signally displayed after his accession to the English throne. Morton, with the title of regent which he had borne since the year 1572, governed Scotland most despottically, worn out as it was by intestine discords. One of his first acts had been to reduce Edinburgh castle, and to punish as a traitor the brave defender of that last fortress which held out for the queen of Scotland.

The Earl of Morton maintained himself in power for nine years, during which his entire administration was nothing less than one long struggle, open or covert, against his enemies. At the bottom of his soul, he was a prey between the conflict of his good and evil passions, to another strife which left him no repose. Almost always mastered by his vicious propensities, he suffered himself to fall into the most culpable excesses. By his criminal deeds all minds were, in turn, alienated from him, at a time when even the favorites of the young king were intriguing against him.

In the month of January, 1578, a large party of the nobles hostile to the regent prevailed upon the prince to free himself from the domination of his guardian and assume the administration of affairs. James, encouraged by this demonstration, dispatched a command to the earl to resign his authority. The old soldier submitted to the mandate without a murmur, retired to his own domains, and three months afterwards reinstated himself in his former power by seizing upon the person of the young king in Sterling castle. This bold coup de main secured him in his domination during the two years subsequent, at the expiration of which another revolution, brought about by the court nobles, put an end to his sway, and threw him as a criminal into a state prison. Desirous of getting rid of him effectually, his enemies accused him of being implicated in the assassination of Lord Darnley, the father of King James. He was tried before a packed jury, the procedure—a very mockery of justice, terminated, as might have been foreseen, in his condemnation. In vain did Morton protest that he was innocent of the murder laid to his charge; they would not listen to him. The tribunal declared him guilty of high treason, and sentenced him for the commission of such crime to perish upon the gibbet.

To die upon the gallows, at that period, inflicted a sort of degradation upon nobility—the man who thus suffered sharing the same ignominious fate as that which could befall the lowest-born malefactor. On this occasion, the royal clemency,
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whilst it ratified the full force of the sentence, was destrous of modifying the mode of its execution. An order was issued that the earl should be executed on the morrow, and that he should be beheaded by the Maiden. Assuredly when the regent substituted the Halifax machine for the manual dexterity of the headsman, he little dreamed that it would soon be his own fate to test its merits.

During the short interval which remained between the issuing of the royal mandate and his last hour upon earth, Morton preserved an admirable composure of mind: he exhibited a cheerfulness unallied to any thing like bravado, whilst he ate his last supper, devoted a portion of the night to slumber, and, immediately on awakening, occupied himself with prayer. "When he appeared upon the scaffold," says Robertson, "no emotion was perceptible either in his features or voice. He requested his attendants to allow him but one minute to offer up a prayer, which being accorded him, he then placed himself beneath the knife of the Maiden, with the proud and intrepid countenance of a Douglas. His head was stuck over the door of the public gaol at Edinburgh, and his body, wrapped in an old cloak, was left lying upon the scaffold during the remainder of the day, it was carried shortly after midnight to the cemetery reserved for the burial of criminals, and there interred. It was in the month of June that this violent death closed the stormy career of the last of the Scottish regents.

The use of the Maiden in the capital of Scotland did not, however, terminate with Morton's administration. The Newgate Calendar gives an account of several executions which took place at Edinburgh, by the assistance of the decapitatory machine, posterior to that of the earl's, and as late as the seventeenth century.

When Pennant visited Edinburgh, the Halifax machine had, however, entirely disappeared from the public eye. The sole trace of its existence in that city was a model of large dimensions, preserved in one of the halls of the ancient parliament house. This model had become nothing more than a mere object of curiosity—a vestige of antiquity, in the eyes of the new generation; and as the national pride was not interested in its preservation, it fell subsequently into private hands, and is now, we believe, to be seen in the Museum of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Pennant was evidently able to examine it in its minutest detail, and he comprehended all its mechanism with peculiar sagacity, as will be seen by the description which we have previously given in his own words.

Such, then, is the history of the Maiden, appertaining to the two spots of Great Britain in which that instrument of death was known. It is worthy of remark that a principle of intimidation determined in the one the locality of its establishment, in the other its adoption. And, strange enough! after an interval of one hundred and fifty years, a great continental nation, through a principle of humanity, calls it again into existence this same machine. An invention which, in its origin, had for its object the rendering the penalty of death more barbarously impressive, was considered by the French, at the close of the eighteenth century, as the instrument best calculated to abate the rigour of capital punishment!

Thus then we behold the rotten and disjointed members of the Halifax Maiden collected together after so long a desuetude—the old fragments cramped and repieced, and after complete restoration of all parts and a fresh coat of paint, given forth to the world as a discovery made by French philanthropy!

After the revolution of the 14th July 1789, the punishment of death had been confined, by a decree of the National Assembly, to a simple decapitation. But the law, in not determining the mode of execution after any specific manner, seemed to leave to the minister of justice the choice of means. The deputy, Dupont, who was then garde des seceaux, found himself in a singularly embarrassed position, of which he duly apprised the representatives of the nation; he who had spoken with so much force and eloquence against the infliction of capital punishment, then found himself compelled to enter into conference with the headsman and his assistants.

Saving the difference of intention, time, and circumstances, the minister of justice at Paris was compelled to be the intervening means of a change similar in all points to that which the former chancellor of Scotland, the Earl of Morton, had worked at Edinburgh.

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Under the influence of the painful and peculiar emotions which the agitation of such a question produced within his mind, the garde des sceaux addressed an official letter to the Constituent Assembly, which is, perhaps, one of the most curious documents of penal reform extant.

"The Constituent Assembly," he wrote, "will suffer me to withhold the details to which I have been obliged to listen. Suffice it to say that the result of the observations that have been made to me by the executioners, appears to be that without precautions are taken similar to those the consideration of which has latterly occupied the attention of the Assembly, the punishment of decapitation will be a terrible spectacle for the beholders; it will afford an evidence that the latter are themselves of atrocious character, or the executioner himself, terror-stricken, may be exposed to all the consequences of popular wrath, unjust and cruel towards him, yet prompted by humane impulses."

Thus was the Constituent Assembly compelled to enter upon the discussion of a subject, the strange details of which were so alien to its ordinary labours, and which could not be sifted to the bottom without the most dismal and revolting images presenting themselves.

"It appears to me rather a question of anatomy (he might well have said butchery) than of legislature," observed the deputy Carlier, in his report upon the additional article called for by the minister. Yet, notwithstanding, whatsoever repugnance the National Assembly might feel, an instant decision had become necessary, for in various parts of the empire the execution of criminals had been suspended. Let the reader picture to himself, if he can, the sensations of those condemned to death during the period that the mode of their punishment was under discussion at Paris.

Among the members of the Constituent Assembly there was a physician named Joseph Ignace Guillotin. It appears, that from the nature of his profession and peculiar studies, he had taken a vivid interest in the embarrassing position of the executive justice.

Whether he had heard mention made of the Maiden, or that he had met with some model or design of the machine, that savant applied himself, with sedulous industry, to the study of its mechanism. It appeared to him that the capabilities of the machine might, in his hands, attain the greatest possible perfection. From that moment he no longer doubted that he had found an instrument of death, which would alike tend to the repressio of crime, and respond to the demands of humanity.

During the sitting of the 1st September, 1789, he ascended the tribunal to communicate to the national assembly the results of his researches. He read a long discourse upon the reform of the penal code, which discourse the public journals of the day have not recorded, and the substance of which only is known to us, say the authors of l'Histoire parlementaire de la revolution Francaise. The main argument of Dr. Guillotin's oration tended to demonstrate the advisability of establishing one species of punishment, only, for capital crimes. From the exposition of this general principle he passed on to a consideration of the means most proper to ensure its application: he described an instrument of death which, in his opinion, might dispense with the necessity of recurring to the direct assistance of the executioner. He ended by a second enumeration of the advantages of this machine (which is, in the main, nothing else but the Maiden), and by calling for its immediate adoption.

A few words which escaped the doctor during the heat of the discussion, will give us a glimpse at the peculiar character of his oratory. "With my machine," said he, "I will top off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you shall not feel the slightest pain." (Avec ma machine, Je vous fait sauter la tête en un clin d'œil, et vous ne souffrez point).

This somewhat brutal, and sufficiently burlesque demonstration, excited loud and continued peals of laughter in the assembly. The gift of speech falls not to the lot of every man. Though Mr. Guillotin might be a very wretched orator, his intentions were those of an excellent citizen. There was, moreover, a loftiness in the principle which advocated equality of suffering to all men, without regard to distinction of rank. But to what did the doctor pretend by using the words "my machine," in designating an invention long previously known in Great Britain? Did he merely
mean that it had become his own by adoption, or by the improvement of some of its
details? We are not willing to believe that it was his intention to dissemble the
truth. It seems highly probable, that on giving a description of the Maiden to the
constituent assembly, he, at the same time, pointed out its foreign origin.

Dr. Guillotin was not the only professional man who entered into the discussion
of this painful question. The legislative committee begged the skilful M. Louis,
secretary to the Academy of Surgeons, to communicate his observations upon the
subject. M. Louis, highly eminent as an operative surgeon, drew up a memoir,
which he addressed to the committee and which was ordered to be printed. He
clearly demonstrated, by a relation of many striking instances, and amongst others,
the recent punishment of one named Lally, that decapitation, such as had been
hitherto practised, was nothing less than a hacking and mangling. Hence, he
hesitated not to affirm, that to be secure of a prompt and perfect execution, some
agent was required to be found, wholly inaccessible to the disturbing influences
of the moment, and of never varying address. This was formally, advising, as had Dr.
Guillotin previously, the substitution of a mechanical power, in place of the muscular
strength of the headsman.

According to M. Louis' statement, the construction of a decapitating machine
would present no difficulty, and its effectiveness prove infallible. "The decapita-
tion will be effected in an instant, and agreeably to the ordinance and spirit of the
law: of this," he affirmed, "it would be easy to make an experiment, either on a
corpse, or on a living sheep. It will be seen, that it would be necessary to secure
the head of the sufferer by cross-beams having a groove, wherein the neck must be
fixed, level with the base of the skull; the projecting ends could be fastened with
pegs under the scaffold. Such is the mode of construction, which had, he said, been
adopted in England. The body of the criminal is placed with the face downwards
between two beams, connected at top by a cross-beam, from which a convex axe is
made to fall upon the neck by means of a pulley. The back of the instrument must
be strong and sufficiently heavy to act effectively, like the battering ram used for
driving piles. It is obvious that its force is greatly increased by the height from
which it descends. This apparatus, if it should appear necessary, would cause no
sensation, and would scarcely be seen."

Convinced by arguments based upon the experience of art, the Constituent
Assembly on the 21st of January, decreed the adoption of a decapitating machine,
conformably with the project of Dr. Guillotin. Another decree authorized the
government "to make all necessary outlay to ensure the success of such a mode of
execution, so that it might be uniformly adopted throughout the kingdom." It had
been previously ordered, that, in every case in which the law should pronounce
sentence of death, the punishment should be the same to the condemned, whatever
might be the nature of his crime.

Thus, therefore, the new machine was not long ere it was installed on the
place publique at Paris and in the great provincial cities. On seeing it in opera-
tion, it will readily be guessed that the populace speedily gave it a popular designa-
tion, and it was baptized with the name of the Dr. Guillotin.

"Unhappily for Guillotin," says a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "some
wags gave his name to the instrument which he did not invent, but only recom-
manded; and more unhappily still, the machine became, in the hands of the monsters
who, during two years, were masters of France, an instrument of the most horrible
excesses; whilst Guillotin himself, imprisoned, and expecting to figure as a victim
in the daily scenes of carnage which then took place, had deep cause to lament seeing
his name attached to the devastating axe with which these canibals had armed
their executioners. After terminating his political career, Guillotin resumed his
functions, as a physician, which he should never have quitted; and died in the year
1814. Of the machine to which his name is now for ever affixed, and which in It-
lian is called Mannaia, an engraving will be found in the Quaestiones Symbolicae of
Bocchi, 1555.

None can respect more than we do the intentions of the two French savans who
made themselves apologists for the mode of execution borrowed from the ancient
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Halifax justice. At the same time, the more exquisite does it appear to us to refute such as may have been erroneous. We will, therefore, briefly point out the fallacy and mischief of one or two of their scientific deductions and moral appreciations.

It appeared, then, to those wiseheads that death obtained by so simple a procedure would be of all others the easiest. "The decapitation is effected in an instant, agreeable to the ordinance and spirit of the law," say they, "consequently the sufferings of the condemned can have no duration, nor be prolonged after the punishment." How could they have failed, as physiologists who had made the organization of the human body their profound study, to perceive that such reasoning rests upon a supposition, to say the least, very doubtful? Would it not have been more logical to have said that decapitation with this stroke of the knife was effected too rapidly for the sensation of life to cease?

In fact, in that head, whose fall follows that of the knife, the moi-humain, or human identity still exists. It preserves its five senses, which nature has so admirably collected together near the organ with which they correspond. There is even, after the punishment, a vague sentiment of its identity, similar to that which is remarked in a man expiring of disease. By the test of most frightful experiments, the guillotine has shewn that the man was still there to answer for himself. His own name has struck his ear, and the eyes have turned in the direction of the voice; his eyelids have re-closed, which another hand had opened; he has drawn in his tongue, which the same agent had pulled out and pierced with a needle; and further, he has experienced horrible convulsions at the moment of a sharp instrument penetrating the spinal marrow. The punishment of the guillotine, therefore, is doubly cruel, in that, by a reversal of the order of things, it is preceded and followed by the bitter anguish of death. This is a truth which experiments made at the foot of the scaffold have placed beyond a shadow of doubt, it is the result of observations collected on the subject by Sommering, Sue, Majon, Castel, and Aldini; and the faculty of which they are eminent professors, unites its voice to that of humanity, reason and justice to abolish at once capital punishments and a mode of execution so inconceivably horrible.

We would still further allude to an error of the celebrated anatomist Louis, although it only militates against historic truth. We have previously cited a passage in which he says, "that if the machine proposed by Dr. Guillotin is adopted, it will produce no sensation and would scarcely be seen."

It is really astonishing that a man of his gravity should not have had a more just perception of things in his own day. The guillotine, on the contrary, by the vivid impression its novelty produced, must and did efface the recollection of all the instruments of death made use of in ancient legislation. The sombre aspect of its structure, the sight of blood inseparable from its application, the circumstances in the midst of which it appeared, all contributed to surround it with a frightful notoriety, and forcibly to work upon the imagination of every beholder. The events of the French revolution have given it a too conspicuous place in modern history. To it is allied the imperishable remembrance of the last blow dealt by the nation against the ancient monarchy. The scaffold became a dictatorship of circumstance, it fulfilled the office of prevost: and when it had completed its task without reserve, distinction, or pity, no one had the right to call it to account for the blood it had spilt, since the revolution had triumphed, and its enemies were laid low.

Here ends the history of the Maiden. Ere we quit the subject however, it will be well to cast one backward glance in order to measure the period over which our notice extends. It may be divided into three very distinct portions. The first comprehends the interval which elapsed from the origin of the Halifax machine in the fifteenth century, up to the period at which it was introduced into the capital of Scotland; the second commences with the time of its adoption at Edinburgh, and ends with that at which its usage ceased; the third dates from its transport into France in the second year of the revolution, and extends up to the present year. This, without reckoning the intervals during which it fell into desuetude, makes up somewhere about three centuries of its existence. In other words, the Maiden, invented, or which appeared,
The Maiden and the Guillotine.

at Halifax in Yorkshire, at least three hundred years since, was not adopted in France more than fifty years ago.

The invention of the Maiden, and with shame be it recorded, really belongs, therefore, to England, and not, to France. It dates, not from the end of the eighteenth century, from an era of liberty, civilization and humanity, but from the fifteenth century—from an epoch of barbarity, vindictiveness, and despotism, it is an odious instrument of that feudal domination.

In our own minds we have attained a deep conviction, based upon the observation of facts, and the disposition of men’s minds in general, that both the gallows and the guillotine have ceased to be necessary—nay, have become, indeed, impotent for the repression of crime, and that they cannot be longer in force without inflicting serious injury upon public morality.* There are men, and among them many of distinguished celebrity, we are aware, who still uphold the efficacy of the scaffold, and, who, in some sort shew a predilection for the maintenance of that old relic of feudality. We fear not to say it, that these men lie, in whatsoever sphere they may be placed, if not in their own consciences, at any rate against that of the age in which they live.

We shall conclude by expressing a hope, which, will find a responsive echo in all generous hearts. The fifteenth century beheld the Maiden arise from the bosom of feudal society—may the nineteenth century, that great epoch of moral and political development amongst the nations of the earth, behold the abolition of the gallows and the guillotine, even for every crime: for the greater the criminal—the more need has he, in a Christian community, for a longer time of repentance.

* See further comments appended to the Memoir of the Lady Jane Grey, page 89.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO COMPLAINED THAT SHE WAS SHORT.

A FABLE.

A vine that once desired to try
The pleasures of virginity,
Dejected lay, nor could aspire
Above the height of common briar.

Till, tired with this unhappy fate,
She chose a more delightful state,
And took an elm, which long had stood
The pride and glory of the wood.

And now, thus join’d, o’er every tree
She claims a just supremacy:
And does each verdant shade excel,
In taste, in beauty, and in smell.

Observe the vine, mark well her rules;
Nor mind the empty cant of fools.
Choose out a man to sweeten life,
And make him happy in a wife.

Then you aspiring in his arms
Shall grow in stature and in charms.
Despatch this task without delaying:
And true you’ll find a student’s saying.

Cole M.S.S.
A LEGEND OF PETER THE CRUEL,

From the French of M. Alexandre Dumas.

CHAPTER I.

A dark and fearful night closed a most oppressively hot September day of the year 1356; and, at the moment when our tale commences, a storm, such as can only be imagined by those who have witnessed like commotion of the elements in southern climates, had burst with the wildest fury over the town of Seville and its environs. Two huntsmen, accidentally separated from their party, were endeavouring to descend the steep and dangerous pass of one of the mountains of Sierra Moreno, at whose base rolls the mighty Guadalquivir. Impeded by the nature of the way, their horses being forced to be led by the bridle, it caused them to despair of ever reaching the valley in safety, for however anxious to provide for their own personal comfort, a thought of turning the noble animals loose would never have suggested itself to their minds. They had proceeded a long way in silence, now and then stopping to listen, in the hope of catching even the most distant baying of dogs or other sound, denoting the vicinity of human habitation; but, amid the fitful pauses of the storm, every sound was hushed, as if the world itself had suspended its busy hum to listen to the mighty ragings of the elements, save when the loud thunder-claps awoke the thousand echoes of the surrounding mountains. At such moments the arrowy lightning, spreading over the heavens like a sheet of flame, revealed the chasm they had happily avoided, or the precipice upon whose brink they were then standing. At other moments the electric fluid, striking the summit of some lofty pine, rolled itself like a fiery serpent down its enormous trunk, which taking fire blazed furiously for some minutes, and, a burning mass, fell over the precipice, plunging them once more into darkness, the more profound from this momentary contrast.

At length, when the appalling din had a little subsided, the younger of the benighted huntsmen, about four and twenty years of age, of fair complexion, with light floating hair, and rather handsome features, noble and dignified deportment, raised an ivory hunting horn to his lips, and blew a call so long and shrill, that amidst the awful silence which had succeeded to nature's warfare, it resounded like the trumpet of the destroying angel at the judgment day. This was the third time the hunter had endeavoured to attract attention to his forlorn state, without having obtained the desired result; he was now, however, more fortunate, for after a brief silence the sound of a mountain-horn fell upon his ear, but so feeble and so distant was the note that both huntsmen, for an instant, imagined it was but some echo's mockery. The young man accordingly sounded another blast with the increased energy of latent hope; again the mountain-horn answered, and so distinctly that they were enabled to recognise the direction whence it came. Placing the bridle in his companion's hands, by the assistance of the branches of a tree, which a burning pine had some moments before discovered to them, he scrambled up a little eminence, and bending his eyes in the direction of the valley, still illumined by incessant flashes of lightning, he perceived, at the distance of about half a league, in a direction opposite to that which they pursuing, a large fire blazing upon the point of a rock. For an instant he doubted whether that was not also some tree that had been stricken by the electric fluid, but at that moment the strange horn sounding again, and evidently from the spot whereon he saw the fire burning, he hesitated no longer, but, joining his companion, they struck off, at once, into the path leading to the spot where they hoped to find assistance, if not shelter. To ascertain that they were keeping in the right course, they occasionally sounded a note on the horn, which was as regularly answered—the sound each time indicating the nearer locality of
A Legend of Peter the Cruel,

those from whom it proceeded. Thus, for more than half an hour, they toiled along the wearisome and rugged windings of the path cut through the mountain, and at length arrived at its base, exactly opposite the rock and fire which had served them as a beacon. Close by, to their inexpressible joy, they discovered a farmhouse, with lights gleaming in one or two of the windows, but still between them and the house rolled, in billowy torrents, the storm-lashed Guadalquiver.

"St. Iago protect us!" cried the young huntsman, at this sight; "I fear me, Ferrand, we have come thus far in vain, and must prepare to pass the night in one of the caverns hard by."

"Wherefore, my lord?" inquired the person addressed.

"Because Charon himself would scarcely venture across this infernal Guadalquiver on such a night; they ought to have called it Acheron."

"It may not be as bad as your highness believes," returned Ferrand; "now that the storm is over they can hear our voices at yonder farm, and by promising a large reward, and saying who you are——"

"No, by the fair hands of my sweet Maria," cried Don Pedro, for the tall fair huntsman was none other than the King of Castile himself, "they shall not know who I am; who knows but some wily confederate of my father's bastards lives in yon dwelling, ready to show me the hospitality of the grave, and thus, with one blow, mend his own fortune and pleasure his lord. No, no, Ferrand, for your soul, not a word who I am."

"That suffices, sire," said Ferrand bowing respectfully.

"Now, by my patron, St. Peter, there is a boat!" exclaimed the king; "see you, Ferrand, it has left the opposite bank and is making towards us!"

"A proof how ill your highness judges of men," said Ferrand, reproachfully.

"I judge by those who surround me, Ferrand," returned Pedro, smiling; "and, with a few exceptions, the samples are not much to the credit of human nature."

Whether it was that Ferrand was of the king's opinion, or that he could not find a ready answer, we know not, but he was silent, and his gaze, like that of his sovereign, followed the movements of the little bark, which seemed in imminent danger of being either carried away by the current, or upset by uprooted trees and broken branches floating down the river. The boat was rowed by a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, of dark complexion, and of frank and open, but strongly marked features. Although alone, and in the midst of danger, there was a calm equality in his movements as though every stroke of his measured oar bespoke one of those cool courageous characters found in but few souls, and tempered with vigor according to the circumstances in which it has pleased heaven to place him, awakening the admiration of all classes, from the humble villager to those of the highest rank. He advanced slowly, but at the same time managed his boat with a skill and dexterity that called forth Don Pedro's utmost admiration, for he himself excelled in every manly exercise. Arrived within a few feet of the bank he sprang on shore with the elasticity of a youthful mountaineer; and then drawing the boat close to the edge, by means of a rope, he pointed to it, saying, in a simple tone, which spoke not of his having risked his life in their service,—

"Enter, fair sirs, and I will row you over."

"But our horses?" asked Don Pedro, "what will become of them?"

"They will swim, good sir," answered the mountaineer; "by holding their bridles short, their heads will be kept above water; they run no risk."

Don Pedro and Ferrand accordingly entered the boat, and holding the bridles as had been recommended, the little bark shot forward on its perilous passage; but, though surrounded by danger, their pilot exercised so much dexterity that they soon reached the opposite landing place in perfect safety. Having drawn their horses on shore, they followed their guide, who led the way by a short and easy path to the cottage, to gain which had been, for the last hour, their utmost ambition. At the door they found a young man who, taking charge of their horse, conducted them to a stable, whilst they entered the dwelling.

"Who is that youth?" demanded Don Pedro, looking after him.

"My son, Manuel," replied their host.
From the French of M. Alexandre Dumas.

"And how happens it that he stood here looking on whilst his father risked his life in crossing for us?"

"In sooth, fair sir, the youth was not here," answered the mountaineer; "on the first signal from your horn I sent him to Carmone to procure provisions; I had heard of the chase in yonder forest, and judging that some of the huntsmen had lost their way, and would arrive here half famished, I wished to offer them something better than the ordinary fare of a mountaineer, so that Manuel only arrived a few minutes before us, otherwise we would have gone together to your rescue."

"And what is your name?" enquired Don Pedro.

"Juan Pasquale, to serve your excellency."

"Well, Juan Pasquale," returned the king, "I would that I had many vassals like thee, for thou art a brave man."

Juan Pasquale bowed as would a man who had received a well merited compliment, and once more pointing to the door of his cottage invited the strangers to enter.

A table laid and a good fire burning on the hearth proved that their host had provided against the two greatest evils attendant upon such circumstances, namely, cold and hunger.

"There," said Don Pedro, disencumbering himself of his wet heavy mantle, and throwing it into a corner, "I wot that if you garment were twisted 'twould yield water enough to give the question to the worthy Albuquerque, had he not taken the precaution of fleeing to the Court of Lisbon."

"If you would not take the offer amiss, my noble sirs," said Pasquale, "my own scanty wardrobe and my son's could furnish you other garments, which, though not costly like those you wear, possess the advantage of being at this moment dry, whilst your's are dripping wet."

"If we would not think it amiss!" exclaimed the king, "now, by the bright eyes of my lady love, thou art a jewel of a host, master Juan, and we will accept thine offer and thank thee to boot, so hasten with the clothes, for, by my fay, here is a smell savoury enough to make a hungry huntsman forget that he has been prowling amongst the mountains for the last four hours."

Juan Pasquale opened the door of a small chamber in which a bed was already prepared and a fire lit; he then opened a trunk, and bringing forth two changes of garments, with linen, he quitted the chamber, leaving his guests alone.

"Well, Ferrand," said the king, who was arraying himself in a suit of Manuel's clothes, "what think you of our adventure, do you imagine that if we had declared who we were, we could have been better received?"

"No, truly," replied the courtier, "except that our host might have shown a greater degree of reverence to your highness."

"Aye, and less cordiality," returned Pedro, "now it is this very cordiality that charms me. I have often, in my incognito excursions, put to profit advice given to the stranger, while the flattering homage received at my court has passed from my memory. I must make this good man talk, Ferrand."

"That will not be difficult, Sire, and I believe, too, that you may rely upon the sincerity of his words. Besides, he can say nothing but what is flattering to your highness."

"So be it!" said Don Pedro, laughing, and as their toilettes were finished they returned to the other apartment, where supper was smoking upon the table.

"How is this," cried Don Pedro, "here is a large table with places laid only for two?"

"Do you expect any other of your companions?" enquired Pasquale.

"No, thank Heaven," answered the king, "but you and your family have not supped?"

"Not yet, your excellency," replied Juan, "for it behoves not persons of our class to place ourselves at table beside nobles, we will serve you, and then sup ourselves."

"By saint Jago, my good friend, it shall not be so," cried Don Pedro, "here is room for thee and thy good wife, and Manuel will serve us, not that I would put a
distinction between him and us, but as he is the youngest, it is his duty to serve
those who are older than he. Here Manuel I dub thee cup bearer, wilt thou accept
the charge?"

"Yes, for to-night, my lord," replied Manuel, "and because you are our guest."

"What!" cried Pedro with amazement, "dost thou mean to say thou would'st
refuse the charge if offered thee by some rich and powerful noble?"

"I would refuse it."

"And if it were a prince who offered it?" demanded Pedro.

"I would refuse."

"But the king?" continued Don Pedro.

"I would refuse it still."

"Wherefore?"

"I would be the last of mountaineers, rather than the first of servitors."

"Eh! master Pasquale," said the king turning to Juan, "methinks this good
youth displays a tolerable independence of spirit. However, I thank him for his
condescension in my favour to day."

"To day," returned Juan Pasquale, "you are more in his eyes than if you were
the first noble of the court, nay—that a prince, or I might even say, than the king
himself."

"Indeed! and how?" enquired Don Pedro.

"You are our guest," returned Pasquale bowing low, "you are our guest, sent to
us by Heaven—whilst courtiers, and princes, and the king—"

"Are—sent to you—by the devil! is it not so master Pasquale?" interrupted the
king, laughing heartily, and holding his goblet for Manuel to fill.

"That is not what I was about to say," rejoined Pasquale, "and yet to
see how things are going on in our poor Castile, I would be almost tempted to
believe it."

"And are things going better in Arragon?" demanded Pedro.

"No, by my faith!" answered the mountaineer, "Pedro for Pedro, Cruel for
Cruel; the one, a Nero, the other, a Tiberius—there is no choice between them."

Don Pedro bit his lips and laid down his tankard without tasting its contents:
Ferrand de Castro turned pale.

"There!" exclaimed dame Juana, the wife of Juan Pasquale, "there!—thou art
going to talk, when thou would'st do better to hold thy peace."

"Let father speak, mother," said Manuel. "What he says is true, and well
said."

"Certainly it is well said," interposed Don Pedro; "yet methinks he might make
a distinction between Don Pedro of Arragon, and Don Pedro of Castile, and not
forget that if men call the one the cruel, there are some who give the other the name
of distributor of justice."

"Aye, and mayhap thou would'st have them add, fair sir, that he distributes
justice so well, that neither robberies nor murders, are committed in Seville," ob-
erved Juan Pasquale, half ironically.

"That is not the king's affair, master Pasquale, but is part of the duty of the
primer assistente."

"And why does not the primer assistente do his duty then?" asked Pasquale.

"How can he be supposed to know the perpetrators of all the crimes that are
committed in a great city?" enquired, in his turn, Don Pedro.

"It is his duty to discover them," answered the mountaineer, "and if I were
Don Pedro, which, thank heaven, I am not, I would know how to make him dis-
cover them."

"How would you do so, Pasquale?"

"I would make him responsible for all—money for money he should pay—and if
the assassin's head was saved, his own should fall."

"On such conditions who would accept the charge?" asked the king.

* Peter the Cruel, son of Alphonso IV., reigned over Arragon at the same time that Peter the
Cruel, son of Alphonso XI., was king of Castile.

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"The first honest man he met," replied Juan.

"Do you know that in these days," returned Pedro, "an honest man is a rarity seldom to be met with?" and he laughed and turned to Manuel to fill his wine-cup.

"The reason honest men are so rarely found," said Manuel, after having filled the goblet, "is, that they are sought for in cities."

"By the saints, master Pasquale," exclaimed the king, "thy son hath more in his head, than one would expect to find from a lad of his years; and I give thee joy of him. Meanwhile, good host, I should like to see thee primer assistente, for to a certainty thou dost possess that valuable quality which is so necessary to fill the post."

"Your excellency is pleased to jest," returned Juan Pasquale, "but I swear to you that if my position in life had qualified me for filling so important a post, I would not have shrunk from it; and if I could not prevent crime, I would, at least, pursue the criminal, however great and powerful he might be. Barons, princes, nay even the king himself should not escape me." This he spoke with an earnestness that gave additional weight to his words.

"But," continued Don Pedro, after a moment's reflection, "there are actions to which the multitude gives the name of crime, because it sees the result, and not the cause, and which, nevertheless, are imperious political necessities imposed upon him who fills the throne."

"Very true," responded Juan Pasquale, "nor would I seek to make the king answerable for the exile of his wife, nor for the execution of the grand master of St. Iago; nor would I question his amours with the courtesan Padilla. Such things are tolerated in kings who are only answerable to God for such actions. But I speak of those midnight depredators, who, arms in hand, in a moment plunge a whole family into ruin. I speak of those midnight murders that nightly stain the streets of Seville. I speak of all those within the jurisdiction of a primer assistente, and I interfere not with the prerogatives of the crown."

"Husband!" said Juana, again interposing, and evidently uneasy at the sentiments expressed by Juan Pasquale, "husband! thy noble guests are tired after the chase, and would, no doubt, sooner sleep than listen to thy prating."

"Thou art in the right, wife, I had forgotten; but our guests will pardon me; I know not how it is, but once upon this subject, I must say all my mind."

"And as you may have more to say, my good friend," rejoined Don Pedro, "we will resume our conversation another time, I promise you."

"Take care what you promise, my lord," returned the mountaineer, "for therein you make an engagement to revisit my poor cottage."

"And one that I will fulfill with pleasure, my host, should your bed prove as good as your supper; and now good night, my friends." "God have you in his holy keeping, my lord!" answered Juan.

The king, making a gesture of good-will to Juana and Manuel, entered the sleeping chamber, followed by Don Ferrand de Castro.

As soon as the farmer and his wife were left alone, the good dame broke out into bitter invectives against her husband—

"There! you have made a fine night's work of it, Juan Pasquale," said she, placing her arms a-kimbo, and standing opposite her husband, "and what will you say when these courtiers go and repeat your conversation to the king? I ask if you were not right mad to talk of the king, and of the courtiers, and of the magistrates, and of all the grandees of Seville, as you did? And what is it to you I would know, if the king sent away his wife, and killed his brother, and lives with a courtesan? What is it to you, I say, if people are assassinated in the streets of Seville at night? And does it make you the poorer that others are robbed? Are not you in safety here? Why, then, such commiseration for the fools that let the robbers carry away their money? Do you take care of your's, Juan Pasquale, and mind your cows, and get in your harvest, and leave state affairs to those that understand them."

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"But wife," said Pasquale the moment he could put in a word amidst such a string of reproaches," but wife, did I say any thing but the truth?"

"The truth! the truth!" vociferated the wife. "Of a surety thou art gone mad Juan Pasquale! the truth!" and she walked to and fro in a rage, "thou spakest truth indeed; it is in that, that thou vexest me. Know fool! that thou must never speak the truth of those that are greater than thyself! mind thine own affairs Juan Pasquale, and meddle not with others; thou thinkest, that it sufficeth to be honest, and to pay thy debts, and to go to mass, and to doff thy hat to thy betters, and, with all that, to say whatever fooleries come into thy head. Well, Juan Pasquale, I wish that evil may not come to thee, through the wagging of thy tongue this night."

"Whatever it pleaseth God to send to Juan Pasquale, wife, will be received with humility and cheerfulness. So torture not thyself my good Juana, let me kiss thee, and go to thy pillow."

Such was Juan Pasquale's only reply to the torrent of abuse showered upon him by his quick-sighted and sharp-spoken dame.

Amongst other good qualities, Juan Pasquale possessed that of meekness of spirit, and when he received one of these attacks from Dame Juana, who, though a good wife in other respects, was possessed of an opposite temper to that of her husband, he invariably retired to his chamber, leaving her mistress of the field. In the present instance, the worthy dame grumbled for a few minutes, but not venturing to resume the discussion with Manuel (who she was aware, seldom spoke, but when he did it was to sustain his father's opinions), she wished her son good night, and joined her husband in the next room. Manuel seated himself at the table which his father and guests had just quitted, ate of their most frugal fare, drank water, and then, spreading a bear's skin before the door of the chamber which contained their guests, laid himself down, and was soon asleep.

The following morn at dawn, the King of Castile and Don Ferrand de Castro quitted the cottage of Juan Pasquale, promising that he should hear from them shortly.

CHAPTER II.

Before the expiration of eight days, subsequent to the occurrences narrated, a messenger, charged with an important missive, was seen to ride up to the door of Juan Pasquale's cottage. The mountaineer was from home, but Juana, accustomed to perform the office of hostess on such occasions, invited the stranger to enter; and, as she was not a little anxious to know his business with her husband, she was not long in discovering that the king desired his immediate presence at the Alcazar in Seville. At this intelligence, which realized the worst fears of the worthy dame, she immediately began to question the messenger, as to the manner and aspect of Don Pedro when he gave the order. She was consoled, however, by the assurance that, in his opinion, her husband had nothing to fear in obeying the king's command. Juan Pasquale now entered, accompanied by his son, and received the order that had so dismayed his wife with his wonted serenity of manner and countenance. As their mid-day repast was ready, he invited the messenger to partake of it with him, and having attired himself in his best suit, he proceeded to take leave of his wife and son.

This was a terrible moment: Juana, burst into a passionate flood of tears, declared that she would follow her husband, for she was certain Don Pedro would have him put to death, and she was determined to die with him, until at length, she threw herself into a chair, and gave way to all the paroxysms of violent hysteries. Pasquale who knew that this was the last crisis of her fit, turned to his son; the young man threw himself upon his knees.

Juan Pasquale tried to assure him he had nothing to fear, and recommended his observance of three things, let his fate be what it might: these were to love God, obey the king, and never leave his mother; he then gave him his blessing, and having embraced his wife, quitted the cottage with the messenger. At the door Pasquale found a horse in readiness for his use, mounted, and two hours afterwards entered Seville.
An officer who waited for them at the gates of the town, having dismissed the messenger, invited Juan to accompany him to the Alcazar. However courageous and confident in his integrity our mountaineer might be, still he was not without some misgivings at seeing the mysterious manner in which the whole affair was conducted.

He was soon ushered by the officer into a magnificent apartment, where, having briefly addressed him, he desired him to wait until he was sent for. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the tapestry was raised, and Juan Pasquale recognised in the person who entered, the younger of the two huntsmen who had slept at his cottage eight days before.

"Juan Pasquale," said the young man, "do you remember when we parted that I promised we should soon meet again?"

"I remember it," answered Juan.

"And do you remember," enquired his interrogator, in a voice which though grave, did not seem to betoken anger; "do you remember our conversation at supper, and the opinion you gave me respecting the manner in which the police performed its duties at Seville?"

"I remember it, thoroughly, my lord."

"Will you be surprised, when I tell you the king is acquainted with all our conversation? He knows what you said of the exile of Blanche, of the death of the Grand Master of San Iago, and of the favour of Maria Padilla?"

"I am sorry for it my lord," said Pasquale.

"And why are you sorry?"

"Because, though I may still continue to show hospitality to strangers as I have ever done, freedom of conversation must be henceforth banished between me and my guests, since the nobles I receive under my roof repay my hospitality by betraying my confidence."

"You are in the right Pasquale," returned the noble, and it would have been an infamous act had they acted as you think, but that is not the case."

"Will your excellency explain then?" said Juan, looking surprised; "for I cannot understand how the king——"

"The explanation is easy," returned the other; "Don Pedro himself was one of your guests."

"If one, then, was Don Pedro," said Pasquale, bending upon his knee, "it was your highness."

"Why think you so?" enquired the king."

"Nothing more simple," returned the former, "there was but one bed in the room, and if my guests did not choose to sleep together, it was natural that the elder of the two should have taken the bed. When I went into the chamber next morning, you were asleep in the bed, while your companion, though some years your senior, was sleeping in a chair. I judged then that you were a noble of higher rank, but I was far from supposing you to be the king."

"You are a reflecting man, and a keen observer," remarked Pedro, "and now that you know me to be the King of Castile; Don Pedro, the Cruel, as I am called, do you not tremble in my presence."

"I am not wont to tremble," returned Pasquale, nothing daunted, "and if anything could make me do so, it would be to think that I had offended the Almighty, or misled my king by not speaking the truth."

"Thy opinions are not changed, then, since last we met?"

"No, sire."

"And thou still thinkest, that although it may not be possible to prevent crime, it is always possible to punish it."

"Yes, sire, I am convinced of it."

"And to what do you attribute the neglect of these duties?"

"To the corruption of the magistrates."

"By heaven, master Pasquale, you are an intrepid reformer; and I suppose things would be differently managed were you primer assistente?"
From the French of M. Alexandre Dumas.

"An unlikely supposition, please your highness," replied Juan, smiling, "yet, I do not hesitate to say that I believe it."

"You would, then, fill the charge with the most inflexible integrity?"

"I would, sire."

"And that at the risk of making enemies amongst the great!" exclaimed Pedro.

"Not being in want of their friendship, why should I dread their hatred?" returned the mountaineer.

"And should the king act contrary to law, you would not shrink from your office of inquisitor?" demanded Don Pedro.

"God first," answered Pasquale, "then the law—after the law, the king."

"Enough!" said Don Pedro, and, taking from the table a silver whistle, he put it to his lips; a page entered: "Summon the Ventiquatros," continued the king.

In another instant the doors were thrown open, and the civil officers, designated by that name, entered, in their robes of office.

"Messires," said the king, "It has happened that in several instances, the primer assistente, Don Telesforo, has by a culpable indulgence or neglect, failed in his duty; Don Telesforo is no longer primer assistente, here is his successor."

"But!" cried the astonished mountaineer, "recollect, sire, that my merits are far below those required for such a situation!"

"You have more than the qualities inherited by high birth," returned Don Pedro, "you have the virtues implanted by the hand of God!"

"But would the great, and the rich, and the powerful, obey me? I, who am nobody?"

"Aye, by my faith, shall they!" cried Pedro, "I will set them the example. I, the greatest amongst them! You hear what I say, messires," continued the king, turning towards them: "you hear that this person is invested by me with the supreme magistracy. Let every head, then, bow, that would not fall; such is my pleasure and my will!"

A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly; all knew that Don Pedro would be obeyed. One of the clerks placed the vara, or rod of justice, in the hands of Juan Pasquale, whilst another assisted in investing him with the scarlet robe, lined with ermine—the symbols of his new office.

"And now, messires," said Don Pedro, "retire to the next chamber; there the lord Juan Pasquale will shortly join you. You will then attend him to his palace, where he will hold his audiences, at which recollect that all who are summoned, were I myself amongst the number, must appear. Go."

The officers retired, making first a profound obeisance to the sovereign, and, afterwards, to their new magistrate, and the king and Juan Pasquale were left alone.

"Now, my lord Juan Pasquale," said Don Pedro, "it remains for us to talk over the accusation you brought against myself."

"Your highness may remember," said Juan Pasquale, "that I said that was not within the jurisdiction of the primer assistente."

"I remember," said the king; "therefore, at this moment, I address you not as a judge but as an honest man in whom I can confide."

"Speak, sire," returned Pasquale.

"You reproached me with the exile of my wife, Blanche: you reproached me with the death of the grand master of St. Iago: you reproached me with living publicly with a courtezan."

"True, sire."

"In the first place," continued the king, "you, as well as my whole kingdom, know that Maria Padilla is not a courtezan, but a young and lovely girl, whom I met at the house of my governor, Albuquerque, long before my marriage; we were both young, and loved each other—we could not be united: she became my mistress—but I was her first, her only love. Those days were the happiest of my life; alas! they were of short duration. My mother and my governor insisted upon my marriage with Blanche of Bourbon. I refused, for I loved Maria more than my kingdom, more than the world, more than life itself. One morning that I entered her
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apartment, she was gone—I found only a letter, which told me she had just learnt that she was the obstacle to the peace of Castile, and the happiness of my subjects, and was, therefore, quitting Seville, never to return. Here,” pursued Don Pedro, “here is her letter, read it.” And he placed the letter in Pasquale’s hand, and awaited its perusal in silence.

“Sire,” said Juan, returning the letter, “that is the epistle of a faithful subject, and dictated by a noble heart.”

“What I suffered is beyond description,” continued the king, “I thought I should have gone mad. I was young, and my heart was filled with illusions. I said to myself, ‘the happiness of my subjects will repay me for the loss of my own.’ No longer then did I seek Maria, and I consented to wed Blanche. But to divert the grief of Don Fadrego, after the death of his mother, Eleanor de Gusman, I appointed him to seek my bride. He obeyed; and, for the misery of all three, when he arrived in Seville, he loved the queen, and the queen loved him.

“It was long before I perceived their mutual and fatal passion. I attributed at first, the coldness of the queen to her indifference for me; I found, at length, that I was wrong, for she was in the habit of speaking in her sleep—and one night revealed all. The morning after that fatal discovery, Blanche set forward for the castle of Toledo, where, I swear to you, Pasquale, that under the guard of Hinstrosa, one of my most faithful officers, she was treated in every respect as a queen. A month had scarcely elapsed, when I received a letter from Hinstrosa, telling me that Don Fadrego had attempted to bribe him. I directed Hinstrosa to appear to enter into his plans, and to send me copies of my brother’s letters to Blanche, until he found one of sufficient importance to send me the original: from that day the castle of Toledo became the prison of my wife.

“Two months after that event, I received this letter,” and Pedro placed his brother’s letter in Pasquale’s hand.

The premier assistente read the letter. It was in the hand-writing of Don Fadrego, and contained the disclosure of a plot against the king’s life. Don Fadrego had joined the association under his brother Henry de Transtamare, and assured Blanche that she would not be much longer in the power of the man she detested.

Pasquale returned the letter, and sighed.

“What did the writer of that letter merit?” demanded the king.

“Death,” responded the judge.

“I contended myself, however,” Don Pedro went on to say, “with depriving him of his mistress; but being ignorant that I knew all, what do you suppose he did? He mounted his horse, and instead of quitting the kingdom, rode straight to Seville. I refused to see him. He forced the guard, saying that he was my brother, and that the palace belonged to him, as well as to me. He penetrated to my apartment, and came, he said, to demand satisfaction for the affront he had received. I had copies of all the letters he had written to my wife. I produced them. I next showed him the letter you have just read, and then, Pasquale, can you believe, that instead of falling at my feet, and imploring my clemency, as the traitor should have done, he drew his sword upon me.”

“Great God!” exclaimed Pasquale.

Fortunately I knew my brother,” added Don Pedro, “and I was upon my guard. I unsheathed my weapon, and, I acknowledge, it was a moment of exquisite delight, when our swords crossed. I made no noise; I called no attendant; I wished him to die by my hand. The clashing of our swords was, however, heard—the Balesteros de Maza rushed in, and before I had time to speak a word, one of them dealt him a blow with a mace, which laid him lifeless at my feet!”

“He merited his fate,” said Pasquale; “the Lord be merciful to him!”

“He whom I had loved as a brother, and who had proved himself a traitor to me,” pursued the king, “was now dead; she whom I would have loved, the wife who had betrayed me, was far away, and I was alone in the world. I thought of Maria Padilla, and had her sought for throughout the kingdom. As soon as I learnt her place of retreat, I fled to her, and, whilst my nearest kindred were conspiring against my life, I found Maria Padilla praying for me. Now, Pasquale, you know

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From the French of M. Alexandre Dumas.

all. Judge between Don Fadriga, and him you call Don Pedro the Cruel—judge between Blanche de Bourbon, and Maria Padilla—between the wife and the so-styled courtezan."

"Sire," said the judge, "heretofore you have been the 'distributor of justice,' beware of becoming 'Peter the Cruel:——'"

And taking leave of his sovereign, he joined the ventiquatro in the outer chamber.

CHAPTER III.

Juan Pasquale had filled the office of primer assistente of Seville a few months, and but one assassination had been committed during that period. The person suspected of this murder had been arrested the day after; and although Don Juan de Nalverde offered the most tempting bribes, and though his family left no means untried to save him, he was condemned to death by the primer assistente.

Juan Pasquale's first measure had been to dismiss more than half of the alguazils employed under his predecessor, who he knew received large sums from the nobles of Seville which enabled them to continue fearlessly in their dissolute courses, and pursue their midnight assassinations without danger of discovery. Their places he gave to men upon whom he could depend, and having organized a body of three or four hundred mountaineers, he divided them into nightly patrols, appointing to each party its separate round. Their orders were not to permit persons to station themselves in the door-ways, nor opposite the windows of the houses. Their duty was a fatiguing one, but they were liberally paid, the salary attached to the situation of Juan Pasquale being considerable; and as he himself only used such sums as were strictly necessary, he expended the overplus in augmenting the pay of those who were in his employment.

Thus it happened that for some few weeks after the execution of Don Juan de Nalverde, not a single midnight assassination had taken place—a few robberies had been committed, but their authors were discovered, and punished according to law.

The inhabitants of Seville were thus beginning to reap the advantages of Juan Pasquale's appointment to office, when one night Antonio Mendez, one of the leaders of the patrol, and a man in whom Pasquale placed the greatest confidence, saw a person wrapped within the folds of a large cloak lurking about in front of a house in one of the narrow by-streets. As he was not stationary, so Mendez had no right to interfere with him. He watched, however, and soon saw him stop, and clap his hands together three times. This was, no doubt, a signal to some person in the house, and being no violation of the law, Antonio passed on his round. On his return, however, he found the cavalier at the same spot. He was again repeating the same signal, but with no better success, the doors and windows remaining fast closed. He now commenced walking up and down, at the same time swearing between his teeth; but Juan Pasquale had not prohibited swearing, provided it was accompanied with locomotion. At length the patience of the cavalier seemed exhausted, and going to the door, he commenced such an attack, that it must soon have given way, had not an old woman opened one of the windows, and putting out her head, enquired who it was that thus disturbed the honest inmates of a peaceable dwelling at such an hour.

The cavalier thunderstruck at the voice and the unexpected apparition of the old lady, looked round to see if he had not mistaken the house, but he soon saw it was the very one he had been in the habit of visiting.

"What is the matter," he demanded angrily, "why am I kept here? Where is Paquita, that she does not answer?"

"Paquita quitted the house this morning with her mistress, Donna Leonora," squeaked out the old woman, in a shrill tone.

"What! Donna Leonora gone?" cried the chevalier; "by St. Iago, this is too audacious! Who has carried her away?"

"A person who had the right to do so," returned the old woman.

"Name him!" shouted the stranger, "or by——"

"Don Salustre de Haro, her brother," was the answer.

"Thou liest beldame!" vociferated the angry cavalier.

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"I swear it to you by our lady of Pilara."

"Open the door that I may assure myself of the truth," said the angry lover.

"I have orders, during my master's absence, not to admit any person into the house."

"Open the door, thou dago!" vociferated the exasperated cavalier, "or by my sword I will burst it open."

"The door is strong enough, my pretty master, and before you would have it half in, the patrol would be up."

"And what care I for the guard?" again roared forth the cavalier; "the patrol is made for robbers, and for witches like thee, not for those of my rank!"

"Aye, that was the case in the time of Don Telesforo, but since Don Pedro, whom heaven preserve, has named Don Juan Pasquale, primer assistente, the law is made for nobles as well as for others. And now good night, senor, and knock till you are tired, but take care you don't get yourself into prison."

So saying she closed the window.

The cavalier rushed like a lion at the lower window of the house, shook the lattice, tried to tear away the iron bars, and finding all too strong for him, returned to the door, whereat he re-commenced knocking with the pommel of his sword loud enough to awaken half the inhabitants of Seville. Antonio Mendez now thought it time to interfere.

"Senor," said he, "I crave your pardon for reminding you that such noise is forbidden in the streets of Seville after nine o'clock at night."

"And who are you?" asked the cavalier, turning sharply upon him.

"I am Antonio Mendez, chief of the patrol of the quarter of the Giralda."

"Well, then, Antonio Mendez, chief of the patrol of the quarter of the Giralda, pass on your way and do not interfere with me."

"With all respect, senor," said Antonio, "it is you who must pass on, for it is our duty to clear the streets, and hinder persons from stopping at houses, and making a noise at night."

"I am sorry, my good friend," said the noble, "that I cannot oblige you; here I am, and here I will remain, come what may;" and he recommenced knocking louder than ever.

"Come, senor," said Antonio, "pass on your way, else I shall be forced to use violence."

"What! against me?" cried the other.

"Against you, as well as against all others, who brave the authority of the primer assistente."

"There is an authority still higher than his in Seville," said the noble, "so do you beware of braving that."

"Whose is it?" asked the guard.

"The King's."

"The King's! I know it not," returned Antonio; I know but that of my employer."

"Villain!"

"The king," continued Antonio Mendez, "is the first subject of the law; and if his highness were in your place at this moment, I would bend my knee to him, as in duty bound to my sovereign, and say, 'May it please your grace to retire.'"

"And if he refused?"

"He would not refuse; and if he did, I would call the guard, and have him conducted, with all respect, to his palace at the Alcazar. But you are not the king, so once ore, senor, go your way, or else—"

"Or else what?" asked the stranger laughing.

"Or else I must make you go," and he stretched out his hand to seize the offender.

"Villain! dare you?" cried the exasperated noble, drawing his sword and aiming a blow at the guard! "begrone, or thou art dead."

"As you force me to draw, senor," said Mendez, "may the blood that is shed, be upon your head."

"A fierce combat was now waged between them. The noble appeared well skilled in
the use of his weapon, but Antonio Mendez possessed the strength and agility of a mountaineer, so that the struggle was maintained with equal advantage for some time. At length the sword of Antonio Mendez became entangled in the folds of the mantle of his antagonist, and before he could extricate it that of the cavalier pierced him through and through. The guard uttered a cry and fell to the ground, and at the same moment a light appeared at a window of the opposite house; the nobleman looked up and perceived an aged woman holding a lantern in her hand: he instantly picked up his sword, and drawing his mantle round him walked down the street. In another moment the light disappeared, the window was closed, and the street once more fell into darkness and silence.

The following morning, at an early hour, Juan Pasquale received an order to repair instantly to the Aleazar.

He obeyed and found Don Pedro waiting for him.

"Senor Pasquale," said the king, "have you heard anything of a quarrel in the streets of Seville last night?"

"No, sire," answered Pasquale.

"Then your police does not do its duty, for I understand that about midnight a man was killed in the street at the back of the Giralda."

"It is possible, sire," returned Pasquale; "if your highness has not been misinformed, the body will be found."

"But your duty, Messire assistente, is not restricted to finding of bodies, but to the discovery and punishment of the assassin."

"He shall be discovered, sire."

"I give you three days, and remember, according to our compact, master Pasquale, that you are answerable for midnight depredations; money for money, head for head—you remember—go sir!"

Juan Pasquale was about to object to the shortness of the time allowed for the discovery, but Don Pedro turned on his heel and quitted the room without saying another word.

The primer assistente returned to his palace, where he found the body of Antonio Mendez; the guard deposed to having discovered it in the street behind the Giralda, but they had not been able to gain further clue to the affair.

Juan Pasquale instantly repaired to the spot; nothing was visible save that the pavement was stained with gore. He interrogated every person he met, but all were alike ignorant of the attending circumstances.

That day was passed in conjecture; the police were active; but the following morning, when Pasquale was again sent for to the Aleazar, he was obliged to declare to the king that he had as yet no tidings of the assassin.

"You have two days still, master Pasquale," said Don Pedro, and he quitted the chamber.

The second day and night brought no better success, although the most active measures were taken. The next morning the primer assistente was again sent for.

"What news?" enquired Don Pedro.

"None, sire," answered Juan, more vexed at the ill success of his search than uneasy for himself.

"You have another day," observed the king, coldly, "it is more than sufficient time for so clever a magistrate to discover a criminal."

That day was passed like the two preceding, and night came on without bringing any tidings of the assassin. Juan Pasquale now resolved to re-visit the spot for the last time, supposing that if any thing could be learnt it would be in that quarter.

Having reached the place, Juan Pasquale paused before the house opposite to which the crime had been perpetrated. The street was deserted, and he walked to and fro for the space of more than half an hour absorbed in no very agreeable reflections. He was about to quit the place when he thought he heard his name called in a low tone of voice; he turned round, and at a window of the house opposite to that of Donna Leonora, he saw an old woman who made signal to him. He approached the door, and as he did so a key fell at his feet and the window was immediately closed. He immediately opened the door and entered, shutting it after him;
A Legend of Peter the Cruel,

he groped his way along a dark passage, and ascended a flight of stairs. At the top he found the person by whom he had been called who invited him into a chamber.

"It was you, my good dame," said he, "who threw me the key?"

"It was," she answered, "for I knew who you were, and guessed what you were seeking."

"And can you give me any information?" he enquired eagerly.

"Perhaps, if you promise not to compromise me."

"That I swear to you," said Pasquale; "you shall even be rewarded."

"It is not for the sake of the reward, senor assistente," said the woman, "at the same time that a little money would do no harm, for I am poor; but it is that I regret to see so good a magistrate as yourself in trouble. I hear that if the assassin be not discovered by to-morrow, your head will fall in place of his. Is it true, master Pasquale?"

"So says the king," answered Juan.

"And what would our poor Seville do then?"

"Well, never mind that, my good dame," returned the judge; "but speak, if you have anything to say; speak, in heaven's name!"

"I must tell you," she began, "that the house opposite to this belongs to Don Salustre de Haro."

"I know it."

"And that his sister Donna Leonora lives there."

"I am aware of that."

"Well, the senora had a handsome noble for a lover, who came every night wrapped up in his mantle, and as soon as the street was quiet he clapped thrice."

"And then," said Pasquale.

"The door was opened by her maid, Paquita; the gallant entered, and only quitted the house just before day break."

"Continue, good woman," said the judge.

"The morning of the murder, Don Salustre, who it seems had only just heard of the intrigue, carried off his sister, and her maid to the country, leaving in the house only an old woman who had been his mother's duenna, with orders not to permit any person to enter, so that at night, when the lover came, he could not gain admittance. He therefore had recourse to violence and tried to burst open the door."

"What then happened?"

"At that moment poor Antonio came up, and expostulated for a length of time; then the gallant drew his sword; Antonio was forced to do the same in his own defence; they fought, and Antonio Mendez was killed. I opened my window and held out my lantern to see if I could get a glimpse of the gallant's face. He heard the noise and walked away."

"By the saints these are precious details!" exclaimed Pasquale; "and you recognised the gallant? you saw his face?"

"No, I did not."

"Woman, woman!" cried the assistente, "all is lost if you do not know the assassin."

"I know him," she answered:

"Who is he then? Name him!"

"Don Pedro, king of Castile."

"The king!" exclaimed the astonished Pasquale; "impossible."

"Not impossible," reiterated his informant."

"Then you saw his face?"

"No."

"You recognised his voice?"

"No."

"How then do you know that it was he?"

"By the cracking of his bones when he walked."

"True," cried the judge; "I have remarked that peculiarity in him."

"You will be secret?" said the old dame.

"I swear it to you. To-morrow you shall have the reward."
"God preserve you, Señor Pasquale," said she, "and grant you long life to fill the post of primer asistente in Seville?"

Having thanked the dame, Pasquale took his leave, and on his return to his palace his first care was to despatch a messenger to the Alcazar, charged with a citation to Don Pedro, King of Castile, to appear on the following morning before the tribunal of the Primer Asistente.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the following morning Juan Pasquale convoked a meeting of the vintiquartos who assembled in their grand costumes of office, all equally ignorant of the cause about to be tried. They had taken their seats when the primer asistente entered and placed himself on a kind of elevated throne, the rod of justice in his hand. At that moment the doors were thrown open, and the officer on duty announced "The king!"

Astonished at the name of Don Pedro, the vintiquartos stood up.

"Be seated, messires!" said Juan Pasquale, in a loud voice. They obeyed, and the king entered.

"Well, señor asistente," said Don Pedro, advancing into the midst of the grave assembly. "What is your pleasure? you see that I have accepted your citation although your invitation might have been transmitted with a little more courtesy and politeness."

"Sire!" responded Pasquale, "here is neither question of politeness, nor courtesy, but of justice; for I sit here, not as a courtier, but as chief magistrate of Seville."

"Ha! ha!" answered Don Pedro, "is it thus my worthy master, that you would turn that white wand, placed in your hands by your king, into a sceptre?"

"It is because," answered Pasquale, gravely, and respectfully," it is because the king placed this rod in my hands, that I would prove myself worthy of the honour his highness did me in confiding it to my charge."

"A truce to moralizing," said Don Pedro, impatiently: "say, why am I here?"

"Sire," replied Juan Pasquale, "a murder was committed in one of the streets of Seville, on Friday night last. Your highness cannot be ignorant of it, as it was from you I had the first intelligence."

"Continue!" said Don Pedro.

"Your highness gave me three days for the discovery of the assassin."

"What then?" demanded the king, haughtily.

"I have discovered him," replied Juan Pasquale fixing his eyes on the countenance of Don Pedro.

"Ha!" exclaimed the king starting.

"I summoned him to appear before my tribunal," continued the judge, "for justice is for the strong as well as for the weak, for the high as well as for the low. Don Pedro, King of Castile, you are accused of having assassinated Antonio Mendez, chief of the patrol of the quarter of the Giralda. Answer the tribunal."

"And who dares accuse the king of murder?" fiercely demanded Don Pedro.

"A witness," replied Pasquale, "to whom I have sworn secrecy."

"And if the King of Castile deny that he is guilty?" returned Don Pedro.

"Don Pedro, is aware," replied Juan Pasquale, "that the great author of our being, has, in His inscrutable wisdom, permitted that a corpse shall give its own testimony, by bleeding afresh at the presence or touch of its assassin; this trial will be gone through in case of your highness's denial, the body of Antonio Mendez having been deposited in the neighbouring church for that purpose."

"It is unnecessary," returned Pedro, "I slew him."

"I regret most deeply," returned Juan Pasquale in a voice of deep gravity, "that the King of Castile appears to attach so little importance to the murder of one of his subjects, more especially when he was himself the author."

"Softly, softly, señor asistente," said the king, forced by the ascendancy Pasquale had assumed over him, to defend himself. "Here is no murder, but a
lawful combat. I did not assassinate Antonio Mendez. I killed him in legitimate combat."

"There is no legitimate defence against an agent of justice in the execution of his functions."

"But if his zeal in doing his duty prompt him to go too far?"

"The law is not so subtle, Sire," responded the assisente in a firm tone, "and even upon your avowal, you are convicted of murder."

"Thou liest fellow!" cried the king enraged.

"I told thee I had killed him, it is true, but not till after I had bade him retire. The fool then drew his sword, and he fell—but in fair combat; so much the worse for him—why did he not obey my orders?"

"Because it was your part, Sire, to obey his, instead of opposing a culpable resistance."

The king’s anger was now roused to such a pitch, that he stamped upon the floor, and seized the handle of his sword, as though he would have drawn it upon the magistrate.

"Oh! Sire," continued Juan Pasquale, not in the least intimidated by these manifestations of passion,—"Oh! Sire, menaces hinder me not from accomplishing the terrible functions of my office. When Sire, you brought me from my native mountains, when—contrary to my own wishes, you appointed me Primo Assistente, it was to have a judge and not a courtier. Don Pedro! you have a judge: answer him!"

"I have said all I have to say," pursued the king out of patience, "I fought with Antonio Mendez. I killed him—but a duel is not a murder."

"There cannot be a duel, Sire, between a king and his subjects; whilst they continue loyal and faithful, nothing can warrant a sovereign to draw his sword upon them. God hath appointed him to reign over them, and to God he is answerable for their lives and happiness, as much as upon him depend. Besides you knew that you were infringing the law, and your kingly station far from a mitigation of your offence, adds to it. Sire, you are aware that the higher the individual is, the more terrible must be the example. Hear then your sentence!"

The king’s colour rose, his eyes flashed with indignation; he half drew his sword out of the scabbard. Juan Pasquale, however—continued in the same clear, calm, impressive tone which he had preserved throughout.

"Don Pedro of Castile," said he, "I summon you to appear to-morrow, at the hour of twelve, on the place of the Giralda, close to the street in which the murder was committed, there to hear and undergo the sentence which, in justice, shall be pronounced upon you. If you hope in the mercy of God, I pray you not to fail in appearing, and fill your mind with all those sentiments which should form the last hope of the penitent criminal."

Having spoken these words slowly and solemnly, Juan Pasquale made a signal for the king to retire. He himself then slowly rose and quitted the audience-chamber, followed by the Vintiquatros.

The first impulse of Don Pedro had been anger; it now changed into admiration. The king of Castile at this period had not yet justified the appellation of Cruel. His heart was touched by great examples: and it was the most unexpected, the most unheard-of example, of a magistrate who dared thus publicly to institute proceedings even against his king, for a violation of the law. Pedro quietly decided upon obeying the summons of the assisente and appearing the following morning, invested with all the insignia of royalty, on the square of the Giralda. Don Pedro appointed for his only escort the Count Ferrand de Castro and Juan de Padilla—not wishing to be suspected of any desire to intimidate his judge by appearing with a larger train.

Meantime the news of this extraordinary trial had spread itself over Seville, and excited the most lively curiosity. This citation of a king, the results of which none could conjecture; the obedience of Don Pedro, accustomed to use such supreme sway, to the orders of a magistrate, the unparalleled firmness of the judge, who had thus publicly, and imprudently perhaps, braved the regal authority, all presaged for the succeeding day one of those scenes which is never forgotten:
by break of day, therefore, the entire population of Seville was assembled in the square of the Giraldal.

As to Don Pedro, he awaited, with his companions, the hour at which he was summoned to hear the passing of his sentence. The two persons whom he had appointed to accompany him, urged him to take not only a numerous suite, but a troop of soldiers. He, however, refused: at length, at their earnest solicitations, he consented that twelve nobles of his court should follow at a distance, but they were to be unarmed; and he made them swear solemnly, that let what would take place, they would not stir without orders from his own lips.

The moment Don Pedro appeared in the streets, he was saluted with shouts and acclamations, such as kings are rarely in the habit of hearing. The king was aware that what moved the people in this instance was rather his obedience than his royalty. He continued to advance towards the Giraldal, and had arrived within a street of it, when the guards stationed at the entrances of the streets, barred the passage, desiring him to pass another way. His little cortège would have disputed this order, but the king reminded them of their promise, and, without making the slightest objection, turned off in the other direction. The acclamations redoubled; the nobles bent their brows, for it appeared to them that the applause of the multitude at such a moment was rather an insult offered to the royal authority, than a testimony of their love for their sovereign. But Don Pedro remained as unmoved by the acclamations of the one, and the frowns of the other, and his countenance expressed nothing which could authorize them in any way to disobey his commands, so formally and so positively, urged. They accordingly followed in silence, and after a considerable round arrived after a considerable round, arrived in the square of the Giraldal, where a space was enclosed for the reception of the royal cortège.

In the centre of the place, and on an elevated platform, was erected the tribunal of the Vintiquatro, presided over by Juan Pasquale. At the right, and forming one of the angles, stood a statue of the king; Don Pedro, habited in the robes of state, and bearing all the insignia of royalty: in front of the pedestal, and upon a level with the statue, was a raised scaffold, with the headsman, axe in hand, standing on the platform. This was immediately in front of the place reserved for the king and court. The intermediate spaces at the right between the tribunal and the scaffold, and on the left, between the tribunal and the king, were filled with the mountain guard of the primer asistente.

The moment the king appeared, a roll of the drums, rendered still more appalling from their being muffled, and covered with black crape, was heard, and diffused into the hearts of the bystanders that feeling of awe and dread, which even the most intrepid must feel at witnessing the completion of any dreadful tragedy. When the rolling of the drums had ceased, a pin might have been heard to fall, so intense was the silence. Don Pedro sat on his horse erect, he was grave, and his cheek was blanched, but he gave no manifestation of either terror, or anger. Not so the nobles who accompanied him; they began to express their indignation in no very measured terms; but the king imposed silence upon them. After a brief pause, the sergeant-at-arms stepped forward, calling in a loud voice—

"Don Pedro, king of Castile?"

"I am here present," answered Don Pedro.

"Sire," continued the sergeant, "you are cited for the hearing and execution of your sentence. Listen!"

"Daring, insolent knaves!" cried Juan Padilla, making his horse leap the barrier, and trying to advance towards the tribunal.

"Guards!" cried Juan Pasquale, "remove the noble."

"The first who approaches is a dead man," vociferated Padilla, unsheathing his sword.

"Juan Padilla, sire de Castillan, I desire you to retire!" called out Don Pedro, in a loud, firm tone.

The noble obeyed, muttering between his teeth. A murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd. Again all was silent.

"Don Pedro of Castile," said Pasquale, rising from his seat, "you are attainted magazine.]
and convicted of having committed a voluntary homicide upon the person of Antonio Mendez, leader of the night patrol, when in the exercise of his functions. This crime deserves death!"

An exclamation, amounting to almost a shriek of horror ran through the multitude, which by degrees subsided into a low murmuring, like the rumbling of a distant tempest. Again voices were raised; the people thought the judge was proceeding too far.

Juan Pasquale looked around with keen gaze.

"Silence!" he cried in an authoritative voice. The same word was reiterated at the same moment by Don Pedro.

Every sound was again hushed; a death-like silence prevailed amidst the thousands assembled. The magistrate resumed his office—

"I therefore pronounce against you," continued Juan Pasquale, with the same firmness and sang froid which he had displayed throughout, "I, therefore, pronounce against you the sentence of death! But, as your person is inviolable, and that none but God, by whose divine will you have been anointed king, can touch your head, or the crown you wear, this sentence shall be executed in your presence, on your effigy. And now that I have accomplished as much as lies in my power, the sacred and painful duties imposed upon me by my post, I call upon the headsman to perform his task."

The primer assistente sat down, at the same moment that the headsman stepped forward, raised his weapon, and the head of the royal statue (which had been previously placed there) rolled to the foot of the scaffold.

"Now," said Juan Pasquale, "I order that this head shall be stuck up at the corner of the street where Antonio Mendez was killed, and that it shall remain thus exposed during the space of one month, in remembrance of the crime committed by the king."

Juan Pasquale ceased speaking, and, at the same time, Don Pedro dismounted, and walked towards the tribunal.

"Most worthy assistente of Seville," he said in a clear, calm tone, which was heard at a considerable distance, "I am thankful for the chance that first brought us together, and feel happy in having confided into such hands the administration of justice in my kingdom, for I am now convinced that I could not have selected any person so fitted for the office as yourself. I, therefore, confirm you in the post, whose difficult duties you have so ably, so loyally, so impartially fulfilled. I acknowledge the justice of your sentence, and ordain that the head stricken off by the hand of justice, shall remain exposed, not only for a month, but for ever, so that the recollection of your judgment shall be transmitted to posterity!"

The will of Don Pedro was executed, and the inhabitants of Seville still point to the head deposited in a niche at the corner of the street called Candilío, and assure strangers that it is the same that was placed there in the year 1357, by the hand of the common executioner.

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**A NEW PROPOSITION FOR THE INVASION OF CHINA,**

**BY AN ARMY OF LADY VOLUNTEERS.**

What! arming for China? ye warriors true,
Whose last laurels were gathered at famed Waterloo!
What! go war with the soldiers of silk and Bohemia,
And slash their soft doublets for—dishes of tea?
Nay! reserve your fierce valour for warfare terrestrial,
Leave us women to deal with the Empire Celestial!
A New Proposition for the Invasion of China, by an Army of Lady Volunteers.

Yes! The insolent rogues! 'Tis our sway they'd o'erturn,  
Our ancient dominion o'er kettle and urn;  
The strength we yet boast in the tea pots we wield,  
The fireside rights which our tea boards still shield;  
They're invading our province, untrodden by man,  
Be it ours then to fight for our trays of Japan!

To arms, then! to arms! all Britannia's fair daughters,  
Who sip tea from gold tea-spoons, or drain it from saucers,  
Ye ladies with fans, and ye maidens with mopsticks,  
Come! we'll prove a good match for the men of the chopsticks—  
We'll "woman" a fleet for the ocean Pacific—  
With a force Amazonian, o'erwhelming, terrific!—  
Let them think not munitions of warfare we lack,  
Their own stores have provided us food for attack.  
Pressed with \textit{canister}, \textit{gunpowder}, steam and hot water,  
"By Confucius" they'll cry, "we've again caught a Tartar."  
As we board in grand style their great admiral's junk,  
And put all his crew in a terrible funk;  
While the ghost of Sam. Johnson, the mighty tea sage,  
Shall look down with a smile on the warfare we wage.

But supposing mere force, against their millions should fail us,  
We've a nice snug little plot which is sure to avail us:  
It needs not a Solomon's wisdom to tell one,  
That the women of China are ripe for rebellion,  
And would deem it rare fun and a capital joke,  
Of their tyrant masters to throw off the yoke—  
The great drolls! who sit picking up rice out of bowls,  
While they dare to assert that men only have souls!  
Nor think it a murder to drown little babies  
If born of the sort which grow up into ladies—  
To get rid of such spouses with heart and with hand  
Our cause they'll espouse, and for liberty stand—  
What feats they'll perform! they'll be sure not to run—  
For this excellent reason—that feet they have none.

By these arguments cogent, we clearly have shewn,  
That the quarrel with China is strictly our own,  
But brave countrymen ours: if these reasons you find,  
At all insufficient, we've others behind.  
In all objects of art—in research scientific,  
This, our planned expedition will prove most profligate.  
We ladies are excellent writers you know,  
(Read Trollope, and Pardoe, and Miss Martineau!)  
With unprejudiced views, without comment invidious,  
We'll each custom relate of this people amphibious,*  
And by means of our crowquills such wonders impart t'ye,  
As have ne'er been disclosed since the days of Macartney—  
Lady artists we'll take, who to England will bring  
Of Nankin true sketches, fine portraits of "Sing."  
While lastly (to gladden fair Victoria's new reign,)  
From the close-minded churls we'll the knowledge obtain,  
Of each item composing their famed porcelain—  
That grand secret so carefully hidden from you,  
Our captives will tell "pour l'amour de nos yeux?"

Then reserve your keen weapons for warfare terrestrial,  
Leave us women to deal with the Empire Celestial?  

\textbf{L. M. B.}

* It has been supposed that the empire of China contains as many inhabitants living on the waters of her numerous rivers and canals as on land.
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

BEATRICE DI TENDA.—NORMA.—LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Madame Persiani, Mademoiselle de Varny, Mademoiselle Tosi, Signor Rubini, Signor Ricciardì, Signor Coletti.

Why does not Beatrice di Tenda, the music of which is full of simple and sweet dramatic melody, please a London audience, whilst, throughout Italy, at Lisbon, Vienna and Barcelona, it has been listened to with so much delight? We heard this question asked by several who, visiting Her Majesty's Theatre after having been present at many of the above-mentioned theatres, were struck with the very different degrees of its success. The following observations were made to us by Mr. B., the musical composer:—

When the character of music is peculiarly simple, and derives its chief beauty from soft melodies, which give exact expression to the words of the subject, it requires, in order to please, a precise execution, perfect in its minutest parts, considered both separately and as a whole. Again, music of this description, besides the most faultless execution, should have a select audience, whose ear is perfect, and whose mind and soul are thoroughly educated so as to be capable of comprehending and enjoying it: then, being able to penetrate the secret mysteries of its simple beauty, they are adequate judges and bestow the due meed of applause. From this cause Beatrice di Tenda pleases extremely in Germany, where persons are found who, educated in all the various styles of music and weary of that species too elaborately replete with harmony which is the result of meditation, seek for enjoyment and find it in the happy repose which is the fruit of inspiration, producing the simplest yet the most expressive melodies—at the same time always adapted to the poetry. Wherever, therefore, the words are best understood, the opera of Beatrice di Tenda will be the most admired. In Vienna, the Italian language is much studied and almost familiar to all who frequent the Italian Theatre; there, consequently, Beatrice di Tenda has excited greater admiration than in any other city out of Italy. To read the libretto with all the seriousness and attention, with the utmost devotion, as we see done at Her Majesty's Theatre,—only, however, from the translation, which is made as "Non Di, non homines, non concedere columna," (such as neither man nor God can make anything of), is the height of absurdity. The Italians call those who, in general, translate the libretti for a paltry payment, "Traditori," and not "Traduttori," for they are verily often faithless to the poor poet, whose harmonious lines were adapted to the various situations of the Drama; they are treacherous to the unfortunate composer, whose study it has been to express by his musical combinations, the sweetness, the force, the full power of the poetical idea and accentuation. We will not assert that this has been exactly the case with the opera Beatrice di Tenda at Her Majesty's Theatre; but we do positively assert that this opera has never been perfectly performed in London; it cannot, therefore, be thoroughly comprehended and enjoyed; a correct opinion of it cannot be formed, and little pleasure can be derived from hearing it.

We will examine briefly our assertion. Four years have now elapsed since we heard Beatrice di Tenda at the Italian Opera House; Madame Colleoni-Corti did not sing her part very well, and Signor Cartagenova, an excellent artist, was the only one who exerted himself to sing well; all the others did not sing, but yelled horribly, like dogs fighting. Nor ought we to omit mentioning that the dresses of the chorus of each sex, and of the secondary performers, resembled precisely the equipments of the dancing dogs seen at country fairs, where one hears the howlings and squeakings of the luckless, weary quadrupeds, whilst the sound of the drum, clarionet, and various loud, discordant, deafening instruments complete the hubbub.

Such was the effect which the opera Beatrice di Tenda produced here four years past, from its bad execution. This year things are a little improved; Mademoiselle
Her Majesty’s Theatre.

du Verny, however, with remarkable perseverance, remained upon the verge of being in proper tune, but for some particular reason, perhaps, did not venture actually to attain the point; whilst the ladies of the chorus, with more daring intrepidity, passed over the boundaries of tonality, each suffering her voice to pursue its own sweet will, and expatiate, unrestrainedly, in the boundlessness of space. Did you ever hear the good, venerable old nuns in Italy and Spain, singing in chorus with their shrill, discordant voices ever out of tune, so that you would imagine the innocent virgins, among other solemn vows, to have made one the most solemn, and which they preserve most religiously inviolate,—never to sing well, always to be out of tune? Well! the ladies of the chorus reminded us, in their singing, exactly of those nuns. Very different, however, and more profane were the thoughts awakened by the male part of the chorus in the opera Beatrice di Tenda. We could think of nothing else but the Jews, as they stroll through the streets of London, each for himself alone, and quite heedless of his neighbour, crying, Clo, Clo, Clo! After this, go and judge of the music of an opera, if you can!” So spoke Mr. B., whose opinion is valuable both from his own talents, his intimate friendship, of many years’ duration, with Rossini, Mercadante, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti, and from his musical travels throughout all Europe. But the opinions of others, apart, we will proceed to give some account of the success of this opera, and add our own sentiments.

The music of Beatrice di Tenda (of the libretto of which it is needless to speak, as it is already known and only mediocre, although it certainly presents some good dramatic situations and has many beautiful lines which have inspired beautiful melodies) has not been truly enjoyed in consequence of the bad execution, principally of the choruses; besides which, it is not adapted for Sig. Ricciardi (Orobello) or for the little skill of Mademoiselle Verny (Agnese); and also because the public imagines it finds in this music many reminiscences, which is probably the case, since from this opera ideas were taken by many composers, whose compositions, although written after, were heard, in London, before Beatrice Tenda. For ourselves, however, we think the music rich in delightful melodies; that the more frequently it is heard, the better it will be understood; and the more the audience have of really good musical taste, the more they will appreciate it. Every one possessing a fine, delicate, unsophisticated taste, will find in the Quintett of the Second Act, one of Bellini’s most beautiful pieces of composition; the “Trío,” “Romanza,” the “Aria” of “Filippo,” the “Cavatina” of Beatrice, and the choruses are all full of real effect, and, wherever they have been well executed, have not failed in giving extreme delight. It is not sufficient that flowers be odoriferous, in order to enjoy their fragrance, the powers of smelling must be good, and no obstacle intervene. Persiani and Coletti showed themselves in no way inferior to each other: to them we shall confine our observations, for we should have but little of commendation to say respecting the other performers. The fine, powerful voice of Signor Coletti was heard to most advantage in the Cabaletta of the Quintett, “Ite entranti.” But we would advise this excellent young artist to economise his voice a little, and to restrain the too marked gesture in his action. Madame Persiani, in the character of Beatrice, is still the great and elegant vocalist, not to be surpassed. But, in the final Rondeau, she gave, with a purity and grace of style truly astonishing, a full display of her inimitable lyric talent.

Norma by Bellini.

A tall, pale young lady, intelligent, and full of soul and feeling, with very dark hair, brilliant eyes, and a face beautifully moulded and graceful in its expression, is the new Norma. Emilina Tosi has made her first appearance upon the stage of this Theatre as a tragic Druidessa. After the deservedly deep impression left upon the mind of the fashionable public of London, by Madame Giuditta Pasta and Madame Gulietta Grisi, we cannot approve that counsel which induced this young lady, at the commencement of her

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... theatrical career, and on the first occasion of her appearance at the Italian Theatre Royal, to undertake the character of Norma.

No just comparison can ever be made between a young person just setting out upon her difficult course, and one who has already reached the most eminent point of her own. This is a truth which should always and every where be present to the mind, and particularly in London, where the musical amateurs invariably form their judgments rather by comparison, than from absolute rule and in the abstract. Applying these general reflections to Mademoiselle Emilina Tosi, we will add our opinion that she may certainly be called fortunate, for her success was great, and she met with the encouragement of warm applause from the first moment of her appearance, when the young timid Norma stood all trembling upon finding herself in the presence of so numerous, so imposing an audience. Her voice is good and has considerable compass, but sometimes shrill upon being forced. Whatever she sang was applauded, and at the conclusion of the opera she had the honor of being called upon the stage to receive from the audience the most flattering proofs of approbation. The parts of "Pollione" and "Adalgisa" are well adapted to the respective powers and voices of Signor Ricciardi (Pollione) and Madame Ernestina Grisi; this happy circumstance has been the means of raising their fame a little, which seemed slightly in peril among the severe critics and dilettanti of the Italian Opera.

Of Signor L. Lablache, in the character of father of Norma and Druid High Priest, (Orismene) it is needless to speak. His classic talent is well known, and praise would be superfluous. Still, when in the Finale of the Drama, Norma (kneeling at his feet, vainly implo...
the original drama: but it seems that the original is not adapted to the voice and powers of execution of Madame Persiani. The new Cavatina, although not very remarkable for beauty of composition, does yet afford ample scope for the brilliant skill of this incomparable Lucia, and, as sung by her, appears much more beautiful than it really is.

Signor Coletti afforded us a new display of his fine talents. His Cavatina was repeated and generally applauded, as was also his duet with Madame Persiani, and the Adagio of the finale of the second act, one of the most beautiful pieces written by Donizetti. We cannot but warmly applaud a young artist, like Coletti, whose uncommon talent has enabled him to sustain with complete success the very parts sung by so celebrated and favoured an artist as Tamburini. Nor can we, at the same time, refrain from expressing our earnest censure of the management of the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, that so eminent an artist as Signor Tamburini should not have been engaged, especially after so many years of continued success, and as the subscribers pay such immense sums of money.

But what shall we say of the triumphal enthusiasm excited by Signor Rubini in this opera? We can only say that Rubini was received by the London public as he deserved. We were sitting near to the celebrated artist B——, whom we have previously had occasion to mention, who had recently returned from his travels and had not heard Rubini for many years. When he heard that truly dramatic exclamation, "Maladetto quel momento," at which point Rubini showed himself a sublime actor, B—— seemed struck with wonder and delight—perfectly enchanted. When after we reached the grand scena and aria finale of the third act, so surpassingly sung by this prince of living tenors, we observed our friend B——, himself a composer of celebrity, weep like a child. On our arousing him from his seemingly painful situation, he exclaimed, "Est quaedam flere voluptas! 'It is ten long years since I last experienced the painful but exquisite delight of these sensations and tears.'"

We repeat this little anecdote, because it seems to us to contain the longest discourse and the truest eulogium possible of the mode in which Rubini sung in Lucia di Lammermoor. Another and more public eulogium was expressed in the frequent applaudes, and calls for his appearance before the curtain; and truly we could not but remark, both when he appeared alone and when he accompanied Madame Persiani and Signor Coletti to receive the acclamations of the theatre, his genuine expression of gratitude for the very favorable manner in which he was received.

We shall say but little of the Ballet, because nothing really remarkable or new has occurred since we last spoke of it. We have only to observe that the success of Fanny Elsler is continually more and more effective, and that this beautiful Hungarian has few rivals in the art of dancing, as the applauses every evening assigned to her were of intensity unsurpassed.

London, April 23, 1840.

A RENCONTRÉ UPON MOUNT ETNA.

"Yonder stands the dwelling of the Campieri," exclaimed the guide, as he pointed with his finger to a ruinous dwelling standing on the skirts of a thick forest of oak. "'Tis there the cultivated region of Etna terminates, and that of the forest begins."

We pushed forward with the utmost delight to gain the dense shade of the lofty trees, for our mules, as well as ourselves, stood greatly in need of the refreshing shelter—exposed as we had been for six long hours, to the unmitigated glare of a scorching sun, during the influence too of the malign dogstar. We had just traversed a vast plain of sharp-pointed, glowing lava, which from its abrupt undulations might have been taken for the waves of a sea petrified suddenly during a tempest, over which the feet of our mules rang sharply, as though they trod upon iron. This

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clanging soil was succeeded by one covered with a fine and noiseless dust in which the animals sank up to their knees. A narrow pathway skirted most fearful-looking abysses; unbroken silence reigned throughout the centre of the wood—and the deep solitude around, was, I remarked, a fitting site for the tragic deeds of bandits.

"Thank heaven," replied the guide, to whom my observation was addressed, "no one has heard of them for these two years past; the mountain is now safer than the streets of Catania, only that of late there has been much talk of a monk who dwells in the woods, and who is never seen to descend amongst the inhabited districts of the mountain. In the most stormy weather he is descried wandering alone upon the heights where even an oak tree would be unable to stand against the tempest's fury. The shepherds say that it is an apparition from hell, if not Don Diavolo in person.

"And have you ever seen him?"

"Once, near the casa Inglesi, which I showed you a while ago."

"And what said he?"

"He asked me for something to eat, and then disappeared."

"The spectre it seems, then, is subject to human pangs of hunger?"

"Your excellency may laugh, but he is not the less terrible for all that."

"I will add another ounce to your hire, if you will bring me in contact with him."

Whilst thus discoursing about the spectre monk, we had emerged from the woody region upon the open ground. All was again lava and scoria; we inhaled an atmosphere breathed by no other living being, and trod a soil wherein no seed germinates; ruins lay around us, which human eye rarely contemplates; and a strange feeling of delight it was which I experienced at finding myself, with the exception of my guide, alone amidst those solitudes devoted to destruction and sterility. Our trespass was like defiance hurled in the very teeth of death; and that secret struggle inspired the mind with most enthusiastic exaltation, induced by commingling ideas of pride and domination.

Thus musing, I reached the casa Inglesi, and shortly afterwards the summit of the crater.

"Signor," said my guide, "I have gained my ounce," and, turning round, in reality, I perceived the monk seated upon the brink of the abyss. The smoke of the volcano, up to that moment, had concealed him from my sight. He, it seems, had also seen us, and he appeared in nowise disturbed by our presence. The strong wind which blew through the crannies of the mountain violently inflated his woollen robe, and torrents of sulphur were momentarily dashed against his face, but, to all appearance, wholly insensible to every thing around, he sat motionless with folded arms, and head leaning over the crater. I approached him, and he must have heard my footsteps. I addressed him, but, absorbed in mute contemplation, he seemed as one that heard not.

"What would you of me?" at length he exclaimed, in an abrupt and hollow tone, aroused by my persevering importunities.

"Have they not told you I am a spectre from hell! Wherefore do you not tremble and take flight at my approach? But you are not a Sicilian, and therefore not a prey to their wretched superstitions."

An irresistible influence enchained me to the ledge whereon this mysterious being was seated. The few words which he had suffered to escape his lips served only to awaken greater curiosity. I knew not what chord of his heart to touch upon with a view to soften his asperity, and conciliate his confidence. It seemed, however, that I had unconsciously struck upon the right one, for, mute and inflexible as he had at first been, on a sudden he became communicative to the utmost degree.

"How long it is," he said in a melancholy tone, "since I have been accustomed to hear human accents. Amidst these rugged deserts the roar of the volcano and the tempest are the only sounds that strike my ear."

And as he spoke, a deep and hollow detonation caused the mountain to tremble beneath our feet; a jet of fire shot forth from the crater, and, spreading itself in a sheaf-like form amongst the clouds, fell back again into the gulph like a shower of stars.

"Oh!" he cried, "what are such swift-shooting flames compared with those which
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have dried up and scorched my heart? How tame the roarings of the abyss to the perpetual strivings of the passions!"

He was again mute and abstracted. Night was rapidly falling; and, all became shrouded in gloom, long ere the eruption ceased; and, when it had subsided, an unbroken silence reigned around. The appearance of that extraordinary man, at such an hour, and in such a place, had something so sinister about it, even for a mind untinged by superstition, that I could readily imagine the nature of its effect upon the wild imagination of a Sicilian herdsman.

Again he spoke:—

"I have been seeking a man to whom I could bequeath a memorial of my life; that man I have at last found; tis you. I confide in you, though I know you not, but it must e'en be as heaven wills it. Besides, I have nought to lose; all is over between me and this world; when you surprised me on the summit of this blasted mountain I was tempted to take farewell of life, and the thought of self-annihilation smiled from the bottom of you murky depths, and invited me to seek the embrace of death. It was the hand of providence which conducted you hither, in order that I might not die before confessing. Receive, then, the last avowal of a dying man; bear with you to your native land that mournful deposition, and preserve it in your heart as a lesson of experience gained upon your travels. Bless heaven for not having been born under this sky of flame, where every passion is felt as delirium; where the breast of man burns internally like the mountains, until he is self-consumed. Hear me, but condemn me not, for you would do so in vain. Born amidst the icy barriers of the north, you are neither capable of comprehending the maddening fury which flows in African blood, nor the wild ardour with which we follow up and glut our vengeance. God alone is able to judge me, and already am I summoned before his tribunal."

The monk, who strove for some time in silence to collect himself, continued, at length:—

"I was constrained to become a priest—wrath converted me into a monk. The younger son of my family, I was destined for the church, even before my birth. Such is the custom in Sicily; a barbarous usage which too frequently cuts off from social life those whom nature summons to enter joyfully upon its flowery paths, and places many a man between the perilous extremes of perjury, and hypocrisy. The altar inspired me with horror; I had earthly passions and a taste for pursuits suitable to those of my age; serenades had greater charms for me than liturgies, and I loved to follow the insipriting chase better than trailing along in slow monkish processions. I could not look upon a priest's garb without inward horror at the bondage of its wearer; and, the monotonous duties of the sacristy, in my restless mind, were associated with perpetual and unchanging sadness.

Until the age of eighteen, I had, however, been allowed perfect liberty, as though it were intended by a refinement of barbarous torture to render the sacrifice more grievous to me, by permitting me to drink from the enchanted chalice, which so soon was to be snatched from my eager lips. I had traversed our Sicilian woods and domains, visiting each chateau in turn, and devoting to love such moments as I could spare from my favourite diversion of the chase. Such was my preparation for the peaceful occupations of an ecclesiastical life.

Suddenly my lot was changed; the forest was ground forbidden; I was summoned to the companionship of dusty books and mumbling priests, and my thoughts were eternally beset with Latin and theology. In vain I murmured, silence was imposed upon me; I attempted flight, but was overtaken and confined more closely than ever within my own apartment. In this manner I was punished during two whole years and at twenty I entered into holy orders. Then was it that I felt the greatness of the sacrifice which had been imposed upon me—the full relish for those things, the enjoyment of which had been interdicted by the most hateful of tyranny. The voice of the world struck upon my ear with death-like irony, the music of a fete was as a dagger piercing me to the heart. Like Tantalus, a burning thirst consumed me—hungering to death amidst orchards of delicious and inviting fruits. In this forced abandonment of all that was dear to me, I fell
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into a kind of brutal melancholy; I looked upon my family with detestation, as I did also upon all mankind—and I resolved to break off all intercourse with them; so in order that the rupture might be irrevocable, I raised an insurmountable barrier between the world and myself, by burying myself in the recesses of a cloister. My resolute hatred of mankind was mistaken for austerity; my despair, for the disavowing of every earthly tie, and I quickly attained, in spite of myself, no small consideration and renown.

My convent stood upon a hill above Agrigentum. From one side it commanded a view of Etna; from the other, the modern city with its domes and convent steeples, and the ancient city with Greek temples and sepulchres. Thence, the gaze descended to the sea by a soft slope covered with olive and almond trees; a few palms were seen at intervals, balancing in air their fanlike and graceful crests; whilst dense thickets of carob and orange trees maintained a perpetual coolness around the precincts of the monastery. Seated sorrowfully at the window of my cell, I passed whole days in contemplating the town and its picturesque environs, and my nights in listening to the song of the nightingale.

I preached sometimes, however, at Agrigentum, and my discourses ever denunciatory and upbrying attracted a crowd of hearers. Some conventual business carried me to Palermo, and there also I took the opportunity of preaching. I was no longer the frank young man of the world who had visited the Sicilian metropolis in search of love and pleasure, but the austere monk who had come to preach repentance and self-denial. I nevertheless still experienced, in my own flesh, guilty feelings of temptation, and the conterminer of a world from which he was so feebly weaned—who thundered against those temptations by which he had so frequently been overcome and to which he was still ever ready to succumb—knew his own weakness. Rage and vengeance combined to arm my words with cutting and rancorous eloquence. I obtained a success as extraordinary as it was unexpected, especially amongst the female portion of my auditorium: they named me, as I was told, the handsome monk. Intoxicated with the dangerous incense, I no longer belonged to the service of that Holy Being to whom my oaths had been addressed, I fell a victim to that worldly love against which, by my sacred calling, I was interdicted. The wife of the viceroy became my penitent at confession; she was young and lovely, and had a jealous husband; and under false pretext I was abruptly summoned back to the monastery.

I entered the silent cloister sullen and discontented. I had again beheld the world, and though but in a hasty glimpse, those delights from which destiny had banished me, and those tender remembrances and youthful regrets to which I had so long been a stranger, were about to be rekindled with double vigour in my soul. The privations to which I had been hitherto subjected, doubled in fact the value of all which I now saw was, as it were, lost to me. The present became hideous to contemplate—the future still more so. In thought I recoiled before the lugubrious perspective of an eternal isolation, and my whole nature, moral and physical, arose against a rigorous cloistered life. That powerful voice of the flesh making war upon my soul, delivered me up to the most terrible assaults. The beauty of the vice-queen haunted me day and night; she had kissed my hand, and in the duties, aye the very duties of my office, I had returned like salutation, to catch, alas! a train of subtle fire that coursed madly through my veins.

A prey to preoccupation so foreign to my profession, I grew more than ever unmindful of the altar, and the duties of my ministration were neglected. Solitary, indolent, enervated by the climate, the sport of my thick-coming, and interminable reveries, I wandered amongst the fields instead of attending the regular services of religion—passed long days in weeping under the shattered columns of the ruined temples. I regretted Olympus of old, and its laughing divinities; and cursing that gloomy and jealous religion, whose yoke I bore so shudderingly, my hard lot and calling became more and more revolting to me, for passion and beauty were contending for mastery over my soul. Palermo, with its manifold delights, the vice-queen with her radiant loveliness, passed in unceasing alternation before my bewildered imagination. I evoked all that my memory retained of its ardent remi-

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niscenses of the past. "A woman! a woman! can a woman have wrought this change in me?" I exclaimed, when roving mid the solitude of ruins and dense forest glades. "A woman!" I ejaculated in the delirium of my dreams, "and my woollen frock and hempen girdle recalled me to myself, only to make me toss about with feelings of rage and despair upon the planks of my truckle bed.

Well do I remember one night, in particular, during which these assaults had been of more than usual violence, and truly terrible was the strife. It was in the lovely month of May. In vain I strove to close my eyes in sleep. I arose and seated myself at the window of my cell. My thoughts wandered to the forests and chateaux of Sicily, during the happy years of my youth and ardent affections. Agri-gentum lay sleeping in darkness at my feet; silence reigned over the fertile environs, and the sea was hushed and calm, like earth. The air was warm and balmy, the sky radiant with stars, and distant objects were merely gauzed with a light filmy veil, but defined with such distinctness that my eye could trace the columns of the far-off temples. Etna, in its isolation and majesty, rose up into the sky before me; the transparency of the air permitted the snow, lying in vertical bands along the cone, to be descired, while jets of flame at intervals, as they shot upwards into the heavens, flung ruddy streaks over its pure surface—it might have been likened to an immense altar upon which earth offered up its incense to the creator. A nightingale was uttering her mellifluous plaints within an adjacent thicket of pomegranates and jasmins. My reverie assu ned momentarily a more tender tone, earthly thoughts obtained the mastery over me, terrestrial desires crimsoned my brow, my heart melted within me at the soft breath of spring, and the delicious tranquillity of the night steeped my soul in voluptuous aspirations.

My glance idly wandered at hazard over that lovely scene, and dwelt not on any individual object.

But how shall I declare my thoughts? A thousand seductive shapes, a thousand graceful apparitions passed before my eyes, and I covered my face with my hands to shut them out from sight. Suddenly the tingle of a guitar resounded from towards the city with which a female voice blended its melodious tones. The distance, by rendering the sound more faint, lent it a vague, mysterious, and effable harmony: it seemed like the melody of an angel, the song of celestial love. When the voice ceased, I was wrung even to delirium; words can never describe what I then suffered; I tremble even yet at the bare remembrance and, at that hour of separation and forced return to the cloister, that reminiscence kindled anew a devouring flame from smouldering ashes. Lost, beside myself, I madly beat my breast, and dashed my brow against the iron bars, stretching forth my arms as it were towards the invisible songstress, and, like the insensate lover of the queen of the gods, I strangled her, methought, to my beating bosom. In such a paroxysm, air and motion became indispensably necessary. I quitted my cell, traversed its cloisters, gained the exterior precincts of the convent, and wandered all night amongst the hills;--the morning broke, and I felt the salace of its grey freshness.

My moans had been overheard; a report spread that I had seen a vision; I was from that time held to be a saint who had had direct communications from heaven. When I again quitted my cell, with every energy prostrate, from the long internal strife I had waged, I was welcomed by the people with stupid veneration. The sight of a woman alone sufficed to cover my cheeks with burning blushes, and that guilty evidence was, doubtless, construed into virtue. The pious eagerness the crowd manifested towards me wounded my self-conviction of truth, but my remorse on this head was mistaken for humility.

Had religion alone responded to the cry of nature by her potent voice, had she flung, between the world and myself, the obligation of oaths, the sanctity of vows—all might have yet been well; but no!—human respect was my only barrier; I feared by stumbling in my weakness, to ruin my credit, to become the laugh of the cloister, the gazng-stock of the city. I would have staked my soul to possess this woman, and my reputation appeared more precious to me than my salvation; the struggle had already cost me sufficiently dear. If I could have sinned in the shade

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I would have sinned; but the public eye was upon me with its inquisitorial gaze, yet it neither left me in solitude nor silence.

The cause of my resistance lacked grandeur, but there was still strength even in resistance. I plainly felt, however, that my youth was stronger than my faith, my inclinations stronger than my duty, and that it was to create, at whatever cost, some powerful interest, some great affection wherewith to absorb my mind. But to what interest could solitude give birth? or what affection spring up in a cloister? There was no community of remembrances or sufferings, no sympathy between the brethren and myself; they were all either rude or ignorant men—affecting an austerity they in private practised not. Moreover, they were jealous of my reputation for sanctity, my acknowledged eloquence, and the most jealous amongst them—the prior—a soul steeped in mingled pride and gall, but ill disguised the rancorous enmity he bore towards me. Thus floating from dream to dream, I yielded up my soul to the sport of every earthly gust, and fits of the wildest delirium engrossed the long and bitter hours of my solitude. They ended, however, by leaving me a short interval of calm, more by lassitude than by resignation; I addressed myself to prayer with unwonted fervour; I imposed upon myself the most rigorous fasting; I blunted, by severity of discipline, the sharp goadings of the flesh; I overcame the pride of the senses by penitence, and once more I resumed the course of my pastoral ministrations.

I had reached this epoch of my life when I delivered, in the Cathedral of Agrigentum, a sermon during lent. By a somewhat profane usage, an antique sarcophagus, which served for a baptismal font, had a sculptured representation of the great tragedy of Hippolytus. The sculptor had worked with an inspiration akin to that of the poet, and had depicted the grief of Phedra with startling fidelity. She lived again in the marble; her women stood around her, some ridding her of those garments the weight of which oppressed her, whilst others were striking their lutes in hope of appeasing her anguish; but the guilty spouse remained indifferent to all their care; the perturbation of her soul, shame, love, and remorse were depicted in her attitude. I had this object directly before me, and, alas! it only too forcibly harmonized with my anguish and mental disquietude.

Inspired by that pathetic and terrible drama, I preached “on the woman taken in adultery”—in other words, I pleaded my own cause in her name, for if, indeed, my actions had been hitherto pure, all my thoughts were criminal. I infused into my argument a depth of conviction so enchanting, that my auditory manifested strong emotion. I touched, to painful vibration, new and unexpected chords. Far from hurling, as on previous occasions, the thunder of anathema upon the heads of guilty sinners, I poured forth, for the consciences of the sore and heavy laden, the words of mercy and consolation. I invited those of troubled heart to approach me, that I might wash their wounds in the celestial balm of charity. Such an address was, indeed, a startling revelation—so unaccustomed were my auditors to hear words of tenderness from my mouth—for little dreamed they, that under the woollen robe of the intolerant cenobite, a heart was hidden which throbbed with earthly passion. Softened by my own eloquence, I felt the burning tear course down my cheeks, and, my voice, growing more and more tremulous, became interrupted by stifled sobs. Overcome, at length, by my emotion, suffocated by my tears, I fell down upon my seat in giving vent to a flood of grief. At this unexpected occurrence, the congregation arose. I had portrayed woes too well felt by the majority, and awakened sympathy in all; an universal sobbing resounded throughout the temple, and the tears of the pastor and his flock long flowed, commingling, before the throne of the Most High.

As I was about to return to the monastery, still full of emotion at what I had recently undergone, I was told that some one awaited me at the confessional. I entered it. A gentle voice had come thither to implore the assistance of heaven against worldly oppressions. It was a young girl of Agrigentum whom her family was endeavouring to force into a marriage detested by her. She had been present during the delivery of my sermon, and, greatly moved by it, had come to fling herself
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at my feet. She had divined that my soul was not shut against the troubles of the heart. No one could give her more enlightened counsel or more tender consolation. It was a support she had greater need of than the pouring forth of a confession, and none, she thought, could supply it better than myself. I allowed her to speak for some time without interrupting her. Whether it was an illusion or a reality, it seemed to me that I had heard the voice before. I sought to recover my confused recollections, and the attempt, induced unconsciously, profane emotions. Fear suddenly came upon me. I remembered that dreadful night during which the guitar and the mysterious voice had lured me forth from my cell—I looked upon it as a temptation of the evil one. The penitent, however, still knelt in expectation of hearing my reply. I stammered out some vague, unintelligible words, and deferred the communication until the following day.

She quitted the confessional. The veil she wore had concealed her features; but her voice, her slender and graceful form, had been more than sufficient to mark the individual. I watched her long with my eyes, as she slowly descended the hill, disappearing and re-appearing by turns amongst the olive trees. At length I saw her no longer, and my motionless orbs remained, until evening, rivetted upon the pathway. What a night was that which succeeded! What dreams and what an awakening! At day-break I placed myself at the window of my cell, my eyes fixed, immovably, as upon the preceding evening, upon the pathway by which my unknown penitent must reach the monastery. I waited for her the whole day; at evening she came—accompanied by a duenna. My heart beat impetuously, and I trembled in every limb like a fearful child. What counsel was I about to give her? Should I exhort her to submission, or, on the contrary, prompt her to rebel? I had yet determined nothing concerning all this, and the moment, nevertheless, was approaching for the discharge of my sacred office, or to convert the confessional into a school of seduction.

She had raised her veil on entering the church. It was, indeed, the countenance which had haunted me in my dreams. Large black eyes, full of languor and fire, lips on which love and melancholy had set their seal, a serene and virgin brow, over which, the breath of evil thoughts had never passed. At that critical moment I felt my whole existence about to be staked, and my destiny irrevocably fixed. I essayed to fortify my mind by prayer; but, I essayed in vain. That divine form ever placed itself between me and heaven; I was vanquished.

That Heaven, which had witnessed my crime, beheld also the fierce strife I mentally waged; it beheld my sleepless nights, my tearful days; it had reckoned my groans—wherefore did it not succour me? It saw my brow redder in the sight of innocence, the sophistry froze before it upon my lips—wherefore did it not save me? Alas! Heaven is not the accomplice of family tyranny and iniquity. It has ordained youth as the season for love—and both of us were young, and, both alike, oppressed.

For a long while the aspirations of love had driven from the confessional the aspirations of heaven; our parts were changed: from the judge, the confessor had descended to the condition of a suppliant, the penitent had risen to that of judge. My honor and life were in her hands. The idol of my thoughts, was, as yet pure, but her tears too frequently betrayed her vanquished resolution, and she had still returned after the first avowal. The monastery clock had rung out the hour of midnight—I escaped from my cell, descended the hill, favoured by the bosky shades of the thicket which covered its sloping side, and having reached the base, glided furtively along the walls and sepulchres of the ancient city, until I reached the temple of Juno Lucina—where I seated myself upon the fragment of a column, awaiting what might happen, in tremulous anxiety. The night was warm, the sky starry, the sea calm, the landscape steeped in breathless tranquillity; all nature seemed, by her silence and immobility, to share in my excited expectation—and like her I was voiceless, breathless. Suddenly my ears caught a slight rustling amongst the ruins—it was Rosalina. In another instant I pressed her to my heart—without the utterance of a word from the lips of either. Hour chased away hour—many stars had sunk below the horizon, and our arms were still unrelaxing in
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their grasp, the hush of night broken only by the echo of our sighs amongst the lonesome ruins. The duenna who kept watch near us, at last gave warning that day was about to break, and yet neither were our arms unclasped nor our lips disunited; and it was not until we saw the grey fogs rising from the sea, that we could think of separation and tear ourselves asunder—Rosalía to return to the city, I to the monastery.

I reascended the hill as the first beams of Aurora tinged the heights; my step was firm and elastic. When the sun had risen, I knelt down in the face of day, and forgetting the perjury I had committed, blended in one and the same prayer of thanksgiving, the Creator, nature and human love. I was no longer the same being; I blessed the existence on which I had before so often and so bitterly poured my curses—I glorified all that I was wont to blaspheme. Even the tedious austerities of the cloister failed not to receive my blessing, for methought they had by constraint and anticipation only rendered the bliss I now felt the more intoxicating.

From this day forth, the crumbling temples of Agrigentum each night lent us their sheltering gloom, mystery doubly enhanced possession, and the danger gave dignity to defeat—so at least it seemed to me, lost and infatuated man that I was! And when the moon's radiant disk, glimmering between the tall columns, full upon the face of Rosalía, seated beneath the shade of the almond trees, I imagined, always, that I beheld her for the first time, so beauteous did she appear to my enraptured gaze. Her long dark floating tresses hung upon a neck, the rival of the swans in grace and majesty; in her eye shone a fire, at once tender and commanding; like those of the goddess painted by Zeuxis and adored by antiquity in the very temple whose ruins lay at our feet. The nightingales were not scared by our presence, for the whole night through they sang over our heads—the lark alone still their darkling melodies and warned us to separate.

Thus cradled by love, for a time I continued in this course if guilty felicity without my conscience taking alarm, but it could not last much longer. Rosalía was pertinaciously urged by parental authority to the accepting of a husband chosen by her family, that it had become peremptorily necessary for her to take some decisive step or other—and we resolved upon flight. I was, therefore, in earnest preparation for the execution of our mutual project, without, however, hastening the hour of its development in order the more effectually to secure success. Chance, however, ordered it that our meetings in the temple should be discovered, so that it ceased to be safe for us to visit there, yet and was the madness even to choose the cloister for the rendezvous. Rosalía was furnished with the key of a secret door, and the loneliness of my cell hid her from the eye of prying curiosity. With what inexpressible delight did I receive her for the first time, within its walls! That cell, so abhorred during the period of solitary abstractions, was henceforth a blissful abode, a hallowed spot, from which, even during the day, I was loth to absent myself. We spent the whole night at the narrow and grated window, whilst I recounted to her the melancholy hours I had passed, seated thereat alone—the tears of anguish I had shed; the delirious joy of my dreams; and the night—that memorable night upon which the sounds of her guitar had revealed to me her existence. Our precautions had been so well taken, that we thought ourselves beyond the reach of all suspicion. My reputation was irreproachable, and still pressed by her family in regard to the hateful suit, Rosalía varied her pretext in order to prolong delay. Our feeling of entire security became at length too great, and it was our destruction. Some imprudence had excited suspicion in the breast of the prior; he caused my movements to be watched, and the steps of both were dogged without our being aware of it. The hour fixed for flight was now approaching, and one night when a consideration of the chances attendant upon the hazardous project had served to awaken the tenderest emotions of our hearts, and redouble our anxieties, as though that hour were the last of happiness allotted us on earth, a sudden noise checked this sorrowful effusion of our souls, the door flew open—the prior entered and surprised us together.

I rushed upon him poignard in hand, and was about to plunge it into his heart, and thus drown my secret with his blood, when Rosalía withheld my hand.
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"You owe life to that angel," I exclaimed in muttered accents; "but should a look, a gesture, betray the secret you have stolen from our keeping, woe to thee! my vengeance shall reach thee even at the foot of the altar."

He was alone, and fear had the mastery over him. He bound himself to silence by oaths both sacred and profane, but it was too late—feelings of vengeance had been awakened in my breast, and death had, with his finger, singled out the audacious spy. Still in his presence I restrained myself, and feigned a calmness of mind, full of torture to me, in order to reassure the confused and trembling Rosalia.

I passed the rest of the night a prey to the most violent and conflicting passions—love and hatred. I knew the prior but too well—I knew that he would consider himself fettered by an oath, extorted from him by means of intimidation, only so long as terror held possession of his mind. Was it not for us, on the contrary, to fear every thing? We were at his mercy. One word from him would effect our destruction; in a word, prevention was indispensably necessary at any price. I repented, that I had not settled all at a single blow.

How could I see Rosalia again? The prior had, indeed, sworn himself to silence, but not to become my accomplice; and how could I now deceive his inquisitorial vigilance? I chose the only course which remained open to me—dissimulation. As soon as it was morning I sought the prior's apartment. I first imposed silence upon him by the direst threats of vengeance. I next played the repentant, humiliated myself before him, made an avowal of my crime, and implored pardon for it. He fell into the snare, received my confession, and imposed divers penances upon me, to which I feigned a grateful submission. I passed several weeks in this fearful state of concentrated rage and profound hypocrisy.

I had not since seen Rosalia, but I had received a communication from her, and we only awaited a favorable opportunity for our flight.

The vigilance of the prior was, however, as yet too active to entertain a hope of my escaping his surveillance. Several days passed without my hearing from her, and my inquietude rose to the highest pitch of mental torture. Suddenly news was brought me that Rosalia had been forcibly taken to Palermo, and shut up in a convent. This blow prostrated my every energy. The perjury of the prior was too palpable. I decreed his death, and he put himself forward to meet his fate. My first impulse was to tear off the mask. I had worn it only to strike with greater certainty. From that time I had one only thought—one desire—one dream—vengeance. And what vengeance could prove equal to the outrage? Had he not subjected me to his derision? Had he not spurned with the humiliation of Rosalia and my humiliation? Why should that man longer cumber the earth whose glance made mine quail: whose smile caused my brow to glow with the blush of shame—that man who had filched the secret of my love—who had robbed me of my honor; the slave of his caprice, I was but as a toy in his hands, to be dashed to earth when he listed.

As if, too, all this were not sufficient outrage, he must further hurry away the idol of my affections to pass the days of her youth in the horrible exile of a cloister: perhaps, even, her name blighted with dishonor. Oh! vengeance glowed within my bosom at such anticipation and kindled a fiery tempest within my heart and brain. I regretted, in my wrath, that the perjured traitor had but one miserable life wherewith to pay the acquaintance of so many debts; yet that one life was my due. His heart's blood the part expiation of his wrong towards me. Every other passion became dead within me—I no longer loved—I no longer even cherished regret—I panted only for vengeance. That fixed and sanguinary intent was like a hand of iron weighing upon my heart. I then learned that there were the delights of revenge as well as the joys of love. I now loved my gloomy cell as the place most fitting for the concentration of my powers of device. I loved solitude—for to my disordered vision it became peopled with gloomy phantoms which took possession of my soul. I no longer looked, as in the days of my youth, upon the graceful forms and lovely faces in which my imagination revelled with delight—but scenes of murder—the form of the hated enemy, writhing in his death agony at my feet.

Still, however, I concealed, beneath the mask of penitence, my heart's stormy

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conflict. The prior rejoiced in my apparent humiliation, for he deemed me sincere, and he thought I lay under his yoke: consciousness of superiority flattered his pride. He saw not that he was under my domination, and that that long enduring lie, that hideous constraint, were so many additional outrages crying eagerly for vengeance. One day he made the tardy revelation of his perjury.

"Brother," said he, "now that thy heart is cleansed from the sullyings of impure affections, learn that I have removed temptation far away from thee. The angel of darkness with whom thou hast sinned bewails her crime in the convent of Palermo. Applaud my prudence, and bless my solicitude: hath not the Creator himself said "that our thoughts are not his thoughts, nor our ways his ways."

No, I inwardly pondered, hypocritical monk! his ways are not, indeed, thy ways, for he is conducting thee to death by the path into which thy pride has led thee. How every word that fell from his demure lips revealed the blackness of his heart! He professed benevolence, whilst malice consumed its very core; he feigned humility, whilst pharisaical pride shone in his eye. He called a creature of purest mind, an angel of darkness. He spoke, too, of impurity—he—sullied as he was, with vice—for Belial was his god.

His fixed desire—the hope of his whole life—centered in the episcopal mitre. The bishopric of Nicosia became vacant; to this dignity he made pretensions; and I gave him umbrage, for the public voice had selected me as the successor to it. He had ceased to fear me since he became possessed of my secret; he made me understand this very frankly, telling me that the relinquishment of my pretensions was the price of his silence, and that I was at his mercy. I flattered this chimerical idea, and entered so much the more readily into his views, that church dignities, I gave him to understand, had become indifferent to me, and, my vengeance sated, I aspired only to the quiet enjoyment of affection. A letter from the archbishop now arrived to revive his hopes, and I rejoiced at beholding him thus felicitate himself upon a future career, of which I was the master, and attach himself to an existence of which I held the thread. Thus, heaven itself appeared to become my accomplice, and minister to my vengeance by rendering it more subtle.

The base traitor who had so ill kept his oath with regard to Rosalia, preserved no better faith towards me. When we were alone, his recriminations were frequent; before the brethren his perfidious allusions had awakened their curiosity. Thus, as though he had feared death might be too tardy in his coming, he hastened onward to meet it, and daily made one step nearer to the tomb. The moment was at hand when the river, swollen by a long continuation of rainy weather, was about to overflow its banks. For three months it had been steadily rising. I had not on one single occasion belied my assumed constraint and dissimulation. One night, during which the storm was too violent, or, that the restlessness of my burning hate was too great to permit of my sleeping, I arose, and stole in the direction of the prior’s dormitory. He slept. I drew my poignard, I took aim at his heart; but just as I was about to deliver my blow, an idea flashed across my brain and restrained my hand. So brief an end were too paltry a vengeance. To pass from the arms of sleep into the arms of its twin-brother, death—it were the end of the just—a sinner must needs endure anguish and long agony. I, noiselessly, withdrew.

From that hour forward I constantly dogged the steps of my victim, watching for an occasion fitting for the gratification of my hate. I was like an ominous shadow haunting his path. Vengeance had become the faithful and assiduous companion of my life. At the moment of our leave-taking, I became, only, the more attached, in the manner of great friends who were about to be for ever separated. Destiny will, however, accomplish every thing, and the hour that is to come will arrive at last.

One day the prior had descended into the crypts of the monastery, upon a visit of scrutiny. He was alone. It was the hour of siesta, or noon. I followed him without being perceived, and closed after me the iron door, which was for him the gate of eternity. Oh what a moment of intoxicating delight! I was then about to find myself face to face with my loathed enemy. A lamp suspended from the vaulted roof flung its dismal radiance across the crypt. The walls were garnished with
A Rencontre upon Mount Etna.

bones and skulls symmetrically arranged. No one from without could penetrate that lugubrious retreat: it already possessed the chill silence of the sepulchre. What a rendezvous for the consummation of vengeance! In the centre of this subterranean chamber, there was a large and deep well which served as a place of common sepulture for the brethren, and which, upon that occasion, had been left open. Wherefore, I know not. Nigh to its very brink I came up with the prior.

"Brother," said he to me, "comest thou like David to bewail thy sin amongst the tombs?"

"I come to announce to thee that thy last hour hath struck," I said mournfully, "take leave of thy hopes, bid farewell to ambition, and die." So saying, I struck him down.

"Die," I continued, "and die impenitent! Die, in thy pride and thy perjury; die, sullied with all thy manifold sins."

He clung to life in all the bitterness of terror; but he struggled in vain: I was endued with lion-strength. Once, however, he escaped from my grasp, and throwing himself at my feet, besought my mercy. He had a double tie binding him to life, for on the morrow he expected to receive his nomination to the bishopric of Nicosia. The wretched man hoped to appease me, by surrendering to me that mitre which he had so long coveted, and the possession of which he thought I desired as eagerly as he himself did.

"Fool!" I exclaimed, setting him again upon his feet, "thinekest thou that desire for an empty title hath awakened my hatred! Hast thou then forgotten that accursed night on which the cheeks of Rosalia blushed crimson at thy stare of effrontery; and when the hoarded secret of my life became thine also? Hast thou forgotten thy oath, thy perjury? if so,—not I. But listen; there yet remains one duty for thee to fulfil: thou hast caused my mistress to be shut up in a convent, thou hast dishonored her name; with thine own hand shalt thou sign this retraction which I hold forth—which gives the lie to all that thou hast said, and which orders the abbess of Palermo to place the captive in my hands to conduct her back to her father.

I had about my person every material necessary for writing, and thinking it would save his life, the perjured coward signed it without offering objection.

"Now," I rejoined, "that thou hast done with earthy things:—a death awaits thee worthy of thy outrage and my vengeance. Down!—and never will thy tortures equal those which thou hast made me suffer."

So saying, I dragged him forwards by his robe and precipitated him into the chasm. I seated myself beside the brink to hear his dying agony. He shrieked piteously, horribly—but his cries were lost in the dead silence of the catacombs. He was not even hurt by his fall, and he set himself anew to implore mercy and forgiveness at my hands. These bootless entreaties were heeded like the cries of those in the shades below. My ears and my heart were alike of iron.

As I answered not, the wretched man fell into the depths of despair, deeper far than the pit which held him: "Thou canst not be mortal," he cried at length, in the bitterness of his anguish; "thou art a fiend from hell—even Satan himself."

"Ay," I replied, suddenly turning that superstitious imprecation to the profit of my revenge; "I am Satan, and thou mayst yet save thyself. If thou wouldst, indeed, live, deny thy creator, and worship me as the Saviour of the world."

"Tis well, cowardly and apostate monk, thou diest denying God—I am not Satan. My vengeance is satiated. I had thy body only awhile ago—now, I have thy soul;—thou diest the death of the damned."

Without adding more, I swung the stone of the funeral pit over the head of my enemy, and I quitted that scene where in my reckoning justice and death were equally appeased.

I remained yet a few days longer in the monastery, in order to watch over the execution of my vengeance, and to assure myself that the prior had, indeed, perished. His disappearance was attributed to a thousand contradictory causes: search was every where made for him, save in the crypt wherein he was about to slumber so deep a sleep. Not finding him return, it was supposed that he had taken some secret journey; and I volunteered to go upon a search of discovery, in order to furnish a
motive for my departure, and lull suspicion. Instantaneously I set out for Palermo, and bent my steps direct to the convent within whose walls my mistress languished in captivity. My name was familiar to the abbess: she received me with a distinction which smoothed away every difficulty; and scarcely had I needed to have shewn her the prior's counter order; my word would, alone, have sufficed.

I stated that I had been sent by Rosalia's father to bring her back to Agrigentum; and so far to my utmost wish did every thing succeed, that she was instantly confined to my care. Thus delivered from my enemy, possessor of the object of my ardent affections, and once more free upon earth, I only thought of quitting Sicily. A vessel was about to set sail for Constantinople, there it was, in that region where voluptuousness reigns supreme, that we resolved to seek future happiness. I flung off the garb of the monk, and we concealed ourselves in a villa of the Golden Conch until the departure of the vessel, which was detained in port by contrary winds. I spoke not one word to Rosalia upon the subject of the prior's death, lest the recollection of that horrible deed might embitter the gladness of her deliverance; her so great happiness was still further encreased, that she stood indebted for it to me alone, and no sacrifice on her part seemed now sufficient to repay so boundless a debt of gratitude. The wind, however, continued contrary, and I needed all Rosalia's affection and solicitude to calm my impatience and anxiety. Our abode was so retired, that not the slightest tidings of any foreign occurrence, or the whisper of news of any kind ever reached it—it was in truth, the solitude of a desert within sight of the walls of the busy city.

It was now the month of July; an obstinate sirocco blew in from the African coast—enervating all nature and subduing our hearts by extreme lassitude and lowness of pulse. During the evening time we were wont to seek the cool freshness of a thicket of orange trees, which, since our sojourn at the villa, had been as it were, our garden of paradise. On the night in question, the sun was setting in a shroud of golden vapour which surrounded, as with a glory, Mount Pellegrino and the sanctuary of the saint whose name my mistress bore. The day had been suffocatingly hot. The wearied Rosalia had fallen asleep upon the velvet turf, her head pillowed upon a mossy bank; and her glossy and flowing tresses, were at intervals gently wafted around her shoulders by the faint breath of the sluggish breeze, whilst a last, lingering sunbeam gilded her features, until she looked like a very seraphim. Kneeling at her feet, I kept watch over her like the guardian angel of a sleeping child. The silence which reigned around was deep as that of midnight; not a bird chirped, nor was a leaf rustled, and even the insect of summer's eve passed onwards in its way in silence through the grass. Suddenly a posse of sbirri made their appearance; they ordered me to follow them—I resisted, they fired upon me, and the ball aimed at my life struck the heart of the sleeping Rosalia:—and her sleep was the sleep of death.

I was forthwith conducted to prison. By an accident as singular as fatal, Rosalia's father chanced to be visiting Palermo, and his presence frustrated all my measures: I was again arrested, charged with the abduction of his daughter—the murder, had not, however, been yet discovered. The news of my arrest soon spread throughout the country. The sole topic in every body's mouth was the guilt of the handsome monk, hitherto so austere and revered; never before had such an instance of human frailty astonished Sicily:—my fall was like the fall of an archangel. The disappearance of the prior was still an enigma, which none of the inmates of the monastery had been able to solve. My flight was now coupled with that inexplicable event, and I was transferred to Agrigentum to clear up, if possible, the terrible mystery.

Again I descried afar off the ruined temples—the asylum of my first love; the monastery—the arena of my vengeance, and I entered the city bound hand and foot upon a mule, and escorted by a troop of soldiers. The whole population were waiting for my arrival without the gates, apparently struck with consternation at the sight of me. A religious terror was visible in every countenance, and I was received with gloomy silence. The crowd accompanied me at a slow pace as far as the prison, singing the De Profundis in deep and lugubrious tones, as though some public calamity had happened. That multitude, for whose good opinion I had for-
A Recontre upon Mount Etna.

merely made so many sacrifices, I now beheld with abstracted gaze press ing around my escort, and, afterwards, with equal indifference, heard it murmuring forth its indignation and roaring around my prison walls, like an agitated sea. The idol of my earthly worship was now, alas! too truly, shattered to pieces; what mattered, therefore, reputation now? The scaffold, in lieu thereof, arose before me; Rosalia had passed from the slumber of the sinless to the mansions of the blest; with her every tie which bound me to life was broken; I longed only to rejoin my spirit with hers, and looked upon death, not as a punishment but as a deliverance. I resolved, therefore, to make a full avowal of every thing; and, of a verity, I struck terror into the hearts of my judges by a minute detail of that merciless murder, and of my evil deeds. Public prayers and solemn processions were ordained by the authorities throughout the city; the bells were tolled, and all the inhabitants put on mourning. For myself, I had sunk into a sullen stupor, and had become wholly indifferent to my trial and impending fate. Chained within the depths of a dark dungeon, I neither asked for consolation nor abridgment of my harsh captivity. My existence had lapsed into one long, sleepless dream; night and day I was haunted by a vision that was there, ever there, motionless before me. It was no longer a monk expiring in the gloom of the catacombs, but a lovely girl sleeping beneath the shade of an orange tree at sunset.

I know not wherefore my sentence was deferred, but my imprisonment was from time to time prolonged. Many weeks, many months, perhaps, did I remain buried within that damp and rayless gloom, deprived of the pure mountain air and light of heaven, as though society, as implacable in its vengeance as myself, had sought, by its cruel delay and my long agony, to appease the manes of the murdered prior. At length sentence was passed, and I was condemned to die. When the decree was read to me, the love of life re-awakened within my breast. My pride trembled at the thought that I was about to be delivered up as a spectacle to the rude gaze of that multitude which, formerly, had devoutly kissed the hem of my robe and knelt in the dust along my path. Then the thought of my youth passed before my mental vision, as though bidding me a sorrowful farewell. Again I beheld the temples of Agrigentum, the fragrant thickets of Palermo; my tears, whose fount had I thought been dried up within me for ever, gushed forth afresh.

The morning came on which I expected the executioner: suddenly I heard a great uproar amongst the populace collected round the prison. I fancied that I could distinguish amongst the tumult a sound as though the prison doors were being hewn down; the shouts of exultation echoed along the corridors. That unseemly riot heralding my death hour, those peals of phrenzied laughter under such dreadful circumstances chilled me with horror and surprise. Suddenly the door of my dungeon flew open, and a band of men whose appearance was strange to me thrust me forth into the street. When I saw myself at liberty, an unconquerable instinct of self preservation lent me wings. I crossed the entire length of the city without any attempt being made to stay my flight. An insurrection, I found, had taken place; armed bands were pouring hurriedly through every street, and to some of these I was indebted for my release; they had broken open the prisons to recruit their ranks from amongst the condemned. Amidst the tumult I escaped from the city, and breathlessly ascending the mountain, I concealed myself amongst the rugged fastnesses of Madonina. Owing to the political storms with which Sicily was then agitated, I remained for a time in safety; but the tempest having abated, the reign of law recommenced, and I was compelled to abandon the haunts wherein I was known to be lurking. It was my intention to have embarked for Egypt, but I dared not descend to the ports, and came hither therefore to bury myself in the woods and wilds of Etna, through which I am now tracked like a wild beast, my presence having excited such superstitious terror amongst ignorant herdmen.

The monk paused awhile to take breath, for he had been speaking during the entire night without cessation, like a man raving from fever who would free himself from some inward and burning spell. The access over, he sank exhausted: his large sunken eye gleamed dully, and a livid pallor overspread his sunburnt cheeks. During the course of his narrative, he had frequently started on to his feet with com-
A Rencontre upon Mount Etna.

vulsive violence, and his every motion no less eloquent than his voice, expressed the tumultuous passions of his soul. He maintained a long silence, then starting up, rushed towards the crater, and kneeling upon its brink:—

"O God!" exclaimed he, stretching forth his hands towards heaven, "have I not already expiated my sin and my crime? Is it not time to shew me thy mercy! I am weary of the solitude of the woods, weary of the silence of the cavern. For that silence yet speaks to me with dismal voices, and that solitude is peopled with dread spectres. Deliver me, I pray thee, from these hideous visions, or bid me die, and the bubbling gulf which invites me to plunge into its fiery jaws shall be welcomed as my tomb."

His suicidal thoughts having once more taken possession of his mind, he kept his gaze fixed mournfully upon the chasm. At this moment the sun rose. Such a spectacle, seen from the summit of Etna is the most magnificent and imposing of any afforded to the contemplation of man. The light vapors having quickly dispersed, the whole island became visible, and the eye was enabled to take in towns, gulsfs, promontories, and the African sea in its infinity. With a view to distract the monk from his sinister pre-occupation, I drew his attention to the magnificent coup d'œil which day was now revealing to view. It appeared to make an impression upon him. His gaze remained for a long time fixed in silence upon that gigantic panorama, then approaching my side:—

"Look," said he, pointing with his finger to a white point glittering in the sun at a long distance off, "yonder stands the monastery, below lies Agrigentum, and lower still the temples."

"Excellency," abruptly interrupted the guide, "I see down there near the acqueduct several men who have the appearance of sbirri."

"My last hour is at hand!" exclaimed the monk, springing to his feet. And the instinct of life again taking possession of him, the spectre of suicide vanished.

The conjectures of the guide were speedily realised. We could soon distinguish the muskets and sabres of the sbirri glittering in the sunrays.

"How long will it take them to reach us?" I enquired of the guide.

"Three hours at the least," was the reply.

The monk prepared himself for flight.

"Stay," said I, "hear me an instant. My passport is made out for Malta. Take it, change your attire at the first village you chance to reach, and hasten to embark from Syracuse."

He testified his gratitude by silent pressure of my hand, and set forth instantly. For a long time my eye tracked his path, until I, at last, lost sight of him behind Mount Frumento, in the direction of Aderno. From the latter place he would be able that same night to reach Syracuse, by taking the cross roads. I forthwith descended the mountain, and gained once more the casa Inglesi, a short time previous to the sbirri reaching it. By that time the object of their quest was far out of their reach.

Shortlty after my ascent of Etna, I received a letter from Malta: it was from the monk of Agrigentum. He had effected his journey without obstacle, and announced that on that very day he was to embark for Egypt with the intention of burying himself in the deserts of the Thebaid. Since the receipt of that letter I have not, however, heard a word more respecting him.

D.
Père la Chaise; or, the Confessor.
Whittaker and Co.

In the title-page it is announced that this romance is edited by Mr. George Stephens, yet in the preface he speaks of it as if it were his own work. The character of the publication is such as to demand on this head absence from mystification. The outset of the story is marked with much elegance and originality, and we much wish that the author had never diverged from his contemplations among the funereal bowers of Père la Chaise.

We cannot affirm that the story progresses in equally pleasing style; on the contrary it soon diverges into one of those thorny and gloomy paths which no romance writer is called upon to tread, and among whose briars we would earnestly counsel Mr. George Stephens never again to entangle himself either as editor or principal.

The romance is not written with the strength of Mr. Stephens' former productions, but the language is in general more equable and graceful; yet the story shews few marks of that genius which none deny to him, though it often transgresses beyond the bounds of wholesome judgment.

The plot of the romance is founded on many a hackneyed tale published at the Minerva Press,—of an artful confessor who abducts a lady married to a protestant man of rank. This confessor holds the lady and her baby in durance vile, partly for the purposes of robbery, and partly out of bigoted motives, till they are happily discovered by their rightful owner; murders and other pestilent plots, are perpetrated by the confessor, aided and abetted by others of his cloth, till, at last, the lady, who is a very peevish self-willed personage, is duly converted to the Church of England.

It is a point not yet decided by critics, whether religious novels are or are not calculated to have a good effect on the human mind, and, indeed, they require the utmost skill and delicacy, joined with genius of an extraordinary description to make them either beneficial or popular. But if the propriety of the religious romance, where the cause of steady piety is sustained against a worldly life, may be doubted, what can be said in favor of a polemic romance like the present? Polemic divinity is justly looked upon with aversion by the liberality of modern Christians, for it is generally partial and one-sided, tho' professedly it is historical; and where circumstances are quoted in depreciation of rival sects, those circumstances are ostensible facts, drawn from the historical page, so that when the polemic essay on them is violent or illiberal, the persons vituperated having actually existed, either they themselves or their memories are answerable for their deeds. But when an author forces the make-believe personages of an invented narrative to cast a slur on a particular faith, every feeling of human justice recoils from such a proceeding; and we would say to Mr. George Stevens, let your narrative be matter of history, and not of romance; if you have nothing real to hold up to public detestation, do not invent lies, even for the furtherance of a supposed good object; put not forth a railing accusation, for that sadly injures the cause of our admirable church, whose precepts are those of mercy, truth, and toleration. If readers of this review imagine that we are over severe upon Mr. George Stephens, we will premise that his preface is full of war, tooth and nail, against the Catholics, whose faith he asserts is reviving itself in all its pristine power and splendour, and he calls upon Protestants to beware of the dangers which surround our land and its Protestant members. He thus continues:—"Then, is it not little short of madness for us of this degenerate nation, (query, is not this alleged degeneracy what the Catholics ascribe to the evil growth of novel inventions and devices, and this saying the very reverse of what the author intended?) to look on with apathy, while the members of the papal community are active and enterprising, and popery
is making rapid strides, and new popish chapels are rising on every side of us? That the ascendance of such a church in Great Britain, infers the destruction of the domestic peace of the empire, will be readily acknowledged after a perusal of the following simple tale? such a catastrophe, being a necessary consequence of popish inquisition and surveillance, and one on which the Roman Catholic priesthood calculate?—

Thus speaks our author: But if we examine the matter in a proper light, how dreadful, how horrible a thing, for a defender of the church, or, in fact, for any man to invent a tissue of circumstances, for the purpose of raising prejudice against a class of his fellow creatures, no matter whether Jews, Heathens, Protestants, Sectarians, or Catholics. Let him consider what a triumph it is to the Catholic church, that he should be compelled, according to his notions of the unsolid fabric of its creed, to have recourse to such doings. Well may our estimable mother the Church of England say, "Preserve me from my friends." In a word, no one can do as her partizan, greater injury to the Church of England, than by publishing intolerant fictions, upon which to build up Christian hypotheses.

If our author had the slightest idea of the real workings of the heart, he would be aware, that when a composition sets out with the avowed purpose of blackening one particular character or class of persons, the greatest disgust arises in the minds of readers, and, like an unsightly and offensive object, it is more likely to drive them from the straight path, than to keep them free from the errors of bigotry. How strange too, that a mind can bestow thought enough on the subject to spin out a series of make-believe characters and incidents, without once calculating on the certain re-action which we have pointed out as a natural consequence of his rashness. Let us whisper a secret in his ear, it is this re-action raised by such unwise partizans as himself, that is now fighting the battle of the Catholic church. If the Church of England can be injured, it is by the blind follies of self-constituted champions.

Sir Elwyn; a Tragedy.

There is some crude genius in this production, but the utter want of connection in the plot, and, above all, the occasional coarseness of metaphor and phraseology which deform the language, render analysis impossible. The author has studied the old dramatists only too intently, for he has imitated their faults of vagueness of time, place, and costume, and, worse than all, the coarseness, which could only be excusable in the writers of a semi-barbarous age. Here and there he has caught a beauty from the same source, the following are specimens:—

How faint the limbs grow when the troubled mind
Weighs heavier than its clay.

* * * * *

Abel. I meditated suicide. One day,
When middle noon its crushing splendours heaped
Upon my head, I lurked into the wood
Behind our cot, and oftimes tried the blow,
But eye was scared by the piping of some
bird.
On to the lake I strayed—'twas deep and clear;
I shuddered at mine image, and shrunk back.
At length I came where the green slime veiled
Its depth; and there I spied what made me pause—
A hand shot out—and in its death-locked grasp
A withered sedge; with a hazel twig I drew
The body out—it was thy wretched father!

Elwyn. Oh! God—my father!

Abel. It was; I after learned, the Earl,
his sire,
On hearing of his marriage with
Thy mother, had cursed him from his sight;
And there, doubtless by want and misery
 driven,
I found him drowned.

* * * * *

Deserted aisles of Eld, where through the gaps
And roofless walls the light of history,
Like trembling star-sheen, falls among the dead.
The scene is in the beginning of the last century, in the time of Jacobite agitations; but for any truth of historical costume, in language, phraseology, or allusion, it might as well have been placed in the days of Henry the Eighth.
We do not deny our author hopes of ultimate success, but he must cultivate simplicity and perspicuity sufficiently, to let his readers know what he is writing about, and sedulously avoid the use of
expressions which would make a lady lay down his book in disgust.


This beautiful work is a worthy successor to Professor Dick's "Celestial Scenery," which we had the pleasure of reading and warmly recommending some time since. It is truly the production of a "devout astronomer." If "an devout astronomer be mad," how much is human wisdom exalted and improved by such a view of the stupendous works of God as our author has taken; in fact, much wisdom is perceptible in every page of his excellent works, which are written in that familiar and easy style to attract the attention of the young, as well as with sufficient dignity to improve and instruct adults. Sour and precise must that Sectarian be, who could object to see this book in the hands of a young person in the intermediate hours of the Sabbath. Indeed, we cannot too earnestly recommend such works as are thus piously written and give activity to human thought.

We will, however, give a specimen of Mr. Dick's familiar powers of explanation in regard to the practical part of his science.

In order to prevent confusion in our first surveys of the starry heavens, let us fix upon a certain portion of the firmament, and the more conspicuous stars which lie in its immediate vicinity. Let us contemplate the heavens about the middle of January, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the latitude of 52 deg. north. At that time, if we turn our faces towards the south, we shall behold the splendid constellation of Orion a little to the east of the meridian, or nearly approaching the south. This constellation forms one of the most striking and beautiful clusters of stars in the heavens, and is generally recognised even by common observers. It is distinguished by four brilliant stars in the form of an oblong, or parallelogram; and particularly by three bright stars in a straight line near the middle of the square, or parallelogram, which are known by the names of " the Three Kings," or the "Ell," or "Yard." They are also termed Orion's belt; and in the book of Job " the bands of Orion"; and the space they occupy is exactly three degrees in length. The line passes through the brightest stars to the Pleiades, or seven stars, on the one side, and to Sirius, or the Dog Star, on the other.

The equinoctial circle passes through the uppermost of these stars, which is called Mintaka. They are situated about eight degrees west from the solstitial colure, or that great circle which passes through the poles of the heavens, and the first points of Cancer and Capricorn, in which the sun is in his greatest declination north and south, which happens on the 21st of June and 21st of December. There is a row of small stars which run down obliquely below the belt, and seem to hang from it, which is denominated the sword of Orion. About the middle of this row of stars there is perceived, by means of the telescope, one of the most remarkable nebula in the heavens. The whole number of stars visible by the naked eye in this constellation has been reckoned at about 78; of which two are of the first magnitude—namely, Rigel, in the left foot on the west, and Betelgeuse, on the east shoulder. They are connected by a line drawn through the uppermost stars of the belt. There are four stars of the second magnitude, three of the third, and fifteen of the fourth; but several thousands of stars have been perceived by good telescopes within the limits of this constellation.

North by west of Orion is the constellation Taurus, or the Bull, one of the signs of the zodiac. The Pleiades, or the seven stars, so frequently alluded to both in ancient and modern times, form a portion of this constellation. At the time now supposed, they are a very little beyond the meridian to the west, and about thirty-seven degrees north by west of the belt of Orion, at an elevation above the horizon of about sixty-four degrees. This cluster was described by the ancients as consisting of seven stars, but at present only six can be distinguished by the naked eye. With powerful telescopes, however, more than 200 stars have been counted within the limits of this group. The Hyades is another cluster, situated about eleven degrees south-east from the Pleiades, consisting chiefly of small stars, so arranged as to form a figure somewhat like the letter V. On the left, at the top of the letter, is a star of the first magnitude, named Aldebaran, or the Bull's Eye, which is distinguished from most of the other stars by its ruddy appearance. This constellation is situated between Perseus and Auriga on the north, and has Gemini on the east, Ariete on the west, and Orion and Eridanus on the south. It consists of about 140 stars visible to the naked eye.

The constellation Gemini is situated north-east from Orion, and almost due east from the Pleiades, and is one of the signs of the zodiac. It has Cancer on the east, Taurus on the west, and the Lynx on the north. The orbit of the earth, or the apparent circle described by the sun in his annual course, passes through the middle of this constellation. From the 21st of June till the 23rd of
July, the sun passes through this sign, but the stars of which it is composed are then invisible, being overpowered by the superior brightness of the solar rays. This constellation is easily distinguished by two brilliant stars, denominated Castor and Pollux, which are within five degrees of each other. Castor, a star of the first magnitude, is the northernmost of the two; and Pollux, a star of the second magnitude, is situated a little to the south-east of it. Castor is found by the telescope to be a double star, the smaller one being invisible to the naked eye; and, from a long series of observations, it is found that the smaller star is revolving around the larger with a slow motion, and that a complete revolution will occupy more than 300 years. About twenty degrees south-west of Castor and Pollux are three small stars, nearly in a straight line, and about three or four degrees distant from each other. The southermost of the three lies nearly in a line with Pollux and the star Betelguese, in the constellation of Orion, but somewhat nearer to Betelguese than to Pollux. These stars, in the hieroglyphic figure of Gemini, form the feet of the twins.

Directly south of Gemini is the constellation of Canis Minor, or the Lesser Dog. It is situated about midway between Gemini and Canis Major, or the Greater Dog, and has Hydra on the east, and Orion on the west. It consists of only about fourteen stars visible to the naked eye, the principal of which is Procyon, a bright star between the first and second magnitude. It is almost directly south from Pollux, and distant from it about twenty-four degrees. The next brightest star in this constellation, which is considerably smaller than Procyon, is called Gomezea, and is situated about four degrees north-west of Procyon.

South by west of Canis Minor, at the distance of nearly thirty degrees, is Canis Major, or the Greater Dog. It is south-east from the belt of Orion, and due east from the constellation of Lepus, or the Hare, at the distance of ten degrees. Canis Major is easily distinguished by the brilliancy of its principal star, Sirius, which is apparently the largest and brightest fixed star in the heavens, so that it is generally considered as one of the nearest of these distant orbs, though its distance from the earth is computed at not less than twenty billions of miles; and a cannon ball, moving over this immense space at the rate of nineteen miles a minute, would require more than two millions of years before it could reach this distant orb. Sirius is south by east of Betelguese in the left shoulder of Orion, at the distance of twenty-seven degrees, and south-east from the lower star in the belt, at the distance of twenty-three degrees. A line drawn through the three stars which form the belt, towards the south-east, leads the eye directly to Sirius, which, at the period and hour we have stated, is about twelve degrees above the south-easterly point of the horizon; a line drawn from Betelguese south-east towards Sirius, and thence to the north-east, meets Procyon in Canis Minor, and continued nearly due west, it again meets Betelguese, so that these three stars seem to form a large triangle, which is nearly equilateral. Another triangle is formed by drawing a line eastward from Betelguese to Procyon, as a base, from Procyon straight north to Pollux, and from thence again south-west to Betelguese, which forms a right-angled triangle, having the right angle at the star Procyon, and the line extending from Pollux to Betelguese forms the hypotenuse.

Several interesting chapters are devoted to comets, to nebulae, and to shooting-stars. The plates and diagrams are plain and well executed; and the whole of the work merits, what it will assuredly find, the warmest approbation of the public.

Stanislaus of Cracow; an Historical Tale. By S. B. Gnorowski, Author of "The Insurrection of Poland in 1830." Saunders and Otley.

It is impossible for any one to open this extraordinary little volume, without being in a moment completely absorbed by its interesting contents. In some passages it is eloquent, impassioned, and poetical to a high degree, and its matter evidently founded on fact, and our only regret, after eagerly perusing the whole, is that any fictitious superstructure should be built on so majestic a basis of truth. The romantic story blended with these pages is, however, very slight, yet its introduction is sufficient to injure the deep pathos of the realities contained in the volume. Never let Gnorowski imagine for a moment, that the aid of fiction is needed to make the sufferings and wrongs of his countrymen come home to any bosom possessed of a true and upright heart. Moreover the events of the last Polish war of independence are too close upon our times to afford the proper mental perspective needful for a fine effect in fiction; the author should remember, that the following aphorism holds good in literary as well as in pictorial composition.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Facts, on the contrary, cannot too speedily be recorded or they lose that indivi-
duality which is the true charm of the contemporary chronicle. Thus the whole career of Stanislaus, unconnected with his love story, is well written, natural, and truly pathetic, and little do we doubt that it is as true as it is touching; indeed, the false vein of fictitious metal which runs through the volume is ever betrayed by the forced and flighty stratum under which it appears. All the faults of the volume belong to its romantic portion; all its beauties appertain to the real history of Polish emigration.

We were exceedingly struck with the commencing chapter, which gives a sketch of the natural character of the inhabitants of Cracow. We learn from these pages the extraordinary fact, that Cracow is still free. This assertion strikes, now, strangely upon our ears: we leave our readers to judge from our author’s words, and should be very glad to see in a real historical work from his pen, some confirmation and detail of this assertion. A history of Cracow to the present moment would be an excellent subject for his pen.

They once furnished the nucleus of a kingdom, which defended Europe during twelve centuries against a countless host of savages and barbarians. Since the fall of that glorious kingdom, they have again formed the nucleus of a hope that will survive the storm of as many ages. It was from the midst of them that the immortal Kosciusko, from being a forlorn wanderer in foreign lands, without friends or means, started at once as the hero and chief of a victorious army; and it was they who honoured his memory with a monument, over which, time seems to possess no power.

This monument consists of an elevated hill, superposed on another mountain, at a few miles distance from Cracow. It is higher than any other known monument of this description. Persons of both sexes, young and old, came from all parts of Poland to take part, spared in hand, in the work. A portion of the earth, brought from the field of Macieiwice, where Kosciusko fell, was placed within the mountain, round the hero’s heart. It is a truly wonderful mountain, such as I have never seen or heard of elsewhere.

No sculptor fashioned it, neither did a Pygmalion ever breathe into it his spirit; and yet it visibly smiles and frowns, encourages and threatens. It smiles upon, and encourages, the city of Cracow, that lays extended at its base, together with the whole of Galicia—part of Prussian, and the greater part of Russian Poland. At other times it seems invisibly to ascend into the clouds, and then it has the voice of an archangel, with which it threatens Vienna, St. Petersburgh, and Berlin. And not in vain. Be it chance, Providence, or whatever else, it would be difficult to explain why the three sceptred robbers, when lately dividing for the sixth time the body of Poland, could not agree amongst themselves upon the possession of Cracow, and left it an independent existence. Thus the great man, who during his life never bent to their power, conquered for himself even a free tomb. Such is the ascendency of virtue—that tyrants, whilst they call it a mere illusion, yet dread to come in contact with it.

“Hurrah for the Cracovians!” was heard throughout Poland, when that monument was raised—“Poland is not yet lost, whilst we live!”

Some poetry of a brilliant order is scattered through these pages, we were (notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of the language) forcibly struck with the moral axiom contained in a few lines from the great Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz.

“Henceforth heed we—all and each,
Solemn warning that ye teach:
Whoso here hath never tasted
Sorrow, but his life hath wasted
In unmeaning joy below,
Higher bliss can never know.”

Adam Mickiewicz.

There are beauties of a higher order in the verses entitled the “Polish Mother,” translated from the same great author.

By the way our author makes the drollest mistakes whenever he touches on the subject of phrenology; this is a common case among our own countrymen; we never met with any allusion to that science in a work of fiction, whether the author like Capt. Marryatt railed and scoffed, or whether like Gnoryowski praise were bestowed, but that blunders were made to the infinite amusement of those who were acquainted with the science. Gnoryowski for instance considers that benevolence was greatly developed in his heroine, because she had a low forehead. This, as the phrenologists would say, is bad causality, for in that ease the fair Julia would be an exception to, not a confirmation of phrenological principles. We earnestly entreat all authors, whether foreign or British, to learn at least the first principles of a science before they commence the task of either
blaming or praising it. Pray what would an Italian scholar think of a critic who wrote a dissertation on Dante's "Inferno" without knowing a word of the language, or ever having read even a fair translation of the poem. It takes as much time and study to obtain a fair knowledge of phrenology, as it does to learn any language, and that knowledge can for useful purposes be only rendered available when infused into a soul, which is far above the ordinary level of human sagacity,—into such a mind, indeed, as can by compounding the 'apparent' qualities on the one hand and well weighing them in the balance, see how far all such qualities are likely to work upon human character,—so, also, when subdivided, or apart, be able to judge in what proportion each is likely to exert its agency upon the mind, as in the case of the organs of combativeness and benevolence,—the former, if preponderating, would perpetually lead such individual into mischievous dispute, while the latter would only cause the individual to be willing to do good, but the two together, the latter preponderating, would produce in the individual character that active spirit of benevolence,—which would oppose itself to every act of oppression on the one hand, more or less as combustiveness approached in equality to benevolence,—but never would such an one turn a deaf ear to suffering humanity. Let the public judge, then, how oddly the comments of our writers, in general, must seem to those who really are acquainted with that science as far as it is yet developed.

After all, the little volume is replete with original beauties, and though in places it is far enough from perfect, needing some correction and a little pruning down of flights, that seem like those orientalisms with which both Polish customs and literature are somewhat imbued, yet it well-deserves the favor with which we are sure it will be received by the public.

We conclude with the following simple but heart-stirring national appeal.

To your bayonets, Poles,
For your country striking home!
And the pealing drum rolls,
As they answer "We come!"
For our land and our freedom
To conquer or die.

The Haymarket Theatre.—The abundant bill of fare nightly presented by this House, has furnished a constant succession of novelty during the past month.—Power is himself a host, enacting most of his favourite characters and with an approximation not far distant from a something, which shews he has yet other powers, which will one day fit him, most probably, for a higher and very different department of the drama. Macready sustains the tragic sceptre with his wonted ability. The new and broad farce of Hobbs, Dobbs, and Stubbs, has proved eminently successful:—Three worthy grocers rejoicing in those euphonious names, display remarkable acuteness in detecting certain errors in the domiciles of their partners, without once dreaming of looking at home, and the humour of the piece turns upon the delicate endeavour made by each to communicate the sad intelligence—the audience, as well they might, was in continued fits of laughter—and this piece is likely to become, with less or no reference at all, to certain 'foundling' occurrences, (much better omitted) a stock favorite.

Catlin's North American Indian Gallery.—To all those interested in a portion of the human race fast vanishing from the face of the globe,—the wild tribes of the Red men of North America,—this exhibition will prove at once highly interesting and instructive. Mr. Catlin, an artist of considerable talent, having dwelt several years amongst many of the more important tribes, has been enabled to form a gallery of three hundred portraits of their most celebrated chiefs and braves—a gallery certainly most unique and valuable of its class. To these are added many paintings of Prairie scenes, Indian villages, dances, hunts, religious ceremonies, and tortures, with a profusion of costumes, arms, and curiosities, all of which Mr. Catlin states it to be his intention ultimately to bequeath to Europe, in order that a nucleus may thereby be formed for the foundation of a museum, dedicated to the reception of objects useful as illustrations of the history of the Aborigines of North America; who, it seems very probable, will ere long, leave behind few other vestiges of their habits, manners, and customs.

The Cosmorama has made its annual change of views, the most effective of which is the city of Constantinople during the confusion which occurred last August, destroying about 3700 houses; the dioramic effect of the changing flames is very cleverly managed. The bird's eye view of Rome presents most of the principal features of the Eternal City, though the distemper-like tone in which it is painted, is not the most pleasing. The view on the Lake of Thun, in Switzerland, however, is free from such objection, and is altogether the best painted piece of the series.
Exhibitions, &c.

The Prince’s Theatre.—Herr Schumann commenced his German operatic season on the 27th ultimo with Der Freischütz, and that chef-d’œuvre was given with admirable precision, keeping, and unpretending excellence. There was no attempt at that individual display by which on the Italian stage the dramatic impersonation so frequently merges in the identity of the singer, but we fear that that taste and judgment, which in our opinion is entitled to all praise and are the best characteristics of the German company, will lack the appreciation it deserves at the hands of the multitude, as not exhibiting an extraordinary display of sole and starlike talent. The principal singers are Mad. Fischer-Schwartzbock (prima donna), Herr Schneerz (first tenor), and Herr Pfeck (first bass). The excellent choruses are led by Herr Schneider. The orchestra, though small, has been carefully trained, and gives its support with admirable judgment and precision. The theatre was well filled, and the slight and gentle applause and absence of encores bore testimony of a gently-bred audience.

The Sixth Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours is in no degree inferior to its precursors either in the number or merit of the works of those artists whose names appear in the catalogue, and the goodly list of pictures marked “sold” is a tolerable, if not the best evidence of the Society’s success. Aaron Penley, W. N. Hardwick, Alfred Taylor, and Edward Corbould figure prominently in their several departments. No. 33, “The Negro” of the first named artist is an admirable conception; the single figure of the travel-worn African is full of sentiment and truly characteristic. No. 83, “Fitch and Toss” by the same, exhibits great firmness and decision. No. 275, “The last Man” by Hardwick. The group of famished sufferers on the raft is painted with painful force—the sunset hues of sea and sky are most gorgeous. No. 263, “The Stadthouse, &c. at the Hague” by the same pencil is a more sober but not less attractive subject. The grotesque sketches by A. H. Taylor, No. 102, “The Jam Tart”; No. 74, “Cutting his stick”; No. 209, “Taking pains”; and, No. 165, “The young Fisherman,” evince a free and flowing style. Edward Corbould in his “Canterbury Pilgrims” has shewn very great talent in composition and careful research in costumic details and accessories,—though the fantasy of his picture is too vehement, and if not checked in time will fall into that extravagance so perniciously indulged in by Maclise and others, who thus reprehensively fritter away their genius. The magnificent jupon of the knight, for instance, in its glossy preservation does not look, as Chaucer says,

“—all besmotred with his habergeon”—

but too trim even to have seen many days service. This tendency to lavish gaudiness gives a theatrical tone to all the productions of this otherwise promising artist. These remarks apply with equal truth to No. 244,

“HARKE! HARKE!
The dogs do barke.
The beggers be comyng to toune—"

No. 230, “Interior,” is excellent in composition; but the lights are thrown in raw and glaringly. No. 222, well named “Jump!” by John Absaloon, is a pretty little sketch of a loving pair costumed in the attire of the middle of the last century stopped by a stile in their ramble through the meadows; the lady having mounted on the topmost rail is encouraged by her inamorato to “Jump.” No. 214, A large highly-finished drawing of Bolton Abbey, though too bright and spotty is not without considerable merit. In No. 247, “British Queen Steam Ship in a gale,” by O. H. Brierly, the water is too rigid and marly for the wild freedom of nature. No. 205, “Near the passage de l’Échelle, St. Sauveur, Pyrénées,” by W. Oliver, is a rough and vigorous sketch; and, No. 178, “A sketch from nature at St. Goar, on the Rhine,” is boldly washed in, but too affectedly indistinct for any thing but a mere memorandum of the spot. H. Johnston’s Dona Nicotta (No. 196) tells the story well, but we cannot overlook the faulty execution of both drawing and colour. No. 162, “Love me, love my Dog,” by L. Hicks, is a marvelous piece of insipidity. No. 163, “Cottage at Copthorne,” by G. Sims, is a bright little gem. “The Ladye Chapel, York Minster,” (No. 164, by J. S. Pratt) wants the grey sobriety of the old sanctuary. No. 142, “Castle and Town of Fox,” by W. Oliver, is an admirable specimen of minute pencilling and shows a correct eye for detail. No. 150, “The Stranger’s heart is with her own,” by Fanny Corbeaux, is a very pretty subject very prettily treated. A curious effect is got in No. 69, “A father’s adieu unheeded,” by E. H. Wehnert; it appears drawn upon sand paper. No. 80, “The late Scholar,” by G. B. Campion, is a good subject, but not well handled. Meretricious colouring and a very faulty drawing are glaringly apparent in B. R. Green’s “Raphael shewing his designs to his patrons.” No. 67, the artist will do well to set himself to a long and unremitting study from the life ere he again exhibit publicly. Scene near Leyden,” by H. Bright, though perhaps not a legitimate work of art, is, nevertheless, a clever production, the effect of snow being very curiously produced by cutting the surface of the paper.

In our next we may probably speak of many pictures still claiming our notice in their various degrees of merit.
March 28.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. Her Majesty honoured Mr. E. E. Bailey, R.A., with a sitting for the nuptial medal. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the Italian Opera House with their presence.

29 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager and the Princess Augusta, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Hereditary Prince, took an airing in the parks in an open barouche and four.

30.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

1.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

2.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne with their company at a grand fête at Lansdowne House.

3.—Her Majesty held a court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of an address on the throne from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Duchess of Inverness had an audience of the Queen.

4.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Italian Opera House with their presence.

5. (Sunday).—Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager and the Princess Augusta, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, took an airing in an open barouche and four.

6.—The Queen held a levee at St. James’s Palace. Her Majesty afterwards held an investiture of the Most Hon. Military Order of the Bath.

7.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne.

8.—The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a poney phaeton and afterwards honoured the performance of Mr. C. Kemble as Benedict, in Much Ado about Nothing, at Covent Garden Theatre.

9.—The Queen held her first Drawing-room this season.

10.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audiences of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took a drive in the Park in a poney chaise with outriders. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, honoured the performance of Mr. Charles Kemble, at Covent Garden Theatre, with their presence.

11.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert drove in a poney phaeton, and honoured the Italian Opera House with their presence, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha.

12 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and Princess Augusta attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Hereditary Prince, took an airing in the parks in an open barouche and four.

13.—Her Majesty held a court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of some of the Foreign Ministers. Viscount Melbourne had an audience, after which the Queen and Prince Albert drove in a poney chaise.

14.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Normanby, and Viscount Melbourne. The Queen and Prince Albert drove in the parks in a poney chaise.

15.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince, left town for Windsor Castle. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent took up her residence at Ingestrie-house, Belgrave Square.

16.—Windsor. Her Majesty and Prince Albert rode out in a poney phaeton, for an hour, in the Green Park.

17 (Good Friday).—Windsor.—The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince, and also by the visitors and royal suite, attended divine service in St. George’s Chapel. The whole of the royal party afterwards rode out, some in poney phaetons, and some on horseback, in the Great Park.

18 (Windsor).—The Queen and Prince Albert, the Hereditary Prince, and a great part of the royal suite, witnessed a review of the Rifle Corps.

19 (Saturday).—Windsor.—The Queen and Prince Albert, and all the visitors of the castle (except the Duchess of Kent and the Hereditary Prince), attended divine service at St. George’s Chapel. Her Majesty and Prince Albert received the sacrament.

20. (Windsor) H. R. H. Prince Albert rode from the castle on horseback, and a short time after Her Majesty, in a poney phaeton and pair, driven by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, the Duchess of Kent and the rest of the royal suite and visitors in carriages and on horseback (all the gentlemen in the Windsor uniform) left the castle for Ascot to witness the turn-out.

21. (Windsor) The Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and other members of the Royal party honoured the performance of Mr. Elzy’s anthem (composed as an exercise for his Doctor’s degree) in the music room of the Castle. Her Majesty and Prince Albert afterwards drove out in a poney phaeton in the Great Park.
The Queen's Gazette.

22. (Windsor) Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha rode out into the Great Park and Forest Drives in pony phaetons and pairs.

23. (Windsor) Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent and Prince Ernest, accompanied and attended by most of the visitors and suite rode by the New Lodge on Ascot Heath.

24. (Windsor) Her Majesty and Prince Albert left the Castle in a pony phaeton, and rode through Windsor and Eton to Dromore, a large party following in phaetons.

25. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha arrived at Buckingham Palace, in an open carriage and four from Windsor Castle. The Queen and Prince Albert and Prince Ernest honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

26. Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

27. Viscount Melbourne and Sir Hussey Vivian had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert visited the Duchess of Gloucester, at Gloucester-house.

28. Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha rode in the Parks in a pony phaeton. Her Majesty and his Serene Highness visited the Duchess of Kent at Ingestrie-house, Belgravesquare. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by Ernest, honoured the Italian Opera house with their presence.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, March 30,* April 18, 27.

H. S. H.; the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, 11,* 16, 17, 18.

Duchess of Northumberland, March 30.

Duke of Devonshire, 30.

Duke of Cambridge, 30.

Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, 30.

Viscount Melbourne, 30.

Lady Adelaide Paget, 30.

Lady Robert Grosvenor, April 8.

Viscount Duncannon, 1.

Earl of Mulgrave, 3.

Sir G. Anson, 3.

Earl of Listowel, 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 11.

Countess of Listowel, 8.

Mr. Rich, 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 11.

Col. Bouverie, 4,* 8, 9, 10,* 11, 16, 17, 18.


Sir H. Wheatley, 9.

Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey, 9, 16, 17.

Lord Lyttleton, 13.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, 8, 14.

Lady Fanny Cowper, 14.


Sir E. L. Bulwer, 14.

Lady J. Ponsonby, 14.

Countess of Charlemont, 16, 17.

Sir R. Oway, 16, 17.

Hon. Miss Spring Rice, 17, 18.

Ladies E. and C. Paget, 18.

Baron Stockmar, 18.

Lord Byron, 17, 18.

Lady A. M. Dawson, 18, 27.

Admiral Sir A. Oway, 18.

The Swedish Minister and Countess Bjorana, 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 11.

Marchioness of Normandy, April 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 11.

Marquis of Normandy, April 3.

Hon. Miss Pitt, April 17, 18.

Hon. Miss Anson, 28,* 30.

Hon. Miss Paget, March 28,* 4, 8, 16, 17, 18.

Earl of Albemarle, 3.

Earl of Enrol, March 30, April 3, 8, 9, 16, 17, 18.

Earl of Uxbridge, March 30, April 8, 9, 16, 17, 18.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, March 30, April 6, 9, 16, 17, 18.

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 11.

Countess of Uxbridge, 18.


Viscount Morpeth, 1.

Lord Holland, 3.

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, 14.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird, 18.

Baroness Lehzen, March 30, April 16, 17, 18.

Hon. C. A. Murray, March 30, April 10,* 17.

Mr. Seymour, March 28, April 4,* 8, 10,* 11, 17, 18.

Baron de Lowenfels, 30.

Baron de Grueben, March 28,* 30, April 16, 17, 18, 27.

Lord Lilford, 8, 27.

Colonel Wemyss, March 28,* 30, April 13.

Lord and Lady George Lennox, 1, 8, 14.

Mr. G. E. Anson, 17, 27.

Lady Ida Hay, 9, 16, 17.

Earl of Fingall, March 30.

Hon. W. Cowper, March 28,* 30, April 18.

Lady Frances Cowper, 14.

Colonel Couper, 13.

[Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre.]

Accident to Prince Albert.—On the 20th ultimo, the day appointed for the Royal Hunt at Ascot, His Royal Highness mounted on a high-spirited horse, left Windsor Castle about 9 o'clock. In the Home Park the animal took fright and ran away. The Prince, though a good rider, was precipitated to the ground, but we are rejoiced to say, without sustaining much injury. Having mounted another horse, which was speedily brought to him, the Prince proceeded forward. Her Majesty, who was driven in a phaeton by Prince Ernest, had not passed the Castle gates when this occurred.
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(838). — Carriage Costume or Visiting Dress.—Toiles de Long Champs.—Morning dress; white, corsege à cœur (open and low in front), with a few gathers at the bottom of the waist, both at front and back. The sleeves are very full, gathered into three full bouillons at top, and two at the wrist (see plate), round the bottom of the skirt are two rows of embroidery done in colonet and small knots; between these two rows, and below the lowest are two sets of three tucks, cut on the crossway of the material, and put on without any space being left between (see plate), the tucks are about half a finger in depth, and the upper one of each set is put on with a small lieré (piping). The hat is of white pour de soie, it is very small, the front sits round to the face, and it comes very low at the sides. A bunch of drooping flowers is at the left side, and underneath the front, are three full blown roses at each side (see plate). The hair is in plain bands, flat collar of gothic lace, with ruffles of the same, falling over the hands.—Venetian neck chain, from which depends a Saint Esprit, white kid gloves, black varnished shoes, plain silk stockings. Sitting Figure.—Dress of cedar colour, pour de soie, the corsege demi-decolletée, and fitting tight to the bust. Long full sleeves, with three bouillons at top. Collar of guipure, white hat of crêpe bouilloné, with a bunch of drooping feathers at the side; white kid gloves.

(No. 840).—Court Ball Dress.—Dress of pink satin, over a splendid under dress à l'antique of rich white brocade. The corsege of the dress is tight to the bust; the front is cut in four pieces (see plate), and has a very slight point; at top, a small piece is sloped off at each side, rather in the stomacher fashion, and through which appears an under corsege of the same brocade as the front of the skirt. The sleeve of the dress is very short and tight, and covered all but the shoulder strap with three frills of blonde put on so as to sit up; three more, but a great deal deeper, fall down in the usual style (see plate), finished by a full bouquet of this very elegant sleeve). The skirt of the dress in style of a court train, only reaches to the sides of the waist a little more forward than the arm. It is caught back at distances with full blown roses, with silver buds, five in the length of the skirt; the skirt is likewise ornamented with two splendid blonde flounces (see plate) of an amazing width; and a similar rose to those on the skirt loops up the three falls of blonde on the sleeve at the front of the arm. The hair is in smooth bands, a double guirlande of small roses crosses the top of the head in two places (see plate), finished by a full bouquet of large and small roses, as low as in front of the ear at one side, while a bouquet of silver buds is placed in a corresponding position at the other. The long lappets are of blonde; white kid gloves, only long enough to cover the wrists, the tops trimmed with a puffing of satin ribbon from which depend two flowing ruffles. White satin shoes; fan.

Sitting Figure.—This dress is of blue court.
crape with two deep flounces of white blonde. Sleeves and coiffure the same as the one just described.

No. 841.—Walking Dresses—Modes de Long Champs—Standing Figure.—Dress of grey striped silk. Corsage, three quarters high, closed entirely with a button to the bust, with small pelerine of the same, pointed at the waist in front. Sleeves brought very low on the shoulder, with three bouillons of satin, the colour of the dress, and a tuck of the material itself (see plate); the remainder full to the wrist, when they are fastened by the narrowest wristband, possible, and finished by a deep ruffle of the silk of the dress, which falls over the hand (see plate); down each side of the front is a bouillon trimming of satin, ending a little above the bottom of the dress, in the form of the lower part of an S. (see plate), and finished by four coques of satin, and two pointed ends. This trimming gives the front of the dress an appearance of what is called the "Tablier." The capote is of Gros d'Inde, colour mais; the crown sits so flat, that it has the appearance of being cut all in one with the front, a puffing of gauze crosses the bonnet instead of a ribbon, and a branch of lilac droops low at one side. Two frills of lace are worn instead of a collar; white kid gloves; brooch.

Sitting Figure.—Dress of soie glacé. Corsage half high, and with a slight point. Sleeves full, with three bouillons at top. Hat of white poux de soie, with lilac (mixed white and lilac), at one side, and underneath the front. Gold feronnière; hair neck-chain; lace frill; brooch; cambric ruffles; white kid gloves; mauve parasol. Hair in bands.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 23, 1840.

Eh! bien ma toute belle, Long-Champs, that great epoch in our modes is over, and I am enabled to say, that we have bid farewell for the present to velvets, furs, and all our other winter apparel. Not ma chère that we have adopted our gay butterfly toilettes, yet, for these cruel north winds forbid such temerity I may call it, for it certainly would be a hazardous experiment for our healths. Next month we may hope for better, when this Lune Rousse, as all our good old country people call the April moon, is over, and which is not genial more than once, perhaps, in upwards of twenty years; but there is an old ballad that says:—

"Faute prendre le temps comme il vient."

Therefore, instead of talking of the ever-varying weather, let us talk of what was to be seen at Long-Champs.

For Hats paille de riz, poux de soie, and crape are the materials. They are small, the front sitting round to the face, and the crown small and flat, so much so that some appear as if cut all in one. There are about as many drawn as plain, but the former are more worn by the younger belles than by the mamans. Some are trimmed with gauze, mais entre-nous ma chère this are not, but the wear of a day; both dust and sun rain gauze, and you know we cannot always be shut up in our carriages. To avoid this, some of our élégantes of the very haut ton prefer having a little ribbon instead. But flowers were never more general, and at the same time more distingué than at present. Some have a couronne of flowers; a couronne is a species of wreath; it crosses the entire front of the hat, and comes down a little at the sides. A couronne of roses intermixed with large daisies, on a white poux de soie, is one of the most elegant things that can be imagined. A camellia, or some other hot-house flower of that colour, or white, is lovely on a pale pink. Coral colour flowers on a primrose colour hat is also beautiful: in short, there is a great art in adapting flowers to a coloured hat. Another improvement is a ruche (quilling) round the edge of the front. This becomes every lady. Some of these ruches are of silk, the same as the hat, cut out at the edge in small mitres, it is scarcely more than an inch in width, and is quilled in the centre; it is double, and others are of tulle—silk tulle of course, the same width, double and quilled in the same manner. Flowers are also worn underneath the fronts of the hats, and feathers are highly fashionable, especially for married ladies.

Dresses.—Cashmere, satin, and silk dresses prevailed. The corsages are only half or three quarters high, the front sloped en cœur, or else to cross the waist. The sleeves with three bouillons at top, and two at the wrist, and a cuff or frill of the same falling over the hand. A few tight plain sleeves were, however, to be seen, for some of our ladies have persisted in them. Notwithstanding this, I think they will be oftener adopted in evening dress than in walking costume. Bouillon trimmings, tucks, puffings, quillings, and such like fancy trimmings, are decidedly more elegant than flounces, although you do still see some of the latter. Some of the skirts have the trimming down one side, as if they crossed, and others have two rows, giving to the dress the effect of a tablier. The waists, if anything, have increased a little in length, and the dresses are worn very long.

Shawls are still in favor. Black silk and cashmere, trimmed with lace, have replaced the velvet ones trimmed with ermine. China crape shawls, with deep fringes, are getting into favor. The real summer shawls have not, however, made their appearance.

Spencers.—The generality of the young ladies at Long-Champs wore black velvet
spencers, with silk or cashmere skirts; these spencers have rather a singular appearance of antiquity. The corsage is tight, and à pointe; the sleeves tolerably tight, with the exception of a puffed top, which reminds us of the costume of the time of Catherine de Medicis, and the beautiful Mary of Scotland. When our eye becomes a little more accustomed to them, no doubt we shall find them ravissantes. Some are trimmed round the waist with black lace, and others with a row of what our bonne-mamans used to call tabs; a few were plain round the waist. The spencers are fastened down the front by a row of handsome silk buttons.

**BALL DRESSES.**—The most elegant full dresses are of satin, with a corsage à pointe; an open skirt, and a rich white brocaded as a petticoat. The dancing dresses are of cape, looped up, and trimmed with flowers. The sleeves from being short and tight have undergone another change; a model of which you have in the Court ball costume. I refer you to that plate, instead of repeating: at the same time, ma belle, do not think the plate shows us out, on the contrary, many of our fair ones pride themselves on their constancy in wearing them. 'Tis well, you will say, to be constant in any thing, for of all the saints in the calendar, our françaises are least addicted to worshipping St. Constant: it is, perhaps, why the worthy saint is only introduced into the Almanack about every five years, or so.

The gloves continue immoderately short, they cover the wrists, that is all; the tops are trimmed with figthings or quillings of satin ribbon, quillings of tulle, flowers, or maraboutes. Berthes of guipure, or of old-fashioned lace, with ruffles or engagées, are worn; collars of the same in morning dress are also de mode.

Brodequins (half-boots) are a good deal worn; the fronts are of varnished leather, and the backs of any colour or material to go with a dress.

The front hair in bands, with or without the ends braid, and turned up again, or in long full ringlets à l'anglaise.

The back hair is still worn dressed as low as possible at the back of the neck, in braids, chignons, and rouleaux. Lappets are frequently intermixed with the flowers. Feuillées are very fashionable.

**Parasols.**—A fashionable parasol is not larger than one that might be given to a child of three years old! some are white, lined with pink, very bad for the eyes, you will admit, but then it is de mode! others are green with a little fringe, and à manche broisée, (with a spring that turns it sideways.) And now for the prevailing shades.

**Colours.**—For hats, white, pink, mauve glace de blanc, and primrose. For dresses, two shades of grey, one light the other a little dark, lavender and drab.

And now if you have had enough of fashions, I will describe one of our last Carnaval fêtes, given by ma belle Sœur the Baronne de F——, only fancy ma toute belle, a scene of perfect enchantment. A suite of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of her guests. We were first introduced into the Salon de réception, which you are aware is furnished in the first style of splendour, from thence we joined the dancers in the ball room which was resplendent with lustres, mirrors, &c. When the last of the fairies' guests, sticking it on the light fantastic toe, or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first, by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid, wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than it looks, &c.; quivering with the sight of the Laiterie Suiss. We entered the library, over the door was written Salon de Lecture, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and everything that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with long white beard, who, examining your palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantinière offered us liqueurs from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye' bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Charlatan who distributed, in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, étagères, &c., here you chose a ticket and went on to a theatre where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV, was seen walking surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suite vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of preception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentleman she gave work boxes, Chinese figures, and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff boxes, pipes, tobacco, pouches, &c. Adieu! I have only room to say, &c., aime toujours ton amie.

L de F.—
THE COURT
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields.
Office for the Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births, and Deaths after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England.—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where the death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact of where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home, an event of daily occurrence to one or other of parties marrying. So important, indeed, do we ourselves consider this registration to be, that we have little doubt that ere long there are few persons concerned who will be incon siderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten;—when, such a record as this registration affords, might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presump tive of the day of birth, as proof positive of an individual’s age.

BIRTHS.
Alexander, lady of George, M.D., of the Hon. E. I. Comp’s Service, of a son. Hampshire, Feb. 27.
Bentinck, lady of Walter, Esq., of a son; Gloucester-place, Portman-sq., March 20.
Brooke, lady of W., Esq., of a son; Margate, March 30.
Cumming, lady of Dr., of a son; Trichinopoly, E. I., Dec. 22.
Cruckshank, lady of Patrick, Esq., of a dau.; Hyde-park-gardens, April 3.
Graeme, lady of H. S., Esq., of a dau.; Glocester Terrace, Regent’s Park, April 3.
Greig, lady of Dr., of a son; Leystone, Essex, April 17.
Hardy, lady of M., Junr., Esq., of a dau.; Cumberland Terrace, Regent’s Park, March 20.
Jenkins, lady of a son; Mansfield-st., March 20.
Jolly, lady of Wm., Esq., of a dau.; Catter, Dumbartonshire, March 19.
Kinchards, lady of Capt. R., I. N., of a son; Boulogne-Sur-Mer, March 17.
Marshall, Mrs. G. S. of a son; Bernard-street, Russell-square.
Martin, lady of E., Esq., of a dau; Richmond, Surrey, March 1.

Martin, lady of Capt. — Rif. Brigade, of a son; Edgbaston, near Birmingham, March 11.
Neale, lady of Wm., Esq., of a dau.; Park-square, April 3.
Parbury, lady of Lieut. Chas., I. N., of a son; Upper Warton-st., Feb. 28.
Pearson, lady of Capt. H., 19th Lancers, of a dau.; March 8.
Pemberton, lady of Lieut. Col., 56th Regt., N. I., of a son; Dinapore, E. I., Jan. 11.
Platt, lady of Thomas, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; April 10.
Pomfret, Countess of, of a dau.; in Belgrave-street, April 10.
Burton, lady of Wm., Esq., of a son; Hampstead, March 22.
Rawlings, lady of John, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a dau.; Tottenham-park, March 26.
Richmond, lady of J., Esq., of a son; Madras, Jan. 15.
Scholfield, lady of the Rev. Philip, of a son; Green-st., Grosvenor-sq., April 19.
Tupman, lady of Capt. Geo., of a son; Boulogne-sur-Mer, April 1.
Valentine, lady of the Rev. W., M. A., chaplain of the London Hospital, of a dau.; April 19.
Wint, lady of W. S., Esq., of the 13th Light Drag. of a dau.; Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 31.
Watts, Lady of the Rev. George, of a son; Rectory, Ewhurst, April 27.
Bartram, Maria d. of John T——, Esq., to William Coulson, Esq.; St. Pancras Church; 28th March.
Beck, Marianne 2nd. d. of William ——, Esq., to James M. Burges, Esq.; Mitcham, April 7th.
Bicknell, Elizabeth Mary, 2nd. d. of Thos. ——, Esq., to Jas. Martyr, Esq. Greenwich, April 2.
Bird, Ellen Jane, d. of the late Rev. Robt. ——, of North Kilsea, Lincolnshire, to Mr. Clarke, Solicitor, of Newport Monmouthshire; Upton-on-Severn, April 9.
Bishop, Frances Catherine, d. of the late Chas. ——, Esq., of Slaugham Park, Sussex; Brighton, March 21.
Boulterbe, Henriette only d. of John ——, Esq., of Seymour-terrace, to John Mair, Esq., of Watling Street; Kensington, March 28.
Brandley, Ann ygst. d. of Jos. ——, Esq., to Hew, son of the late Capt. Hew Stewart, R.N., of Dalguise; St. Peter’s Church, Colombo, Jan. 2.
Brodie, Cecilia, 6th. and ygst. d. of the late Alexander ——, D. D., formerly vicar of Eastbourne, to Richard Chambers, Esq., M. D., of Upton-on-Severn; Eastbourne, April 9.
Bruford, Mary eld. d. of Thomas ——, Esq., Grove Place, Brixton, to John Jones, Esq., of Bath; Briston Church, March 26.
Caddick, Lady Louisa, d. of the Rev. W. Marsh, D. D., Rector of St. Thomas, Birmingham; St. George’s, Hanover Square, April 21
Campbell, Ellen 5th. d. of C——, Esq., M. D., Member of the Medical Board, to the Rev. C. Garbett; Calcutta, Jan. 3.
Carruthers, Mary Ann eld. d. of John ——, Esq., to Geo. Bayley, Esq.; Spiddalhurst, April 7.
Chatfield, Mary d. of the late Capt. W——, Madras Esq., to C. W. Dilke, Esq.; Chelsea, March 30.
Clarke, Jane eld. d. of the late Wm——, Esq., Archibald Campbell, Esq., Capt. 22d Regt., St. Ann’s Church, Belfast—lately.
Cole, ygst. d. of Charles ——, Esq., of Paston Hall, Northamptonshire, to John Prettyjohn, Esq., of Barbadoes; Paston, April 8.
Cornwall, Catherine Elizabeth d. of the late Sir George, to Thomas Chester Master, Esq., M. P.; Maccos Court, Herefordshire April 7.

Costa, Angelina 3rd. d. of the late S. G——, Esq., M. D.; Brussels, April 14.
Cressey, Mary Catherine only d. of the late W——, Esq., of Stock, Essex, to Robert William Lewis, Esq., of Brentwood; Stoke Newington, April 18.
Crossman, Fanny Jane ygst. d. of the Rev. P. G——, Chaplain to the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, to I. J. Clark, Esq., of Herefordplace; St. Mary’s, Lambeth, April 2.
De Fauvel, Marie Amelia eld. d. of Capt. Lewis ——, late Ist. Regiment Cuirassiers, to John Harvey, Esq.; Calcutta, Jan. 1.
Deurg, Adele Clotilde, 2nd. d. of the late Peter ——, Esq., of Xerez de la Frontiers, to the Baron Du Queray; Paris, March 12.
Dobree, Mary ygst. d. of Bonamy ——, Esq., Great Cumberland St., Hyde Park, to Geo. MacCall, Esq., of H. M. 84th Regiment; St. Mary’s Church, Brompton-square, March 21.
Emmet, Eliza, ygst. d. of Wm——, Esq., to George N. Emmet, Esq., of 14, Bloomsbury-square; Holifax, April 2.
Fishar, Elizabeth Jane, only d. of J. W——, Esq., of Burton Crescent, to Thomas Rowe, Esq., of Haltom; St. Pancras, March 28.
Forbes, Ann Elizabeth, only d. of the late Jas. ——, Esq., M. D., to Richard Bevan, Esq., of Chelsea; St. Luke’s, March 19.
Gallicia, Eliza Sophia, 3d. d. of John——, Esq., late of Staple Castle, Herefordshire, to Philip L. Powell, Esq.; All Soul’s Church, Langham Place, March 23.
Hedges, Sophia Cassandra, only d. of Thomas——, Esq., of Thame, to John Kirby Hedges, Esq., of Wallingford; St. James’s, Piccadilly, April 16.
Hillhouse, Emma, eld. d. of John W——, Esq., to Geo. Barnard, Esq., of Great Portland-st.; St. Olave’s, Southwark, April 16.
James, Harriet, d. of Thomas——, Esq., Gray’s Inn, to Henry Pyne, Esq., of the Inner Ten-Temple; St. Pancras Church, April 7.
Jennings, Margaret, to Edward Jennings, Esq., Solicitor, Chancery-lane; St. George’s Church, Belfast, March 30.
Johnston, Mary, eld. d. of Ebenezer——, Esq.; Stamford-hill, to John Jones, Esq., of Upper Clapton; Hackney, April 18.
Keith, Catherine Hannah, 2nd. d. of the late Capt. Moat——, Bart., R.N., to John William Medley, Esq.; St. George’s Church, South Newark, April 2.

Lambirth, Frances, only child of the late William Henry——, Esq., to Joseph Alfred Hardcastle, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esq.; St. Paul’s, Deptford, March 24.

[THE COURT]
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Macdonald, Emma Hamilla, 2nd. d. of Reginald George —, Esq., Chief of Clan Ronald, to the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Wodehouse; Blickling Church, April 21.


Miller, Catherine, d. of the late Thomas —, Esq. of Preston, to the Rev. L. W. Jeffray, M.A., of the University of Glasgow; Preston, March 24.

Mills, Amelia Harriett, only d. of the late William —, Esq. of Islington, to Thomas Mortimer Cleobury, Esq. of Shephard's Bush, Islington, March 27.

Montefiore, Louisa, ygst. d. of the late Abraham —, Esq., to Anthony de Rothschild, Esq.; lately.

Morse, Louisa, 3d. dau. of John —, Esq., of New Peckham, Surrey, to James, eld. son of John Hopewell, Esq. of Barnet, Herts; St. George's Church Camberwell, April 27.


Oliver, Emily, eld. d. of W. —, Esq. of Hamilton-place, New-road, to M. Louis Guillaume Sauvage, of Bouloune-sur-mer; St. Pancras Church, Easton Square, March 23.

Pitman, Isabella Mary, 2nd. d. of the late John —, Esq., to William Henry Watts, Esq. of Peckham; Lambeth, April 16.

Plowden, Louisa Chichieliana, d. of the late R. Chicheley —, Esq., Bengal C. S., to Edward Thornton, Esq., 2nd. son of John —, Esq. of Chapham, Surrey; Agfa, E. I. Jan. 16.

Renshaw, Mary Mitford, 2nd. d. of James —, Esq., to W. P. J. Richardson, Esq.; Paddington, April 4.

Rowland, Jane Stort, ygst. d. of the late Joshua —, Esq. of Kennington, to Charles James Heath, Esq., Mark-lane; Kennington, April 18.

Skillern, Anna Maria, d. of the late Rev. J. —, to James Fallon, Esq., of Bays Hill House; Cheltenham, April 9.

Spode, Anne Maria, eld. d. of Josiah —, Esq. to the Hon. David Erskine, 3rd. s. of Lord Erskine; Hobart Town, Nov. 12, 1839.

Thomson, Mary, d. of A. H. —, Esq., to the Rev. D. V. Thomson, of Edinburgh; Leith, April 16.


Turner, Frances Annette, eld. d. of Major William —, late 54th N. L., to D. M. Gordon, Esq.; Calcot, Jan. 4.

Waite, Emily, ygst. d. of the late John —, Esq. to Samuel John Pullin; St. James's, Piccadilly, April 2.

Ward, Mary Anne, eld. d. of the late John C. —, Esq. to Thomas Williams, Esq., of Bristol; St. Pancras Church, April 7.

Wasey, Sophia Elizabeth, d. of the late Rev. George —, Rector of Ulcombe, Kent, to the Rev. George Wingfield, Rector of Glatton, Huntingdonshire; Waddington, Oxfordshire, April 21.

Watts, Sophia Ann eld. d. of Walter —, Esq., to Edward Sawyer, Esq., of South Street, Grosvenor-square; St. Mary's, Islington; April 4.


Williams, Mary Ann, eld. d. of the late Major —, to Mr. Learmont, of Whitebrook; Penallt, near Monmouth, lately.

Williams, Frances Maria, d. of the Rev. James —, Esq. of Matherne, Monmouthshire, to Edward Poore, Esq., of Pigeon-dean, Wiltshire, April 2.

DEATHS.

Akbar, Moohumud Prince, one of the sons of Shah Shoja-ool-Moolk; Cabul, E. I. lately.
Baring, Frances, ygst. dau. of Sir Thomas —, Bart., of Stratton Park.
Baynes, Henry Meredith, son of Alex, F. —, Esq., of Streatham, died 16th April, aged 9 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Crabtree, Elizabeth, wife of Robert —, Esq., Halesworth, Suffolk, April 10.
Cundy, Jane Rebecca, dau. of Henry C. —, Esq., of Pimbar; died 19th April, aged 12 months, buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Douglas, Henry, Esq., aged 77; Senior Judge of the Provincial Court of Appeal at Patna; Patna, Nov. 18, 1839.
Enniskillen, Earl of, Florence Court, Co. of Fermanagh; April 3.
Franks, Jacob Henry, Esq., aged 82, of Misterton-hall, Leicestershire; in Cadogan-pl., April 10.
Gledstanes, Elizabeth W., wife of John H. —, Esq., of Regent-st.; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 15.
Griffin, James John, of Camberwell; died 18th April, aged 41 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Griffin, Charlotte, dau. of Mr. John —, of Camberwell, died April 12, aged 7 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Griffin, Daniel C., son of the above; died 16th April, aged 3 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Griffith, Mrs. Frances Louisa, aged 72, relict of the Rev. John —, M. A. Fellow of Christ College Collegiate, Manchester, and great-great-grandfather of the celebrated Evelyn, the author of "Sylva."
Hilton, Capt. of H. M., 16th Lancers, drowned, whilst crossing the Jelum River on the return from Afghanistan; Dec. 11, 1839.
Holder, William, H. J., Esq., of Canonbury-square, aged 53; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 14.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Joyce, John, Jenkins, son of Thomas——, Esq., of Peckham, died 26th March, aged 17 months; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lewis, Mrs. Charlotte, of 37 Euston-sq., aged 78; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 10.

Mellan, Ann, dau. of the late D——, Esq., Burton Crescent; April 21.

Perard, Mary, ygst. dau. of the late John——, Esq., of Englefield Green, Surrey; March 23.

Phillimore, Capt. Sir John, Knt.; a Capt. of the order of the Bath, one of the Senr. Post Captains of the R. N., and a Naval Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty; Ray, near Maidenhead; March 21.

Plink, Augustine, Esq., aged 61, Bourn, Lincolnshire; March 30.

Portelli, Edward, Esq., of Norwood, died 23rd March, aged 20 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Purling, George, Esq., aged 75, of Hertford-st., May Fair, and of Reigate Lodge, Surrey; April 28.

Rodick, Mrs. Mary, aged 77, relict of the late Rev. John Tole——, of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, at Islington; April 26.

Rodney, Anne, Dowager Lady, aged 81, widow of the late and mother of the present lord——, she was daughter and heiress of the late Rt. Hon. Thomas Harley, son of Edward, 3rd Earl of Oxford; in Harley-st., April 15.

Rumbell, Joseph, Esq., aged 52, of Cranbourne-lodge, Turnham-green, of apoplexy; April 28.

Rushy, Leonard, Esq., of Kent-road, died 26th March, aged 46 yrs.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Shaw, Samuel, Esq., formerly of Lloyd's and Brunswick-sq.; at Southend, April 19.


Siffken, John, Esq., aged 78, formerly of Hackney; West Ham, 27.

Simulovne, Rev. James, aged 85, sixty years chaplain of the Russian Embassy, Walbeck-street; April 28.

Stuart, Rear Admiral Henry, aged 73; in Upper Brook-st., Grosvenor-sq., April 8.

Stubbs, Henry James, Esq., aged 73, Sutton, April 28.

Swaffield, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph——, of Norwood, died 19th April; aged 49 yrs., buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Warburton, Ann, wife of Dr.——, of Clifford-st., Bond-st.; April 28, buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 22.

Wedderburn, Hon. Mrs. Scrymgeour; Balgarvie, April 23.

Whalley, Mrs. Elizabeth, Canonbury-sq., aged 60; buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 17.

Wilkinson, Abraham, M. D., aged 81; White Webb's-park, Enfield, April 2.

Wynne, Mrs. Mary, 23, Charlotte-st., Bloomsbury; aged 66, buried in the Highgate Cemetery, April 10.

Military Funeral of the late Major General Sir Alexander Dickson, G.C.B., K.C.H. &c. The last honors to the late gallant and distinguished veteran were paid on the 28th. ult., when that most illustrious of modern warriors, Wellington, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hill, with the Master-General of the Ordnance attended the mortal remains of their brother-in-arms, in many a hard-fought field, to the final resting-place, Plumstead Church, near Woolwich. Arrangements were made on the most extensive scale, by the troops in garrison, to add solemnity to the scene, as well as every military distinction commensurate with the gallant and distinguished services of the General in most parts of the globe. The clergy of the adjoining parishes attended in full canonicals, and the body was borne on a gun carriage with the deceased's numerous orders of merit on crimson velvet cushions. The Naval authorities of the port and officers attended this grand and imposing ceremony.

[List of charges—for inserting a Marriage, not exceeding 5 lines, 3s.; a Birth or Death, not exceeding 3 lines, 2s.; each line beyond, 6d.—Letters pre-paid, transmitting notification for insertion, with an order for payment in London, will meet due attention.]
L'hiver est, dieu merci, légalement terminé. Longchamps lui réservait de magnifiques funérailles auxquelles la Mode ne pouvait faire défaut, et c'est de ce champ de bataille qu'est daté notre bulletin d'aujourd'hui, qui ne contiendra pourtant, comme on le conçoit bien du reste, qu'un travail d'ensemble un peu vague, un peu incertain, un peu confus, mais dans lequel l'ordre et la lumière viendront peu à peu.

La promenade de Longchamps, ainsi que nos lectrices le savent, n'a pas toujours été une arène exclusivement réservée aux luttes de la fashion ; mais pourtant ce pélerinage a toujours été un peu mondain, car, il ne faut pas se le dissimuler, c'était moins la religion que les délicieuses voix des charmantes religieuses qui attirait, dans ces saints jours, la foule élégante vers la royale abbaye fondée par madame Isabelle, sœur de Louis IX. Il y a sur ces saints cantatrices d'attendrissantes légendes que nous vous conterons peut-être un jour, et nous espérons bien vous arracher de douces larmes en vous disant la vie, toute de piété, de chant et d'amour, de mesdemoiselles Lefèvre, Lemaure, etc. ; mais aujourd'hui nous oublions pas qu'il s'agit de la mode, et tâchons de la tirer un peu du chaos qui la cache encore.

Les étoffes promettent être toujours aussi variées, et sur ce sujet il y a peu de chose à dire, précisément parce qu'il y aurait trop à dire : - soièreries glacées de couleurs changeantes, mais principalement les nuances claires, point de soie, mohair, pekin, satin, mousseline de laine, etc., etc.

Quant aux formes, nous espérons que la
lutte des manches bouffantes et des manches plates aurait ici un résultat décisif, mais le combat n’est encore qu’engagé, et il serait peut-être téméraire d’en prévoir déjà l’issue. Pourtant nous avons quelque raison de croire que les manches bouffantes resteront sur le champ de bataille. Si nos prévisions sur ce point se réalisent, Augustine, rue Louis le Grand, 27, n’aura pas peu contribué à ce résultat : les manches justes qu’elle nous offre ne ressemblent point aux manches justes d’il y a deux ans, elles ressemblaient plutôt aux manches d’habits ; elles sont, toujours comme ces dernières, à coude avec deux coutures et quatre petits boutons dans le bas. Cependant Augustine n’a pas entièrement déserté la cause des manches larges : c’est été d’ailleurs de l’ingratitude après les grands succès qu’elle leur doit ; pour concilier la reconnaissance avec le progrès, Augustine nous a fait des manches demi larges sans aucune garniture, un peu courtes, c’est-à-dire jusqu’au-dessus du poignet, avec un poignet boutonné large d’un travers de doigt, et duquel sort une seconde manche en mousseline claire ou brodée, qui se boutonne aussi au moyen d’un petit poignet auquel est cousu une manchette en point, qui tombe jusque sur la naissance du poignet. Ceci est, selon nous, une délicieuse fantaisie, qui pourrait fort bien avoir les honneurs de la saison.

Nous pouvons rappeler ici qu’Augustine a toujours la supériorité pour les spencers dont on ne parait pas déposé à se lasser de longtemps. Mais aussi c’est quelque chose de délicieusement coquet que ces spencers en velours avec des manches toutes droites sans fronces, presque justes, sans poignets, avec un parement qui se relevé sur la manche.

Constance, rue Neuve Vivienne, 57, a fait, à Longchamps, l’admiration de tous par la grâce, la légèreté, l’élégance des œuvres qui la représenteient à cette solemnité. — De délicieuses robes de printemps ornées de biais au bas de la jupe et au haut des manches, biais qui conservent leur forme, malgré la légèreté et la souplesse des tissus, et sur lesquels courent, en fantastiques arabesques, de petites gaines en cordonnet. Le corsage est ouvert en cœur, et trois biais, superposés sur la poitrine, viennent rejoindre ceux des manches en s’évan- sant du haut ; — une robe de soie ondée, manches plates garnies de petits boutons et d’engageantes en dentelle, manchettes tombantes ; — robe de mousseline de laine garnie d’un volant unique coquettement iséré d’un petit bord dont la couleur tranche sur le fond ; — une robe de satin vert garnie d’un haut volant de guipure, relevée d’un côté par une guirlande de myosotis jusqu’à mi-jupe, manches en draperie, etc., etc.

Nous ne finirions pas si nous voulions tout citer, et tout ce que produit Constance le mériterait, car ses productions sont empreintes d’un cachet de grâce incontestable. Cette robe de satin gris perle, relevée par une broderie de soie verte, fait aussi beaucoup d’honneur au talent de madame Ambroise, rue Montmartre, 165. Les broderies en soie sont, une spécialité dont personne ne peut lui disputer la palme, et c’est ce que chacun repérait autour de nous à Longchamps, à la vue des délicieuses broderies pour robes ou pour châles, sorties de ses ateliers, et qui brillent à nos yeux, fleurs vivantes, comme un parterre enchanté, que nous voyons disparaître avec peine, mais qui presque aussitôt se trouvaient remplacées par quelque autre produit de la grande artiste, car s’il y a dans ces broderies du travail et de la patience, il y a avant tout de l’art et du goût.

Nous avons remarqué de madame Ferrière Pannonna, rue du Mail, 20, beaucoup de robes charmantées, garnies de gracieux volants de dentelle, comme cette maison seule peut en offrir ; mais nous aurons bientôt à nous occu-
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 31.

Chapeau d'Amandine; rue Richelieu, 104—Robe d'Augustine; r. Louis-le-Grand, 21.
Col en dentelle gothique de M. Ferrière-Pennon, rue du Mail, 29—Fleurs de Cholet.
Bas de Cale et Colle de Membre ainsi; rue Vasco du Nervpe, 18.

Court Magazine. 306 Gipsy street Lincoln's Inn London.
per de cet établissement à propos d’un mariage princier qui se prépare, et pour lequel madame Ferrière, Pennoüa dispose, ce moment les plus riches et les plus élégantes créations qui soient encore sorties de ses ateliers.

Nous citerons, de madame Larcher, rue Vivienne, 8, une charmante robe en mousseline de l’Inde, garnie de deux volants bordés de valenciennes couvrant un magnifique dessous en taffetas bleu lapis; corsage décolleté, manches à boulons et épaulettes de mousseline pareilles au volant.

Madame Lallemant, rue de l’Échiquier, 51, avait la deux fort jolies robes; une en satin bleu, garnie de dentelle noire aux manches et au corsage, l’autre en perkin noir broché; corsage décolleté, recouvert de berthes en dentelle blanche, manches courtes, également garnies.

En observations générales, ajoutez que les plis se font croisés ou mon, et dit don; les manches plates et les robes à pointes conviennent assez aux danse; pour jeunes personnes ou très jeunes dames, il faut, que la pointe soit moins sensible, le corsage moins décolleté, et que les fronçons arrêtés du haut des manches tombent très bas. Le tulle de couleur sera assez bien porté pour parures légères de soie; on le fait à corsage drapé et à manches garnies de boutons; on peut encore faire remonter plusieurs rangs de boutons dans la ceinture.

Pour amazonne, le corsage est fermé par un seul rang de boutons, disposés de manière à laisser sortir un élégant jabot de dentelle Oudinot; les manches sont justes ou larges à volonté; le corsage est terminé par de petites basques qui font un fort bon effet. Le chapeau Prevel, rue de la Bourse, 9, complétait dignement ce costume, qui faisait beaucoup d’honneur au talent de Robin, rue Neuve-Saint-Marc.

Disons enfin qu’il y avait là d’admirables fichus, chalés brodés, mouchoirs, etc., qui prouvèrent à tout le monde que madame Pollet, rue Richelieu, 95, n’a rien perdu de son immense supériorité dans ces diverses spécialités; que l’ombrelle Cazal, boulevard Montmartre, 10, la seule dont puisse aujourd’hui se parler; une main vraiment coquette et élégante, a joué un grand rôle à cette inauguration du printemps, à laquelle les gants de Mayer, passage Choiseul, 52, et les parfums de Guerlain, rue de Rivoli, 42, n’ont pas fait défaut.

Les chapeaux seront inclins, courts de passe et moins avancés des joncs que l’année dernière; la forme sera arrondie par devant et très petite, la calotte tout à fait rectiligne en arrière, et fort peu ornée; tout ceci, bien entendu, susceptible de modifications journalières.

Pour Longchamps, Leclerc avait disposé de fort jolis chapeaux blancs garnis de marabout, des soies glacées, des ponts de soie recouverts de crêpe bouillonné, gaiement semé de violettes; des chapeaux rose à passe arrondie, gracieusement accompagnés d’une voilette d’angletère; des repts forme demi-baissée, couverts de crêpe bouillonné sur la passe, plissé au dessous, ainsi que sur la calotte; des capotes en paille, avec délicieuses fantaisies en crêpe lisse, en fleurs, etc.; des capotes en crêpe entièrement bouillonnées; des capotes de gaze ou de crêpe avec un fichu de gaze ou de dentelle par dessus; mais ce qui a fait le plus de sensation c’est cette nouveauté que je vous annonçais dans mon dernier bulletin, entièrement recouverte de dentelles et de broderies. Si Leclerc n’occupait déjà le premier rang parmi nos modistes, cette création le lui assurait sans conteste.

Les ornements qui paraissent devoir obtenir le plus de faveur sont les touffes de pennes, de roses, de violettes, de lilas, de magnets, de girafées jaunes, qui font un fort joli effet.
sur paille, rose, vert, jaune, etc. Il va sans dire que toutes ces fleurs sont écloses sous l’inspiration créatrice de Chagot; et que Guerlain leur a donné le parfum que pouvait exiger la nature.

De rubans, il en est peu ou point question pour ornement de chapeau; cependant nous dirons un mot des rubans de la saison, les rubans ayant toujours une certaine influence sur les étoffes.

Rubans abricots, puces, verts, violets, verts et lilas, gris, roses et chocolats. — Mais surtout et avant tout, rubans écossois en velours plain, épingle, à carreaux, fond uni, variés par une fleur française. Vous pouvez confection de là, et avec raison, que nous allons revoir les étoffes écossoises; mais espérons pourtant que ce fanatisme n’ira pas jusqu’à la toile à matelas, comme cela s’est déjà vu.

Un ruban de satin ou de moire, large comme le pouce, noué en rosettes, et tombant en pans, fait un fort joli tour de cou.

Description

DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.

N° 2. Costume de soirée.
N° 10. Costume de ville.

CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

Christine de Pisan naquit à Venise vers 1363. Son père, Thomas de Pisan, conseiller de la république et homme fort instruit, fut appelé en France, en qualité d’astronome, par Charles V, qui lui donna une place dans son conseil et lui facilita les moyens de faire venir sa famille à Paris. Christine avait cinq ans lorsqu’elle arriva au château du Louvre avec sa mère. Le roi les reçut fort gracieusement. Christine fut élevée à la cour; elle fut recherchée par plusieurs personnes de distinction, et un jeune homme de Picardie, nommé Étienne du Castel, qui avait de la naissance, de la pro- bité et du savoir, obtint la préférence. Il épousa Christine qui avait à peine quinze ans, et bientôt après il fut pourvu de la charge de notaire et de secrétaire du roi. La félicité de l’époux ne fut pas longue: Charles V étant mort, Thomas de Pisan déclina de son crédit; on lui retrancha une grande partie de ses gages et le reste lui fut mal payé. La vieillesse, les infirmités, et curieux le chagrin le mirent au tombeau.

Après la mort de Thomas, Étienne du Castel, son gendre, se trouva le chef de sa famille. Il lui soutenait encore par sa bonne conduite et par le crédit que sa charge lui donnait, lorsqu’il fut emporté lui-même par une maladie contagieuse à l’âge de trente-quatre ans. Christine, qui n’en avait alors que vingt-cinq, de nevra veuve; chargée de trois enfants. Elle chercha des consolations dans la lecture des livres que son père et son mari lui avaient laissés, et se mit elle-même à en composer. Ses premiers écrits furent ce qu’elle appela de petits diction, c’est-à-dire de petites pièces de poésie, des ballades, des lais, des virelais et des rondeaux. Ils lui firent beaucoup de réputation. On ignora en quel temps mourut Christine. C’était une fort jolie femme; la douceur de son âme se peint dans ses expressions et donne à ses ouvrages un degré d’intérêt dont le style de son siècle semble peu susceptible.

Imprimerie de A. Apert, passage du Caire, 54.
THE COURT AND 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

THE WALPURGIS NIGHT,
BY ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

Business carried me towards the end of April to Prague. In spite of the many objects of interest and amusement which that city presented, I could not suppress a constant yearning for home and the quiet little village where my young wife, for seven weeks had been eagerly watching my return. Since our marriage day we never been so long away from each other. My dear Fanny, indeed, let not a week pass without regularly dropping me a few lines, but, teeming as they did with love, passion and anxiety, they were like oil upon fire, and I wished Prague and the sacred Nepomuk four and thirty miles behind me. The man who has not a dear little wife of two and twenty, charming as the goddess of love, with a thousand blooming Cupids, sporting around her,—the man, who, after a five years' probation, is not five hundred times more deeply enamoured of such a being than he was the day before his marriage, can have no idea of the longing which I felt for home.

Suffice it, my business was brought at last to a close, and I thanked Heaven from the bottom of my soul. I said 'good bye' to my few friends and acquaintances, and told the landlord to send me up his bill, as I meant to be off the next day. The morning came, and with it mine host bowing and smiling, but armed with a whacking score against me. Finding that I had not sufficient gold coin wherewith to pay him and expenses on the road, I felt for my pocket-book, where my money was, in order that I might procure change. I searched every pocket, ransacked every corner. It was gone. A precious business; for there were in it more than fourteen hundred dollars in paper—no joke, truly, for a man who possessed only moderate means, to be deprived of such a sum.

I turned every thing in the room upside down—but it was no use—the pocket-book was not forthcoming. "It's always the way," said I to myself, "when a man is making himself particularly happy, the devil's sure to be at his elbow plotting some

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The Walpurgis Night,

mischief or other. One ought never to build happiness upon any mundane possession, then there would be less chagrin and pain of heart going. How often I have experienced the same thing before!

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost, for it was positively in my hands the day before; it was my habit to carry it about with me in my surtoute breast-pocket. Fanny’s letters too were in it. Notwithstanding this conjecture, it struck me that I had felt it the night before while undressing. How was I to possess myself again of my dear and valuable papers? Whoever had them might, whenever he liked, convert them at once into cash. A pleasant notion this, certainly, to occupy my thoughts! and I began to indulge in commendatory expletives, which is not my besetting sin. If man’s ancient enemy had still been going about, as he used to do in the good old days, like a roaring lion, I would have even struck a bargain with him on the spot. While my thoughts were running in this channel, my fancy recurred to a curious figure of a man, whom I had seen some eight days before in a billiard room, in a red coat buttoned close up, and whom I had then set down as the prince of darkness disguised in human semblance. A cold shudder ran through my frame; and yet so desperate was I, that I thought, “well for my part, and if he were, he would be perfectly welcome at this moment, so that he only brought me back my pocket-book.”

The thought was hardly out, when there was a knocking at my room door. “Holla!” said I, “the tempter surely does not mean to take the joke in earnest?” I ran to the door—the equivocal gentleman, in the red coat, uppermost in my thoughts; indeed I had a firm conviction who it would be. Sure enough—when I opened the door, who did enter, bowing his head with a distant civility, but the tempter himself, of whom I had been thinking.

A PORTRAIT.

I must here state, how and where I fell in with this phenomenon—the curious red figure of a man—else will the reader set me down for a dreamer.

One evening I went to a coffee-house or casino, which I was in the habit of frequenting, as I there always found the latest newspapers. At a table were two gentlemen deeply absorbed in a game of chess; and some young men seated near the window were engaged in a brisk conversation about phantoms and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a bright scarlet surtoue was walking up and down the room, with his hands behind his back. I ordered a glass of Danziger-wasser, and sat down to read the papers.

My attention was strongly attracted by the old gentleman in the scarlet coat—and I forgot even the newspapers and the Spanish war. There was a want of cut about his dress, and there was something in his figure, motions and features, disagreeable and repulsive. He was under the middle size—broad shouldered and compactly built, in appearance from fifty to sixty years of age, and he walked like an old man, with head bent forward. His hair was black as jet, and fell away in long glossy masses from his forehead—there was an air any thing but engaging about his face, which was of a dark sallow hue; he had a hawk-shaped nose, and protruding cheek-bones. Whilst every feature was rigid and hard as iron, his full large eyes gleamed with animation, like those of an enthusiastic youth, except that there was neither enthusiasm nor buoyancy of soul to be read in them. A hangman in grain, thought I, as I conned his visage; or a grand inquisitor, robber chief, or gipsy king. There’s a man, I am certain, who would fire a town for the mere fun of the thing, and chuckle to see babes sprawling on a spear point. I would not travel alone with him in a forest for a trifle—such a creature could never have smiled during the whole course of his life.

But I was mistaken; he could smile. He was listening to the young men at the window, and he did smile. But, good Heavens, such a smile! It made my blood run cold. The malice of hell seemed to sit in mockery upon every feature, and if he of the red coat, thought I, is not the devil, he is his brother. Involuntarily I looked down towards his feet, in search of the cloven hoof, and, sure enough, there was one of his feet quite human-like and correct, and the other was a club foot encased in a buskin; yet he had not limped, but went gliding along, for all the world as if he were
A German Legend.

walking on egg-shells and did not wish to break them. The Spanish war went clean out of my head. I held the paper before me, indeed, but kept peeping over the top of it, that I might make a thorough inspection of his singular figure.

As Red-coat passed the chess-table, one of the players with an air of triumph said to his opponent, who was resting his forehead on his hand with a gloomy and puzzled look, "You are lost beyond redemption!" Red-coat drew up, cast a rapid glance over the board, and said to the speaker—"You are wrong, by the third move, you will be inevitably mated." The speaker replied by a careless laugh; his chap-fallen antagonist shook his head doubtfully and moved—three moves more, and the soi-disant victor was, as he had predicted, actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were preparing the board for a new game, one of the young men at the window said to the red coat with some warmth of manner;—"You smile, sir;—our dispute seems to interest you. But your smile tells me, that you and I hold opposite opinions respecting things worldly and sacred. Have you read Schelling?"

"Yes," answered Red-coat.

"What then is the meaning of your smile?"

"Your Schelling is a man of poetical and subtle mind, who takes the plain phantasies of his brain for truths, since no one can confute his vagaries except with unsubstantial figments, which require even greater subtlety to maintain. Philosophers now-a-days, are the same as ever. The blind wrangle about theories of color, and the deaf about the science of pure musical composition. Alexander would fain have thrown a bridge up to the moon that he might conquer it, and philosophers, not content to walk within the sphere of reason, are for stepping beyond its limits into the regions of illimitable space."

So spake Red-coat, and a dozen voices answered him. Turning aside, he instantly took up his round hat and glided out of the room. From that time I never saw him; nevertheless, I had not forgotten his ungainly figure nor his fiendish physiognomy; so strong, indeed, was the recollection of that day that I even feared his hideous aspect would haunt me in my dreams. Now, however, when least expected, he stood before me even in my own room.

The red-coated intruder commenced, by saying—

"I hope I don't disturb you? I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Robert."

"That is my name," I answered.

"How prove you that?"

"A strange question this, undoubtedly—a police spy, to a moral certainty!" thought I. "A half-torn letter chanced to be lying on the table, and I pointed to the address."

"It's all very well, truly," said he, "only your's is such a common name, we meet with it everywhere. Favor me with proof. May be I have business with you, and have been directed here."

"Your pardon sir," said I, "I cannot really think of business now—I am on the point of starting on a journey and have a thousand things to look after. You must be mistaken," I continued. "I cannot be the person you want, for I am neither statesman nor merchant."

Thereupon he measured me with a broad stare, exclaiming—

"So!" then he was for awhile silent, having seemingly made up his mind to depart, but he began again: "yet you were engaged in business in Prague? and your brother, is he not on the eve of bankruptcy?"

I must have blushed like fire, for I was convinced, that, with the exception of ourselves, not a soul knew this. Again the mysterious visitor smiled one of his malicious smiles.

"True," I replied, "though you are, sir, again, mistaken, I have a brother—several indeed—but none whose affairs are in a bankrupt state."

"So?" murmured forth the inquisitor.

"Sir," I continued with warmth, for I was far from pleased that there should be any one in Prague acquainted with my brother's real circumstances, and was afraid that old slyboots would see into my game, as he had done into that of the

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chess-players in the coffee-room—"you certainly have been directed to the wrong man. I must therefore beg your pardon for cutting this interview short. I have not a moment to lose."

"Excuse me," he tauntingly answered, "and but for one minute. I cannot, indeed, help speaking my mind to you. You seem ill at ease and annoyed about something. Has anything unpleasant occurred? You are a stranger here. I do not, indeed, belong to Prague myself, and am arrived on a visit for the first time these twelve years. But I have great experience of the world. Confide in me. You have the look of an honest man—do you want money?"

He smiled as he uttered this, or, rather, grinned, as though he wished to buy my soul's secret from me. His presence was growing more hateful to me every minute, when by chance my eyes rested upon his club foot, and superstitious dread of him crept over me, so that I had not the slightest desire of entering into a contract with such a doubtful character, and I told him bluntly that I did not want his money, saying at the same time, "since you are so frank and obliging, will you favor me with your name?"

"My name is of very little consequence," he answered; "it has nothing to do with the matter. I am a Mandevel. Now, does my name give you more confidence?"

"A Mandevel!" said I, so thoroughly startled that I knew not what to say, or whether to treat the whole as a joke. At this moment there was a knock at the door. The landlord entered with a letter for me, just arrived by the post. I took it from his hands.

"Read your letter first," said Red-coat; "we can converse, further, afterwards. Doubtless the letter is from your amiable Fanny?"

At mention of this I was more confounded than ever.

"Well, do you know now?" continued the stranger with a grin; "do you know now who I am and what it is I wish from you?"

It was on my lips to say, "Sir, it is my firm conviction that you are the archfiend and have a hangering after my soul for a breakfast," but I wisely held my tongue.

"Very well," he continued, "you are bound for Eger. Good! my road lies through that village. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

Thanking him, I said that I had already engaged post-horses. He seemed mortified at this intelligence, and said, "There is no getting at you, I see. However, I really must make the acquaintance of your Fanny, and little Leopold and Augustus as I pass. Can you not now divine who I am and what I want? By the powers of darkness, Sir, I am anxious to do you a service; say only the word."

"Well," I at length exclaimed, "if you are a conjuror, my pocket-book is missing. Tell me how I can lay hands on it again."

"Pah! a pocket-book is neither here nor there. Is there nothing else?"

"In that pocket-book there were important papers, worth some fourteen hundred dollars; advise me what I am to do, if it be lost; and what, if stolen?"

"What was it like?"

"Silk cover, bright green, embroidered, with my name inside wrought in flowers. It was the work of my wife."

"Then the wrapper is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars?"

Again he smiled at me in a frightfully agreeable way, and continued—"A heavy loss, indeed! What would you give me were I to replace it?"

As he said this, he gave me a shrewd, odd sort of look, as if he wished for answer to start to my lips, "I would give you my soul!" But, as I was silent through amazement, he put his hands into his pocket, and drew out my pocket-book.

"There's your treasure; fourteen hundred dollars in all!"

I was wild with joy.

"How came you by this?" I eagerly enquired of him, as I gazed over the contents and found that every thing was really there.
"I picked it up on the bridge over the Moldau yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock."

He was right. Just about the same time I had, indeed, crossed the bridge with the pocket-book in my hand, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket.

"Probably, you put it aside of your pocket," said Red-coat. "The fact was," he continued, "that I knew not whether it had been lost by some one on foot or on horseback, behind or before me. I waited for an hour on the bridge to see if anybody would come to search for it. But no one came, and I returned to my hotel. I read the letters which it contained, in order to find out who had lost it. There I discovered your name and address, and, in consequence, called upon you. I was here last night, but did not find you."

Bless me, how a man may be misled by the physiognomy, and I could, I exclaimed, almost have hugged Mandevil, the noble restorer of my lost property. I lavished on him five hundred thanks. My joy was now as immoderate as had been previously my affliction, but he turned a deaf ear to all my thanks. I resolved never again to draw physiognomical deductions. He concluded by saying, "commend me to your Fanny, and a pleasant journey to you! We shall soon see each other again!" With these words he left me.

**THE RETURN HOME.**

Bent now upon instant departure, my servant was descending the staircase before me, when my brother, he on whose account I was then in Prague, met us. This defeated my resolve. To my great joy, I heard from him that his tottering fortunes had undergone a change for the better. Another very heavy loss had been more than six times balanced by a lucky speculation in cotton and coffee, and he had hastened to Prague to communicate the joyful news to me in person.

"Now," said he, "I have succeeded in getting my lambs fairly housed, but it has cost me a world of anxiety. Adieu, to business, say I. Better for me to lay out my money at moderate interest, then I run no hazard of being worth a million to day or a beggar to-morrow branded with the name of swindler and of knave, and I have come to thank you for having stood by me in my troubles like a brother, and, for once and all to break off my connection with my correspondents here."

We went together to several mercantile houses, but in consideration of my anxiety to get home in a few days he advised me to return without waiting for him. Nothing loth to take his advice, I started for my beloved home in a post-chaise and four.

On the road the thought of my singular visitor, Mandevil, was constantly recurring to my mind. I could not banish the recollection of his red coat, club foot, and most ungainly visage. It also occurred to me, that a large tuft of his coal-black hair stood prominently above his forehead. Possibly he had a small horn under it, and if that were the case, he was Beelzebub from top to toe. True, he had brought me back my pocket-book, and in that respect no man could have acted more honorably. He had read Fanny's letters and the instructions given me by my brother, so that, in fact, there was nothing wonderful in his being acquainted with my secrets. But then that face of his—no! nature never wears in such vague external characters! suffice it, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I should not now have entertained a moment's doubt upon the subject.

I followed up this train of thought, and, freely confess, that I surrendered myself to the play of my imagination. Time was thus kept from hanging heavily. First, I took it into my mind for granted, that my honest Mandevil would turn out to be the genuine, and his honesty a device to snatch my unhappy soul from heaven. Now, supposing that were so! What lure could he hold out to me? Money? I never was avaricious. A throne? Ay, that indeed, I would have had no objection to possess for a week or so, just to give peace to the world; but then, like a second Cincinnatus, I would leave it to return to the domestic enjoyments of my humble roof. Lovely women! A harem full of enchanting Helens, Armidas and Amandus?"

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No! I thought only of Fanny, and the fairest Circassians became indifferent to me, and I would not have given one straw to have been even Doctor Faustus himself. And why? I was happy! Happy—yet not entirely so, and just because I was so happy. I had some little qualms about old friend Death, who with one sweep of his inexorable scythe, might cut down my Fanny, my two boys, my own self, and then behind this there was the great question, whether and how we were to meet again in Paradise? I would fain have got a glimpse into futurity, to clear my doubts. Yet, granted, that my diabolic friend had yielded to my wish and allowed me a peep through a chink in at Heaven's gate, what else would a subject of Adramelech have had it in his power to shew me but his own seething hell? Thus were these fooleries taking possession of my imagination. Two days and two nights' journey was Prague distant from our village. On the evening of the second day it was getting dark; in vain I rated, in vain I urged even the post boys with promises of money. It grew later and later, the shades of night thickened, and I became more anxious every inch of the road. Nearly three months had elapsed since I had seen Fanny, or my children, who were blooming beside their young mother, like two rose buds by an opening rose. I trembled with very rapture when I thought, that that night my wife, the most amiable of her sex, would be within my arms. It is true, that before I knew Fanny, I had been in love. There was once a certain Julia whom I called my own, but who was severed from me by parental pride and given in marriage to a Polish nobleman. With both of us it was our first passion—a passion bordering on mutual idolatry and madness. When we parted, we interchanged vows of eternal constancy, and tears and kisses had sealed our compact. But we all know how these things often end. She became Baroness Drostow, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was something purer, more matured. Julia had erewhile been the goddess of my fancy, but Fanny was the idol of my heart.

The town clock was booming the first hour of morning, as we rattled through the sleeping streets. I alighted at the inn, into which I sent my servant with my portmanteau, whilst I myself walked on to the extremity of the town, where, shaded by lofty chestnut trees, stood my own dear home with its windows shimmering. I could see them in the distance—in the silent moonlight.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

Every object was locked in sleep! Oh, Fanny, Fanny, hast thou been awake, what a world of anguish and terror would have been spared me! They slept—my wife, my children, my servants,—not a gleam of artificial light anywhere! I wandered round and round the house—every door was fast, I could not think of disturbing the household. Better, thought I, the rapture of a meeting in the morning, when the senses are refreshed by sleep, than at the feverish hour of midnight. By good fortune I found the green house open. I entered! There, upon a table, stood my Fanny's work basket, and, scattered upon the ground and seats around, I saw by the moonlight, horses, drums and whips, the playthings of my children. In all likelihood here they had spent the afternoon, and I felt in the midst of these toys almost as happy as though my dear ones surrounded me. I threw myself upon a couch, and resolved to pass the night where I was. It was a fine mild night, and the fragrance of the blossoming trees and flower-beds sent a delicious atmosphere into the room.

Any couch is soft to the man who has not slept for forty hours, and, wearied as I was, I soon dropped asleep. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, before I was awakened by the creaking of the green-house door. I raised myself upon the couch, very strongly surmising it must be a thief—but, picture my surprise, at beholding my friend Red-coat!

"Whence come you?" I enquired.

"From Prague," he answered, "wither I return in half an hour—I wished to see you, and your Fanny, however, in passing, as I promised. I learned from your servant that you had just arrived, and expected to find your whole house in a bustle, surely you will not pass the night in this damp cold place; if you do, you will catch your death.

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I went out with him into the garden, shaking in every limb, such a fright had his unaccountable appearance given me. I tried to laugh away my superstitious fears, but in spite of all my endeavours I could not remove them from my mind. Man is merely man still. The rigid features of my Prague friend in the fitful moonshine looked more ghastly than ever, and his eyes of more piercing brilliancy than usual.

"You have frightened me, as much as a ghost would," said I. "I tremble from head to foot. How thought you ever looking for me in the green house? One would say you were omniscient."

A malicious grin shot across his face, as he again said, "Do you know me now and what it is I wish from you?"

"Scoo, say, I know you no better now than I did in Prague. But I'll tell you, by way of joke, what you looked to me like. You'll not take it amiss? I thought, that if you were not a goblin king, you might very possibly be Lucifer himself."

He grinned again and answered, "Well, admitting for the joke's sake, that I were the latter, would you make common cause with me?"

"You need" I said, "make me a tempting offer, before I closed a bargain. For in simple sooth, good master devil, if I may call you so in joke—I am now quite happy."

"Oh, ho! I would neither offer you nor give you one stiver. That was all very well in days of yore, when fools believed in a devil and accordingly, kept out of his way, then there was nothing but to offer terms. But now a-days, when nobody believes in his earthly existence, and pure reason is all the order of the day, the sons of men are to be had dog cheap."

"I hope I am an exception, although I do look upon Beelzebub incarnate as a piece of fiction. More virtue springs from one ounce of reason than from a whole pound of diabolic faith."

"Exactly so. In your proud security, you mortals suffer me to speak in the character you have assigned me; your proud security sends more recruits to hell than a legion of crims in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to regard Eternity as a problem, and Hell as an oriental fable; since honesty and stupidity have been pronounced to be virtues of the same calibre; since sensuality has got the name of an amiable weakness, and selfish ambition, magnanimity; since active philanthropy has been proclaimed a folly, and a small carping sarcasm been revered as a knowledge of mankind, the potenterates of the Low Countries have ceased to give themselves any trouble to catch you. You come of yourselves; you have reason on your lips, the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. Give the godliest among you an opportunity, and he sinks nerveless into the slough of sin."

"Spoken in the true diabolic vein," said I.

"Of course," answered the red gentleman and grinned again. "But I speak the truth, because you people have ceased to believe it. So long as mankind had a reverence for what was true, Satan, of necessity, was the father of lies. Things are now exactly reversed. We poor devils are the antipodes of mankind."

"So far, then, as this goes, you are not mine; for I agree with you, my philosophic devil."

"Good! then you will soon obey me. Let a man give me but a single hair, his whole head is mine. And—but the air bites bitterly; my horses are put to, and I must be off: therefore, farewell."

He walked on and I accompanied him to the inn, where, sure enough, his carriage was waiting for him, ready to start.

"You'll go in with me," he said, "and join me in a glass of punch which I had ordered before I went out."

I accepted the invitation; heartily glad to find myself fairly ensconced in a warm room.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was on the table when my mysterious companion ushered me into the room. There, a tall, haggard old man was pacing gloomily and dejectedly to and fro. The chairs were littered with travelling bags; and, among other things, I observed a lady's shawl, bonnet and gloves.

While we were drinking, the stranger said to the waiter, who entered to remove

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the travelling bags, "Tell my wife, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We start at daybreak."

My companion and myself fell into pleasant chat over the jug of punch, the contents of which we soon emptied. The spirituous essence revived me, sending a fiery glow through my veins. Red-coat, content with what he had done, now hurried off to the carriage, and, as I assisted him in, said, "We shall meet again."

The carriage rolled quickly away, and all was soon silent.

Upon my return to the room, a lady was there in the act of lifting the shawl, bonnet and gloves. Disturbed at my presence, she turned round, and my senses well nigh forsook me. It was none other than Julia, my first love, proceeding, as she afterwards informed me, to Italy, upon a tour of pleasure. The lovely Julia was not less agitated than myself.

"For God's sake, Robert," she exclaimed, "speak, is it you?"

"Julia!" I muttered, and all the raptures of my first love awoke again in this moment of surprise. I meant to have approached her respectfully. Her eyes were full of tears—her arms extended. I fell weeping on her bosom. When I came to myself, I remarked that she was partially undressed.

"This is not my room," she said, throwing the shawl round her shoulders.

"Come Robert, we have much to say to one another"

She left the room, and I followed her to her chamber.

"Here we may speak freely," she said, and we sat down together on the sofa. How soon was our story told! Again I lived in the feverish excitement of my old passion, which I had thought was long ago extinguished. Julia, who was not happy with her lord, hung with her former fondness on my neck. She was no longer the youthful girl but mature in every beauty. The flames of passion exhaled from soul to soul in burning kisses. There was in Julia's words, appearance and manner, a magic influence which it is wholly impossible to describe. Every thought that ever had utterance between us now rose up in bright colours before me: our first introduction at the ball on her sister's bridal day—the feelings which then agitated us; our next meeting in the duke's palace garden; then the journey by water with our parents, and the hour when in the Elysium of Wörblitz we had confessed our love and plighted our troth. But enough of this. For us there was no past, no future. We had altogether forgotten that we belonged not to each other. Alas! how frail a thing is man!

Suddenly the door flew open, and the tall haggard man entered, exclaiming, "Who have you got with you at this hour—Julia?"

We started up in affright. The baron—for it was her lord—stood for some moments speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, advancing to Julia, he seized her by her long chestnut ringlets, and, twisting them round his hand, dashed her to the ground, and dragged her up and down the room, exclaiming, "Treachery! abandoned wretch!"

I sprang to her assistance, but a blow from his powerful arm sent me backwards on the earth. Whilst I was endeavouring to regain my footing, he released his unhappy wife, and rushed towards me swearing he would strangle me. In despair I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to stab him if he approached. The madman, nevertheless, threw himself upon me, and, with the greatest violence, grasped my throat between his hands. I felt a faintness coming over me, and, in despair, struck about me wildly with the knife, dealing repeated blows at him. Suddenly, the blade was buried in his heart, and the unhappy man fell dead at my feet!

Julia lay sobbing on the ground; her murdered husband was beside her. I stood riveted like a statue to the spot. "Alas!" I thought, "would that this were but a dream, and that I was but now awake on the couch in my greenhouse." I heaped curses on that Red-coat—curses on the pocket-book! "My poor children! my poor wife!" I exclaimed. "With my foot on the very threshold of domestic paradise, I am hurled back into a state of torture which I could not even have imagined. I am a murderer!"
A German Legend.

The noise in the chamber had awakened the people of the house. I heard the sound of voices and of persons running to and fro. Nothing remained for me but to flee ere I was discovered, and I caught up the burning torch to light my footsteps from the house.

HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD.

As I descended the staircase of this ill-fated abode, it occurred to me to hasten first to my home, arouse my wife, my children, and press them once more to my heart, ere I rushed forth abroad into the world, a second Cain, to escape from the hands of justice. This resolution was scarcely taken, when my eyes fell upon my dress, which was bedaubed with the baron’s life-blood. I trembled from head to foot, lest I should be seen. The house-door towards the street was locked, and, as I hurried back to make my escape through the court behind, I heard footsteps descending the staircase and voices shouting. I ran across the court towards the barn. I knew there was an outlet from it into the garden and the fields beyond the village. My pursuers gained momentarily upon me, and I had scarcely reached the barn before I felt myself grasped by the coat. With a wrench of fiendish torture, I tore myself free, and hurled my blazing torch into the bundles of straw that lay piled high around me. In a moment there rose up a startling volume of flame. During the alarm which would be thus excited, a chance of escape arose in my mind. In this I was not deceived. My pursuers slackened their pursuit, in order to put out the flames, and I gained the open country. Dashing wildly forward, I bounded alike over hedge and ditch. My Fanny, my Augustus, my Leopold—to see them once more—it was no longer thought of. The instinct of self-preservation over-mastered every other feeling, yet when I called to mind my return home that night—my anticipations of the coming morning—I was more than disposed to regard what had passed as anything but real. But my blood-stained, clammy garments—the morning air—convinced me but too surely of its reality. I continued my course with breathless speed, until my strength failed me. If I had had any instrument of death about me, or had there been a river near, certain am I that I should have put an end to my existence. Breathless—my strength spent in every muscle—I continued my flight with trembling knees and feebile strides, forced every now and then to stand still to regain my breath. With difficulty I kept myself from sinking to the earth. Thus was I when I gained the nearest hamlet. As I stood before it, pondering whether to pass by the outskirts, or march boldly through—as the moon was still shining, though the day had not begun to break—the village bell sent forth its peals. In a moment of time the sound of bells rung on my ear from every village round about. It was the alarum peal; every tone struck to my heart. I looked round. O God! behind me was a broad dim glow, a huge column of flame, that shot up against the clouds and hung suspended above my home. The whole village was in flames! I—I was the incendiary. Oh, my Fanny! oh, my children! what a fearful waking from your calm morning slumbers has your father prepared for you!

Then I felt as if something had caught me by the hair and was lifting me from the ground—my feet as light as a feather. I ran with frantic speed round the village, proceeding towards a forest of pines that lay beyond. The flames of my home made the sky bright as day, and the howling of the alarum bells booming upon the breeze, rung like the cries of very fiends within my ears.

When I had gained the dense gloom of the forest, and had so far penetrated into its deep recesses that I saw no longer the ruddy light of the conflagration, in which my shadow had hitherto flitted before me, I could support myself no longer, but sank on the earth, abandoning myself to an agony of grief. I beat my head passionately against the ground, and convulsively tore up the grass and roots with my hands. Death would have been a relief to my tortures. False to the wife of my bosom—murderer—incendiary—all this in one brief hour! Red-coat was, indeed, right: there is not a man pure in heart, but he who has not the opportunity to sin. Give the devil but a hair, your whole head is his. What chance led Satan to my
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undoing in the greenhouse! Had I not shared his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny: had I done this, the baron would not have been killed; I should not have fired my home, I should not now be here prostrate in despair, a terror to myself—a curse to mankind. Meanwhile, the alarum bells pealed incessantly, and scared me to my feet again. I was glad that there was time yet before the break of day, and again I indulged the hope that I might retreat to a great distance, without being recognised. Again a paroxysm of sorrow came over me, and I sank to the earth in tears, as I remembered that this was the first of May, my Fanny’s birth-day. In former years, how happily, alas! had we passed that day, amid a circle of smiling friends. To-day; what a day! What a night! It then flashed across my brain that it was WALPURGIS NIGHT! Strange! The old superstition chronicled this night, as evermore, a night of terror, in which wicked spirits break from their prison-house and the fiend holds a levee of his witches on the summit of the Blocksberg! I could almost have sworn to the truth of the wildest absurdities regarding this night that had ever been penned. The accursed Red-coat and all his mysterious sayings started up more vividly than ever before me. Why should I deny it? I would have now given my soul that he were really what I had, in jest, called him in the greenhouse—that even he might save me, and erase out all remembrance of the past; that he might restore to me my wife, my children, in some corner of the earth, where we might live free from mortal care.

Still louder and louder rose the peal of the alarum bells. I marked on the horizon the grey streaks of coming morning. I sprang up from the ground, and continued my flight through the thicket till I reached the high road.

Cain.

Again on the high road, I once more breathed freely; all that had passed was so horrible—so sudden, I could scarcely think it real. I looked around; through the dark pine trees there still glowed the ruddy reflection of the conflagration. I passed my hands over my garments, and dabbled my fingers with the baron’s blood. That alone, would betray me to the first person that met me! I thought of this, and hastily tore my clotted garments from off me, hid them amid some furze, and then washed off the spots from my hands, with the dew on the grass. In this state, with my torn clothes, I ran wildly along the high road.

“What art thou now?” said I to myself, “whoever sees you is certain to pursue you. No one but a madman, or a murderer, would run through the roads in such a state; or, if accosted, I must protest that I had been robbed; and should a poor peasant meet me, whom I could overpower, I would have his frock from him, and that would for a while serve me for a disguise. In the day I could conceal myself in the covert of the woods, and during the night continue my flight: but where get food? where money? On a sudden it struck me, that my pocket book was the coat which I had thrown from me, and that I had left myself without a single stiver. Irresolute how to act, I stood stock-still; for a moment, I thought of turning back and searching for my pocket book. But, the blood of the baron! I could not have looked upon it again, though it had been to procure for me millions—and to return, to have the fitful gleams of the distant fire between the pine trees constantly before me, no! sooner witness the gaping flames of hell! so I wandered on.

The rattle of a carriage caught my ear—perhaps it was a fire engine and peasants hastening to give assistance, I dashed again into the thicket, where I could yet have a peep at the road. I trembled like an aspen leaf; the sounds I had heard were caused by a handsome open carriage drawn by two horses, packed with trunks, and passing leisurely along. There was only a man in it, and he was driving. Gradually, as he approached, he slackened his pace, and at last he pulled up before the very place where I was. Having dismounted, he walked round the carriage, and carefully examining it on every side crossed the road and disappeared in the thicket.

“You would be safe, if you were in that carriage!” I inwardly exclaimed! “your wearied limbs cannot carry you further—clothes, money, speedy flight, all these, these are now within your grasp; it is the interposition of Heaven to serve you, avail yourself of the opportunity, the carriage is empty,—one leap and you are in it!”
A German Legend.

The deed was done as quick as thought, for there was not a moment to be lost in hesitation. The thought of every man is highest his own bosom—let him save himself who can. Necessity and despair have no law. In a moment I had passed from out of the thicket upon the road, from the road into the carriage, I seized the reins, and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. At that moment the proprietor sprang forth from the wood, and, just as the horses had felt the whip, he caught them by the bit. I slashed the horses violently, a desperate effort must needs be made. The horses reared, and, springing forward, their owner fell under their feet, whilst crying for help, I drove over him; his voice pierced my soul. It was a well known voice, a voice dear to me, I could scarcely trust my ears. I pulled up, and leaning aside, gazed upon the unhappy man. I saw him, indeed, and my very heart shuddered at the thought,—there I beheld my own brother, who having, unexpectedly, brought his business in Prague to an early termination, or from some other cause was now on his return home.

I turned aside my eyes, as if struck with lightening; I was paralysed in every nerve, rooted to my seat; my victim lay moaning beneath me: I had not intended, I had not even thought of doing such an act as this. I crept carefully from the carriage, and sank down beside my brother. The wheel had passed over his breast; with a voice choked with anguish I called him by name. He, alas! was dead, and I the wretch, who had robbed him of a life dear to me as my own. Horror of horrors, two murderers in one night! both it is true, involuntary, both committed in desperation, but, still they were committed, and they were the consequence of the first crime, which I ought to have avoided.

My eyes were filled with tears. They were not tears of sorrow for my dear brother who lay dead beside me, but tears of angry passion against my destiny—against Heaven; never till this day had I polluted myself with such an odious crime but was full of sympathy for everything that was beautiful, good, great, and true. There was, indeed, no pleasure in my eyes equal to that of making others happy. And now, one fatal, thoughtless moment of passion and self-forgetfulness, and the malicious sport of chance or necessity had made me the most wretched, the most forlorn of human beings under the canopy of heaven. Let not then any man boast himself of his virtues, his power, his self-command! One short minute, during which a mortal lays his better principles a little aside, is all that is required— but one short minute, and, he who is pure as an angel, becomes capable of any atrocity. Well if events be more happily ordered for him, and that no brother lie in his way for him to drive over to his own eternal misery.

But a truce to moralizing! He that has not, by this time, drawn the moral for himself; can never receive it from another, and I will hasten onwards to the conclusion of my unhappy story, which is yet fuller of horrors than aught which the fancy of poets could have framed.

REPTENCE.

With intermingled anguish and fondness I kissed the pale forehead of my brother. At that moment I heard voices in the wood, I sprang to my feet in terror lest I should be caught over the corpse of him so dear to me, whom, as a stranger I would nevertheless in the first instance have robbed, and did actually kill! Almost unconsciously I was soon in the heart of the thicket, having abandoned the corpse, together with horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was the only feeling awake within me; every other was dead. I rushed madly through bush and briar; where the underwood was thickest, there deep despair carried me. “Whoever finds thee,” I kept muttering to myself, “will kill thee, Cain! fratricide!”

I sunk exhausted upon a rock in the centre of the wood. The sun had arisen without my having perceived it. A new life breathed throughout nature. The dreadful Walpurgis night was past with my deep crimes; but its children were sporting like fiends about my path. I mentally saw my weeping Fanny, with her orphan babes—I saw also my brother’s disconsolate family. I beheld a court with judges assembled to pass sentence upon me—the train of the executioner, the scaffold;
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my existence was a burden to me—had I allowed myself to be strangled by the baron, I should have deserved my fate; I had been a traitor to my Fanny, and to my plighted faith sworn to her ten thousand times—had I even gone back, when the village was in flames, I might have once again embraced my wife and babes, and, tearing myself away, have rushed into the flames; so that I might, at least, have been free from the crime of fratricide. My existence was a burden to me, because I was afraid of committing new crimes, for such, apparently, was inevitably my fate, at every step I took, such terrible impress had the night's events wrought upon my mind, that I believed the guilty soul increased the number of his crimes with every breath he drew. I thought of committing suicide—but even for that, there was left to me too little energy. I, therefore, made up my mind to surrender myself to the hands of justice, there, under its just sentence, to expiate my crimes: and under even those dreadful circumstances, I perchance might press my Fanny, my Augustus, my Leopold to my bosom, and supplicating their forgiveness, pass lamented into eternity. There were many domestic arrangements which I might be yet capable of making, many counsels and directions which I might give my Fanny.

This thought procured me, at length, some contentment; I grew more tranquil, I had as it were surrendered my life, and the furies of conscience, now that they had what they wished, ceased to war within my bosom. I arose and walked on—but I knew not whither; in my agitation and anguish of mind, I had even forgotten from what quarter I had been flying. Around me was the thick and gloomy forest. I strained my eyes to catch the last gleams of the conflagration that were to guide my steps towards my judges, yet the road mattered not. Each step of every road was sure enough, in the end, to carry me to them.

After I had walked on for some time, the darkness of the wood became diminished, and I found myself upon a rugged forest track, into which I struck, indifferent whither it might lead me.

The Tempter.

The neighing of horses close before me was the first sound which startled me. A fit of terror again seized me, and the love of life awoke anew: again I felt an impulse to retreat into the forest brake. It is true, I said, thou hast transgressed; thou art a criminal of fearful dye, yet mayest thou still be happy, if thou canst but this once escape. For thou never wast a villain at heart, even admitting that thou wast most unsteady in principle. There was I cogitating, thus forgetful of all my resolutions, and, already, in thought, in that solitude, where, unknown to the world and under a strange name, I might live happy with my wife and children. While, however, this was passing in my mind, never once had I changed my course, but, continued advancing. At a turn of the road, I stumbled upon a carriage upset, from the wheel having been broken, and to my horror or delight—I knew not which feeling predominated, the well-known man in the red coat was standing beside it.

When he saw me, he grinned at me in his wonted fashion and said, "Ha! you are welcome. Did I not say we should meet again? I have been waiting here the whole night. My postilion went back to town for assistance, and has not yet returned."

"His help is more needed there than here," I said. "The town is all in flames!"

"So I suspected, from the redness on the sky. But what makes you," he asked, "loiter in the wood? What seek you here? Why are you not helping to quench the flames?"

"I have other fires to quench than those of blazing wood."

"I guessed as much," he said. "Did I not tell you so?"

"Save me. I am a vile criminal, a faithless husband, a murderer, and an incendiary, robber, fratricide, each of these since the moment you left me, and within three hours. Yet I swear to you I am not a wicked man."

Red-coat, when I said this, stamped with his club-foot upon the ground, as if he were bursting with inward displeasure. But his features remained rigid as iron; neither did he give me a reply. I then recounted to him the unexampled mishaps of the past night; still he contracted not one single muscle of his face.

"Do you know me now and what it is I wish from you?" he at length exclaimed.
A German Legend.

"My soul, my soul!" I cried; "for now I begin to believe that you are he indeed, for whom in Prague I set you down in joke."

"And that was?"—

"Satan!"

"Then fall down and worship me," he commanded, with terrible voice.

I fell even upon my knees before him, like a madman, and, raising my folded hands, exclaimed: "Save me! save my wife and children from destruction! They are innocent. Transport us to some desert wild, where we would be content with bread and water for food, and a cave to shelter us. We should be happy there as in Paradise. But wash from my memory only the dread recollection of the Walpurgis Night, or even Paradise itself would be a hell; and, if thou canst not, then 'twere better for me to expiate my guilt upon the scaffold."

As I said this, he raised his club-foot and contemptuously thrust it with such force at me that I fell backwards to the ground. I sprang upon my feet; again I would have renewed my supplications, but he interrupted me, saying, "This is the man of piety and refined feeling! This is the proud mortal that plumed himself upon his reason! This is the philosopher who scoffs at the existence of the devil, and makes eternity the theme of his learned doubts! He—that very man—now crowns his wickedness by worshipping the fiend!"

"By this, Satan! I recognise thee," I wildly exclaimed,—"by this, that gentle pity, which, evermore, inhabits the warm heart of man, has no place within thy iron breast. I wish not pity from thee, whose heart knows no other feeling but malignant scorn. I, buy thy favour—buy it with my soul! Still may it better its case; it may even yet find the way to repentance and to grace; still might it be able to escape thy clutch, even when thou deem'st it most securely thine."

With grave demeanour he answered me, "No, sir, I am not the fiend you take me for; I am a man as you are. You were a criminal; now you have become a madman. But he who has bidden adieu to his better faith, is not long of being quit of his reason as well. I despise you: and, though I could have aided you, in very sooth, I would not. I do not ask your soul. It is ripe for hell, without Satan offering the smallest drachma for its purchase."

HOPE.

At these terrible words I stood awhile in a maze of bewilderment, full of shame and rage, of remorse and resolution, and ready to fall into any snare that might save me for the moment.

"If you are not he I take you for," at length, I said, "would you were. Save me, or I am lost! Save me, for you alone are blamable for my terrible condition."

"Tis ever thus with man," he said, grinning. "He is, in his own mind, pure as snow, though steeped even in brother's blood to the very lips."

Enraged beyond all quiet endurance, "You, sir—you," I exclaimed, "were the cause of the innumerable horrors of this Walpurgis Night. Why came you last night to my greenhouse, where, peacefully and void of offence, I was sleeping, waiting the breaking of the morning light? Had you not disturbed me, none of these dreadful calamities would have happened."

"But did I waken you to play the wanton and the incendiary? Thus is it with man! Though he had murdered thousands in cold blood, he would seek to gloss over the guilt, and put it upon the shoulders of the mountaineer who dug the iron from the dark bowels of the earth. Sir, the very breath you breathe is the cause of your crime, because you could not have committed it without breath. But without breath, you must remember, you would have had no life."

"Why, then, did you play the part of a demon beside me in the garden, and say, in so significant a manner, that he who lends Satan but a hair, that man's head is sure to be drawn after him by it as by a thread?"

"This is well now. And was there falsehood in that? What more terrible witness of the truth of what I have advanced than yourself? Did I ask you for that hair? or have you offered it to me? But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first
love, you should then have called to mind your own Fanny. You had too much reli-
ance on your own virtue, or, rather, you thought not of virtue at all. Religion and
virtue would have told you, “flee home to the greenhouse.” Sir, a man must never
rely on his own heart in the hour of temptation. The first light thought to which he
allows free scope is that hair you wot of in the devil’s clutch.

“You are right. But could I foresee that?”

“Unquestionably you could.”

“Impossible. Only think of the fearful concatenation of circumstances.”

“You should have thought of consequences at the first step. Could you not have
thought of the coming of the baron, when you held his wife in your embrace? or of
the conflagration, when you flung the light into the straw? or of your brother’s
murder when you urged the horses against their owner’s breast? For, he, or another
—twas all the same—every man is your brother.”

“May be. But do not cast me into deeper despair. You must, at least, grant that
the first slip might have happened without all the other horrors necessarily follow-
ing, if there had not been a concurrence of the most fearful incidents which destiny
did ever throw together.”

“Who will agree with you in that? What was there fearful in the baron simply
coming to look for his wife? What fearful in there being straw in the barn, as there
is in all barns? What awful in your meeting your brother peacefully returning to
his home? No, sir, what you call a concatenation of dreadful circumstances, had
you remained in the path of rectitude would have been a source of rejoicing to you.
The world is good; it is man’s disposition that turns it into a hell. It was man who
first fashioned the dagger, and brewed the deadly poison; but for him the same
materials would have been wrought into peaceful ploughshares, or medicinal and
sanative drugs. Think not to justify yourself!”

As he said this, a cry of anguish burst from me, for the horror of my condition
spread itself out fully before me. “Oh!” I exclaimed, “up to this night I have
been guiltless—a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach: now, I am with-
out peace, dishonoured, without consolation!”

No! sir, even here I must gainsay you. It is not to-night alone that you have
become what you are; you have long been so. No man changes in an hour from
an angel to a fiend, unless he have within him already all the tendencies to become
one. You wanted but the opportunity, or the latent seeds of crime would have
developed themselves before now. You only wanted Julia and solitude. The fire
slumbers within the flint and the steel, although we see it not:—strike them togeth-
er, it starts forth at once. A chance spark falls into the powder magazine, and
half a town, with all its happiness, is hurled into irretrievable ruin. Let no one
extol to me the pious crowd, that, in the pride of innocence, attends the poor sinner
to the gallows! That many of those witnessing that awful scene are not suspended
there is purely from the want of the opportunity to commit the same dread crime.”

“I will,” I answered, “try and console myself with that thought. And, if you
are right, the whole world is not a whit better than either of us, as far as that goes.”

“No, sir,” he angrily said, “you are wrong again. I grant you half the world,
but not the whole. For all I have said, I believe that there is a reward for virtue;
and I further believe in the existence of a soul, which you, with all your pretended
superiority, secretly doubted; and it is just with you as with one-half of the world,
especially now-a-days, when the leading features of man’s character are false faith,
selfishness, and dastardly ambition which sticks at nothing to gain its object. See,
then, how you stand condemned.”

“You may be right,” I answered, “but I am neither better nor worse than other
men of my time.”

“What you are,” he replied, “that the world appears to you to be. We never
see the external world pictured in our own selves, but ourselves in the external
world. Everything is but a mirror.”

“For God’s sake, sir,” I exclaimed, in a frenzy of despair, “save me, for the
time is running by. Granted, that I may be a bad man, but might I not become
better?”

[THE COURT]
A German Legend.

"Unquestionably," he said. The pressure of necessity brings power to meet it."

"Save me! save my wife and my children!" I cried in frantic wildness. I can, I will become better, for I see with horror how great a measure of guilt I was capable; foul guilt, indeed, of which I would never have deemed myself capable."

"It may be. But you are full of weakness, and such weakness is the mother of the vilest actions. I will save you, if you cannot save yourself. Do you know me now and what is it I wish from you?"

"You are an angel, assuredly—my guardian spirit."

"It was not idly that I appeared to you in the garden before the perpetration of these horrors. I warned you. But, courage! He that holds fast by faith need fear nothing."

DELIVERANCE.

Whilst Red-coat was speaking these words of comfort to me, it seemed as though his fiery-coloured garment were enveloped in a bright flame, and as if also green fire were shooting up around us from the earth, but it was occasioned only by the trees. The colours of the sun, passing between and amongst them, flickered, confusedly, in strange fashion before my eyes. At last every thing was darkness to me, and, swooning, a sense of consciousness departed entirely from me: something had befallen me.

At length my senses seemed to be—though sluggishly—regaining their influence over me; and a far-away sound was heard within my ears, and glimpses of light, shooting and dancing before my eyes bewildered my mind beyond measure. With the speed of thought, the noise and light grew at length more distinct. I mused upon the state I was in: nevertheless, I could not make out what had happened to me. Either it was a swoon from which I was recovering, or madness, or death. My senses seemed to be severing from the nervous system—the spirit from the senses. What, I inwardly pondered, can yet remain behind. A wide range of fantastic and doubtful thoughts flashed in an instant through my brain. I made one strenuous effort and burst open my eyes. Above me hovered, as if mantled in clouds, the old man—smiling upon me with a sad smile of extreme earnestness. I could no longer trace hard iron-lineaments in his face, but beheld a mild and gentle spirit beaming from his radiant looks. The splendor of the scene dazzled me, and soon again I slowly and gladly closed my eyes and passed my senses away in dreamy slumber. I was now wholly unable to move a limb. "What has come over me, or what is yet to come?" thought I; for it seemed to my mental vision that I heard the din of cities and villages passing before me; then the roaring of tempest-shaken forests; then the rushing of many waters, and the roar of billows dashing angrily against the rocks; then as quickly was the whole scene changed, and I heard the gentle tinkling of bells, and the distant melody of simple shepherd song.

"What is this? where am I?" again thought led me to ponder, and over me the form of the old man still hung, his eyes anxiously bent upon me.

"I will save thee," at length he said, in a tone of infinite sweetness. "Be no longer afraid. Thou hast seen thy life and thy death. Weaking, become man! I will not save thee twice."

With that the glancing lights again came before my eyes, and it seemed to me as if I lay in a rocky cavern, into which the light crept faintly through a narrow crevice. But the old man continued stooping over me. Then he said, "Now thou art saved and I bid thee adieu. I have fulfilled thy desires."

"But," I said, "give me my Fanny, my children, in this wilderness!"

The old man answered, "They are already with thee."

"And, if thou canst, wash out the memory of my guilt—aye, and for ever!"

The old man replied, "I will; it shall trouble thee no more."

Whilst he uttered this, something like a vapour passed across me, and, in utter unconsciousness of all that had passed, I gazed at the grey rocks above. Now I felt inexpressible rapture, and yet every thing looked like the doings in a fairy tale. Whilst thus gazing on the rocks above me, an invisible being pressed its lips to mine. I felt a sweet warm kiss.

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THE NEW WORLD.

That kiss brought me back again to earth. I thought my eyes were open; it was not so, but I was still half dreaming, and they were closed, for I could hear the patter of light footsteps around me, and yet saw not any one in the cavern. Now a soft breath played over my cheek, and two delicate lips again touched mine. The feeling of life returned to my limbs; I heard the prattle of children’s voices. The thoughts of the dream and a something of reality blended confusedly together, but, gradually separating, the latter became more and more realised, till I regained perfect consciousness of every thing that was passing around me.

It seemed to me that I was lying on some hard and inconvenient substance, as if upon the seat of the greenhouse. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny bent over me. She had awakened me with her kisses. Our children were clapping their hands for joy, as soon as they saw me awake, scrambling up upon the seat, and clamoring over me, crying one after the other, “Papa! good morning; Papa, Papa!” And my little wife hung about my neck, and with tears in her eyes reproached me for having slept all the cold night in the greenhouse, when if Christophe, our servant, had not arrived a quarter of an hour before from the inn, and made a fuss with the maids in the kitchen, and so made known my arrival, not a soul would have heard anything of my return.

The heavy Walpurgis dream had taken such strong hold upon my thoughts, that, although thus awakened and at home, I lay long without venturing to trust either my eyes or my ears. I looked for the fantastic cavern in the wilderness, and it was only the greenhouse. There lay the drums, and whips, and cock-horses scattered on the ground. On the table stood my Fanny’s work-basket—every thing, indeed, as I found it when I had selected the greenhouse as my resting-place for the night.

“And is Christophe this moment come from the inn?” I inquired. “Did he sleep there all night?”

“To be sure, you strange creature, you!” said Fanny, as she patted me on the cheek. “And he declares that he did so by your orders: what then tempted you to pass the night on this seat? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? We would have leaped from them joyfully to have received you—every one of us, that we would.”

My frame shook with the excess of delight. “You, then,” I asked, “have passed the night in gentle and quiet slumber?”

“There’s a question!” said Fanny. “If I could have fancied that you were here in the greenhouse, I could not have closed my eyes. I should have crept towards you like a ghost. Do you know, too, that it was Walpurgis Night, when the witches and kobolds are sure to be gadding on some mischievous errand!”

“I know it, alas! but too well,” said I, rubbing my eyes, and overjoyed to find that all my crimes were but a dream—that neither inn, nor town was burnt—that neither Red-coat from Prague, nor the long-forgotten Julia, had paid me a visit. Now, indeed, did I clasp my dear Fanny to my heart. With her and my children upon my bosom, I felt more earnestly at that moment than ever, the joy of purity of heart and a good conscience. A new world was fresh blossoming around me, and more than once this, in turn, seemed to me unreal—another dream. Fully to satisfy myself that no blazing light had been flung among the straw, I cast my eyes ever and anon towards the roofs of our smiling village. Never had I dreamt a more connected, more clearly-defined, or a more fearful dream. The spirit’s power of thought becomes more active, as usually is the case, just before recovery from a morning dream,—and it was not until its close, when it blended with waking consciousness, that it had become fantastic.

We now passed in joyful triumph through the lovely garden into my delightful home, where my domestics were all waiting to welcome me. After I had changed my dress, laden with all sorts of toys for my children, I went to Fanny’s room to breakfast. There sat the young exulting mother, with her little ones beside her. At every glance I cast upon the dear ones, new thoughts of rapture gushed through my veins. I sank in silence upon Fanny’s breast. With tears of joy in my eyes,
A German Legend.

I gave her the presents I had bought for her in Prague, and said, "Fanny, this is thy birthday."

"Never has it dawned upon me," she said, "fraught with such happiness as today. I have you back with me. I have also invited our friends to celebrate, in all mirthfulness of heart, the day of your return. Dearest, you are not displeased?" But come now, sit down beside us, and tell me every thing that has occurred since you went away."

The oppressive dream still clung to me too closely for conversation upon any topic, until at length I thought that the best way to shake it off would be to narrate it. Fanny listened, and grew very serious. "Certainly," said she, smiling, when it was done, "one has some reason to believe in the witchery of the Walpurgis Night. You have dreamed a long and tedious dream. Be a good boy in future, sweetest, for of a verity your good angel has spoken with you. Write down your dream. Such a dream is far more remarkable than the whole current of many a life. You know I have great faith in dreams. They do not, indeed, show anything beforehand, but what they show us is a very great deal, and that is ourselves. They are sometimes the very clearest mirrors of the soul."

THE TEMPTER WITH THE TEMPTATION.

A circumstance which occurred that same day—not, indeed, extraordinary in itself, but nevertheless remarkable,—heightened still further the interest of my Walpurgis dream. My wife had invited some friends to a little family feast. We were taking our repast, on account of the beauty of the day, in the spacious upper hall of the greenhouse. The Walpurgis dream was already half obliterated from my recollection by a more charming reality. At that moment the servant announced the arrival of a strange gentleman, who wished to speak with me, a Baron Mandeville von Drostow. Fanny saw that at the mention of his name I was alarmed.

"Surely you will not," she said with a smile, "quail before the Tempter, seeing he does not bring the temptation with him, neither even before the Tempter with me beside you?"

Accordingly I went down stairs, where, seated on the very couch upon which I had slept, was the veritable Red-coat of Prague. He arose, and, greeting me like an old acquaintance, said, "You see I am a man of my word. I must now make the acquaintance of your amiable Fanny, with whom I became accidentally acquainted through your confidential letters. Only don’t be jealous of me," he continued, pointing at the same time towards the garden. "What is more, I bring two guests with me; my brother and his lady. My sister-in-law, however, knows you already. We met by chance in Dresden, and are now pursuing our journey in company."

I expressed my pleasure at this visit. Meanwhile, a stout muscular man entered from the garden into the cabinet where we were conversing, and with him a lady in a travelling dress. Judge of my dismay. It was Julia, the baron’s wife! Julia was less embarrassed than I was, although she too blushed at the first. After the opening civilities were over, I led my guests to the upper hall, and introduced them to my Fanny. The Baron von Drostow paid her the most flattering compliments. "I fell in love with you in Prague, when, without your husband knowing anything of the matter, I learned all the little secrets which you confided to him."

"I know all about it," said Fanny; "you purchased these secrets with fourteen hundred dollars. But you are a naughty man for all that, for you have caused my good man to pass a bad, restless night."

"We have not done with that business yet, Fanny," said I. "For there behold the dear tempter," and I pointed to the Baron’s lady—Julia!"

Fanny was taken aback for a moment, but women are not without ready expedients. She embraced Julia like a sister, and placed the Tempter on the right hand, the temptation on the left, next to herself. "As far away from you as possible!" she said to me with a roughish shake of the head. Fanny and Julia, although they had never met before, were soon fully acquainted with each others secrets, they had a world of news to tell one another, and they both took delight in making me the object
The Walpurgis Night.

of their raillery. For myself it was the rarest of treats, to see these forms side by side; both so lovely, but Julia—only, a beautiful woman, Fanny—an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her, in the course of a walk through the garden, was very happy. She was warmly attached to her husband, a man of superior mind; for her brother-in-law, Redcoat, she had however, the awful reverence of a very child. He had spent many years, she told me, in travelling, and his residence was now in Poland, where he possessed a small property, in the immediate neighbourhood of her husband's estate. Amongst his books, and in the country, he pursued a life of practical benevolence. She spoke of him in the most enthusiastic terms, and maintained, that there breathed not a man of nobler mind than he. From these remarks I made this practical deduction, that one must not put too great reliance upon a man's physiognomy.

"Why," I afterwards asked this worthy man, as a fit opportunity offered itself, "why did you put that mysterious question to me in Prague, 'do you know me now, and what is it I wish from you?"" These were words which riveted my attention in Prague, and had afterwards played such a prominent part in my drama.

"Bless my soul!" he answered; "I was on the point of telling you, when I called with your pocket book, what it was I wanted, and of explaining I had found it, and I did all in my power to cause you to have confidence in me, and give me proof that it was you who had lost it; but you hung back from me, as if I were a most suspicious character. I saw you were ill at ease; and could therefore scarcely entertain a doubt, but that I had returned it to the right man.'

I now related my dream to him. "Sir!" he exclaimed, "the Walpurgis spirits must not be allowed to die. The dream deserves to be made a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not chronicle it to the minutest particular, I shall write it down myself, and send you the whole in print. There are golden lessons in it. I am glad, however, that I have the honor to figure in the catastrophe as an angel of light, otherwise I might not wish the story of your Walpurgis Night to spread itself abroad, with my name so attached to it.

We spent the remainder of that happy day in each other's society; I with the truly wise Mandeville, Fanny with Julia.

We accompanied our guests to their inn in the evening, and Fanny said to me as we parted from them before the inn door—"Here we separated, accompany not the fair temptation one step further. Your Walpurgis dream contains a valuable lesson, as well for me, as for you. Do you know me now, my lord, and what it is your Fanny wishes from you?"

THE STRAWBERRY PLANT.

I strike not chords of a high sounding lyre,
Fitted for regal court and palace hall,
Nor sing of tourney, knight, or dame, or squire,
Nor heed tho' themes of love and glory call;
A lowlier lay is mine; a simple chant
Of wild wood melody: which waterfall,
Deep glen, scath'd rock, or heathy hill inspire;
Of elves and fabled sprites, the lonely haunt.
There, for mine own delight, I poured the strain
Where roses bloom and ivy tendrils flaunt.
Nor deem, I pray, thy humble poet vain,
If now she seeks to stamp the passing thought,
That these sweet summer hours may live again.
With all their deep blue skies and lovely memories fraught.

It was in the month of June we left the dust and smoke of London for our mountain home. The warm high South wind, which in the country exhilarates one in every vein, in town only envelopes you in clouds of dust, and wafts a thousand un-
The Strawberry Plant.

pleasant odours from the shops of green grocers, butchers, and fishmongers. What a contrast then, the morning after our arrival, when the clear bright sun in his glory shedding his rays from a sky of cloudless blue, called us from our beds, and when the beautiful scene around, summoned us forth to pay the homage of admiration, how readily did we obey. The sea sparkled as if every drop were set in diamonds, the huge rocks frowned no more in the full blaze of sunshine, the grass in the mountain patches was as green as the emerald, whilst the newly opened foliage displayed the softer, milder glow of the chrysolite. Who could chide us if we did spend the whole day, even to the exhaustion of our strength, wandering over that lovely scenery, unmindful of dinner, reckless of the pile of lessons unlearned, and of piano-forte untouched. Yet was the time mispent? Surely not. Did not high and hallowed feelings sanctify our idleness? Did not our eyes fill with tears of gratitude and love as we looked around, and saw all creation smiling in the light of heaven? Did not our hearts swell as we gazed on the high peaks of our far-famed mountain, piercing into the depths of the spotless sky, on those scathed rocks which almost lost their character of rugged desolation, as their vast sides bathed in the flood of light, shewed the smallest speck of vegetation dappling their sober tints of grey. How we contemplated, with an all-pervading feeling of kindness to all living things, the small white sheep of the mountains sheltered under the rocks, peeping over their summits, or passing lazily along to the sweeter grass which attracted them in the valleys; or the pretty black cattle reclining in such perfect repose, their large calm eyes so mildly quiet, and now and then gently lashing their tails to displace some glittering fly intrusively settling on their sleek and polished sides; or watching some rosy cheeked girl bending beneath her earthen jug lightly poised upon her hip, or dexterously borne upon her head, dawdling by the dog-rose bushes on her way to the mountain stream. What a picturesque creature! a ragged petticoat, but half way down her limbs unhosed and unshod, one shoulder not yet embrowned by the summer sun, peeping from out of the well-worn sleeve and loose strap, and shaming the dark-tanned neck and throat. That long strait hair, all uncombed to the smoothness of patrician tresses, floating freely in the breeze, now half shading her mirthful eyes, then blowing back from her forehead. And hark! hear ye not how merrily and wildly she raises her untaught voice in careless song, which rings up the mountain side; and now, arrived at the brook, she bathes her feet in the stream, or dabbles along its pebbly bed enjoying its coolness, or soothed by its gurgling sound, as it dances over the rocky fragments that obstruct its way. She is as happy after her fashion, as we are, nay, perhaps, happier, all intellectual and susceptible of fine emotions as we deem ourselves, for she enjoys the present sunshine with all her soul as well as all her body, and knows no care beyond that of the day. It were painful to contrast the squalid little wretches of the manufacturing towns with these wild free mountaineers; they have no feeling in common, and scarcely the same physical appearance; but as I looked on this happy, unapprehensive being, I resolutely set aside the thoughts of her wretched sister of the factory, the disgrace to our country, and the living proof that the prosperity of wealth may be a very questionable prosperity amidst all its heaps of gold and glitter.

Now we proceed along a narrow sheep path, winding up the rocky side of the hill, but, soon diverging from the beaten track, we wander amidst the low fern growing so luxuriously on the smooth short turf. What a shout we uttered when we descried, peeping forth from the earth, blushing intensely scarlet, the first strawberry! half concealed amid its polished leaves, one white blossom resting its full-spread petals upon its rosy sister, and each receiving added beauty from the contrast! How soon were we both on our knees before it, gazing on its exquisite beauty. And when, as we penetrated further thro’ the fern, we discovered numbers speckling the grass all round us, what delight was comparable with ours! They were to be found all round us, what delight was comparable with ours! They were to be found at the foot of the rocks, or still better, after a scramble up their sides, when we reached a slope of turf, and there we saw twenty or thirty all ripe and rosy, and inviting our fingers to pluck them. I remember, high up on one of these rocks was a tiny spot of mingled turf and moss, and growing there
The Strawberry Plant.

was the loveliest strawberry plant that eyes ever beheld. It was the identical specimen whence every artist has drawn from time immemorial. First, there was the fullest redundance of leaf, polished and luxuriant, then, in the middle, rose a fine healthy stem, whence depended three full ripe strawberries, varying from the bright scarlet of maturity to that richer, darker hue that told of perfection just passed away. Drooping over the tops of these were two, one of which had been just kissed to blushing by an ardent sunbeam, the other was in that half-grown state when it seems a mound of seeds. Peeping from the leaves below was a cluster of delicate flowers, some full blown, some with one or two petals only remaining, waiting for some Zephyr, as it swept by on hasty wing, to scatter them to earth, and some were in the mere bud. But there was the plant in every stage of its existence; and there, be it recorded as the triumph of mental over sensual taste—there we left it unsoiled, untouched, to sink gradually to decay by the hand of nature herself. It was not made to be gathered sacrilegiously by mortal hands. Perhaps it was destined for some right royal feast given by Oberon and Titania, and was carefully watered by the chrystal dew collected in their acorn cups by the little fays themselves, and who knows how many tiny diamond eyes were peering at us, flashing rage and vexation at seeing us so near their cherished treasure, or how many hearts were fluttering beneath the thymy mounds, lest we dare despoil the stem of the fruit destined for Queen Mab alone. I hope it had no less noble termination of its existence. I hope no glutinous old snail, attracted in the silence of the night by its fragrance, toiled up the sides of its dwelling place, and revelled on its beauties, or a troop of those indefatigable little red ants who issue from their under-ground cities, and think no more of climbing a tree, than of reaching the summit of the lowliest blade of grass. There is only one thief whom I would forgive if he plucked it before it fell to its mother earth—that enchanting fellow who sings so divinely all the evening long, to cheer his mate as she sits close in the ivy bush; had he carried it to her I would have forgiven him, nay, had he eaten it himself, I would not have been inexorable; one of those rich mellow trills with which he ushers in his joyous carol, would completely disarm my wrath.

Here I invoke the fairy queen and her good people.

THE INVOCATION.

Almost I fear to tread this forest glade,
Dimm’d and obscure’d by evening’s dusky ray,
Lest mortal presence should disturb some fay,
Gliding and flitting in the chequer’d shade:—
Sure ’tis a spot for elvish meetings made,
Where the young fawns in glistening moonshine play,
And nightingales ring forth their thrilling lay
From bowers entwined in honeysuckle braid.
Here spreads the lofty oak, and a small mound
Thyme purpl’d, swells below, Titania’s seat.
And hark! the beetles drum and crickets sound
Summon to frolic gay the fairy feet,
Whilst the bright glance of di’mond eyes flash round,
Bidding me from their secret haunts retreat.
THE SUMMONS.

I come, Queen Mab's glad messenger, to call
Her fairy people from each cave and cell,
From lily cup, moss couch, and fox-glove bell
To meet their lady in her sylvan hall.
For the sweet June is here; and feast and ball
Shall welcome her. The pearl from ocean shell,
Full moon and star and glittering meteor, all
Shower soft radiance: glow-worms deck each tree;
Dews thrice-distill'd in acorn goblets fall;
Whilst trump and horn of knat and velvet bee
Aid the wild music of the babbling springs;
Nectar from violets is call'd for ye;
With emerald verdure shine the fairy rings,
And Zephyrs are abroad to speed your gauzy wings.

THE FAIRIES' MIDSUMMER FEAST.

The fays are abroad on this Midsummer's eve,
O'er the thyme-cover'd mole mounds their footsteps are flitting,
Or they dance on the cords that the small spiders weave,
For the gambols and vaultings of fairy land fitting.
'Tis the fairies' own season. The mushrooms are up,
Round the oak, on the green sward, like tables they're growing;
There, at moonlight, the elves will assemble to sup
On the napery, white as the earth when 'tis snowing.

The acorns are rip'nig full fast on the oak,
And their cups are mature for the festival glasses,
And the brightest of rain-drops have long been bespoke
To distil from the soft cloud of eve as it passes.

Whilst the sweetest of blossoms have gather'd the dew
And suffus'd it with fragrance and taste so enchanting,
The odour so grateful, the flavor so true,
That even the gods could deem nothing was wanting.

All the bushes send tribute to furnish the board,
For their berries are ripe in the beams of Apollo!
And the chesnut of Spain has their offerings stor'd,
In her round spiny fruit-husks so green and so hollow.

There are haws of dark red from that sturdy old thorn,
Who, in May time, is deck'd with such glorious profusion
That her mantle of white in the mist of the moon
Has shone in my sight like a snowy delusion.

There are nuts from the hazel that shadows the brook,
And hips from the dog-rose as brilliant as coral,
And sloes, fruit austere, tho' so lovely they look,
Perchance to be eaten for sake of the moral.
The Fairies' Midsummer Feast.

On each mushroom's broad disk, somewhat rare we behold
Here a delicate dewberry, blue as the sapphire;
There a crab of Siberia, here pippin of gold,
Like a beautiful sun-set, half gold and half fire.

Here the dark jetty balls of the burnet recline
There the spindle contributes her rich blushing angles,
Whose crimson vests bursting, shew globules that shine—
As the clouds when they ope, disclose planets like spangles.

The ivy studs lie in their garment of gloom—
Yet to minds that observe, for their faithfulness treasur'd,
A contrast, 'tis true, to the sour sloe's bloom—
Yet a lesson, like it, how mere looks should be measur'd.

That the fairies have foresight and skill of their own
That bright glowing mould in its sweetness discloses,
For they sav'd the red petals that fell overblown
And now they appear as a conserve of roses.

And such is their feast, held in old forest glade
On the turf which is soft as the eider duck's bosom,
Whilst for lamps, the green glow-worms have lent them their aid,
Sparkling out of the bells of each gay-coloured blossom.

And forth from the blue sky beam glittering eyes,
Looking down on the revels with rays kind and tender,
Whilst, full o'er the forest, mark Cynthia arise,
To bathe the whole scene in her silvery splendour.

And merrily, merrily trip the young fays,
'To the sound of the stream with its clear brawling waters,
Whilst the soberer elves smile at all their wild ways,
And think of past mirth as they gaze on their daughters.

Nor want they gay music to cheer up each heart,
For they've summon'd the voice of each musical neighbour
And their cadences flow with such exquisite art
You would think there were citern, pipe, lyre and tabour.

And the west wind is rushing and gushing around
Thro' the leaves and the flowers in murmurs delicious;
And the hum of the insects comes up from the ground,
All to pay honor due to a feast so auspicious.

So fly the swift hours, till even their feet
Move less free as the mantle of night spreads its awning,
And they turn to look out for some welcome retreat
Where their light forms shall rest till the break of the morning.

Nor has Mab, their kind hostess, neglected each guest,
There are flower bells ready for each weary comer,
Where the night breeze shall rock them as sweetly they rest,
And dream o'er again the gay feast of the summer.

THE FAIRIES' LAMP.

The twilight grey
Sings in the trees
Has pass'd away,
The softest breeze,
Not a gleam is left of the burning day;
Like the murmurs of the honey bees;
With fly and moth
There is a sound
Fear not the mist nor the chilling damp,
Come forth! Of life around,
But in quiet mirth
The beetles hum and the tiny stamp
Glide over the earth
Of the elvish court
By the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.
Who hold their sport
By the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.
The Fairies' Lamp.

Beware! beware!
'Tis bold to dare
On the realms of the little elvish pair.
For we know well
They can weave a spell,
Rack us with ache or the torturing cramp,
If we seek to trace
Their skulking race
By the emerald light of their fairy lamp.

All daily light
Like di'monds bright
Each bank and hedge shines forth to-night,
Glimmering out
Around about

Like Will o’ the Wisp in treacherous swamp;
Yet have no fear
For nought is here
But the emerald light of the fairies’ lamp.

The pioneer
Who mineth near
Has been raising his turfy hillocks here,
Little we ken,
We thoughtless men,
He piles them up for the elvish camp
Who settle wars
And stripes and jars
By the emerald light of the fairies’ lamp.

THE CAPTIVE FAIRY.

MORTAL.
I have caught thee, Fairy fine
In this subtle snare of mine,
And in vain, thy glittering eyes
Flash in anger and surprise.
Struggle not! thou shalt not go
Till thou’st told me all I’d know.
First—when earth is bound in frost,
And the waves are tempest tost;
When the hurricane howls loud
And the Thunder’s in the cloud,
When bitter, bitter blows the wind,
Where do ye safe shelter find?

FAIRY.
"Sometimes in a wreathed shell
Far beneath the ocean’s swell,
Midst coral beds and madrepore
Sleep we till the winters o’er;—
Sometimes in a cave afar,
Hung with gems of crystal spar,
Sometimes in a warm recess
Of the woody wilderness."

MORTAL.
Yet again fine spirit speak,
When the sky’s no longer bleak,
But when soft and balmy showers
Di’mond all the new cloth’d bowers,
When the painted flowers are springing,
When the woods with songs are ringing,
When the fickle clouds are flying,
And the fitful comes sighing,
In that season most delicious,
But alas! the most capricious;
Where do ye your dwellings make,
In wood or mountain, vale or brake?

FAIRY.
"Ho! mortal; then we fairies fly
Madly tho’ the sapphire sky,
Gambol in the cloud and mist
By the struggling sunbeam kist,
Revel on the violet bed
Light upon the cowslip’s head,
Hide beneath the primrose leaf,
Snatching there a slumber brief;
Then up again and soar away:
So we spend the summer day."

THE CAPTIVE FAIRY.

MORTAL.
Never was a fairy sprite,
With a wit so gay and bright,
Never was a mortal blest
With so priz’d, so lov’d a guest;
Little wayward imp in truth,
But I’m foes to speak her sooth,
Clear thy brow, and lift thine eye,
For I swear to let thee fly,
And to break thy captive chain
If thou answerest once again:—
When the waters languidly
In their stony couches lie,
And within the shaded pool
The lazy cattle stand to cool,
Lashing off the buzzing flies
That in endless myriads rise;
When the burning sun on high
Rides along a cloudless sky,
And the rill has cease’d to flow
And the breeze forgets to blow;
Where do ye, sweet spirit say,
Linger out the summer day?

FAIRY.
"I would fain be gone, thy chain
Breaks my heart and binds my brain,
I burn to be in thraldom held,
Yet I speak by force compell’d.
Think not that we are doom’d to bear
Vicissitudes of earth and air,
A moment sees us speed away
If storms deface the summer day;
Conceive the smallest space of time
’Twill bear us to a balmy clime;
One moment, in an iceberg’s centre,
If it be our will to enter;
The next, where balmy spices are,
In some southern land afar;
Now in the shade of orange groves
Which the Italian peasant loves;
Or, spreading wide our gauzy pinions,
Float on Neptune’s blue dominions,
Lull’d on waves that rise and fall
To some sea nymph’s madrigal."

’Tis enough, thy words are spoken
Be my captive’s fetters broken.
Swift as thought she glanc’d from sight
A di’mond in the sapphire light.

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THE LEGEND OF THE STONE CROSS IN PEREDYL.

(A VILLAGE IN VOLHNIA)—A POLISH TALE.

Spring is blooming around, and joy is in Peredyl; children dance on the green, and the aged sit gazing at their doors, and talking of by-gone years. The early dawn is beaming, and orchard and wood, taught by the nightingale and the blackbird, send forth a voice of song. The rippling of the lake is heard, and reedy banners wave around it, and a calm azure sky and bright sun are reflected in the water, and through the flowery meadow winds a stream, making sweet melody as it flows between its grassy banks.

In that meadow a maiden tends her flock, the sparkling drops of a summer's stream are dim in comparison with the brightness of her eyes. Enchantress-like, she sings to the fields and groves, and the lark catching her song, carries it up to heaven. When Pazia appears, it seems as if 'twere written on her countenance, "all shall smile with me, but one alone sigh up to me. Lament, oh earth! for God will soon take Pazia from thee, and her native village will be desolate, as a heart from which hope hath departed."

The dogs are barking as in time of war. But whence cometh war to Peredyl? A hundred miles around all is silence, and the Polish sword sleeps in its scabbard. Ah! what are those rising clouds from behind the wood? They grow bigger and bigger—already they have reached the middle of the sky, and spread far both east and west. Ye fearful clouds, advancing in gloomy array, what bring ye? Are ye pregnant with fertilizing dews, or harbingers of the devastating whirlwind?

Now every door-way is thronged; head after head is thrust forward; every eye is strained; terror increases with terror. A shout goes up to the sky, "Fire! fire!" is shouted again along the road. Cry follows cry, black masses of clouds roll onwards in succession, yet no sun-ray dispels them, and there falls no avenging thunder-bolt to shatter them.

"The end of the world is come at last," cried Leon, son of Kurdz; comely was he to look upon, in strength a very lion. The aged exclaim, "this youth could guide unbridled horses amongst wolves, he might do wonders if he would." Now in anguish he cried, "Where, ah! where is my beautiful Pazia? Come what may, I must to her." Thus saying he clasped his hands, then he bounded over gardens and hedges to the meadow. There the birds still sing, the humming of the bee is heard, the stream still pours forth its melodious current, the flocks too are bleating—but Pazia weeps. "Yon villages—the wood—the fields are consume in flame, and the people weep bitter tears in the midst of smoking ruins! What times are these? Whither shall I fly?"

"To me," replied Leon, but still she cries, "woe! woe!" and covers her face with her hands, to hide from him the tears that pearl-like glide through her fingers. "Rather would I look upon the blood of man, than on one woman in tears," said Leon, "Weep not, my beloved; tears will not avail. Rather let us think of our marriage—nay, even now I will go to the priest; we must be united though the world perish." "Stay," cried Pazia, "for I have not courage to remain alone. I feel as if I had eaten some poisonous plants," and she sank down in silence. Leon looked wildly around, then imprinted on her forehead the burning impress of his heart and soul.

Louder and louder bark the dogs; the sky is suddenly obscured as though an ark had stretched over it its world-wide spreading sails. Every where flames are rising, and the sun seems imbedded in ashes. Ah! see that crowd of crows and ravens sailing round Peredyl, and urged forward by the shout of "Allah!" resounding along the forest. See too, the villagers half senseless, running to and fro; they ring the bells of the convent and sacred edifices, and gather round about the priest, who, holding in his hands the cross, cries "God save them! God save us!"

A crowd of the young flock around an aged man, "Father! tell us what this means?" "Many a time," he answers, "have I seen such sights. God sends the beautiful spring, and with the spring come the Tartars." They shriek wildly, and disperse with the speed of terror.
The Legend of the Stone Cross in Peredy.

"Allah! Bismillah!" is heard throughout the village, and every house is enveloped in flames. The church sinks down in glowing ashes, and the steeple groans as the bells drop from it. The castle on the shadowy hill is the last object that the sons of Allah descry, and thither they hurry with burning torches. Ah! beautiful castle! where art thou now, and thy treasured recollections of many centuries? Even the mill that rose above the stream has disappeared in flame and smoke. Ah! wretched nation! thou hast ever lived salamander-like in fire; and like the pelican also, thou hast torn open thine own breast to assuage the agonies of thy children.

Whilst the Tartar host plunders and burns the village, murdering the aged and the children, and making captives of the young and beautiful, some of their horsemen rush into the meadow. At sight of their glittering spears Pazia falls senseless, and Leon raging like a wounded bear, stands before her ready for battle. Five Tartars advanced to bear away the maiden, as an offering to appease the wrath of their chan, who has just smitten his Mirza because no youthful female captive has yet been brought before him. The foremost is struck by Leon to the heart, and he instantly ceases to live. Another he forced from his horse; loudly cried the enraged Tartar, and the fields echoed the cry, and a death silence followed. Leon has now gained his adversary's spear, and with it he slays two more of the enemy; the last is still seated upon his swift arab, but without the hand that bore his spear. Half sinking from pain he rides away. Leon cast from him the blood wet weapon, and soon recalled his Pazia to Life. "My beloved, my dearest friend," she exclaimed, "an arrow sticks in thy shoulder," and as she tore it out, Leon sunk upon the ground exhausted. In silent terror Pazia knelt by him, and to all appearance they now both seemed as if they had ceased to live.

The snowy charger slowly paced the field: now the blood of his master reddened his proud neck, and left a bloody track upon the ground.

"Dogs!" cried the furious chan, "Giaours are then still left living here?"

Swift as the arrow they flew towards the yet dying warrior; his head soon swept the dust, his body entangled by the spur; before they reached him he was dead. Meanwhile Leon recovered, "Where are the Tartars?" he enquired of Pazia, and, as he spoke, he saw them coming, "Flee! flee!" he exclaimed, forcing her from him with aspect terrible as a thunder cloud, and he prepared himself for battle.

The day has died away and is succeeded by the night. The moon wandering through the smoke behind the lurid clouds, looks like a white-robed spirit amongst the tombs, or like the pictured skull upon the funeral pall. Still loud bark the dogs. The villagers steal out from their hiding places. The women wring their hands, or in silent grief fold the arms of their children as in prayer to God. This night there are no sleepers in Peredy!—care is in all hearts.

Night has passed away, and the morning sun, beautifully radiant, floats swan-like on the lake. The inhabitants of the forest and the field, of the waters and the air, again pour forth melodious song, and nature is gay in Peredy, as if those fires, and the dread visit of those Tartars, had been but the phantoms of a dream. But how different is it in the dwellings of man. There the spirit of destruction is reveling, and seems to invite to the banquet the reptiles of the earth. But instead men creep forth from holes and caves, to look upon ashes, and blood and death. The dogs have ceased to bark, and with fear look upon the black ruins; no longer do they bite and tear each other, but now they lick the hands of their masters. Misfortune has united even the beasts, wherefore not men? Some of the villagers will remain and rebuild their houses, some think to wander abroad and beg, a lot more horrible than destruction.

"But what means that cross of stone beyond the boundary of the village? Whence came it?" exclaim the people as they gather round it. The men uncover their heads, and the women sink on their knees, and murmur out their inmost thoughts in prayer. The sun bursting through a cloud is now shining upon it in full effulgence. "Are we all here?" some voice was heard to whisper, and one was about to answer "Yes," when a woman's cry broke the silence enquiring for her
son. Another cry was heard from one that sought her daughter, and the only answer she received was the vacant gaze of the crowd. Grief has maddened them, they blaspheme and curse their existence, and in blind despair cling to the cross and kiss it till their lips grow cold with the chill of death. The souls of those mothers are happy now—they dwell with their children. The spectacles bear them to the cemetery.

Quiet night is come again, folding the flowers, nourishing the grass with heaven-born dew, and besprinkling the sky with stars. The longed moon holds mysterious converse with the earth, and from time to time a silver-bordered cloud soars by, bearing a host of chocklucks. The breeze is up, and plays around the cross, where the villagers, assembled to pass the night, have kindled a great fire, blending all into picturesque shapes and forms. The owl is hooting near, and not far off hungry wolves listen to the baying of dogs, as the sound is borne far away by the echo. They are going to wage war for the corpses of men and animals.

The night is half spent. Two stars shoot from the sky to the meadow and the cross. The stony cross melts into flesh, and the upper part assumes a maiden’s form, and receives her life and spirit. Still prisoned within the stone, Pazia has fixed her eyes on heaven, when lo! an angel form appears in the sky, and seems to give mysterious commands to the chocklucks. They descend and range themselves in a bright crescent round the cross, in garments that sparkle as with diamonds. The angel has vanished, leaving a track of roseate light. All is still, and the maiden, silent as the swan floating in moonshine on the slumbering water, rises out of the cross borne by the chocklucks above the slumbering peasants.

The walks in the meadow are strewn with slaughtered Tartars, whose stiffened hands still grasp bridles, swords, and lances. The bodies of slain, or drowned men, of cattle and of horses, lie weltering in their blood. Allah, oh! Allah! dost thou behold what thy worshippers do on earth?

A drowned man lay alone on the bank of the stream, with staring eyes, swollen lips, and teeth set together as in death’s embrace. His hair is entangled, and his limbs distorted. To him Pazia hastens.

“Friend,” said she, “arise,” and the drowned arose, and embraced her!

“Thou comest from the village? what news from thence?” he asked.

“Then thou knowest nought of me?” said Pazia.

He answered, “I was following thee until the water burst through the dam and overwhelmed me; and must I lie here for ever—cannot I dwell with thee?”

“Listen to my tale,” replied the damsel, “more wonderful than thine. The Tartars overtook me close to the valley, and their spears gleamed horribly before my eyes. They had almost seized me, when, as with uplifted arms I cried, “God save me,” I became a stony cross. So must I remain until St. Michael sounds the dooms-day trump. But I have power nightly to quit the cross, and wander where I will. But whither should I wander except to thee? I may remain here until the cock crows for the third time. Then they spoke of their disappointed hopes, and of their afflicted and weeping mothers, when the sound of two voices issued from the cemetery: “Hither, my son—hither come, my daughter,” and voices and loud lamentations were heard there, as if the dead rose from their graves. The maiden re-entered the stony cross; the waves received the drowned corpse, and the mothers sank into their tombs. Whilst echo only bore through the air their parting words floating in sunlight dew.

Warriors are marching from the wood; a thousand suns glitter in their polished arms, their swords are drawn; their lances couched; the tramp of their horses is heard, and swiftly advancing. The peasants awake; some prepare to fly; others await their fate in hopeless resignation. Warriors in breathless speed rush through the village. “Sobieski,” the people shout, and echo bears the glad sound along.

The warriors have passed. The shouts have ceased. The people bring forth the wrecks that they had saved. Pillars blackened by the fire, and the stony cross, stand alone the guardians of that desolated spot. Tartar corpses lie strewed over the meadow, and the dogs look with terror on their grim visages, crouching, howling, and refusing their food.

* The name of ghosts with which the clouds are believed to be inhabited

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NANCY LAWSON.

OR A MARRIAGE DAY IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

One fine sabbath morning, some hours after a bright sun had gilded the panes of my small latticed window, which looked into the little flower-garden adjoining my parental dwelling, my chamber-door was suddenly opened, and, in an instant, my schoolfellow, playfellow and neighbour, James Dixon, stood at my bedside. Without allowing me time to enquire the meaning of this unexpected—and, in some degree, unceremonious visit, he enquired if I was not about to quit my bed, and, as was my custom, repair to the distant parish church. I answered his two-fold enquiry in the affirmative, requesting to know why he seemed so desirous to be informed of my arrangements for the day? "Oh," replied he, affecting indifference, "I only wished to know if you were going to church, because John and William Lawson, and Thomas Noble, and——" hesitating, "and one or two others are going. But you must make haste," and he turned aside from me to avoid my watching his change of countenance, "for," said he, "there is not much time to lose; so, when you have breakfasted, have the grey mares addled—and order the boy to put on the pillian, for I have promised Agnes Holme that you will take her behind you to church; ride then to the Rose and Crown, and, if we are not there, alight and await our coming." He waited for no reply; and before I had recovered from my surprise, he was descending the stairs at a rate that shewed he had other business in hand than combating probable excuses. Ere he had quitted the house, however, though not many seconds had elapsed—the whole mystery stood revealed before me—he was that day about to be united in wedlock to the beautiful sister of the two Lawsons! My being requested to take Agnes Holme behind me to church explained the whole business, for I well knew that Agnes Holme and the bride elect had long been sworn friends and companions.

The discovery, I am free to own, gave me more pain than pleasure. But I hesitated not in deciding to comply with young Dixon's wish, and made arrangements accordingly. During the two hours that elapsed before I set out, I could not refrain from wishing that the wedding had been put off for awhile; one short week at least, at the expiration of which, I should have been far removed from an event which I could feel no gratification in witnessing.

Nancy Lawson, who was about to change that name for ever, was, to my young and ardent imagination, the most innocent, interesting, beautiful, and deserving among all the young women my eyes had ever beheld. She was precisely of my own age, something short of twenty; and, from her infancy, had been my playmate and almost daily companion; and, until very recently, was a cheerful, frolicksome, and light-hearted creature as ever enjoyed an innocent and happy existence. She was the second child of a numerous family, while I was the only hope of fond and indulgent parents. Our two families, whose dwellings were but a short distance apart, had always lived upon terms of the closest friendship; so that from Nancy's childhood, she had almost ever been in the habit of spending some portion of the day—minutes or hours, just as her inclination and engagements permitted, with my parents and myself. During her younger years, no motives were ever assigned for those frequent visits, for she paid them in the bland simplicity of her gentle nature, simply because she felt happy in the society of those whom her parents had taught her highly to respect and esteem. But arrived at that period—when she no longer thought and felt merely as a child—she still continued her daily visits, they were then understood as being made to my kind and dear mother, whom she loved almost as her own parent—to that mother, indeed, who was always delighted to see and hear her joyous prattle; and I must ever entertain the opinion—that she fondly cherished the hope of one day calling her her daughter; but, whether or not there existed such inducement for those frequent visits, it is now hard to say.

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Nancy Lawson; or

There was, however, one besides my dear mother, who was always delighted to see her; none other, truly, than the recorder of this brief memorial. Yet mistake me not—I did not love her, in the general acceptance of that term; or, if I did, I was not myself aware of it. I will not attempt to describe my feelings towards her,—had I ever had a sister I could probably have been able to have done so. We had lived on in each other's esteem and confidence from year to year,—and although numberless opportunities occurred for revealing a hidden passion, if one ever existed, no feeling of that kind was ever thought of by me.

It was nigh the completion of my nineteenth year when I quitted that part of the country to fill a situation in a distant county, when, for the first time in my life, I bade adieu to my parental roof and the beautiful and amiable Nancy Lawson. Three-quarters of a year afterwards I returned for a few weeks to my native hamlet, and during that time my old school-fellow, James Dixon, paid me this, his morning visit. Though school-fellows and companions in all sorts of boyish adventures, he and I had not, of later years, been on such friendly and confiding terms as with the young Lawsons. James Dixon was but a few months my senior, although at an early period he affected and aped the man. He always was of a self-sufficient and forward bearing, so that our feelings and dispositions, as we grew up, were of a totally opposite character, which, truly, more than any unfriendly feeling, operated, I believe, towards making us less companionable than we otherwise should have been. Very early in life he felt, or affected to feel, something beyond a common-place partiality for Nancy Lawson. With those, however, who possessed opportunities of knowing Nancy's sentiments towards James Dixon the impression was, that she disliked him more than any other acquaintance in the neighbourhood. They were then far too young to think seriously of any little freaks the winged god might impose upon them; but from that period James Dixon had resolved to gain the affections and win the hand of this young and charming creature. As his passion for her increased, equally so did his coldness of manner towards me, and many of my young friends were not backward in imputing it to feelings of jealousy. I would not, however, believe that he was really jealous, because I knew myself guiltless of all selfish or sordid views towards him. True, indeed, he was not one I would have chosen for the husband of the valued and lovely Nancy Lawson, because I did not consider him deserving of so much goodness and beauty, nor capable of rendering her future life truly happy. Yet, if his pretensions had been approved of by her friends, which, indeed, was not the case, I was old enough fully to understand that the affair was none of my business.

During a long period the parents of Nancy Lawson seemed to pay little or no regard to young Dixon's attentions to their daughter, and, probably, from those attentions being, apparently, so coldly received by her. But when she had completed her eighteenth year, they considered it necessary to intimate to the aspiring swain,—that, for the future, he must refrain from crossing their threshold. The lovely girl herself had not appeared to encourage young Dixon's attentions; and I, who possessed, for aught I knew, such good and frequent opportunities of knowing her sentiments and opinions, never harboured the slightest suspicion that she was hereafter destined to become his wife. Well am I aware that it was the prevailing opinion from appearances—that I attempted to win, and not without hope, the affections of this young creature; and, probably, because in all our little merry-making parties she looked up to me, next to her brother, as her friend and protector; and, often, when he who was destined to pledge his troth to her at the altar would have been delighted to have joined us in our rambles, she would give him the most decided hints that his absence would be preferred before his company. Imagine not, reader, for a moment, that this was from a spirit of deception—from the coquetishness of her gentle nature—she was too virtuous to practice deceit,—and too simple-minded to act the heartless coquette.

In this way, matters stood in the early part of the winter preceding the date of this narrative, when I was called away some eighty miles from home: during my absence I was given to understand that no particular circumstance had transpired to induce a belief that James Dixon's suit was ever likely to arrive at a successful termination. He had, indeed, been again permitted to visit the Lawson family,—but this, it was believed, was on the express understanding, that he should cease from all attentions
towards the daughter. During the few weeks I had spent amongst old scenes and acquaintances since my return, I had neither seen nor heard of anything to induce me to believe that my neighbour had progressed in the long-talked-of love affair; so that this unexpected, yet indirect, announcement of what was about to take place, surprised me exceedingly.

On the day of my arrival at home, and not a month previous to the morning of James Dixon’s visit to me, Nancy Lawson, as was frequently her wont, was sitting in company with my mother. My visit was some days earlier than mentioned in my last letters. The first sounds that fell upon my ear were the joyous and well-remembered accents of Nancy Lawson, in conversation with my dear mother, and on the very subject, too, of my expected arrival. Without hesitating a moment I entered the dwelling where I was ever welcome. My parent and her young friend were the only persons present; and having exchanged salutations with the former, I hastened to do the same with Nancy Lawson. Guess, then, my surprise when, instead of springing forward to meet me, with all her wonted ardour and affection, she uttered an hysterical shriek—pressed her hands to her bosom, and would have fallen on the floor had not my mother caught her in her arms; this was followed by a long and alarming swoon. When life and recollection were at length restored, her joyousness of heart was gone, and when she was sufficiently recovered so as to be able to walk across the little grass-plot that separated our abodes, judge of my feelings when she refused my offer to accompany her home.

Come,” said she, “as soon as you please after I get home, for the family will all be delighted to see you; but if you would oblige me, do not accompany me just now.” I complied, of course, with her request, in permitting her to return home alone; but I was perplexed and mortified when I called to my recollection the numberless instances where she had taken hold of my arm, when she did not require any support, and when she had even insisted upon my accompanying her. Far was I from being flattered at this effect of my sudden arrival; and I could not help fancying that something I did not fully comprehend had operated in producing the scene I had just witnessed.

During the few short weeks that intervened between the day of my arrival and that on which the marriage took place, the following singular circumstance occurred to excite my suspicions of my fair friend being the victim of treachery. One morning the elder of the young Lawson’s called upon me, requesting that I would that day accompany him to a fair at a distant market town, where his sister Nancy was on a visit for a few days, for the express purpose of my taking her to “see the sights,” in order to disappoint young Dixon, who he expected would be there. It was not without reluctance that I acceded to his proposal, for my opinion was much changed regarding his sister’s real sentiments towards the young farmer. At length I consented; and after duly enacting all that had been enjoined me to do, rather late in the afternoon her brother joined us in the fair and requested that I would ride his horse home, and take his sister behind me on the pillow, which he had brought for that purpose, and leave him my own horse to ride home upon after he had completed his affairs. His sister being present when he made this request, I agreed to his proposal; yet, I fancied that I observed something in her manner that led me to believe that she did not cordially approve of her brother’s plan. Young Dixon was in the fair; and although we twice or thrice met him in our rambles among the fancy stalls, he never attempted to join us; and nothing beyond the ordinary salutations passed between any of the parties.

Towards evening I set off homewards with my fair charge mounted behind me (a mode of travelling quite common in the mountain districts of the north, at the period alluded to); and, notwithstanding that all nature was gay, lovely, and enchanting, I was grieved at heart, for I could not help remarking the unusual sadness of Nancy Lawson. During our long ride in an obscure part of the road, a horseman passed us at full speed; and though it had become too dark to distinguish either dress or features, by the simple “good night” uttered as he passed, I had no difficulty in recognising that of my neighbour James Dixon. In due time we reached home, where I safely delivered my pensive companion; and that night, for
the first time, I suspected that Nancy Lawson had made up her mind to marry her long and ardent admirer, even in opposition to the hopes and wishes of her family and friends. And now the reader is aware that the marriage ceremony was fixed to take place a few hours after the early visit young Dixon paid me on the Sabbath morning.

At the appointed hour, mounted on "the grey mare and the pillion behind me," I waited upon Agnes Holme, who had for some time been anxiously expecting my arrival. In due time we reached the Rose and Crown, where we found the rest of the bridal party assembled. Having partaken of some slight refreshment, we repaired to the church, and found the clergyman and parish-clerk ready to perform the ceremony. A few minutes were sufficient to unite "in bonds indissoluble" the hands of the young couple, and in the space of half an-hour we returned to the little inn, but Nancy Lawson now bore the cold and formal name of "Mrs. Dixon."

It was then the custom, on most occasions like the present, to run up a good "shot" at the inn or public-house which the parties had been in the habit of frequenting. As few sold wines, punch was the beverage commonly drunk. Many were the number of bowls in which we indulged; and I am almost ashamed to confess, taking, nevertheless, into the account the day on which it happened, that there were few of us who could with propriety have been called sober. The females are, of course, not included, and particularly she "on whom the bridal favors shone" was far from enjoying the general hilarity. About two o'clock in the afternoon our horses were ordered to the door, when the whole party prepared to set out homewards, for at three we were to dine at the house of the bridegroom's father. A custom then pretty generally prevailed, for the wedding party to try the speed of their horses on their homeward route, although, as in the present case, they "carried double;" and we had scarcely got clear of the little town, before the bridegroom (with his bride behind him) proposed to try the mettle of the swiftest amongst us. It was in vain that his lovely charge attempted to dissuade him, even although she alleged that she felt unwell, and, at the best of times, was known to be a great coward on horseback. Her lord now refused to listen to that persuasive voice by which he had so often been pleased to be governed, and insisted on "keeping up the good old custom," and trying the prowess of his palfrey with one or all of the party. I know not what could have induced me to accept his challenge—whether my mare's known superior powers—whether my companion Agnes Holme who prompted me to the contest—or whether or not some lurking vanity that tempted me to prove to my neighbour that in one thing I was his superior—it was agreed that I should run my mare against his spirited palfrey for the next mile, along the stony road, apparently forgetting, at the instant, that I was making myself a party to alarm and annoy her for whom I too had so long entertained the strongest sentiments of friendship and respect. Perceiving that her entreaties were not listened to by her husband, she passionately appealed to me, and begged, in consideration of the long and intimate friendship that had existed between us, that I, for her sake, would give up the idea of racing. Surely some evil influence must have possessed me—her gentle accents thus even addressed to my feelings had no influence on my determination to shew James Dixon that I was his superior in one thing, if not in the mystery of winning the heart of confiding innocence. I was resolved. By this time we had reached the mile-stone where the race was to commence, so off we set at full speed, followed by the rest of the party. We had scarcely got over more than a fourth part of the distance agreed upon, when we arrived at a narrow, old-fashioned bridge, at the bottom of a hill, when I was keeping, with perfect ease, something more than a horse's length in advance of my opponent. At this unlucky moment, my companion, Agnes Holme, exulting in our apparently easy victory, waved her white handkerchief in the face of the bridegroom's young horse, when, with considerable violence, he instantly sprang against the crumbling battlement of the old bridge, which being low and in a decayed condition, the horse lost its balance, and both the riders, along with a portion of the old wall, were precipitated into the rocky channel below!

The sequel is soon told. The young, beautiful, and kind-hearted bride, was
A Marriage Day in my Native Village.

shortly afterwards taken up a mangled and bleeding corpse, while her headstrong and thoughtless husband had received so severe a concussion of the brain, that his recovery, for several weeks, was more than doubtful. When at length his reasoning faculties began slowly to return, the scene that I have just described appeared nothing more than a dream to him. At length it became necessary, to prevent his calling at the Lawson's to enquire after his "dearest Nancy," to disclose to him the melancholy catastrophe of his wedding-day.

It will readily be credited that 1 was amongst those who suffered most keenly, and, perhaps, with the exception of Agnes Holme, no other individual bore "so great a burden of the general grief." When the melancholy funeral was over—just three short days after the wedding-day—I once more bade adieu to that part of the country, my heart oppressed with feelings that I will not attempt to describe, and which, while life remains, I never shall forget.

One tedious year wore away after another, but I returned not to my home. Time, had done much towards healing the surface of the wound, yet I felt that a visit to the scenes of the happy years of my youth, and the most wretched day of my existence, would open my grief anew and prolong my vain pinings and regrets. At length my aged parents became greatly distressed at my long absence; and circumstances occurring that required my presence in my native place, there was no alternative, and I once more found myself among my earliest friends and acquaintances. Time, in my absence had wrought many changes, and it had also done much towards restoring to the nearest connexions of the departed bride their wonted cheerfulness. But, alas! not so with myself, for my spirits sank within me whenever allusion was made to "the marriage of the lovely Nancy Lawson."

T. Brown.

THE MYOSOTIS—AN ALLEGORY.

BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

Reader, lovest thou the fragile azure-tinted flower by so many nations familiarly styled "Forget me not." If thou would'st gather it, quit the cultivated parterre and follow me to the wooded dell, or the river's brink. They flourish not in the broad and sunny pathway frequented by the busy throng; the scorching glare of noon would wither their dewy petals, and they droop and fade in the gay conservatory, amid the splendor uselessness of far-sought exotics; but here beside the refreshing stream which preserves the turfy verdure of the enamelled fields, where shadowy trees mirror their thick foliage on its glossy bosom, and derive their chief nourishment from its cooling current, there bloom myriads of the Myosotis, nodding their fair blue flowers, or pale pink buds, over the transparent flood.

Reader, hast thou a heart for real friendship, or pure affection? Seek them not in the giddy vortex of worldly pleasures; neither in the crowded assembly, nor mazy dance, nor in courtly splendor: in none such is true sensibility to be found. With the world's votaries, individuality of character and real worth are, commonly, subjects of derision, and their fellow beings are estimated by the power they possess of ministering to their interests, and without that power may pass unheeded; with them friendship is but a name, and for them love discharges his poisoned arrows, only. Not so in the retirement of domestic life, where, in the exercise of social duties and active benevolence, combined with a temperate participation in the amusements of the world, like the gentle Myosotis, all the holier joys of which our nature is susceptible take root and flourish. There, reader, dwells the truest human happiness, but merit alone can obtain the treasure.

B.
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MARIA THERESA,
THE EMPIRE QUEEN.*

Just Gods! What evil genius o'er my lyre
Sheds darkening influence? for every chord,
That erst had answered to the poet's fire,
Now vibrates with harsh sounds of discord dire.

Thine muse the omen'd gift, that tuneful lyre
Whose chords are mute on this auspicious day!
Take back thy gift, or deign me to inspire,
That I pour forth a bright and joyous lay.

Art thou that lyre that soothed my woes,
And bade my soul in peace repose,
Whose silver tones have ruled the hour,
While every heart confess'd thy power?
Art thou that lyre which oft could move
The pity of my lady-love;
Bidding each angry passion die
Mid strains of Heaven-born melody?

Ungrateful lyre away! Well dost thou know
What I have sacrificed to win thy charms;
To wake thy fire how did my bosom glow!
And now thou fill'st that bosom with alarms;

What lonely moments I have passed with thee—
My only thought t' immortalize thy name:
At midnight's silent hour, oft would I see
To strike thy chords and dream of thee and fame.

Such were the ties that bound my soul to thee,
Nice herself began to dread thy power;
And now ye Gods! Thou hast forsaken me;
Nor swell thy chords to bless th' auspicious hour.

Crumble to dust, thou mute inglorious thing!
Scorned by the vulgar herd, esteemed by none.
Arachne's fragile web shall round thee cling,
Away! thy glory is for ever gone.

Yet what say I! the fault is mine, alone!
And Heaven but punishes my rash design;
Lady, my silence only can atone
For having dared to offer at thy shrine:

Now I repent, and leave some loftier hard
To celebrate Therese's natal hour,
Prostrate I close my wings, nor think it hard,
Since I have dared to soar above my power.

Never should a fragile bark
A troubled ocean brave,
Mid stormy winds and tempests dark
It soon must find a grave;
But rather seek some glassy lake
Whose calm and waveless breast,
The finny tribes alone shall wake,
From clear and tranquil rest.

*From Metastasio, by E.E.E.

See Portrait and Memoir, page 233, March 1840, of this Magazine.
Jean d'Arc

The Maid of Orléans

Born 1412, Burnt at Rouen 30 May 1431

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine

Vol. XVIII  N° 56 of the series of ancient portraits

57a Carey street Lincoln's Inn London
MEMOIR OF

JEANNE D'ARC, (CALLED LA PUCELLE;)

OR

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Illustrated with a Full-length Portrait, engraved from an illuminated Monstrelet, in the Library of the British Museum.

No other episode in the annals of France excites so much wonder and interest, as the arrival of Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant maid of Lorraine, in the French camp—her virtues, her noble deeds and cruel death. So extraordinary an event gave birth to the strangest conjectures; some, partaking of the enthusiastic and mysterious character of those times, believed her to be actually inspired by supernatural revelation, and regarded her as an instrument selected to work out the secret designs of an inscrutable Providence; others, less disposed to believe in the direct intervention of the Deity in worldly affairs, have considered her enthusiasm merely as the effect of an exaltation of patriotic and religious sentiments, intimately blended in a mind as simple as it was pure and elevated.

Of the many writers who have detailed the first public appearance of this noble-minded peasant girl at the head of the courtiers, and warrior-knights of France—an appearance which produced the most momentous consequences in relation to the fate of that kingdom, Voltaire and Hume have shown themselves singularly careless in the study of facts, holding too in utter disdain every act of mental exaltation—as superstition. Horrified at the various scourges which avarice and ambition on the one hand, together with ignorance on the other, had heaped upon the mass of mankind during the middle ages, they have been, oftentimes, equally unjust towards men and things, by not unfrequently refusing to recognise virtue when associated with enthusiasm, which they regarded as an overheated state of mind, and little short of evil. A spirit of calm and independent research was an indispensable requisite for investigating the affairs of an epoch in which, every moment, the sublime was mixed up with the ridiculous—ignorance, superstition, heroism, and patriotism presenting themselves by turns and often confounded strangely with each other.

Before entering upon that which more directly concerns the personality of the subject of our memoir, it will be a requisite task rapidly to review the state of France at the moment of the appearance of Jeanne d'Arc upon the perilous stage on which she enacted so conspicuous and memorable—yet so brief—a part.

The reign of Charles VI. of France was one of the most disastrous epochs in that nation's history. Never had so many calamities simultaneously befallen it. Upon the death of the unhappy Charles VI., the infant, Henry V. of England, was proclaimed, and the Duke of Bedford took the title of Regent. The Parliament, the provost of merchants, the échevins (sheriffs) of the University, were compelled to take the oath of usurpation; none were exempt from having it administered to them; the priests and the inhabitants of the cloister were not even excepted. Certain burgesses of Paris, however, boldly withstood its imposition, but their devotion to the son of Charles VI. was punished by subjecting them to the endurance of most horrible tortures, and, henceforward, terror held sway over every mind, and every head bowed submissively to the yoke. The most powerful vassals of the King of France—the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany—were allied to the English, carrying on the war, conjointly, with them. Desolation reigned on all sides: in towns, nought

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else was thought of save the best means of fortifying and defending them. In the open country, many were the domains left wholly uncultivated, over whose surface waved briars and brushwood, in lieu of golden harvests; hence that popular tradition that the "woods had been brought into France by the English." The conquerors hesitated not to partition amongst themselves towns as well as provinces. The Duke of Bedford held Anjou and Maine; the Duke of Gloucester, Champagne; the Earl of Salisbury, le Perche. The English further demanded that the lands bestowed upon the Church by the piety of the faithful should be given up to them; and, finally, the castles of the barons who had remained faithful to the French king became possessed by the English barons. In order that this system of usurpation might be extended throughout the kingdom, even the English soldiers were allowed to retain possession of whatever fell into their hands. But the sum of evils under which the unhappy land groaned has yet to be told. The most desolate of all others for France was, that victory had redoubled the courage, and mightily increased the power of the English, so that the armies of the invader were rendered more formidable than ever when led into battle. On the part of the King few were the towns and fortresses now her own; and such as they were, with disheartened troops and defenders, the only force with which the French could oppose the enemy consisted of hastily levied troops, chiefly draughts formed from the wrecks of armies depressed by constant defeat. Then it was that the disastrous battles of Crevant and Verneuil filled up the measure of brimming woe. Such, therefore, was the situation of unhappy France in the second year of Charles the Seventh's reign; and the acts of that young monarch fall now naturally under our observation.

Charles VII., proclaimed, on the death of his father, king, in the castle of Espaillé, became acquainted with the miseries attendant upon human grandeur; he had tasted the pompous delights of sovereignty and sway. The English called him, out of mockery, the king of Bourges. Certain traditions, the falsity of which modern history has fully detected, and which, are now in consequence, available only for the romance writer, have accused Charles VII. of having forgotten, amidst uninterrupted festivity, his country's perils and misfortunes. To such a state of misery, however, was this prince soon reduced, that on the birth of his son he was unable to pay the baptismal fees, his treasurer having only four crowns in his coffer! The failing with which he was, unhappily, too truly,chargeable, was indolence of character and the culpable weakness and enervation which he manifested in a position wherein all energy was needed. For whilst an usurping enemy possessed skilful generals and well-trained troops, the affairs of Charles VII. and his kingdom were governed by unprincipled courtiers and heartless favorites; a species of pest from which royal personages are no more exempt in the time of adversity, than in the period of prosperity. So entirely did these minions seem to occupy themselves with devouring the last spoils of royalty, that it might have been imagined they were really retained in the pay of the English. For, instead of seeking to inspire their prince with the noblest sentiments fitting for such great and pressing emergency, their sole solicitude was to keep aloof from about his person those brave-hearted men who were still in arms, whose uppermost thought was only of laying down their lives in the cause of their unhappy sovereign. Charles VII. was pinched with the absence of every thing he wanted, and he could not even procure provisions, clothing and arms, for the small number of soldiers who still fought under his banners. Accordingly, he was obliged to summon the Scots to his aid, and from the want of other generals capable of assuming such important command, the Earl of Douglas was placed at the head of his troops, Charles having promised the province of Berri to the Scots as a reward for their services, if they helped him to recover his kingdom: a sad bargaining, which, nevertheless, speaks volumes regarding the manifold troubles with which the king then found himself beset.

The affairs of France were at their lowest ebb when the English commenced the siege of Orleans, which, under then existing circumstances, was the most important place in the kingdom. The enemy had collected together a numerous and well-disciplined army, and but one final blow seemed needed to consummate the ruin of the
"land of the lilies," and the English were by no means unmindful of their long chain of victories. It was then, indeed, the settled conviction of all Europe that France could no longer, except by a miracle, be saved. The city of Orleans, in which was concentrated the last strength of the kingdom, heroically at first sustained the siege; the patriotic spirit with which the populace of the place, as well as the soldiery, had hastened to its defence, testified to the enemy that the last struggle would be a terrible one; but the defeat at Rouvray, in the action commonly known under the name of the Battle of Herrings, by Sir John Fastolfe, speedily destroyed every little vestige of hope which remained. The inhabitants of the besieged city saw themselves, to quote the words of an old chronicle, "in great doubt and danger of being lost," when suddenly "they heard that a maiden was coming from before the king, the which talked hardily of causing the siege of the said city of Orleans to be raised." Such, then, was the miracle destined to be wrought for the preservation of France, and we will now, by a slight chronological retrospection, trace the singular history of the young maid reserved for so high and remarkable a destiny.

Between Neufchâteau and Vaucouleurs, in a smiling valley watered by the Meuse, there lived, at that epoch, in the hamlet of Domremy, a young peasant girl named Jeannette, or Romée; the latter name being that of her mother, she bore it conformably to the custom of the country. Her father, Jacques d’Arc, was born at Sept-Fontans, near Montier-en-Der in Champagne, and for many years had dwelt in the hamlet of Domremy. Isabelle, or Isabelette Romée, the wife of Jacques, was a native of Vatern, situate at a short distance from Domremy. The whole wealth of Jacques d’Arc and his wife consisted of a few sheep and a small field, but the scanty produce obtained from cultivating the latter, added to that from the flock, was nevertheless sufficient for their subsistence. They were a simple-hearted, hospitable and pious couple, of rigid probity and unpretending demeanour, and were regarded with sentiments of consideration and esteem by all their neighbours. Jacques d'Arc had five children; three sons and two daughters; the eldest of his sons was named Jacquemin, the second Jean, the third Pierre, or Pierrel. The daughter Jeannette became celebrated under the name of Jeanne d’Arc. Her sister’s name has not been preserved. The most probable conjectures place the date of Jeanne's birth, in the year 1410. Her education was that suitable to a village girl. She could, indeed, neither read nor write, but she made, when occasion required it, a cross, and sometimes two at the top of the letters dictated by her. All her knowledge consisted simply in being able to sew and spin well. The youthful Romée learned from her mother’s lips the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, the Credo, and the first principles of moral and Christian faith; and this maternal instruction served to foster and ripen an innate love of virtue, and reverence for things sacred. The various depositions comprised in the procès de révision, agree in exhibiting Jeanne to the world as good, simple-hearted, chaste, modest, temperate, patient, mild, prudent, industrious, fearing God, delighting in works of charity, attending the sick. During her childhood, an age at which the value of time is so readily forgotten, none of Jeanne’s hours passed away unoccupied, and when freed from her daily labor she was sure to be found kneeling in prayer in a recess of the village church. So great was her timidity, that from the testimony of a credible witness, a single word would have been sufficient to cover her face with blushes. By other testimony it was further confirmed that there was not a better girl throughout Domremy, or the adjoining village of Greux or Gras. "I could fain have wished that heaven had bestowed upon me so good a daughter," are the words of a knightly witness. The commissioner sent by the English for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the early youth of Jeanne, reported that he had found no one act in her whole life, "which he would not have desired to find in that of his own sister."

The inquisitorial searches instituted both by her friends and her enemies, with a view

* So called, because the large convoy which Sir John Fastolfe was escorting, brought a great quantity of that kind of provisions, for the use of the English army during the Lent season.
† These particulars are gleaned from depositions contained in a procès de révision, collected during an enquiry made at Vaucouleurs by order of Charles VII.
to ascertain every circumstance relating to Jeanne, previous to her departure for the court of Charles, at Chagon, have furnished history with very precious details of her early days at Domremy. The young maiden accompanied her father and brothers to the fields, participating with them in all their rustic occupations—hoeing weeds, breaking clods of newly ploughed earth, gathering and binding harvest sheaves, and, frequently, driving the flocks to pasture. The domestic duties of her parental homestead had an equal share of her attention; in which must be included her labors at the spindle. On many occasions, whilst tending the sheep in the open fields, she had been seen to address her humble orisons to her maker—the ringing of the church bell at Domremy being the signal for her engaging in prayer. One witness who, in his youth, had been the bell-ringer at Domremy, deposed that Jeanne had often sharply reproved him, for not being punctual in ringing complies (the last act of evening worship in the Catholic Church), and the pious peasant girl promised to give him a few Lunes (a coin of Lorraine), if he performed his duties better for the future. Among other religious customs, observed by the youthful Jeanne, was that of making a pilgrimage every Saturday to the hermitage of Sainte Marie, Notre Dame de Bermond, situated at a short distance from Domremy. The offering of the young Romée, consisted of wax tapers, which she burned before the shrine of the Holy Virgin.

Several ancient popular superstitions intermingle themselves with the narrative of the pastoral and religious life of Jeanne; and the district in which she was born, by its natural features, was well calculated to augment that devotional fervor, which, from even her tenderest youth, had gained the ascendant over all her other faculties. The surface of that romantic canton of France is covered with wide-stretching woods and gloomy forests. At half a league distant from Domremy, is the wood of Chenu, which the simple peasantry of those parts believed to be haunted by fairies, and which rose in sight of the dwelling of Jeanne d’Arc. Hard by this wood, not far from a pure and limpid spring, and upon the high road from Domremy to Neufchâteau, stood an antique and majestic beech tree, known from time immemorial, under the designations of Beau Mai, Arbre des Dames, and the Fairies’ Tree:—those mysterious beings, it was affirmed, were wont to hold their revels in the adjacent glades, and dance in circles round the venerable tree, to the music of their own tiny voices. So soon as a convalescent peasant arose from his bed, he tottered forth to walk beneath the shadow of the Fairies’ Tree, and those attacked with fever repaired to the spring, a draught of whose pure water was deemed the best restorative that could be administered. During the month of May, it was customary for the Lord of the domain with all his retinue, followed also by the youths, maidens and children of Domremy, to repair in great pomp to the haunted beech, which, upwards of two centuries later, Edmond Richer (the author of an unpublished history of the Maid of Orleans), beheld still vigorous and lending to those joyous annual meetings the wide-spreading shade of its “melancholy boughs,” and to which, bouquets, garlands, and flower-crowns, were still suspended in gay profusion.

Jeanne d’Arc, it appears, often visited the Fairies’ Tree with the young village girls of her own age; but the flowers, which, on such occasions, she wove into garlands, were reserved to deck the image of our Lady of Domremy: Jeanne rarely joined her companions in the dance; her delight was to sing with them pious canticles of that picturesque spot. Mr. Southey, in his epic has the following exquisite passage descriptive of the Maid’s favorite resort:—

There is a fountain in the forest called
The ‘Fountain of the Fairies’ when a child
With a delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the Efin tribe who on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest grows beside;
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.
It never hath been deem’d their favorite tree;
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask in moonshine. Here the woodman leads
or, the Maid of Orleans.

"His boy, and, showing him the green-ward mark'd
With darker circle's, says their midnight dance
Hath trace'd the ring, and bids him spare the tree.
Fancy hath cast a spell upon the place,
And made it holy; and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approach'd
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
Which fill'd me by that solitary spring,
Ceased not in ripen years; and now it woke
Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.
Lonely the forest-spring: a rocky hill
Rises beside it, and an aged yew
Bursts from the rifted crag that overhangs
The waters; cavern'd there unseen and slow
And silently they well. The adder's tongue
Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy green,
Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
As silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
Or the murmuring of the stream scarce heard.
A blessed spot! oh how my soul enjoy'd
It's holy quietness, with what delight
Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there
To solitude and freedom! thitherward
On a spring eve I had betaken me,
And there I sate, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind—the rising wind,
Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night
Darken'd around, and the large rain drops fell
Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale
Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
Made a wild music. On a rock I sat;
The glory of the tempest filled my soul;
And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash
Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
Spread the gray forest, memory, thought, were gone,
All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
Diffus'd into the scene.

"At length a light
Approach'd the spring; I saw my uncle Claude:
His gray locks dripping with the midnight storm
He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried,
My God! my child is safe!"

"I felt his words
Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged;
I fell upon his neck and told him all;
God was within me, as I felt, I spake,
And he believed."

Hitherto, we have seen Jeanne d'Are merely as the simple and pious rustic maiden,
an entire stranger to the pollutions of the busy world, the peaceful current of her
life divided between her daily, domestic, and rural occupations, and her devotional
duties towards God and our Lady of Domremy; we have now to contemplate her
under a new phase—to gaze upon her as an inspired virgin—to listen to the startling
narrative of her visitation by saints and angels.

It was at the age of thirteen, that the exaltation of her imagination manifested
itself by effects of so extraordinary a character as to influence the whole course of
the remainder of her life, and which were the sustaining strength and moving impulse
of all her actions. She fell, at intervals, into what must, physiologically speaking, be cal-

led trances, or extasies. The first occurred to her about the hour of noon, whilst in her father's garden which was adjacent to the church; an extraordinary light suddenly shone before her, and at the same time a mysterious voice struck her ear. Nothing was revealed to Jeanne in this first vision; the young maiden simply received advice and precepts for the guidance of her conduct; the voice counselled her to continue good and prudent and put her entire trust in God. During the interrogatories put to her by the English, on the 24th. of February 1430, she confessed that the prodigy filled her with terror, and from that moment she held herself as a virgin consecrated in the sight of Heaven. This voice addressed her on several occasions—the second was whilst she watched her father's sheep, alone, in the meadows, and this time several marvellous personages appeared to her, the principal of whom she learned, was the archangel Saint Michael, attended by a company of angels. She also saw the angel Gabriel, and, subsequently and much more frequently than the others, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret. The appearance of the latter was announced to the young maiden by Saint Michael, whom Jeanne described as having the aspect of a tres estray pretz homme, and having wings at his shoulders. Jeanne declared that she had seen this celestial legion with her corporeal eyes. Saint Michael we are informed, told the young peasant girl that God was resolved to save France, and that she must go and give her help to King Charles. These appearances of the archangel, date between the years 1423 and 1424; each time Saint Michael told the young shepherdess that it was she who was destined to effect the raising of the siege of Orleans, and restore Charles the Seventh to his kingdom: the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and told the saintly visitant that she was utterly ignorant of the military skill requisite to take the command of an army, and could not even sit on horseback. Thereupon the archangel infused confidence into her mind, and ordered her to seek out Robert de Baudricourt, the commander at Vaucouleurs, who would conduct her to the king's presence; and it is at this latter moment that our portrait represents her. From the interrogatories put to her on her trial, it will be seen that Jeanne, at first, beheld these apparitions doubtfully—elle fist grand doute si c'estoit Saint Michiel; and that it was not until the third time of hearing the voice that she felt convinced of its being that of an angel. Jeanne related in affecting language, the profound reverence she entertained for those celestial messengers of the divine will: at their approach, she was wont to prostrate herself, "and if she had ever omitted so to do, she had afterwards entreated their mercy and pardon." She could not repress her tears on each occasion when the two saints and the archangel, whom she now considered had become her particular friends, were about to disappear; she would rather, indeed, that those inhabitants of Heaven had taken her with them to their abode of bliss; and at their departure, she devoutly "kissed even the very ground over which they had hovered."

Propitious to her prayers, the Saints, especially Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, guided all her actions, frequently discoursing with her near the spring hard by the Fairies' tree. It is worthy of remark that Jeanne never varied in her opinion of the reality of these apparitions; the rigor of her imprisonment, the hope of softening the barbarity of her tormentors, the threat of being delivered up to the stake, nothing could tear from her a dissuasion of such conviction. She invariably maintained that they had frequently appeared and still continued to appear to her, that they entered into conversation with her, that they were visible to her—not to the eyes of her imagination, but to her corporeal sight; that she had acted solely by their advice, that she had never said nor undertaken any thing of importance without their direction.

Although Jeanne had not hitherto confided to any human being the secret of these revelations and what they enjoined her to do, it appears that in order to moderate the excess of her religious zeal, and divert her from that singularity of manner now apparent in her, which caused much anxiety to her parents, it was resolved to get her married. A young peasant of Toul, captivated by her beauty, made her an offer of his hand, but met with a prompt refusal. With a view to force her into compliance with his wishes, he formed the project of asserting before the
authorities, that she had made him a promise of marriage, and she was thereupon summoned before the officials at Toul. The parents of Jeanne, probably in league with the young man, were anxious she should offer no defence to the charge; but Jeanne, firmly resolved upon obeying the orders of the saints, repaired to Toul and gained her cause: thus she was again free for the execution of her project. She entertained not the smallest hope of having the approval of her parents, and in order to elude their vigilance, she obtained from them permission to reside, for a period, with one of her uncles, named Durand Laxart. To him she confided her secret; and so persuaded him into giving implicit credence of the truth of her mission, that at first he himself repaired alone to Vaucouleurs, to seek the commander Baudricourt, and make him acquainted with the desires and promises of his young and inspired niece. The worthy uncle met with no very encouraging reception from the latter, who counselled him to box his niece’s ears well, and send her back to her parents. Thereupon Jeanne d’Arc set out herself for Vaucouleurs, gained access to the commander, Baudricourt, recognised him from amongst several gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, and told him—“that she had received a command from her lord to deliver Orleans, and to make the dauphin King, and to conduct him to his coronation at Rheims.” Baudricourt asked who her lord was. “Tis the King of Heaven,” was the reply. These details were collected from the testimony of a gentleman named Bertrand Poulengy, who was present at Jeanne’s first interview with Baudricourt. Though admitted on three several occasions to the presence of Robert de Baudricourt, thrice did Jeanne find her prayers and promises repulsed. These refusals did not discourage her; her voices, as she termed her celestial guides, had announced the fact, that she would be thrice refused. She redoubled her prayers; she spoke unceasingly of her mission; each succeeding day increased her impatience. The time of her sojourn at Vaucouleurs, proved long and tedious to the enthusiastic girl; “the time hung as heavily upon her as with a woman with child,” are the words of a witness, “for they would not conduct her to the Dauphin.” Jeanne at last spoke of going on foot to seek the King, although she must wear her legs off as far as the knees; she begged and entreated that they would kindly lead her into the presence of the gentle Dauphin. She reminded them of a prophecy, current in that part of the country, which had foretold that a woman (Isabeau of Bavaria*), should bring France to ruin, and that a virgin from the borders of Lorraine would be its saviour. “I should like better,” said she, “to stay at home and spin by the side of my poor mother, for it is not a fitting task for me; but I must needs go, because my Lord so wills it.” A gentleman, held in great esteem throughout the canton, named Jean de Metz, struck with the significance of her words, her candour and calm self-possession, promised her, “by his faith, his hand within her own, that, under the guidance of God, he would conduct her to the king.” Bertrand de Poulengy, of whom we have previously made mention, declared himself willing to join the party. Jeanne immediately had her long tresses cut close, put on male attire, obtained the consent and recommendation of Baudricourt, caused a letter to be written to her parents, asking pardon for her disobedience to them, and, having received it, she fixed the day for her departure. The two gentlemen who accompanied her, persuaded of the truth of her mission, defrayed all the expenses of her humble equipment—for Baudricourt refused to contribute his portion towards it. He, however, bestowed a sword upon the maiden, and, further made those who were to escort her, take oath that they would conduct her safe and sound to the King’s court. The escort which accompanied Jeanne consisted of seven persons: her third brother Pierre d’Arc, the two gentlemen who had, to a certain degree, devoted themselves to the mission, their two servants, an archer named Richard, and one Collet de Vienne, who had the title of king’s messenger. It was towards the end of February 1429, that she took leave of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, who in her hearing dwelt upon the dangers to which she was about to expose herself, at a time when hosts of enemies were scouring over the country. “If I fall in with men-at-arms by the way,” said she, “I have God to clear a passage for me to

* This portrait, and a very full and interesting memoir will be given July 1.
the presence of My Lord the Dauphin; for to that end was I born." "Go! then," said Baudricourt to her, encouraged, "let happen what may."

Some of those who composed Jeanne's escort were not equally convinced of the truth of her mission. Collet de Vienne, and the archer Richard, subsequently owned that her beauty had given birth in their minds to wicked thoughts; that they had suspected her of being either a witch or an insane person, and that, terrified at the perils to which she was exposing them, they had formed the project of flinging her into a ditch; but that after a while she gained such an ascendancy over them, that they were ever after disposed to submit to her will, and were most anxious that she might be presented to the king. Jean de Metz deposed that she inspired him with so much dread, that he never dare make any dishonest proposals to her. Bertrand de Poulengy, who was then a young man, likewise affirmed that he had neither the desire nor even the thought, "because," said he, "of the great goodness which he saw in her." In order, however, that her sex might not be suspected, she slept each night between those two gentlemen, wrapped up in her travelling cloak, the points of her chaussee and jupon* tied tightly. At last, towards the close of winter, after having traversed the enemy's territories, a journey of more than one hundred and fifty leagues, through a country intersected by many deep rivers, and amidst every conceivable obstacle and peril, Jeanne arrived at Fier-Bois, a village of Touraine, only six leagues distant from Chinon, where King Charles then kept his court. At Fier-Bois was a church dedicated to Saint Catherine, celebrated for the pilgrimages made to its shrine: the sight of a temple consecrated to one of her guardian saints, naturally made a great impression upon Jeanne's pious mind; there she halted, and during her stay, frequently heard mass performed. She now caused a letter to be written to the king announcing her arrival; and, on the 24th of February 1429, a few day's afterwards, she entered Chinon, whither the rumour of her mission had preceded her.

Ere we follow the footsteps of the peasant maid to the volatile court of Charles, or enter upon the startling events of her military career, we will briefly investigate the singular phenomenon presented under so extraordinary a mission.

At the epoch when Jeanne d'Arc started forth from the obscurity of her native village, to become for a while, the most important personage in court and camp, every province throughout the kingdom was deeply convulsed by civil war. Not only cities, but towns, the most remote from the theatre of war rang with the tumult of political discord; all France found itself divided into two factions or parties—the party of the English and the Burgundians, or foreign faction; and that of the Armagnacs, or those who remained faithful to the king. Every village, every canton was waging war upon its neighbours, and each was constantly obliged to muster its utmost strength to defend itself against the marauding bands which ravaged the vicinity. As France, to the utmost extent of her territories, was thus more or less agitated, and the individual interests of all Frenchmen were in a state of constant alarm, none, it is self-evident, could remain in a state of inaction; every bosom consequently glowed with warlike passions, and women and children, as might be expected, were not unwilling to bear their part in the bloody strife. The peace and safety of every family was, in turn, menaced, so that valour necessarily became one of the prominent domestic virtues; added to these pressing excitements from without, marvellous legends were insidiously put forth by the heads of the contending factions in order to arouse and inflame the minds of the peasantry. Each hamlet had its celestial patrons, who were earnestly invoked against the enemies of the community and the state: as, then, nothing was dreamed of save miraculous deeds and unheard of triumphs, warfare was looked upon more as a holy and truly sacred calling, and prayer itself took a tone characteristically militant.

It may, then, be readily imagined that at such a time the thought of saving France might have had birth under an humble roof; that that spirit of heroism and devotion—that passionate exaltation engendered by the afflictions of the time, might be found combined in the mind of a young maiden, and be the means of bringing about those prodigies of valor, and those extraordinary events which history has transmitted for the especial wonder of mankind. To a deep affection for her native

* A military garment and a species of sur-coat.
or, the Maid of Orleans.

land, Jeanne added a vivid imagination and that extreme simplicity of heart which is not unfrequently seen in great characters. Without those qualities she never could have accomplished such astounding marvels. A powerful love of country, and loyalty to her king must have taken sole possession of her mind in order to have wrought her energies to the resolution of driving forth the English from the land: vivid, indeed, must have been the imagination which gave birth to the marvellous apparitions which sustained her throughout the conception and execution of her noble and mighty project; indeed the greatest simplicity of heart was an indispensable requisite to a perfect conviction of the miraculous nature of her mission, to place implicit credence in the reality of those celestial voices which addressed her, and whose commands she so unhesitatingly executed; and, finally, Jeanne's enterprise could not have been accomplished save by a character of the loftiest stamp. She must, indeed, have been endowed with an intrepid energy, an untriring activity, not to have stopped short—terror-stricken—at the immensity of the project of which she herself was the head, and at the unparalleled difficulties she was about to encounter. Let us add, moreover, that a poor and simple peasant, and none other, was required, and indeed best fitted, for such a mission. A townswoman, or a woman of more elevated condition, would not have been listened to for a single instant; she would have been regarded rather as a political tool, than an envoy from Heaven: and, further, a city-born woman, or one of high rank, could not have possessed that naïve ignorance which reasons not—that so candid conviction nourished by solitude—qualities indispensable for the conception and enterprise of such a stupendous task. The tone of Jeanne's childhood was, as we have seen, altogether serious; she shared not in the pastimes and innocent pleasures of her companions, and was frequently observed to indulge in lonely reveries, during which she seemed to be discoursing with Heaven. Her frequent solitude amidst Nature, whilst tending her father's flock in the wood-skirted pastures around Domremy, at so tender an age, nurtured extraordinary ideas in a mind thus peculiarly constituted. Brought up, too, within hearing of the clangor of war, and in lively hatred of the English and Burgundians, Jeanne, with her impassioned soul, could not fail to ponder upon heroic exploits. In her girlish patriotism, she might have nourished the hope of one day seeing accomplished in her own person that popular prophecy, which announced that a young virgin should prove the saviour of the kingdom. The inhabitants of Domremy were remarkable for their attachment to King Charles VII., and the children of that hamlet often fought with those of the neighbouring village of Marcy, devoted to the faction of the Duke of Burgundy. One man only at Domremy was known to be a Burgundian. Such was Jeanne's aversion to the faction insidious to the King of France, that she one day was heard to express a wish that the man might die, 'provided always that the same might happen agreeably to the will of Heaven.'

To the reputation for loyalty which the village of Domremy boasted, it stood indebted in the year 1428 for the visit of a Burgundian band, which cruelly devastated the neighbourhood. At the news of the enemy's approach, the inhabitants, driving their flocks and herds before them, fled for refuge within the walls of Neufchâteau. Jeanne's family were hospitably sheltered in an humble inn, kept by an honest woman named La Rousse. We will not enter here upon a needless dissertation to refute the statement of Hume and other authors, who have asserted that Jeanne was for five years a servant at an inn, but simply state the fact that Jeanne and the other members of her family made but a short temporary sojourn at Neufchâteau, and returned to the valley of Domremy, which the Burgundian soldiers had left solitary and desolate. It may easily be imagined with what bitter feelings Jeanne fled to Neufchâteau on the approach of the hated enemy, and on her return finding her native village in ruins, the whole neighbourhood devastated, and even the church burned to the ground—that church in which she had so long delighted to offer up her childish prayers. It is only by thus remarking the state of the country at that epoch and Jeanne's peculiar characteristics, that we can arrive at any sufficient explanation of the mission which the young maiden truly believed she had received from Heaven.
Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle,

It might reasonably be imagined that the arrival of a poor young peasant girl at the court of Châlons would have created in all present, feelings of mingled surprise and admiration: such, however, appears not to have been the case; on the contrary, she at first excited very little sensation. The principal lords were of opinion that she should be sent back without granting her an audience. It was not until after two day's deliberation, and after she had been examined and interrogated, that she was ushered into the king's presence. A contemporary writer, Jean Chartier, says that she entered the hall of audience with all the ease and well-bred manner of a person brought up at court: we prefer, nevertheless, the testimony of the Lord de Gaucourt, Grand Chamberlain of the king's household, who states that Jeanne presented herself with much humility and simplicity of manner, comme une pauvre petite bergerette. The king was instantly recognised by her, notwithstanding the precaution taken by him of concealing himself amongst a crowd of his courtiers, several of whom were attired more magnificently than himself. Singing out the monarch, and kneeling humbly before him, she embraced his knees according to the custom of the time, saying: "God give you happy days, gentle king!"

"I am not the king," replied Charles VII; "yonder he stands," added he, pointing to one of the lords of his suite.

"Ah, mon Dieu! gentle prince," replied Jeanne, "'tis yourself, and none other;
I am sent on the part of Heaven to give succour to you and your kingdom, and the King of Heaven commands you, through me, that you be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims and that you be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is ruler over France!"

Charles was surprised at her words, and took her apart to interrogate her more minutely. After having conversed with her, he declared that Jeanne had told him of certain secret matters, which none knew, or could possibly know, save God and himself, and that for such reason he was induced to place great confidence in her. This confidence was speedily shared by the whole court. Shakspere in the play of Henry VI has given this interview with some slight variation representing Charles VII, the Duke d'Alençon, and King Reignier deliberating upon retreat, having just sustained a check before Orleans; when Dunois arrives he announces the coming of the maid, who shortly makes her appearance:

CHARLES.—Go, call her in (exit Bastard): But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

(Exeunt.)

(REIGNIER—Fair Maid, is't thou will do these wondrous feats?
PUCELLE.—Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
WHERE is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
REIGNIER.—She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
PUCELLE.—Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity;
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success:
In complete glory she herself reveal'd
Jeanne inspired all who approached her with sentiments of respect and attachment. Her natural grace, the frankness of her mind, the naïveté of her replies, simple, precise, and not unfrequently sublime, excited universal admiration. All who heard her enthusiasm upon the subject of her mission, became at once her admirers and partisans, catching speedily from her an ardent zeal for the cause of their prince and native land. Villars and Janet de Tilloy returned to Orleans full of enthusiasm for the young prophetess. Dunois assembled his people in order to relate to them what he had seen and heard, and ere long the hope of success, and an eager desire to give the enemy battle, succeeded to sensations of fear and despondency. A doubt, however,—a fearful, appalling doubt,—yet remained to be solved. That Jeanne was inspired, was the general persuasion—but was she inspired by Heaven, or by the powers of Darkness? That was the momentous question which at such a juncture engrossed the attention of the king and his advisers. Conformably with the belief of the time, earthly prosperity, the cause of which could not be distinctly traced, was often attributed to an alliance with the devil—nothing, indeed, short of an abominable worship of the arch-enemy of God and man. The remotest thought of such a crime was alone sufficient to make the stoutest heart tremble; but there was this difference between the opinions of the vulgar and the enlightened—the latter alone believed themselves able to distinguish, by certain signs, those who were under the influence of the angel of evil. As a last resource in this serious matter, the ecclesiastics decided that the Holy Spirit which they had power to summon to their aid, gave them also the faculty of conjuring demons, and of delivering those who had fallen into their abhorred snares. Jeanne was, therefore, examined by several bishops who then happened to be at the court of Charles VII., in presence of the Duke d’Alençon. These examinations not appearing to have been sufficient for so important a matter, it was resolved that she should go to Poitiers, where the Parliament was sitting, and that she should there be interrogated by the most famous theologians of the University. The king himself repaired also thither, to give greater solemnity to the inquisition; and, in order the more readily to obtain a decision, named a commission of theologians, so that he might be thoroughly assured whether he could place good faith in the words of Jeanne d’Arc, and lawfully (licite) accept of her services. Jeanne repeated before this learned assembly all she had previously stated relative to the voices (that is, apparitions) which had appeared to her, and which had commanded her, in the name of God, to deliver Orleans, and conduct Charles to Rheims, there to be anointed king. To accomplish such behest, she required that a sufficient number of knights and men-at-arms should be placed under her command. Thereupon Maître Guillaume Eymeri, Professor of Theology, remarked to her, “If Heaven purposeth to deliver the kingdom of France, there is no need of men-at-arms.”

“The men-at-arms will fight,” replied Jeanne, “and God will give the victory.”

“We cannot,” continued the examiners, “advise the king, upon your simple assertion, to place a body of men-at-arms at your disposal, whose lives you may thus vainly peril. Give us some sign by which it will be rendered evident that you are entitled to belief.”

“Eh, mon Dieu!” answered Jeanne, “I have not come to Poitiers to give signs; lead me only to Orleans, and I will show you signs wherefore I have been sent. Place men-at-arms at my disposal, such number great or small, as you please, and I will instantly set forth.”

She was next asked why she did not wear the attire of her own sex. To this she answered: “I put on armour that I may serve the gentle Dauphin, for it is indispensable that I assume habiliments suitable for such an end; and I have likewise
Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle,

considered, that, when I should be surrounded by men, only, being clad in male attire, they would be more free from evil thoughts towards me, whereby I can better preserve my virgin estate both in thought and deed,"

At length, after repeated examinations, and causing her to be watched at all hours both of day and night, and after ecclesiastics had been sent to Domremy to inquire into her former conduct, and to ascertain whether her replies, as well as the declarations of Jean de Metz and Bertrand Poulengy, were conformable with truth, the theologians declared that they found neither in herself, nor in her words anything evil, nor contrary to the Catholic faith, and that taking into consideration her saintly life and praiseworthy reputation, they were of opinion that the king might legitimately accept of the young maiden's services.

The language of Jeanne d'Arc during the whole of this searching inquisition was full of dignity and confidence. She expressed herself *magnus modo*, to use the words of the contemporary depositions, and her answers displayed all the ability that might have been found in those of a learned clerk. A certain right crabbled doctor, a native of the Limousin, who spoke exceeding bad French, asked her in what sort of idiom the celestial voices gave utterance?

"A better idiom than yours," was the ready response.

"Do you believe in God?" inquired the same worthy.

"More than you do," replied Jeanne. "To the theologians who were thickly pressing her with their crafty interrogatories, "I do not know A from B," she exclaimed, "I come on the part of the King of Heaven to effect the raising of the siege of Orleans, and to cause the king to be anointed and crowned at Rheims."

The reader of this passage of Jeanne's life cannot fail, by turns, to smile and wonder at the contemplation of an humble village maiden from the banks of the Meuse subjected to the endless examinations and subtleties of learned doctors and experienced magistrates; confounding, nevertheless, those grave functionaries, and imposing silence upon them by her ingenuous answers, and escaping without effort or assistance from the snares laid for her by those versed in a sophistical theology. When these tedious questions multiplied too rapidly for her patience, it is amusing to find that Jeanne complained that "they were losing time in idle talk, instead of marching against the enemy."

Charles VII. did not yet, however, appear to be satisfied with the decision of the council. Several members of Parliament, amongst others Regnault de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of France, showed himself so inimical to her, that he was unwilling that any faith should be attached to her representations. Whereupon the king resolved to submit her to a last and decisive proof. It was the credence of that age that no pact could be entered into between the demon and a virgin; if, therefore, Jeanne was such, every suspicion of magic and sorcery would be swept away, and no scruple ought further to hinder the king from the assumption of her services. Accordingly, Charles caused a council of matrons to be assembled, over which the Queen of Sicily, his mother-in-law, assisted by the ladies de Gaucourt and de Vienne, presided, whose duty it was to visit her, and verify the fact sought to be ascertained. Their examination sufficed to prove Jeanne's intact purity, whereupon every doubt upon the king's mind vanished, further uncertainty ceased, and Jeanne was declared *a good Christian, a true Catholic, and a very good person*; that her life was unspotted, and her words inspired. Charles and his council now quickly determined that a body of troops should be despatched to give Orleans succour, and that an attempt should be made to enter the city under the conduct of *Jeanne, the Maid*. What was then called an *état* was given her: in other words, a guard of soldiers and attendants. A knight named Jean d'Aulon was appointed her esquire and head of her household; Raymond and Louis de Contes were her two pages, with two heralds-at-arms, one named Guyenne, the other Ambleville. She further requested to have an almoner, and friar Jean Pasquerel, reader in the monastery of the Augustins at Tours, offered himself, was accepted, and adhered to her during the rest of her brief but wondrous career. The king caused a complete suit of armour to be made for Jeanne. She desired next to have a

[The Court]
or, the Maid of Orleans.

standard, and pointed out the mode in which it was to be emblazoned. According to the description which she gave of it during her subsequent interrogation by the English, this standard was of a white stuff, then called boucassin, fringed with silk, upon a white field, powdered with fleurs-de-lis, and upon it was depicted the figure of the Saviour of mankind, seated upon a throne amidst the heavens, and holding a globe between his hands; on the right and left were represented two angels in the act of adoration, one of them holding a fleur-de-lis, upon which the Creator seemed bestowing his blessing; on either side were the words Jesus and Maria. A sword was then alone wanting for her complete equipment. Jeanne expressed a strong desire to have one which she stated would be found concealed behind the altar of the church of St. Catherine, at Fier-Bois, and which was marked with five crosses upon the blade. She thereupon caused the priests, who served that sacred edifice, to be addressed to grant her possession of the weapon. It was actually found in the place she had indicated and forthwith placed in her hands. The circumstances attendant upon the discovery of the sacred sword, are vividly described by the poet already quoted:—

A trophied tomb

Close to the altar rear'd its ancient bulk,
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-moulder now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptured effigy o'er laid
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eyes
Gaze listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose : the heavy stroke
Sounds hollow; over the high-vaulted roof
Roll the repeated echoes: soon the day
Dawns on the graves long night, the slant sun-beam
Beams on the inshrined arms, the crested helm,
The bauldric's strength, the shield, the sacred sword.
A sound of awe-repressed astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
Over her robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form; on her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
Gleaming portentous light.

The wondering crowd

Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven!"
The Maid exclaimed, "Father all merciful!
Devoted to whose holy will I wield
The sword of vengeance, go before our host!
All-just avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our champion! God of love, preserve
Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

The extraordinary revelations of the peasant maiden no doubt contributed to gain her credit at the court of Charles VII., but the greater probability is that her mission was especially established, from the dire necessity of the times. Orleans was on the eve of falling, and, with Orleans, France; a maiden of unsullied reputation arrived on the part of Heaven to save the tottering kingdom—was it probable that such succour should have been refused? Let us remember, likewise, that at the moment of this crisis, during such troubled times, marvellous things were the most certain of all others to gain ready belief, for when terror and despair master the imaginations of all, the supernatural is precisely that which is most joyfully welcomed; the human mind in such cases is naturally prone to believe in the intervention of the Deity, by the operation of miracles. And to this consideration we may add that the young maiden of Domremy was not likely to give umbrage to the courtiers and favourites of Charles VII., and that the latter had no such motive

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Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle;

for keeping her aloof from the young monarch's ear so carefully as they had other rivals of more elevated rank. Jeanne gave uneasiness to the pretensions of none, and stood in no one's way: she came from her native village expressly to deliver Orleans and conduct the king to Rheims; little anxious, too, about receiving in this world the reward of her labors and exploits, her utmost wish was to return, after the fulfilment of her inspired mission, to the humble homestead which had sheltered her infancy, again to tend her father's flock, or spin beside her fond mother.

The moment at length arrived which had been so ardently longed for by Jeanne d'Arc—that moment at which she was permitted to combat, and conquer the enemies of her king and country. The inhabitants of Orleans, reduced to the last extremity, awaited with the utmost impatience the result of her predictions and promises, the recital of which, for two months past, had formed the unceasing topic of their conversation. There yet remained one other formality which it was necessary should be attended to. Amongst the instructions which Jeanne had received from the saints, she had been expressly enjoined, before undertaking anything against the English, to summon them to abandon the siege of Orleans. Accordingly, she dictated a letter, which was dispatched to the English generals assembled in arms before Orleans, "for, on the part of Heaven, that they should render up the keys of all the fair towns which they had taken in France."

At last, the preparations for the departure of the convoy were completed, and the day fixed for the march of the army. Jeanne entered upon her military career by conducting this convoy of provisions to the relief of Orleans. She had repaired to Tours and Blois, with a view to superintend and hasten the preparations for the expedition. It was at Blois that Jeanne appeared for the first time under arms. Before quitting the town, she assembled all the priests therein, under a distinct banner, borne by her almoner, upon which the image of the Saviour upon the cross had, according to her directions, been depicted. No warrior was permitted to join that saintly troop without having the same day made an humble confession of his sins before the penitential tribunal. Jeanne further exhorted her soldiers to the regular discharge of this duty, to render themselves worthy of being united to the sacred battalion mustered around her. At the head of this battalion she advanced, displaying her standard, the priest chanting the Veni Creator, and all her soldiers following in military array animated with a kindred enthusiasm. The army of the Maid numbered six thousand warriors, and was accompanied by the commanders, De la Hire, Ambroise de Lore, the marshals Sainte-Sévère and De Rayz, the Admiral de Culan, the Lord de Gaucourt, and some other captains.

Our astonishment may be great, but need not be boundless at the prodigies wrought by the young maid of Lorraine. So great indeed was her natural eloquence, so lively and sincere her piety, so conspicuous her modesty and martial courage, and all these virtues blended so singularly in one possessed both of youth and beauty, that every quality was calculated to excite the highest admiration. The army, confident of victory, believed itself under the protection of Heaven, no less than the heroine who had placed herself at its head. On the 29th of April 1429, after having crossed the enemy's lines, in sight of their forts, Jeanne d'Arc (without any attempt being made on the part of the English to arrest her march), entered Orleans, armed at all points, mounted upon a white horse, preceded by her standard, the "young and brave Dunois" riding at her side, and escorted by the principal lords of the court, followed by troops of warriors, filled with patriotic ardor, and bringing with her a convoy of provisions which once more gave abundance to the famishing city. From that moment the inhabitants of Orleans believed themselves invincible, and were so effectually: great was the universal joy within the walls:—men, women, and children, thus rescued from starvation, beheld with enthusiastic affection the warlike Maid, and eagerly pressed forwards to touch her person, or even the horse on which she rode.

It must not, however, be concluded that this enthusiasm for Jeanne was generally felt, or that it was shared in by all the military chiefs: the multitude believed in the miracles announced to them, because their minds were harrassed by fear, and they
knew not of other means of being saved; the chiefs could not be expected to entertain the like credulity, from the reliance they naturally placed upon their own bravery and their own good swords. Jeanne was consequently not invariably summoned to their councils, and, on more than one occasion, some of the chiefs contumaciously rejected her advice. The Maid, as will be shortly seen, found it necessary in order to exact obedience from the turbulent chiefs with whom she was associated, in several instances to display all the energy of her character, and victory often crowned the arms of the French in spite of them. By exposing herself to the extreme danger, she gained in emergency her ascendant over the army, and the miracles which she wrought established her reputation amongst chiefs, soldiers, and populace.

On her arrival at Orleans, Jeanne learned that her summons to the English, dated from Blois, had been received with marked contempt; and in violation of the ordinary practice of war, the enemy had detained the heralds of the French army; but, on threatening the English with reprisals, they were delivered up. Her presence within the walls of the beleaguered city had an electrical effect upon the minds of all. Before her arrival, say the contemporary writers two hundred English put to the rout five hundred Frenchmen in a skirmish; but, since her coming, two hundred Frenchmen could put to flight five hundred of the English.

Jeanne D'Arc entered Orleans on the 30th of April; on the 4th of May she began the combat, and on the 8th of May the siege was raised. Those three days of battle were resplendent with glory for the French army, and warlike deeds were achieved, the details of which are amongst the marvels of history. Each day Jeanne led the French successively to the attack of the different forts; all were stormed and all carried: a great number of English were made prisoners, and many also, by the Maid's intercession, saved from the fury of her soldiers. Throughout these struggles, the sang froid of the young heroine was worthy of the highest admiration; she displayed indeed, a courage and presence of mind which utterly disconcerts human judgment: singled out as the principal mark for the enemy's attack, she appeared unconscious even of danger; by turns, commanding, advising and encouraging all ranks: the enthusiasm which animated her own bosom, passed into those of all who fought around her, and victory acknowledged no other banner save that of Jeanne D'Arc, the virgin of Domremy. From time to time, Jeanne made short but spirit-stirring appeals to her warriors: "Let each keep a good heart and firm hope in God," said she, to them, "for the hour approaches when the English shall be discomfited and all things shall come to a happy end." She was invariably the first to present herself, standard in hand, heading the attack, remaining last upon the field of battle in order to cover the retreat of her troops. Abhorring the shedding of blood, she only used her sword in the last extremity; and, more frequently when engaged in the mêlée, she contented herself with repulsing her adversaries by striking them with her lance, or beating them back with a small-battle axe which she carried at her side. On the third day, the Maid led forth her troops, (as indefatigable now as herself,) against those strongholds still remaining in the hands of the English—the first was the outwork and fort Des Tourelles which formed the entrance to the bridge towards Sologne; upon this post, the strongest fortified of any, depended the successful raising of the siege. The French generals, in a council of war, were of unanimous opinion that for so important an attack fresh succour should first arrive. The advice of Jeanne changed their resolution, and it was decided that the fort should be attacked on the morrow. The flower of the English force defended this post. The Maid directed the attack with a skill which astonished the most experienced generals; she was seen at one moment exhorting some to stand firm, bringing up others to the combat, crying aloud, above the din of the onset, the name of "the God of armies," the shout of valor and the promise of victory. The French, were, however, repulsed on all sides: Jeanne, perceiving this, flung herself into the fosse—was the first to seize a ladder and raise it by main strength against the wall; at that instant an arrow from the enemy's ranks struck her above the breast, between the neck and shoulder; and she fell backwards, almost senseless. Surrounded instantly by a party of English—emboldened by her fall, the heroine—partly raising her body from the ground, defended herself with equal skill and courage, until Jean de Gamache came up and rescued her from out of

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their hands. Jeanne d'Arc was led off the field of battle, stripped of her armour, and laid upon the grass. Dunois and several other chiefs quickly surrounded her and were prodigal of their attentions; her wound proved a deep one, and, at first, she was terrified, and could not refrain from shedding tears; but after a while, inspired by what seemed supernatural courage, she tore out the shaft with her own hands; the blood now flowed profusely, and, to stanch it, it was proposed to charm the wound by uttering certain magical sentences; to this she replied, that she would rather die than do that which she knew to be criminal. A preparation of lard and oil of olives was, however, applied, and, on the hemorrhage ceasing, she expressed a desire to make confession, whereupon those about her withdrew, leaving her alone with her almoner. As soon as the army beheld her no longer at its head, discouragement prevailed, as well amongst the soldiers as officers; the attack had lasted since ten o'clock, and night was then coming on. Dunois ordered the retreat to be sounded, and the troops ceased their attack upon the fort. Jeanne d'Arc was sensibly afflicted at hearing this, and though she was seriously wounded, it did not prevent the heroine from calling for her horse, in order to rally the chiefs and soldiers whom her wound had so discouraged. On her steed being brought to her, she sprang lightly into the saddle, as though she had lost all feeling of fatigue, or depression, and drew alone into a vineyard, where she remained for a quarter of an hour occupied in prayer, which finished, she again appeared at the head of the troops. Having reached the boulevard, she seized her standard, and, holding it aloft, advanced to the edge of the fosse. Seeing this, the English became terror-stricken; the French, on the contrary, returned to the assault with increased ardor, and once more scaled the boulevard. The garrison within Orleans, seeing what was passing, kept up a hot fire with their cannon and arblasts upon the fort, and sent fresh troops to take part in the glory of their companions in arms. The English defended themselves with obstinate fury; but the Maid shouted to her troops: "All is yours, enter!"—and, in an instant, the boulevard was carried, the English fleeing instantly into the fort; but the greater number perished by the fall of the drawbridge, which was sunk in the Loire. The French speedily repaired the bridge, crossed the river, and the fort immediately fell into their hands. Thus, the Maid, as she had predicted in the morning before engaging in battle, led back her troops within the walls of Orleans over the same drawbridge which had hitherto been held by the enemy. Her entrance was a complete triumph: all the bells of the city ringing merrily, proclaimed far and near the victory just achieved by the king's troops; the populace crowded eagerly round the heroine with shouts of joy, whilst tokens of love and veneration were showered upon her at every step. Jeanne who had neither taken food nor drink during the whole day, on entering her lodgings for the night, ate only four or five slices of bread soaked in water mixed with a little wine. Her compassion for the vanquished is worthy of remark—her tears flowed freely at the sight of the dead bodies of the slaughtered English, and great was her compunction that so many warriors had passed into eternity without confession. On the morrow the tender-hearted Jeanne occupied herself with seeing that the last duties were rendered to those brave men who had perished in the conflict; the body of Glacidas, the English commander, (who had exceeded all his countrymen in lavish abuse upon the Maid), was taken out of the Loire and sent back to the English army. The English generals, after remaining all night in deliberation, determined upon raising the siege; and before day-break they marched their troops out of the camp, and the forts which still remained in their possession upon the right bank of the Loire, ranged them in marching order and prepared for retreat. The French, although inferior to them in numbers, were anxious to pursue them; but the noble-minded heroine curbed their impetuosity, and, ever anxious to avoid bloodshed, said "let the English depart, and stay them not; their departure will suffice me."

In the preceding sketch of the life and character of Jeanne, and the momentous position of France previous to her entry upon her military career, we have sufficiently explained the mission which the daughter of Jacques d'Arc believed she had received from Heaven. If it now be asked how a young village girl, who up to
time of her appearance at Chinon had been solely occupied in sewing, spinning, and tending sheep, could thus suddenly figure in a field of battle, directing manœuvres and conducting attacks in such a manner as to astound the most skilful commanders, all who are called upon to answer must be wholly at a loss for reply. We shall not here examine how far it may be worthy to place faith in the different predictions of the Maid touching the siege of Orleans, the accomplishment of which is signalised in contemporaneous history; we would separate from history that which belongs too evidently to the region of miracle, and take events simply as they are recognisable alike by the unlearned, and the erudite. Seven months had elapsed since the Earl of Salisbury, on the 12th of October 1428, had sat down to besiege Orleans, and all the efforts of the most valourous knights of France, during so long a period, had not triumphed over the courage of the besieged, nor outwearied their firmness. A young peasant girl arrives at the scene of action, places herself at the head of an army greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy’s force, and in three days the forts and out–works raised by the besiegers were carried. Dunois, Xaintrailles and La Hire—leaders of undoubted skill and bravery, themselves became obedient to the young Maid as to a general who had witnessed many a well–fought battle, and were unable to explain, save by a miracle, the Maid’s superiority in military tactics. The Duke d’Alençon, who was not personally present in the strife, but who visited the ruins of the English redoubts a short time after the raising of the siege, deposes “that he believes that they had been taken rather by miracle than by force of arms, more especially the outwork Des Tournelles, at the foot of the bridge, and that Des Augustins, in which he would right gladly have defended himself, during six or seven days, against any power of men–at–arms, and, it seemed to him, without risk of being taken. And, further, that according to what he had heard related by the men–at–arms and captains, whom he found therein, almost every thing that had been then done at Orleans was attributed by them solely to the direct command of God. This he had also heard affirmed several times, amongst others, by Messire Ambroise de Lore, who was afterwards provost of Paris.”* For ourselves, we freely confess that we have no better explanation to give than those offered by some of the greatest captains and nobles of the day. 

On the 8th of May 1429, the hostile army, lately so haughty and menacing, was seen in full retreat from the ramparts of Orleans, at which joyful sight a solemn procession traversed the city making the welkin ring with sacred hymns and songs of thanksgiving. The custom of this imposing religious ceremony was afterwards renewed annually, in commemoration of so great an event, and has only been discontinued during a few years of recent anarchy and revolutionary trouble. 

The first part of Jeanne’s mission was, therefore, accomplished: the siege of Orleans had been raised, but the task yet remained for the Maid to conduct the king to Rheims. This enterprise, to say the least, was as difficult as the former. The recollection of the marvels performed before Orleans was not sufficient to win the king and the chiefs of the army to undertake the expedition to Rheims. Although still suffering from the effects of her wounds, she herself repaired to Loches, to announce to Charles VII the happy deliverance of Orleans. The news reached Paris during the course of the next day, where it spread terror and discouragement through the ranks of the English and Burgundians. Jeanne was anxious to march straight upon Rheims, to have the coronation ceremony of Charles performed there; but the execution of so bold a project startled both the King and his council; he would have to traverse nearly eighty leagues of a country occupied by the enemy, at the head of a not very numerous army, without provisions, or hope of procuring any save by the law of the strong hand: moreover, it was necessary to take possession of several considerable towns which lay in the route, any one of which might arrest the king’s march. The slightest check, in a situation so perilous, might entail total destruction on his cause. It appeared, therefore, more prudent to commence with the conquest of Normandy; and the Duke d’Alençon, who was personally interested in the adoption of such a course, supported it to the utmost of his power. The persuasive arguments of Jeanne, however, triumphed over all fears and all interests,

* Deposition of the Duke d’Alençon.
and it was finally decided that the army should hold on its march towards Champagne, and that, ere its departure, the towns taken by the English in the vicinity of Orleans should be re-garrisoned. The ascendant, so wonderfully exerted by the Maid over the minds of old and young, gradually wrought up the most misgiving to enthusiasm. The first step taken was to lay siege to Jargeau, defended by the brave Suffolk, who declared his resolution of burying himself in its ruins rather than yield. The artillery was there pointed by the Maid with so much skill, that, in a few days, a breach in the ramparts was practicable, and the assault resolved upon. The Duke d’Alençon, who rode by the side of Jeanne, appeared to be doubtful of the issue of the general attack ordered by the youthful amazon. "Ah! gentle duke, are you afraid?" she asked. "Know you not that I have promised your lady to bring you back safe and sound? En avant, gentle duke!" She fought throughout the day under the eyes of that prince, and was, as usual, the first to brave the thickest danger. On perceiving a point at which the besieged opposed a stubborn resistance, she descended into the ditch and ascended a ladder, standard in hand. Thus rendered conspicuous amidst the press, an English soldier hurled a huge stone down upon her head; luckily her helmet preserved her from serious injury, but she fell stunned at the foot of the rampart. Upon the walls arose a shout of triumph, whilst, below, the lamentations of the soldiers were loud at the fall of the heroine: Jeanne, however, speedily recovered her senses, and rose up more fierce and terrible than ever. "Friends, friends, sus, sus!" (an exclamation expressive of haste), "have good courage; our Lord hath condemned the English; at this moment they are ours!" The French troops, reanimated by her words, rushed again into the breach, drove the enemy into the town, pursued them from street to street, slew eleven hundred of them, and compelled Suffolk, William de la Pole, and other English commanders, to surrender themselves prisoners. The fall of Meung and the castle of Baugency, although defended by the brave Talbot, who retired to the left towards Janville, quickly followed that of Jargeau; but the English army, strengthened by all the garrisons of the abandoned towns, was still superior in numbers to the French, although the Constable de Richemont had joined the latter. A Patay, the vanguard of the French found itself within only half a league of the enemy. The Duke d’Alençon, Dunois, and Marshal Rieux—the commander-in-chief, hesitated to give battle. The bare idea of fighting the English in open field terrified the minds of those who were still full of the remembrance of Agincourt, Crevant, Verneuil, and Rouvray-Saint-Denis. Jeanne had need of all her irresistible ascendency on this momentous occasion. She unhesitatingly promised victory to the French arms, and the troops, fully relying upon her promise, before daybreak rushed upon the English: a division, led on by Fastolf, the victor at Rouvray, fled, and the rest were thrown into disorder. Two thousand five hundred Englishmen perished on the field of battle, twelve hundred were made prisoners, and amongst the latter number was Talbot, the commander-in-chief.

The Maid, escorted by all the French generals, repaired to the king’s presence to announce the news of the victory of Patay; and, in that interview, she succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the monarch and the Constable de Richemont, whom the favorite, La Tremouille, had displaced and wholly deprived of power.

Meanwhile, the renown of the Maid of Orleans, and the narration of her astonishing exploits, had spread rapidly throughout France and thence over the rest of Europe. Opinion now seemed settled with regard to her mission; all the French who were partisans of Charles VII. doubted not that she was inspired of Heaven, whilst the English, on the contrary, looked upon her as a witch and a sorcerer, and the terror which she had infused amongst them paralysed the moral force of their armies in France, hitherto unacquainted with defeat. Her ascendency over the French soldiery and common people was boundless, but such was by no means the case with the generals and courtiers. Not a few amongst them were jealous of the glory she had obtained by her extraordinary deeds, and felt humiliated at the superior sway which a lowly-born girl had usurped over so many illustrious captains and noble knights. With some she had sharp altercations; but, engrossed with the accomplishment of her mission, to make all concur in her views, and assure the
success of her arms, she feared not at times to assume the tone of command, and even, also, of menace. Entertaining an unconquerable horror for women of bad reputation, the Maid had formally forbidden their presence in the camp, taking the greatest precautions to keep them aloof from the army. In all other matters, Jeanne remained the same simple-hearted, humble, gentle creature—anxiously seeking seclusion and solitude, and passing a great portion of her time in exercises of pious devotion. She was frequently observed during the night, when she thought herself unseen, to prostrate herself amidst the gloom, and pray to Heaven for the prosperity of Charles and his kingdom. She took pleasure in associating with persons of her own sex, and, whenever practicable, shared her couch with one or more of those females held in most consideration in the locality, giving the preference to young girls, and refusing those of more mature age. When she was unable to find persons of her own sex wherewith to share her couch, she lay down without undressing herself. Her abstinence was so great, that it seems astonishing she was able to preserve her strength with so little aliment. She preferred rather to abstain from all nourishment, than to touch provisions which she knew, or suspected had been obtained by violence. She tolerated neither pillage nor vengeance, after the heat of conflict was over.

It is not a little remarkable that, after such unhoped-for success—the accomplishment of so many predictions, the king and the majority of the military chiefs did not place firm and entire confidence in the mission of the Maid. After each triumph, Jeanne was, indeed, looked upon as inspired; but, no sooner was any new enterprise advised by her, than there arose doubts of her power. As their hesitation seemed hourly to increase, the heroine of Domremy was compelled to work miracles continually. After the battle of Patay, she was opposed in her project of marching upon Rheims. Human foresight would, indeed, have declared such enterprise most imprudent: the little army of the king would have had to have marched through those eighty leagues of well-fortified country. But her projects could not be appreciated by ordinary judgment; the mission of the wondrous Maid so fully accredited by inconceivable victories, she ought to have been freely allowed to have played the heroine—her standard even, blindly, followed, whithersoever it could meet the enemies of France: such was assuredly the best and sole policy of the moment.

Thanks to the firmness of Jeanne, the French army began its march for Rheims. Departing from Gien towards the end of June, 1429, it arrived before Auxerre, which place, on condition of furnishing a supply of provisions, was suffered to keep a provisional neutrality, and thus, in granting obedience to the king's power, awaited to see what might be the fate of Troyes, Chalons, and Rheims. The first, defended by strong walls and deep ditches, boldly refused to open its gates. The army had remained encamped before it only five days, when the soldiers began to suffer severely from scarcity of food, so that the king's council was of opinion that the march ought to be continued without attempting an attack. This was energetically opposed by Jeanne, and the assault being, at length, resolved upon for the morrow, she occupied herself the whole night in superintending the preparation of fascines. At break of day she ordered the trumpets to sound, the ditches to be filled with fascines, and, radiant with inspiration, she advanced, waving aloft her standard. Terror seized upon the besieged at the aspect of the valorous Maid; on their knees they begged permission to treat for a capitulation, and Charles himself entered into a treaty with the inhabitants. One chronicle affirms that the English and Burgundians, from the summit of the walls, were terror-stricken at the sight of this female chief, imagining, in their alarm, that they saw a cloud of white butterflies hovering about her banner; and, subsequently, at the siege of Chateau-Thierry, white butterflies are spoken of as being found on Jeanne's standard. According to the belief of the times, these insects betokened that such was an enchanted banner, and that a host of invisible genii fought in her favor under its spell. The population of Chalons, headed by its bishop, and stirred up by the fame of the Maid's exploits, flocked forth to meet Charles VII. When nigh Domremy, she was also visited by four inhabitants of her native village, with whom was her godfather, Jean Morel. How affecting such an interview—when the recollection of her obscure childhood and

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humble paternal roof thus suddenly arose to mingle itself with the more brilliant images of war and victory, and the pre-occupations of an enterprise about to decide the destiny of a kingdom. The good and simple village folk earnestly asked her whether "she did not fear death upon the field of battle?" "Treason is the only thing I fear," was her reply. Was there not something of a sorrowful sentiment contained in those expressive words?

Charles VII, at length arrived under the walls of Rheims: the inhabitants, on daring to offer resistance, laid the keys of their city at his feet. The king made a solemn entry into the city with Jeanne at his side, accompanied by a numerous chivalry, and followed by his whole army. The ceremony of the coronation was fixed for the next day, July 17, 1429. Ever busy in the warfare of the kingdom, that same morning the Maid dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, to engage him to make peace with Charles VII.

The scene between Jeanne and the Duke of Burgundy in the third act of Shakespeare's Henry VI, one of the most forcible of the drama, has, it will thus be seen, a strictly historical basis:—

PUCELLE.—Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, hurl thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

BURGUNDY.—Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUCELLE.—Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny,
Who jointh thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who, then, but English Harry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thy enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,*
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See, then, thou fightst against thy countrymen,
And joinst with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arm.

The holy oil was with extreme and solemn pomp poured upon the king's head—for all those who had accompanied the monarch in his warlike progress were present at the coronation. Jeanne, who thus beheld the promises of Heaven fulfilled, who had led the king to Rheims, through so many perils and prodigies, stood at the high altar, holding her banner in her hand. What a moment for her of inexpressible gratification! Had her mind been less simple and religiously pure, what legitimate pride would, during such high festival, have sparkled on her countenance. But Jeanne, the heroine, preserved during even her hour of extraordinary triumph, her pristine humility of a peasant maid; and she looked upon her

*A mistake of Shakspere. The release of the Duke of Orleans was not effected until after the death of Jeanne d'Arc.
or the Maid of Orleans.

standard as the agent which alone had visibly rescued the kingdom. As soon as
the last ceremonies of the coronation were over, Jeanne advanced towards the
king, knelt down before him, and embracing his knees, shed a flood of tears.

"Gentle king," said she, "now hath the will of God been done, who willed that
the siege of Orleans should be raised, and you conducted into the city of Rheims to
receive your holy anointing, in token that you are a true king, and he to whom the
kingdom of France of right belongs." She then entreated the king's permission to
retire to her native village of Domremy, since her mission was accomplished.

The spectacle of that youthful peasant maid, who, after having saved the king-
dom, at the very moment of her triumph supplicated the king to permit her to re-
turn to her humble home to tend her flock and aid her mother in domestic duties,
is, perhaps, one of the most sublime passages to be met with throughout the range of
history. In this expedition the Maid had been followed by her two brothers,
Pierre and Jean; in Rheims she found her father Jacques d'Arc and her uncle
Durand Laxart; joyful, indeed, to them all must have been that meeting, but espe-
cially to herself, for she must have experienced far greater delight than during the
rejoicings of victory. Victory, moreover, never appeared to have any intoxicating
fascinations for Jeanne—the Maid of Orleans, since the modest heroine attributed
nothing to herself, holding none other position than as an instrument in the hands of
Heaven. Some one having remarked to her that nothing had been read in any book
like her deeds, "My Lord, the king of Heaven," replied she, "hath a book in
which never clerk hath yet read, how perfect soever his clerkship."

We are now about to enter upon a series of events in which the most melancholy
interest blends itself with our admiration of the heroic Maid. Jeanne's ententes to
be permitted to retire to her primitive occupations were not listened to; for Charles
VII. was unwilling to lose so efficient a support. The Maid yielding, therefore,
obediences to her sovereign's wishes, again appeared upon the battle field, manifest-
ing the same high courage and devotion, but her efforts were no longer united with
the same confidence and enthusiasm; she appeared conscious of being no longer
guided by the finger of Heaven. As fewer prodigies were wrought under her standard,
she saw increasing the number of those mistrustful of her power. Well, then, might
she affirm that she had played her part, that she would no longer be responsible for
events, for, upon each reverse, the murmurs of all rang louder and louder in her
ears. It is worthy of remembrance, also, that Jeanne suffered both from the jealousy
and ingratitude of the French leaders—many amongst them never forgave her for
eclipsing their military glory by the effulgent brightness of her miraculous deeds.

After the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, divers strong places in its
vicinity submitted to his arms; amongst others Chateau Thierry, whence were
dated the letters which exempted the villages of Domremy and Greux, from "all
taxes, aids and subventions on account of Jeanne the Maiden;" and the inhabitants
of those places continued in the uninterrupted enjoyment of this gracious boon until
the revolution. In Paris the utmost terror prevailed, for there the English employed
a thousand stratagems to deceive the inhabitants and keep them in subjection. The
Duke of Bedford resolved at length to give battle to the French: three leagues from
Senlis, near Mont Pilier, a battle was fought with equal success on both sides. Charles
the VII. approached Paris with his army. Saint Denis, which was then strongly
fortified, eagerly opened its gates, and the King took possession on the 25th of August
1429. It appears from the deposition of the Duke d'Alençon, that here it was
that an accident occurred, to which superstitious minds attached a very important
signification. The Maid of Domremy, who had always shown the greatest abhor-
rence of women in an evil course of life, happening one day to strike with the flat of
her sword one of that class of persons whom she had surprised amongst her soldiers,
broke the blade in two pieces: this was the weapon miraculously found in the church
of Saint Catherine, at Fierbois. This accident was looked upon as a fatal presage
and the king himself was highly displeased: Charles telling her that she would
have done better to have taken "a good thick stick and well laid on therewith."
Jeanne d'Arc appears, herself, to have looked upon the accident as a warning from
Heaven, implying that her military career was ended, and her power destroyed. On

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Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle

the 7th of September 1429, the king's troops occupied the village of La Chappelle, which then stood midway between Paris and Saint Denis; and the army, composed of twelve thousand men, ranged itself at sunset in order of battle over a vast open space, called le marché aux Pourcieux (the Hog Market). The attack was commenced by carrying a small outwork on the side of Paris; but the assailants, who had vainly flattered themselves that, at the moment of the assault, the partisans of the king within the palace would excite the populace to make a demonstration in his favour, were deceived, and immediately showed signs of retreat. The heroic Maid, unaccustomed to turn her back upon the enemy, was firmly resolved to continue the filling up of the ditch. Whilst commanding the Parisians to surrender the city to their king, she received an arrow from an arblast in the thigh. Compelled by pain and loss of blood, to shelter herself behind a little eminence, she kept aloof from the action and remained on the same spot until dark, when Richard de Thiembronne, and other captains went to her assistance. Whether it was that Jeanne felt chagrined at this her first check, or disgusted at the ingratitude of her companions-in-arms, she seemed weary of life, and refused to quit her place of shelter. The Duke d'Alençon himself was at length obliged to interfere, and endeavour to bring her back to Saint Denis; but she resolved to end her days in retirement and obscurity. There appeared, in Jeanne's obstinate determination to die under the walls of Paris, something which plainly revealed the mingled bitterness and despair which filled her mind at the consciousness of the sinister conduct of the leaders of the army towards her. Followed by the king and the principal lords of his suite, she repaired to the royal basilica of Saint Denis, and prostrated herself before the altars of the tutelary martyrs therein. She returned thanks to God, the Virgin, and the Saints, for the favors which they had heaped upon her, and suspended her arms on one of the pillars of the sacred edifice, before the revered shrine of the apostle of France. The persuasions of the king and the chief leaders of his army, once more, however, triumphed over Jeanne's resolution. It is impossible, knowing as all do the barbarous death that awaited her, to refrain from the indulgence of the liveliest sympathy at the cruel fate of the unfortunate girl, whilst perusing the narrative of this second fruitless attempt made by her to return to her paternal roof. The French army after their unsuccessful attack upon Paris, repassed the Loire. On the king's arrival at Meun-sur-Yèvre, in December 1429, he granted to Jeanne d'Arc and all her family, letters of nobility, with all the privileges and honors then attached to that high favor: those letters, by a remarkable exception equally included the males and females in perpetuity; "in order," were the king's words, "to render glory to the high and divine wisdom—for the manifold and resplendent favors which he hath been pleased to shower down upon us—by the remarkable ministration of our dear and well beloved Maid Jeanne d'Arc, of Domremy, and which, by the help of providence, we hope to see still further increase."

Charles VII. was anxious to capture in succession Cone, La Charité, and Saint-lo-Moutiers. He began by the attack of the latter town. When the breach was practicable, the troops mounted to the assault; but the besieged defended themselves so vigorously, that after a long and bloody combat, the king's troops were compelled to retreat. Jeanne d'Arc, surrounded by only five or six soldiers, refused to retire, notwithstanding the entreaties of the generals to return to the camp. Her firmness restored courage to the soldiers, and they returned to the charge with redoubled fury: the enemy were unable to sustain a second assault for which they were unprepared, and the French, after encountering a feeble resistance, made themselves masters of the place. Whilst the royal army followed up its operations in the south, Jeanne d'Arc was sent to the north, to the Ile-de-France, with a small body of troops and several commanders; on this expedition she was accompanied by her two brothers, and had twelve horses in her train: the value of these and of her arms and equipages amounted altogether to the sum of twelve thousand crowns of that period.

At Lagni, Jeanne learned that Franquet d'Arras, celebrated for his valor and his cruelties, was ravaging the neighbouring country, with a body of about four hundred men: thereupon she quitted the town, taking with her a nearly equal number of soldiers, accompanied by Jean de Foucault, Geoffroi de Saint-Aubin and other
lords. Ere long she fell in with Franquet d’Arras, whose troops numbered amongst their ranks some excellent archers; these latter kept up so terrible a discharge upon the French, that a great number were speedily put hors de combat. Twice did the royal troops give way, and twice were they brought back to the charge by the intrepid Maid, “moutl courageusement et vigoureusement,” says even an historian of the Burgundian party. At last, victory declared for Jeanne, and the notorious Franquet d’Arras was made prisoner. The judges of Lagni and the bailiff of Senlis claimed their right to have surrendered up to them a man guilty of so many crimes, and he was executed some days after, despite the efforts made by the Maid to save his life. This execution, whether just or unjust, but of which it is clear Jeanne was innocent, was in the sequel wickedly made a principal accusation against her. The Duke of Burgundy, however, was advancing at the head of a considerable army to lay siege to Compiègne, then almost emptied of its troops. Jeanne d’Arc hesitated not an instant to repair thither; and Jacques de Chabanne, Theaulde de Valpergue, Regnault de Fontaine, Poton de Xaintrailles, and several other celebrated knights, followed the young heroine’s example, and shut themselves up in that town. Such reinforcement, and, especially, the presence of the Maid, spread great joy throughout the place, and it was sought to profit by that first manifestation of enthusiasm by attempting a sortie. On the 24th May, 1430, the Maid, accompanied by Poton the Burgundian, the Lord de Crequi and several other captains, fell suddenly upon that quarter of the besieger’s camp near Marigni commanded by John of Luxembourg. The enemy fell back upon Marigni; but, on the first alarm, the English, led on by Lord Montgomery, hastily quitted their tents; at the same time the troops of John of Luxembourg rushed from their quarters at Clairay, and also hastened to the assistance of their general; the French, perceiving that they would have to encounter the whole of the enemy’s army, withdrew towards the town; the Maid, ever the first to advance and the last to retire, during the retreat continually turned round to confront the enemy, in order to cover her own troops and bring them without loss within the walls. The English were seen advancing at their utmost speed to cut off her division; perceiving the design of the movement, the French panic-struck rushed tumultuously towards the barrier of the outwork near the bridge. At that moment, the Burgundians, certain of being supported on every side, commenced a terrible discharge of arrows upon the rear of the French squadrons, and threw them into such disorder, that, armed as they were, many rushed in despair into the river, whilst others surrendered themselves prisoners. The indomitable Maid alone continued to defend herself; her azure surcoat and the banner which she carried made her easily distinguishable; she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of warriors, who disputed amongst each other the honor of seizing upon her person. Jeanne, fortunately however, drove them back at the sword’s point, and succeeded in gaining the foot of the outwork near the bridge: but the barrier was closed. Abandoned by her companions in arms, surrounded by assailants, the Maid here performed prodigies of valor, and, to avoid being taken, endeavoured to seek safety in flight. At this instant a Picard archer seized her by the surcoat and dragged her from off her horse; she was instantly disarmed, and the Bastard of Vendôme carried her to Marigni, and she was delivered up to a strong guard. Guillaume de Flavy, then governor of Compiègne, an intrepid warrior and zealous royalist, but notorious for his cruelties, avarice, and debauchery, was suspected of having closed the barrier, with the intent of delivering up the heroine of Orleans to her enemies. Whether chargeable with this treachery or not, never did the victories of Crecy, Poitiers, or Agincourt excite amongst the English such transports of joy as those manifested at the capture of the Maid by the Burgundians. The English soldiery ran in crowds to gaze upon that girl of nineteen, whose name, alone, for upwards of a year, had carried terror to the very gates of London. Couriers were despatched in all directions to spread the news; public rejoicings were indulged in upon the occasion in the small number of towns which still remained in the hands of the English, and feux de joie were lighted in the capital of the kingdom. A Te Deum was likewise chanted at Notre Dame—a striking example which of itself evinces the wretchedness of party faction, and shows how far its accursed spirit is removed from true patriotism.

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In speaking of the last events of the military career of Jeanne d'Arc, we have observed that the exploits of the young Maid had drawn down upon her the jealousy and even hatred of some of her companions in arms. Deserted by them under the walls of Compiègne, and compelled to wage an unequal combat with her numerous assailants, she had succeeded, by dint of sheer personal bravery, in reaching the outwork near the bridge, and the most credible accounts tell us that the Maid found the barrier closed. The inhabitants of Compiègne, who were strangers to such evil passions, and thought only of the safety of the liberatrix of the kingdom, raised an alarm by ringing the bells; but the generals turned a deaf ear to the tocsin, and not one amongst the number presented himself to her rescue. The little that may be gathered from the history of the life and character of Guillaume de Flavy, only adds weight to the odious accusation of treachery that rests upon his name. He was a low-minded man, and might fear that Jeanne would rob him of the fame of defending Compiègne; he was, moreover, a man of evil life, and Jeanne, who invariably evinced marked severity on the score of conduct might, perhaps, on some occasion, have reproved Guillaume de Flavy for some delinquency under that head: this double motive might therefore have given birth in his bosom to a desire for revenge. The end, however, of Guillaume de Flavy was a most tragic one: his throat was cut by his barber at the instigation and by order of his wife, the latter finishing the deed by strangling him. One of the crimes with which the lady reproached her husband was the captivity of the Maid of Orleans. The capture of the heroine, therefore, may be imputed with some show of truth to the treachery of the French leaders. The treachery then by which she was subdued and her tragic end, willingly would we blot out both, from the history of each nation.

The horrible tragedy meditated by the hatred and vengeance of the English, was four months under preparation, during which time Jeanne d'Arc was imprisoned, first in the Castle of Beaulieu, whence, however, she attempted to escape. Her voices had told her that her captivity would be but short and that she should return to Compiègne. She wholly occupied herself, therefore, in discovering a means of escape. Having succeeded, one day, in squeezing her body between two beams placed in a closet, she gained an adjoining apartment, but the keeper discovered her and raised the alarm. On her guards conducting her back to prison, she exclaimed “that God willed not that she should escape at that moment.” After this attempt she was transferred to the Castle of Beurevoir, situate at four leagues from Cambray. The dwellers in this stronghold were the wife and sister of John of Luxembourg. Among those who had never seen Jeanne, prejudices were likely to be entertained against her, and especially by those attached to the English or Burgundians; but with others who had intercourse with her, these prejudices failed not to give place to sentiments of affection. Shut up in the donjon, she there received every consolation which the ladies of the castle could afford her; at the same time those charitable-hearted women could not behold, without painful scruples, the youthful captive attired in the vestments of the other sex; and, on several occasions, they offered her the means of exchanging them, and pressed her to put on female apparel. Jeanne, persuaded that the attire she wore appertained especially to the warlike mission for which Heaven had ordained her, would not comply with their solicitations, yet nothing in the end proved more calamitous to her. She affirmed in the sequel, that if it had been permitted her to re-assume female attire, “she would sooner have done it at the request of those two ladies, than of any others in France, save and except her lady the queen.”

Although fully sensible of the affection borne her by those amiable persons, Jeanne's dread of being delivered up to the English, impelled her a second time to attempt her escape: accordingly she leaped out of the donjon window and fell senseless at the foot of the tower. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the effects of her fall, she was removed to Arras, where it was determined to deliver her up to the English: she was therefore next transferred to the Castle of Crotboi, a strong citadel erected at the mouth of the Somme. It was then the month of November: Compiègne had just been relieved, and these good tidings formed, doubtless, the last consolation of the unhappy Maid, if, indeed, the news ever reached her.
or the Maid of Orleans.

The Duke of Bedford, desirous of raising the spirits of his discouraged followers by sacrificing Jeanne to their vengeance, was, nevertheless, anxious by a solemn procedure to establish the fact that she had made use of sorcery and magic, by which means he would cause her to be condemned as a heretic, destroy the ascendancy which the remembrance of her virtues might still hold over all minds, preserve the honor of his arms tarnished by so many reverses; and, to use the energetic language of that age, thereby he would defame the King of France. A friar named Martin, vicar-general of the Inquisition, also laid claim to convokve the Maid’s trial before his tribunal; Pierre Cauchon, the bishop of Beauvais (expelled from his seat), also demanded her, as having been captured in his diocese, which was not the case, Jeanne having been taken prisoner beyond the bridge of Compiègne, and upon the territory of the diocese of Noyon: and, finally, the university of Paris wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, that she might be cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal, as suspected of magic and sorcery. This demonstration of mingled cowardice and ferocity, proved to the Duke of Bedford the facility with which he could accomplish his projects; but it was necessary first to take the prisoner out of the hands of John of Luxembourg, Count de Ligny, who was ill disposed to deliver her up. His gentle-hearted and generous wife, seeing him in doubt between the better impulse of his nature and the lucrative offers held out to him, or may be the imperative nature of his duty, supplicated him on her knees not to deliver up to certain death a captive so interesting, as well from her courage as innocence, and whom, moreover, the laws of honorable warfare compelled him to respect. Advantage was at length taken of the right which in those days sovereign princes had of the disposal of their prisoners, whatever their condition, by the payment of a sum of ten thousand livres to those to whom they belonged. Such monies being remitted to John of Luxembourg, and a pension of three hundred livres granted to the Bastard of Vendôme, the heroine of Orleans was delivered up to a detachment of English troops, which conducted her to Rouen. There she was loaded with chains, incarcerated in a dungeon, overwhelmed by every kind of outrage, and that atrocious procedure was set on foot, of which the original depositions are still extant in the Bibliothèque du Roi a Paris; to bear record, perhaps, as by the will of divine justice, to the virtues and innocence of the august victim, showing by the strongest historical evidence the most surprising facts of her marvellous history since the proofs which establish them are there found collected together, and verified by those very individuals who sought to tarnish her chaste glory, and were furious for her destruction.

Whilst Jeanne’s enemies were thus disputing about her life and liberty, it may be asked what did Charles VII. for one who had been saviour of his kingdom? We no-where read of his having dispatched one single ambassador to the Duke of Burgundy, neither to John of Luxembourg; or that he offered to pay the Maid’s ransom or even exchange her for other prisoners of war whom the victories of the youthful heroine had in great numbers put into his power. Some writers have attempted to prove that the position of Charles would not allow of his taking any step in the matter, and that he had no means of delivering the Maid: let it be granted that the deliverance of the young captive was by no means an easy task, yet at any rate the subject ought to have had due consideration, and an earnest intention and strenuous effort should have been manifested. The impossibility of success, even if such had been the case, by no means justified inaction under such trying and painful circumstances.

Charles VII. ought to have attempted every means that could have been devised to save the Maid, who had herself unquestionably saved his kingdom from foreign domination and rule, and himself, perhaps, from destruction; and although in the discharge of so noble and grateful a duty that prince had failed in any endeavour, how much more splendid in our estimation, and indeed in that of mankind, would have been his regal glory. Had her misfortunes merely excited in him sentiments of compassion, had he given vent to some chivalrous sentiment with regard to the fate of the youthful heroine, is it probable that contemporary writers would have been wholly ignorant of the circumstance and have omitted to record the fact? yet the historians of the time are silent, one and all, and their silence...
is truly hararessing to those who in these days are jealous to save from tarnish the regal splendor and renown of by-gone times—of those, indeed, who point the finger to the glories of the past—the wisdom of ancestors, and the reliance to be placed in the gratitude of kings. Is it not also marvellous that neither do historians mention that in those cities, aye, even in whole provinces which Jeanne d’Arc had delivered from the English yoke, in the armies which she had led to victory, or amongst the good people of Orleans, Rheims, and Compiègne, one single soul had arisen to hasten to her succour, or even to encounter the smallest peril by word or deed on her account. Such flagrant ingratitude, both royal and popular, is, unfortunately, but too frequently to be seen in the pages of history. Amongst all the towns of the mighty kingdom of France, one did, however, make demonstration of its grief and compassion, when learning that Jeanne d’Arc had fallen into the hands of her enemies: it is pleasing to record such exception in the instance of the city of Tours. No sooner was the capture of the Maid known, than the clergy and populace went in procession to address their prayers to Heaven that it might not in its mercy abandon in her peril the virtuous girl who had so recently saved the lilies and the kingdom. Had similar demonstrations been made in several other cities, it may be fairly inferred that the English would have hesitated long ere they put their prisoner to death.

Jeanne d’Arc was, as we have said, transferred, towards the end of November, from the Castle of Crotot to Rouen. Charles’s army was then daily gaining new successes over the English. The heroine, in her chains, still struck terror into the hearts of the enemies of her country, even beyond sea: a royal ordinance is still extant, dated December 12, 1430, proclaiming the punishment which awaited such amongst the English soldiers who deserted, or delayed joining their colours, though arising from the superstitions with which the Maid had inspired them.

On the arrival of the Maid at Rouen, she was confined in the donjon of the castle, a strong, gloomy, and isolated tower. Contemporary writers speak of an iron cage which was ordered to be constructed for her, so fearful were her enemies that she might escape from her guards by witchcraft. Day and night she was firmly secured by fetters round her ankles, and even when in bed an iron chain fastened her to a wooden beam; her guards watchet, unceasingly, beside her, and not one friend had access to her. Amid the gloom and horror of her prison hours, Jeanne preserved the same high-mindedness and intrepidity she had previously evinced on the field of battle. John of Luxembourg—Count de Ligny, having visited Rouen before the trial had commenced, was anxious to have an interview with the Maid, who had been his prisoner, and intimated that he came to effect her ransom. “You are jesting with me,” said she to him; “I know that these English will put me to death; they hope that when I am dead they will conquer the kingdom of France; yet were there a hundred thousand God-dams more than there are at present in arms, they shall not keep this kingdom.” Jeanne thus boldly expressed herself in the presence of several English lords who had accompanied John of Luxembourg, one of whom drew his dagger, but was restrained from stabbing her by the Earl of Warwick.

The impulse given to French valor by the warlike Jeanne hourly gave birth to fresh successes; the English suffered defeat on every side, and the multiplied reverses they sustained irritated them still more against her who was, unquestionably, the first cause of awakening her countrymen’s energies; they accordingly importuned the judges; and, to hasten the moment of her punishment were alike prodigal of their money and threats; but they still found a powerful obstacle to their wishes in the interest which she inspired in the hearts even of the assessors expressly chosen to secure her condemnation. The Duchess of Bedford, too, most humanely and energetically interested herself in her fate. Jeanne d’Arc having declared herself, at her interrogation, to be a virgin, and the report of the matrons, appointed by the duchess to visit her, having confirmed Jeanne’s assertion, great care was taken to suppress evidence so favourable, as it would have annihilated the chief feature of the accusation of her enemies—that of witchcraft and sorcery—of which a virgin was held to be incapable. She was, on several occasions, closely interrogated upon the subject.
of her first interview with Charles VII.; but she would give no clear explanation of the secret which she had revealed to him in order that he might recognise the truth of her mission; or, when constrained to do so, she did it in a manner so unintelligible and allegorical, that her inquirers gained little from the result. Upon all that concerned the apparitions or the voices which had counselled her, she, however, entered willingly into the fullest details, ingenuously relating all that she had seen or heard, and even every thing she had said during her secret conversations with the saints, who still, she affirmed, appeared to her daily, and told her to answer boldly every interrogation. Far from denying the predictions she had made in her letters, she told her judges that, before seven years expired, the English would abandon a greater prize than they had before Orleans, and that they would lose the whole of France. It is remarkable enough that Paris was retaken by the French on the 18th of April, 1436—that is to say, six years after that prediction had been recorded during the Maid’s trial, the undoubted originals of which depositions are still extant. Jeanne afterwards repeated this prediction in other terms in the course of various interrogatories. Amongst the many insidious questions put to the uneducated girl by her priestly and crafty inquisitor, the Bishop of Beauvais, she was asked what was the difference between “the church triumphant and the church militant?” Isambart, one of the judge-assessors, touched with compassion, after explaining this question to the prisoner, advised her to refer herself to the judgment of the Pope and the Council of Basle upon the subject of her apparitions, which she immediately set herself upon. Such an appeal would have saved her from the savage fury of her enemies. The Bishop of Beauvais, knowing this, shouted to Isambart, with a loud and threatening voice, “Be silent, in the Devil’s name!” and he forbade the greffier (clerk of the court), to make record of such appeal, but these circumstances the procès de revision, nevertheless, brought to light.

The malignant ex-Bishop of Beauvais sought far and wide for auxiliaries in the odious mission which had been confided to his care; he addressed himself, in the first place, to the Vicar of of the Inquisition, Jean Le Maitre; the latter hesitated, made objections, and entreated delay. To make him, however, subservient to his purpose, he began by infusing a wholesome dread of the English into his mind; and if we may believe in the quittances which have descended from those remote days as evidence to the present generation, neither livres tournois nor saluts d’or were spared as a means of allaying every remaining qualm of conscience which might have moved the hearts of those brought forward to accuse her. The prelate, likewise, summoned all the doctors whom he judged fitting agents to second his designs, and, at his invitation, the University of Paris sent six members. Two doctors in medicine, strangers to the city of Rouen, were likewise invited to take seats amongst Jeanne’s judges. Both, at first, refused, alleging, as a pretext, their ignorance of the laws: they were then informed that, if they persisted in their refusal, they would have cause to repent having come to Rouen. Thus compelled, they sent in their acceptance of the office to which they had been so unwillingly promoted. It has been remarked, that amongst those summoned upon her trial, there was but one Englishman. In this the policy of the Duke of Bedford is easily seen; that sanguacious statesman was anxious that the condemnation should be the work of the French, that the English, who, at the bottom, directed the whole affair, might not incur the odium of so disgraceful a procedure.

The tribunal at length found itself composed of upwards of sixty assessors, who had yet only a deliberative voice; the Bishop of Beauvais and the Vicar of the Inquisition could alone pronounce judgment. A promoter, on whom devolved the charge of the accusation, was found in one Jean d’Estivet; six examiners of the proceedings, and three apostolic notaries, were appointed to register the interrogatories. The expenses of the trial were at the cost of the English government; and it must have amounted to a considerable sum—each of the assessors having received as an honorary fee twenty sous tournois for each vacation, without reckoning the presents made to many of their number. All this was publicly known, and when the English were dissatisfied at the progress of the trial, they did not scruple to say that the judges and clerks had not earned their money.
Thus then was the tribunal constituted; but the first point of embarrassment was to know what to commence and how carry on the trial; no bill, preliminary instruction, or witness had been assigned, or notice of any given: information, it is true, had been taken in Jeanne's native village, but those depositions had been deemed so favourable to the accused, that her judges were not willing to have them produced. They, indeed, consulted no other testimony than that of common rumour, which, on the one hand, represented her as a sorceress and a witch, and on the other as a virgin inspired by Heaven. There was scarcely anything in the popular rumour of a positive nature, save the marvellous exploits of the young heroine—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation at Rheims—facts which the English policy were but little solicitous to recal to mind and from which it would have been difficult to bring pretence of crime. To ensure the condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc it was, therefore, necessary that she should be her own accuser, that she should undergo a rigid interrogation, and that subject for condemnation should be sought for in her conversations declaratory of her most secret thoughts. For the attainment of their iniquitous object the most shameful means were resorted to; every species of snare was spread for her ignorance and simplicity; holes were made in the walls of her prison to overhear what might drop from the lips of the tortured Maid: nay, further, some of her judges, under the guise of compassion, undertook to gain her confidence, and thus, under friendship's guise, acquaint themselves with every working of her innocent heart. One among them, an ecclesiastic, shocking to relate, went so far as to confess her on several occasions, and that sacrilegious espionage was persevered in during the whole period of the trial.

In the proceedings against Jeanne the forms of the Inquisition were sometimes followed, and at others those used in ordinary procedure; when the established rules did not suit the purpose aimed at; others were unscrupulously adopted, without the last hesitation. The trial, it was evidently determined, was to end in condemnation; the sole purport and intent of the court. Jeanne's judges were not actuated at heart by even the pardonable desire to avenge an outraged religion, or overcome a dangerous heresy, but simply, as contemporary history states, to defame the King of France, and to blast the fame of the young heroine who had restored the throne of St. Louis and Charles V. to its legitimate heir. Jeanne had demanded to be tried by judges chosen equally from the French and English factions, but her persecutors did not even deign a reply to her request. From the first interrogatories put to Jeanne d'Arc, an opinion began to prevail, amongst the unprejudiced, condemnatory of the forms followed in the procedure. Amongst the judges and assessors, only her enemies were permitted to speak; the others were condemned to silence. At times, subtle questions were put to her which would have embarrassed the most learned doctors, and the young girl, who scarcely knew her Pater Noster and Ave Maria, was required to give an instant reply, without any one being suffered to set her right when she fell into error, or to explain what she did not understand; neither, as the Earl of Warwick justly expressed it, to warn her to her profit. Questions from all points of the assembly were frequently poured in upon her, several doctors importuning her at the same moment, and Jeanne was repeatedly compelled to interrupt them with—"Beaux seigneurs, one at a time, beseech you!"  

Nicholas de Houpeville, one of the assessors, had the boldness to say, in presence of the judges, that it was a wrongful procedure to cause Jeanne to be tried by men avowedly her enemies. "This girl," added he, "has been already examined at Poitiers, by the clergy of Charles VII., having at their head the archbishop of Rheims, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries." Pierre Lohier, a celebrated doctor, who was at Rouen during the trial, was consulted upon the course of the procedure, and the following was his opinion: "This trial is invalid for several reasons: firstly, because none of the ordinary forms of procedure have been observed; next, because the honor of the King of France has been called into question, to whose party Jeanne belonged; yet has no person been cited to appear on his part." The same doctor added that "neither libel nor article had been found," and that no counsel had been given to the maid, who was too simple and unlettered to reply to so many doctors upon so high matters, for all of which reasons, it seemed to him that the trial was of none effect."
The procès-terbaux of the interrogatories have been preserved, they are for the most part in Latin; some few only being written in the language of the time; but though these documents form highly valuable materials for a history of the process, it must not be expected that the minute features of that terrible judicial drama which lasted upwards of three months and ended in a veritable murder should belearly set forth. What scenes would have been transmitted to have awakened the compassion and aroused the detestation of posterity, had the proceedings at each sitting of Jeanne’s interrogation and condemnation been recorded word by word by the accurate pens of such reporters as our modern short-hand writers! The procès-verbaux of the interrogatories put to Jeanne are very difficult to read, hence the details of the trial are little known in France, even amongst archaeologists. Nothing can be more vague than many of those interrogatories; many different objects are jumbled together without having the slightest relation to each other, sometimes, indeed, wholly opposite in their natures. The accounts upon which the questions were based are mere outlines, abridgments of narrative hastily put together; and the quickest intelligence would not, on all occasions, have sufficed to have exactly explained the subtle questions of the doctors—questions wherein the objects were not, at first, apparent, and in which each interrogator designedly left more than half he uttered in profound obscurity; many things uttered by Jeanne were, moreover, unnoticed and others recorded which had never passed her lips. One day she complained openly of the conduct of a notary, one Bois Guillaume, whom she told, laughingly, that if he continued to make such continual mistakes, she would pull his ears for him. In fact, the base functionaries feared far less to destroy poor Jeanne than to offend the Bishop of Beauvais and the English; and to such cause must be attributed the frequent hiatuses to be remarked in the procès-verbaux. Divine justice suffers not such an abominable perversion of its laws of right to remain wholly concealed; the procès de révision, which took place twenty-five years after the Maid’s execution, was, for all those who had figured upon the trial, as a final sentence, in which every one was included according to his respective share in that abominable crime, in which the conduct of each and all was exposed to the broad glare of day—all the mysteries of the past and nearly forgotten iniquity revealed for future historians, and nothing that had been carefully mystified suffered to remain unrecorded.

To return, however, to the trial of the Maid; notwithstanding that their interrogatories daily multiplied upon the unfortunate girl, the process made no definite progress. The replies of the accused, the visits to which she had submitted, the informations taken in her native province, the depositions of the witnesses, all tended to acquit her of the crimes laid to her charge. To secure her destruction, therefore, the Bishop of Beauvais had recourse to an odious stratagem. Jeanne, on several occasions, had demanded to have religious consolation: an hypocritical priest, named Loyseleur, was admitted to her cell, who feigned to be, like herself, a close prisoner. She hesitated not to confess herself to him. He first gained her confidence, and then gave her such advice as would insure her falling into the snare; and when he received her confession, two men, concealed behind a window screened by a piece of serge, wrote down what fell from her lips. Still even these base artifices could not furnish proof of the crimes laid to her charge. Several of the assessors, indignant at the iniquities practised against her, abruptly withdrew, and discontinued their attendance during the remainder of the trial. The Bishop of Beauvais was left to work upon his imagination for the means to complete such a mockery of justice. At this juncture the Maid suddenly fell sick, and it was suspected that she had attempted to poison herself. Had Jeanne died a natural death, the Duke of Bedford’s project would have failed; the English, therefore, took great care of her during the continuance of her malady.

At length, in order to conclude the trial, it was determined to reduce, under twelve heads of accusation, the final result of the interrogatories; and the university of Paris was written to, in order that it might pronounce a verdict upon certain general questions which had been propounded, without any specification of the person accused, the judges, or the particular trial. The university, (to its shame be it recorded), re-
Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle

turned a decision conformably with the views of the tribunal at Rouen, the proceedings were continued with renewed activity, and were not interrupted even during the fifteen days fast at Easter. The English menaced the judges, as well as even the Bishop of Beauvais himself, if they did not promptly draw the business to a conclusion; and it was soon finally resolved, for the consummation of such abominable iniquity, no longer to have regard to laws either human or divine. The day after that on which, misguided by the diabolical craft of the priest Loyseleur, she had refused to answer a certain doctrinal question, the Bishop of Beauvais entered her prison accompanied by the public executioners, who carried with them their instruments of torture, and threatened to submit her to the most horrible tortments. This frightful array did not shake the firmness of her replies, and she protested courageously against every avowal that might be torn from her by violence. The Bishop of Beauvais was anxious to submit her to the torture, and only the fear that she might expire under the hands of his tormentors induced the barbarous prelate to desist from his project. On the 24th of May 1431, however, Jeanne d'Arc was led to the square of the Cemetery of Saint Ouen, there to hear the reading of her sentence. Two scaffolds had been erected in the centre, upon one of which was the Bishop of Beauvais, the vice-inquisitor, the Cardinal of England, the Bishop of Noyon, the Bishop of Boulogne and thirty-three assessors; upon the other, appeared Jeanne d'Arc, and Guillaume Erard who was charged to exhort her. The executioner, with a cart drawn by four horses, stood ready to carry off the victim when needful and transport her to the square of the Vieux Marché, where a pile for her destruction had been prepared. An immense crowd blocked up every inch of ground upon and round about the square. Erard pronounced a discourse full of the foulest invective against the accused, the French who had remained faithful to King Charles, and against that monarch himself. "Thou to thee, Jeanne that I speak," he cried, "and I tell thee the king is a heretic and a schismatic." Jeanne had still the courage to interrupt the ecclesiastical orator:—"By my faith, sir, saving your reverence," said she, "I dare plainly tell you, and swear it, upon pain of my life, that, moreover, he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and who, better than all others, regards his faith and the church, and is not such as you say." The preacher and the Bishop of Beauvais shouted together to the apparitor Massieu:—"Make her hold her tongue." After this notable discourse which was characterised in the record of the proceedings as "a charitable preaching," Massieu was ordered to read her a schedule of abjuration, after the reading of which, Jeanne was summoned to abjure. She told the official that she did not understand the word, and requested that she might have advice upon the subject. The apparitor Massieu was charged with this task also. This man, whose office it was to conduct criminals from prison to the bar of justice, or the scaffold, was touched with compassion for the persecuted Jeanne. He explained to her what was desired of her by her prosecutors, and secretly advised her to appeal to the universal Church. Thereupon said Jeanne, "I appeal to the universal Church, whether I ought to abjure or no." "Thou shalt presently abjure," cried the merciless Erard, or thou shalt be burned!" She again affirmed that she had submitted to the decision of the church, assuring them, at the same time, that she had done nothing without the orders of Heaven; that the king had commanded her to do nothing, and that if there were any thing of evil in her actions or conversations, it emanated from herself alone, and no one else. Whereupon the Bishop of Beauvais rose up, and read the sentence prepared the evening previously, in which he had the audacity to say that the accused refused to submit herself to the pope, although she had just made an altogether contrary declaration. The recusancy made by Jeanne of several heads of accusation stamped the procedure with nullity. The judges, uneasy at the responsibility which, in the sequel, might attach itself to them, desired to have a special abjuration from the mouth of the accused. With a view to obtain this, prayers and menaces were alike employed. The Bishop of Beauvais, for the attainment of such object, did not hesitate to expose himself to the wrath of the English, who loudly abused him when they saw the reading of the act of condemnation suspended. At last, out-weared by such continued importunities, the noble Maid declared that she would appeal above all to her holy mother Church, and to her
judges. Thereupon Guillaume Erard said to her: “Now sign!—otherwise thou shalt to day end thy life in the flames.” The schedule which had been read to her, simply contained a promise of no more bearing arms, to allow her hair to grow, and to discontinue wearing male attire. Heard by a crowd of witnesses then present, it was affirmed that this document consisted only of eight lines; but that to which she affixed her signature, and which was presented to her, not by the greffer of the tribunal, but by Lawrence Callot, secretary to the King of England, comprised several pages; and she therein acknowledged herself to be dissolute, heretical, seductive, an invocatrix of demons, guilty, in short, of the most opposite and abominable crimes. This disgraceful fraud has been proved in the clearest manner, by the declarations of the greffer who had read the first schedule, and by the depositions of the appara- tor Massieu, and several other witnesses. The Bishop of Beauvais, thereupon, read the sentence which condemned Jeanne d’Arc, to use the words of the inquisition, for an expiation of her crimes, to live the remainder of her days “upon the bread of grief” and “the water of anguish.” Hearing this, Jeanne said, that, since the church condemned her, she ought to be delivered up into the hands of the church. “Conduct me to your dungeons,” she cried, “that I may no longer remain in the hands of the English.” But it was not in the power of the Bishop of Beauvais to comply with a request founded on such evident justice; and the unfortunate girl was re-conducted to the Castle of Rouen. The English leaders were now furious that their victim had escaped; several drew their swords upon the bishop and judges, whom they would have dispatched but for the interposition of the Earl of Warwick. That nobleman, however, declared that the interests of the King of England would suffer manifest damage if Jeanne were suffered to escape death. “Take no heed,” said one of his friends, “we shall find another way to deal with her.”

Meanwhile, the English avenged themselves upon Jeanne by increasing the rigor of her confinement. She was guarded by five soldiers, three of whom never quitted her dungeon and the others watched at the door. She was, as before, secured during the night by two iron chains fixed to the foot of her bed, and during the day to a beam, by means of another chain fastened round her waist. She had, however, re-asserted her female attire, and had submitted herself to the act of condemnation. As no pretext, therefore, could be found for further persecution, it was necessary to invent one. While she lay asleep, her clothes were taken away, and male vestments substituted in their stead. She urgently besought her guards to restore the attire suitable to her sex; this they refused to do, and, at last, she found herself compelled to dress herself in the garb she had sworn to discard for ever. Upon this several witnesses, convinced for the purpose, instantly appeared to take cognizance of the pretended transgression. The Bishop of Beauvais and some other of his judges repaired to the prison: a procès-verbal was drawn up, and the bishop was heard laughingly to say to the Earl of Warwick, on quitting the cell, in a loud voice: “Farewell, farewell, be of good cheer, it is done now!” The next day, the tribunal interrogated the witnesses, sat in deliberation as a matter of form, and the sentence which condemned Jeanne d’Arc as ‘relapsed, excommunicated, cast out from the bosom of the church and judged worthy by her crimes of being given up to secular justice,” was pronounced.

On the morning of May 31, 1431, Martin L’Advenu, a preaching friar, was ordered by the Bishop of Beauvais to prepare Jeanne for death, and to announce to her during the day the punishment by which she was to suffer. Before conveying to the poor girl the sorrowful tidings, he thought it would be advisable first to hear her in confession. Jeanne testified so eager a desire to communicate, that he deemed it prudent to acquaint the bishop with the circumstance; and, strange and absurd contradiction as it was, the unfortunate who had so recently been pronounced a relapsed heretic, and whom they had cast forth from the bosom of the church, received from the prelate and his assessors in council assembled, permission to communicate. Martin L’Advenu assures us, in his deposition, that she confessed herself very devoutly, and with so great humility, and so many tears before being made acquainted with her sentence, that he knew not himself how to shape the matter to her. Without rendering account of all that passed between, her and himself during the
second confession which preceded her taking the sacrament, he thought it due to truth to declare what she revealed to him on the subject of her attempted violation, subsequent to her abjuration. "She declared to me," says L'Advenu, "that after her abjuration, they had violently molested her in the prison, tormented, beaten, and dragged her by the hair; that it was an English lord who had attempted to violate her person, and she affirmed publicly that such was the cause of her having reassumed male attire." La Pierre, one of the assessors, likewise confirmed this testimony, by recording, in words of the greatest compassion, the state in which he found Jeanne shortly after the brutal attack made upon the defenseless girl. The opportune arrival of the Earl of Warwick appears alone to have saved the unfortunate Maid from the completion of the diabolical outrage.

When, therefore, the sentence was announced to her by the executioners, her reply to them was: "If I had been confined in the ecclesiastical prison and had been guarded by the officers of the Church, to which I had submitted myself, and not by my adversaries, I should not have been thus miserably betrayed as now hath happened." (The crime laid to her charge was that she had put on male attire.) "I appeal to God, the great judge, against the wrongs and aggravations heaped upon me." And then, particularly addressing herself to the Bishop of Beauvais, who reproached her for having returned to her former malefactions, she said to him: "If you had given me up into the hands of the competent and proper ecclesiastical gaolers, this would not have happened; for which I appeal against you before God."

Such admirable patience and presence of mind, so courageously persevered in by a girl in whom modesty and simplicity were alike remarkable, deeply affected all those who approached her. After her confession, Martin L'Advenu remained with her to the last moment. The holy sacrament was at first brought upon her patina covered with a veil, without tapers, stole, or surplice, and, whilst she communicated, the litany, Ora...
or the Maid of Orleans.

As soon as Jeanne had heard the sentence pronounced upon her she requested a cross might be given to her. An Englishman in the crowd stepped forward, broke a stick, which he carried, into two pieces, and with them constructed a rude cross which she joyfully received and kissed it with the utmost devotion. Then, to use the word of a contemporary writer, "she threw herself upon her knees, and addressed to God and her Redeemer the most devout prayers, asking for all manner of persons, of whatsoever condition or estate they might be, as well of her own party as of the other mercy most humbly, and requesting that they would pray for her, in which devotions," say the witnesses present, "she persevered and continued a very long space of time, so that, in the end, the judges, prelates, and others round her were moved to tears and sobs; and several even amongst the English recognised herein the hand, and confessed the name of God, witnessing so notable an end."

Jeanne was no sooner, by the Pilate-like act of the Bishop of Beauvais, given up to secular justice, than she was placed, without further delay, in the hands of the Bailiff of Rouen, and the officers of penal justice. It was necessary, however, ere proceeding to execution, to procure a sentence and decree from secular justice; but, the Inquisition, as is well known, arrogated to itself a privilege, as absurd as iniquitous, by virtue of which the ecclesiastical judges pretended that the laic judge could not avoid sentencing to death, without examination or trial, an individual whom the church had condemned. Conformably to this doctrine of the Inquisition, the bailiff ordered the executioner to seize the prisoner and drag her to the stake. It is, indeed, but too certain that no sentence was pronounced;—amidst the horrible confusion nothing more than the words "Menez la! menez la!" uttered by the bailiff, were heard.

"Whilst the bailiff," says Massieu, her confessor, "issued his orders, and she was attending to her devotions, matters were precipitately hastened by the English, and several other captains, who were anxious that she should be left in their hands to put her the sooner to death, saying to him who now speaks (Massieu), who, as he hopes, comforted her upon the scaffold, 'Sir priest, are you going to keep us to dinner here?'

When at length, they laid hands upon Jeanne, she calmly took leave of all present; descended from the scaffold accompanied by La Pierre, Massieu, and Ladvenu, in sight of an immense concourse, and the guards delivered her to the executioner, saying, "Do your office!": "and thus," say the witnesses, "she was brought forth and bound." The English had caused a very high scaffold to be constructed, round a stake of plaster so that, as the executioner reported, "He could not well and easily expedit her death by reaching her, by which means she was greatly tortured; and he felt great compassion at the form and cruel manner by which she was put to death."

Whilst La Pierre and Massieu were below, at the foot of the scaffold, looking up at her, Martin L'Advenu was standing upon the pile, close to where she was bound, with his face uncovered. Here he remained until the last moment, and he was so occupied in well preparing her for death, that he did not perceive that they had set fire to the pile. Jeanne, grateful for his charitable feelings, herself kept watch for his safety. As soon as she saw the fire, she had the courage and presence of mind to warn him, telling him to withdraw, and begging him to hold the cross on high before her, in order that she might gaze at it whilst rendering up her latest breath, which was done, as he himself thus deposed;—"She being in the flames, never ceased to pray until the end, and call in a loud voice upon the name of Jesus, imploring and invoking unceasingly the help of the saints of Paradise; and rendering up the spirit and bowing her head, proffered the name of Jesus, in token that she was fervent in the faith of God."

When Jeanne d'Arc had remained for some time in the flames, the executioner was ordered to withdraw the fire a little, in order that all present might behold the body of the sufferer. It was then seen that the robe worn by the unfortunate girl was entirely consumed, but her frame though blackened and scorched was still perfect. After the crowd had sufficiently satisfied its gaze, the fire was again raked around the body that it might be thoroughly reduced to ashes.

Immediately after the execution, the executioner came to Massieu and his companion L'Advenu: "terror-stricken and quaking with marvellous repentance and sensible
contrition, as all-despairingly, fearing never to know pardon and indulgence from God for what he had done towards Jeanne d'Arc; and the said executioner said and affirmed, that notwithstanding the oil, brimstone, and coals, which he had applied to the entrails and heart of the said Jeanne, he could not thoroughly consume, nor reduce to cinders the heart, nor the bowels, at which he marvelled, greatly, as at a very evident miracle."

Massieu, after having given an account of all the circumstances which prove the identity of Jeanne with the burned body, says "that Henry, the bailiff's clerk, and the greffier of the bailiwick, assured him that when Jeanne's body had been reduced to cinders, her heart remained unhurt and full of blood."

So touching had been the scene enacted upon the first scaffold, that most of the assessors had not the courage to witness the execution: Houpperville, Miget, Fabry, Riquier, Manchon, and several others, retired shedding tears; but few of the officials, indeed, remained to the last: amongst the latter was, however, Jean de l'Espée, canon of Rouen, who said, whilst weeping bitterly, that he could fain wish, when his last hour arrived, his soul might be in the same place as that of Jeanne.

The notary Manchon has left the following declaration, that "he had never wept so much at any thing which had befallen him, and that for a month afterwards he could not thoroughly compose his mind; on account of which, with a portion of the money which he had received for attending the trial he bought a little missal which he continued to keep, that he might have something by him to remind him to pray for her."

The last act of that tragic drama ended, the English fearing a commotion amongst the populace, ordered the executioner to spread the fire about for some time, in order that all present might be fully convinced that Jeanne was really dead. After this had been done, the Cardinal of Winchester ordered the remnants of the victim's body to be gathered together and then flung into the Seine: this, according to the testimony of many witnesses, was done by the same functionary.

Thus perished, ere she had attained her twentieth year, the peasant girl of Domremy, after passing upwards of a year in the Court of Charles and the ranks of his armies, and during a long period subjected to the torture and anguish of imprisonment. So pious an end as that of the Maid, under a refinement, too, of the horrible torments by which she was doomed to suffer, made, as well it might, a deep and lasting impression upon the hearts of the spectators; almost all wept and lamented, from a conviction that she had been unjustly condemned; all were loud in her praise, affirming that she had been a good Christian, that she had submitted herself to the church, that grievous injustice had been done her; her judges incurred an ineffaceable stigma of infamy in the minds of all classes; and they continued to be pointed at with curses and thoroughly abhorred long after the death of their innocent victim.

The archiepiscopal throne of Rouen had been promised to the Bishop of Beauvais as a reward for his zeal in promoting the objects of Jeanne's enemies during her trial; the hatred and detestation which pursued his name too significantly attested the service he had rendered; but even this manifestation of popular opinion did not induce the English to acknowledge or recompense his shameful devotion to their wishes. The prelate did not obtain that which he so earnestly desired, and, strange to say! he was ultimately compelled to solicit letters as a safe guarantee, for his conduct in the trial of Jeanne d'Arc. These letters could not well be refused on the part of the king of England, and were therefore granted him "to the end that all who looked with satisfaction upon the malefactions of Jeanne, and desired to disturb the decrees of our holy mother Church, might not upon such matter summon before the Pope, the General Council and others, the Bishop of Beauvais, the vice-Inquisitor, doctors and others who were mixed up in the procedure." The English monarch claimed, in favour of Jeanne's judges, the succour and support of all the princes of his family, and all his English subjects, as well as that of all those kings' subjects who were his allies. This singular document exhibits a strange contradiction, on the face of it, in the minds of those who had conurred in the trial. Formerly they had accused the Maid of despising
or, The Maid of Orleans.

the authority of the Church, that of the Pope and General Council, and now, they trembled lest the cause of Jeanne should again be brought before the tribunal of the Church, or investigated by the Pope and the councils. There is not, perhaps, another trial on record concerning which the judges took so many precautions not to be themselves too severely judged afterwards; and, by a miracle of Divine justice, it has happened that all such precautions have only served to place their dark iniquity the more glaringly before the world. The English monarch might indeed ask protection for Jeanne’s judges at the hands of kings and earthly powers, but could not defend them before the tribunal of conscience and public opinion. To silence the outburstings of public indignation, an attempt was made to persecute those who expressed themselves too openly on the subject, and a priest, named Jean Lapuivre, was cited before the bailiff of Rouen for having spoken against the sentence passed upon the Maid. Seized with terror at the aspect of the tribunal, the priest flung himself on his knees and asked pardon for what he had said, and was condemned par grace to be imprisoned in the monastery of Preaching Friars, and kept upon bread and water. But what was the result of such condemnation? It was looked upon only as one other act of justice, and afforded a new motive to the people for the expression of their hate and a repetition of their maledictions against the judges and executioners of Jeanne d’Arc. The public hatred seemed, like the remorse which dogs the steps of the evil-doer, to attach itself still more closely to all their movements and never ceased following them. It pursued them in every accident of their lives, it struck to them even in their several deaths, and when any thing disastrous or unfortunate befell them, Heaven’s justice was praised for having so stricken them.

It is in this spirit that contemporary history tells us that the Bishop of Beauvais, having subsequently become Bishop of Lisieux, had died suddenly whilst under the hands of his barber; that the promoter d’Estivet was found dead in a fosse close by the gates of Rouen; that Loyselour, who had played so infamous a part in the trial, suddenly fell dead in a church at Basle; that Nicholas Midi, who was accused of having drawn up the twelve articles, was attacked with leprosy and perished miserably; that each and all had indeed been more or less punished for the iniquitous part played by them against the innocent Jeanne, and when, four years afterwards, the Duke of Bedford died, public opinion did not fail to attribute his death to the Divine wrath. This lively indignation amongst the commonalty doubtless contributed in the sequel to the expulsion of the English from France. Thus was accomplished soon after her death, that which Jeanne could not affect during her brief life; and Heaven appears to have made even the recollection of the atrocious injustice and manifold cruelties she had suffered, a means of completing the marvels which her victories had begun.

Description of the Portrait of

JEANNE D’ARC, (CALLED LA PUCELLE.)

Our portrait is taken from a large illumination in a MS. Monstrelet in the British Museum, representing the introduction of Jeanne d’Arc, at the Court of Charles V, at Chinon. The inspired maid is being led forward by the Lord de Gaucourt, High Chamberlain to the King, and she is apparently relating to him, with great earnestness, the important nature of the mission which has brought her from her humble hut amongst the nobles and courtiers of the French King. Her attitude is at once graceful, self-possessed, and highly expressive. Her dress consists of a long-skirted robe of chocolate-coloured silk, with sleeves increasing gradually in width as they approach the wrist. Round the border of the gown, (which is high, and square cut at the neck), as well as the edges of the sleeves, runs a narrow trimming of gold lace. Her hair, not yet cut close for the assumption of her war-like head-gear, is turned back off the forehead and con-
Memoir of Jeanne d'Arc, called La Pucelle,

fined by a caul of gold net-work; over this is flung a small and elegant head-dress of black velvet edged with a trimming of gold lace, resembling a capuchon turned back—a similar sort of hood to that now worn by the women of the Pays de Basque, and which looks like the lower part of the steeple head-dress, as if, the absolute covering for the head had been preserved, when they threw away the pinnacle that surmounted it. Some writers, either drawing upon the fertile sources of their own imagination, or misled by false documents, have drawn a captivating portrait of the heroic Maid, who must ever remain upon the page of history as an object of perpetual pity and admiration: but history and archaeology alike reject such romantic ornament. We only know that Jeanne was well-shaped in person, had a lovely bosom, and dark animated eyes, and that she united many of the charms of her own sex with all the energy of man's. We are disposed to attach strong reliance upon the authenticity of this miniature, executed in France about the middle of the 15th century, as an accurate recollection of the person and attire of the Maid as she appeared at the Court of Chinon. Enguerrand de Monstrelet, whose chronicles the miniature embellishes, wrote at the period of the events in which the Maid figured so conspicuously; his chronicles commence in the year 1400, and extended to 1453, and he himself followed the Duke of Burgundy to the famous siege of Compiègne, at which the heroine of Domremy was taken prisoner. The volume in question being a very splendid one, and unquestionably executed for some great personage, (in all probability a presentation copy) and the portion of the Chronicles it contains extending only as far as the Conquest of Normandy by the French, there is a strong extrinsic evidence afforded of its being a faithful representation of the Maid designed under the immediate supervision of the knightly chronicler. Monstrelet, moreover, was well known for his attachment to the Duke of Burgundy, and his pen having frequently served the cause of that prince at the expense of Charles VII., it is little likely that his illuminator would have been allowed to flatter the lineaments of her who so signally discomfited the chivalry of England and Burgundy. The representation of Jeanne d'Arc in the Hôtel de Ville at Orleans executed about 1490 is certainly long subsequent to the date of our illumination and a purely imaginary portrait.

"The history of Jeanne d'Arc," remarks Mr. Southey, in the preface to his epic, "is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny, that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an imposter, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight amongst the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed to be invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid, then, was not knowingly an imposter; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the king, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion."
TO THE ROSE.

The Rose was sacred to Harpocrates, the God of silence; also to Venus, as being the medium of a lover's thoughts, and denoting discretion respecting her mysteries. It was likewise used by the ancients at their convivial meetings, implying secrecy among the guests; and the early Catholic priests adopted the conceit, and adorned the entrances to their confessionals with wreaths of roses, thus signifying that whatever the Penitent might reveal "under the rose" should never be divulged; hence the old proverb:—

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cuiusque furtà lateret,
Harpocrati matris dona dicitur amor;
Inde rosum meminisse hopen suspendit amicus
Convivae ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant."

Beauteous rose! in Venus' bower,
Belov'd beyond each other flower;
How sweet a charge is giv'n to thee,
To bind young lips to secrecy.
Guarded by thee, the youth may tell
What hopes within his bosom swell,
And many a nymph a kiss bestows,
Assur'd 'tis giv'n "beneath the Rose."
When Rome her festive tables spread,
And wit and wine the converse led,
Flowers on the board were thrown,
Of brightest hue, and fully blown.
Each guest the gentle emblem knew,
Hearts more confidential grew,
Nor fear'd their secrets to disclose,
For all vow'd honor to the Rose.
In former times above the seat,
Where sinners came with weary feet,
To pour within some holy ear
Their weight of crime and load of fear;
In sacred charge the flow'r was found,
Enjoining secrecy around,
And bidding each in faith repose,
Nor fear to speak "beneath the Rose."
Fav'rite of Flora! gift of love!
Enrich'd with graces from above;
Chosen to deck the bridal room,
Or shed perfume around the tomb;
'Tis plain that Heav'n first gave thee birth,
And did but lend thee to the Earth.
Then maidens where so'er it grows,
Oh! tend with fost'ring care the ROSE.

D. CARTER.
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

PURITANI—SOMNAMBULA—OTELLO—PROVA D'UN OPERA—DON GIOVANNI—SIGNORI TAMBU- 
RINI—COLETTI—RUBINI—RICCIARDI—SIGNORE G. GRISI—F. PERIANSI—E. TOBI— 
E. GRISI.

Ballet :—Mdlles. Cerito, Albertine; Messrs. Guerra, Bertin,

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

We promised, in our last number, some remarks upon the errors of style in Italian 
 singing to which some vocalists seem to tend in their desire to acquire novelty and 
 fame "à la mode." These observations we shall make the preliminary to our present 
 notice upon Her Majesty's Italian Theatre, and many of our readers who may after- 
 wards visit the the Opera will be able to apply them suitably.

Some performers sing without art: this style they designate il canto naturale. 
Others sing too artificially; and this they call canto ornato: and if we may be per- 
 mitted to quote Latin in an article upon the theatre, we should say that between 
 these two opposite systems—"in medio stat virtus." Let us begin with il canto 
 naturale.

The word "nature," or "natural," is natural in proportion as, like nature, it rests 
 upon its own foundation; and it is like current coin, of which no one seeks to ex- 
 amine the weight and quality of the metal: every man, therefore, willingly accepts 
 it, sure that he may always easily find it, and that he may pass it with like facility. 
 But although musical language, although Song is natural to man, it is nevertheless 
 necessary to add that this nature is not precisely the same in every latitude of the 
 globe. It may be said, indeed, as has been remarked by a learned French author, 
 in most of whose opinions on the subject we coincide, it may be said that the ear, 
 that supreme judge in music, varies always in precise accordance with the modifica- 
 tions and notable distinctions which the skin and facial forms of man undergo. 
 For instance, there are some people who in singing generally send the sound 
 through the nose, and in spite of this are delighted with such singing, and call it 
 enchanting and most beautiful. With other people the voice issues from the throat, 
 so that the sounds are all guttural; and to this people such singing is delightful, 
 because most natural to them. Many nations with difficulty raise and force out 
 certain shrill sounds resembling much more the cries of a patient under the hands 
 of a dentist, than the voice of one singing, and yet they believe themselves to sing 
 delightfully. Others go through various contortions, and with violent effort emit 
 sounds much more like the roarings of wild and savage beasts, than the human 
 voice. But even this kind of singing seems to this class of singers something quite 
 natural. Perhaps it may be objected that such modes of singing belong rather to a 
 people in a state of barbarism, or at least not much advanced in civilisation. But 
 in reference to civilised people, it is well known to all who have the slightest notion 
 of the history of music, that some nations will sing from one century's end to an- 
 other what is called the scale of C major with a C flat, while others, instead of the 
 C flat execute an F sharp, &c., &c. Here we have an example of the naturalness 
 of he singing of civilised people. Consider again how the sounds uttered in 
 speaking differ from those emitted in singing; how the modifications of the voice 
 express different sensations; reflect upon the philosophy of music, and inquire, too, 
 of the Philharmonic associations of the universe what is Song. But of all the de- 
 finitions you can find, the truest, the most beautiful, and the most concise will be 
 that of the great poet—

"Il canto, che nell 'amina si sente."

But what is the nature of such Song? It is the truest, most energetic, pene- 
 trating expression uttered by the soul of the singer, and understood by the soul of 
 the musically intelligent auditor. For ages and ages attempts have been made to

[THE COURT
Her Majesty's Theatre.

define Song. It has been asserted and proved that Song has its origin naturally with man (which is completely true), beyond the possibility of contradiction, so that it would be waste of time were we now to enter upon the demonstration. Some excellent observations, however, have been made in connection with this assertion.

The above verse ought to be on the walls of every school of music, -in the vade mecum of every singer; or, what is much better it should be deeply impressed on mind of every musical artist.

The sounds of instruments of whatever species, all the melodies, all the harmonies imaginable by the human intellect—all, like Song, are only worthy to be designated by the lofty title of music when they succeed in making themselves felt in the soul. Nevertheless, there are celebrated masters and artists still in high reputation, who seem to think that to compose and execute music it is scarcely necessary to have any soul at all. In the present age may be found abstruse methods, flights of a transcendental philosophy, over which is cast the veil of mysticism, like the mysterious oracles of the Delphic Priestess. Sometimes we find methods in which the principles and precepts are so many, and so intricate, that they embroil and confuse the head of the student, while they quite benumb the soul. It has been also observed that these methods sometimes anatomise the human vocal organ, sometimes even become historiographies at once of the science, and of the larynx. Some masters, for instance, with learned gravity, say to their pupils, “When you sing, your vocal organs perform such and such evolutions.”

Some masters, again, with stolid earnestness, well supported by an air of authoritative importance, enact an unconscious imitation of the Maitre de Philosophie, in “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” who thus at once astonishes and delights the simplicity of his pupil, M. Jourdain:—

Le Maitre de Philosophie.—La voix A se forme en ouvrant fort la bouche, A.

M. Jourdain.—A, A, oui.

Le Maitre de Philosophie.—La voix E se forme en rapprochant la mâchoire d’en bas de celle d’en haut, A, E.

M. Jourdain.—A, E; A, E. Ma foi, oui. Ah! que cela est beau! Le Maitre de Philosophie.—Et la voix I, en rapprochant encore davantage les mâchoires l’une de l’autre, et écartant les deux coins de la bouche vers les oreilles, A, E, I.

M. Jourdain.—A, E, I, I, I, I. Cela est vrai. Vive la science!

Le Maitre de Philosophie.—La voix O se forme en ouvrant la mâchoire, et rapprochant les lèvres par les deux coins, le haut et le bas, O.

M. Jourdain.—O, O. Il n’y a rien de plus juste. A, E, I, O; I, O. Cela est admirable! I, O; I, O.

Le Maitre de Philosophie.—L’ouverture de la bouche fait justement comme un petit rond qui représente un O.

M. Jourdain.—O, O, O. Vous avez raison. O. Ah! la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose!

Le Maitre de Philosophie.—Le voix U se forme en rapprochant les dents sans les joindre entièrement, et allongeant les deux lèvres en dehors, les approchant l’une de l’autre sans les joindre tout-à-fait, U.


In a similar way these musical instructors address their equally enlightened pupils—“you emit the c from the breast; the d from the throat, &c from the head; and in singing the syllable a you project the lips outwards and lengthen the cheeks. When I pronounce the word Amore, my mouth in opening describes a perfect oval; you, on the contrary, exhibit a number of imperfect geometrical figures!!” Thus, through these trifling, useless minutiae, these multiplied follies, all distributed with more or less of Charlatanism, a thousand frivolous things are taught to musical students, and innumerable methods are daily published by a thousand editors, a thousand professors, a thousand philharmonic academicians of a thousand cities of this terraqueous globe;—methods that have all the specious title of “New”—“Newest,” or, perhaps, “Original method, adopted in the academy of A . . .” “for his Grace the Duke of B . . ., invented by the celebrated professor C.”

In the midst of such a vast multitude of professors, masters and methods, that which in the present day seems to be most completely forgotten, is—

Il canto che nel anima si sente."
Let this suffice as to the pretended canto naturale, we will pass to the canto ornato.

One of the most serious and most frequent of the musical errors of the present age, is the treating the human vocal organ as if it were some metal or stringed instrument. These professors, these romantic, fantastic, original Pseudo-Masters have written for the torture of the human throat lengthy concerti, harassing variations, impossible difficulties, chromatic scales,—"Trilli"—"Gorgoggiamenti"—"Fioretto"—"Mordenti"—"Gruppetti"—"Salzi"—"Volate," as if the human voice could usurp the sovereignty in inarticulate music which belongs to the Nightingale; or rather, as if the human voice could rival the machinery which Swiss ingenuity and patience have managed to enclose in the musical snuff-box.

It is certainly true, that such is not always the character of the vocal parts to be found on the music sheets of the operas; and Bellini is in this respect supreme. But when this music thus written, is heard from the lips of the singers, it appears a translation loaded with difficulties and ornaments, a really curious paraphrase, fully worthy of the patience required to hear it, if we wish to judge of the so thought fashionable folly that has seized upon the musical world. We are not unaware that this kind of song, thus bedizened with false ornaments, does, nevertheless, sometimes touch the imagination, and enchants or stupifies the ears; it is felt by the senses, but not nell’anima. The popularity which this mode has acquired in the musical world is an absolute but no less deplorable absurdity—a corruption—a lowering of the art. It is not enough to have an inclination to sing; there must also be science.

These observations are by no means unseasonable with reference to those singers, in whose voice there are certain artificial fictitious tones which they believe to constitute,—and have, alas! the hardihood to call—"Canto expressivo." They are much to be pitied, undoubtedly; but how much more so, those who are condemned to hear them. These small artists are often seen making mortal struggles to infuse into their auditory emotions which they themselves have not experienced, do not feel, and of which they ever will remain incapable. When they desire to sing "cos’anima," they twist themselves into horrible contortions, utter an unfortunate succession of deharmonized notes, and by a fatality no less wonderful than grievous this succession—mismated singing—is utterly destitute of all that constitutes what we have accustomed to call the Art of Music, namely, Rythm, Caesura, Accent.

In fact, we are compelled to declare that the music of the singing, such as it actually is, betrays either a want of "l’anima" in the singer, or, by the exaggerations indulged in for the sake of giving an appearance of "anima," a lack of true musical science. The point to be attained, therefore, is the union of a thorough knowledge of the art with a true and cultivated sensibility of soul: then we shall really have that kind of Song so praised by Petrarcha—

"Il canto che nell’anima si sente."

We have thus frequently referred to and repeated the above, because we deem that it Petrarcha, il musico-cantore, has given, better than any of the masters, a definition of that music, that "Canto," which, coming from the soul of the hearer with delight, is conveyed in a manner at once elegant and appropriate to the sense of the words sung. Such is the style of Madame Pasta; and we are sure that Mademoiselle Tosi, whose talent is genuine, will studiously adhere to it, and will not suffer herself to be drawn by excessive adulations and batteries into any exaggerations either of expression or gesture; nor will she be persuaded to change the musical phrases, so purely dramatic, written by Bellini, nor even at any time be tempted to load them with supererogatory ornament. Simplicity is a grand element of beauty; and without these two qualities none can merit the praise conveyed in the application to his or her singing of the verse of the immortal poet we have cited.

After these general remarks we will proceed to our monthly review of the Italian Theatre.

"I Puritani," one of the most favorite operas, was selected by Madame Giulia Grisi for her first appearance this season. Madame Grisi, and also Signor Coletti, were received by the public with enthusiastic applause, and such they certainly merit. Signor Coletti sang the part of Riccardo, formerly performed by Tamburini. The last scene of Elvira (Grisi); the grand duet of the two basses (Lablache and Coletti). "Suoni la 560
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tromba," &c. &c., and the famous adagio of Arturo (Rubini) "Credeasi misera da me tratta," were repeated; and at the conclusion of the performance all the actors were called upon the stage to receive from the plaudits of the audience.

We have always expressed our sympathy for Tamburini, and think Laporte acted with injustice in not engaging him. But at the same time we do not hesitate to affirm that Sig. Coletti, who had to contend with the formidable remembrance of Tamburini, sang and acted the part of Riccardo most perfectly. We shall not enter into the detail of the disgraceful conduct of some parties in attempting to compel Laporte to engage Tamburini: though we certainly think the demand was just, still, whilst other ways were open, the manner of urging it was most indecent. This has, however, been discussed in the newspapers, so we will pursue our subject.

"La Somnambula" (music by Bellini) received a modification which may be of much importance; it is that Mlle. Ernestina Grisi performed the part of the "petite coquette auberghiste," who forms the principal subject of jealousy and of the drama. The style, however, of Mlle. Grisi was too much that of the above-mentioned canto naturale.

Otello (music by Rossini). Mdlle. Julia Grisi is a dramatic and beautiful Desdemona, and her singing is in the highest degree of excellence. She would do better perhaps if, in the midst of the emotion produced by her exquisite, powerful voice, her action were a little restrained. Rubini again, but still more admirably, sang the celebrated aria Amor dirada il nembo, &c., and the last scene Lablache acted inimitably; again in the scene of the paternal malediction, his performance thrilled the audience with a sensation of sublime terror. The decorations are most mise rable.

La Gazza Ladra.—Signor Tamburini, with good taste, chose this opera for his first appearance; and by their noisy demonstrations of welcome, the public confirmed their former attestations of attachment to this artiste.

GIULIA GRISI sang with much animation; but she begins to be rather too matronly for the character of the youthful Annette!

A painful event prevented Rubini from appearing: his father is dead, and Rubini is a respectful and affectionate son. Signor Ricciardi was unexpectedly called upon to supply his place: his style was perhaps occasionally too naturale, and occasionally too ornato, but he is worthy of every indulgence.

In the character of the Pedestrel Lablache, as an actor as well as singer, surprised and delighted by the mixture of the comic and dramatic which that character required. Madame Bellini took the part of madrec of Annette: she is a perfect specimen of the canto naturale!!

Instead of Don Giovanni (by Mozart) which was announced for the evening of Lablache's benefit, we had again Lucia di Lammermoor. Madame Persiani, and Signor Rubini maintained their usual excellence. Signor Coletti, who for a moment after the entrance of Tamburini was, as it were, in the shade, again made his appearance and was enthusiastically received. There is certainly considerable difference in these two artistes, but they are neither on that account less deserving of the praise so justly bestowed upon them.—La Prova d'un Opera Seria—This little comic opera has met with renewed success. Mdlle. Tosi sang rather too much in the canto ornato style. Lablache was (as usual) a model maestro campanone, and excited the laughter of the whole assembly. Frederic Lablache is worthy of his father. This is a high eulogium!!

The death of Mdlle. Giuditta Grisi sister of Giulia Grisi, was the melancholy cause of the tragi-comedy of Giovanni in the evening of the 21st. But this opera was, substantially, so well performed that it is not possible to say anything more. The aria, "Il mio tesoro," sung by Rubini was perfect. The representation of Leporello by Lablache; Donna Anna by G. Grisi; Zerlina by Persiani rendered this great composition of Mozart truly imposing. The orchestra was excellent: the chorus, according to their usual custom cried, "Cto, clo, clo!!"

Ballet—Mdlle. Cerito has presented herself after the departure of a great favorite, Mdlle. Fanny Elsacker; but the new arrival has full power to obliterate all recollections. The figure of Mdlle. Cerito is rather small, but elegant: her arms are really poetical. They are always gracefully placed upon her bosom, and through whatever difficulties and intricacies of step she may pass, her body is always elegantly disposed and de plomb. Signor Guerra this year is not so stout, and danced well. Mdlle. Albertine and M. Bretin obtained the second crown in the divertissement.

The new ballet—Le Lac des Fées—composed by Signor Guerra is gracefull and brilliant, Signora Cerito, an Italian lady, whose complete success removes her beyond all rivals. Except Taglioni, no Italian has excited the jealousy of the French dancers, who thought themselves queens of dance. Mdlles. Albertine, Victoire, and a Coryphée Emilie are therefore departed; they have fled! Les méchancetés!!! There remain to us the lively Mdlle. Kaffer; the correct Mdlle. Pernon; the noble Madame Guerra; and the beautiful, graceful Mdlle. Brestoff.—M. Coélon grows old; Bertin dances elegantly; Gosselin dresses tastefully; Guerra is excellent in some parts. Such is the corps de ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre.

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LAY OF THE GNOME KING,

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.)

Vaunt! thou hateful ray!
Darkness is our loved day,
We gambol o'er and o'er
Deep in the earth-ball's core:
In realms above, where sunbeams glare,
All Adam's race is doomed to share
The plagues of light—a judgment fair.

Mock we, when praise of man
Exalts the solar plan;
The North-pole's bear-sought strand
Is our own magic land.
The flow'rs' hue—the night bird's tone,
To see and hear with pain we groan,
And Seven's the number that we own.

The blind mole's skin, of yore,
As gale robe we wore;
Now flaunt we through the ball,
In asbest surcoats all;
Which Puck the gay, our merry guest,
Stole from the rock-cliff's stony breast,
And Er! the sea-hag's distaff dressed.

When, to the Gnomen sphere,
Wan avarice draws near,
And hacks our golden treasure,
To pamper human pleasure;
Then do we quench the miner's light,
Spout sulphur-damp with all our might,
And pinch, and bruise the luckless wight.

We pierce with glances sheen,
Like goblin, elf, or sprite,
With eyes of emerald green—
Through blackest depths of night.
In rock-oil's nectar drink we deep,
Decked in red-copper sport and leap,
Then pillowed on a mushroom, sleep.

From the central globe we hie,
Roused by the vulture's cry;
And rushing through the storm,
Follow the witches' swarm.
Then Satan's war-trump thunders loud,
The Blocksberg's crest with might is bowed,
And spirit-hosts the summit crowd.

No law restrains the Gnome,
No tool profanes our home;
We scorn the lore of man,
Shortening his life's brief span.
Scarce deign we heed the vocal strains
Of Beelzebub's admiring trains,
And thus the merry Gnome-king reigns.
FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLLI.

Our first observations upon the works of Art, under exhibition this year, will be devoted to historic paintings, or composition—works which we rank in the first class, where properly the poetry of the Art, and the mental vigor of the artist is completely manifested.

The first picture up to which we were pushed forward by two fair ladies in their eager search for Landseer's dogs was, The Eve of the Deluge, 393, by J. MARTIN. The following is the source of his inspiration:—

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth. And Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord."

In passing to the description of the picture, the accompanying annotations are absolutely necessary to a clear explanation. "The sun, moon, and a comet are represented in conjunction, as one of the warning signs of the approaching doom. In the distance are the ocean, the mountains, and, on a promontory, the Ark. In the middle ground—

"The forest trees, coeval with the hour
When Paradise up sprung,
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age."

The caverns and tents, the people revelling and resting; upon the rock in the foreground Methuselah, who has directed the opening of the scroll of his father Enoch, whilst agitated groups of figures, and one of the giants of those days, are hurrying to the spot where Noah displays the scroll; and Methuselah, having compared the portentous signs in the heavens with those represented on the scroll, at once perceives the fulfilment of prophecy, that the end is come, resigns his soul to God." It must be evident to every one that the subject is immense, both from its importance, and the lofty character of its poetry, which is full of gigantic imagery, mingling with ideas of religion whatever of primitive belonged to the world in the early times of its vigor.

MARTIN, following his usual custom, has consulted Josephus, Hebrews, Jude v. 14, Adam Clarke, Burnet, Byron, &c., &c., and all the authors, sacred and profane, adapted to his subject. It would be well if this example were imitated by many other artists, some of whom commit most unpardonable errors, both of local truth and of history. But while we express our praises of the classically poetic manner in which, as usual, Mr. Martin has conceived his picture, we cannot equally admire his coloring, which is sometimes exaggerated, sometimes feeble, and some minute details are too laboured. These remarks are also applicable to other of his works, such as The Assuaging of the Waters, 509, a picture portraying the passage of Genesis, chap. viii. 1—11:—"And the dove came to him in the evening; and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off. So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the face of the earth." In this, however, there is much of grand conception; many of the details are well painted, such as some parts of the water, and the shells. These observations upon John Martin's style will apply respectively with appropriate modifications, to his other pictures included in this exhibit—on namely, No. 555—"The Corn-rigs; view over the Valley of the Wandle." No. 574—"View over the Valley of the Wandle, with part of Wimbledon." No. 653—"View from Horsingden-hill towards Richmond." No. 657—"View near Croydon, looking over Beckenham."
Fine Arts.

What shall we say of the picture of Turner, Joseph Mallord William, R.A.? We affirm that no committee ought to permit such horrid, detestable absurdities to disgrace any exhibition. No design, no form, no truth of colouring—a chaos! So ridiculously below mediocrity has this artist fallen, notwithstanding his remarkable talent! Look at "Bacchus and Ariadne,"(27.) Never did there exist in fabulous Olympus, never on earth, or in the most perverted imagine such monstrous creations, or rather caricatures, with such false, stupid, crass, patchy pictures of color thrown on apparently at hap-hazard.

Any one that has been at Venice can tell whether No. 55 bears any resemblance to the Ponte dei Sospiri; yet Turner has the courage to call this fortuitous conglomeration of discordant colors "The Bridge of Sighs," and the same falseness of coloring, the same total negation of truth is displayed No. 71—"Venice, from the Canale della Giudecca, chiesa di S. Maria della Salute, &c.," which, if conscientiously described in the catalogue, should be "Venice, from the ill fancy of Turner." The like indeed should be written under "Slavers throwing overboard the dead and dying"—205. None would take the figures to be men, but would be in a difficulty to decide whether the objects were fishes or birds! It seems nothing more than the work of a child who has been drawing lines and scattering colours, without care or design, for the mere purpose of amusing his companions, and making them laugh: and his judgment must be of a very infantine character who can stop to admire such canvas—we cannot call them pictures. Such individuals excite our pity and even contempt; and we exclaim with Dante,

"Non ragioniam di lor—non guarda e passa."

If, therefore, not made to be laughed at, we ought not to mention No. 243, which again Mr. Turner has had the boldness to entitle "The New Moon" and, as a gentleman justly remarked, it is indeed a new moon, seeing that the like of it never was beheld in the sky, and if such a thing had ever there existed, it would have been called an omelette aux fines herbes, or something of the kind, and not a moon. Whoever wishes for an unintelligible explanation to a more unintelligible picture, may just look at the periphrasis which Turner has subjoined to his "I've lost my boat; you shan't have your hoop!" No. 419—"Rockets and Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn steam-boats of shoal water," is another scurrilous picture by this same Mr. Turner; and, lastly, his sixth offence against the Art, this year, is a canvas, upon which are seen certain things resembling frogs, upon certain colors which are of no color, in a place that bears likeness to no place, with other certain indefinable objects depicted in colors absolutely revolting; and to this complication of monstruosities the catalogue gives the title of "Neapolitan fisher-girls surprised bathing by Moonlight." We have spoken of these works with severity, and too lengthily, when they are in reality not worth looking at, or of a single word of notice. But let young artists observe that even such a talent as was Turner's may wander and even lose itself, and in such case it is incumbent upon the journalist to lift his voice and rebuke such obstinate rebellion against truth, beauty, and Art, and when we think that no less than nine hundred pictures were rejected by the committee, then indeed there is still greater need to appeal against those who permit such absurdities upon the walls of the Academy, excluding the while paintings worthy of commendation, and closing to the few new and young competitors for fame the only way to make themselves known. The committee ought immediately to banish these extravagant distortions, which are a shame to the Academy, and should say to the artist, "Become again the fine, the brilliant, the rational painter of former times. Be again the true Turner, and then your productions will again be received and praised, and will become, as formerly, the delight and admiration of amateurs, professors, and all connoisseurs of the art."

We feel much grieved to be compelled to utter criticisms so severe; but our conviction of their justice is based upon all the reasons of nature and Art. Let us now turn to another artist, who also is an R. A.; we speak of W. Etty, R. A. He is stated by his friends to have been a free and graceful painter, and a great colorist, but it seems to us that his friends and admirers ought to effect the removal to the Academy for exhibition some of his early productions, when Etty inspired by his

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true genius, and instructed by art, copied nature with a just and judicious selection, and was justly applauded. But there are few artists, though of superior talent, who can save themselves from becoming false in coloring, careless in forms, affected in invention, and exaggerated mannerists, if, by chance, when they have painted some piece of extravagance or other, they find themselves praised on that very account, as if extravagance were beauty. Then, through the error of those who ignorantly bestow these unmerited praises, others are induced to give large sums of money for works of art executed in a manner rather to be shunned than imitated. Hence the artists themselves, deceived by their corrupt taste, or because they see it is necessary to deceive others with corruptions of taste, in order to secure increased gains, gradually, in general, fall into exaggeration and extravagant mannerism. It should be observed, also, that the majority of the wealthy, who are always the purchasers of those pictures which most offend against art and good taste, are entirely ignorant of the subject; and, not capable of judging themselves, depend upon the advice of some "pseudo amateur" friend, an animal belonging to the biped aequalus tribe—a species not noticed by Linnaeus or Buffon, but more mischievous than any poisonous insect, and a destroyer of works of fine art. When, then, one of these rich men sets the example of buying such manneristic paintings, the whole troop ignobly follows, like the herd mentioned by Dante—

"E quel che l'una, e l'altra fanno."

Thus everybody seeks (instead of some beautiful production) a picture equally extravagant in manner, similar in kind, and will not be satisfied unless they can secure one as an ornament for their drawing or sitting-room, itself fitted up in the Greek style, or the Gothic, or the Chinese, or the Arabic, or à la renaissance, according to the fashion, although for the most part the good innocent creatures who thus squander their money, are altogether ignorant of the different styles, but in their hearts imagine themselves not Greeks, not Chinese, but something of each, and all with a view to be fashionable!

This digression, though lengthy, is not irrelevant, since it contains some useful reflections upon two academical artists, each of whom, at the commencement of his career, displayed real talent, but has subsequently passed from originality to extravagance; a transition as easy as from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is with considerable pain that we have thus spoken of Mr. Turner, and it is equally disagreeable to us to be compelled to remark that Mr. Etty in his style of painting, has fallen into a similar error. Passing over the fact that in the present day it is scarcely possible to take any interest in mythical subjects, especially such as the learned academicians has selected, it is lamentable to see that we can obtain no compensation in good composition for the wretchedness of the invention. The whole is absurd;—invention, composition, design, colouring! Does any one doubt it? Let him, if he has sufficient courage, and can throw away his time, let him look at No. 26. This coarse servant of all work, chained naked to a rock, is the very novel kind of being called "Andromeda!" That brute beast, which you are at a loss to guess whether it be serpent, fish, or perhaps some animal not indeed of heathen mythology, but of the private menagerie of Mr. Etty himself, ought to be the celebrated monster which amused itself with devouring human beings, and had most probably made up its mind to enjoy an excellent dinner off the very fat servant-girl (Andromeda), had not another monster, bearing the name of a man, Perseus (risum teneatis amici) mounted upon a flying rocking-horse, come to her rescue. But truly such an Andromeda was hardly worth the pains of saving (saving ourselves, for so saying, harmless from the society for the suppression of cruelty to all animals); it would have been well had the monster devoured her (even at the cost of a mortal indigestion), and left of her no remains—no memory in the world. Equally absurd and ridiculous is No. 30—"Mars, Venus, and Attendant disrobing her Mistress for the Bath," by the same master. This is neither the celestial nor the terrestrial Venus of the ancients; she was not born of the foam of the sea, but of the dirty wash of a pencil. She is assisted (as has been witilly remarked) by a female blackamoor, and Mars is represented not like Mars, but like the American "cooper" Mar-tinus. We shall be led to speak still more severely when we think that
Mr. Etty has not only held up to ridicule Mythology, but has even profaned Sacred History. Look at the indecency of No. 230, which is impudently entitled, "A Subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins." We cannot stop before this picture without indignation. Women fit only to be in the most prohibited places, naked, in every extravagant attitude, ill designed, worse coloured: such is the picture. And if it is asked, we are sure it will be felt, that the reply would be made not to five only, but to the whole ten (as recorded in the Parable, and noted in the catalogue), "Verily, I know you not." We speak jestingly; because, did we treat the subject seriously—justly—indignant criticism would carry us too far; and Horace well says—

"—— ridiculum acerius
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

We regret to see that example is contagious. No. 31, by S. A. Hart, R. A.—"Henry I. receiving intelligence of the Shipwreck and Death of his only Son," is a mass of caricature coloring; and the figures, exaggerated and conventional, are rather adapted to the comic scene of a pantomime, than to the touching scene of this interesting passage of English history. One biblical subject has inspired the genius of two artists: it is—"Our Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple," 74, by W. Collins, R. A.; and—"Jesus in the Temple," 398, by S. Drummond, A. The first of these paintings, No. 74, presents to us a child, but not the Inspired Being—not God concealed beneath the infantile features; nevertheless, there are many things in the picture gracefully treated, and it has merit in the execution, if not in the invention. In the second, No. 398, Mr. Drummond displays his customary feebleness of coloring; and then the architecture of his Temple of Jerusalem cannot be said to be either Grecian or Roman, but that of modern times; it rather recalls to mind a church of the 16th century. We admit that a similar fault may be imputed to Raffaello, but one error is no excuse for another, and the great masters are to be imitated, not in their defects (which are the inseparable companions of humanity), but in their beauties. The scene might very easily be supposed to be in St. Paul's; the heads of the old men taken from the pensioners of Chelsea College. Every part of a painting should be in character. The study of this has always been necessary; and now, when criticism is so severe, it is doubly requisite. The famous painter, Vicart, upon seeing the beautiful composition of the Riposo in Egitto della Vergine, del Salvatore, e S. Giuseppe, the classic work of the celebrated Tergiot (pupil of Benvenuti), and which obtained the prize at the Royal Academy of Firenze, pronounced these words, which ought to be engraven in the memory of every artist:

"Uno pittore deve dimenticarsi dov'è nato, e dov'è; ma trasportarsi nel paese dove imagina il fatto rappresentato in pittura; devesi fare come il nostro bravo Terigi, egli è greco quando dipinge così bene il quadro rappresentante la morte di Belisario; è veramente ebreo quando figural quel venerando Patriarca Giuseppe, la bella Vergine di Jesse, e l'augusto Infante di Giuda!"

This expression of praise contains a true and excellent precept, but one too frequently forgotten by many. However, it certainly has not been forgotten by J. Uwins in No. 29—"Capuchin Convent at Amalfi, Gulf of Salerno," or in No. 189—"Terrace of the Capuchin Convent, Bay of Naples," for he seems truly to have become the Italian capuchin in these local representations; and in the moral as well as local representation of some popular customs the other artist of the same name, Thomas Uwins, R. A., seems verily to have transformed himself into the Italian: see No. 89—"A Neapolitan Boy decorating the head of his Innamorata at the Festa of the Madonna dell'Arco." This is a gem of truth, and sweetness of coloring. No. 92—"The Loggia of a Fine-dresser's Cottage in the Afternoon of a Saint's-day," is another perfect jewel. The subject is explained in the subjoined words:—"One of the earliest lessons a Neapolitan mother teaches her child is how to dance the Tarantella." Let us now pass on to another picture by the same master, No. 266—"Study of a Group of Mountainers returning from the Festa of Monte Vergine." In order to understand this picture, it is necessary to know that the Madonna, worshipped at Monte Vergine, near Avellino, is celebrated throughout
the country for her miraculous powers. Every body goes to her festa—mothers are especially anxious to present their children to the Virgin at this auspicious season; and on their return, filled with gratitude for her favour, they make the mountains echo the sounds of joy and gladness. An Asiatic convert is sometimes seen carrying the picture of his new deity with as much devotion, and blowing the conch with as much fervor as if he had been a good Catholic all his life. Such is the little religious popular drama represented on the canvass with so much truth, grace, and spirit by T. Uwins, R.A. To witness this festa at Monte Vergine, it is quite unnecessary to travel to Italy; it is sufficient to look at the picture in the exhibition.

No. 269—"The Interesting Question," is another bijou, and from the grace and extreme truth with which this little love scene is depicted, one would readily believe that the learned and accomplished royal academican had frequently in Italy heard and put the interesting question "mi volete bene?" No. 416—Fioretta; "The Innocent are Gay" (Cowper's Task) is a sweet, enchanting little thing. It is a lovely, graceful little girl, with black sparkling eyes and raven locks, simply attired in white, and around her neck is thrown an elegant garland of the freshest and fairest flowers. We do not think that the freshness of flowers could be better painted, and certainly that of the little girl is as perfect. But we do think it would be difficult to produce a picture more pleasing (as large as nature) and it seems to us that the original must be well calculated to call forth the above-mentioned interesting question; "mi volete bene?"

No. 474—"Neapolitan Peasants dressing up the Standard of the Virgin previous to quitting the Festa of the Madonna dell'Arco," is another most delightful picture by the same gentleman, painted in a similar style, and with equal truth. Another, and the last by this artist, is a—"Scene from the Merchant of Venice," No. 599.

SHYLOCK.—Hear you me, Jessica,
    Lock up my doors;
    By Jacob's staff, I swear,
    I have no mind for feasting forth to-night.

LAUNCEFORT GORRO.—Mistress look out at window for all this.

This is certainly a graceful picture, but to us he is in nothing more pleasing than in the popular Neapolitan scene. We observed also much timidity of chiaroscuro in this picture, 599.

"The Beggar," 42, by W. Danies, is a faithful representation of one of the miseries resulting from the present organisation of society; but we should have preferred seeing, instead of the "Beggar" alone, "The charity of the rich to the poor." Art holds a noble office when beside evil, depicted under its most horrible aspect, it shows the remedy in its most glorious form—charity.

No. 61—"The Salutation of the Aged Friar," C. L. Eastlake, R. A., is a pretty composition, well designed, and not highly but gracefully colored. We cannot pass over the next number (although we intend to devote a distinct portion of our article to the portraits) the "Portrait of the Queen, by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (62), because it is with much pleasure that we speak of this artist, who sustains his former reputation by his picture exhibited this year: nevertheless, we do not feel disposed to bestow much praise upon this portrait of her Majesty; it does not seem to us truthful, or to possess much elegance of composition, or to be perfectly painted. Neither do the other portraits of this celebrated artist much increase his reputation, although they all exhibit great ease and skill, which observations will be found justified by No. 110—"Portrait of Viscount Arbuthnot, Lord-Lieutenant of Kincardineshire;" No. 132—"Portrait of Mrs. Hamilton Nisbett Ferguson, of Raith;" and No. 276—"The Hookabadar;"

No. 112, entitled—"A Sketch for a Picture from the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay"—is treated with much spirit and grace. But why do the artists of the present time, with the many new wants of society, waste their efforts upon these old Arcadian subjects which have been over and over again so annoyingly repeated! We contemplate with much more delight the interesting page of the history of the fine arts so well expressed in color by Sir David in No. 48—"Benvenuto Cellini, pre-

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senting for the approval of Pope Paul III., a silver censer of his own workmanship."

—This picture is really simple and elegant in composition, and the subject is admirably represented: the design is correct, and there is no exaggerated, theatrical mannerism of color; and the artist has skillfully overspread the picture with a soft calm which is communicated to the mind of the spectator. This is one of the distinguishing qualities of the true master in painting, and it is one which belongs to Wilkie, who ranks among the first of the modern English school. But the picture which more than all the rest reminds us of the epoch of freshness, and virgin pictorial beauty when Wilkie was in his youthful splendour, is No. 252—"The Irish Whisky-still."—The invention here, as in Wilkie’s early paintings, presents all the objects and all the men; matter and mind, idea and form, all concur with an immense variety to that "dumtaxat et unum" of the subject, that is the candestine manufacture of that so universally delightful liquor, Whisky! Nevertheless, critics agree that the artist has not given with exactness some of the local characteristics, indicating that the scene is in Ireland, and not in any other place. Much might possibly be said upon the subject, first as to the epoch in which the painter has chosen to fix the scene; because many things, such as dress, the style of the hair, of the beard, which perhaps do not prevail now in Ireland, although they were used at the period to which the artist wishes to transport us. But laying aside these discussions, it is beyond doubt that this picture may rival those old Flemish paintings which at present form the delight of amateurs who lavish large sums of money to make them their own. After Wilkie, the veteran academician who still sustains his early reputation, we turn not without pleasure to a new academican who manifests a strong desire to prove himself worthy of his new distinction—we mean to say, Daniel Maclise. This artist makes evident progress every year. He is young, and by study may attain perfection: he is young, and by neglect of study may be entirely lost. Whoever praises him, does well: who pours upon him lavish adulation, does ill: who imitates him, does worse. Woe to those young artists who imitate a painter, who to the many good qualities, however numerous they be, which he may possess, unites a tendency to mannerism; and this is precisely the case with Daniel Maclise, wherefore we would earnestly counsel him to continuous, persevering study. It is in his power to become an artist of high rank in his country; or he may fall into the follies of mannerism, which is a very pestilence, destructive of his nation’s fame in the art.

No. 174—"The Banquet Scene in Macbeth" is one of those subjects that have been so frequently handled that it ought now to be suffered to lie at rest; but truly as a work of art it possesses many beauties. The artist represents the moment in which the Scotch tyrant beholds the ghost of Banquo rise and sit in the seat intended for himself: his horror at this apparition is given with indescribable force, and the muscles fully express the internal struggles. Lady Macbeth addresses to the guests the well-known words; "Sit, worthy friends;—my lord is often thus." The countenances of the seventy guests are various, and very appropriate, yet resemble each other in very many points. The most prominent beauty is the bloody figure of Banquo: the indefiniteness of the figure, the deep mystery of the picture, perfectly express the tremendous mystery of the atrocious event. The poetic imagination is complete, and manifests the genius of the artist: the mode in which the whole is manifested, accessories included, shows the artist's practical skill in his art. This works makes us conceive great hopes of Maclise, but the road to perfection in the fine arts is long, and we may apply to it what Hippocrates applied to the medical art—"Ars longa, vita brevis." No. 381 is another picture by the same artist, but of a different species and class.—"The cross-gartered Malcolm playing off his antics before the Lady Olivia and the maid Maria."—It is a theatrical scene transferred to canvass, and executed at once with freedom and delicacy; but the effect of the chiaroscuro is timid. 214 is a humorous picture exhibiting the comic—"Gil Blas selecting his dress of blue velvet embroidered with gold."—The execution of the picture we admire infinitely, but we cannot regard with the same feeling this kind of subject; for in the present day the art which is destined to the noblest and loftiest ends, is continually prostituted to such objects, with great applause forsooth from
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the stupid and ignorant wights who pay largely for such works, for one simple reason—because they understand them! nor is this the most prevalent kind, but one much more abject; dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots!—We have seen 500l. paid for a pretended painting by Murillo (Heaven knows that Murillo was innocent of such a picture and of any such piece of robbery!) representing an ass, which was being led to market by a dirty boy; while a beautiful historical picture, representing Alexander the Great at the tomb of Achilles, by Juan de Juanes, the grand, inimitable painter of Valencia, fetched only 120l. But wherefore?—Because the subject of the Ass and the dirty little boy was within the comprehension of the most ignorant; but the lofty poetry of an historical picture demands a mind poetic and lofty to comprehend its sublime qualities and beauty. The taste for pictures, ancient or modern, thus low in subject, prevails in proportion to the profound ignorance of which it is a principal symptom. But to return to the painting, No. 214, we are not so rigid as to wish to exclude all humorous pictures; we only desire, as we have before expressed in this periodical, that MacLeish would select subjects worthy of his nation and the present epoch. If we do not like to behold so many pictures representing a world of animals fit for the Zoological Gardens, which occupy the walls of many elegant houses, nevertheless we are always delighted with this kind of picture, whenever we meet with Edwin Landseer, with his multitude of animals enough to fill the ark of Noah. We much lament, however, that so great a genius as E. Landseer should confine himself to being the portrait painter to all the dogs, more or less aristocratic, of England. Such a mind might and ought to lift itself to things more grand, in which the invention, the poetry of the art might display its power. No. 139—"The Macaw, Lovebirds, Terrier, and Spaniel puppies belonging to her Majesty" seems to us, as usual, beautiful, but nothing extraordinary. No. 149—"The Lion-Dog, from Malta" is absolutely alive. No. 278—"Lion and Dash, the property of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort" is certainly a classical work of the canine kind. In the comic class of this species, it is impossible to surpass the excellence of No. 311—"Laying down the Law." Here is a veritable tribunal of the canine race, wherein a white poodle sits as judge with all due and proper gravity; the terrier is counsel, and a multitude of dogs of all sizes, species, colors and qualities appear as attorneys, and fill the court. The idea is not new, but it is well executed. We think that Landseer's "horses taken in to bait," (120) may in its kind be put in comparison with the first ancient and modern masters. The composition, the design, the anatomical study of the horses is perfect; the elegance, the truth,—all, in fact, renders this, as regards the horses, a perfect gem.

But although we desire that the fine arts, and painting in particular, should convey instruction, and, to this end, frequently select for subjects historical facts in which may be found lessons of lofty import to society, we are not, therefore, content to see such subjects stupidly, or imperfectly treated, as in No. 124.—"Richard Cœur de Lion reviewing the Crusaders in Palestine," by A. Cooper, R. A. The picture, altogether, in respect of execution and invention, is little worthy of the Royal Academy: far better had this been included among the nine hundred rejected: this artist ought to return to the painting of horses, in which he succeeded so well.

W. Collins, R. A., (see 74), has also minor paintings possessing much grace of manner; No. 15.—"Ave Maria, near Tivoli,"—where an Italian peasant is singing Ave Maria before the Virgin and her infant son by her side, accompanied by the mandolin, a kind of lute. A merry group of peasants receiving presents from maidens leaning over the parapet of an Italian palazzo forms also the subject of another very delightful picture entitled "The Passing Welcome," (256). These paintings are full of beautiful details, and of a kind more suited to the artist than biblical subjects. Yet it is always pleasing to see that a talented artist rises to the high poetry of his art. With regret, yet in obedience to truth, we have thus pronounced a picture, from its execution, wholly unworthy of exhibition. So of No. 100—"Le bas couleur de rose avec une jarretière d'argent," by A. E. Chalons, R. A. This artist pleases much by a certain light gracefulness of coloring in water-colors (although the very prince of mannerists), yet his designs are always bad, and he is unsupportable in oils; but it is incredible that a man of his age should have chosen so indecent a subject

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as that of No. 100. Charles Landseer, A. R. A. has two pictures of a truly artistic character (see previous remarks on the British Institution), No. 354—"The Tired Huntsman" is a fine, graceful, and pleasing invention; with pleasure we see this artist with more elevated intelligence making animals not principal, but secondary objects, and showing that he can paint human nature, as well as zoological subjects. No. 21—"Nell Gwynne." Here he seems not happy in his coloring, although the picture is tolerably good.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R. A. has quitted the usual class of his pictures for one of more noble character, the historical. In regard to merit of invention, we think this artist was more successful in his former style; but we applaud his new attempt, which evinces true love of the Art, and considerable power: see No. 132—"Milton dictating to his Daughter"—in which the figures are almost as large as life. A. W. Elmore also deserves attention; he is young and worthy of admiration and we conceive great hopes from his large and truly grand picture No. 415. —"The Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket"—More might be desired in the anatomical parts, and greater boldness of chiaroscuro; but the work is worthy of an artist farther advanced in his career, and this is saying much for one commencing. In the catalogue, is a full description. There is another interesting picture, No. 482—by T. Duncan. —"Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh, after the battle of Preston." We invite attention to this beautiful work; it is perfect history, adorned with all possible poetry. The artist has well studied Gerard's "Entry of Henry IV;" as a source whence to draw inspiration, without plagiarism. Better were the light less diffused, and that there were more of contrast; but we experience such high gratification when artists endeavour to raise themselves to the true dignity of their office, and leave cabbages, and potatoes, to their proper place, the market; cows and asses, to the stalls; flocks and herbs to the fields, that we cannot be severely critical on this occasion. Yet artists ought really to be ashamed of choosing subjects old and devoid of interest for the present age, as Mr. H. Howard, R. A., has done in No. 95—"Proserpina," and then executed it very badly. The verses from Claudian, De Raptu Proserpinae are not able to render the painting beautiful, nor will the subject itself make it classical. This is what we call the "Puppet style;" we see at once how this unhappy nymph was born to die in the regions of eternal darkness; and thus her portrait will sink into everlasting oblivion.

With no feeling of pleasure we express such severe opinions; but the academicians themselves ought to be the most severe judges of their works, and the public have a right strictly to criticise the academicians. We greatly commend W. Allen, R. A., —"Prince Charles Edward in adversity," (136)—He has given an interesting example of the importance of selecting historical subjects. The story is described with effect, though perhaps there is hardly so much of poetry as we might expect in the face of the Prince; adversity has its poetry: and there is much of this poetry of adversity in another painting, a pathetic episode of Boz, entitled—"The Orphan and his bird," (242) wherein there is infused an air of truly delicate sentiment. W. Boxall, has shed over his picture "Hope," (56) that secret mystic sentiment which impresses the beholder with sensations at once sweet and bitter, and almost moves to tears, but, verily, tears of pure delight. The words—"At evening time it shall be light," (Zechariah, c. 14; v. 7.) are themselves full of deeply affecting melancholy. The conception belongs to a lofty mind, that has well meditated on the subject, and the style is worthy of the conception. These are pictures which should be admired by all artists, but we fear that few can imitate them.

We approve also the subject selected by J. A. Casey—"Captivity of Joan of Arc." The first duty of a painter is to choose a good subject; then, if it be an historical fact, to select the most interesting point in the succession of time and things connected with this fact: this belongs to pictorial Invention. The introduction afterwards of particular circumstances that shall render the subject more impressive, more vivid, more beautiful; this is the part of pictorial Poetry: to arrange with art, apparently natural, every moral and material object, so that the spectator shall be powerfully attracted; this is the office of pictorial composition. But a painter may find an
interesting historical subject, select a beautiful point, connect with it all poetry to give splendor to the truth expressed, surround it with appropriate accessories, yet dispose incorrectly, falsely. This artist of genuine talent, we believe is fully able to appreciate our remarks with respect to this his, in many respects, very meritorious picture.

It is curious to compare the different styles of different artists: “E. V. Rippingille” has closely studied the Italian School,—“Brigands visited by their friends and Mantengoli” (488); and “E. M. Ward, No. 22,—“Scene from King Lear,” has studied the German School, consequently, the first has a free, correct, elegant design; the second, symmetry, exactness, philosophy, but the traditional German hardness of outline. The two are travelling in different directions, but the career of each will be noble. Only, to the first we would recommend a greater warmth of coloring, and to the second, more harmony. R. S. Lauder (5.)—“The Glee Maiden,” seems not to have sufficiently studied composition, nor to have acquired an accurate conception—last year he seemed to be better inspired. On the other hand—“A Legend of Montrose,” (123) by F. Stone, is very gracefully composed and full of vigorous painting. R. Dodd, judging from his—“Alfred the Great, disguised as a peasant, reflecting on the misfortunes of his country,” promises to become a good painter. We admire No. 201.—“The Hermit”—by P. F. Poole, because it is full of pathetic and natural invention; but the coloring is at point zero! J. T. Cooper in No. 472—“Turning the Drover,” and in No. 33, Octagon Room, has given us two very truthful scenes with a certain rustic poetry which completely transports us among the guardians of the flock—the regret that W. Simpson, who is capable of much greater things, has sent only two little pictures, although they are prettily composed and well colored. “Leaving the Ball,” (288) by J. C. Horseley, is a scene in which poverty, personified, stands naked and trembling before wealth personified, brilliant, gay, and scornful. The moral lesson is good—the picture also is good; we shall shortly have occasion to mention another grand lesson of morality and humanity, given by another painter; but we will first just say two words of A. Johnson, who, in his “Scene from the Gentle Shepherds,” (72) has made a sweet composition, but with feeble colouring—“Leaving Church”—(12) by F. Goodall, is well designed and well painted; but he is a young man, and must not sleep at the commencement of his career—“Auge! auge!—Perge! perge!—Melody” (82) by J. P. Knight, A, is graceful and full of good qualities; but why, having talent, does J. P. Knight waste it upon such nonsense?

In No. 87—“The Wedding Ring,” as well as in his other five pictures, R. J. Crowley shows himself to be possessed of talent, which, however, he wastes upon subjects which have but little interest; and it seems to us that he endeavours to produce effect at the expense of truth, and even by unpardonable exaggeration and affectation. On the contrary, well-expressed truth is the characteristic of the works of A. Geddes, A, his picture, No. 369—“A Spanish Girl,” which is well invented and well arranged; the coloring is also good. There is a great deal of truth in R. Redgrave’s picture of “The Reduced Gentleman’s Daughter,” which is finished with great skill and care. No. 334—“The Wonderful Cure of Paracelsus,” does not equally please us, either for the point selected in the subject, or for the execution. We have unintentionally omitted to speak of the clever W. Mulready, R. A. No. 99, to which he gives the too indeterminate title of “The Interior,” is a sweet picture by a painter who, reposing from labor, rests in his studio, his wife by his side, and near them a little infant asleep. When we say it is a gem, we have said all. His other pictures also deserve praise, as No. 116, which is painted with taste and is full of the spirit of humor. But No. 133—“First Love,” is a true poem. Mr. Mulready is one from whom his country may expect much. In another also good success may be anticipated; we mean W. D. Kennedy, although he yet needs much study. Our opinion will find confirmation in No. 487—“The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” The scene includes the figure of Sir Walter Scott, and exhibits many good qualities, but the painter has still great need to study grace, truth, and chiaroscuro.
Fine Arts.

We have before described the loftiness of mind which should characterize the artist who would depict subjects of Christianity, or from the Bible. The beautiful lines of V. Hugo, in his new poem, "Les Rayons et les Ombres," to prove that form is both all and nothing in sculpture:—

"La forme au statuaire!—Oui, mais tu le sais bien;
La forme, à grand sculpteur, c'est tout, et ce n'est rien.
Ce n'est rien sans l'esprit, et c'est tout avec l'idée!"

"Il faut, si l'Art Chrétien anime le Sculpteur,
Qu'avec le même charme elle ait plus de hauteur;
Qu'âme sèche, elle rie, et de Satan se joue;
Que, Martyre, elle chante à coté de la roue;
Ou que, Vierge divine, astre du gouffre amer,
Son regard soit si doux qu'il apaise la mer!"

These lines apply with equal force to painters; but we will leave others to make application of them to No. 403, by J. Linnell—"Philip baptising, &c." to be found in the Octagon Room; in which the boldness and vigor of coloring are truly worthy of admiration; but in the design, the harmony, the mystic fire of the time, and in the sacred Biblical truth, he has altogether failed. No. 16 (Octagon Room)—"Our Saviour and two Disciples," by G. Richmond, is very good, as regards form.

"Oui, mais tu sais bien;
La forme . . . . . c'est tout, et ce n'est rien!"

We cannot say so much of No. 471—"Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah," by J. Partridge, but only "ce n'est rien." The largest picture in the exhibition is No. 484—"An Altar-piece for St. George's Church, Leeds," by C. W. Cope. The words affixed are—"He ever liveth to make intercession for us." This kind of painting, in which the Christian art adorning itself with the Heaven-descended poetry that so loftily inspired St. John in Patmos, may yet inspire the genius of the present age, and create august and sacred visions. It is a species that has been too much neglected in England, where admiration is bestowed upon what we may term the mere embroidery, rather than upon the true, lofty grandeur of painting; where the material rather than the ideal is sought, and where there is an eternal succession of cottages, kitchens, cocks, hens, sheep and oxen.

All praise, therefore, is due to those of a higher intellect who are moved to sublime views by the august spirit of art, and who open for us in Christian art a thousand new fountains of beauty, new lessons of morals and solid piety. C. W. Cope, therefore, merits the highest praise for his undertaking. The picture is grand, and in many parts well designed and composed, and happily colored. The critic might certainly find something to complain of in the composition and chiaroscuro; but the whole is good and worthy of admiration, and calculated to give an impulse to the art. In No. 198—"Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength," we have the subject of another beautiful painting, even still more meritorious as a work of art, by the same talented C. W. Cope. And No. 204—"Almsgiving," with these words, "Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man," is a third truly admirable picture, by Mr. Cope. The mere choice of the subjects shows the lofty character of the mind of the artist who seeks to render art conducive to the noble ends of morality and civilised humanity, which constitute its proper aim. In his other works also the execution is very meritorious. We earnestly hope he may receive due encouragement; but we should not be at all surprised if the pseudo amateurs and connoisseurs, those liberal purchasers of pictures of asses, cabbages, parrots, and other things equally dignified and important, should decline to bestow their liberality upon such as C. W. Cope and L. Biard. But let them not be discouraged. Virtue is its own reward. And if they will recollect that an ass, a cabbage, or a parrot is a subject easily comprehended by every animal mind, and that the poetry of lofty subjects is intelligible only to lofty, rational, poetical minds; then the blame of the ignorant cast upon a work is a certain proof that the work is beautiful, and the praise of one intelligent and good man is an immense reward. "Sufficit mihi unus Plato pro cuncto populo."
The Rainbow. An Allegory.

We will conclude this notice with the expression of our warm admiration of L. Biard. No. 441—*The Slave Trade*; a subject more allied to progressive philosophy, to high Christian morality, is scarcely possible to be found. In the invention, in the execution, in the idea, in the form—in all, the artist has shown himself to be painter, poet, and philosopher. With the man who thus gives a visible lesson upon the most infamous of the crimes that have disgraced humanity, we regret our not being personally acquainted; we rank him with Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Brougham, as worthy of everlasting gratitude. Here let us rest. We are aware that we have omitted many pictures: of many, however, we speak not at all, being not unmindful of the anecdote of the poet Malherbe, who was rich, but parsimonious. One evening, after supper, on leaving the Hotel Bellegarde to return home, preceded by a servant who lighted the way for him, he was met by M. de St. Paul, a wit of the time, who stopped him, and began to talk upon trilling matters. "Adieu, Monsieur," said Malherbe, hastening away, "you have made me burn five pennyworth of torchlight, and all you have said is not worth a farthing!"

THE RAINBOW.

An Allegory,

BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

The heavy storm is passed: huge banks of clouds are heaped up in the far west, and the setting sunbeams piercing through their drifted masses have set them all in flame. Now one oblique ray falls upon the garden, resplendent in its varied hues, and forming a strong relief to the dense back-ground of the glowing picture. What an enchanting sight! It is in moments such as these that nature speaks with all her eloquence to the soul, drawing it irresistibly to her worship, and from her to that of her Almighty origin. Let us pass into the fresh and balmy air, and look abroad upon the green and sloping meadows. See! yonder, springing from that dark spot in the heavens, the Arc of Peace flings wide its illuminated span; and there against that cloudy bank its inverse reflection gradually assumes distinctness of colouring; hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow beings are, perchance, contemplating with ourselves the gorgeous spectacle, and yet the same hues of the rainbow are beheld by none; to each it appears differently situate, to each it rises and sets at another point, according to the position in which it is viewed, and where its magic foot presses this nether world is beyond all mortal ken. Onward flies the radiant vision—long ere it lose its brightness, further, and further still from its pursuer, till, slowly, fading, it is seen no more. May not a trite comparison be drawn between the rainbow and real life? What is that which decked in heavens most attractive hues, excites all our mind's best energies during every moment of our fleeting existence, luring us breathless on in the never-tiring search—by all contemplated under different aspects—by all esteemed the greatest object to be attained, by few secured.

What after all is worldly happiness?

A dazzling rainbow, a brilliant phantom seen from afar, and when, apparently, within our grasp proves, but a formless thing, an emptyless essence—an unsatisfying ever-varying, illusion—fondly believed in—distant, always—and, in this life, unknown in its perfection.
The Book of Archery. By GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, ESQ., GWENT BOWMAN. LONGMAN AND CO.

All that is picturesque and healthful, gallant and gladsome, happily meets in the pages of this volume, which, with its gay livery of gold and green, opens like a book fit for the present season of cheerful summer. There must have been a long and tedious time spent in catering for the contents of this attractive work, and thus acceptably producing the whole for the public eye. These archery records are reminiscences of days long syne, and intimately mixed up with the ancient legends of our land. Few persons could have brought so rich a store of the requisite information to the task as the author of the present volume, who has entered completely into every particular, past and present, connected with the bowmen of the good green wood. The term toxophilite savours much of pedantic affectation. Mr. Hansard has too much taste to plague us often with its repetition, and we think the simple habits of the ancient bowman, whose avocation moderns vie to imitate, would fully justify its immediate expulsion from the phraseology of the craft; for although fabricated in the days of good Queen Bess, yet were we to revive all the pedantry adopted in that age, the language of our customs would certainly be in the taste of Don Armado or Sir Piercy Shafton. Toxophilite is a remnant of euphuism, and with such picturesque and genuine words as bowmen and archers, we marvel how any one can dub himself by so affected a title, as a toxophilite. However, we must return to our pleasant occupation of analysing this eye-taking volume, which, with all its archery, foreign and domestic, embraces, withal, many of the pleasantest features of the sylvan landscape; listen, ye readers, to the author's description of the Forester's Oaks, which finely combines original, historical, and antiquarian lore:

"Within the still extensive, and once royal forest of Wentworth, (Monmouthshire) on the left hand side of the road that leads from Llanvoir castle, is a little detached clump of trees springing from an undulating surface of bright green velvet turf. Two of these woodland patriarchs, remarkable beyond their fellows for magnitude and antiquity, have long been peculiar to the neighbouring rusties by the appellation of the 'Foresters' Oaks.' You will easily recognise them by their form; for the growth and storms of centuries have given a most giant-like, fantastic air to the limbs of the first; and above the finely arched summit of the second, a huge blasted leafless bough, resembling the antlers of some colossal deer, shoots up from a mass of brilliant foliage, so dense that, like another Boscobel oak, it might securely shelter a fugitive monarch within its impenetrable recesses. Even at the present day, I believe the meeting of the forest tenants sometimes assembles there. There, also, the woodmen of Worcester's great marquis were wont to halt, and ease their shoulders of the red deer venison which once roamed within the chase of Wentwood. Other scenes, too, of a more sombre character have occasionally been enacted there. Brief examination and a speedy fate awaited the luckless Saxon, who loving a buck's haunch more than he feared the penalties of forest law, was detected under any suspicious circumstances, set forth in cabalistic verse:

Dog draw,
Stable stand,
Back behind
Bloody hand.

"Their trysting oak afforded a ready gallows: his own bowstring the halter by which they strangled him like a hound. Beneath the branches of these stately trees, also the oath of fidelity was administered to

• These are the four evidences by which, according to the old feudal laws, a man was convicted of deer-stealing. The first relates to an offender detected in a forest, drawing after a deer with hound in leash; the second, to him caught with bent bow ready to shoot; the third, to bearing away the venison on his shoulders, and the fourth, to him merely found with hands stained with blood of the game. Edward the Confessor's Red Book contains the following caution:—"Omnis homo abstinent venarituis, super penam vitae." "Let every man refrain from my hunting grounds upon pain of death."
candidates for the forester’s avocation in the following quaint doggerel:—

"You shall true liegeman be To the king’s sensitive.
Unto the beasts of the forest you shall not misdo,
Nor to any thing that doth belong there.
The offences of others you shall not conceal,
But to the utmost of your power you shall
reveal
Unto the officers of the forest,
And to them that may see them redress,
All these things you shall see done,
So help you God at his holy doom."

Touching the yew our author says:—

"Those honours decreed the oak, the forest
monarch, since Englishmen first made
ocean’s bosom the theatre of their greatest
triumph, were once assigned to the yew.
Among poets, it became synonymous with
the weapon manufactured from it; and thus
we read of the ‘twanging yew’; the yew
obedient to the shooter’s will. ‘Son of
Luther,’ says Ossian, ‘bring the bow of
our fathers; let our three warriors bend the
ewe.’ Pope’s translation of the Iliad
ventures still further, and by the violent
application of a well-known rhetorical figure,
writes ‘forceful yew,’ when speaking not of
a wooden but of a wooden bow.

The growth of yew is now altogether
neglected, except where it canopies the
humble graves of some village churchyard,
or, dark and sombre, creates an agreeable
contrast among the gay tints of summer
foliage in lawn and shrubbery. In many
situations it is considered a nuisance, espe-
cially when growing in the hedgerows of
pasture and meadow lands. Vegetation
language and dies under the influence
of its noxious shade; and, though poisonous
to horses, these animals feed greedily on its
berries and tender branches. Hence, when
landlords make no opposition, the farmer
generally extirpates the yew, once, like the
falcon, so highly esteemed, that to cut down
the one for any purpose except the legiti-
rnate uses of the bowyer, or to destroy the
other’s eyrie, even in a man’s own grounds,
was punished with fine and imprisonment.
But in the progress of human taste and
ignorance, they have experienced a nearly
similar fate. The falcon, from being guarded
by laws which esteemed her destruction a far
more heinous offence than manslaughter,
from being the constant companions of kings
and nobles, is now regarded as vermin, and
nailed, like a felon, to the barn-door. The
yew, when preserved from rotting on the
spot where it fell, rarely aspires to uses more
honourable than the repair of a gate-post,
or a serviceable log to cheer the rustic
people who gathered around its owner’s Christ-
mas fire. Occasionally, however, trees hav-
ing an unusually fine butt are hauled home
and converted into planks; but, instead of
cleaving these into bow-staves, as did his
ancestors, the Vandal fabricates them into
the vulgar article of domestic furniture.

Amongst the historical anecdotes, the
chapter entitled “Female Archery” is
well worthy the attention of the reader.
The following is a specimen:

“Till in Usbeck Tartary, the natives of both
sexes ply their bows with equal dexterity.
When invaded by the Russians, it is related
by the historian of the expedition (Le Clerc),
that they almost annihilated the enemies’
cavalry, killing men and horse a hundred
paces farther off than the best European
musketeer. Travellers who visit their coun-
try are received with a rude hospitality; and
when

Sated hunger, bids his brother thirst,
Produce the mighty bowl,
they amuse them with many extraordinary
anecdotes of strong and skilful archery, the
only subject on which they appear to con-
verse with satisfaction. These, however,
refer often to their wives and daughters
than to themselves. They say that when
the Emperor Aurunzebe invaded Usbeck
Tartary, it happened that a small party of
his horsemen entered a village to plunder it;
and whilst they were binding the inhabi-
tants, preparatory to leading them off as slaves,
a tattered gown spoke as follows:

“Children,” said she, “refrain your evil
hands, and hearken to my words. With-
draw from the village while there is yet
time. Should my daughter return, and find
you thus occupied, you are undone.” But the
old crook’s admonition only excited their
laughter and ill-treatment. They persisted
in the work of desolation, until, with a lusty
strength, they carried her away, and left
them with the old lady herself. As she rode
anxiously along, her eyes continually wan-
dered in the direction she had left. By a
by, she suddenly broke forth in an ecstasy
of joy, exclaiming, “My daughter, my
daughter! She comes, she comes!” The
person alluded to was not then in sight, but
the trampling of her horse, which every
moment became more audible, and the clouds
of dust, left no doubt on the poor woman’s
mind that her heroic child was hastening to
the rescue. Presently the maid appeared,
mounted on a fiery steed. A quiver hung
at her side, and in her hand she held a bow.
While yet a considerable distance off, she
called aloud to the Indians that their lives
would be spared if they restored the plunder

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and released the captives. But they continued to hurry onwards regardless of her offer. In a minute, then, she let fly three or four arrows, which emptied an equal number of saddles. The enemy had then instant recourse to their own bows; but the archery of India availed little in the plains of Tartary. Laughing at their impotent efforts, she continued to pour in her arrows with a strength of arm and accuracy of aim which appeared marvellous to her afflicted survivors. At length, half their number being slain, she closed in with the rest, and, assisted by the released captives, put them all to the rout.

The plate illustrating this passage is not only the best in the work, but one of the most spirited we ever saw from the pencil of Stephanoiff. The book is admirably got up and illustrated, and will form a very delightful present for personages of some importance in the world, but who are rather difficult to be suited with books at once amusing and instructive which chime in with their newly-attained dignities of captains and leaders of archery bands—we mean ladies and gentlemen of the discreet age of eighteen and upwards.

The poetical feeling displayed in this attractive and very expensively-got up book is of exquisite order; the quotations from our old ballads and dramas are finely done, and the elegant translations from the Welsh bards bespeak our author a poet of no mean grade. We recommend particularly the chapters entitled "Welch Archery" to the attention of every lover of history, as well in poetry as in antiquity.

In the practical department of his work, our author is a complete master, and, though less pleasing to us than as the historian of ancient archery, yet in his directions to his artificers of bows, and in his instructions to send the shaft direct to the mark, he is equally deserving of our best commendation. As a presentation volume, we doubt not it will command an extensive sale.

* Marco Polo

Boone.

Every one interested in the various phases of Irish character will be pleased to find that Mrs. Steward has, in her new work, wholly devoted her talents to the illustration of the national traits of her own green isle. She has effected her object not only with talent, but with striking originality, for she stands alone among other Irish writers of the present day, uniting strong pathos, and the power of exquisitely describing natural scenery, with the quaint and comic pictures which are usually the staple commodities of Irish novels. In truth, these transitions throw a magic hue on the whole, and render the "Interdict" a most attractive work—one that we are convinced will be exceedingly popular.

Mrs. Steward is a poet, but she is one who thinks, despite of her laughing spirit. Preference, however, will be generally given to her observations on life and manners, her delicate sketching of character, and her passages replete with poetic thought, to the broad display of her comic humour. For instance we select these specimens:

"This study was the scene of noiseless and supreme delight, our port of refuge from Quinilla's clatter, our self-awarded little Goschen. Nor was our studious turn extraordinary: we were children of the rocks and wilds; our tendencies, training, and habits were peculiar; we never saw a toy, we scarcely knew the meaning of accomplishments: we were quite indifferent as to the form and texture of raiment, whether it were coarse or fine, suitable or unbecoming; we had no one to compete with; between us and the natives of our glen there was just the grade which separates the rustic from the clown. Of artificial life we knew no more than what the mimic images in antiquated books displayed to us, or what Quinilla's livelier images at times revealed. We learned just what we wished to learn, and no more; we were never asked, never praised, at least for our acquirements. Our Scripture teaching was not forced and of necessity; it was never made unamiable by penance. Books became our load-stars simply from the unaltered enjoyment they afforded, other sources of a child's amusement finding no path to our retirement."

The story is told in the first person, and this first person—lame, sickly, and retiring, as he is described, the author has, with great skill, contrived to render a very effectual hero of the tale:

"I have announced myself a feeble, sickly boy, by accident debarred that exercise which might have corrected constitutional debility. My lameness rendered the rough ascents up which our rambles led us
distressing. When I would flag, Helen would sit with me to watch the cloud-shadows sweep across the mountain slopes, while Marion would pursue her upward course, swerving now and then to trace another path, her guide pouring out his spirit lore for her instruction. Each fissure had its fairy tenant; each pinnacle enthroned a fairy queen; the broken crags that crossed the stream were fairy stepping-stones; ravines were fairy bowers; some granite wrecks, rather gigantic for such appropriation, were fairy sugar-loaves; a neighbouring hill was ‘hungry,’ because the fairies fasted there; every pebble was awarded to these frolic gentles, and every turn of good or evil fortune. Whether you crossed the torrent feebly or fell into its bed; whether you bravely climbed the steep or tumbled to its base, you must thank the fairies, and answer their inquiries, sent in the hollow gust, the moaning breeze and waterfall.

“It is cheering to think on one’s young times, to muse on home, the home of childhood, the ingle nook, the pleasant tale, the merry argument, in which to differ took nothing from our good will. Even my aunt’s quiz, or questions, breaking on Helen’s story thus—’And how could Sir Amorie fight so well ten days without a dinner, Helen?—and what did Lady Nesta do so long in that deserted place without a change of raiment?’—are now remembered with indulgence, and Quinny’s trite interpolations are recalled with great abatement of displeasure.

“This rock-bound home, though not my birth-place, was the only home that I could well remember; and at a distance of many miles, and many years, remembrance still adheres to it. I see our cottage in the deep ravine; the old pear-tree overshadowing the pond in which our merry ducklings floated; the bower winding through the path, the patch of meadow-land that pastured Lanyt Maw; the byre and stack-yard, the turf-bank and potato-ridge which furnished bale to our needy clansmen. I see our study window, its diamond panes and leaden framework; the narrow path, bordered by luxuriant broom which led through a green paddock to a mountain gap, a rent, you would have thought, was made for our convenience; it gave us prospect of a bay locked in by isles and rugged hills, a seeming lake, whose waters, clear as sky, blend earth and heaven in one imagery.”

“Beyond the gap a grassy tongue of land forced itself into the bay, as if eager to meet the babbling wavelets, while these, in turn, seemed with like affection to embrace the little headland, and rippled lovingly beneath the cooling shadow of the alders that spread their sheltering arms upon either bank. To stand upon the peak which towers above this point and looks towards the bulwarks of the glen, you might imagine that volcanic fury had heaved up from earth’s buried store the shattered monuments of a former world, to choke up the little estuary. You might picture the chaotic tumult at its height; deep chasms angrily explode their rock-artillery; a sea of molten granite rolls on heavily; the flood is now upreared to spread around its desolating tide, when lo! the resistless voice—’Be still!’ The surging waves are fixed and frozen into stone; patches of heath peep forth to beautify the rugged fissures, and giant masses are cemented, and forced to circle in, and to defend from future tempest, this rescued armlet of the sea, this lonely, lovely inlet, now securely guarded by its frowning sentinels.”

Thus is the story introduced: it is constructed with more simplicity than Mrs. Steward’s previous compositions; nevertheless, it would be injurious to develop or anticipate it, because it increases in power to the conclusion, and turns, to the great satisfaction of the reader, on a very striking denouement.

The character of Theodore O’Toole is very well managed, bragrant, coxcomb, fool, yet, when need is required, an intrepid man in action. This is life, and the effect of studying real characters and forgetting the cowardly braggrants of old standard plays and novels which copy each other till nausea ensues, and the reader anticipates every word and action which is to follow. Slauveen, Katy the cook, Grace, and our aunt, are diverse and admirable sketches of Irish character.

Katy’s proceedings when recapturing the turnspit who had absconded from his duties—an “opprobrious animal,” as she terms him with true Malaprop eloquence—forms a good specimen of the comic department.

“His contortions at last became so hideous that the turnspit raised a strenuous and lengthened howl, running round and round the object of his terror as if fascinated: the noise was unbearable, I stopped my ears, but my eyes were now saluted by another apparition—Katy Mulligan, puffing through a mutilated pipe and stuck between the door-posts, glaring at the turnspit!—I never felt the full force of an honest stare till then—O’Toole had too much devotion for the image he was worshipping to note Breesthough, who, lulled by the sounds himself was making, heeded not his ancient enemy, but kept wheeling round the centre of attraction. Katy changed from dumb
founded to irate; she stuck the pipe into her apron-string, stole forward, and Breesthough was hanging dingle-dangle by the nape before he could address a prayer to Jupiter. No other tongue but her own sweet vernacular could have furnished Mrs. Mulligan with one tithe of the expletives she showered on the turnspit, shaking him at every soft address as if he were a mop. Breesthough dared not utter a complaint; he crossed his poor fore-paws, wagging them at me imploringly; but I knew the temper of his task-mistress too well to think that interference would benefit the petitioner.

"'You'll choke that dog, Katy Mulligan, as sure as ever John Hobbs was choked.'"

"'Don't every thief hang by his own neck?' retorted Katy; 'a crooked disciple! wasn't he destroyin' me?—a brute that I brought up myself—choking's too good for him; to be hidin' himself up the chute, o' purpose to keep me in a twingle-twangle.' She was striding off, but turned round abruptly with a censure of her own forgetfulness—'they sent me to tell you that Miss Marion is coming to see you, Master Walter; but the sight o' this discreditable villain drove the brains bang out o' me.'"

"I was too overjoyed to find fault; poor Breesthough, finding I would not interfere, gave himself up for lost, and heaved a sigh so doleful, agitating gently his scanty portion of a queen!—my heart was melted.—'Leave the dog here until to-morrow,' said I, 'only till to-morrow Katy.'"

"'Are you drumming o' digging up diamonds, to be for humoring the lazy galoot; that way sir? how fast hoehoe of your pity your aye! what do he deserve, for making me believe that he was massacred along with t'other boy? She clutched him still tighter, and I saw the animal borne across the causeway, oscillating, to and fro, as he was swayed by the vigorous arm of Mrs. Mulligan.'"

Mrs. Steward has made a beautiful use of a household superstition common we think to all countries, but introduced with dramatic effect as follows:

But our quotations are exceeding our limits—one national poem from the third volume, and we consign this very superior work to the undoubted approbation of the public.

THE GERALDINE'S DEATH SONG.

Speak low, speak low! the Banshee is crying—
Hark to the echo!—"She's dying—dying!"
What shadow fits dark'ning the face o' the water?
'Ta the swan of the lake, the Geraldine's daughter.

Hush! hush! have you heard what the Banshee said?
Oh list to the echo! "she's dead—she's dead!"
No shadow now dims the face of the water—
Gone is the wrath of the Geraldine's daughter.
The step of your train is heavy and slow;
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of wo:
What melody rolls over mountain and water?
'Tis the funeral chaunt for the Geraldine's daughter.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre-stone—
"Oh! why did she die?—our heart's blood had brought her—
Oh! why did she die?—the Geraldine's daughter!"

The thistle-beard floats, the wild roses wave
With the blast that sweeps the newly made grave:
Stars dimly twinkle, hoarse falls the water;
Night-birds are wailing the Geraldine's daughter!


There are two distinct claims of poetic aspirants in the present era, each pursu- ing widely different paths, which of course lead to totally distinct results. The first road is travelled by few, for good sense is by no means the commonest quality in the world. These few are the persons, who possessing more genius than self-conceit, submit their productions to the judgment of those who are used to the task of providing literature for the public in the several periodicals; thus the productions of the tyro (and we are at all times glad to encourage the young and modest essayist) are subjected to some degree of professional criticism before they appear in print. In the course of time, the writers become known to the public, and, in many instances, their names are embalmed by the favor of their country, before they venture on an independent publication. Such probation has in turn been submitted to by Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the master minds of the present century, who have severally reaped the benefit of having served a regular literary apprenticeship. The other path is traversed in crowds by hundreds, nay, even by thousands of rash youths who print volumes of their first crude productions with which they are exceedingly enamoured, but which find favor with no individuals excepting their own dear selves—volumes never heard of, excepting in the short angry growls of disgusted critics, or the still more insulting notices emanating from the pity of kinder-hearted or siller reviewers. This is the true picture of the present state of modern poetical publications.

Most happy are we, when a volume reaches our hands belonging to the first right-minded class, for it is pleasant to give a meritorious author, and one, withal, whose talents we ourselves have nurtured and brought forward, his deserved meed of well won praise. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Westwood has patiently pursued the honourable course of winning other approbation than his own, and the consequence is, he has now produced a volume whose true elegance and polished metre will be sure to gain from the critical press that respect and attention which real merit, sooner or later, is sure to obtain. Much vivid poetic feeling is joined with sentiments of moral worth, and clothed in harmonious metre and perspicuous language. Several pieces have appeared in our pages.

The following beautiful and tender production, will strike answering chords in every refined female heart.

Come to me, sweetest sister! let me gaze
Once more on that dear face, ere sight desert
These dim, fast failing eyes, and feel again,
For the last time, the pressure of thine hand,
That with its gentle firmness hath sustain'd
My drooping head so oft!

. . . . .
Thy cheek is pale
My constant friend, far paler than of old,
And lonely watching thro' the long night hours,
By a sick brother's bed, with nought to cheer,
Save thine own true affection, and a hope
Too faint to live, has left its pallid trace
Upon the once pure whiteness of thy brow.
Where is the light, my sister, that was wont
To shine from those soft eyes in days gone by?
And the quick joyous tones that made the
voice
So like a bird’s in sweetness!—Both are
gone!
Both offered up with many a precious gift,
Ne’er to be won again—unbroken health,
Youth’s freshness, and its store of buoyant
hopes,
On the pure altar of a sister’s love!
My blessed one! I may not hope to pay
The mighty debt—oh! thou hast been to me
Friend, parent, all! with an untinging love
Guiding, consoling, soothing, and when
pain
Hath wrung from my rude lips reproachful
words,
Seeking with all thy gentle eloquence,
And beck imploring looks, to win me back
To the true path again.—This hast thou
done,
This been, my own true sister, but the time
Of parting is at hand, and I must bid
A last fond farewell to the only tie
That binds me still to earth.—Nay do not
weep,
Dear one,—to me the thought hath nought
but joy;
I am as one, who, having long endured
Captivity and chains, till his worn heart
Has sicken’d with vain longings, looks on
Death,
Not fearfully, but with a welcoming smile—
Weep not for me! soon, soon the weary one
Will be at rest, his throbbing pulses stilled,
His spirit free.—E’en now methinks I hear
Sounds that are not of earth, the solemn
tones
Of our home’s parted band, that seem to
call
Their child away.—Oh! do not mourn
beloved,
Too long and bitterly when I am gone,
And doubt not that we shall meet in that
bright world,
Beyond the grave.—Again those angel
sounds,
Float on the air, like melodies of home,
Faint, yet how sweet—The world is growing
dim—
I see but thee, my sister—But feel
Thy tears upon my face—Hark! ’twas her
voice,
Our mother’s—heard you not its murmur’d
tones?
It summons me!—sister, one parting kiss—
Farewell! farewell!

But it is not only in pathos, Mr.
Westwood excels, the following will shew
that the author’s genius can be playful,
and playful in good taste.

“Why Love himself
Doth kneel in worship at her beauty’s shrine,—
How should’st thou ‘scape uncaptured?”

THE PEAR OF FLORENCE.

Last night, I had a pleasant dream—
Methought on a green bank I lay,
Watching the bright sunbeams play
On the bosom of a stream;
All the air was full’d with sound,
All rich odours floated round;
Beauty peer’d with smiling face,
From each nook in that sweet place—
Had’st thou been there,
With thy form of fawn-like grace,
Would have been a scene as fair,
As Boccaccio’s gardens were.

Rapidly the sunny hours
Hurried onward in their flight;
Fainter grew the golden light
In those leaf-enwoven bowers—
When adown the rippling river,
Arm’d with arrow, bow, and quiver
Floating in a wreathed shell
Came a sprite I knew too well—
Had’st thou been by,
To have seen what their befall,
Mirth and wonder in thine eye
Would have fought for mastery.

When the urchin reach’d the bank
Where conceal’d in shade I lay,
Down, the fairy bark straightway
Through the pearly waters sank,
While, with weapons round him slung,
Forth the tiny archer sprung,
And away was hurrying,
When I pluck’d him by the wing;
Had’st thou been there,
To have seen the startled thing,
His dismay for ever after,
Would have been a theme for laughter.

As he twisted to and fro,
Pale with fright, and weeping sore,
He protested, o’er and o’er,
That if I would let him go,
With a secret he’d reward me,
Some strong spell that aye would guard me,
So that from that happy hour,
I should never dread love’s power.—

Had’st thou been there,
Twould have made the urchin cower,
Ere he trusted to my care
What might free me from thy snare.

But at last when weary grown,
I agreed to set him free,
If he would confess to me,
The name of her, that fairest one,
In whose breast confidingly,
The little sprite most lov’d to lie;
O’erjoyed at this, without delay,
Whis’pring the name, he tripp’d away.
Had’st thou been by,
To have heard the cunning lay,
I can guess thy soft blue eye
Would have flash’d triumphantly.
Twas a name thou’lt ne’er forget,—
Ev’n thine own, fair Margaret!

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We are sincerely grieved when we cannot offer a word of encouragement to a young writer whose feelings are good, whose strain of morality is irrefutable, and who possesses occasionally some melody of versification. His little volume is not, however, sufficiently imbued with the spirit and life of genius to justify a quotation from its pages; the author's talents are at present in a crude and raw state, and, in fact, publication till judgment is somewhat matured, is (next to flattery), the greatest injury young men can bring upon themselves, by enemies and rivals being enabled to produce against them a concoction of follies to which they have had the imprudence to append their names. Ought not parents and friends to consider the truth of this statement, and prevent names being committed too early in print? Modesty is the companion of real merit, and young aspirants should feel themselves highly complimented by having any production published; instead of which, too many, alas! think that they are conferring favors. These very youths would be the very last to employ a tailor or a shoemaker, if he had not served a proper apprenticeship; and those who suppose either authorship or acting does not require a still longer probation than making a shoe or a jacket, make woeful mistakes to their own excessive injury.

La Bruja the Witch, or, a Picture of the Court of Rome.

Hatchard.

We gather from the preface of La Bruja, that the translator considers it one of the best specimens of modern Spanish Literature; if this be the case, either justice has not been rendered to it in its English dress, or small, indeed, are the merits of modern Spanish literature; for instance, there appears to us an entire lack of perspicuity and common sense in the following passage.

"The only but which my account contains, and I confess it without being put to the torture, is, the being somewhat heavy. However, my dear friends, would it be just that I should leave in the inkstand the third or the fourth part of that, which my Witch made me see with those eyes that will one day be consumed by the earth? This unboweling of accounts I hate to the death. I shall not strip the bowels of mine for the world: it must be swallowed entire by those who desire it; and he who does not, let him be assured that he loses a great treat. There are in it strange occurrences, and no sounds nor even dreams by Patillas."

The work itself is the composition of one educated in the Catholic church who employs the medium of a fictitious sorceress to expose the various abuses which have, during many centuries, from time to time polluted the Catholic church. These serious charges, if a writer think they are at all likely to promote among his countrymen the cause of Christianity, whose principles are peace and goodwill, we should earnestly recommend to be made subjects of well tested historical discussion, and by no means, as said in a recent criticism, have them interblended with fictitious composition. Strange, indeed, does it appear to us, that evangelical publishers, who refuse to read or publish any imaginative works, even if replete with purity as well as exhibiting superior genius, could be induced to disgrace their press with a foul fiction which contains abominations, raked from the dust of centuries, when, in some parts of the world, at least, men were as uncivilized as the present inhabitants of the Sandwich islands, and religion was mixed up with everything foul and idolatrous. There are expressions in this volume unfit for any female to read; far better, indeed, would a lady be employed in perusing the veriest trash that ever issued from the humblest press, than in reading some pages of this polemic work. Not even the noble Christian principle of modern times—the expediency of nourishing in the human breast hatred against Catholicism can be a proper excuse for running the risk of placing before the eyes of women horrors unspeakable. We do not wish to exhort the author, his end is plainly enough marked out in the following sentence.

"Fortunately, the grand week of the people according to the happy expression of Layfayette, has placed in evidence before the most blind, how short a space of time is necessary to overthrow institutions and governments which do not keep pace with the progress of civilization."
Above all things, let the religious female avoid perusing polemic novels and romances; and if extremely scrupulous she will not read fiction even when used for the purposes of kindness and piety, at least let her not tolerate it when employed in bringing railing accusation against every thing which a Christian people should regard with sentiments of piety and reverence.

We have also another objection to this work. In the preface it is said that the Scripture quotations are from the Spanish, and that the English reader need not to be surprised that they differ somewhat, though not substantially, from his own. Unless there be substantially a difference, we confess that we have a great objection to any other than one general and approved translation of the Scriptures, as tending rather to unsettle the public mind, than confer a benefit upon the community.

Having thus offered our opinion of this work for lady-readers, we have no objection for the male sex to peruse it, since it contains much of truth in its exposés of the pretensions of Rome in its (supposed) miracles, and particularly with respect to those gullible relics on which she prides herself as much, as, on the other hand she grossly imposes upon a benighted and ignorant people.

We give the following glance at St. Peter’s as a specimen of the satirical spirit of the brochure:—

But what are we doing here? Let us see this wonder. Without the need of stairs, I found myself in front of the portico. I raised my eyes to the front of the temple, and in it I did not find the nobleness and the simplicity which is seen in that of the Escurial. I stepped back to observe the Cupola, and found it so distant from the peristyle that it seemed to belong to some other church. This defect, said, I, Herrera avoided in his church of St. Lorenzo, formed after a plan of a Greek cross; in this of Rome they would have avoided it also if they had only followed the plan of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. At the entrance by the gates I saw at one glance that the fluted columns were after the very worst taste; for the construction of which, Urban VIII. took the bronzes from the Pantheon; I was alarmed at the winged giants by the fonts of holy water, and by the multitude of colossal statues which represented persons, who in their lives, were not so great; though they had been able to make play with the grandeur of the edifice, but not with those who enter it to offer their devotions. It is not the colossal dimensions, that make a temple magnificent; but the style, the consonance in the orders of the architecture, and the majesty which pertains to the house of God.

The little vignette of St. Peter’s, the Ponte and Castello St. Angelo, drawn by J. Salmon and engraved by G. Winkles, deserve praise.

One word of warning we would venture to utter to readers,—the well-intentioned readers of the unchristian polemics which are now swarming from the press. Let them remember that there is a numerous and an active party opposers of Christianity under every denomination, employed with fiendish glee in actively gathering together the poisoned arrows which some of the misled believers in our Saviour, are busily shooting against those who are opposed to each other in sectarian strife, and are making use of them against the vital points of Christian belief common to all who call on “the Redeemer.”

**Library of Art and Science**

**WILLIAMS.**

**WINDSOR CASTLE.**—1. North East view of the Prince of Wales and Brunswick Towers. 2. North West view of the Winchester Tower.

We have just been favored with two portions of a very noble and splendid undertaking now in progress by Mr. Williams, of that prince and pattern of beautiful and interesting fabrics Windsor Castle. The execution is such as cannot fail to give great satisfaction. The engravings are upon zinc, which is admirably adapted for giving softness of light and shade to buildings. This department is under Mr. G. Moon. No. 1 is really a specimen of good work and good taste—and when we add, what indeed stamps altogether the real value upon these admirable designs, that the drawings are furnished by Mr. Richard Gandy, who, as stated, was thirty-three years with the late and lamented Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, we feel confident that wherever known as well at home as abroad—there will be a commanding sale for so excellent and well-timed a work.
"Olga, my dove, if thus you continue to weep, soon will you melt like snow before an April sun; and thy beloved, on his return from the army, will scarcely be able to recognise thee."

"God alone knows when he will return," said the young girl, wiping her soft blue eyes with her stuff apron: "when our soldiers go, they bid adieu to the village for a great length of time. Besides, he looks so nobly on horseback, in his scarlet uniform and gold tags, that they will never give him leave of absence. Alas! for the soldier when he falls, there's only one man the less—another mother makes an offering of her son, and there ends the matter."

"The vicar declares that the war will not last long," continued the good woman, at the same time supplying her wheel a-fresh with flax, "and our brave troops will soon do the business of these miscreant Turks."

"May God hear you," replied the weeping Olga, heaving a deep sigh; and as hope in pure souls is ordinarily associated with religious sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly before an image of the Holy Virgin—suspended in one of the corners of the hut.

On a sudden, sounds in chorus, and accompanied by the balaleika (a kind of three-stringed guitar), were heard in the distance: by degrees these sounds became more distinct, and Olga cautiously opened the door of the izba (or peasant's cabin), to gaze at a marriage procession wending its way through the village. The wedded pair, just then returning from church, were on their road to the house of the bridegroom, accompanied by a numerous party of young lads and maidens clad in their holiday clothes, whose exuberant joy burst forth in loud acclamations. Next followed men and matrons walking with more sober pace, whilst the elders and the starost, or patriarch of the village, brought up the rear. Here was exhibited life in its three grand phases—youth with its hopeful dreams; mature age, which thinks ere it acts; and senility placed midway between the recollection of past enjoyments and the mysteries of another world.

"They are happy," said the sorrowing Olga, as she closed the door; "and I—but Heaven has no blessings for a poor slave!"

"Child," replied her mother, with a tone of authority, "offend not a beneficent God by these complaints—that God who best knows what he purposes for us."

As she finished these words, the oupravitel, or overseer, entered the hut. The good woman, no less frightened than surprised, arose from her seat and made an humble obeisance. Olga, however, contrived to keep herself concealed behind her mother. This man had only recently been appointed to his office, and the serf knew not at what price and by what sacrifices those who were under him might escape his persecutions. "Andrew Petrovitch," stammered forth the mother, "I am a little in arrear with you, but I hope to be in a condition to pay you, in the course of a week, the tax which is owing."

The superintendent, without answering, cast around him a scrutinising look: of inquiry, as if he would take an inventory of every separate article within the humble dwelling. Perceiving Olga he beckoned her to come forwards. The young girl obeyed; averting her head, and, without daring to look upon the oupravitel, she silently stood before him, as if struck dumb, while her fingers were busied in pulling to pieces a field flower.

"What do you do with this pretty child?" asked the rapacious agent, at the same time passing his hand through the flowing tresses of the young girl.

"She helps me to spin," replied her mother; "only yesterday—but pardon me weary you by being too precise—"

"Proceed, Marguerite," continued Andrew Petrovitch.

MAGAZINE.]
"Yesterday, then," replied the good woman, "she was at her work at early dawn and when midnight struck she scarce thought of rest. See, then, how good a girl she is. But she is timid—'Olga, look up at the gentleman.'"

But Olga, quite confused, had made her escape before the maternal admonition was finished.

From this time the visits of the onpravitel became more frequent. One while he would offer Olga ribbons, which he had procured expressly for her from Moscow; at another, threaten her mother that he would sell her goods and furniture to pay the tax, and arrears which nevertheless she did not owe. Olga contented herself with only peeping at these ribbons out of the corner of her eye, declaring that she would never accept any ornament of dress save from her betrothed. Marguerite saw then nothing in prospect but utter ruin, or her daughter's dishonor. Circumstanced as she was, few serfs would have hesitated for a moment what course to pursue; and even in those countries where man is not the property of man, virtue rarely triumphs over interest. But this poor woman paused not a moment how she should act. Olga was her hope, her treasure, the stay of her existence; she prayed to God to rescue her daughter from the snares of the superintendent, or that, at least, he would endue her with resolution to put an end to her existence.

She now went in search of the village priest, acquainted him with the difficulty by which she was beset, entreating his blessing and advice. He was one of those lukewarm ministers who do good less indeed by conciliating the favor of Heaven than ultimately accomplishing those ends which they have privately in view. He had himself occasion to be displeased with the overseer, and he now resolved not to let slip the opportunity of satisfying his personal hatred, at the same time that he professed to take himself the merit of offering his advice for the accomplishment of a good work. He, therefore, lent Marguerite the money which Andrew Petrowitch pretended was his due, well satisfied that the gratitude of the old woman would everywhere proclaim this signal act of generosity. The overseer, no longer daring openly to persecute a family whom the vicar took under his protection, dismissed his rage and deferred the execution of his projects until a more favorable opportunity. One did not fail shortly to offer itself.

One day he entered with high glee into Marguerite's dwelling; this hilarity betokened coming misfortune, and the good dame had not the courage to address him.

"Be of good cheer," said he to the poor woman, "thy daughter is going to set out for Moscow, my lord has written to me to bring him a young, clever, and industrious girl, and as such, I will take thy Olga with me."

Marguerite shedding a flood of tears, cast herself most piteously at the feet of Andrew Petrowitch, entreating him not to deprive her of the only hope of her old age; but the overseer was not a man to be touched with compassion at so trifling a matter; he coldly repeated that he had received his orders, and that, on this occasion, the priest's protection would nothing avail her. Now did Olga herself, muster up courage to second her mother's entreaties, and the poor little maiden looked so bewitching in her grief, that Andrew Petrowitch's passion increased tenfold. After thus torturing the poor woman, he moderated his rage a little; but infamous were the conditions he offered for their choice. Olga flung herself in bitter anguish into her mother's arms.

Suddenly the young serf dried up her tears, and in a resolute tone, exclaimed:

"I will go."

"Well said!" rejoined the overseer, not a little surprised at her new determination; "I will myself conduct thee to Moscow, and, as the journey is a long one, I shall have ample time to teach thee obedience."

Fixing their departure for the next morning, he quitted them to hasten the necessary preparations.

Olga's resolution was taken, drawing from her bosom a silver ring, the gift of her betrothed, she kissed it long and passionately, and internally swore to die rather than break her plighted troth. Marguerite watched her with looks of mingled fear and tenderness; she respected the will of her lord, of which the overseer, she knew, was the only instrument; and, human succour failing her, she knelt down to implore
justice at the fountain of perfection; yet, whilst thus addressing her prayers to Heaven, she expected no immediate succour, neither had she power to take any decisive step; for almost all the virtues of the slave converge to one centre—resignation. Night speedily enveloped that humble abode in darkness and silence and the landscape around lay in calm repose, save when at intervals the distant barking of dogs broke the solemn hush of nature and announced that a habitation was here and there scattered over those cultured plains.

When Olga believed that her poor mother was asleep, she arose softly, and knelt down beside her couch. After remaining long in prayer, she felt anxious yet once again to gaze upon her parent. The good woman, who had secretly watched all her daughter’s movements, rose up in bed, stretched forward her trembling hands and gave her a mother’s blessing.

“Olga,” said she, in broken accents, “you are resolved then to leave me, to depart, alone, for Moscow,—may the holy angels guard thee thither!”

Thereupon, quitting her couch, she tied up a small bundle of necessaries, placed a loaf of rye bread beside it, clasped her daughter in her arms, led her to the threshold of the hut, put a few coins into her hand, and, bursting into tears, threw open the door.

“Adieu, my darling,” again repeated the devoted mother; “take not the public highways, but follow the skirts of the forests.”

Olga once more embraced her mother, made the sign of the cross, and bravely set forth on her journey.

The next morning the overseer knocked as usual at the door; at the same time, a kibitka, to which three Ukraine horses were harnessed, stood waiting, without.

“Marguerite,” said the opravitel, “is not your daughter ready yet?”

Marguerite made him no reply, and her tears flowed afresh. The rage of Andrew Petrovitch may be readily conceived, when, after an hour of restless and angry expectation, he learned from the poor woman that her daughter had disappeared: he himself caused a strict but ineffectual search to be made, not only in the village, but through the environs.

Olga, meanwhile, pursued her lonely journey towards Moscow, avoiding the towns, and creeping along under the shelter of copse and dingle whenever she imagined herself to be observed. Sometimes the cross-roads confused her; and then in order not to lose her way, she took the direction indicated by the wheel tracks, concluding that the most frequented road must be that which led to the capital. Thus she continued to walk onwards all night and even until the evening of the following day. Exhausted by fatigue, her feet lacerated by flints and thorns, she was on more than one occasion tempted to seek the rights of hospitality in some way-side hut; but the dread of being taken back to the village and whipped as a run-a-way, restrained her from so doing. Then she thought of Ivan, and resolutely held on her way. The night, had, however, become so dark that further progress was impossible. Olga, therefore, dragged her weary limbs towards a grange which she perceived a little distance off, and, half-dead with fatigue, threw herself down upon a heap of straw.

The first rays of the rising sun wakened the young Maiden—when a sigh warned her that she was not alone. Trembling, she cast her eyes around her, and perceived an old man covered with rags, who, on the preceding night, had sought the same shelter. He was crouched, in a corner, and appeared to be repairing his worn-out shoes with the bark of a tree; his long white beard inspired respect, and, a deep scar divided the furrows on his brow. The compassionate Olga approached the old man, “My father,” said she, as she tendered him the little money she possessed, “partake with a poor fugitive from her humble resources.” She likewise offered him the bread she had left. The old man gazed at her with surprise.

“God alone must have sent you, child,” said he, “old and infirm, I am a beggar upon the soil which I have defended—I have knocked at the doors of the rich—and the rich have sternly driven me away, but I have almost always found compassion from the poor. Misfortune which we are apt to attribute to the Almighty, doubtless sanctifies his dispensations.”

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He then divided the bread and offered part to the young girl. Single-minded beings reciprocate, with confidence, as flowers freely exhale perfume. Olga related her misfortunes to the mendicant soldier who accompanied her as far as the gates of Moscow; there they separated.

The beauty of the buildings, the multitude and richness of the temples, with their cupolas of gold, silver and azure glittered in far perspective; this splendour of the ancient capital wrought by the hard industry of an entire nation, all these objects so new to the eyes of Olga, bewildered her with fear and astonishment. At length, she found out the palace of the Count de R••••, but paused a long time at the door, ere she ventured to enter.

Andrew Petrowitch, however, having renewed, though vainly, his industrious search after the girl, had made choice of another in the village, and a few days afterwards set out for Moscow. Immediately upon his arrival at his lord's abode, he took good care to speak harshly of poor Olga, who, he said, had run away lest she should be obliged to work. He was just taking the Count's orders, when a message was brought to the latter that a young girl entreated permission of instantly speaking with him. Andrew Petrowitch had he have had his own will would have prevented this interview—for he doubted not in the least that the girl was Olga; and the peasant girl of fifteen who had walked two hundred miles to ask justice, could not fail to accuse him in her own defence.

"'It is not fit," said he to the Count de R••••, "that your excellency should be importuned by such people, that is the business of your overseer."

The count, accustomed to rely upon his officers, in respect to the minor details of his property, had already ascertained, when, on a sudden, the door was opened and a young girl threw herself at his feet. Andrew Petrowitch grew pale: nevertheless, he lost not his self-possession.

"Have you, indeed, the hardihood," he exclaimed, "to hope for forgiveness, after having thus turned vagabond. It is needful that the infliction of severe punishment should terrify other wretches who might be inclined to follow your example.

Olga, still prostrate, exclaimed, "I call Heaven to witness my innocence; I ask not for mercy, but justice."

The Count, greatly astonished, glanced alternately at the overseer and the suppliant peasant. There was so much natural dignity imprinted upon the countenance of the young girl—there was a something so persuasive in the tones of her voice, that he felt beyond measure desirous to hear her. Pointing to the overseer to withdraw, he raised the poor serf, and was moved to compassion by her naïve and ingenuous recital.

"Olga," he, at length, said, "I am inclined to believe thee; nevertheless, I cannot do justice to thy complaints, unless by punishing my superintendent, nor take such a step upon your simple statement."

"My lord," replied Olga, "the vicar knows that I am innocent; if I had had a fault wherewith I could have reproached myself, would I have come hither to seek punishment? The order to quit my mother, who is infirm, and who looks to me only for consolation and support, would indeed have grieved me much; but I would have patiently obeyed, well aware that my will even belongs to you, and if I am alone in Moscow, it is to free myself from those persecutions which you cannot possibly sanction."

The Count conducted Olga to his wife, who, after hearing the circumstances detailed, highly approved of her husband's conduct. During two days her thoughts were wholly engrossed with the interesting slave,—then they forgot her altogether. and one month afterwards she was sold to a German lady, whose husband had died in the Russian service.

Olga's new mistress had been handsome, and, like all those women who have vacuity of heart and head, she could not make up her mind to grow old. Willingly would she have purchased, with her titles and her fortune, the youthful grace and beauty of Olga: in her vexation, she compelled her to cut short her lovely tresses.

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and, in lieu of the saraphane (or tight-fitting bodice), which becomingly exhibited her charming shape, she made her put on a loose blouse. The poor girl still more regretted her mother's home; and the luxury by which she was surrounded still more deeply made her feel that it glittered but to impress upon her that she was the property of another; yet, the more harshly she was treated, the more she endeavoured to be blameless. Sometimes, the gentle softness of her manner exhausted the spleen of her mistress, and she would explain in her transitory exhibitions of feeling:—

"Ohla, if you were less awkward, I could really help you." Then would indeed the young girl, with a forced smile, thank her mistress for all her kindness, and declare that she should be happy could she act without displeasing. Nevertheless, when this lady was again in her ill-humour she overwhelmed the poor Olga with abuse, commanding her to look downwards whenever she passed by a mirror, and unceasingly telling her that one of her low condition had no sex at all, neither a single thought apart from her service. In order to divert the ennui which weighed down her mistress' spirits, Madame Bernal was constantly receiving and paying visits; these were times of rest and respite for the poor handmaiden who then retired to her chamber, laid aside the detested livery of servitude, dressed herself in her humble peasant's dress and gave herself up to the recollections of her former simple existence. Then would her mother, her young companions, the sports of her childhood, and, especially, Ivan, vividly present themselves to her imagination; but, on a sudden, the ringing of the bell would recall her from those delightful reveries, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the pretty peasant was nothing more than a servant in a grand mansion in Moscow. Sometimes she would say to herself:—"My mother knows not even that I am alive; Ivan has perhaps been slain; but if Heaven has preserved his life, he is no less dead to Olga." Then she would weep bitterly, and her evident dejection drew down upon her severe reprimand.

One day Olga resolved to starve herself; she placed the ring which Ivan had given her near her heart, and knelt down to pray Heaven to grant her firmness to execute this last self-sacrifice. In proportion as she prayed, her thoughts became more serene; she felt ashamed at having doubted the infinite mercies of the Most High, and, in the end, her overburdened heart was relieved by an abundant flood of tears. When she arose, she cast her eyes upon a newspaper; taking it up she examined it for a long time. "Oh, if I knew how to read," she cried, "I should know all that passes in the army;" and, as if yielding to a sudden inspiration—"I will know how to read!—I will accomplish it!" This hope revived her, and the difficulty of accomplishing her object only further increased her determination to be successful. Again she thought long and intensely.—Suddenly she hears in the street the national air of *Ia tzyganka Molodaia* (I am a young Bohemian). Noislessly and slowly she opens the window, and sees a wandering minstrel surrounded by several young girls. Music awakens great interest in Russia; almost all their airs are of a melancholy character. The chant of the slave resembles bemoaning; and the national poetry of the north has a something of dull and heavy, partaking of the character of its institutions.

Olga rapidly descends the stairs, makes choice of several different songs, marks them from fear of intermixing them, and returns to her room crying out "God be praised! I shall know how to read!" She conceals her newly acquired treasure with the utmost care; these love-songs which will, in a short time, teach her how to learn Ivan's fate.

When night-time arrives, the maiden lights her lamp, and, with bended knee, upon her couch, takes one slip and endeavours to discern in the characters the value of those sounds which she already knows by heart. At the first she is completely puzzled by the characters; and the multitude of new images awakened by her thoughts overwhelm her with confusion: but she desires to succeed—she feels that she will succeed—and in the certainty of success falls asleep.

The following night Olga again pursues her task with the same zeal and earnestness. She felt certain of knowing accurately some of the words; and, looking

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carefully through the different verses for the words which are repeated, she recognises them with such readiness that her joy is inexpressible. The rhyme, also, aids her further on her way, and she has perception enough to understand that the same sounds must be represented by similar signs; and, by analogy, she successfully pursues her task.

After twenty nights thus unceasingly and earnestly devoted to her task, the peasant girl succeeds in mastering the contents of one page. Olga knows how to read! From this moment she possesses a key to all human knowledge. Soon, however, Olga ceased to be satisfied with perusing only a newspaper, and, from that instant, her thoughts were acted upon by a complete revolution of sentiment. Her attention is first riveted inwardly upon herself, then by every surrounding object. She asks herself why Providence has enslaved her to be the victim of a vain, overbearing, and unjust woman; she feels that her soul belongs only to God, and sickens at the thought of her degrading servitude. In proportion as considerations of her own natural dignity gain the ascendant in her mind, she feels herself enchained in the sphere where chance has fixed her, and would sometimes, sorrowfully reflect whether previous ignorance were not preferable to this knowledge of her misfortune. Yet notwithstanding all these painful doubts, she has many secret sources of enjoyment, and diligently continues to study the letters which are now quite familiar to her eye, and, each day in doing so, the study becomes easier; but her knowledge of this acquirement she hides from every one, with just as much anxiety as another would the commission of a great crime; for, if known to her angry mistress she would be enraged beyond all bounds, since it would be imputed as a fault that she had dared to conceive, and, much more carry into effect, this first act of intellectual emancipation. She has read, or rather almost devoured, the very small number of books which were accessible to her, and now peruses the journals with intense interest. Thus, love, the cause of her sorrows, in sharpening her intelligence, has—in compassion, given her new means of mitigating her griefs.

One evening, agitated by an inexplicable presentiment in perusing the accounts from the theatre of war, she saw a long official bulletin of a recent victory on the part of the imperial troops. The corps of the imperial guard, being surprised, were routed by the fire from the enemy's cavalry; soon, however, rallying, they in turn totally routed the Turks. The Russian Colonel, it was further reported, stood indebted for his life, solely to the intrepid devotion of a young soldier, who had rushed into the midst of the greatest danger to rescue him, and the brave Ivan has been decorated with the cross of St. George upon the field of battle. Tears now obscured the eyes of the overjoyed Olga, and she sobbed, convulsively: "Tis he!" she ejaculated, and fell insensible upon the floor. At the noise caused by her fall, her mistress hastened to the chamber, and found Olga lying senseless; a small lamp was burning near her couch; upon the table lay several books open, and a newspaper all crumpled was firmly grasped in her youthful hand. Curiosity, rather than compassion, led the woman to render her assistance. Olga speedily regained consciousness, and the first word she pronounced, was "Ivan!" Her mistress questioned her with feigned gentleness, to possess herself of her secret and add to the weight of servitude, that of mental suffering. Olga was on the point of confiding everything to her persuasive mistress—so greatly did her heart feel the necessity of sympathy; but one glance at that countenance, on which pride and cruelty held equal sway, caused her courage to fail and checked her replies. Questioned and threatened by turns, she, nevertheless, firmly maintained silence; the betrothed of the brave Ivan could not yield to fear; that secret instinct, which is like second-sight to the slave, warned her to refrain from speaking. Thereupon her mistress herself made the minutest search, and soon acquired proof that her young handmaiden knew how to read and write.

"Thou hast, no doubt, very culpable designs," said she, wrathfully, "since thou dar'st not avow them? The law shall, however, decide, whether you are innocent or not."

She immediately summoned a public officer—to afford a ground for her accusation,
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hesitating not to declare that the slave carried on correspondence with evil-doers and that she had robbed her of several valuable articles. Poor Olga was dragged to the prison, having no hope before her save that ignominious chastisement which at once destroys alike the energies of mind and body, and too frequently urges vice into crime, and error into despair.

Amongst the books which Olga had read, was a collection of Ukases, regulating the rights of masters over their serfs, as well as certain enactments compulsory upon foreigners, naturalized in Russia, when, to use a Russian phrase, "they bought souls." Although such reading was not very attractive in its character, Olga had nevertheless perused the book with great attention, with the hope of discovering in what case a slave might become free; but, at the time, far from suspecting that one of those rare exceptions would be applicable to herself. The poor girl was thrust into a dungeon, with only a pitcher of water and a morsel of black bread, waiting the pronouncing of her sentence. On the morrow she was taken from her cell, and conducted along with several other accused slaves, before an officer invested with judicial functions. There is nothing more expeditious than these sort of examinations. The whip, the knout and the dungeon, were the ordinary punishments inflicted upon the runaway, the thief, and, not infrequently, the courageous insubordinate.

Olga had remained standing apart by herself: the officer, knowing that the complainant enjoyed a certain degree of credit, had promised her not to spare the serf.

"Thou hast robbed thy mistress, it appears?" said the shrewd interrogating magistrate, with surly voice.

"Heaven is my witness," replied Olga, "that I have never entertained a thought of stealing: besides," continued she, in a firm voice, "those alone can yield to so culpable a temptation, who have the exclusive right of possessing property.

These bold words struck the judge with astonishment.

"I would rather," he said, "believe thy mistress than thyself: here is the deed of sale which proves the ownership of her who accuses thee."

"Permit me to examine it," said Olga.

"And what will you do with it?"

"Satisfy myself that it is legally correct."

The officer, astounded, allowed her to take the paper from his hand; she perused it with attention, and, suddenly, a ray of joy gleamed in her eyes.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried, with an indescribable expression of dignity. "I am free!"

"Free?"

"Free!—this document has not been renewed at the expiration of a year."

"Who made thee so knowing? I believe, in fact, that she is right; but the charge of theft?—said the magistrate.

"I claim to be tried as a free subject, and my innocence will be recognised."

"She knows as much as a secretary of state" whispered the judge; and he quitted the bench to consult some colleague better informed in such matters than himself. He was soon convinced that the slave was in the right; whereupon he suddenly changed his measures. He determined upon acquainting the governor of Moscow with such an extraordinary circumstance, in the hope that a portion of the interest that Olga could not fail of inspiring might light upon the minister. He therefore took a marvellous interest in the young girl's case, and wrote a circumstantial report, describing Olga as a girl of miraculous knowledge, and unjustly accused by her mistress. Whilst awaiting the result of such a step, he took upon himself to soften the captivity of Olga, and advised her to write a letter of supplication herself to the governor, Olga was at a loss to comprehend how this man, at first so stern and threatening, could now present himself as her protector; for an instant she gave him credit for his assumed generosity of character, and wrote the following letter to Prince Galitzin:-

"I was born the serf of the Count de R ***; my kindred have all died in the

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service of our father the czar Alexander, my mother being the only relation left me in the world, and she is old, infirm. I was sold to the widow of the Advocate Barnel. Whilst in her service, the desire of learning what had become of my betrothed, who is serving in the Emperor's hussars, inspired me with the desire of knowing how to read. My mistress has accused me of theft, in order to punish me for having secretly put this project into execution. Fifteen months have elapsed since I was sold to her, and I have the proof that the deed of cession is informal. I belong, therefore, to the Emperor, and I supplicate your Highness to cause justice to be done to a poor girl who confidently places herself under your generous protection.

"Olga."

In such matters justice must be done to the Russian—viz., that when anything extraordinary happens to awaken attention, they neglect nothing to procure evidence for the man or thing they deem worthy of their estimation. Lomonossof, the father of Russian poetry, was the son of a fisherman, and without speaking of those suddenly raised by the imperial favor, which very commonly happens in a country wherein the will of the monarch is absolute, the names of a great number of eminent men might be cited who have been indebted for their good fortune solely to their merit and strength of character.

The governor was curious to behold the young girl who, in her letter, had expressed herself with a simplicity which contrasted favorably with the inflated style of his subordinates. He showed Olga's letter to several nobles, and amongst others to the Count de R...*, the former master of the youthful serf, and learned from him the details which we have already related, and which only seemed to increase the interest felt in her behalf. Finally, he resolved at the same time to give the unjustly accused Olga a striking reparation and the Muscovite nobility a salutary warning. With this view, he invited all the distinguished personages of the city to an evening entertainment. The crowd assembled was considerable; the Prince, surrounded by his family, had taken his seat, whilst grouped around him stood senators, general officers, and high functionaries ranged according to their several degrees of rank. The elegance and costly attire of the ladies contrasted with the varied costumes of the male guests, and the majority eagerly enquired what was the motive for all that ceremony. At a sign from the Prince, Olga was led into the saloon. A deep silence ensued: the governor walked forwards to meet the young slave, and all present spontaneously rose up. In the presence of that dazzling crowd Olga remained for an instant astounded: she covered her eyes with one hand, whilst the other was forcibly pressed to her bosom. At length, bowing lowly, she raised herself with mingled modesty and confidence. A buzz of admiration ran through the saloon.

"Olga," said the governor to her, "you have asked for justice: if I had listened only to sentiments with which you inspired me, from this very moment I should declare you innocent and free; but the justice that you invoke demands that I should question you, and, doubtless, such an ordeal has nothing terrible in it for your conscience. But first, I must hear her who accuses you."

Madame Barnel was soon brought face to face with her, who, a few days previously had been the sport of her every caprice. Intimidated by so unexpected a solemnity, the heartless woman stammered forth her charge, frequently contradicting herself in the answers which she gave, and at length ended by declaring that every thing respecting which she had to reproach Olga, was the having manifested a desire to set herself above her condition in life, by acquiring knowledge "which," added she gazing round upon the assembly, could not fail to prove dangerous to the nobility.

"The deed of cession is not regular," resumed the prince in a tone of severity, and since the accusation of theft is abandoned, this girl is free and certes well worthy of being so. But her honor has been attacked; she has a claim to reparation: I fix it at two thousand roubles—which you will forthwith pay over to her.

"My lord," said Olga, "you have just declared me free and innocent—I ask nothing further: my poor mother will bless you!"

"Your mother is free also!" exclaimed the Count de B...; the mother who has 590
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given you birth shall no longer remain a slave, were she the only one upon my do-
main."

"And I," said a colonel of hussars who had his arm slung in a scarf, "I have con-
tacted a debt of gratitude towards his brother: I ask the favor of being allowed to
unite them."

So saying he presented to the former a young ensign, who advanced with a resolute
bearing, and, respectfully carrying his hand to the front of his shako, remained fixed
in that military position. The virtuous Princess Galitzin, taking off her velvet
toque, gracefully presented it round to all bystanders, and collected in a few minutes
a sufficient sum to secure to the young couple an easy competency. The loving pair
now rushed into each other’s arms, and, for a moment were wholly unmindful of the
felicitations showered upon them.

When the first emotion of all present had a little subsided, the prince requested a
moment’s silence, and addressing himself to the Muscovite nobles who surrounded
him:—

"All you who are the possessors of slaves," said he, "forget not that, under the
casten and the coarsest serge there may be found noble and virtuous hearts capable of
performing the loftiest deeds! Ere we exercise severity, therefore, let us all remem-
ber that chastisement imprudently inflicted may chance to fall upon an Ivan or an
Olga!"

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—In his new
farce, the Irish Attorney, Mr. Bernard has
afforded ample scope for the reckless, good-
humoured vein so happily characteristic of
Mr. Power’s acting. A Yorkshire Lawyer
of the last century takes into partnership a
dare-devil étée of a Galway practitioner
who boasts, as his best recommendation to-
towards attaining a good practice, his having
fought two duels and won a horse; ace—
indispensable qualifications in his native
country, he affirms, wherewith to inspire in
his clients confidence as to his professional
abilities. The day after his arrival, in the
absence of his partner, he commits a series
of irregularities and enormities, making the
clers drunk, burning a voluminous brief
in an action of trespass, because the ground
of action militates against his ideas of per-
sonal freedom during a hunt, pockets a writ,
instead of arresting a defendant, and helps
him to escape: puts on a jockey-cap and
jacket: rides and wins a race; and after-
wards being desirous of seeing the sporting
squirearchy of the neighbourhood under the
table, imbibes a couple of brace of bottles;
and as a windup to the day challenges a man
to fight across a pocket-handkerchief. In
such cue, he encounters his exasperated
partner, who vehemently upbraids him for
his unheard of misconduct, and declares his
resolution of immediately dissolving partner-
ship. Shortly, however, to the utter aston-
ishment of both, every eccentric act of the
wild young Irishman, proving in its result
of singular benefit to the firm, a reconcilia-
tion is as eagerly sought for by the senior,
and, good-humouredly, acquiesced in by the
former. The whole weight of the piece rested
upon the shoulders of Power, and broadly
and bravely did he bear it; the farce proved
highly successful, and its repetition was
hailed with warm approbation.

THE ECOLEOBION.—Amongst the numer-
ous exhibitions of the metropolis which,
much talked of are, nevertheless, soon for-
gotten, there is still to be seen by the
curious enquirer into the operations of nature,
the first productions of life in the bird, even
from the egg upwards in the incubation or
hatching of eggs by the graduated applica-
tion of steam. A novelty which at first
excited the extreme wonderment of the sci-
ence-loving public.
April 29.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent and other members of the Royal Family, with most of the guests at the Royal table went to the Concert of Ancient Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

30.—The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, visited the Duchess of Kent at Ingestrie House, Belgrave-square, and partook of déjeuner with Her Royal Highness. The Queen and Prince Albert afterwards took an airing in the parks, in a pony chaise.

May 1.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the exhibition of the Royal Academy with a visit: and in the evening honoured the German Opera at the Princes’ Theatre with their presence.

2.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Ann Maria Dawson, visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and remained to lunch with her Majesty and Prince Albert. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

3 (Sunday).—Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

4.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert took an airing in the parks in a pony phaeton. Her Majesty did Mr. Hayter the honour to sit for the picture of the Royal Marriage.

5.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took a drive in a pony phaeton and afterwards honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

6.—The Queen held a levee at St. James’s Palace.

7.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, honored Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

8.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton.

9.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent visited the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

10 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

11.—The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton in the parks. The Queen gave a state ball, the first since the Royal Marriage, at Buckingham Palace.

12.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert were present at a juvenile fête, given by Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House. The Queen and Prince Albert afterwards honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

13.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four.

14.—The Queen held a Drawing Room, at St. James’s Palace.

15.—The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of some of the Foreign Ministers. The Queen, attended by Lady Portman and the Hon. Col. Grey visited the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford-house. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

16.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage in the parks and afterwards honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

17 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. Her Majesty and Prince Albert afterwards visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence-house, St. James’s.

18.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

19.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

20.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen: Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Court of Ancient Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms with their presence.

21.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

22.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.
23.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace, in an open carriage and four, for Claremont.
24.—(Sunday). The Queen Dowager attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.
25.—The Queen held a Drawing Room at St. James’s Palace, in celebration of Her Majesty’s Birthday.
26.—The Princess Sophia Matilda visited Her Majesty. The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.
27.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in the Parks in an open carriage.
28.—Viscount Melbourne and the Judge Advocate-General had audience of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in the Park in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the German Opera with their presence.
29.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, at which several of the Foreign Ministers had audience. The Queen and Prince Albert, took an airing in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty gave a concert at Buckingham Palace.
30.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audience of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage, Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.
31 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

**GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.**

H. M. the Queen Dowager, April 29.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, April 29, May 4, 6, 8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29.
H. S. H. the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, April 29.
Prince of Leiningen, May 20, 22*, 25, 27, 29.
Viscount Melbourne, May 7, 8, 13, 18, 20, 22, 27, 29.
Col. Bouvierie, April 29, May 4.
Countess of Charlemon, April 29.
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, April 29, May 2.
Baron Stockmar, May 8.
Lord Byron, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*.
Lady A. M. Dawson, April 29, May 4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29.
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, May 8.
Marchioness of Normanby, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*, 25.
Marquis of Normanby, May 6.
Hon. Miss Pitt, April 29, May 8*, 7*, 12*.
Earl of Errol, May 7, 15, 27, 29.
Earl of Uxbridge, April 29, May 4, 7, 14, 18, 20*, 22.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, April 29, May 14, 20*.
Colonel Wyld, May 2, 5*, 7*, 12*, 15*, 16*, 20*, 26*.
Lord Holland, May 7.
Baroness Lehzen, April 29.
Hon. C. A. Murray, April 29, May 5*, 8*, 20*, 21*.
Mr. Seymour, April 29, May 5*, 7*, 8, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 25*, 26*.
Baron de Lowenfels, April 29, May 2, 4, 5.
Baron de Gruben, April 29, May 2, 6, 7*.
Mr. G. E. Anson, May 8.
Colonel Couper, May 14.
H. S. H. the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, April 29.
H. R. H. Duchess of Cambridge, April 29.
H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, April 29.
Duke of Wellington, April 29.
Earl Howe, April 29.
Lord Burghersh, April 29.
Lady Frances Clinton, April 29.
Lady Augusta Somerset, April 29.
Baron Knesbech, April 29.
Sir F. Stovin, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*.
Earl of Liverpool, May 6.
Countess of Lichfield, May 6.
Lady Ann Anson, May 6.
Earl of Cardigan, May 6.
Earl Morley, May 6, 15, 18, 20*.
Lord Hill, May 6.
Lady Portman, May 12*, 14, 15*.
Viscount Torrington, May 12*, 14, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.
Hon Major Keppel, May 12*, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.
Earl of Surrey, May 15, 18, 20, 29.
Earl and Countess of Sandwich, May 14, 19*, 20*, 21*, 26*.
Viscount and Viscountess Powis, May 14.
Lord and Lady Barham, May 14.
Hon. Miss Cocks, May 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.
Hon. Miss Cavendish, May 16*, 20*.
Marquis of Hertford, May 18, 20.
Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, May 18, 20.
Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, May 18, 20.
Lord and Lady Norreys, May 18, 20.
Col. and Lady Isabella Wemyss, May 18, 20.
Sir W. Lumley, May 18, 20.
Earl of Morley, May 20, 25, 29.
Marquis of Headfort, May 26*.
Hon. Col. Grey, May 26*.
Rt. Hon. F. Baring, May 27.
R. Hon. H. Mrs. Labouchere, May 27.

(Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre.)

L. L—JUNE, 1840.

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No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields:—

Office for the Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England, part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where the death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten—when, such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Alexander, lady of W. S. ——, Esq., C. S., of a son; Calculia, Dec. 25.

Berkeley, Hon. Mrs. Craven Fitzhardinge, of a dau; in Mansfield Street, May 28.

Boyd, lady of D. ——, Esq., surgeon of a son; Bangalore, E.I., Dec. 22.

Campbell, lady of Lieut. J. H. ——, of a son; Dum-Dum, E.I., Jan. 7.

Carwell, lady of J. A. ——, Esq., of a dau; Calculia, Dec. 21.


Cheneppe, lady of Captain ——, Major of Brigade, of a daughter; Meerut, E.I., Dec. 1.

Cruise, lady of R. ——, Esq., of a son; De loney Factory, E.I., Dec. 27.

Edwards, lady of Thomas ——, Esq., of Herbertford Street, May Fair, of a son; at Waltham Abbey, May 23.

Flavell, lady of Rev. John ——, of a dau; at Riddlington, Norfolk, May 20.

Faulkner, Mrs. S. Macnamara, of a dau; at her father's residence, Paragon, Blackheath, May 6.

Fenton, lady of John, Esq., of a dau; Grove End Place, St. John's Wood, May 11.


Gilchrist, lady of Surgeon W. ——, of a son; Hoonsoor, E.I., Dec. 29.

Green, lady of Robert, Esq., of a dau, Eltham, May 2.

Hampton, lady of Captain J. H. ——, of a son; Mirtzapore, E.I., Nov. 25.

Hennah, lady of Thomas, Esq., of a dau; Brixton, Surrey, May 8.

Herbertson, lady of the Rev. Dr. ——, of a son; Calculia, Jan. 13.

Hobart, lady of Adjutant N. ——, Carnatic European Veteran Battalion, of a dau; Vizagapatam, E.I., Nov. 28.

Kinderley, lady of Edward Cockburn ——, Esq., of a dau, in Hartley Street, May 27.

Maclean, wife of William, Esq., of a dau; Denmark Hill, May 28.

Madden, lady of Lieutenant and Quarter Master J. M. ——, of a son; Secunderabad, E.I., Dec. 30.

Middleton, lady of Lieutenant J. F., 32nd N.I., of a son; Dacca, E.I., Jan. 1.

Miller, lady of Rev. John C. ——, of Chelsea, of a dau, still born; May 23.

Miles, lady of the Rev. Charles Paphom, of a dau; Whitehead's Grove, Chelsea, May 27.

M'Cullin, lady of Mr. R. ——, Esq., 50th N.I., of a son; the Peace of Chuma, E.I., Jan. 6.

Rice, lady of T. B. ——, Esq., of a daughter; Rahmanul, E.I., Jan. 3.

Richards, lady of Griffith, Esq., of a dau; Upper Bedford Place, May 27.

Roberts, lady of Colonel H. T. ——, C. B., of a son; at Milford Lodge, near Lymington, Hants, May 21.

Ross, lady of Alex. ——, Esq., C. S., of a son and heir; Meerut, E.I., Dec. 9.

Robertson, lady of D. ——, Esq., C. S., of a son; Calculia, Jan. 11.

Russell, lady of James ——, Esq., of a dau; in Russell Square, May 25.

Ryan, lady of L. F. ——, Esq., of a son; Calculia; Dec. 31.

Smith, lady of Christmas ——, Esq., of a son; Bideford, Devon, May 23.

Spens, lady of Major A. ——, 74th N.I., of a daughter; Russeerabad, Jan. 1.

Taylor, lady of C. B. ——, Esq., of a son; Calculia, Dec. 19.

Unwin, lady of William H. ——, Esq., of a son; at Alleon, Perthshire, May 20.

Vesey, the Lady Emma, of a dau; in Dover Street, May 26.

Woodward, lady of Rev. J. H. of a dau; Bristol, May 12.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

Andrews, Ellen, third daughter of Wm. ——, Esq. of Salisbury, to John Robert Bernard Esq. of Port-au-Prince, St. Domingo; St. Thomas's Church, Salisbury, April 27.

Austin, Lucie, only child of John ——, Esq., to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart; Kensington, May 16.

Baily, Mrs. widow of William ——, Esq. late of Jamaica and Horton-lodge, Bucks, to Richard Joseph Freer, Esq., late of Hertingfordbury, Herts; Middele-lodge, Portland place, Jersey, April 28.

Barlow, Jane Maria, only child of the late Lieut. Col. Fred. ——, 61st Regt., to Philip, de Sausmarez, Lieut. R.N., son of the late Thomas ——, Esq., Attorney-General of Guernsey; St. Martin's Church, Guernsey, April 30.

Barnet, Ellen, 2nd. dau. of Philip ——, Esq. of Bristol, to Hyman Elias, Esq. of Woburn-place, Russell Square; April 29.

Barnett, Elizabeth Longridge, elder dau. of the late Benj. ——, Esq. of Spring-garden-cottage, Stepney, to Robert Barrett, esq. son of George Lockwood, ——, Esq. of Longmendenhouse, Exeter; St. Mary's, Whitechapel, May 16.

Benet, Harriet Charlotte, only dau. of the late W. B. ——, Esq., Bengal civil service, to Lieut. James Ramsay, Calcutta; Feb. 3.

Bissell, Sarah, youngest dau. of Thomas ——, Esq. of Hutton, to Dudley F. Carter, Esq., of Stanhope Street, Regent's Park; Hutton, Somerset, May 11.

Brien, Susan, elder dau. of Robert ——, Esq. of Myddelton Square, to John Fosse Harding, Esq. yst. son of the late Robert ——, Esq. of Mount Sandford-house, Devon; St. James's Clerkernwell, May 27.


Christie, Agnes, third daughter of the late William ——, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Charles Arthur, Dodd, esq. son of ——, Esq. of North Terrace, Camberwell; Camberwell Old Church; April 30.

Cobby, Charlotte Cecilia, eldest dau. of Charles ——, Esq. of Brighton, to C. L. Gray, Esq. of Havercastle-hill, Brighton, April 23.

Cox, Emilie, widow of the late Maj. Gen. Sir George Matthias ——, Bart., to the Count, de Cour; first at the Catholic Chapel, York Place, and afterwards at St. John's, Paddington, May 5.

Crispin, Maria, Agnes, Jane, yst. and only surviving dau. of the late John ——, Esq. of Hackney, Middlesex, to Charles Moody, Esq. of Camden-town; St. Pancras Church, London, May 9.

Day, Carolina, yst. dau. of William ——, Esq. of Croydon-common, to James Holmes Lovell, Esq., of Brightthorpe, Berks; Croydon Church, May 12.


Fox, Fanny, only daughter of Thomas ——, Esq. of Beaminster, to John Dillon, Esq. 32d. regiment; Beaminster, April 30.

Gibson, Hannah Matilda, 3rd. dau. of John Holmes ——, Esq. of Grove-house, Ramsgate, to Augustus Percival Calland, Esq. 3rd. son of Charles ——, Esq. of Norton Street, Portland Place, and of Kittle-hill and Upper-forest, Glamorganshire; St. George's Church, Ramsgate, May 28.

Gray, Ellen, 2nd. dau. of C. L. ——, Esq. of Havercastle-hill, to C. T. Kilner, Esq.; St. Pancras New Church, April 18.


Guy, Charlotte, dau. of the late John ——, Esq. of Hampton-wick, Middlesex, to the Rev. Edmond Williamson, of Campton Rectory, Bedford; St. John's Church, Devizes, May 29.


Hammond, Seymour Louis, elder dau. of Charles ——, Esq. to George, esq. son of William George Harrison, Esq. of Upper Bedford-place, London; St. Saviour's, Walcot, Bath, April 28.

Hanbury, Eleanor Willet, elder dau. of Osgood ——, jun. Esq., of Lombard-street, banker, to the Rev. William Ayling, of Tillingham, near Tewetford; Norwell Church, May 12.

Hand, Matilda, widow of the late Capt. to Archibald Macaulay, Esq.; Baroda, E. I., Feb. 10.

Hare, Mary Anne, elder dau. of the late Charles ——, Esq. of Berkeley-square, to Alexander Mackenzie Downie, Esq. M. D.; St. George's, Beaudown-hill, Bristol, May 12.

Harrison, Sarah Ann Elizabeth, 2nd. dau. of John ——, Esq. R.N., late of Upmarden, to Captain John Davies, Bombay army, 4th. son of the late S. ——, Esq. of the Glens, Epsom; Bombay, March 17.


Iggulden, Eliza, yst. dau. of William ——, Esq. of Naples, to James Minet, Esq. 2nd. son of the late J. ——, Esq. of Baldways; Feb. 29.

Irby, the Hon. Rachael Emily, dau. of Lord Boston, to William Jones Prowse, Esq., Com. R. N.; Hedsor, May 7.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.


Lyndon, Fanny Eliza, eld. dau. of the late George — Esq., of Gray's Inn, to Edmund Fowle Wood, Esq. 2nd. son of the late James — Esq., of Sandwich, Kent; Holy Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells, May 27.

Maycock, Sarah, only dau. of the late James Dottin — Esq., to George Sharp, Esq. B.A.; Bathwick Church, Bath, May, 7.

McLeod, Harriet Mackay, eld. dau. of Capt. — Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to Thomas Hill, Esq., of North Brixton; St. Luke's, Chelsea, May 14.

Millington, Mary Jane, ystg. dau. of Robert — Esq., of Ordsall-house, Nottinghamshire, to James Knowles, Esq., of Garside-house, near Bolton; Ordsall, May 12.

Moore, Caroline, dau. of the Rev. Dr. — to the Rev. J. Howard Marsden, B.D., fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Great Oakley; Spalding, May 7.


Nicolls, Augusta Jane, dau. of General Sir Jasper — to Edward Peters, Commander in chief in India; Calcutta, E. I., Feb. 11.


Paterson, Mary Christian Casamajor, only dau. of Lieut. Col. John Floyd — late 13th Lt. Drags., to Dr. Cowpier, 29th Regt.; St. James's Church, May 19.

Penn, Caroline, eld. dau. of the late Henry — Esq., of Manor-terrace, Chelsea, to Charles Freeman, Esq., of Park-bridge, Fulham; St. Luke's, Chelsea, May 7.

Perkins, Sarah Marriott, only sur. dau. of the late Benjamin Marriott, Esq., of Jamaica, to James Carson, Esq.; St. Andrews, Jamaica, March 10.

Powell, Sarah Sophia, dau. of the late David — Esq., of Loughton, Essex, to George F. Goddard, Esq., son of the venerable Archbishop — of Ibsitock, Leicestershire; Loughton, May 19.

Pyne, Blanche, sec. dau. of John Bruce — Esq., of Duffryn, to the Rev. James Colquhoun Campbell, vicar of Rothie; St. Nicholas Church, Glamorganshire; May 13.

Rawson, Mary, eld. dau. of the late Sir William — to John Goddard Richards, Esq., of Ardmine, Wexford; Dublin, May 5.

Reeks, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of William — Esq., of Portsmouth, to John Hutton Annesley, Esq., of Moreland-cottage, near Purbrook, Hants; Portsmouth, May 2.

Rust, Phebe, ystg. dau. of the late Ebenezer — Esq., of Greenwich, to Thomas, ystg. son of John Fulham Turner, Esq., of Waltonstow; Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington, May 19.

Rynd, Maria, dau. of the late Goodlatte — Esq., of Ryndville-castle, Ireland, to Pedro Josada Guerra, Esq., Consul General at Paris; St. George's, Camberwell, May 16.

Sanderson, Miss J., to Richard Willis, Esq.; Bombay, Feb. 11.


Sothern, Harriet Susan, eld. dau. of James — Esq., of Eastwood-house, Rotherham, to David Bromilow, Esq., of Merton-bank, St. Helen's, Lancashire; Rotherham Church, Yorkshre, Yorkshre, May 11.

Spode, Anne Maria, eld. dau. of Josiah — Esq., of Van Diemen's Land, to the Hon. David Erskine; Hobart Town, Nov. 12.

Stuck, Elizabeth, Fitzmaurice, only dau. of William — Esq., of L restores, county of Surrey, to James Frederick Lackerest Esq.; Calcutta; St. Pancras Church, Marylebone, May 21.

Stainton, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Henry — Esq., of Lewisham, to Samuel William Brown, Esq., of the same place; Lewisham Church, May 7.


Thompson, Jane, dau. of the late E. — Esq., to Donald Macdonald, Esq.; Calcutta, Feb. 11.

Turner, Mary, 3rd. dau. of the late John — Esq., to Duncan Gordon Wardell, Esq.; Calcutta, Feb. 15.


Watts, Miss A, to John Alexander Foster Esq.; Calcutta, Jan. 27.

Weightman, Sarah, eld. dau. of W. A. W. — Esq., of Spelthorne-grove, Upper Sunbury, to Alfred Penny, Esq., of Annett's Crescent, Islington; Sunbury, Middlesex, May 14.


Williams, Catherine Anne, ystg. dau. of Hugh — Esq., of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, to Richard Cobden, Esq., of Manchester; All Souls, Langham-place, May 14.

[The Court]
DEATHS.
Ashton, the Right Hon. the Lord, aged 85, of Woodlawn, Galway, and Chapel House, near Southampton. He is succeeded in the title and family estate by his nephew, Frederic French; at Bath, May 1.
Badham, Dr. John, aged 33, second son of Professor—, Nice, May 20.
Beresford, Lady Francis, aged 69, in Lower Grosvenor Street, lately.
Bolland, Sir William, aged 66, late a Baron of H. M. Court of Exchequer, in Hyde Park Terrace, May 14.
Boyle, Charles, Esq., aged 45, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, May 7.
Burton, Mary, aged 90, widow of Capt.—, late of the Coldstream Guards, April 19.
Churchill, Lord Charles Spencer, 2nd. son of George the late Duke of Marlborough, April 29.
De Tureville, Countess; Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Mar. 10.
Dean, Robt. M., Esq., aged 52, of Reading, late of Caversham; Pentonville, Feb. 2.
Dias, Roger, Esq., aged 22; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.
D' Cruz, Aurelia, Mrs., 4th dau. of the late J. J. Vasconcellos, Esq., on her way from Guavial to Agra, aged 27; Dholpur, E. I., Nov. 8, 1839.
Douglas, Henry, Esq., a civil servant of 1779, on the Annuity List, leaving, it is said, 25 lacs of Rupees; Patna, E. I. lately.
Ellis, Major, H. M. 62d Regt., aged 29; Spencer's Hotel, Calcutta, Dec. 16, 1839.
Evans, Robt., Esq., Ranelagh Street, Pimlico, March 6.
Ferguson, Thos. Esq., aged 55, late Merchant at Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1839.
Gaskin, Mary Elizabeth, wife of John Sheafe——, Esq., member of Her Majesty's Council in Barbadoes; Upper Montague-Street, Montague-Square, Mar. 18.
Goodman, Samuel, son of Mr. W——, aged 2 yrs. 5 mo. of Lewisham, Kent; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Mar. 5.
Goodridge, A. F., Esq., M. D., only son of Jno.——, Esq., R. N. late Master Attendant at the Cape of Good Hope; Candonza Miner, in the Brazil, Nov. 1, 1839.
Govey, T. B. Capt. cmdr. of the Ship Asia; at sea on the voyage from Batavia, lately.
Gravatt, T., Lieut. H. M. 2d. or Queen's Royal Regt.; killed at the storming of Khelatt, Nov. 13, 1839.
Greenwood, Wm. Rev., aged 56, acting chaplain of Burdwan; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.
Green, Elizabeth, relict of the late Jas.—, Esq., of Linton Abbey, Nottinghamshire; Blackheath, Feb. 10.
Janvrin, Lieut. of H. M. 4th L. Drags. with the army of the Indus; lately.
Hare, Chas., Esq., aged 56; at his residence Berkeley-Square, March 11.
Hartley, George, Esq., aged 30; Dacca, E. I., Nov. 28, 1839.
Harvey, Mary, lady of Wm.—, Esq.; Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, Feb. 3.
Hastings, Wm., Esq., aged 65, late of the Excise Office; Kensington, Feb. 3.
Hills, Scott George, Esq., aged 30, of Kishnagur; Calcutta, Dec. 12, 1839.
Hooper, Capt., aged 82, late of the Hon. E. I. Comp. Serv.; New Dorset Place, Chatham, Feb. 16.
Harris, Wm. Capt. aged 65, late of the Comp. Service, of paralysis; Cochin, E. I., Nov. 21.
Hay, Capt. cmdr. Lady of the Lake; at sea on the voyage to Calcutta, lately.
Houghton, Adelaide Jane, dau. of Jas.—, Esq., Earl Street, Blackfriars, aged 10 yrs. 2 mo.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery, Feb. 22.
Mentique, Carolina Susana, aged 42, wife of the Vicompte de, one of the granddaughters of George, 3d. Duke of Marlborough, and 2nd surviving dau. of the Hon. John and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, formerly of Wheatfield, Oxfordshire, at Brighton, May 5.
Montague, Charles Francis, aged 14, only son of H. S.—, Esq., of Thurlow House, Chatham, drowned at Étoy, May 17.
Monypenny, Philips Dunn, aged 28, yst. son of the late Robert——, Esq., of Merrington place, Rovedon, Kent, suddenly in Lincoln's Inn Hall, April 29.
Mortimer, Charles, Esq., aged 69, late Treasurer to the Hon., the E. I. Comp., Streatham Common, May 11.
Paulo, Alexander Thomas de Morales Sarmento, Viscount de, aged 84, lately a Peer of Portugal, and Portuguese Minister at Madrid. He was the eldest brother of Baron de Moncorvo, Portuguese Minister at the English Court; at Rio de Moinhos near Vizien, Portugal, April 16.
Rickets, Rear Admiral William, aged 68, Knockholt, near Seven Oaks, May 17.
Wallace Mrs. Ferrier of Cairnhill Ayrshire, April 9.

[ List of charges—for inserting a Marriage, not exceeding 5 lines, 3s.; a Birth or Death, not exceeding 3 lines, 2s.; each line beyond, 6d.—Letters prepaid, transmitting notifications for insertion, with an order for payment in London, will meet due attention. ]

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TO

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

UNITED SERIES, VOLUME V., 1840.

Improved Series, Enlarged, and Ancient Portrait Series Vol. XVI., 1840.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Binder will be careful to observe strictly the following directions:—
The Volume commences with the emblematical Title-page in the present Magazine.
The position of each Portrait, as well as of the Fashions is mentioned hereafter, in the
following Index.
Tissue paper is to be carefully placed before each Portrait, and between the Plates of Fashions.
The Volume is to be as little cut down as possible, and the prints replaced in the book on the
sides pierced.

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LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

Violante of Milan, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Giovanni Galizzio Visconti, and the Pretty Isabella of France, born 1537—married 1539 to Louis Duke of Touraine, afterwards created Duke of Orleans—and died at Blois in the year 1408, aged 35 years; this princess was mother-in-law of Isabella, second wife of Richard II. of England. Whole length portrait of. No. 82 of the ancient Series. facing page 1

The Lady Jane Grey, from the original, by Vanderwerff (de facto) Queen of England, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset and Frances Brandon, born 1537—married 1553 to Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, proclaimed queen the same year, in virtue of a testamentary document obtained by her ambitious parent from Edward VI. Beheaded 1554. No. 83 of the series of authentic Ancient Portraits facing page 81.
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THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA QUEEN REGENT of Hungary and Bohemia, mother of Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Charles VI. Emperor of Germany and the Empress Elizabeth; born 1717, married Francis Duke of Lorraine. After the death of her father, all the powers of Europe, except England, combined against her, and compelled her, after a succession of disasters, to fly from Vienna; but by the aid of her ally George II., her claims as Empress Queen were finally established. Died 1780. Whole length portrait of, after Schell, from the original in the gallery at Versailles. No. 54 of the ancient series. Page 177.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, (founder of the order of the Amarant) Portrait from the original of Bourbon, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus—the champion of Protestantism, and Maria Eleonora, daughter of John Sigismund, elector of Brandenburg—born 1626. The fall of Gustavus at the battle of Lusten placed her on the throne at the age of five years: her name then stood at the head of the Protestant alliance which was combating the Emperor—who was completely defeated by the counsels of her great minister Oxenstiern, and the generalship of Tortenson and Axel Banier her generals. At the age of eighteen she was herself invested with the responsibilities of government, wielding her powers with extraordinary and masculine sagacity. One of her early measures was the conclusion of the thirty years war—1648. Christina received offers of alliance from every unmarried potentate of Europe, but, in the independent spirit of our own Elizabeth, she rejected them all. Being earnestly solicited by her people to marry Charles Gustavus her cousin who was himself devotedly attached to her, she recognised him as her successor, instead of making him her husband. In the year 1654, soon after founding the order of the Amarant (an order including ladies) she voluntarily resigned her sceptre to Charles Gustavus, and quitted her kingdom. The subsequent execution or rather butchery of her grandson Magnus Monselechi, while on a visit at the French Court, has left an indelible stain on her memory. She died at Rome 1689, almost a pensioner on the Pope's bounty. No. 86 of the series. Page 281.

CHRISTINE OF PISA.—Portrait from, an illuminated MS in the British Museum, daughter of a learned Italian, Tommaso di Pisa, born at Bologna, 1363. Invited with her father to the Court of Charles the Wise of France, she was early distinguished by her great aptitude for learning. She was married to Etienne Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy. After his death she pursued literature as a profession, and became an object of love to the Earl of Salisbury, English Ambassador of Richard II., while (wholly unknown to her) his wife was yet alive. Under the patronage of Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, she commenced a history of his brother Charles the Wise's Reign, but owing to the Duke's death it was never completed. Charles VI. granted a pension to his celebrated lady, but being irregularly paid she had to struggle with many difficulties. Her illuminated books are the ornament of the fine MS. collections now in the British Museum. She is represented in our portrait whilst writing in the very valuable MS. from which her Portrait is taken, which is at this time in the British Museum. No. 86 of the series facing page 51.

JEANNE D'ARC, the poor peasant of Domremy a village of Lorraine, born in 1401. At the age of eighteen, conceiving herself to have received a Divine mission to free her country from the domination of the English, she sought the court of Charles VII., at Chinon, and, on communicating to that monarch the revelations she alleged had been made her by the saints, was, at first, somewhat coldly received. The earnestness of her manner, however, coupled with certain secret intelligence, communicated by her privately to Charles, together with, perhaps, the dire necessity of the times, had the effect of gaining more serious attention to her bold and singular project: ultimately a body of men was placed under her orders, and she entered upon her military career by conducting a convoy of provisions to the relief of Orleans, accompanied by the brave Dunis and other commanders. In a few days after her arrival the English raised the siege, and thus was the first part of Jeanne's mission accomplished; the next was to conduct Charles VII. to Rheims, there to be crowned. Such a step was deemed by all the generals of the royal army highly imprudent, but the persuasions of the Maid of Orleans at last gained a reluctant consent, and after several brilliant victories over the English and Burgundian troops, Charles entered Rheims in triumph, and his coronation quickly followed. After the ceremony Jeanne d'Arc flung herself at the king's feet and requested permission to quit the army, and once more seek her humble home. Charles, however, unwilling to part with one who had proved so useful an agent in the recovery of his dominions, prevailed upon her to remain. Jeanne reluctantly consented, but now seemed to have lost that self-reliance which she had previously manifested on every occasion. After fighting one or two obstinate battles, but without marked success on either side, Jeanne was taken prisoner, under the walls of Compiègne, by the troops of John of Luxembourg, under circumstances which warrant the suspicion of treachery on the part of some of her companions in arms. Imprisoned for several months, she was at length purchased out of the hands of that nobleman by the English, without any attempt being made to ransom her on the part of Charles VII. or her countrymen. By the active agency of the Bishop of Beauvais she was arraigned before an inquisitorial tribunal, charged with sorcery, heresy, and other crimes, and after a procedure, or rather persecution for several months, attended with unexampled infamy and horrible cruelty, she was declared, as a relapsed heretic, unfit to remain any longer in the bosom of the church, and mercilessly given over to the secular power. Placed in the hands of the bailiff of Rouen, she was, even without sentence being passed upon her, dragged to the stake, and perished in the flames, May 31, 1431. Whole length portrait of (from an illuminated Monstrellet in the British Museum) before she put on armour and at the moment of her being presented to the King. No. 87.

[THE COURT]
L'émigration est déjà commencée, Anna,
et bientôt vous aurez le plaisir de revoir
quelques-unes de nos amis. La capitale serait
déjà dépeuplée de ses élégantes, si le soleil
n'avait jugé à propos de voiler pendant quel-
qu'jours son auguste face; mais c'est un
temps d'arrêt qui ne peut durer, et, pour ma
part, jeespère bien que, l'été, sera fidèle aux
promesses du printemps.

Ce semblant de froid qui nous est revenu a
porté le coup de grâce aux écharpes, à la
grande joie des châles, qui ont en peur un
instant. Aujourd'hui l'écharpe de cachemire
est seule admise, et encore il faut qu'elle sorte

20
aucun des délicats intérêts de la coquetterie la plus exquise.

La toile de Perse granitée et la batiste de Ségojie sont adoptées pour peignoirs.

On porte beaucoup de foulards pour robes du matin : les plus jolis sont à fond bleu porcelaine à racines blanches, avec bouquets, dessins de Perse, etc.

Le gros royal est très bien porté pour soirées : les plus recherchés sont glaces rose, bleu, jonquille, et semés de bouquets de fleurs si naturelles et si vives que les broderies les plus fines et les plus délicates ne sont pas plus parfaites.

Rien de bien nouveau pour les robes : les manches courtes sont admises pour toilette de voiture ou d’intérieur ; et ici je vous rappellerai que les gants Mayer, passage Choiseul, sont aussi bien avec les manches courtes qu’avec les manches longues ; — hors de là, manches longues, plates, arrondies ; à coude ; à deux coutures ; que quelques manches demeurent accompagnées de trois boutons. Ces formes, exécutées par Constance, rue Neuve-Vivienne, ou par notre Augustine, rue Louis-le-Grand, sont de vrais types de perfection et de bonne grâce, contre lesquels aucune autre création ne peut rivaliser, surtout lorsque ces robes sont complétées par l’indispensable sous-jupe Oudinot, sans laquelle, il faut bien enfin le reconnaître, il n’y a plus de toilette possible. Oudinot a fait subir à son œuvre, que nous croyions arrivée à son point de perfection, des progrès qui lui assurèrent de nouveaux triomphes pour la saison nouvelle. Il en confectionne en gaze et en mousseline crin qui ont toute la fraîcheur désirée. Vous savez, Anna, qu’un de leurs plus précieux mérites est de ne point se déformer à l’usage, et de pouvoir se porter en soirées, même après avoir été portées en voyage, le matin, en ville, etc., etc. Je n’ai pas besoin sans doute de vous rappeler avec quelle grâce elles soutiennent et régularisent le contour des robes, en se pliant docilement aux multiples ondulations de leurs drapées.

Les chapeaux se font toujours petits et oratoires simplement. Pour aujourd’hui je ne vous citerai qu’un joli chapeau en gros d’Afrique vert émeraude, et un gracieux chapeau de crépe blanc avec un bouquet de giroflée jaune, tous deux de Leclère, rue de Rivoli.

La capote bouillonnée est en baisse. Le vent et la poussière en ont fait justice ; on dit pourtant qu’elle ne tient pas pour morte et qu’elle veut rappeler de cet arrêt. Il est certain que si Leclère, Maurice Beauvais et madame Dasse prennent chaudement sa cause en main, la victoire ne sera pas douteuse.

Le froid deschante et le hâle de ces derniers jours me rappellent que je suis coupable d’un peu de négligence envers Guérin, rue de Rivoli, dont la précieuse botte de Goulard produit cependant de si admirables effets sur le teint de nos élégantes, défrait par la fatigue des plaisirs incessants, gérés par le hâle, etc., etc. Je sais cette occasion pour vous rappeler sa Scotia flora et aussi ses extraits de
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

affaire de Scènes, r. de Rivoli, 18 bis - Robe en Organdi de M. Larcher, Fout. de la Reine, rue Furienne.

Mebles et Vases de Membre eine, r. Basse du Rempart, 18 - Gante de Mayer, 19e Passage Choronul 33.

Court Magazine, No. 10, Carney street Lincoln's Inn, London.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Costume de MM. Larcher, 69, de la Réine. 4, Vivienne. 8 — Broderies de MM. Ambroise,
4, Montmartre. 105 — Éventail de Davilleroy. 2, des Panoramas. 12, de la Bourse & r. de la Paix, 12.
Fleurs de Chagot — Coiffure de M. Kamelius. 2, du Sauvage, 21.

Court Magazine. No 2, Carey Street Lincoln’s Inn, London.
verveine et de Portugal, délicieux parfums, indispensables à tous ceux qui ne veulent pas mentir à leur réputation de bon goût et d'élegance.

Je suis charmée de voir, par votre dernière lettre, que vous ayez mis à profit les renseignements que je vous ai donnés sur la maison Maureau, au petit Saint-Sulpice, rue de Tournon. Ses toiles, ses calicots et ses percales sont toujours en grande vogue. Ce n'est pas seulement sous le rapport de la lingerie et des toiles que cet établissement est remarquable, c'est encore là qu'on va pour former des trousseaux et des layettes, ou pour chercher de riches broderies et de précieuses dentelles. Dans sa spécialité, la maison Maureau est, sinon la première, du moins une des premières, et nos lectrices n'auront pas à regretter d'avoir eu confiance en nos éloges.

Votre amie, HENRIETTE DE B....

JEANNE D'ARC.

Jeanne, surnommée la Pucelle d'Orléans, était native d'une paroisse nommée Donrecy située entre Neufchâteau et Vaucouleurs, fille d'un laboureur nommé Jacques d'Arc. Jusqu'à l'âge de dix-huit ans ou environ, elle n'avait jamais fait autre chose que garder les bêtes aux champs à laquelle, ainsi qu'elle disait, avait été révélé que Dieu voulait qu'elle allât devers le roi Charles septième, pour lui aider et le conseiller à recouvrer son royaume et les villes et places que les Anglais avaient conquises en ses pays.

Par les instances qu'elle fit auprès d'un gentilhomme de Vaucouleurs, nommé Robert de Baudricourt, elle fut conduite devers le roi à Chlinon. Après beaucoup d'interrogations et d'examen, Charles et son conseil décidèrent qu'on préparerait un couvoi pour secourir Orléans et qu'on tenterait de l'y introduire sous la conduite de Jeanne la Pucelle. Les habitants d'Orléans, réduits aux dernières extrémités, attendaient avec la plus grande impatience l'effet de ses prédications et de ses promesses, dont ils avaient entendu le récit et dont, depuis deux mois, ils ne cessaient de s'entretener. Le 29 avril 1429, après avoir traversé les lignes des ennemis et à la vue de leurs forts, Jeanne d'Arc entra dans Orléans armée de toutes pièces, montée sur un cheval blanc. Pendant la première attaque la Pucelle fut blessée légèrement par un trait lancé par l'ennemi; mais bientôt e le reparaît au milieu des troupes, et les Français furent victorieux. Le lendemain du jour de cette memorable action, les généraux anglais résolurent de lever le siège. Jeanne d'Arc, quoique souffrante encore de sa blessure, se rendit à Loches pour annoncer au roi l'heureuse délivrance d'Orléans. La prise de Jargeau, de Menny, du château de Bagnéci et la victoire de Patay, suivirent de près. L'opinion était fixée sur son compte: tous les Français, partisans de Charles VII, ne doutaient point qu'elle ne fut inspirée de Dieu. Les Anglais, au contraire, la croyaient magicienne et sorcière, et la terreure dont elle les avait frappés paralyssé les forces de leurs armées de France, habituées à la victoire.

Après la bataille de Patay, les garnisons anglaises abandonnèrent les villes qu'elles étaient chargées de garder. Montp jails, Saint-Sigismond et Sully rentrèrent ainsi sans combat au pouvoir du roi. Troyes et Châlons se rendirent, et les habitants de Reims ouvri rent leurs portes au roi qui y fit son entrée solennelle le lendemain 17 juillet 1429. Il fut sacré dans la cathédrale : Jeanne d'Arc était présente à la cérémonie, tenant son étenfant à peu de distance du roi et du maître-autel. Tandis que l'armée royale poursuivait ses opérations dans le midi, Jeanne fut envoyée
au nord, dans l'Île-de-France, avec un petit corps d'armée et plusieurs chefs de guerre. Cependant le duc de Bourgogne, s'avançant avec une assez forte armée, mit le siège devant Compiegne. Jeanne d'Arc n'hésite pas à s'y rendre, plusieurs chevaliers célèbres s'invitent l'exemple de la jeune héroïne et se renferment dans cette ville. En mai 1450, dans une sorcellerie, la Pucelle fut prise par l'évêque Jeanne, d'abord prisonnière au château de Beaulieu, fit une première tentative pour s'évader, et ensuite, transportée dans le château de Bayrevois, à quatre lieues au sud de Cambrai, elle y fut d'abord traitée avec égard par la femme et le seigneur de Jean de Luxembourg. Quoique sensible à l'affection qu'on lui témoignait, la crainte qu'avait la Pucelle d'être livrée aux Anglais lui fit tenir deux semaines de s'échapper : elle sauta par une fenêtre et tomba sans connaissance au pied de la tour où elle était enfermée. Devant qu'elle fut rétablie, on la transporta à Arras, et ensuite au Crotoy, citadelle très forte à l'embouchure de la Somme. Le duc de Bedford, pour relever son parti abattu, en sacrifiant Jeanne à sa vengeance, voulut d'abord établir par une procédure solennelle, qu'elle avait employé le sortilège et la magie ; par là il parvenait à la faire condamner comme hérétique. L'héroïne d'Orléans fut livrée à un détachement de troupes anglaises qui la conduisirent à Rouen. Là, on la chargea de chaînes, on la jeta dans un cachot, et l'on accabla d'outrages, et l'on crémait ces affreuses pièces ; dont l'original existe encore aujourd'hui à la bibliothèque du roi à Paris. Ses juges perpétuèrent en vain les questions insidieuses, les réticences, les menaces, les violences, les supplications, les faux matériaux, pour la faire tomber dans le piège ; rien ne leur réussissait, si ce n'est qu'ils se trouvaient eux-mêmes réduits au silence de la honte par la justice, la dignité et l'énergie de ses réponses.

Aussitôt que Jeanne eut été abandonnée à la justice séculière ; elle fut mise sans intervalle dans les mains du bailli de Rouen et des officiers de la justice royale. Le jour de son supplice elle fut conduite dans la charrette au Vieux-Marché de Rouen, accompagnée de mille cents Anglais armés ; trois échafauds avaient été dressés sur la place. Sur l'un étaient les juges et les assesseurs ; Jeanne monta sur l'autre avec le prélat. Le troisième, très élève, était celui du supplice. Le prêtre Molières courut elle un sermon des plus violents, et des plus grossiers ; que Jeanne écouta avec beaucoup de patience ; et ensuite l'évêque de Beauvais, Cauchon, lui tint tout haut le jugement définitif de condamnation. Pendant une demi-heure elle adressa à Dieu plus de dévots prières, à la fin desquelles le bailli ordonna au bourreau de s'emparer d'elle et de la mener au bûcher. Il s'en saisit d'elle ; elle salua tous les assistants ; elle prit tous les prêtres de dire une messe pour elle ; elle descendit de l'échafaud accompagnée de Lapière, de Massieu et de Ladvenu, en présence d'un peuple immense, et les gardes la livrèrent au bourreau en lui disant : Fais ton office. » Et alors, disent les témoins, fut amenée et attachée. Elle étant dans les flammes, onques ne cessa de resoumer jusqu'à la fin et confesser à haute voix le nom de Jésus, et implorant, et invoquant sans cesse l'aide des saints et saintes du paradis ; et en rendant son esprit et inclinant sa tête, elle profera le nom de Jésus, en signe qu'elle était fervente en la foi de Dieu.

Le même jour, le cardinal d'Angetrille ordonna de rassembler les restes du corps de Jeanne et de les jeter dans la Seine ; ce qui fut exécuté par le bourreau, au rapport d'un grand nombre de témoins.

Ainsi périt la Pucelle d'Orléans le 30 mai 1430.
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