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ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA.

INFANTA OF SPAIN, DUCHESS OF AUSTRIA AND BURGUNDY, PRINCESS OF BELGIUM.

Married to Alberto Pio. 

Died Dec 1st 1633.

Full length, from an original portrait painted by Reginald Fustache, 
N°. 36 of the series of full length authentic colored portraits.

Court Magazine, No. II, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.
MEMOIR
OF
ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA,
Born anno 1566, died Dec. 1, 1633.
DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN, CONSORT OF MARY I. OF ENGLAND.
INFANTA OF SPAIN, DUCHESS OF AUSTRIA AND BURGUNDY—PRINCESS OF BELGIA,
&c.—AND WIFE OF ALBERT, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
Embellished with a full-length colored Portrait, after Reginald Eustache, (No. 110,
of this series of full-length, colored, authentic-ancient Portraits).

We might have been better pleased and our readers, too, had this Memoir of Isabella Clara Eugenia fallen aptly in its proper place immediately after that of Mary I. and Philip II., her father, which the interval of a month might probably have enabled us to have accomplished.

And here we must beg a wider glance than ordinary at our Memoirs in order to arrive at the full enjoyment of this more than usually interesting period of English and of general history.

We will, then, at once, enter upon a brief analysis of the family history connected with the subject of our present biography, and by so doing make a clear and comprehensive opening into the subject-matter of her family pedigree, and unite into a whole several of our necessarily disjointed Memoirs.

Now, Catherine de Medicis (see Memoir, July, 1836, Portrait 41) was married to Henry II. of France, of whom was born Elizabeth of France, after her marriage emphatically called by the Spaniards Isabella, who was married to Philip II. of Spain (see Portrait, No. 107, April, 1842). This Elizabeth or Isabella died leaving two daughters, the elder the celebrated Clara Eugenia, the favorite child of Philip II. her father, the younger Catherine, who became the wife of Emanuel, Duke of Savoy.

In order to make still clearer the past, present and future Memoirs, the following is the brief pedigree of the husband of Elizabeth, or Isabella, the father of Clara Eugenia:—

PEDIGREE OF PHILIP II.—The youngest daughter of Henry VII. of England—Mary—by Elizabeth of York (in whose person terminated the bloody wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, by the union of the red and white roses, see April, 1841, Portrait No. 96), was married to Prince Charles of Castile, afterwards the great emperor Charles V., whose mighty prowess in arms astonished all Europe, and the knowledge of whose valiant and surprising deeds has been the theme of
admiration in every subsequent age. The issue of that marriage was Philip II. of Spain.

This Philip’s first wife was the Princess Mary of Portugal, mother of Don Carlos. His second wife was Mary I., Queen of England, by whom he had no issue.

His third, the just mentioned Elizabeth of France (Isabella of Spain), who was sister to three reigning kings of France, and to a Queen-Consort.

And here it is not the least remarkable circumstance in the supposed murders of Don Carlos, son of his first wife, and Queen Elizabeth or Isabella, his third wife, that the prince (Carlos) was his only son, and that his queen, Elizabeth or Isabella was in the family-way at the time, so that Philip’s line was entirely cut off with the exception of the infant princesses, his two daughters, by Elizabeth just mentioned.

His fourth wife was the Archduchess Anne of Austria, by whom he had Philip III. his successor; and it is singularly remarkable that this his fourth wife had been contracted to Don Carlos (his son by his first marriage), after Philip, his father, had seized on, and appropriated to himself his other bride, Elizabeth (Philip’s third wife), as if some mysterious fate or cruel circumstance had decreed that neither should his son marry nor event exist, to make a line of descent contrary to his father’s wishes.

But we have not yet arrived at the end of these intermarriages.

**Pedigree of Albert, Husband of Clara Eugenia.**—The emperor, Maximilian II., was married to Marie, daughter of Charles V. They had issue Rodolph, Ernest, Matthias, Maximilian, and Albert (whose union with Clara Eugenia and history are presently mentioned), and Venice, who died young: their daughters were Anna Maria, married to Philip, King of Spain, and Elizabeth, wife of Charles IX.

**Isabella of Austria,** as this princess is usually designated, the daughter of Philip II., King of Spain and of Elizabeth of France, was born in the year 1566. A splendid destiny seemed to await her, in the union of several crowns under one head, and there was every probability of her ascending the throne of France itself in right of her mother. But this more brilliant portion of the prospect before her proved, like the dreams of royalty too often are, illusory, new events having combined to confer it upon another princess.

When the Infanta had attained her eighteenth year, Philip, ambitious to extend his influence in the French court, proposed, notwithstanding his strong religious scruples, to marry her to the heretic king of Navarre (1584), if he would consent to repudiate his then consort, Margaret of Valois. Mornay, Henry’s envoy, rejected this singular offer in his master’s name. “You are little aware,” replied the Spanish minister, “what you are doing—all was prepared;” a reply which strongly evinced the desire of the Spanish court to obtain a pretext for interfering in the designs of the existing league. Indeed, the emissaries of the wily monarch soon began to throw off the mask. At the ensuing conferences of Soissons they insinuated that the Bourbons, being virtually excluded as heretics, the Salic law became in
itself annulled, and that the French crown consequently devolved upon the Infanta Isabella, as the niece and nearest heiress of Henry III., the reigning monarch. The Duke of Mayence was highly exasperated at this declaration: "Do you take the French," he retorted on the ambassador Mendoza, "for so many wild Indians, that you imagine you will ever bring them to submit to a foreign thraldom? It is too bitter a jest for their digestion." The "Sixteen" (members of the Conference), nevertheless, appeared anxious to show they entertained no patriots' scruples of the kind, and even addressed a letter to Philip, written in the most factious spirit, dated the 20th September, 1591, conjuring him either to take possession of the French crown on his own behalf, or in right of the Infanta, his daughter. Philip, by no means discouraged at the result of his first efforts, furnished the Duke de Feria, his confidential envoy, with fresh instructions, and the latter in a general council held at Paris, advanced the Spanish claims in language still more open and decisive. He was replied to with warmth by Roze, Bishop of Senlis, who declared that the heretic of Bearne had no party more zealous in his cause than the ministers of Spain, and that for his part he preferred at once to acknowledge that prince rather than violate all the provisions of the Salic law in such shameless a manner. He then, forgetting his religious habit, attacked the amiable princess herself in the most gross and revolting terms, till silenced by the indignation of the assembly.

Many of the league, however, adopted the bishop's views, especially when they learnt that the projected marriage of Isabella with Archduke Ernest, son of the Emperor Maximilian would place France in the position of a province of the Austrian empire. The Spanish envoy upon this wrote that he was instructed to say that if the Infanta were once recognised as queen of France in her own right, he would consent that a consort should be selected for her among the French nobility. The favorite object of the Spanish court appeared now upon the eve of being realized. So great was the alarm excited in the breasts of all other claimants that the duke of Nemours, brother of the duke of Mayence, the duke of Guise, son of the hero who perished at Blois; and, lastly, the young cardinal of Bourbon, nephew of him whom the League at one moment declared King, under the title of Charles X. eagerly renewed their efforts. It was now the Parliament of Paris, so long the slave of faction, resolved to re-assert its energy and independence. On the 28th June, 1593, it decreed the Salic law a part of the monarchy, and every treaty entered into to place a foreign house upon the throne of France to be null and void. "We will have no Infantas," exclaimed Molé, the procureur-general, nor the husbands of Infantas! I am a true Frenchman, and will abide it to the death!" Nevertheless, Philip and his ministers were not dismayed. With apparent frankness, they proposed the duke of Guise for the hand of the young Infanta. They asked Brittany as a separate sovereignty for her dower, founding their claim upon the French law itself, which had always held that duchy in the character of a female fief. Should the duke, her consort, die without male issue, his widow, it was to be stipulated, might espouse any other French noble; and so far did this overture proceed, that for some days the young duke was subjected to the established formalities of an anticipated court, in the expectation of honors and splendors, which, as in the
princess's own case, were never to arrive. The ephemeral monarch of a day, speculating on the beauty of his intended queen and the glories of a royal title, and of a Parisian court, the secret ambition of his heroic predecessors, the head of the house of Guise was doomed to wake from this splendid dream of the royal Infanta and a throne, with even more abruptness than he had been deluded by it. The duke of Mayence startled at the idea of becoming the subject of his nephew and of a Spanish Infanta, put every engine to work in counteracting the Spanish monarch's views. The most absurd means of success were pointed out in the exorbitant demands made by the Spanish ministers. He first attacked them by requiring that Isabella should not be recognised and proclaimed Queen of France until after the consummation of her marriage; and, at the time fixed upon by himself, that if she died without issue, the crown should devolve by right upon the heir of the house of Guise; and to put a climax to his modest request—that he should receive, as a distinct sovereignty for himself the whole duchy of Mayence, Champagne, and Burgundy. But what was his astonishment when the Spanish court intimated its acceptance of these strange demands! Nay, the Infanta was on the point of setting out; and no resource seemed left to the wily minister and guardian, fairly caught in his own net. In this extremity he had recourse to his old safety-valve; a new assembly of the Leaguers. He presented himself; summoned them to proclaim the new Queen, Isabella; and her fortunes and the young duke's appeared to every one almost beyond the power of fate to mar.

At that eventful moment one of the creatures of Mayence rose, and proposed that before proceeding to proclaim the Infanta Queen of France, it would be only proper to raise a French army in her behalf, if only to keep in check the force of Henry IV. It met with general approbation, at an assembly of the States: the ministers of Philip were invited to take their seats on the 4th July, 1593; they received the thanks of the Assembly for the zeal displayed by the Spanish court to support their interests; but at the same time assured them that the situation of affairs rendered it impossible to enter upon the royal inauguration of the Infanta, his daughter, at that time. Philip's confidential envoy replied with feigned moderation and disinterestedness, that his royal master having only had the happiness of France in view, would regret that he could not ensure it upon a permanent foundation.

In so strange and almost ludicrous a manner terminated the long repeated efforts of the Spanish cabinet to raise a member of the Imperial family of Austria to the throne of France in the face of competitors, each of whom seemed to outvie the other in zeal for its success. So unaccountably and even preposterously do political events often terminate, even in cases where the very contrary result is confidently anticipated by nearly every party interested.

Thus it was on this memorable occasion; and so much noise was raised by its discussion in every European court, that poets and dramatists caught up the idea, and the incidents connected with it figured upon more than the diplomatic stage. Among others, the authors of the celebrated Satire Menippée, gave a humorous caricature of the meeting of the States at Paris; and the portrait of the fair Infanta was drawn as the "Epouse de la Ligue," and appears suspended over the head of
the president. Below it are written some lines that seem to contain a sort of double epigram:—

"Pourtant si je suis bruneule,
Amy, n’en prenez e’moy;
Car autant aimer souhaitte
Qu’ une plus blanche que moy."

Philip's designs having failed, the most violent strictures—true philippics soon appeared, launched both against himself and his innocent daughter; and to such a length was this defamatory spirit carried, that it scrupled not to accuse the father and the monarch of regarding her charms with a degree of affection more than paternal. This cruel calumny was the more infamous from the circumstance of the monarch's known attachment to the Infanta, and from the high opinion he entertained of her judgment, consulting her upon many state affairs, secret and mysterious as he was believed to be. "For," in the words of a celebrated writer, "she was a princess of highly cultivated mind, gentle yet resolute, who conducted the affairs of the king, her father, with promptness and vigor, for which reason he tenderly cherished her." When stretched upon his death-bed, the harsh and stern Philip spoke of her with pleasure, as "the mirror of truth,—the light of his eyes;" ye probably from a desire to render her great, no one could be more eagerly engaged throughout life, in trying to remove her from her native country. No sooner had his designs upon France miscarried, than looking upon her as the secret means of extending the power and greatness of Spain by her prudence and intelligence, no less than by family alliance, he sought by such means to recover the united provinces lost by his bigotry and violence. During the two last years he had confided the government of the Netherlands to the Cardinal, Archduke Albert. A papal dispensation was easily obtained to enable him to espouse the Infanta; the most splendid festivities were celebrated on the occasion, and the Princess-bride, in 1597, received for her dowry, the sovereignty of the Low Countries, added to La Franche Comté.

Philip now hoped to conciliate the religious prejudices, as he considered them, of his Flemish subjects: he was deceived; they detested the Spanish yoke, and the war was renewed with the same animosity. The duchess attended her consort in the ensuing campaign; there was no pay for the troops; they revolted; she rode along the line, took the diamonds from her person, and presented them with her other valuables to the hungry soldiers. She was at the famous siege of Ostend; and she there made a singular vow that she would never change her dress till the city had surrendered; but it continued upwards of three years, which must have proved rather puzzling to her how to discharge her vow.

Surrounded by circumstances which called for the utmost prudence and circumspection, she displayed much of that vigor of character shown by the celebrated Isabella of Spain, consort of Ferdinand, and grand parent to Charles V., whose name she bore. In every situation, her talents shed lustre on the new dignities to which she was raised, and in the joint sovereignty of the Netherlands and Burgundy, her conduct towards her consort and her subjects was alike unexceptionable.
Prince Albert being the youngest son of the Emperor Maximilian, was originally destined for the ecclesiastical profession; and hence derived the appellation by which he was generally designated of Alberto Pio, or Albertus Pius. Upon being sent to Spain, his high birth, combined with respectable talents, soon raised him to the highest dignities; and he became successively Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of all Spain, and a Cardinal of the Holy Apostolic See. He was next appointed Governor of Portugal; and soon afterwards abandoned the ecclesiastical profession, on his espousal of the Princess Isabella, and received the Netherlands as an hereditary sovereignty, in conjunction with his consort. He owed his elevation to Philip’s desire, as already shown, to conciliate a brave people whom he had goaded into rebellion, and to prevent the total loss to the crown of Spain of that noble country he had inherited, only to lay it waste. When in 1598, Albert, with his consort had succeeded to their government of the seventeen provinces, under the name of an independent sovereignty, they were bound to take an oath of fidelity to the crown of Spain, and not to permit the exercise of any other religion except the Catholic, nor to permit their subjects to trade to the Indies, to Spanish garrisons, and finally, none of their descendants were to marry without the approbation of the Spanish court. In case of the breach of these conditions, the agreement was declared null, and the territories were to revert to the original sovereign. The people naturally rose to resist these unjust edicts; but Albert displayed both skill and resolution; he gained possession of Calais, Ostend, and many other towns, and completed the reduction of the whole of the country afterwards known as the Spanish, or Austrian Netherlands. Not being supported by the court of Madrid, notwithstanding the Duchess Isabella’s urgent application, he was unable to make any serious impression on the united body of the new republic, and he ultimately concluded a truce for twelve years, in which he virtually acknowledged the independence of the united provinces. His interference in favor of the Catholics in Juliers and Germany, was not crowned with success. He lived to see the renewal of the war, and died in 1621, at a period when he was anxiously seeking aid from Spain, and to obtain a renewal of the truce. As he left no issue, the sovereignty of the Netherlands fell to his consort; and on the death of the duchess reverted to Spain.

Philip IV. on his accession to the throne of Spain, sought to deprive his aunt of the sovereignty of the Low Countries, and granted her only the title of Governess. Though the duchess had formally taken the veil, strictly adhering to the rules and habit of St. Francis, she continued to hold the reins of administration with a firmer hand. She equipped a powerful army to oppose the Prince of Orange, Frederick Henry, who, by his capture of Bois le Duc, had opened the road into Brabant. She was on the point of entering into a truce with the prince when Cardinal Richlieu, jealous of permitting the House of Austria a moment’s repose, caused the negotiation to be broken off in 1629.

Although, it is generally admitted, that the government of the duchess was ably conducted and her talents respected, and that she was personally endeared to the people, a wide spread conspiracy was set on foot, artfully fomented if not originated by the intrigues of Richlieu, with the view of erecting the Catholic Low Countries
into an independent republic. The conspirators hoped to elude the vigilance of a
governess of 66 years of age, whom they supposed to be wholly taken up with her
devotions. They were deceived; by her prudence and firmness she defeated all
their objects, and established her power on a still stronger basis. In the year 1632
she received at Brussels the Queen Margaret de Medicis, who had been compelled
to leave France. The duchess tried to mediate in her favor with Louis XIV. but
without success, and she died a few months afterwards, in the year 1633.

That this princess possessed many shining and even sterling qualities would ap-
ppear not only from the estimation in which she was held at the Spanish court, but
from the testimony of several contemporary writers, which proves the respect that
was entertained for her by foreign ministers and potentates, and the general regret
evinced at her decease. A governess, likewise, who met with panegyrist of her
conduct among protestant writers naturally opposed to the policy she pursued, could
not have been destitute of virtues. Nor was she, though a staunch Catholic—
accused of exercising the power she possessed with injustice; she continued to bear
the high character and to elicit the same sentiments of respect from those by whom
she was surrounded from the period of her assuming the religious habit, and her
piety and beneficence are stated to have been equally active and unobtrusive.

[We shall next present Isabella Clara Eugenia, in the character of a nun of the
order of Saint Francis.]
IZABELLA CLARA
A NUN
OF THE ORDER OF ST FRANCIS.

BUREN
BY REQUEST IN HER MONASTIC HABIT.

EUGENIA. (Died 1688)

Court Magazine, No. 9, New Street, London, No. 3 of this series (see also No. 110)
DESCRIPTION

OF THE

FULL-LENGTH, COLORED, AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT

OF

ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA,

IN HER MONASTIC DRESS.

(WHO DIED DECEMBER 1, 1633.)

(Which appeared in the Court Magazine for August, 1842. No. 110.)

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity saith the preacher.” Who but must see the truth of these words as they contemplate the wretched looking object who represents the latter days of her whose portrait we gave, radiant with youth and beauty, in our last number. By this time, she had felt the utter worthlessness of worldly grandeur, and retired to a monastery, there to finish the remaining portion of her once royal existence, in penitence and sorrow. Her habit is that worn by the sisterhood of St. Francis, and is composed of coarse brown cloth. The dress is very loose, and confined round the waist with a common hempen girdle of cord, one end of which hangs down in front, and is finished with a tassel. The sleeves are very full, and show an under one fitting tight; this is finished by a plain linen cuff. A straight piece of linen, stiffened, is pinned under the chin, and descends nearly to the waist. There is an apron of the same color and material as the dress, which is also confined by the girdle. The hood is composed of a large piece of brown cloth, and falls not ungracefully round the figure, one end passing under the arm, and being attached to the girdle by a ring. The coif is most probably of scarlet, as a small piece of that color peeps from underneath the hood in front. In her right hand, she carries a missal splendidly bound in violet-velvet and gold, and, in the left, a rosary with a portrait of St. Francis attached to it. The shoes are of an immense size, and the same color as the habit.

[See also the Portrait, No. 110, of this exalted lady, together with a Memoir in the Court Magazine for July, 1842.]
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
FULL-LENGTH, COLORED, AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
OF
ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA,
INFANTA OF SPAIN,
(AFTER REGINALD EUSTACE,)
(Which appeared in the Court Magazine for July, 1842, together with a Memoir, No. 110 of the Series of Authentic Ancient Portraits.)

[See also the Portrait, No. 111, of this exalted lady in her monastic dress, described at the back hereof, which appeared in the Court Magazine for August, 1842].

One can scarcely fancy an Infanta of Spain in any costume that does not comprise the high comb, flowing veil and mantilla, which have become historical for that country, yet the lady now before us boasts of none of those national appendages, but is attired in a loose robe or surcoat of green and gold brocade, with a slight admixture of violet in its hue. The fashion thereof is not particularly becoming to the figure, as it resembles a very loose dressing-gown more than anything else. The sleeves are of the rebras, of hanging form, and are lined with violet-colored satin; they are open at the inside part of the elbow to admit of the arm passing through, and the lower part hangs loosely down. The front of the body turns back to the waist, but can be closed at pleasure or may remain open, as in this instance, to show the jewels which are worn on the breast. The under dress is composed of white satin, elaborately trimmed round the bottom and down the front with gold. This dress is made up to the throat, and fits the shape tightly; the sleeves are also tight to the arm, and ornamented with gold in the same manner as the skirt. They are finished at the wrist with a very wide ruffle of lace which turns upwards. An enormous ruff of the some costly material encircles the throat, and renders stooping impossible, were such a thing ever contemplated by the stately dames of yore. The hair is drawn up tight to the top of the head, where it forms a bow, which is hid behind the ornamental comb, visible, and which fastens the pretty flower-knot that appears at the back and droops to the left side; the front hair is brushed back, and arranged in short frissled curls round the face—these are fuller in front than at the sides. A splendid cross, formed of rubies and gold, from each side of which depends a pear-shaped pearl, is worn on the breast; we perceive a round ornament of the same material on the right side. A double row of costly pearls depends from under the cross, and reaches some way below the waist. A green-and-gold fan is held carelessly in the left hand. The ear-drops consist of a single pear-shaped pearl.

[It may be mentioned that there is in the Gallery of Goodrich Castle a beautiful Portrait of this lady in her wedding-robcs; indeed, she is depicted in a great variety of forms, since her history is itself very remarkable, and not less so the times in which she lived; as will again appear in our forthcoming Memoir of Anne of Denmark and James I., and the Queen of Bohemia and the Palatine, to which the reader will please refer.]
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

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

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

With an authentic Memoir, and full-length colored Portrait, after Reginald Eustache,
(No. 110, of the series of full-length authentic ancient Portraits).

OF

ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA,
DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN, AND WIFE OF ALBERT, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

THE PROTÉGÉE:
A TALE.

By Mrs. T. R. Edmonds.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe;
Then, with an eager and suspended soul, woo terror to delight us."

The traveller, whose love for the picturesque has induced him to leave the bright
verdure of England, and seek nature in her wildest moods on the rugged shores of
Scotland, will, I doubt not, agree that the town of B—— is one of the prettiest fea-
tures on the north eastern coast of that kingdom. Like most country towns it can
boast of little regularity; art has contributed little towards framing the beautiful pa-
norama which unexpectedly greets the eye of the Southern tourist, after a long drive
over a bleak tract of country which, but for a blue wreath of smoke which here and
there marks a human habitation, would appear to be almost deserted. In summer,

A——(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1842.
The Protégée.

nothing can exceed the quiet beauty of the little town of B——, with its "shining river" and richly cultivated park on one side, and, on the other, the broad and boundless ocean. But turn we now to the dark side of the picture, the scene, so beautiful in the bright season of summer, is often in winter blackened and deformed by tempests, and the river, bearing on its bosom the troubled waters of many tributary streams, has more than once overflowed its banks, threatening destruction to the town and its environs.

It was during one of those tempests, when the "sea and waves roared, and men's hearts were failing them from fear," that a vessel was descried buffeting the waves, which at one moment seemed to lift her high in air, and at another rendered her invisible. The report that human lives were in danger spread quick as lightning, and hundreds crowded to the beach, notwithstanding the violence of the storm, anxious to watch the fate of the little bark. It was soon ascertained by the assembled multitude that the vessel could not stand out to sea, and that a few short hours, perhaps even moments, would decide the fate of their exhausted fellow creatures. Though not above a quarter of a mile from the beach, the mountain billows rendered any attempt to approach the vessel impossible. The spectators stood with suspended breath and straining eyes, and when a loud crash, almost at their feet, announced the destruction of the doomed ship, a shrill burst from the assembled multitude that mingled fearfully with the howlings of the tempest.

But Heaven was merciful, and no widow's hearth was rendered desolate by the event which had for awhile caused so much excitement. The crew, which consisted of only four men and a boy, were by the unceasing exertions of those on shore rescued from the foaming sea. One of those stout mariners, who himself had so narrowly escaped death, suddenly seized a rope which was lying on the beach; fixing it firmly round his waist, and throwing the other end to his companions, he plunged with resolute recklessness into the abyss, and made towards a plank to which a young woman, with a child in her arms, was clinging in the last agonies of despair. Quick as thought, the sailor seized his almost senseless burden, and the next billow laid them at the feet of the applauding crowd.

There is no country in the world where the duties of hospitality are more cheerfully exercised than in Scotland, and there were few of those assembled, even in the humbler walks of life, who would not willingly have afforded shelter to the interesting female, who had been so miraculously rescued from the fury of the elements. There was nothing in the stranger's simple attire to indicate her station in life. Her black gown and a coarse woollen shawl which encircled the waists of herself and child might have been assumed for greater convenience in travelling; but her dress, and the humble mode of conveyance which she had chosen, seemed ill suited to the majestic, yet feminine style of her beauty. She could not have seen more than twenty summers, yet sorrow had set his seal on those beautiful features; and, but for the uplifted eye and the pious ejaculation which passed her lips on seeing her still living child, the bystanders might have thought that they had perilled their lives but to save a willing victim from the raging sea.

But if the mother seemed little grateful for renewed existence, not so the fair
child; she soon became familiar with the strange faces by which she was surrounded, and when a carriage arrived to convey them to the hospitable abode of the minister of the parish, her laughing blue eyes expressed the joy which her yet unformed accents could not fully utter.

Mr. Allerton, the gentleman in question, did not stop to consider the worthiness or unworthiness of the object to whom he had thus extended his protection; "if," (according to a rather national way of putting the question) "she has sinned," said the minister of God to himself, may I not by receiving her under my roof secure to her a home in Heaven. I must here, reader, confess with shame, that even in the retired and moral town of B——, if a crowd assemble, be it for good or be it for evil, there are not wanting those who quit their most pressing domestic avocations and, wrapping their rosy arms in their aprons as if ashamed that they were not more actively employed, rush forward to the first scene of action which presents itself; nay, it has been insinuated by some, that curiosity is there eager in proportion to the rarity of exciting public events, and that the occasional occurrence of a scene, so familiar to the sight-loving London public who frequent the pulpius in the vicinity of the Old Bailey, would be considered by them as a Godsend. Other close observers of this portion of her Majesty’s subjects affirm, that when a travelling carriage enters the town, all the front windows of the houses fly open, as if by magic.

But to return to our story: having shown that the fair in that part of the world are not above the weakness of their sex in many other quarters,* it need not create surprise that the report of a shipwreck had caused many a humble hearth to be deserted by its presiding goddess, and that while the heroine of this tale was on the brink of destruction, there was not one of those naturally kind-hearted females who did not almost feel inclined to brave the foaming waves, and extricate the sufferer and her little darling from their perilous situation; but when they saw them secure from danger, and, escorted by their minister, proceeding towards the parsonage, or rather, as it is called in that country, the manse, a revulsion of feeling took place, and they unanimously agreed that there must be something wrong. The crew of the little vessel could give no information calculated to throw light on the interesting subject of their earnest inquiries. A few hours before they sailed, the stranger had come on board with her child and agreed with the master of the vessel for a passage to Edinburgh, where, she said, she was proceeding to meet some relations. She gave no name, and had neither an attendant nor other luggage than a small box, containing a few articles of apparel of the plainest description. All agreed on one point, that, however humble and unprotected her present position, the graceful beauty of her form and the calm elegance of her demeanour, conveyed an impression to the mind that poverty had laid his withering hand on one who was once no stranger to the refinements of life. Though these worthy gossips were still left in suspense, the minister was more fortunate, for the stranger, with the quickness of perception natural to a sensitive mind, hearing that a young and only daughter was the mistress of his family, expressed her willingness to inform him of those events which had

* Travellers affirm that there is a village in Holland, where, in the contrary extreme, the inhabitants so cautiously exclude themselves from observation, that a stranger can rarely behold them.
thrown her on his hospitality; this, however, in her exhausted state, Mr. Allerton would not permit, resting content with the information that she was on her way to join her husband, whose pecuniary misfortunes had obliged him to flee to the continent. Jane Allerton had not been surprised when her father drove up to the door and consigned his companions to her care: upon learning that he had gone to the beach, she expected, that should any of the sufferers escape the fury of the storm, they would find shelter for them, and she entered with the utmost alacrity upon the performance of those hospitable duties, which the exhausted state of the mother and the tender age of the child so much required. But the hectic tinge on the cheek, and the shadowy form of the female told even to the inexperienced eye of Jane Allerton, that sorrow had done its work, and that the lamp of life would be soon extinguished. Having first persuaded her guest to take some refreshment, she conducted her to a sleeping apartment, where the child was already enjoying a profound sleep, and then returned to the parlour to talk over the events of the day with her father and be assured that he had not suffered from exposure to the inclement weather.

CHAPTER II.

"And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye, which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look."

At an early hour next morning, Jane started from her bed, and opening the window-curtains looked out on the bay. The wind, which the day before had howled so fearfully, was completely hushed, and the raging sea had become calm and clear as the glassy bosom of a placid lake, and but for the white surf that fringed the beach, and the mutilated hull of the dismantled vessel, Jane might have fancied that the horrors of yesterday had existed only in her own imagination. Anxious to ascertain the safety of her new inmates, her impatience would not permit her to go through the usual operation of the toilet, but hastily wrapping herself in a warm dressing-gown, she hastened to the chamber of her guest, whose weak health already awakened a lively interest. Ere she entered, she paused a few moments, fearful lest she might disturb the sleepers; hearing no sound, she advanced softly, and drew aside the curtains of the bed: but the sight which then presented itself to her view was, indeed, burnt upon her memory never to be effaced. There lay the living and the dead—the fair young head of the sleeping child pillowed in happy unconsciousness on her mother's cold and lifeless arm. A tinge of blood on the pale lips of the deceased showed that the trying events of the preceding day had caused some internal injury and finished the work which sorrow had begun. Jane's first impulse was to throw herself on her knees and bury her face in her hands. She had never before looked on Death; and though the beautifully chiselled features and sweet expression of the face were more calculated to create admiration than fear, yet the
knowledge that a soul had just departed spread a feeling of awe over the reflective mind of the amiable girl. She had not remained long in her humble posture, when a slight cry from the sleeping child roused her to action, and before the little orphan had opened her eyes on the desolation that awaited her, Jane was hurrying her in her arms from the apartment.

The hour was later than usual when Mr. Allerton appeared in the breakfast-parlour, having been fatigued by the active share which humanity had induced him to take in the events of the preceding day. Half expecting to find his guest there before him, he had resolved, in the hope that he might be able to render assistance, no longer to oppose the lady’s wish to relate to him the circumstances which had led to her sojourn under his roof; it was, therefore, with still greater surprise and grief that he heard that the poor wanderer no longer required an earthly home. The worthy minister next determined to make every exertion to discover the relatives of the interesting orphan, who was so unexpectedly thrown on his generosity; meanwhile, the little Louisa was treated as a child of the family. In the simplicity of her heart, Jane wished that her father’s enquiries might not be successful, and that the infant who gave such early promise of intelligence and beauty might grow into womanhood under her own eye. The child, on finding herself alone with strangers, was for some time inconsolable, crying bitterly when the door opened and closed again, and no mother appeared; but long ere that mother was laid in the grave, her sorrow was forgotten, and smiles and playful caresses repaid the notice bestowed on her by every member of the household. Mr. Allerton had no clue to guide him in his attempts to discover the family of the deceased. The crew of the vessel could give him no farther information than has been already mentioned, as the little box which he had brought on board had been unluckily lost in the general wreck. Vainly, then, did Jane take the child on her knee and enquire her name, which children are so generally taught to utter as soon as they attempt to speak; but the only reply which she received was—"Baby;" true, indeed, her mother had called her ‘Louisa,’ but fruitless were all her efforts to discover her surname. The only thing, therefore, which Mr. Allerton could do in such a case, he proceeded to do without delay. He sent a paragraph to the different newspapers, minutely describing the person of the female and the name of the vessel that had been wrecked, earnestly requesting that any person who could throw the least light on the circumstances would write to him. A week had elapsed, and Jane began to think that she would be left in undisturbed possession of her favorite, when the arrival of the Southern mail (an event of no small importance in B——), brought a letter for her father, which threw a chill over her hopes. The letter was dated from Langham-place, London, and ran thus:

"Sir,—Having seen in the Morning Herald a paragraph (said to have been copied from a Scotch paper) containing enquiries after the relatives of an infant under your protection, I wish, in the event of your search proving fruitless, to submit to you the following proposal.

"About two years since, it pleased God to deprive me of my only child, the Lady Susan Dudley. In consequence of this bereavement I feel an earnest desire to adopt an infant, who might, in my declining years, supply to me, in some degree, the place of my lost treasure; but I have not yet been able to meet with parents in a respectable condition in
life whom gold can allure to part with their offspring, and I cannot prevail on myself to receive into my family one of those objects of public charity with whom our institutions abound, many of them lovely and innocent themselves, yet, perhaps, the descendants of the vicious and profligate. From the description contained in the paragraph alluded to, I feel convinced that you can bestow on me the blessing for which my heart pines, and any return in my power would be thankfully rendered, should you, on consideration, think proper to confide the child to my care. In the event of my receiving a favorable answer from you, I will immediately dispatch a trustworthy person to convey the little orphan to London.

"I am Sir, your obedient servant,

"Susan Dudley."

Mr. Allerton handed the letter to Jane as the best reply to her anxious look of enquiry. He himself felt pleased at an event so likely to benefit the orphan; but his pleasure was mingled with regret, for the child, during her short residence with him, had so won on his affections, that he sighed to think that his narrow income was not more than sufficient for the wants of his own family. Besides Jane, Mr. Allerton had two sons; both were at the university, one studying for the church, the other for the medical profession, and to forward their views it was necessary for the old man to practise the strictest domestic economy. In the event of his retaining the child in his family, he could not procure for her such advantages of education as the fortune of Lady Dudley could command, and the notion was still impressed on his mind, that her origin was respectable, though he could not in any way account for her state of destitution, which opinion was farther confirmed by the following circumstance:—the person who had been employed to perform the last offices for the deceased female found a miniature concealed in her bosom; it was that of a young man, who, they doubted not, from the striking resemblance he bore to the child, was father to the infant. There was the same noble forehead, the deep blue eye and light auburn hair so conspicuous in the countenance of the little Louisa; and as Jane gazed on the child’s open and intellectual expression, she felt persuaded that the father of her little favorite, whatever his misfortunes might have been, had possessed no ordinary mind. Mr. Allerton having well considered the matter, at length determined to waive all selfish considerations, and to write to Lady Dudley expressing his willingness to comply with her wishes. He took the precaution, however, previous to dispatching this epistle, to communicate with a relation in London, requesting him, if possible, to obtain some information respecting her ladyship’s character and position in society. He soon had the pleasure of hearing that the object of his enquiries was the rich widow of Robert, third Earl of Dudley; that before the death of her husband she had been one of the leading stars in the hemisphere of fashion, a powerful patroness of Almack’s, and an admired frequenter of all the balls and fêtes-champêtres which graced the pages of the “fashionable” Morning Post; but that since her widowhood and the premature death of her only child she had ceased frequenting public places, though many of the élite of society were still included in her private circle of acquaintance.

Satisfied that no deception had been practised on him, Mr. Allerton gladly addressed the Countess, expressing his readiness to accept her ladyship’s proposal.
About two weeks after dispatching this letter, Jane sat gazing earnestly at the fire; the little Louisa, on the ground at her feet, was busily engaged in tearing an old newspaper to pieces; the worthy clergyman had retired to his room to finish composing his sermon for the following day (for Mr. Allerton was not one of those teachers of the people, who, having written some fifty sermons when their brains were at their most productive season, put them into a box, and having preached to the bottom of said store, begin again at the top, and so on, year after year. Though time had silvered the old man’s hair and checked the rich tide of his eloquence, it had no power to dim his religious enthusiasm, which, like a dying lamp, shone yet the brighter as it was burning to its close.

Jane was at that moment thinking how far it was probable that the Lady Dudley might change her mind and become careless of the object of her pursuit, now that she found it attainable. It is so natural at sixteen to see every thing couleur de rose, that when anything unexpectedly occurs to balk our wishes, we never regard it as the natural result of previous circumstances, but fancy that we are visited by some calamity wholly unprecedented in the annals of misery. A bright sea-coal fire is at all times a powerful auxiliary to castle-building, and Jane had in imagination played her favorite duets and read her favorite authors with her little élève, when her reverie was disturbed by the arrival of a post-chaise. She advanced to the window, and, surrounded by a crowd of barefooted, rosy urchins (who having noticed the arrival of a strange vehicle had uncenemoniously followed it to the place of its destination) she saw a respectable, middle-aged female who had just alighted, and requested to be conducted to Mr. Allerton. Jane’s first impulse was to raise the little Louisa from the carpet and cover her with kisses: she had little difficulty in conjecturing who the stranger was, and tears rose to her eyes at this sudden overthrow of her private plans, but like most of her countrywomen she had been taught to consider the practice of hospitality as a necessary duty, and no selfish thought restrained the elastic step and kind smile with which she advanced to meet the destroyer of her dreams of personal happiness.

Mrs. Gresham was the beau ideal of an upper servant. She was “Mrs.” only by courtesy, for she had never known the cares nor the blessings of matrimony; and an unfortunate attachment in early life had given her, at eighteen, the steadiness and gravity of eight-and-twenty. She had been a confidential servant to her ladyship many years previous to her union with the Earl of Dudley. When that event occurred, and the prominent place which she occupied in the fashionable world rendered a “femme de chambre” necessary to superintend the mysteries of the toilet, Mrs. Gresham still maintained her sovereignty, and the outré thoughts of Mademoiselle Roget were often restrained by the superior taste of Mrs. Gresham, who, to say truth, did not think the tout-ensemble of her fair mistress much improved by the Parisian friperies then so much in vogue. Perhaps it was owing to this mixed government in the affairs of the toilet that Lady Dudley was unanimously allowed to be one of the best-dressed women in the fashionable coteries which she frequented; for Mrs. Gresham’s notions with regard to dress were strictly classical, and no one knew better how to set off to advantage the charms of a fine person, or,
what is more difficult, to conceal defects where nature had been less kind. Who
has not gazed with regret on some lovely picture, where the classical beauty of the
form and features, instead of being relieved by a simple and elegant drapery, have
been deformed by a corsage cut and slashed in all the colors of the rainbow and
decked with a profusion of vulgar ornaments.

Thus looked the worthy Mrs. Gresham on the young and graceful form of her
mistress when under the hands of the experienced Roget. There was no innova-
tion on her ideas of beauty that called forth more serious indignation than the
cheveu crêpé which in the bitterness of her heart she ventured to say had been
invented by some Parisian belle, who (unlike Wordsworth's Highland Girl, of whom
he says, "time has not thinned thy flowing hair," ) finding her temples less luxu-
riantly shaded than in former years, had no resource but in the chevelure crêpée, or
a wig. It had been her delight, in days of yore, to arrange her lady's rich golden
curls, which long after her emancipation from the nursery were allowed to fall in
graceful negligence on her fair shoulders. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at,
when she saw the head of her ladyship in the hands of her new femme de chambre,
if she thought of Samson under the ruthless scissors of Delilah; but fashion is a
Delilah which even the amiable and strong-minded Countess of Dudley could not
resist, and the work of destruction went on. After the first violent exacerbations
of feeling was over, Mrs. Gresham contented herself, while her lady was undergoing
the above-mentioned operation, with relating how the luxuriant tresses of her lady-
ship's grandmother when untied had formed a thick mantle which reached almost
to the ground, and directing her attention to a beautifully plated watch-guard,
clasped with gold, to which was attached his lordship's hunting-watch. When the
discourse reached this climax, Mademoiselle Roget smiled a supercilious smile. She
was on terms of intimacy with his lordship's gentleman, and had a different
version of the origin of the ornament which Mrs. Gresham had so unceremoniously
affirmed to have formed part of the chevelure of her ladyship's noble mother-in-law.
According to his account, William, second Earl of Dudley, took much delight in the
pleasures of the turf, and when not engaged in attendance on his sovereign spent
more of his time at Newmarket than in the boudoir of his Countess. It need not,
therefore, be matter of surprise, if part of the silken mane of his favorite hunter,
having passed through the hands of a cunning workman, had attained the high dis-
tinction of decorating his lordship's person when engaged in the sports of the field.
But whether Mrs. Gresham or the gentleman of the chamber was right, must, it is
to be feared, remain a matter of doubt, though it is but justice to the latter to state
that not fewer than three beautiful engravings representing this four-legged favorite
adorned the walls of his lordship's private apartments. Fortunately for Mrs. Gresham,
her rival's influence over her lady did not extend farther than the outside of her
head, her judgment was too strong to be influenced by her wily femme de chambre's
remarks on the good woman's boring propensities.

Mrs. Gresham was soon, however, to be released from the life of inglorious ease
which she led since her ladyship's marriage; and, invested with the dignity of head-
nurse to the infant Lady Susan, she floated through the splendid apartments in all the
The Protégée.

glory of brown poplin and Valenciennes lace. Her temper became smooth as oil, and even Roget was allowed to frizzle, and chatter and flirt unmolested with his Lordship’s ‘gentleman.’

But this happy state of affairs was destined to be of short duration, and ere two years had elapsed, the Countess was a widow and childless. If Mrs. Gresham had been useful and valuable to her noble mistress in the full tide of prosperity, she was doubly so in the season of adversity, and when the dark cloud of sorrow threatened almost to overshadow her, the faithful servant would watch the faint spark of returning reason; and, by reading the cheering words of the gospel, and directing her attention to active works of charity, fan it again into life. Mrs. Gresham has been thus particularly introduced to the reader, because, next to her noble patroness, she was the being destined to influence the formation of the little stranger’s character.

Reader! have you ever voyaged in a steam boat? If so, you would find an excuse for my not entering into the details of the short period which elapsed between the removal of the little Louisa from under the protection of her kind friends in the north and her arrival in Langham place. And if you have not, my reminiscences might fail to excite your sympathy; for who that has seen the steam packets chasing each other in quick succession on the broad bosom of the Thames, with their bands of music and gay groups of passengers, could guess the misery and confusion which reign below after the lapse of a few brief hours from the period of their starting.

There are, indeed, a few choice spirits who, amid the general bouleversement, can luxuriate on roast beef and Guieness’ genuine bottled stout, but, fortunately, for the finances of the Steam Navigation Companies, these instances are rare, and the greater number of those who go forth in the morning, rejoicing in good health and a good appetite, are, before the dinner bell rings, prostrated in “green and yellow melancholy” on their hard, narrow couches. But, whatever Mrs. Gresham and her charge may have suffered during their voyage, the beauty of the child never shone more conspicuous than when, conducted to the splendid drawing room in Langham Place, she received the first embrace of her future patroness.

Lady Dudley expected to be pleased with the child, for Mrs. Gresham had written at her desire immediately on her arrival at the parsonage, giving a minute description of the orphan. But neither the old lady’s description nor her own imagination had done justice to the grace and loveliness of the chosen protégée. The countess, in the fulness of her joy, determined that no expense should be spared in the education of her adopted charge, and having cautioned Mrs. Gresham not to give the slightest information on the subject of her birth, she desired that she should be introduced to her household by the name of Villiers, her own name before she became the wife of the Earl of Dudley.

It not being intended to fatigue the reader by following the young heroine through her nursery and schoolroom days, the next fourteen years of her life will be briefly passed over, which were spent in the acquirement of all those accomplishments which in this enlightened age are pursued, though with such different results, by all young ladies of rank and fortune.
CHAPTER III.

"That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
Is most true. True I have married." — Othello.

Susan, Countess of Dudley, was the only surviving daughter of the Earl of Somerville, who had been one of the favourite ministers who composed the cabinet of George the third, but, since the death of that monarch, infirm health, caused by over excitement in his ministerial capacity had induced him to retire from public life, and except an annual visit which he had paid to his daughter since her widowhood, he lived in almost uninterrupted retirement at the seat of his ancestors, in the county of Warwick.

The earl was a younger brother, but nature had made some compensation for this disadvantage by endowing him with diplomatic talents of the highest order, and his deficiency on the score of fortune had been remedied by his prudent father, who negotiated a marriage for him with the daughter of Sir Peter Fairfax, one of the richest commoners in England.

The young scion of nobility was by nature proud, sensitive and irascible, and even the extreme beauty and rich dowry of his bride could not entirely reconcile him to this roturier connection. But wealth, beauty and parental authority triumphed, and the Morning Post soon announced the marriage of the rich heiress of Sir Peter Fairfax with the Honorable George Villiers, second son of the Earl of Somerville. The father of the fair girl, thus coldly admitted within the magic circle of aristocracy had amassed his immense fortune by his own industry. He had accumulated a large sum of money by exercising the trade of a gun maker, and when the war broke out which banished Napoleon and restored the Bourbons to the throne of France, he made a contract with government to supply the army with fire-arms, which filled his coffers with gold enough to buy a peerage. But Peter Fairfax had no ambition beyond that of obtaining the highest civic honors in his native city. This object he had little difficulty in attaining, and when, as a reward for his zeal in the service of government during his mayoralty, the honor of knighthood was conferred on him, the ci-devant artizan of Saint-Mary-Axe considered himself the greatest man in England, next to the prime minister.

Had the rich old knight been the only person alive with whom his lady claimed kindred, the honorable George Villiers might have borne his degradation with some degree of philosophy, but alas! Sir Peter’s genealogical tree was putting forth fresh blossoms, and the name of Fairfax was well known in the land of Cockaigne. The only branch however of her family with which the honorable Mrs. Villiers was permitted to have any intercourse, was the widow and children of her only brother. This Peter the second pursued the business which his father had found so lucrative, but not with equal success: he was a young man of weak constitution and dissolute habits, and Sir Peter began to discover that wealth and civic honors could not shield him from domestic vexations. It was, therefore, a relief to the old man when his son informed him that he had been paying his addresses to Miss Hobbs, the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Alderman Hobbs, and that her Father was inclined to
come down handsomely, provided Sir Peter would make a suitable settlement on
his son.

Miss Anna Matilda Hobbs was certainly not the person whom Sir Peter would
have chosen to transmit his honestly acquired wealth to posterity; her father was a
plain honest citizen, and as he held the office of lord mayor in the highest veneration,
was a man according to Sir Peter's own heart; but the alderman had his weak
points: and, reader! what alderman has not? The weak point of an alderman is
generally supposed to be an undue love for the flesh pots of the Mansion House;
but our alderman's weakness was of a more refined character. It was his love, almost
bordering on idolatry, for his fat, dumpy, good-natured daughter, Anna Matilda.
After the death of her mother, which happened while she was yet an infant, the little
girl had been allowed to follow her own devices, and when his female acquaintances
hinted to the alderman that the child would be ruined, if left entirely to servants
who knew that the slightest opposition to her will would cause their dismissal, he
began seriously to consider what was to be done to check what he called 'the little
youthful effervescences of his future heiress.'

A boarding school was accordingly the first thing which presented itself to his
mind; but that would deprive him of the society of his child, and after a morning
spent in all the turmoil of a shop, what had he to cheer him but the tricks and sallies
of his Anna Matilda.

The idea of the boarding school was accordingly dismissed, and throwing himself
into his patent reclining chair, he turned for relief to the columns of 'The Times.'
An advertisement met his eye which appeared à propos to his dilemma.

A lady wished to be received into a family where there was but one pupil. She
was capable of giving instruction in the French, Italian, German, and Spanish lan-
guages, and drawing in all its branches; she was mistress of the pianoforte, harp
and guitar, and would not object to teach writing, geography, arithmetic, and other
inferior branches of education if required. Salary £50 per annum, washing in-
cluded; and the family of a widower preferred. The alderman threw down the
paper with a triumphant 'when'! He thought X. Y. Z. had been made on purpose
for him, and ringing for pen, ink and paper, he determined (to use his own phrase)
to strike while the iron was hot. Having dispatched a note to X. Y. Z., he sat
down again to read the advertisement more at leisure, fearful that in the first flush
of excitement he might have made some mistake.

Having satisfied himself that all was right, and dwelt on the phrase “the family
of a widower preferred,” he began to moralize on the signs of the times. Mr. Hobbs,
though a correct accountant and a shrewd man of business, was by no means a liter-
ary character. He had been so engrossed in making money that he used to boast
that he had never read but two books from beginning to end; one was Jack the
Giant-killer, which he had carefully perused and digested before mammon took pos-
session of him; the other a pamphlet, “The March of Intellect,” which had been
warmly recommended to him forty years afterwards, at a turtle feast given by his
friend Mr. Deputy Perkins.

No wonder, then, that on reading the advertisement in 'The Times,' a certain
sympathy was excited in his mind between "The March of Intellect" and the mighty feats of the redoubtable Jack; and when he thought of the epitome of learning which he could command for a year, for a sum less than he sometimes put into his till in half an hour, he could not help thinking that Jack with his seven league boots was a prototype of the March of Intellect.

"X. Y. Z.," alias Miss Fox (having dropped her incognito, on her first personal interview with the alderman), readily agreed to undertake the education of the heiress, and in due time she was settled in a suite of apartments in Leadenhall-street. This arrangement completed, Mr. Hobbs felt more easy on his child's account, but he feared that his parental anxiety had given the death blow to his domestic peace. Though an affectionate husband and fond father, he was by no means a lover of the sex in general; he therefore regarded Miss Fox as a sort of necessary evil, and determined to use every lawful means for his own protection. Accordingly, he gave orders that books, globes, drawing materials, and every thing connected with the business of the school-room should be elevated to the third floor; yet he could not bring himself to sit down to table uncheered by the smiles of his Anna Matilda, and of course Anna Matilda could not be separated from her governess at dinner, for, strange as it may appear, this was frequently the time that the young lady selected for her most violent explosions of mirth and frolic. Time, however, soon began to show its soothing effects on the alderman's uneasiness, and, as day after day the starched, frenched, automaton figure of Miss Fox glided into her chair, the nerves and digestive powers of the sufferer began to resume their wonted happy tone, and it was only when he encountered her unawares that he wiped his forehead with his yellow silk handkerchief and felt nervous.

How "The March of Intellect" proceeded on the third floor, Mr. Hobbs neither knew nor to say the truth much cared. He saw that his child's manners were improved, for she neither pulled off his wig at dinner time, nor made faces at the footman, and as to her studies, he feared to enquire too minutely into the nature of them, lest Miss Fox should discover how shallow had been his own draught at the Pierian Spring.

Years passed on, and the governess at last announced that she had finished her pupil. The alderman was again in a quandary, and again was he relieved from his dilemma by Miss Fox. Though that lady had finished her pupil, she had no intention of parting soon with Mr. Hobbs. She, therefore, hinted to him in the most delicate manner that, though Miss Hobbs' education was finished, as she had no female relative of a certain age to reside with her, the society of a lady, qualified to act as a companion and chaperon, would be absolutely necessary.

It is almost needless to add that Miss Fox was finally prevailed upon, by the offer of a handsome increase of salary, to remain with the heiress. But the time had now come when the mysteries of the third floor were to be revealed to the world in the person of Miss Hobbs.

In stature, the young lady was considerably below the middle size, but what she
wanted in height she had gained in circumference. Her complexion disdained that yellow tinge which indicates a delicate constitution or a mind overwrought by deep study or acute sensibility, and the peony never shed a brighter lustre than that which glowed on the fair cheek of Anna Matilda, and shamed the rouge which defiled the faces of less fortunate belles. Her “lack lustre" eyes were blue; eye-brows she had none, and her low forehead was adorned on each side by an enormous mass of what poets call "golden hair," but which a simple and veracious prose writer must confess was red. Notwithstanding all this, the heiress' tout ensemble was by no means disagreeable, for her rosy countenance was generally lighted up with good humour, and her exuberance of figure was only the result of rude health and a mind steeled against those petty annoyances, which too often tend to blanch the lip and wrinkle the brow of the more delicately organized. As might well be imagined, the growth of Anna Matilda’s understanding had not kept pace with the growth of her person, yet was she not destitute of accomplishments; and when, after the fatigues of the day, the alderman coiled himself up in his purple-leather patent-chair, her fat little rosy fingers wandered over the keys of the piano, and she rose gradually from the pianissimo of the Aria Scozzese, to the variation con furia, with her feet on both pedals, her delighted father would spring across the room and clasp his dear little dumpling in his arms. At other times, when he had sacrificed a little more freely than usual, to the jolly god, his admiration would assume a more excited character, and overcome by the influence of music as greater men had been before him, he would seize the pale, bony hand of Miss Fox, who sat like a lovely "Thais at his side," "and sigh and look, and look, and sigh again."

But it was not through the ear alone that Anna Matilda could charm; she was a proficient in that most difficult art—the art of Oriental tinting! and devoted much of her valuable time to painting fire-screens and card-racks. Never did the eye of connoisseur rest with more delight on a Vandyke or a Rembrandt than the eye of Alderman Hobbs on a butterfly with a gold-leaf body and ultramarine wings that adorned the mantel-piece. Of history, geography, and what Miss Fox had styled the other inferior branches of education, the heiress was as ignorant as an Esquimaux, and her language was a strange mixture of French and Italian phrases grafted on Cockney dialect.

Such, then, was the lady whom Mr. Fairfax proposed to Sir Peter as a daughter-in-law. On one point, however, the young gentleman had deceived his father: Mr. Hobbs had not given his consent to the union of his daughter with the prodigal son of the ex-Lord-Mayor. As far as connection and worldly aggrandizement went, nothing could be more desirable to him, but Mr. Fairfax was notorious for idle and extravagant habits, and Mr. Hobbs determined that unless time produced a thorough reformation in the conduct of his daughter’s suitor, he would rather marry her to one of his own shopmen than suffer his honestly acquired wealth to be dissipated at the gaming-table or the race-course. The Alderman rejoiced to find that his daughter, instead of going into heroics or hysteries on the occasion, behaved with the utmost decorum, and when he told her that Mr. Fairfax must pass a year of probation before he would again permit her to receive his addresses, she merely ex-
claimed, "la, Pa!" nor did one pearly tear sully the beauty of the cat which she was embroidering in worsted, to make an ottoman for her father's gouty toe.

Mr. Fairfax was not, however, to be so easily balked; he never expected that Mr. Hobbs would give an unqualified consent to his union with his daughter, but the union once effected, he had no doubt that the old man, with the blind indulgence which he had always shown to his child, would freely pardon any breach of duty, however flagrant, rather than lose her society. Sir Peter Fairfax was easily persuaded to settle £2,000 per annum on his son, and though he could not help wondering at his choice, as a matter of taste he could not refrain from thinking that at least where mammon is concerned, "the children of darkness are, indeed, wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Mr. Fairfax, as may be supposed, had no antiquated notions on the subject of matrimony. He did not for a moment entertain the vulgar idea of falling in love with his future wife. He had involved himself in difficulties, from which his Anna Matilda's fortune would extricate him and leave sufficient for the happy pair to live in affluence, or (if they could endure an existence on the east side of Temple Bar) enable them to indulge even in luxuries.

The Alderman had never felt more satisfied with his daughter than at the present moment; he had for some time suspected that she was engaged in a love-affair with Mr. Fairfax, and he rejoiced to think that she had sacrificed her inclination to high notions of filial duty. Such virtue, thought he, ought to be rewarded, even in this life: accordingly, he went to Rundall and Bridge's, and purchased a splendid suit of amethysts, with which, the day following being her birth-day, he intended to surprise his dutiful Anna Matilda. But alas! how little can mortals peep into futurity! On that very morning, which eighteen years before had hailed her advent into the world, her father learnt that she had made her exit for ever from the home of her childhood. When the family had retired to rest on the previous evening, this dutiful prodigy left the house of her father accompanied by her maid, and was soon seated by the side of Mr. Fairfax, hurrying along the north road as fast as four horses could carry them.

The Alderman was just opening his eyes, and feasting them on the case of jewels which lay on the dressing-table, when lo!—a rush—a shriek—a confused sound of many voices, and an apparition met his astonished gaze, which he at first took for the shade of his departed wife. It was Miss Fox in her bonnet de nuit. The Alderman with instinctive delicacy pulled the blankets up to his nose and his night-cap over his eyes; but these precautions were unnecessary, for Miss Fox was flanked on one side by the cook and housemaid, and on the other by the male domestic of the family. The Alderman, seeing all his household assembled, began to dread that something had happened to Anna Matilda, but to his repeated commands to tell the worst at once, he received nothing like a coherent reply; fortunately, however, and just as, goaded to desperation, he was about to spring from his bed, the eye of Miss Fox caught the box of amethysts, and the flood-gates of her grief were opened.

The feelings of the reader need not be unnecessarily harrowed by a description
of the distress of the ill-requited parent; rather let the amiable conduct of Miss Fox be dwelt upon, who like a guardian angel poured balm into Mr. Hobbs’ wounded spirit. With what success her charitable efforts were crowned will appear in the reply which Anna Matilda, now Mrs. Fairfax, received to the following precious document:

“Gretta, North Britain.

“My ever beloved Fox,—I need not tell you that long ere this comes to hand, my dear Peter and myself are bound in the chains of Iman by the Priest of Vulcan. Tell Pa, that when Mr. Fairfax (for he has forbid me to call him Peter) and myself throws ourselves at his feet, I am sure he will forgive my little fo pas. I wish all my cloes, juels, books, &c. to be sent to our house, which was Sir Peter’s, in Russell-square. Dear Fox, congoor Pa to forgive all, and meat us in said Square, and believe me, till death, your affectionate friend and Bride,

Anna Matilda Fairfax.

“P. S. What we read in the novel about a Scotch breakfast is not true. Though the inkeeper has had a man and horse scouring the neighbourhood for the last hour he has not been able to get me a pork-sausage for love nor money, but the ams cured ally cos are a good susturfu.

A. M.”

Miss Fox hesitated about showing this epistle to the alderman; the orthography of her pupil was not exactly what she could have wished it to be, but as she had played her own part in the drama with perfect success she began to feel some little prickings of conscience with regard to the good-natured and confiding Mrs. Fairfax, and she determined to use her newly acquired influence with Mr. Hobbs in favor of his daughter. When the happy pair arrived in Russell-square, a note was on the drawing room table, which with more anxiety than she had ever perhaps felt before, she hastened to open. Her husband, however, under pretence of saving his fair bride unnecessary fatigue eagerly seized it, and, with a profusion of exclamations “not fit for ears polite,” read aloud the following billet.

“My dear Mrs. Fairfax,

“I am requested by your honored father to state that since your unexpected nuptials took place, another event equally important and unlooked-for has occurred in the family. At nine o’clock yesterday morning your bereaved parent and ci-devant governess were made one at the church of St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch. Nothing could at first exceed your excellent father’s grief on discovering your flight, but as Sterne beautifully expresses it,—‘Gon tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ and I doubt not you will unite with me in considering our union as little less than a Divine interposition. I trust that I shall never, by forgetting that I am the weaker vessel, give a moment’s uneasiness to the husband of my youth.

P. S. While your cup of happiness is yet full to the brim, it seems almost indelicate to mention pecuniary matters, but I have my husband’s commands to inform you that, though you have forfeited all claims to the eighty thousand pounds destined for your marriage portion, he will pay into the hands of his banker the sum of four hundred per annum for your personal expenses. Should the property of your father exceed the jointure which he has been pleased to settle on me, rest assured that I will do everything in my power to influence him in your favor.
"Present my congratulations to Mr. Fairfax, and with every prayer for your happiness, believe me your affectionate friend and step-mother,

DOROTHEA HOBBS."

Mr. Fairfax was stunned at having his schemes so completely frustrated by a person who, in his eyes, had always appeared too insignificant to be propitiated. His lady, however, bore the intelligence with her usual equanimity. Though portionless, she was not less the wife of Mr. Fairfax, and as she had a splendid house, a carriage and four hundred a year for pin-money, she wisely determined to make the best of her new situation.

In the meantime, intemperance was gradually undermining the constitution of her husband, and five years after their marriage he died, leaving his widow and three orphans dependant on his father. The Alderman, however, on the death of Mr. Fairfax, whom he 'always persisted (malgré Mrs. Hobbs' assertion to the contrary) in thinking the chief offender, united with Sir Peter in securing to his daughter and children a comfortable independence.

If Sir Peter had been unfortunate in his son's matrimonial connection, his most aspiring wishes were crowned when he saw his beautiful and amiable daughter elevated to the highest ranks of the aristocracy as the Honorable Mrs. Villars. Louisa Fairfax was endowed by nature with an elegant person and a superior mind, and it was impossible for a man possessing Mr. Villars' penetration to treat so perfect a creature with indifference. Mrs. Villars was not, therefore, that most solitary of God's creatures—a neglected wife, nevertheless she was not happy. She could not help feeling that, in his marriage, her husband had been induced to sacrifice his feelings of pride to necessity, and she sighed to think that had the unexpected death of his elder brother (which left him heir to the title and estates of the house of Somerville) happened a few months sooner, the sacrifice might have been spared.

Since his roturier connexion, the earl's hauteur had greatly increased. He had two daughters, Louisa, who died at the age of eighteen, and Susan, who became the wife of the Earl of Dudley. Lady Somerville never recovered the loss of her eldest daughter, and after the death of his wife, whom he loved as much as his proud and selfish nature was capable of, the earl gave himself up to a deep and morbid melancholy, which even the opening beauties of his surviving child failed to dissipate. Lady Susan Villars was many years younger than her sister. She had been sent to the seaside under the care of a relative of the family, her physician having recommended change of air to perfect her recovery from a severe attack of one of those fevers incidental to childhood, and on her return she found that her father's house had become the house of mourning, and that her parent was plunged in the deepest affliction.

The earl's retired and repulsive manners, and the secluded life which he led were ill suited to the buoyant spirits of the youthful Lady Susan, and often would she stop in the midst of her childish sports to wipe away the tears which gathered in her eyes, as her glance met the earl's cold reproving looks. Those sweet blue eyes
that had never met her's but with delight were closed in death, and the little orphan felt how precious was a mother's love. As she advanced in years she vainly tried to account for the earl's unhappy temper. He had always been reserved and irritable, but it was only since the death of her mother that he had become gloomy and misanthropic. He possessed immense wealth and ancestral honors of the first distinction. As a statesman, he had attained the highest pinnacle of fame, and had voluntarily renounced his public career for that retirement which was more congenial to his disposition and rendered necessary by his impaired constitution. His bodily health had long been restored, and his anxious daughter could assign no other cause for his deeply rooted melancholy than his domestic bereavement.

Lady Susan was delighted when she occasionally obtained her father's consent to spend a week with her relations in Russell-square, and the loud ringing laugh of her young cousins was music to her ears, after the death-like silence of Bolton Castle. To her grandfather, who during her visits contrived to make one of the family circle, she was an object of the deepest interest, for he saw in her the image of his amiable daughter, whom in an evil hour he had sacrificed to his ambitious projects.

After his daughter's marriage, Sir Peter soon began to feel that although his wealth had made him father-in-law to a peer, it had no power to subdue the aristocratic pride of his noble relative.

Accustomed to be treated in his own circle with the greatest respect, the worthy citizen could ill brook the constrained courtesy which he met with, when his affection for his daughter induced him to mingle in the gay crowds that frequented his lordship's splendid mansion in Grosvenor-square. He hoped, however, that when the London season was over, and the young couple had domesticated themselves at Bolton Castle, that he would have more of his child's society, and with this expectation he bought an estate in Warwickshire, where he resolved to reside, having declined an overture from Mrs. Fairfax to take up his permanent abode in her family. But his hopes were again disappointed. If the Earl's hauteur had been conspicuous in the salons of Grosvenor-square, when surrounded by his equals, much more evident was it in the princely halls of his ancestors, where every object reminded him of the noble race from which he was descended.

The society at Bolton Castle was composed of all the aristocracy within fifty miles whose pedigree was capable of the strictest scrutiny. Parvenus, whose talents in the cabinet or the field had obtained for them the patent of nobility, were declared not admissible, and he even declined the proffered visit of the prime minister, whose wisdom and eloquence were the theme of universal admiration, because it was whispered by his enemies that his escutcheon was tarnished by the bend sinister. But neither the frowns of her lord, nor the subdued stare of his guests, on finding themselves in such close contact with a plebeian, could repress the delight which the countess felt, when on the announcement of her father's name she hastened to receive his embrace. In vain did the earl assure her, that the slightest exhibition of feeling was an outrage on the society into which she was introduced, and that a smile might

B—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1842.
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be suffered under proper restrictions, but a blush or a tear could not be tolerated beyond the precincts of her boudoir, and then only, when there was no witness except her femme de chambre.

Sir Peter rejoiced to find that Lady Susan inherited her mother's sweetness of temper and nobility of soul; and the full tide of an affection which had been so early frozen at her heart by her father's coldness, now flowed without restraint to cheer the old man's declining years. After Sir Peter's death, Lady Susan, in compliance with his request and her own inclination continued to keep up her friendly intercourse with the Fairfax family, an intercourse not interrupted by her marriage with the Earl of Dudley; for his lordship, though descended from one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, liked to see life in all its varieties, and his unqualified admiration was bestowed on talent adorned by virtuous principles, without regard to birth or station. The Earl's prejudices had he even entertained any on the subject, would, indeed, have yielded to his wife's wishes, for he had full reliance on the goodness of her heart, which was tempered by correctness of judgment.

It may be supposed that there could exist little sympathy of mind between the Countess and Mrs. Fairfax, for that lady had improved neither in person nor in mind since her removal to Russell-square, but she and her children were really attached to Lady Dudley, whom they regarded as of a superior order of beings; and as their vulgarity was free from malevolence, it created no offence, and on the other hand even amused their titled relative. This family alliance was further strengthened, when the hatchment on the walls of her ladyship's mansion told the world that the sounds of revelry had ceased and death had entered there. No lack was there of condolence on the part of her ladyship's friends. The coroneted carriages rolled in quick succession to the house of mourning, and even the gayest votary of fashion assumed an air of concern as the footman, clad in sable garments, received her card and answered her enquiries.

The Duchess of Ely, who was the Countess' god-mother, and Lady Mary Bouverie, her intimate friend, determined to offer the personal consolations of their friendship; but before they reached Langham-place, they agreed that an interview with the noble widow would unnerv-e them for the fancy-ball which the duchess was to give in the evening, and, as Lady Mary said poor dear Lady Dudley was more likely to recover her spirits if left to herself, they resolved merely to leave their cards, and postpone their visit till the doors of the Countess' mansion were opened for the reception of her whole circle of friends. But Lady Dudley was not left to herself: the fat, foolish, vulgar Mrs. Fairfax, who had been the bête noire at her soirées, had a heart to feel, and nerves to obey its dictates: she had indeed been seduced by her vain and romantic turn of mind and the artifices of her lover to abandon her old deating father, but her conduct had been the result of a weak judgment, and not of an unfeeling heart, and to her and her faithful servant, Mrs. Gresham, her ladyship was indebted for the words of religious comfort which dispelled the gloom of her mind and led her to kiss the rod which had so severely chastened her.
CHAPTER IV.

"Behold Sir Balam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit
What late he called a blessing, now, was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit." Pope.

Mrs. Fairfax's family consisted of a son and two daughters; the elder was named Anna Matilda, after her mother, and the younger rejoiced in the euphonious name of Dorothea Hobbs, by the express desire of Mr. Hobbs, who seeing no prospect of his lady perpetuating his name in her own person, made it one of the conditions of his reconciliation with his daughter. Mrs. Fairfax hesitated for some time; she piqued herself on being a connoisseur in names, and was by no means of opinion that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," nor could she believe that "Miss Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax," echoed along the splendid staircase in Langham-place, was the best mode of heralding the elegance and dignity which she determined should mark her entrée into the salons of the great.

The fact is, Mrs. Fairfax, like many other mothers, had not only christened her daughters before they were born, but had divined into futurity and planned their destinies. She had a profound veneration for titled persons, and she determined by all lawful means to secure to her own offspring that unquestionable mark of distinction. In pursuance of this design, some months previous to the infant's appearance in the world, she had resolved to name her child, if a female, Gertrude de Lisle. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that it cost her a severe struggle to comply with her father's wishes, "for," said she, (it must be allowed that there was some truth in the remark), "who ever heard of a Dorothea Hobbs, Countess of——?

She would fain have unchristened her eldest daughter, and thus have concealed the offensive words under the general appellation of Miss; but this could not be, and she gave up the point. Her obedience won for her a golden harvest, for on the very day that the unconscious Gertrude de Lisle received her plebeian patronymic, her aldermanic grandsire added a codicil to his will bequeathing to his grand-daughter, Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax, the sum of ten thousand pounds. But this was not all, for when the worthy alderman slept with his fathers in Bishopgate church-yard, his richly-jointured widow, having no near relations of her own, and being anxious to conciliate the Fairfax family, declared her intention of leaving the bulk of her property to her god-daughter.

The dispositions of the fair sisters differed as greatly as their names. Anna Matilda resembled her father's family; she had some ability, but wanted steady devotion to attain proficiency in any of the accomplishments which she pursued. In truth, she had finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school, where she had learned a little of every thing. In vain for her did Crivelli sing the solfeggio, and Bochsa tune the harp, ever and anon shrugging his shoulders and keeping his eye on his watch. The only master (if he may be dignified with the name) under whom she made any progress was Mr. Silvertongue, the drill-sergeant, who
came every Saturday morning to parade the young ladies round the *salle de danse*, and to ascertain whether any deformity of person was likely to occur in consequence of the system of sitting opposite their writing-desks from seven in the morning till five in the afternoon, except when otherwise engaged with their masters. Mr. Silverling declared that Miss Fairfax was the most upright young lady in the establishment, a very drill-sergeant in petticoats. But though Miss Fairfax "above the rest in shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower," it could not be concealed from the eye of the penetrating observer that her bust did not equal that of the Venus of Canova, and as her learning increased, her chest became contracted, and her waist was "small by degrees, and beautifully less." Had Mr. Coulson’s excellent work on the deformities of the chest been extant in those days, her mother would have flown, scissors in hand, to examine her corsets; but Coulson had not then written, and Mrs. Fairfax became alarmed, and took her daughter from school. Miss Fairfax soon began to think that it was much more pleasant to recline on a *chaise-longue* in a handsomely furnished drawing-room in Russell-square, her spirits enlivened by a constant succession of visitors, than to sit at her writing-desk in Grosvenor-place, and as she had no talent for any particular pursuit, and thought that all she had learned was but vanity and vexation of spirit, she became romantic, and spent her time in visiting, flirting, and reading such novels as were seasoned to her taste.

Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax, on the other hand, was a much more terrestrial being than her sister; she was fair and good-humored, and inherited her mother’s obesity of person; her corpulence was the only thing that had ever given her a moment’s uneasiness. In vain did she ride every morning round the Regent’s-park on a little pony as fat as herself, long before her sister had opened her shutters to admit the noonday sun. She lived on gruel, drank vinegar and water, and, with Hamlet, prayed, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Alas! it melted not; but somebody told her that embonpoint was the fashion at the court of George the Fourth, and she forthwith became reconciled to her tenement of clay.

Though in the chivalrous spirit of the ancients the ladies of the Fairfax family have had precedence in their introduction to the reader, yet George Frederic Fairfax was entitled by seniority to that privilege. He was one of that numerous class, who, not satisfied with being what they are, incessantly endeavour to appear what they are not. He had embraced the legal profession, the only one for which nature seemed to have formed him, for the *crooked* subtleties of the law were within the grasp of his shallow mind, and being unrestrained by principle, though he had little chance of sitting on the woolsack, there was every probability of his realizing a handsome fortune. He was no scholar, but he possessed much of that index-knowledge

> "Which turns no student pale,  
> But holds the soul of science by the tail."

The slow steps which mark the early progress of the most talented in his profession did not suit his mercurial temperament; he resolved, therefore, to turn politician, and seize fortune by a *coup-de-main*; and, as the best means of effecting this purpose,
he diligently pursued that most useful of all enquiries, the study of human nature. In manners he was a very chameleon: bland, respectful and polished among his superiors, he was conceited and haughty among his equals, mean, imperious and overbearing to his inferiors. He had none of that sensitiveness and self-distrust which often accompany and sometimes obscure the early development of Genius. He knew that there were thousands of men superior to himself in mental capabilities, but he also knew that no one had the tact to appear more talented than himself, and as long as he could attain his object of swaying men's minds, he cared very little about the means.

Accordingly, he made rapid progress in all his pursuits: he was not only attaining eminence as a lawyer, but he began to signalize himself as an author, and those of his colleagues who had hitherto looked upon him as a shallow man, owing his success chiefly to his self-possession and thorough knowledge of the world, now looked upon him as an honor to their body and a leading star in their profession. He published some political pamphlets which attracted the notice of the Prime Minister who thought it expedient to strengthen his party in the Lower House. He was soon after presented to the King, and in return for the ability and zeal which he had evinced in advocating the measures of Government, he received the honor of knighthood, and subsequently a seat in the House of Commons. Though the utmost dreams of his ambition had been realized, he could not succeed in obtaining the esteem of those persons with whom he was more immediately connected. His constituents, though they granted him precedence as a body, were not individually satisfied with him. To the unprincipled he was a valuable representative, as a man whose address and tact overcame all obstacles; but he could not help feeling that by upright and honorable men he was tolerated rather than liked, and the conviction gave a tone of bitterness to his feelings which it required the utmost politeness to conceal. Having succeeded in his public career beyond his most sanguine expectations, he began to think of domestic matters, and determined to secure his position in society by marrying the Countess of Dudley.

The Countess was, indeed, a few years older than himself, but though rather passé, she was still an elegant woman, and what to Sir George was of much more importance, possessed of a title and good fortune. But he was doomed not to prosper in love as in law. Lady Dudley, from her intimacy with his mother and sisters had the opportunity of penetrating his character, and she would as soon have thought of choosing her butler to fill the place of her late lord as she would have chosen Sir George Fairfax. That gentleman was, however, too wily a politician to subject himself to a refusal. He knew that if he once proposed, and was rejected, he would lose the éclat which he derived from his family connection with the peeress, and even if he was not denied the entrée of her house, his interviews with her would be much less frequent; so, after the expiration of two years, during which time he acted by turns the consoler, the disinterested friend and the adviser, and the diffident but adoring lover, finding that, instead of making any impression on the heart of the fair widow, whose affections were buried in the tomb of her husband and child, her behaviour towards him became every day more cold and
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constrained, he gave up the siege. The countess had penetrated his designs, and was thankful for his forbearance; she even began to think that she had judged his character rather too harshly, and she resolved to do every thing in her power to promote the interests of the family.

It may be supposed that in the domestic circle, Sir George Fairfax was not the most amiable of his sex. Though he countenanced his mother and sisters, and protected them to a certain degree in public, he made the former often feel how much “sharper than a serpent’s tooth is the tongue of an ungrateful child.” The ignorance and affectation of his elder sister often provoked him to bitter sarcasm, and the inoffensive vulgarity of Dorothea Hobbs constantly reminded him of his bourgeois origin. On one point, however, the Fairfaxes, male and female, agreed; namely, in disliking Lady Dudley’s beautiful and accomplished protégée, Louisa Villiers. The announcement of “Mrs. and the Misses Fairfax,” was generally the signal for her to make a hasty exit from the drawing-room to the solitude of her own apartment; and the countess, knowing the susceptibility of the orphan, and the coarseness of her guests, willingly connived at her retreat.

CHAPTER V.

“Voila bien les sentiments d’un petit esprit, de vouloir demeurer toujours dans la bassesse. Ne me repuez pas davantage: ma fille sera Marquise en dépit de tout le monde; et, si vous me mettez en colère je la ferai duchesse.” _Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme._

Who is that lovely creature dancing with the officer in the Lancer’s uniform, said Lord Eversham to his friend Sir George Fairfax, as, arm in arm, they advanced through the crowded rooms of the Duchess of Ely to salute their noble hostess, who they were told was seated in a boudoir at the farther end of the splendid suite of apartments surrounded by a few of the elite. “I have asked several persons the same question before you have made your appearance but, without success,” replied Sir George; “so we must conclude she is a nobody; however she is _very_ pretty girl.”

“Pretty girl,” rejoined his lordship, eagerly, “you must be either a stoic or a woman-hater—_mon ami_—she is a _devilish_ pretty girl.”

“Which means, _an angel_ I presume, in politer phrase?”

“Ah, well! Fairfax! you must excuse my rudeness of speech; you know I am just from Oxford, where, if a man did not swear a little he would be obliged to be his own valet; however, if you will fulfil your promise of guiding my inexperienced youth through the labyrinth of this drawing-room, I will deport myself more circumspectly, and confine myself in future to swearing only at my dogs and horses.”

“Or, would it not be better,” rejoined his mentor, “to give it up altogether, or, at least, to take the same view of it as the Chinese does of dancing, and allow your servants to do it for you. Setting aside the sin of the thing, it betrays a degree of excitement which is decidedly _mauvais ton._”

“But you must confess after all that having undertaken to be my cicerone for the evening, it is rather hard to find that you are ignorant of the name of the finest girl in the room.” Sir George smiled sarcastically; he had his reasons for repressing the
warmth of the young nobleman’s admiration. While waiting to hear his friend’s name announced, in order to perform his promise of introducing him to the Duchess and her clique, he had been absorbed in contemplating the youthful beauty and graceful movements of the unknown fair one; and he had determined not only to know her name, but to request an introduction to her; and, should she prove propitious, to condescend, contrary to his usual custom, to join in the dance. His enquiries, however, had as yet been in vain, and he pressed forward to the boudoir in the hope of there obtaining the desired information. Having made their way through a knot of young men who had stationed themselves at the entrance of the second drawing-room, they began to entertain some hopes of gaining the sanctum sanctorum of the Duchess, when Lord Eversham again arrested the attention of his companion. In the name of absurdity who is that extraordinary stout-looking lady, with a red woman on either side, who is devouring us with her opera glass, and how came she to gain admittance amongst the exclusives who frequent Ely House?

“That stout lady,” said Sir George, with the most perfect sang froid, “is my mother, and the two red women are my sisters, allow me to introduce you;” and before his lordship had time to recover from the consternation into which this unfortunate contretemps had thrown him, he was presented to Mrs. and the Misses Fairfax. Sir George, though he did not betray the slightest displeasure, was stung by the remark of Lord Eversham, and from that moment he vowed to hate him. It was not his cue to come to an open rupture with his titled friend; and when he looked at the grotesque finery of his mother, and the geranium-colored dresses, festooned with bouquets of flowers of every hue that formed the costume of his sisters, he could not help owning to himself that there was some excuse for the young man’s inconsiderate remark. Sir George Fairfax was a complete man of the world, and had long since given up being surprised at anything; had he even seen la belle Giraffe and her attendant Arab seated in the ball-room at Ely House, he would have betrayed no signs of astonishment; but Lord Eversham was ten years younger than Sir George, and the natural frankness of his disposition often led him on the impulse of the moment to make remarks which he was sorry for when too late. The annoyance which he felt at having, though unintentionally, wounded the feelings of his friend, made him more anxious to make himself agreeable to the misses Fairfax, and the delighted mother saw a ducal coronet, in perspective adorning the flat forehead of her eldest daughter. Though Sir George had no intention of wasting his time in farther parleance with his lady mother, he could not help asking if she knew the name of the young lady who was dancing with Major Howard. “La! George, dont you know,” exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax; “why, that is Lady Dudley’s prodigy, Miss Villiers.” Sir George bit his lip and woke from his dream; he had never seen any one whom he so much admired, she was beautiful and elegant, and he never doubted that she was a scion of some distinguished family; but when he found that she was the obscure dependant of the Countess of Dudley, whom, as a child, he had often driven from the drawing-room to the nursery by his withering looks and the omission of those little attentions which children so naturally expect, he determined to conquer his sudden penchant, and wondered how a man of his experience could have been attracted by a girl at her
first ball. Lord Eversham's admiration was not to be checked by such worldly considerations, and he signified to Sir George his wish to proceed to the Duchess' boudoir, where he hoped to procure the desired introduction and secure Miss Villiers' hand for the next quadrille.

But this manœuvre was prevented by Mrs. Fairfax, who sapiently remarked that Miss Villiers, even though patronized by the Countess of Dudley, had made her appearance in public under very doubtful circumstances; her education had been good, but there was a strange mystery about her birth and parentage, and as his lordship's father, the Duke of Norwood, had written to her son, with whom he was well acquainted in his professional capacity, requesting him to exercise a sort of surveillance over the young nobleman's inexperience in the artificial world of London, she thought that he could not without incurring the duke's displeasure, facilitate his lordship's acquaintance with so equivocal a person; she concluded this speech by remarking that if he wished to join the dance she was sure Tilda or Dora would be happy to dance with him. Lord Eversham saw that he could not retreat without coming to an open rupture with the family; he determined, therefore, to make a virtue of necessity, and choosing the lighter evil he offered his arm to Miss Fairfax, while the less fortunate Dora consoled herself with thinking that he could not have heard of her ten thousand pounds, and her expectation of fifty thousand more on the death of aunt Hobbs.

When her victim and partner joined the dance, Mrs. Fairfax received what she was little accustomed to, the congratulations of her son on her skill as a chaperon.

Sir George was taken by surprise: he had just been revolting in his mind some plausible excuse for declining to introduce his lordship to Miss Villiers, when he was relieved from his embarrassment by his mother, whom till that moment he had thought incapable of uttering a sensible word, and he looked again at her couleur-d'enfer satin gown and her crimson velvet toque, glittering with paste brilliants and surmounted by a bird of Paradise, to satisfy himself of her identity; he even ventured to occupy Miss Fairfax's place on the chaise-longue for a moment, but his mother's temporary eloquence had evaporated into her usually good-natured vulgarity, and he rose to seek companions more suitable to his taste.

The duchess' boudoir was fitted up in the newest style of luxury. Curtains with rose-colored silk, fringed with gold, fell in rich folds upon a costly Turkey carpet. The spaces between the windows were filled up with magnificent pier-glasses which rested on marble slabs covered with the choicest specimens of vertu; Buhl book-cases, interspersed with exquisite paintings of the Italian school adorned the walls, and at the farther end of the room, a glass door presented an elegant communication with a conservatory filled with the rarest exotics. Books, albums, musical instruments and everything à propos to the boudoir, were scattered about upon elegant rosewood tables in glittering profusion, while the groups of elegant females half sitting, half reclining on the rich velvet sofas, added much to the splendid effect of this temple of the Graces. The Duchess was seated on a low couch which was surrounded by a knot of young men of the first fashion, and, by her side, sat a lady whom Sir George Fairfax soon recognized as the Countess of Dudley. It was the first time
since her family bereavement that her ladyship had appeared in public, though she had for some years visited her friends en famille, and Sir George was right in his conjecture, that her desire to witness the debut of her beautiful protégée had induced her once more to enter the dazzling vortex of fashion.

The simple attire of the Countess, a dress of black velvet with jet ornaments, formed a striking contrast to the splendid appearance of the Duchess who was arrayed in white satin, her robes and head-dress glittering with diamonds.

Sir George advanced to salute the ladies who bent gracefully forward to receive him; he lost not a moment in congratulating the Countess on her return to society, and whispered so many agreeable nothings to her Grace, that he was soon invited to take a seat near her to examine a beautifully illuminated manuscript which the Pope had presented to her ladyship’s late husband. This was exactly what Sir George desired; he had not been able to drive the image of Miss Villiers from his mind, and as he thought it likely, after the quadrille was finished, that she would seek her patroness in the retirement of the boudoir, he felt curious to see how she would be received by the élite assemblage; nor did his curiosity remain long ungratified: a buzz of admiration from the group who surrounded the Duchess now announced the entrance of Miss Villiers, and Sir George, who began to think that after all there might be no harm in amusing himself a little with the girl, commenced paying her some slight attentions as he perceived that it was gratifying to the Countess; besides, in spite of her mauvais sang she was decidedly the beauty of the evening.

Meantime, Lord Eversham was doing penance for his rash speech by coldly walking through a quadrille with Miss Fairfax. Long before the dance had concluded, he had discovered that his partner was the most impracticable young person he had ever met with, and he began to regret that he had not preferred the good-natured Dora.

Miss Fairfax thought it interesting to dance, walk and stand with downcast eyes, but for this self-imposed restraint on her visual organs, she made ample amends when she gave utterance to her thoughts, by always directing them heaven-wards, as if seeking inspiration from the ceiling. The tone of her voice, too, was a something between a whisper and a sigh, and she wore always the expression of un agneau qui règne. When in fine weather she met her friends riding or walking in the park, she told them it was a balmy day, and if a black cloud threatened a sudden shower, she desired her groom to quicken his speed, as she anticipated a conflict of the elements. With a woman of this sort Lord Eversham could feel no sympathy, and he was heartily glad when the music ceased, and he found himself free again to seek Miss Villiers. Conducting Miss Fairfax to her mother, Lord Eversham, in the secret joy of his heart, thanked her for the honor she had done him.

"Oh dear, my lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, "no honor at all: I am sure Dora would be equally willing to dance with your lordship. You are not fatigued, are you, Dora dear?"

Now, "Dora dear" was one of the most literal beings in the world. It never occurred to her obtuse mind that her mother wished to impress on his lordship the belief, that though her daughters were in great request, yet as a stranger and a
friend of their brother they would receive his attentions with pleasure. She therefore answered with perfect simplicity:—"why, you know, ma! I have sat in the same place for two hours without moving, for you know we came much too early, and I really am tired sitting screwed up here so long; for my part," turning to Lord Eversham, "I think the balls at the Mansion House, where there is always a nice scramble, and plenty to eat and drink, are much more pleasant than this grand turn out at Ely House, which has thrown us all into a fever for the last fortnight; and as to company, I danced at the Mansion House with one of the royal dukes, and surely a royal duke is as good as a duchess any day who sits in her boudoir and leaves her company to shift for themselves."

Lord Eversham could not resist this appeal to his feelings. The finesse of the mother had only roused him to make a determined resistance, and having placed his left foot on an emphatic manner on the ground, he advanced his right, and was on the point of bowing a retreat, when Dora's distress touched his heart, a heart at which even the distresses of a ball-room dilemma could not knock in vain. He determined however that he would no longer be foiled in his pursuit of Miss Villiers, and having observed that Weipart's band had left the orchestra, to partake, doubtless, of some refreshment, which their labors of blowing and fiddling rendered so necessary, he intimated to the happy Dora that he would return in time to claim her promised hand for the next dance.

He resolved, should Sir George attempt to throw any more obstacles in his way, to apply to Major Howard, the only gentleman in the room with whom he was personally acquainted. The major, whom he met on his way to the boudoir, laughed at his dilemma and the way in which he had been victimized by the Fairfax family, and drawing his arm within his own, advanced to the couch where sat their hostess and the Countess of Dudley. The duchess received Lord Eversham in her most gracious manner, and the countess remarked to him that she had just been asking Sir George Fairfax why, being a relation of her own, he had not brought his Lordship to claim her acquaintance. Lord Eversham turned an enquiring look towards Sir George, who was engaged in conversation with Miss Villiers. Besides his relationship, which was distant, he had other claims on Lady Dudley's acquaintance. His father, the Duke of Norwood, had in early life been the intimate friend of Lord Somerville, and since that nobleman had become a recluse, was almost the only one of his neighbours with whom he would willingly associate. The duke, therefore, often visited the companion of his former years, accompanied by his son, and though the earl did not lay aside his eccentric and repulsive habits, nor attempt to overcome the gloom of his mind, which to a stranger had more the appearance of romance than sorrow, his visitors saw that he felt grateful to them for bearing with him. Next to his daughter, Lady Dudley, the moody earl loved the young, enthusiastic and handsome son of his faithful friend, and the young man returned his affection, for though it ought not to be so, we often value the good opinion of the cynic more than that of the philanthropist; the approbation of one who affects to look with contempt on the rest of mankind, is a homage to vanity which few people can resist.
A flourish of wind instruments announced that the musicians had returned to their vocation; but Lord Eversham, notwithstanding this admonitory flourish, did not leave the boudoir till Miss Villiars had promised to dance with him, as soon as she had fulfilled her promise to Sir George.

With such prospects before him, the young nobleman returned to the ball-room with a joyous step; even Dora appeared lovely. At his approach, that young lady rose, and having shaken herself, as a little pet bijou would when he wakes from a long nap on the hearth-rug, and looked, first to the right and then to the left, to see if her down sleeves were falling into their assigned places, she gladly took his lordship’s extended arm.

If Miss Villiars’ beauty had attracted Sir George Fairfax, his admiration was greatly increased by the innate elegance of her manner and the charms of her conversation, and he bitterly regretted that her obscure origin made it impossible for him to obey the dictates of his inclination by henceforth becoming her avowed and devoted admirer. As these thoughts flitted through his mind, he felt some curiosity to know what impression he had made on his fair companion. Could he have read her thoughts, his vanity would have been little gratified. She had at first been surprised into studying his physiognomy, which wore an unvarying expression between a smile and a sneer; and a something of condescension, mixed with the courtesy of his manners, alarmed her pride. Having made up her mind that he was certainly the most disagreeable man in the world, she allowed her thoughts to run into a more pleasing channel, and wondered if Lord Eversham would accept the invitation which Lady Dudley had given him to become a frequent visitor at her ladyship’s house.

Here the events of many hours may be passed over in silence, leaving the record solely in their own breasts of all the sweet nothings between Lord Eversham and Miss Villiars, when his Lordship’s patient devotion was at length rewarded by finding the latter’s small white hand resting kindly on his arm, as they perambulated the spacious apartment long after the dance for which he had been introduced had ended.

CHAPTER VI.

When the Fairfax family met at a late hour next morning in the breakfast parlour, a council was held to discuss the propriety of inviting Lord Eversham to leave his hotel and abide in their house till the opening of parliament brought his father to town with his establishment. Mrs. Fairfax, as already hinted, had serious intentions of marrying her eldest daughter to the young lord, and the point to be settled was, whether taking up his residence in the family would or not be favorable to her project. In other cases, Mrs. Fairfax would have thought it would have a decidedly contrary effect, for there are few belles whose attractions can pass through the crucible of every day life without diminishing their lustre. But, argued Mrs. Fairfax, Lord Eversham is so young, only two and twenty, and with rank, wealth, and superior personal advantages he would be sure, if left to himself, to become the prey of some designing Dowager before the season was half over.
Sir George had his own reasons for wishing that his Lordship would become their inmate. He had retired to rest on the preceding evening immediately on his return from the ball; but though his person was comfortably deposited on his bed of down, his spirit still wandered through the salons of Ely house: though

"The lights were fled,
The garlands dead,
And all but they departed."

'They,' say we, because his spirit wandered not alone; the beautiful Louisa Villiers was his companion. Suddenly, the scene changed to Lady Dudley's house in Langham-place; there his mind fancied he beheld the countess sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, making her will, while Miss Villiers sat in a corner of the room weeping bitterly. The countess having finished her instructions to the lawyer he began at her request to read aloud. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my adopted daughter, Louisa Villiers." Other directions followed, but of the nature of them we must remain ignorant, for a sharp tap at his door roused the sleeper, and the voice of his valet was heard without. "Hot, water, sir! And, if you please, Sir, Lady Graball has been attacked with violent spasms during the night, all, her gentleman said, through the haunch of venison which you sent her yesterday, and she begs that you will call on her as soon as possible." Now it did not please Sir George that Lady Graball should be attacked with spasms just at that precise time, when his mind teemed with thoughts as new as they were pleasing, and to punish her gastronomic propensities he resolved to take his breakfast coolly and quietly, and not order his carriage till the usual hour for visiting.

Sir George at length descended to the breakfast parlour, with the intention, after having first visited the victim of the haunch of venison, of proceeding to Lord Eversham's hotel in Jermyn-street, for the purpose of inviting him to become his guest, and he was pleased to find that his mother, though from different motives, had the same object in view, for, like Jonathan Grub and his wife, their ideas seldom jumped together. Sir George had too much penetration to think for a moment of the probability of Lord Eversham's being inveigled into a marriage with his sister. He had, too, sense enough to perceive that though he was a young man of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, he was gifted with sound judgment and talents of the highest order, and he felt quite satisfied that his mother's manoeuvres to catch him would be quite harmless. Sir George had just finished his chocolate and reindeer tongue, when his carriage was announced, and in a few minutes he was at his client's door in Hanover-square. He was proceeding up stairs when his attention was attracted by loud screams, and a footman bounding after him, three steps at a time, requested him to return with him to the dining room, as a fracas had taken place between Master Graball and his sister, and the governess was much alarmed. Sir George suffered the man to conduct him immediately to the scene of action.

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

The young lady and gentleman had just sat down to their usual early dinner with their governess, and a roast fowl, which that lady had evidently been in the act of carving, was the innocent cause of all the brouillerie. Sir George found that there
was no serious cause of further alarm, although the little girl had received a violent blow on the nose from the turbulent heir of the house of Graball, and the profuse haemorrhage which succeeded had nearly terrified the governess into fits, and even frightened the heir himself, who, next to the gratification of his appetite, really loved his sister better than any thing else in the world. Sir George having assured Miss Ashton that a temporary enlargement of the injured organ was the only bad result which she had to apprehend, was preparing to leave the room, when his retreat was cut off by young Graball, who throwing himself between him and the door, exclaimed:—"well, but is the thing settled, Sir George? Who is to have the liver wing?"

A glance at the head of the table, where lay the unconscious cause of the tumult, and an intimate acquaintance with the constitutional infirmities of the house of Graball enabled so astute a lawyer as Sir George to comprehend at once the cause of dispute; but as the question at issue seemed to involve some delicate points of the law, he determined if possible to make good a retreat. Miss Ashton who, however, perceived signs of a renewal of hostilities, and knew from experience how limited was her power over the belligerents, supplicated him so earnestly to remain for only one moment, that he could not in courtesy leave the room; Sir George therefore closed the door, that the ears of his client might not be wounded by this mutiny of her offspring, and allowed little Graball, who made sure of an ally, to push him into a large arm chair, usually occupied by Lady Graball when her children were at meals. Sir George was trying to impress on the mind of the young gentleman some notion of the courtesy due to the gentler sex, but, apparently, without much success, when the dispute was settled by the entrance of a servant with a small tray, who told Miss Ashton that his lady felt much better and thought she could eat the liver wing of the fowl. Sir George now desired to be announced to Lady Graball, and having added a codicil to her will, he ordered his coachman to drive him to the Waterloo Hotel in Jermy-n-street. Lord Eversham was in his dressing-gown, sipping his coffee and studying Boyle's Court Guide, his eye resting as long on the number of Lady Dudley's house in Langham-place as if it had been printed in hieroglyphics. He rose to receive his visitor, and pointing to the book, said, "you see, I have been studying the carte du pays. I am glad you are here; if you had come half an hour later you would not have found me, for as soon as I had finished breakfast I meant to be off to Lady Dudley's; now, be good natured and set me down, if you can wait so long."

"But, my dear fellow," replied Sir George, "you forget that it is but one o'clock, unless you mean to leave your card only. The ladies will not be visible at so early an hour."

"Leave my card!" echoed Lord Eversham; "no—no, that won't do; Lady Dudley is my relation, and I am determined faire l'ami able in that quarter."

"Doubtless," returned the mortified Sir George, "your lordship will succeed in making yourself agreeable both to the countess and to Miss Villiars."

"Miss Villiars! I did not say a word about Miss Villiars, did I? But to let you into a secret, I have thought of nothing else for the last two hours."
Sir George looked grave as he said, "Lord Eversham, you are young and unpractised in the ways of the world. Permit me to have a little serious conversation with you."

"Not for a kingdom, my dear sir," answered the nobleman; "I hate serious conversation; besides, as Liston says, 'there's no occasion for it; it will be time enough to be serious when I propose.' But who is this Miss Villiers?"

Sir George was embarrassed; this was the very point on which he meant to be seriously eloquent; but when it was presented to him in the form of a question, he replied, hesitatingly, "she is a—a—young person."

Lord Eversham smiled as he uttered, "it does not require the penetration of Sir George Fairfax to discover that Miss Villiers is in her première jeunesse, but who," continued his lordship, "are her parents, and how is she related to the Countess of Dudley?"

Had any person asked Sir George the same question a few days, or even hours, before, he would not have given Miss Villiers even the benefit of his doubts, but would have frankly told all he knew on the subject:—"that she had been deprived of her parents in infancy, and had lived as an object of charity in Lady Dudley's family." Within the last few hours, however, he had admitted to himself the possibility of her becoming residuary legatee to the countess, and, subsequently, Lady Fairfax: and he replied cautiously that it was not exactly known what was her relationship to the countess, as her ladyship always avoided making any allusion to the origin of her protégée.

"Then, after all, her name is not Villiers, and she is the daughter of nobody knows whom; but still she is beautiful and accomplished, and I doubt not amiable;"

"and therefore," said Sir George, interrupting his lordship, "should anything happen to deprive her of the protection of her patroness, she will be able to secure a maintenance for herself as a governess or as a companion to a lady of rank."

"And why not a companion to a gentleman of rank?" replied Lord Eversham.

"Could your generosity chalk out no happier lot for Miss Villiers than teaching children their A, B, C, or, what is still worse, being toady to some invalid dowager, who after ten years spent in her service would turn her out of her house without remorse if she chanced to tread on her toe, or accidentally snuff out a candle."

"Pardon me, my lord!" replied his companion, while a sneer curled his pale, thin lip, "I always understood that Dr. Fellows, under whose roof you spent so many years, was as well known for his sound morality and strictness of principle as for his learning."

"Heavens, Fairfax! you are determined to misunderstand me, I would as soon think of plucking out my own heart as even in thought injuring Miss Villiers."

"Am I to understand, then, that your lordship intends to make serious proposals?"

"Serious, again! no, I intend no such thing, but I do intend to cultivate Lady Dudley's acquaintance, and if Miss Villiers is the amiable and talented girl that I believe her to be, why it may end in something serious, after all."

"Of course, before you take any decided steps, you will inform the duke of your intention," uttered Sir George significantly.
"Of course, I will do no such thing. I have never kept any secrets from my father, nor will I now; all I would tell him is, that I have seen a very charming girl whom I feel much disposed to admire; but, courage mon ami, don't look so black on it; if we cannot find a father for her, you shall give her to me yourself; but," added he, while he unconsciously glanced at his own handsome person in a pier-glass opposite, "perhaps her affections are already engaged."

Sir George's indigo complexion turned a little pale, but he answered with apparent calmness, "that is likely enough."

"And yet," pursued his torturer, "you told me that she had just escaped from the school room, and that last night was the first time you had seen her in public."

"Well!" cried Sir George, provoked beyond all bounds, "I am tired of being cross-questioned about this Miss Villiars, all I shall say is, that the man who gains the affections of a young girl without serious——."

"Oh yes, I know all about that, but now that my toilet is finished don't you think we had better be off."

"Allow me first to present a billet with which my mother has charged me."

Lord Eversham read the proffered note which was copied verbatim from "The Polite Letter-Writer," by the fair hand of Miss Fairfax, and contained an invitation to make their house his home till the duke's arrival in town. This invitation, though warmly seconded by Sir George, Lord Eversham politely but decidedly declined, and expressed himself quite satisfied with the accommodation at his hotel, and Sir George, seeing that his companion was not a man who could be persuaded to do what was not agreeable to himself gave up the point. He felt, however, very much disposed to quarrel with his new friend: for two reasons, first, because to the candour and openness of character natural to youth, he added a decision of mind and firmness of principle that could be shaken neither by sophistry nor cunning; and, secondly, because he admired Miss Villiars. But it was one of Sir George's principles of action never to quarrel with a lord, and the gentlemen proceeded amicably together to Langham Place, his lordship having first written a polite note to Mrs. Fairfax, declining her invitation, but promising to dine with them on the following day.

CHAPTER VII.

"Beauty was on thy cheek, and thou didst seem
A privileged being chartered from decay,
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way.
Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt,
The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the flowers,
And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers." Mary Howitt.

Louisa Villiars had just attained the age of seventeen, yet she had more solid maturity of character than possessed by many women at twenty. Though nurset in the lap of luxury, her mind had been early impressed with principles of religion and morality, that fitted her for any station in life. To the widowed and childless
Countess she was an invaluable treasure, and a bond of the purest affection existed between them. Her childhood had been spent in the acquirement of useful knowledge, from which she drew a rich spring of comfort to gladden her mature years. Endowed by nature with a taste for the fine arts, she had attained both in music and painting all the proficieney, without any of the pedantry, of a professor. It had, indeed, required the discriminating mind of Lady Dudley to repress her pupil's enthusiasm in the pursuit of accomplishments, and to lead her to those useful acquirements which are too often neglected by the child of genius; but that object attained, she afforded her every facility for the further improvement of those talents with which Nature had so richly endowed her. All her thoughts and actions were under the influence of that healthy spirit of religion which teaches mankind to meet the ills of life, not only with patience, but with dignity; and her benefactress looked on her ripening beauty with almost a mother's exultation, for she knew that though surrounded with the pompoms and vanities of the world, God was in her heart. When she had attained her fifteenth year, the Countess had felt it her duty to reveal to her the unknown circumstances of her early history. She would gladly have longer deferred a task so painful to her feelings, but she knew the acute sensibility of her protégée, and she feared that the tongue of envy might whisper the tale clothed in the language of sarcasm and contempt.

It was with deep humility and passionate tears that Louisa heard the mournful story of her mother's untimely death and the events which had preceded her reception under the roof of the Countess; and throwing herself at the feet of her benefactress, she implored her to suffer her to retire from a world where she must ever be an object of remark and suspicion, and permit her to devote her life to the amusement of one to whom she owed every thing but her existence. The Countess knew the young heart too well to attempt to check its first burst of sorrow, and folding the weeping girl in her arms, she assured her that she would not urge her to mix in society more than was agreeable to her feelings. She then put into her hands the miniature which Mrs. Gresham had received from Mrs. Allerton, and as the big tears rolled down Louisa's cheeks, she felt that they were falling on the image of her father.

For a few days, the orphan gave herself wholly up to grief: her musical instruments were untouched, her favorite authors rested on their shelves, her toilet was neglected, and the countess could scarcely recognise the bright and happy child who had once enlivened her meals, in the pale, shrinking girl, who with down-cast eyes and noiseless step glided into her seat. But this could not last in so well regulated a mind as Louisa's, and she soon felt that it was both weak and sinful to pass the hours hitherto devoted to her benefactress in giving way to selfish grief in the seclusion of her own apartments. She therefore exerted herself to conquer her wounded feelings of pride, and she soon began to resume her wonted employments and even to seek the society of her companions: but a marked difference took place in her character and deportment; she could not conceal from herself that she held her position in society only by sufferance, and should anything occur to deprive her of the protection of Lady Dudley that she might be again reduced, if not to a state of des-

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stitution, at least to one of humble dependance on her own exertions, and she determined as much as possible to steel her mind against an undue love for the luxuries and frivolities which surrounded her, and to bear her prosperity so meekly that should the hour of adversity come it would have no power to overwhelm her. When her mind returned to its usually healthy tone, she felt a lively gratitude towards Mr. Allerton and his family, and it gave her the greatest pleasure to recognize in the private secretary of Sir George Fairfax, that worthy minister’s younger son. Lady Dudley when she requested that the benevolent old man would command her services if she could in any way promote the interests of his family, did not use the unmeaning language of compliment; he had been the means of conferring a favor on her, and finding that his second son had a decided preference for the Episcopal Church, and that his studies had been directed accordingly, though with no certain prospect of obtaining even the small stipend which is allotted to the ministers of the Church of England in his native country, she had obtained her father’s promise to bestow on him the first vacant living in his gift, and in the meantime she procured employment for him as secretary to Sir George Fairfax, who required a man of talent to edit his pamphlets, and get him through his parliamentary affairs with éclat, and William Allerton received in return for the temporary loan of his brains a seat at his patron’s table and two hundred pounds per annum. His sister Jane had been married to a neighbouring clergyman, and the Countess had made several additions to her tros-
seau, which afforded matter for criticism to many pious members of the Kirk. The elder son, James, had gone to the Continent to perfect his medical education, and having met with an Italian nobleman who set a high value on his talents, and who was suffering from a nervous disorder, he agreed to travel with him as his physician.

Lady Dudley had been much gratified during the preceding evening, with the admiration excited by Miss Villiers’ presence, and the respectful attention which she had received from Lord Eversham; and she smiled in observing that when the two gentlemen were announced, the young lady did not make her retreat as usual. Louisa had never concealed from the Countess that Sir George’s unkindness during her infancy had made a lasting impression on her mind, but though that gentleman was not less her bane than in former days she felt inclined to encounter him in consideration of the antidote which he brought with him in the agreeable and polite Lord Eversham.

Sir George was, therefore, agreeably surprised, when, instead of seeing the hem of her garment disappearing through the opposite door à l’ordinaire, he found her who was in truth the object of his visit, with praiseworthy assiduity stooping more devotedly than ever over a piece of embroidery.

There are few faces, however lovely, that do not lose something in being seen the morning after a ball; but Lord Eversham decided that Miss Villiers could afford to lose a little of her naturally brilliant color, and the symmetry of her figure appeared to even greater advantage in her simple white morning-dress.

The Countess was much pleased with her new visitor; too highly gifted by nature to require the flimsy veil of affectation which is only used to conceal defects, there was a candor and freshness in his manners and conversation, that contrasted favorably

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with the artificial vivacity and fashionable nonchalance of many of the young lordlings of her acquaintance; she soon discovered his admiration of her élève, and she sighed to think that there was an insuperable barrier between them; for though she had used every exertion to discover Louisa's parentage, nothing had ever transpired to throw the least light on the subject, and she had long since abandoned the search as fruitless. She determined however, to avail herself of his Lordship's society whenever he felt inclined to enliven her domestic circle, and should anything seem to warrant the necessity of her interference, to inform him without disguise of all that she knew concerning Miss Villiars. With regard to the young lady herself, she had little to fear; she knew the purity of her mind, and she felt confident, that should love steal into her heart he would be cherished with all gentleness, but not allowed to riot there. She did not, therefore, interrupt their tête-à-têtes, nor warn each against the fascinations of the other, as some wise mammis and guardians of youth are wont to do, thereby reducing the unfortunate pair to shorten their days by a fit of consumption, or a leap from the window as the only mode of relief from their unhappy loves.

Miss Villiars was surprised, and to speak the truth a little flattered, at the trouble which Sir George took to engage her in conversation, and the interest with which he listened to her remarks; no one had more carefully studied the art of pleasing, and he was rewarded, in the present instance, by finding that Miss Villiars' reserve soon gave way to her natural vivacity and sweetness of temper, and as his eye wandered from the unconscious object of his admiration to the fading beauty of the Countess, he thanked his stars that his suit in that quarter had not been successful. "I have been trying," said he, turning towards the latter, "to make prisoner of Lord Eversham, and hoped to have carried him off with me to Russell-square, but he prefers living en garçon at his hotel, and has put a decided negative on my mother's invitation: however, to smooth the disappointment a little, he has promised to dine with us to-morrow; will your ladyship and Miss Villiars waive ceremony and make us happy by joining our family party?"

"Most willingly," replied the Countess, "and I doubt not Miss Villiars will be happy to accompany me; but she shall answer for herself. What say you, Louisa, to this arrangement for to-morrow?"

Louisa, who had never before been included in the invitations to Russell-square, bowed a willing assent. Strange perverseness of human nature! A few weeks before, she would have dreaded a dinner at the Fairfax as much as a jolly priest dreads Lent. But all things earthly are mutable.

Sir George, seeing that Lord Eversham was inclined to prolong his visit pleased business and took his leave; and his lordship gladly availed himself of the Countess' invitation to accompany them in their morning's drive round the park and return with them to dinner.

A drive round Hyde Park in fine weather is always exhilarating, even to the blasée worn out with late hours and over excitement. To Lord Eversham it was doubly delightful. In the full enjoyment of youth and health, with a mind yet unruffled by evil passions, no one was more calculated to receive pleasure from the beauties
of nature. The foliage and verdure were drest in the rich green of May; the sky a canopy of deep and cloudless blue; and a brilliant crowd of equipages filled with the beauty and aristocracy of the country gave life and variety to the scene. Had Lord Eversham been sailing through the air with Miss Villiars in the grand balloon of Nassau under the auspices of Mssrs. Green, Holland and Monk Mason, with the prospect of descending on a desert island, he would have been satisfied with his position; but seated in Lady Dudley's barouche, with nature smiling around him, and Miss Villiars smiling by his side, no wonder if he thought that there are some bright spots in existence where man, even in this lower world, may find a paradise.

As our trio proceeded, the Countess was greeted by several of her acquaintances, and many a "white-gloved beau" reined in his spirited Arabian to bow *en passant* to her ladyship. Just as they had gained the farther end of the park, and the Countess had proposed alighting to take a short walk in the noble avenue of Kensington Gardens, they were saluted by a lady and gentleman who were enjoying the fine weather in a little low chaise drawn by four beautiful, cream-colored ponies. The Countess soon recognised her friend, or, rather, the friend of her youthful days, Lady Mary Bouverie, and, in the charioteer, Major Howard, Lady Mary's cousin.

"Buon giorno carissima!" said Lady Mary, kissing her hand to the Countess. "I have just been quarrelling with Howard because he does not like my new carriage," at the same time turning her languishing blue eyes on her young relative with an expression which the Countess thought did not savour much of a violently pugnacious disposition on the part of her volatile ladyship.

"Major Howard must be very difficult to please," said the Countess; "we all agreed before we knew who the owner was, that your set-out is unique."

"Ah! how kind of you to say so; I knew your taste would correspond with mine: and Miss Villiars, too, not the worse for the last night's dissipation I see. A delightful squeeze at the dear duchess's!—not a breath of air even on the staircase!—I felt half inclined to faint, didn't I Howard?" (here Major Howard, like a well-bred cousin, bowed an assent); "but what were we talking of?" resumed Lady Mary; "oh, my new carriage! Well, it was built on purpose for poor Sir James, who, poor dear soul! has never been able to go out in it, though it was sent home more than a week since. You know his physicians don't allow him to go out till the middle of May, and he thinks it safer to prepare himself gradually for the change from the heated air of his apartments by taking gentle exercise on the balcony in his wheel-chair; but next week he will venture out, for Dr. Sharpe, who is so clever, has invented a new machine called a patent respirator, which prevents invalids from the danger of inhaling the cold air when out of doors; but you must have heard of it; it is highly approved of by the faculty." Lady Mary was here obliged to pause to take breath, and the Countess seized the opportunity to order her footman to let down the steps, as she wished to take a walk. Major Howard then introduced Lord Eversham to Lady Mary as an old college friend, and having touched the cream-colored ponies, and kissed hands, the cousins drove on.

Gentle reader! have you a cousin? If you have not, though you may be blest
with father, sisters and brothers, still you want one of the sweetest links in the chain of existence.

Your father and mother may forsake you, but as long as you are young and handsome, and have two thousand a year at your own disposal, your cousin will never forsake you, particularly if, like Major Howard, he is a dashing young officer on half-pay. Again, are you, like Lady Mary Bouvierie, married to a nabob who has had the liver complaint for ten years, and been salivated twenty-seven times, what would your life be without a cousin? Who so fit to drive you through the park, to carry your shawl, and order your carriage at the opera, and to assist you to choose ribbons at Howell and James's, as your cousin? Thank Heaven! the laws of propriety in England will not openly permit a cecisbeo, but can the laws of propriety object to a woman having a cousin?

Lady Dudley, who from her long retirement from the world, might almost be called of the old school, was annoyed at the frivolity of her friend, and was Gothic enough to think that it might be as well to choose one of her numerous circle of female acquaintance as the occasional companion of her drives and excursions; but Lady Mary, who was the daughter of a Yorkshire baronet not conspicuous for the length of his purse, who had married the nabob, partly from filial duty, and partly to please herself, had determined, while yet at the altar, to make the best of her lot; and as she lived under the protection of her husband, and had free access to his lacs of rupees, cared very little what the world said or thought of her.

The countess and her companion had not proceeded far on their pedestrian excursion when they saw, advancing towards them from one of the shady paths which forms a communication between the principal avenues, Miss Fairfax and a gentleman whom the countess had not seen before, but who from his animated gestures, and the extreme luxuriance of his whiskers and moustaches she rightly conjectured was a foreigner.

It was evident from the lady's costume that they had left their horses and servants in the park and sought the comparative privacy of the gardens to discuss some subject of importance; her ladyship, doubtless therefore much to the satisfaction of the young lady and her cavalier, thought it better not to interrupt their tête-à-tête, and turning quickly round our party retraced their steps to the carriage.

When Lord Eversham returned in the evening to his hotel, and had thrown himself on a chaise-longue to indulge in a retrospection of the events of the day, he soon came to the conclusion that the one which he had spent with Lady Dudley and her interesting protégée had been the happiest of his life, and that he had already made more progress in his acquaintance with the latter than if he had met her at all the balls and soirées of the season. Her beauty had first attracted his attention, and her unaffected good sense and the elegant simplicity of her manner had inspired him with a feeling more lasting than that of mere admiration.

Like most young persons of enthusiastic temperament, Lord Eversham was a lover of music, and Miss Villiers' beautiful voice and cultivated taste enchanted him; it need not, therefore, create surprise to find that before the enchanted lover closed his eyes to sleep he had in his own mind settled that as no woman in the world
approached so near perfection as this object of his thoughts, and that if anything happened to obstruct the "course of his true love" he would be decidedly the most miserable man on earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

S'Amor non è che dunque è quelch' i'sento?
Ma s'egli è Amor, per Dio che cosa, é quale?

The countess was not quite satisfied that she had acted prudently in inviting Lord Eversham to join her domestic circle, and her doubts were not relieved by observing on the following morning that La Belle Louise seemed at a loss, probably for the first time in her life, how to occupy her time. She sat down to her half-finished painting of Rembrandt's Peasant Girl, but, alas! never was peasant girl more cruelly disfigured, and thinking it better not to spoil the picture which, till that luckless morning had fulfilled even her own ideas of excellence, she wisely resolved to lock up her palette and brushes, and seek some occupation more congenial to the mood of her mind. Music was a never-failing resource, but on entering the music room she found that she had omitted to arrange the pedals of her harp on the previous evening, and, consequently, that several of the strings were broken. Louisa was not disposed at that time to replace them, she therefore opened the piano and had half unconsciously played twenty pages of a concerto, when a servant announced that luncheon was ready, and Louisa found that the countess had descended to the salle à manger, and that as the Fairfax's dined at six the carriage was ordered for their usual drive before dinner.

Just as the two ladies had finished luncheon, a thundering rap announced the arrival of a visitor, and the portly, and somewhat asthmatic and toiling Duchess of Ely was heard wending her way to the drawing-room.

"For Heaven's sake, John, pull down those Venetian blinds, and then step down to the carriage for my fan, and tell your mistress that I must see her on business, and that I have only a few minutes to spare," exclaimed the duchess, as she reached the landing of the stairs.

"I have come this morning," said her grace, as the countess entered the drawing-room, "to solicit your charity in behalf of my dear distressed Poles."

"Lady Dudley knew that the duchess was well known in the great world as a professor of charity: hitherto her claims on her god-daughter's assistance had been confined to individual relief, but when a whole nation was to be relieved, the countess closed her purse and proffered a small draft on her banker.

"No! my dear child," (her grace always addressed the countess as if she was still a baby in a cambric robe and Brussels lace-cap—a candidate at the fountain for the blessings of Christianity)—"No, my child! money will not satisfy me in this case, you must appear in propria persona, and I am certain you will draw at least five hundred pounds."

The countess' thoughts were mystified: she could conceive no possible way of drawing money but from her banker, and with all her generosity she thought five-
hundred pounds was too much to give to the Poles when so many of her own nation were crying for bread. To her enquiry how she could interest herself personally for the relief of the Polish refugees, the Duchess replied with perfect sang froid. “By the simplest means in the world, my dear countess! We have decided on getting up a fancy fair to be held in the Hanover-square rooms, and I have promised that you will preside at one of the counters, and if you can take Miss Villiars to assist you, so much the better.”

The Countess was for a moment silent with surprise, but knowing of old that the Duchess who was accustomed to rule and arrange everything in her own clique, would not be put off with a mere refusal replied:—

“I would just as soon invite my butcher to do the honors of my table, or my milliner to receive company in my drawing rooms, as I would sit behind a counter in the Hanover-square Rooms to be stared out of countenance by every fop who chooses to pay half a crown by way of licence. I admire the motive, but detest the means; if, however, my purse can be of use in so good a cause, you have only to command me.”

“Bless me, child! how severe you are! but I know ‘tis vain to attempt to reason with you; however, without compromising your dignity, you and Miss Villiars can make up a few little knick knacks for me, I don’t care what they are, a bit of silk filled with saw-dust, with a tassel at each corner, with your name affixed to it would sell for a sovereign; for the rest I must trust to the taste of my maid Lavalette; I never attempted a bit of work in my life till about six months since, when poor Mrs. Fairfax begged of me to make something for her counter at the fancy fair, given in aid of ‘the Infirmary for the diseases of the Ear.’ I had not the heart to refuse the worthy soul, she is the only bourgeoise I ever could tolerate, so, as I hate the sight of a needle, it was agreed that I should knit a pair of child’s stockings, as Mrs. Fairfax said, every body who had children would be dying to have them. Well, I got on very well, till I came to the foot, but there I stuck; not one of my household could give me the least instruction how to proceed, so my poor stocking lies unfinished till this day; however, I did not disappoint Mrs. Fairfax, for Lavalette set to work and filled a little bag with pot pourri, on which she embroidered the initials of my name with a hair out of my last new Paris wig.”

The Countess could scarcely refrain from remarking that Mrs. Fairfax had been within a hair of being disappointed; but she was too polite to utter anything in the shape of a pun, and she contented herself with promising that she and Miss Villiars would most willingly provide toys and articles of bijouterie for their benevolent visitor, who having settled the practical part of her charitable mission to her satisfaction, proceeded to inculcate her theories in the aristocratic boudoirs of St. James’s-square.

When the ladies returned from their drive, the Countess, to whom every action of her protégée was interesting, could not help remarking, that although her young friend generally devoted but a very short time to the business of the toilet, yet, on this occasion, she retired at a much earlier hour than was necessary to make sacrifice to the Graces. Could she have followed her to the drawing room, she would have been still more amused at the display of caprice with which dresses, which had
hitherto met with the young lady's unqualified approbation were now discarded and voted unbecoming; even her dextrous little maid thought that Miss, whom she generally described in the servants' hall as an angel, was a little fidgety. What Miss Villiers' little maid thought did not much matter, but it stole into the mind of the young lady herself that she was in a state of excitement which a mere family dinner at the Fairfax's did not seem by any means to warrant; and, vexed with herself for feeling an anxiety for which she could not exactly account, she hastily donned a plain robe of India muslin, and restoring to their cases sundry trinkets which her maid had displayed for her mistress' selection, she hastened to join the Countess in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER IX.

"I pray, Sir, tell me—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?"
*Taming of the Shrew.*

There are few persons, however obtuse, who do not excel in some one point, and Mrs. Fairfax's point of excellence consisted in her tact for giving good dinners. When, therefore, her aristocratic acquaintance condescended to partake, they had no cause to complain of the style in which they were entertained. The soups would have been no discredit to Ude, and Gunter might have avowed himself the fabricator of the jellies and confectionary without a blush. But notwithstanding Mrs. Fairfax's superior skill in the gastronomic art, her dinners, generally speaking, did not go off well. The reason, perhaps, was, that her guests did not amalgamate so well as her dishes. She was not a little vain of the company who patronised her son's parties, and when any of her titled friends were to partake of her hospitality, she could never resist the temptation of inviting some of her bourgeois relatives to witness the altitude of her position in the scale of society. On the present occasion (much to the annoyance of her son) she had invited the relict of Alderman Hobbs to participate in her glory, and bear testimony thereof on the east side of Temple Bar.

Sir George had determined, that in order to make a favorable impression on Lord Eversham, the company on the occasion of his first visit should be very select; he was therefore not a little displeased when he saw from his dressing-room window the arrival of Mrs. Hobbs' carriage, containing the fair widow en papillote, with three band-boxes and a pug-dog. He was, however, too well bred to allow his indignation at his mother's gaucherie to vent itself in words; besides, he feared that if he attempted to expostulate with her, it would only make matters worse, and induce her to make the thing more obvious by separately apologising to her guests for the appearance of his bête noire; he therefore contented himself by ascertaining that the epérgne was so arranged that he could only see the tip of his mother's bird of paradise; and to prevent the possibility of Lord Eversham's coming in contact with the offensive party, he sought his secretary, to request him, when dinner was announced, to offer his arm to Mrs. Hobbs; but this design was unhappily frustrated by his receiving the information that Mr. Allerton had gone out on horseback with Miss Dora, and had not yet returned.
Sir George's temper to welcome his company was not improved by this intelligence; he was indignant at the absence of his factotum, and resolved to seize the first favorable opportunity of apprising him that his engagement did not embrace the office of master of the horse to the younger Miss Fairfax.

To avoid meeting his mother and Mrs. Hobbs alone before dinner, he proceeded to the library to await the arrival of some of his guests, and he reasoned himself into comparative tranquillity by thinking that although Dora had imprudently prolonged her excursion with Mr. Allerton beyond the time of dressing for dinner, that gentleman could never have the presumption to aspire to the hand of the sister of his patron, who had ten thousand pounds at her own disposal, and the expectation of at least fifty thousand more on the death of Mrs. Hobbs. Sir George was suddenly roused from his worldly reverie by the trampling of horses' feet, and peeping through the Venetian blind he saw the delinquents ride merrily up to the door, their faces glowing with youth, health and good humour. Sir George determined that the secretary should change his frame of mind before he changed his dress, and was proceeding to arrest him in his progress to his apartments, when his hostile intentions were put to flight by the heavy roll of a carriage, followed by a thundering rap at the door. Assuming, therefore, his usually bland expression, he reached the drawing-room just in time to receive the Countess of Dudley and Miss Villiars. They were soon followed by Lady Mary Bouverie, Lord Eversham, Major Howard, and Sir Thomas Hilliard, a gentleman of good family, but somewhat notorious as a fortune-hunter, and several others, whom it is not necessary to mention, as, with one exception, they are not destined to make a prominent figure in this tale. The exception alluded to was introduced by Mrs. Fairfax as the Count de Millefleurs, and was recognised by the Countess as the whiskered hero whom they had discovered à petits soins with Miss Fairfax in Kensington Gardens; but as Monsieur le Comte was not an every-day man, time cannot be better employed to wile away the dull minutes that intervened between the arrival of the guests and the welcome announcement of dinner, than by attempting to convey to the reader some idea of his outward man.

The Count de Millefleurs measured exactly six feet one inch in his shoes; his limbs were long, and destitute of that portion of the human form vulgarly known by the name of "calf," but to compensate in some degree for this disadvantage, Nature, with some trifling aid from the tailor's art, had provided him with a bust and head, which might have served as a model for Chantry.

Nothing could exceed the luxuriance of his raven curls, the well-trained beauty of his moustache and the ivory whiteness of his teeth, and though by a close observer the invidious crow's-foot might be traced at the corner of either eye, his cheek retained all the bloom of early youth. In short, he had the head of a Bacchus on the body of a mummy. His gait was perfection, and combined the ease and dignity of a courtier with the grace and elasticity of a maître de bale; it was therefore no wonder if the too susceptible heart of Miss Fairfax surrendered at once to such a reunion of charms. He had been introduced to the family by Sir Thomas Hilliard, who was the professed admirer of Dora and her expectations; a less interesting
The Protégée.

person, therefore, than the Count de Millefleurs would have been welcome under his auspices.

When the important information that dinner was on the table reached the drawing-room, Sir George determined to console himself for his previous mortifications by offering his arm to Miss Villiars. It was seldom, indeed, that he ventured to please himself at the expense of infringing a point of etiquette, but on this occasion the temptation was irresistible; he saw Lord Eversham step forward to secure the prize, and seizing her reluctant hand, malgré the unfeigned astonishment of his mother, he conducted her to the salle à manger. But perfect happiness dwells not upon earth: on looking round to see what had become of Lord Eversham, he saw him enter the room with the feathered and jewelled relict of the worthy Alderman Hobbs leaning on his arm, and seat himself at the top of the table, between that lady and Mrs. Fairfax. One thing more, and his cup of indignation was full. Mr. Allerton had, in compliance with certain signals, presumed to seat himself on the chair next to Dora, while two members of the Lower House were waiting to be invited to occupy the only vacant seat.

The arrangement of a dinner-party is at all times a perverse affair; but on this occasion it seemed as if the Fates had conspired to deprive Sir George of his appetite and peace of mind. He had never doubted that, as his mother had been so indiscreet as to invite Mrs. Hobbs, she would contrive that she should be smuggled down stairs by the secretary, and he could not help thinking that Lord Eversham, on purpose to annoy him, had selected her as the object of his attentions. This was, however, far from being the case. When the young lord saw that Sir George had secured Miss Villiars for himself, he sent his eyes, which till that time had been fixed in one direction, on a voyage of discovery round the room, and seeing that Mrs. Hobbs was likely to be left to the tender mercies of the two politicians, who, though the other ladies had disappeared, stood calmly looking at the widow with their hands behind their backs, he walked up to her, and offered to escort her to the dining-room.

It must not be supposed, however, that Sir George allowed his spleen to deprive him of so favorable an opportunity of making himself agreeable to Miss Villiars. His admiration of that young lady increased, and his determination, as far as he possibly could, to take an early opportunity of ascertaining the countess' intentions with regard to the disposal of her property, and, if these were favorable for Miss Villiars, to lose no time in making her an offer of his hand. Little did Louisa dream, as she sat quietly sipping her soup by the side of Sir George Fairfax, who had been the ogre of her nursery days, of the high honor which he intended her. Sir George was perfectly sincere in his admiration of Miss Villiars: his mind had been occupied since the night of her appearance at Ely-house, in weighing the disadvantages of her birth against the powerful attractions of her beauty and sweetness of temper, and he resolved, if the countess would throw even a part of her fortune into the scale, that the balance should be immediately in her favor; he therefore gave himself up to the pleasure of feasting his eyes on her beauty, and drinking in the gentle accents of her silvery voice, and had it not been for some occasional
expressions which stole on his ear amid the hum of voices and the clang of knives and forks, he would soon have recovered his mental tranquillity. Though the disposition of the flowers in the epergne almost prevented him from seeing the offensive party at the top of the table, it could not hinder him from hearing part of their conversation, nor could he help listening with suspended breath. When his mother and Mrs. Hobbs began to address Lord Eversham in a sort of confidential *sotto voce* strain his agonized susceptibility was almost insupportable.

"'Allow me,'" said Lord Eversham, turning to the relict, "'to recommend to you some of this pâté à la volaille.'"

"'Thank you,'" my Lord, "'I think I shall trouble Mrs. Fairfax for some of that calf's head; my late honored husband Alderman Hobbs was so fond of it that he used to order it for dinner twice a week, and ' added she, turning at the same time an appealing look on Lord Eversham, while a tear-drop twinkled in her eye, 'I can never see a calf's head without thinking of my dear departed husband.'"

Lord Eversham did not venture a reply, and Sir George, in utter despair, and desirous of changing the current of the widow's thoughts, asked her to take wine, and his lordship forthwith seized a bottle of Sauterne which was near him.

"'With pleasure,'" Sir George, answered the widow; but perceiving Lord Eversham's intentions, she exclaimed—"'Not Sauterne, my lord, I don't like your wish-washy French wines, they never agree with my stomach. Mr. Riddle, my head shopman, who, as he is obliged to live on the premises, always dines with me, says to me, 'believe me, my dear Mrs. Hobbs, that a bottle of good old-crusted port is worth all the French wine in the world, and then, excellent soul, he goes down to the cellar and fetches up a bottle with his own hands to tempt me, as he says, to take a little. Ah! my Lord, nobody but myself knows what I owe to Riddle,'" and the eye which a moment before glistened with a tear to the memory of the Alderman, now filled to the virtues of the head shopman. An awful pause followed this burst of sentiment. Sir George was the first to find utterance. He clenched his teeth, and muttered an exclamation, the only audible part of which was—*nation!* but nothing could have been more à propos. The word acted like a talisman on the two M. P.'s, and gave birth to a conversation which afforded a hint to the ladies to retire, and then ripened into a warm political discussion.

In the drawing room, the ladies found Miss Bouverie, the daughter of Sir James Bouverie by a former marriage. Margaret Bouverie was the chosen friend and companion of Louisa Villiers. She was eighteen years of age, but her step-mother, lady Mary, persisted in treating her as a child, never allowing her to visit, unless, as on the present occasion, at the earnest solicitation of some friend of the family. Mrs. Fairfax's dinner invitation had been declined on the plea that it would make the child think herself of too much consequence. Margaret was a general favorite with the visitors at her father's house. She was in every way calculated to inspire love and admiration, and these feelings were mingled with pity for her forlorn situation, which was apparent to the most superficial observer. She was dependant on her father who was entirely under the control of the weak and frivolous woman whom he had chosen to supply the place of Margaret's amiable mother, and though his heart yearned
towards his gentle and dutiful child, he scarcely dared to show the affection of a parent in the presence of his wife. Margaret submitted with the utmost patience to all the caprices of her step-mother; she knew that asserting her claims to kindness and consideration would only distress her father, in whom she had hitherto centred all her affections, and it was only when she thought of his rapidly declining health that she gave herself up to a feeling of despondency.

Those only who have felt the taunting and bitter word, and quailed beneath the cold, sarcastic glance in the home of their childhood can tell the gratitude and devotion with which the lonely heart twines to the offerings of kindness and sympathy. Poor Margaret felt assured that she possessed the sympathy of one who was well worthy of her regard, and the consciousness that although treated as an intruder in her father’s house, and denied the amusements suitable to her age and condition, yet that one human being regarded her with the eye of affection and gave a zest to the pursuits with which she tried to enliven her dull and cheerless existence.

While the heartless wife of Sir James Bouverie was fluttering in the park or ball-room, his neglected daughter was his patient and unwearied attendant, and though on those occasions she had often to endure the petulance of the infirm old man, she felt amply rewarded on retiring to her apartment at night, by receiving a paternal embrace and a “God-bless-you my child;” or “you are as patient and sweet-tempered as your sainted mother.”

The happiest hours of Margaret’s life had been spent with the Countess of Dudley and her protégée. Less beautiful and talented than Miss Villiars, Margaret looked up to her as a superior being, and Louisa, who saw that her young friend’s education had been neglected through the selfishness and parsimony of Lady Mary, took delight whenever an opportunity occurred in imparting to her a knowledge of those accomplishments in which she herself excelled. Thus introducing Miss Bouverie, it is time to return to our story.

Mrs. Fairfax who was accustomed to study the stony countenance of her first-born, had little difficulty in perceiving that something had disturbed his equanimity, and she traced his vexation to the right source.

As soon, therefore, as the gentlemen appeared in the drawing room she contrived to engage Mrs. Hobbs at whist, an amusement in which the deceased alderman took great delight, and which, since his death, had been pursued by his relict on every opportunity with unwearied diligence.

When Sir George joined the ladies he had recovered his usual urbanity of manner, and was more assiduous than ever in his attentions to Miss Villiars; when she sang, he turned over the leaves of her music; when she danced, he was her partner; and when she sat he drew a chair close to her's and monopolized her conversation. All this was exceedingly annoying to Lord Eversham; she felt almost certain from Miss Villiars’ youth and the short time which had elapsed since her introduction into society that her affections were not engaged, and as he knew from the Countess’ conversation that she entertained a favorable opinion of Sir George’s abilities and moral character, he feared that she would bias the mind of her protégée in his favor.
if it were not pre-occupied by some other object. He therefore resolved to lose no
time in making known to the Countess his sentiments towards her élève and to so-
licit her advice with regard to breaking the matter to his father, whose family pride
kept equal pace with his great paternal fondness.

Naturally of a sanguine and imaginative temper, he entertained the apparently
extravagant hope of being able to discover the parents of Louisa, and it never oc-
curred to him that if he succeeded in his search, they might be persons with whom
he would be ashamed to connect himself, yet, when he looked on the noble coun-
tenance and elegant form of the lady of his choice, he felt assured that such a union
of talent and beauty could not emanate from anything vulgar or mediocre: while
these thoughts were passing in quick succession through his mind, the unconscious
object of them was suffering some of those petty annoyances to which her equivocal
situation often exposed her when not under the immediate surveillance of the Countess.
In reply to some question from Sir Thomas Hilliard, she heard Mrs. Fairfax, whose
whispers were generally audible, say: — "Oh! that pretty girl, dressed like a young
lady from a boarding school out for the day, that is Miss Villiers, Lady Dudley's
prodigy. On which Sir Thomas, who was more skilled in the language of the turf
than the drawing room, remarked, " she certainly does honor to the Countess' train-
ing and I suppose is of a good breed."

"Ah! there's the rub, Sir Thomas! she is I firmly believe no more Miss Villiers
than I am. She is a person of low birth, that is of no birth at all, for nobody knows
who her parents are."

"Eh! what! A foundling? Fine shape though, excellent paces," and Sir Thomas
raised his eye glass.

"No, not exactly a foundling," rejoined Mrs. Fairfax (who felt all the mother
kindling within her at the idea that the admiration which Sir Thomas had expressed
for Dora might be transferred to Louisa), not exactly that, but my niece the Countess
cannot bear to be questioned on the subject, and all that we could get out of Mrs.
Gresham, a confidential servant of her Ladyship's, who went to Scotland to fetch the
child, was that she was residing in the family of a clergyman, where her mother had
died suddenly, and that she must be of low origin, as no one knew anything of her
relatives."

"Don't see that, though?" said the knight. "Pedigree not known; but it does
not therefore follow that 'tis bad," and again he had recourse to his eye-glass.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Fairfax (not a little irritated at the pertinacity
of her son-in-law, in perspective) "I think Lady Dudley is much to blame for
bringing up the girl with such high notions; at all events, she ought to keep her at
home, and not attempt to put her on a footing with young ladies of good family."

"Yours, son, however, does not appear to think so ma'am; he has been watching
her paces in the quadrille, and her action at the pianoforte, all the evening."

Louisa, who could not help overhearing the greater part of this colloquy, rose
precipitately and retired to the back drawing-room; and her cheeks burning with
shame and vexation she pretended to interest herself in the success of the whist-
party.
The Protégée.

Miss Villiars had not stood many seconds, rejoicing in her escape, when Mrs. Hobbs, taking advantage of a pause in the game, turned round and observed to her, “how beautifully you do sing, miss! What a fortune you would make if the Countess would allow you to go on the stage!”

Louisa gave her tormentor a look, which awed her into silence; but the first burst of indignation over, a choking sensation rose in her throat, her eyes filled with tears, and turning towards the mantel-piece to conceal her face, she saw Lord Eversham standing by her side. With an irresistible impulse he seized her hand, and the action was accompanied by a look which spoke volumes. The blood which had mounted to Louisa’s temples rushed back in warm currents to her heart, and her eyes which a moment before had glistened with the tears of wounded pride, now drooped beneath Lord Eversham’s speaking glance.

Fortunately for our lovers, the card party was too much occupied to observe them, so that they had full time to recover their tranquillity and discover the merits of every ornament on the mantel-piece. Whilst Louisa was earnestly admiring a collection of humming-birds under a glass-case, Lord Eversham found time to pour into her ear words which, suffice it to say, did not in the least relate to the humming birds.

Leaving his lordship and Miss Villiars to amuse themselves in the card-room, where they were soon joined by Lady Dudley, let us return to Sir Thomas Hilliard and Mrs. Fairfax. It may easily be supposed that the latter disclaimed the possibility of her son’s having any thoughts of Miss Villiars beyond the admiration of a pretty face; “for,” said she, “I think the girl is comely enough; besides, George is such a favorite with his cousin that I believe he pays her protégée attention merely because he knows that her ladyship could not bear to see the poor thing neglected.”

Sir Thomas, however, took a different view of the subject, but he prudently kept it to himself, indulging only in that most equivocal expression, “humph!—humph!” The truth is, he had been a little annoyed at the manifest good understanding between Dora and the secretary. He preferred Dora to all her sex, for two reasons:—first, because if every thing went right, that is, if Mrs. Hobbs died within a reasonable time, she would inherit a handsome fortune; and, secondly, because she looked remarkably well in a riding-habit and hat. He had seen enough to convince him that under his tuition she might “witch the world with noble horsemanship.” In short, he looked upon her as already part of himself, and knowing that his overtures were highly acceptable to her family, he had little relish for the obstacles thrown in his way from so unexpected a quarter. Unable to keep his chagrin longer to himself, he ventured to remark, “how Miss Dora flirts with that young Scotchman! They seem mightily pleased with each other.”

“La! Sir Thomas, how can you say so,” replied the alarmed mother; “but I know you jest: you cannot think that Mr. Allerton would ever have the presumption to pay attention to my daughter.”

“I cannot say much about that,” said the blunt baronet; “yet anybody could see with half an eye that your daughter seems inclined to pay some attention to him.”
Mrs. Fairfax saw that the crisis of her daughter's fate was approaching, and that if Sir Thomas would not make a decided proposal by fair means, he must be taken by stratagem. She therefore replied, "do you think, Sir Thomas, that Miss Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax, who on the death of her godmother will be worth at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds, and who has received proposals from men of rank and fortune, would think seriously of encouraging the attentions of the son of a poor Scotch parson, who has nothing to depend upon but his wits?"

Sir Thomas shook his head, and observed drily, "that the best pedigree did not always win."

This was not encouraging; but feeling that something decided must be done, Mrs. Fairfax rallied her courage, and returned to the charge. "I assure you, Sir Thomas, that Dora has never encouraged the attentions of any man but yourself, and if she does chatter a little too much with poor Allerton, it is only, dear girl, because as you have not yet exactly declared yourself. She wishes to avoid receiving the attentions of any one who might cause you the least uneasiness; delicacy alone prevents the dear child from shewing the preference which she feels for you."

"Egad! you don't say so!" interrupted Sir Thomas; "then I had better be on the course at once, before the ground is occupied."

This was not exactly what Mrs. Fairfax wished. She had her fears with regard to Mr. Allerton. Dora, who had all her life manifested a decided dislike to the cultivation of her mind, had within the last few weeks devoted several hours of each day to reading, music, &c.; and whether owing to her having naturally good abilities or to some powerful excitement, her success was surprising. This circumstance, united with the pleasure which she seemed to derive from the society of Mr. Allerton, made the prudent mother determine not to risk the possibility of a refusal from her daughter, which might occur should Sir Thomas make an immediate proposal to her in person. She therefore begged that he would spare Dora's blushes and leave it to her to break the matter to her daughter, adding, "that she was so sure of her acquiescence that she already considered him as one of the family."

Sir Thomas was glad to get Dora and eighty thousand pounds, without the trouble of making love, a thing for which, to say the truth, he had very little genius: seizing his mother-in-law-elect by the hand, and giving her a hearty squeeze, he exclaimed, "a bargain! a bargain!" and (lowering his voice) "the sooner the old one kicks the better."

Mrs. Fairfax did not exactly like this allusion to the demise of Mrs. Hobbs, but having gained her object by what she called bringing him to the point, she proposed that they should break up the conference and join a group who were listening to Major Howard and Miss Bouverie singing a duet. In the midst of the group who were listening to the music, sat Lady Mary Bouverie, her face pale with anger, casting glances of threatening import at the singers. Lady Mary had never been contradicted on one single point since her escape from the school-room and her marriage with Sir James Bouverie; and on this occasion contradiction carried a double sting, for it came from one over whom she had hitherto exercised unbounded
authority; and from whom she expected implicit obedience. But to explain. It has been already mentioned that Miss Villiers took delight in cultivating the musical talents of her friend, and that during Lady Mary's many absences from home, Margaret had frequent opportunities of pursuing an amusement which seemed to steal her from herself. The wounded feelings which might otherwise have corroded her heart often found vent in some plaintive strain, and while the echo of her voice still filled the apartment she would lay her cheek on her music-book and find relief in tears.

Miss Villiers knowing the ability of her pupil and unwilling to monopolize all the admiration of the music-loving part of the company, had ventured to ask Margaret to sing, when Lady Mary, who was standing near her, turned sharply round, and without giving her time to reply, observed, that Miss Bouverie had not confidence enough to sing in company. Louisa blushed crimson; she felt the implied sarcasm and retired; but what was Lady Mary's indignation on seeing Major Howard select a duet from Miss Fairfax's port-folio, and after exchanging a few words with Miss Bouverie, conduct her to the piano.

Had Margaret gasped and hemmed and sang out of tune, and had the Major coughed and bellowed and been always a bar or two behind, Lady Mary could have forgiven them, but, alas! their voices blended most harmoniously, and her incensed Ladyship could only bite her lips and vow that poor Margaret should suffer for her audacity. She would insist that Sir James would send the child to board at some farm-house, and if he proved refractory, she could at least burn the pianoforte. She would gladly have burnt Margaret's voice, too, had it been possible; and it was a relief to her irritated feelings when several carriages were announced, and her's amongst the number. At a late, or, rather, an early hour, for the morning light was beginning to penetrate the shutters, the company separated, Mrs. Hobbs having kept Sir George's wounds bleeding to the last. Having expressed her surprise that her carriage had not been announced, Sir George, wishing, perhaps, to make some atonement for the marked coldness with which he had treated her, observed that it was still early.

"If it is early, it must be early morning, then, Sir George," and pointing to a superb chandelier in which the wax lights were almost burnt to their sockets; "I take it to be past two o'clock—a wax candle, four in the pound—will just burn seven hours, I think," added she, giving a significant nod to Mrs. Fairfax; "we ought to know something about those things."

It was usual for Mrs. Hobbs when she wanted to make a sensation to "rake up the ashes" of her husband; but till this unlucky evening she had contrived to sink the tallow-chandler in the alderman. Sir George gave her one of his withering looks, but fortunately for Dora's expectations, the sarcastic reply which rose to his lips was checked by the information that her carriage had arrived, and the widow, nothing daunted, took the offered arm of Mr. Allerton, and assuring Sir George, en passant, that she had spent a delightful evening, she curtsied her way out of the room, and was soon seated in her carriage.

Having no other companion but the afore mentioned pug-dog, the widow fell into a state of somnolency from which she did not awake till the carriage stopt in Leaden-
hall-street. When the steps were let down, and the pug had jumped out, the widow put forth her hand, and it rested on the arm of the faithful Riddle: Riddle always remained on the premises when Mrs. Hobbs was out, but no sooner had he ascertained the safety of the lady, than, being a discreet young man, he wished her "good night," and hastened to his apartments in Abchurch Lane, to enjoy a little repose before the shop was opened.

The only person in the Fairfax family who retired to rest with a mind perfectly at ease after this dinner party, was Anna Matilda; she had never been so happy. Her beau ideal of mankind was realized in the Count de Millefleurs.

The Count spoke English very imperfectly, and Miss Fairfax did not understand French, when spoken by a Frenchman; nevertheless, he had contrived to dance and shrug and wriggle himself so completely into the good graces of the young lady, that she determined that he should henceforth be the lord of her destiny. Her mind being at ease on this point, she slept the sweet and happy sleep, which can only be appreciated by her who having reached the age of thirty without an offer, with the dark and dreary gulf of celibacy yawning at her feet, feels herself suddenly snatched from the very brink of the precipice, to enter on all the delights of Brussels lace and orange flowers, and to find wealth, title, and two bottles of Hannay's fragrant Rondolelia laid at her feet.

CHAPTER X.

"Nought is there under Heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind." *Fairy Queen.*

"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent." *Hebrew Melody.*

When Louisa Villiers rose from her couch to attend the summons to the breakfast table, her pale and anxious countenance showed that she had not closed her eyes to sleep. Nothing spoils a pretty face so much as the want of a night's rest. Whether the mental excitement which banishes tired "nature's sweet restorer" be of a painful or a pleasing nature, the effect on the nervous system is almost equally bad. It is the duty, therefore, of every young lady who wishes to be on good terms with herself, to endeavour, when she finally lies down to rest, to banish from her mind all cogitations either on the past or future; for Momus is a capricious God, and if his first attentions are received with indifference is not easily recalled.

When Louisa looked into her mirror and saw her heavy eye and sharp anxious-looking features, she could not help wishing that the Countess had not invited Lord Eversham to dine and escort them to the opera in the evening. The swollen eye-lids and the traces of tears on her cheeks showed that her mind was ill at ease. The words which Lord Eversham had whispered to her ear on the preceding evening, though they excited in her mind sentiments of the warmest gratitude;
opened her eyes more fully than ever to her unfortunate situation: she felt that the Duke of Norwood would never consent to his son's forming an alliance with her, and she determined to use every effort to drive his image from her mind, and by an appearance of coldness to discourage his addresses. This, unfortunately, she could not do, without appearing to act with coquetry, a thing which her pure and ingenious soul abhorred. In the first moment of pleased confusion, the only idea that presented itself to her mind was that she was beloved by a man who appeared to possess every noble quality that could win the heart, and to whose suit the proudest peeress in England would have listened with delight. Though dignified and retenue in her manners, she was unskilled in concealing her feelings. Lord Eversham had, therefore, no cause to complain of the reception which his declaration had met with, and though no word of encouragement passed her lips, he read in her countenance, as plainly as words could speak, that his had found their way to a heart which had never before responded to the whisperings of love. How then could she so suddenly assume indifference? C'est le premier pas qui coule, and she resolved to begin, at once, her work of self-denial. Meanwhile, her mind was harassed with fears on the subject of her birth. Was she the offspring of guilt, and would she not, on the death of her benefactress, be hurled as an intruder and impostor from the high station which she enjoyed.

This fearful question having taken possession of her imagination, she hastened to the breakfast-parlour, and throwing herself into the arms of the Countess, she entreated that she would suffer her to seek a situation in some family, where she could make herself useful and procure her living by her own exertions; "for," added she, weeping passionately, "I have not courage to encounter the sneers which my appearance in public must ever excite: as a governess or humble companion I should have no mortifications of this sort to encounter. I feel that I must ever be alone in the world, and the sooner I enter on the path that it has pleased God to mark out for me the better."

The Countess looked at the noble countenance of her protégée, and felt that she was not formed to be a humble companion to any one. She saw that something had occurred very recently to distress her favorite, and tried with all the eloquence of affection to restore her serenity, winding up her arguments by saying, "surely, Louisa, if you entertained for me even a small portion of the affection which I do for you, you could not wish to leave me, alone, in my old age?"

This was touching a chord which could not fail to vibrate. Louisa adored her benefactress, and throwing her arms round her neck assured her that nothing should ever again induce her to give utterance to feelings of discontent.

Let it not be inferred from this circumstance that Louisa was fond of scenes, or, in other words, of making a vulgar display of her feelings; on the contrary, though a girl of strong passions and acute sensibility, she was calm and gentle in her deportment; but the remarks which she had overheard on the previous evening had wounded her feelings to the quick, and the idea that she was compelled by her unfortunate situation to return coldness and restraint for Lord Eversham's feelings of warmth and affection made her irritable and unhappy.

D—(COURT MAGAZINE)—AUGUST, 1842.
The ladies had scarcely finished breakfast, when Sir George Fairfax was announced. Louisa, on hearing the arrival of a visitor, anxious to conceal the traces of tears which were still visible on her face, made a hasty retreat. Sir George had, therefore, the satisfaction of finding the Countess alone. Though at a loss to discover to what cause she owed so early a visit, her ladyship was too polite to betray any surprise, and entered into conversation only on general topics. No sooner, however, had the breakfast-tray been removed, than Sir George began to break the object of his visit, by turning the conversation on the sensation which Miss Villiars had made on her début at the Duchess of Ely's ball; and having commented in strong terms on her beauty, talents and so forth, he added, "if the current report be true that she will inherit a considerable fortune on her coming of age, she is likely to marry well."

Now, Sir George had never heard that Miss Villiars would inherit a farthing on her coming of age; he had raised the report for the occasion.

The ruse succeeded; the Countess told him frankly, that, though her protégée had no fortune by inheritance, it was her intention, in the event of her forming a matrimonial connection, to provide for her in such a manner as would secure to her a handsome establishment.

This was all that Sir George wished. He was perfectly sincere in his admiration of Miss Villiars, and finding that she would have a good fortune, he resolved to overlook her doubtful origin, and press his suit before Lord Eversham could have time to insinuate himself into the young lady's favor, and defeat his projects. Without any farther circumlocution, he, therefore, declared to the Countess his wish to convert her élève into "Lady Fairfax," and asked her consent to his making immediate proposals to Miss Villiars.

The Countess was taken by surprise; she had felt alarmed, thinking at first that he was going to renew his addresses to herself; but satisfied that her fears were groundless, she began to consider the probabilities of Louisa's listening to his suit. This was a point on which Sir George appeared to entertain no doubt, and from his empressement and total rejection of the diffident bearing which generally characterises an unaccepted lover, the Countess supposed that he must have met with some encouragement from the fair object of his choice. She, therefore, consented to his wish of having an interview with her, and promised, should he succeed, to give her unqualified sanction to their union. Still, she could not help thinking it almost impossible that Louisa could be happy as the wife of Sir George Fairfax; she had unconsciously interwoven the image of Lord Eversham with that of her élève, and she wished that Sir George had declared himself previous to her expressing her intentions with regard to her fortune. Resolved not to bias the mind of the young lady, before her interview with Sir George, the countess rang the bell, and desired the servant to inform Miss Villiars that she wished to see her in the breakfast parlour.

Louisa's first enquiry if Sir George Fairfax was gone being answered in the negative, she hastened with a beating heart to obey the Countess' summons.

"What," said she to herself, "could be the reason of Sir George's calling so early? and if his visit was on business, why was she invited to join the conference! Or,
could he have possibly sought an interview with the Countess, charged with any message from Lord Everingham in which she was concerned?" This idea oppressed her mind as she lingered on the stair-case, whilst pretending to be busily engaged fastening her bracelet, but, in reality, endeavoring to regain her self-possession; seeing, however, that the servant had opened the door, and was waiting for her to pass, she rallied her courage and answered Sir George’s enquiries after her health, with apparent tranquillity.

The Countess soon after left the room, and Louisa found herself tête-à-tête with her admirer, who did not think it necessary to keep her long in suspense. "Since," said he, "Miss Villiars has condescended to favor me with an interview, may I hope that what I am about to say will meet with indulgence?" Louisa, in the simplicity of her heart, reminded Sir George Fairfax that she had obeyed the summons of the Countess, at the same time casting a wistful glance on the carpet, as if she entertained something approaching to a hope that the ground would open and deliver her from the trammels of Sir George’s eloquence. At length, she murmured something about joining her Ladyship in the drawing-room.

"I have already," resumed her lover, "received the Countess’ permission to inform you that it is in your power to make me the happiest of men."

Louisa began to tremble from head to foot; she tried to speak, but in vain, and as the truth flashed across her mind, her face was suffused with blushes.

Sir George, mistaking her embarrassment and silence for encouragement, seized her hand and entreated that she would not suffer herself to be agitated by the abruptness of his proposal. "I have duly considered the matter," added the sois-disant adorer, "and I feel assured that in spite of the prejudices of the world, the beauty and talents of Miss Villiars must far outweigh those little impediments which exist with regard to birth and family connections;" and, again, Sir George attempted to seize the small, trembling hand which had been hastily withdrawn from his impassioned grasp.

Louisa rose from her chair, and drawing up her figure to its full height, while her eyes flashed with indignation, replied:—"Sir George Fairfax! there must be some great mistake in this matter; for I cannot believe that you came here purposely to insult me under the roof of the Countess of Dudley. I will not affect to misunderstand you, but will candidly inform you that your decision on this subject has been premature, and notwithstanding the unfortunate impediments which you have thought it necessary to recall to my recollection, and which you have had the generosity to overlook, I must gratefully, but decidedly, decline the honor of your alliance."

Sir George stood petrified with astonishment; he had been so much occupied in finding arguments to overcome his own scruples, that he had never anticipated any on the part of the lady. Seeing her move towards the door, he threw himself on one knee, and entreated in the most passionate terms that she would allow him to hope, and not in a moment of anger, caused by his unfortunate allusion to circumstances over which she had no control, blast his prospects of happiness for ever. Just at this juncture, and before Sir George (who had become seriously alarmed at
the complexion of affairs) had time to recover his mental equilibrium, the door opened, and Lord Eversham was announced.

This unlucky contretemps filled up the measure of his vexation. He had been rejected by Miss Villiars, and his humble posture had been discovered by the man, whom of all others he disliked, who, also, he now doubted not was the cause of his mortification.

"Bravo, Sir George! I thought you gentlemen of the long robe were too much occupied in the weighty matters of the law to practise tableaux-vivans in the morning. I regret that my untimely intrusion has driven away your divinity!"

"Pshaw!" replied Sir George; "a mere bagatelle! Miss Villiars is but a child; one must go a little out of one's way to please those bread-and-butter sort of girls."

"A tolerably well-grown child, however," rejoined his lordship. "And pray is Miss Villiars so exigeante as to demand that you should make the agreeable on bended knee?"

"Pooh—pooh! I told you it was a mere joke; but I have no time to talk about such nonsense!" and suddenly recollecting that he was obliged to hurry into the city on business, the discomfited lawyer donned his hat and rushed out of the house, stung with shame and vexation, but never doubting that if he could put a stop to Lord Eversham's intimacy with Lady Dudley and her protégée, the young lady would soon recover from her indignation at the abrupt manner in which he had approached her, and would open her eyes to the advantages which he offered her.

While Sir George retraced his way to Russell-square, chewing the bitter cud of his reflections, Lord Eversham was leaning on the mantel-piece, thinking of the scene which he had so unexpectedly witnessed. "Could Miss Villiars, whom he believed to be all purity and goodness, be acting a deceitful part? It was only the evening before, when he had rallied her on Sir George's marked devotion to her, that she had said, "she could not help disliking him, and that he had never before paid her even common attention." How then was he to account for the situation in which he had found him? He had little doubt, in spite of his awkward attempt to treat the matter en badinage, that he was there for the express purpose of making a formal declaration; and how had that declaration been received by Miss Villiars? Lord Eversham was not of a disposition to endure suspense with patience, and he determined to seize the first moment of his being alone with Louisa to entreat her to come to some explanation on the subject of her intimacy with Sir George, and should he be satisfied on that point, to lose no time in declaring his sentiments. Could he succeed in winning the affection of Miss Villiars, as his father entertained a warm friendship for the Countess, he trusted, he would have little difficulty in persuading him to give his consent to his union with her protégée.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he rang the bell and asked if the Countess was visible. The man answered in the affirmative, and conducted him to the drawing-room, where he found her ladyship and Miss Villiars. The latter returned his admiring yet respectful glance with an appearance of confusion, and replied to his anxious enquiries after her health with a coldness which augured ill for the explanation which he hoped to receive. The fates seemed, indeed, combined against
him, and he was condemned to suffer all the torments of suspense. A constant succession of visitors filled up the rest of the morning till the first dinner bell rang, when the ladies retired to dress.

His lordship, in despair, returned to his hotel to make his toilet, which he accomplished in the short space of ten minutes; he then threw himself into his cab, and having ordered his groom to drive like lightening, he hoped that Miss Villiers might be the first to descend to the drawing-room. But, again, he was disappointed: seated on the couch where his fancy had pictured the sylph-like form of Louisa, he found the fat, good-natured Duchess of Ely, who had come to dine and accompany them to the opera to witness the début of the Countess Leonelli, who, in consideration of her birth and title, and the unfortunate events which had induced her to have recourse to her talents for support, had secured the patronage of her grace, whose heart was open as day to melting charity.

CHAPTER XI.

_Le Maître de Musique._—La philosophie est quelque chose, Mais la musique, Monsieur, la musique.
_Le Maître a danser._—La musique et la danse, la musique et la danse, c’est là tout ce qu’il faut.
_Le Maître de Musique II._ n’y a rien que soit si utile dans un état que la musique.
_Le Maître a danser._—Il n’y a rien que soit si nécessaire aux hommes que la danse.
_Le Maître de Musique._—Sans la musique un état ne peut subsister.
_Le Maître a danser._—Sans la danse un homme ne saurait rien faire. _Molière._

When Louisa found herself, for the first time, in the brilliant circle of the Opera-house, all her cares were forgotten, in the novelty and excitement of the surrounding scene.

Had there been neither opera nor ballet, she would have been very well amused for an hour, looking at the groups of beautiful women who filled the boxes. The Queen had held a drawing-room in the morning, and had just entered the royal box, attended by her maids of honor and some of the flower of the nobility dressed in full costume.

After the first flush of pleased surprise was over, Louisa sank back on her seat, struck with a feeling of her own insignificance. Surrounded by all the aristocracy of the country, and by many of the rich and noble of other nations, she could not banish from her mind the bitter reflection, that no human being formed a link between her and the bright chain of which she shone a conspicuous ornament; and resting her arm on the edge of the box she shaded her face with her fairy hand, wishing to escape the notice which her first appearance had excited. But if Louisa felt little gratification at the admiration which attended her appearance in public, not so did Lord Eversham. Nothing contributes more to feed the passion of love in the male sex, than the consciousness that the object of their adoration is admired and pursued by others. It is not uncommon for men of narrow intellect to suppose that if a woman is endowed with superior personal and mental attractions she must be vain, frivolous and incapable of performing the duties of domestic life; but Lord Eversham was not one of those, and he rejoiced to think that the homage which was paid to his beloved would give place to a warmer feeling, could the qualities of her
heart and mind be discovered through the medium of the numerous opera-glasses that were employed in scanning her features. The overture ceased, and Louisa lost all recollection of self, in her anxiety for the success of the débutante, whom the duchess had described as a very interesting and talented woman, who having been reduced to extreme poverty by the calamities of civil war, had determined to sacrifice feeling, and avail herself of her musical talents, in some measure to retrieve the ruined fortunes of her family. Her Grace of Ely looked to the success or failure of the contessa merely as a matter of money, and felt little anxiety with regard to the ability of the débutante. The house was crammed to the ceiling, and she recollected that a young officer of the sister kingdom, to whom she had sold a dozen tickets, had remarked that the name of a raal countess in the bills would fill the house, even if her voice failed to effect that object. But Major O'Brien was in this instance mistaken; for John Bull, though notorious for gullibility, having paid his eight-and-sixpence, forgot the countess in the artiste, and felt inclined at the end of the first act to exclaim with Juliet, "what's in a name?" Amidst loud and long continued braves, the Leonelli advanced towards the foot-lights, but before she had sung six bars of the recitative, the hopes of the audience had sunk below zero. She had unfortunately chosen Otello for her first appearance. The Desdemona of Pasta still rang in the ears of the fanatici per la musica, and the thin, sweet voice of the contessa, and her timid, constrained gestures, could bear no comparison with the thrilling notes and impassioned acting of the great artiste. Still, the contessa was an interesting woman, and as the audience saw that she was laboring under the disadvantage of excessive timidity, they were inclined to be indulgent. Her figure was elegant, but rather too petite for a prima donna; her countenance was Grecian, and the beautiful clearness of her fair complexion was rendered more striking by the dark lustre of her eagle eye. But in spite of the attractions of her features, her performance was tame and unsatisfactory, and when the curtain drew up for the second act, her friends felt infected with her timidity. She endeavored, in vain, to rally her courage as the opera proceeded, and when she gave the beautiful passage, Se il padre m' abbandona, with which Pasta used to electrify the house, her failure was complete. At the conclusion of the piece, a faint attempt at applause was made. Costa elevated his shoulders till they touched his ears; Spagnoletti took a pinch of snuff, and the ill-bred part of the audience tittered, but malgré these indications of disapprobation, according to the barbarous custom of the times, the panting and dispirited prima donna was dragged before the curtain to curtsey and look grateful for a few more bravos, which she had tact enough to attribute more to her beauty and modest deportment than to her skill as an artiste.

The audience being satisfied with her obedience to their summons, permitted her to retire to her dressing-room, where, having shed some hysterical tears, and drunk a glass of eau sucrée, she gave her hand to her husband, and was conducted by him to her carriage, never more to appear before an English audience, except in her box over the stage, where she was seen to much greater advantage than on the boards of the theatre. Her failure excited no surprise, either in herself or in her intimate friends. Besides being deficient in firmness of nerve and physical strength, she had
too much susceptibility and delicacy of mind to succeed as a *debutante* in the histrionic profession, at an advanced period of life. But enough of the contessa.

During the performance, Louisa had listened with the eager attention of a novice, seldom withdrawing her eyes from the stage, except to refer to the *libretto* between the acts: however, her attention had been several times attracted by the appearance of a man in the pit who had stationed himself exactly under the countess' box, and continued to eye her and her noble companions with a scrutiny for which she could not account. She had more than once felt inclined, when annoyed by his bold and persevering stare, to point him out to the notice of Lord Eversham, thinking, from his appearance, that he was some discharged servant or retainer of the countess' family; but fearful that his lordship might be provoked to punish the fellow's insolence, she allowed it to pass in silence, hoping that when the *ballet* commenced, the graceful movements of Taglioni might divert his attention from her. In the meantime, Lord Eversham had not failed to observe the conduct of the individual in question, and as he looked at the harsh and almost ruffianly expression of his countenance, with his fierce, black eyes ever turned on his beloved, he felt a strong inclination to descend and chastise the rudeness; but supposing from Louisa's composed manner, that she had not observed him, he attributed the annoyance less to any curiosity which they personally excited, than to the eagerness with which the vulgar often watch the movements and seem to devour the conversation of persons of rank. Besides, his lordship was not in a mood to cavil at trifles; the fears which had haunted him during the day with regard to the impression which the proposal of Sir George Fairfax had made on the mind of Louisa had gradually been melting like snow beneath the sun of her cheerfulness; the resolutions which she had formed in the morning, to endeavour to treat Lord Eversham with coldness, had fled with the depression of spirits which suggested them. The excitement of the passing scene had tuned her feelings to their usual pitch of happiness, and when some beautifully executed passage in the opera excited her approbation, she turned an enquiring glance on her lover, and felt her enjoyment doubly enhanced by his sympathy. Lord Eversham had been still farther reassured, by observing that Sir George, who had all the evening been playing the agreeable to his friend and client, Lady Graball, had made no attempt to approach the countess' box. This, in itself, was "confirmation strong;" for had Sir George been the accepted lover of Miss Villiars, it was scarcely probable that he would suffer so favorable an opportunity to escape of triumphing over a rival. He determined, however, to prevent a recurrence of similar uneasiness, by requesting an interview with Miss Villiars on the following morning, and should he be so fortunate as to be successful in his suit, to write to his father, candidly explaining all the circumstances connected with Louisa's residence under the roof of their noble relative, and entreating him, if he valued the happiness of his only son, to give his sanction to their union.

Meanwhile, the *ballet* proceeded. Taglioni, as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, charmed all beholders. Louisa had never before felt the poetry of motion. When Amina put her tiny foot on the narrow bridge, with a lighted taper in her hand, the breath of the audience seemed almost suspended, and just as the taper fell to the
ground, and the attention of the spectators was riveted on the danseuse, Louisa felt something twitching the loose, blonde sleeve of her dress which, as she bent eagerly forward, hung far over the front of the box. Turning suddenly round, she was astonished and alarmed at seeing the man, whose notice had already so much annoyed her, with his arm elevated towards the box, endeavoring to thrust into her hand a note or slip of paper which was concealed beneath the cuff of his coat. Louisa immediately withdrew her arm, with a gesture of indignation; on seeing which, her persecutor raised his head, and, with a demoniac expression of countenance, whispered in tones loud enough to be heard by her to whom they were addressed, "refuse this billet again, and your father's life will be the price of your obstinacy." Louisa's heart sickened, and she fell back on her seat, pale as death. Lord Eversham turned a fierce eye towards the pit, but he looked in vain for any clue to Miss Villiers' sudden indisposition.

The attention of every one else was directed towards the stage, and the individual who had excited his displeasure in the early part of the evening was no where to be seen. Louisa, anxious to divert the attention of her friends from the real cause of her indisposition, attributed it to the heat and excessive excitement to which she was unaccustomed, and having availed herself of some eau de Cologne, which Lord Eversham had hastened to procure, she made an effort to overcome the tumult of her feelings, and declined the countess' offer to order the carriage and accompany her immediately home, fearful that the person who had so much alarmed her, and whose dark and sinister countenance filled her with aversion, might be loitering in the passages, and endeavour again to force himself on her notice. Her attempts, however, to resume her interest in the spectacle, were vain; the words of the repulsive stranger were ever present to her ear. Could he have anything to communicate relative to the mystery which hung over her birth? Louisa could not help indulging a hope that he was either insane or had mistaken her for some other person, for so forbidding was his aspect that she felt convinced that he could not be the herald of anything but evil tidings; and the wild and unnatural gleam of his hollow eye seemed to favor the idea that he was laboring under some mental delusion: still, it was strange that he should have singled her out as the object of his persecution, and she almost regretted that she had not received the billet which he had tried to force on her acceptance.

The countess, judging by the pale countenance of her protégée that she wanted repose, sent for her carriage, and, accompanied by Lord Eversham, the ladies proceeded to the crush-room, where they were accosted by Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters, who, escorted by the Count de Millefleurs, were also waiting for their carriage. Mrs. Fairfax, who, like the good gentleman in the Spectator, was a great respecter of persons, and duly addressed every person according to his or her rank, having saluted the duchess and Lady Dudley, turned to Miss Villiers with a patronizing air, and exclaimed, "La, child! what is the matter with you? I declare you look as white as a sheet: well, what a difference a little color does make."

Miss Fairfax, ashamed of her mother's brusquerie, said something pretty about a snow-drop, which nobody seemed to understand except the Count de Millefleurs.
At last, the carriages were announced, and as the Fairfax family retired a little to give the pas to their superiors, a note was thrust into Louisa’s hand, and the same voice which had before alarmed her, repeated in a low, but distinct whisper, “be secret, if you value your life!” Love is ever quick-sighted; Lord Eversham saw Louisa conceal the note in the bosom of her dress, and a fearful suspicion flashed across his mind; but the next moment, Louisa, who had been leaning on his arm, fell suddenly forward, and as he conveyed her to the carriage, in a state of insensibility, and gazed on her innocent and death-like features, all his suspicions vanished, and he only felt how dear she was to his existence.

Having left his fair burden under the countess’ maternal care, and ascertained that the fresh air had already contributed to revive his beloved Louisa, his lordship returned to the saloon with the vague hope that he might be able to discover the individual who, he doubted not, had been the cause of so much distress: he wandered anxiously through the ante-rooms, and searched the avenues leading to the pit, but in vain. The door-keepers smiled when he enquired eagerly if they had observed a tall man with a sallow complexion dressed in a shabby Spanish cloak, his hat pulled over his eyes: a shake of the head was their only reply; sallow men with Spanish cloaks were too common at the opera to attract individual notice from those functionaries. Tired and dispirited, he abandoned his search as fruitless; and having made a last attempt, by describing the man to the hall-porter and dropping a sovereign into his “yielding palm,” with the promise of twenty more if he could succeed in tracing him, he prepared to leave the house. Lord Eversham had not advanced many steps, when he encountered Sir George Fairfax, who was standing on the pavement, having just seen Lady Graball to her carriage.

Sir George had heard of the scene in the cloak-room; his mother had observed Louisa receive the note and conceal it within her robe. The affair lost nothing by her manner of describing it: she doubted not that Louisa was carrying on some intrigue; she pitied the poor countess, who had been fostering a serpent in her bosom; “but,” added she, triumphantly, “nothing better could be expected: what is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh.”

Sir George could not help acknowledging to himself that this elegant aphorism was not exactly à propos to the case of Miss Villiers, whom he would at that moment have given the world to have made “bone of his bone,” but he resolved to avail himself of the circumstance, to poison the mind of Lord Eversham against Louisa, and with this friendly intent he put his arm within that of the young nobleman, and proposed to walk with him as far as Jermy-street. Nothing could have been more disagreeable to Lord Eversham, than the company of Sir George at that precise time; and when the rejected lover vented his spleen by repeating the remarks that had been made on the strange conduct of Miss Villiers, and expressed his fears that she was unworthy of the countess’ protection, Lord Eversham was irritated beyond all bounds; angry words passed between them, cards were exchanged, and Sir George had the satisfaction of knowing, that on the following day he was to enjoy an honor to which, even in the wildest flights of his ambition he had never aspired, viz., shooting or being shot by the son of a duke.
CHAPTER XII.

"For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby." Twelfth Night.

When Louisa retired for the night, she declined her maid's proposal to sit up for an hour or two with her, saying, that she felt quite well and did not anticipate any return of indisposition. As soon as the door closed on the sleepy abigail, she proceeded with trembling hands to open the note, which was written in a hand apparently unaccustomed to wield the pen, and ran thus:

To Miss Villiers—Where Imight command obedience, I stoop to entreaty, and request that you will waive all obstacles and admit me to an interview to-morrow evening after sunset, when I will communicate to you every circumstance relative to your birth. You must bribe the servant who admits me, to be secret; should our meeting transpire to the countess, or to any of her household, the consequences would be more terrible than you can imagine. The disclosure which I have to make will be painful, but should you refuse to listen to it I must use compulsion. Be punctual and silent, and all may be well.

Pietro Baldone.

This precious epistle, which is translated into English, was written in bad Italian, so bad that Louisa had some difficulty in deciphering the meaning of the writer.

Overcome with an undefinable presentiment of evil, she threw herself on her bed, but no refreshing sleep visited her weary eyelids. The most fearful visions crowded on her mind. The conduct of the stranger had excited her strongest aversion, and she knew not how to account for the imperious tone which he assumed in addressing her, even if he spoke the truth; in affirming that he could reveal to her the circumstances of her birth and desertion, could he not have found means of doing so in a quiet and respectable manner, without causing her so much alarm. Whatever the end proposed, little good could be expected where so ruffianly an agent had been employed, and nothing but the threat that her indiscretion would be fatal to the author of her being could have prevented her from revealing all to the countess. Baldone had warned her that what he had to say might be painful to her; were then the forebodings of her most desponding moments to be realized? Was she the offspring of parents stained by crime? and was disgrace in future her only inheritance? Why else had Baldone prepared her for painful tidings? It was possible that, knowing the splendor in which she had been reared, the man might have supposed that she would be grieved at finding her parentage from humble life, but Louisa felt that if poverty was the sole degradation, her heart would bound to meet the authors of her being.

Exhausted by conflicting ideas, towards morning Louisa fell into a feverish sleep. When she opened her eyes at a late hour, she found the countess sitting by the side of her bed and gazing on her perturbed countenance. As she returned the warm embrace, and answered the anxious enquiries of her benefactress with regard to her health, she blushed to think that, for the first time in her life, she was obliged to
use deception, and had she not dreaded involving others, she would have opened her heart to her friend, whose sympathy and advise would have stilled the fever that was burning in her veins. Fortunately, as she had made up her mind to know the worst, a favorable opportunity presented itself for receiving the stranger. The countess was that day to dine at Sir James Bouvier’s; Louisa had been included in the invitation, but she could easily excuse herself on the plea of ill health, a plea which the countess readily admitted when she felt the feverish pulse of the suffering girl. Fearing some serious attack of illness, she proposed sending immediately for the family physician, but to this the invalid would not consent, attributing her indisposition solely to the over-excitement of the previous evening, and saying, that a few hours rest was all that she required. Having received her promise that she would remain in bed, at least till the evening, the countess took her departure, and we will now follow her ladyship’s example, and return to Lord Eversham, whom we left in jeopardy, in consequence of his rencontre with Sir George Fairfax under the piazza of the King’s Theatre.

The young nobleman having spent a restless night, had just finished dressing, when Mr. Allerton was announced.

Concluding that the object of his visit was to arrange the time and place for his hostile meeting with Sir George, he gave orders that he should be instantly admitted. He was not a little surprised to find that Sir George had employed his secretary to offer the olive-branch of peace, and to say that having considered his lordship’s youth, and entertaining the warmest friendship and admiration for the Duke of Norwood, he could not bring himself to raise his hand against the life of his son, he therefore felt anxious, should Lord Eversham feel inclined to retract the offensive expressions which he had made use of in a moment of passion, to settle the affair in an amicable manner. Mr. Allerton added, “that should his lordship still insist on a hostile meeting, it must inevitably be postponed, as Sir George had during the night been in a high fever, and his disease had made such rapid progress within the last two hours that the slightest excitement might lead to a fatal termination.”

Lord Eversham could not help thinking that Sir George’s sudden access of fever had happened very mal-à-propos, but being by principle averse from duelling, which he looked upon as a remnant of barbarism that “would be more honored in the breach than in the observance,” and, moreover, feeling that a very slight apology would heal the outraged honor of the prostrate knight, he professed his willingness to let the affair pass, and expressed some regret for his impetuosity, accompanied, however, with a threat, that he would not again brook the slightest provocation on the same subject, as he felt ready to pledge his life on the purity and discretion of Miss Villiars. Having settled that matter satisfactorily, the plenipotentiary took his leave, and Lord Eversham proceeded to lock up his pistols, with the same coolness with which he had a few moments before selected them for the purpose of chastising Sir George’s insolence.

Whatever may be the opinion of those who are following us in this Tale, to the contrary, Sir George’s illness had not been got up by Mr. Allerton for the purpose
of diverting Lord Eversham's wrath; no, though the love of truth need not be com-
promised by attributing to him one particle of courage, either animal or moral: ill
he certainly was; his temples throbbed, and ever and anon he heard the report of a
pistol; then, groaning audibly, he tugged the blankets and buried his face in the
pillow; his skin was pale-blue; his teeth chattered, and Mrs. Fairfax thought the
dread time of the cholera had returned; even the doctor was puzzled, and, doubtful
how to proceed, he ordered an anodyne, which the patient thought smelt strong of
gunpowder; and a pill which arrived half an hour after, his imagination magnified
into a musket-ball.

When Mr. Allerton's footstep was heard on the stairs, the invalid's face grew
more livid, and he shook like a man in an ague; but when the secretary, in a
whisper, had delivered Lord Eversham's message, he threw his night-cap to the
foot of the bed, and, starting up, desired his mother to order breakfast. The good
lady, believing that her son was seized with a sudden paroxysm of insanity, fled
from the apartment, carefully locking the door; and, ringing the bell with violence,
she ordered the servant to proceed instantly to the house of Dr. Swift, and inform
him that she begged to see him immediately, as Sir George was much worse. Fortu-
nately, the doctor lived in Gower-street, and the anxious mother, putting herself
under his protection, was soon at the door of her son's chamber. She feared to
find the secretary, whom she had so unceremoniously left in company with the sup-
posed lunatic, torn to pieces, but, on unlocking the door, her mind was soon relieved.
Sir George lay with his eyes closed, in apparent slumber, and Mr. Allerton was
quietly seated in the recess of the window. To the doctor's enquiry how he felt,
the patient answered, "better, doctor—much better;" nevertheless, the doctor pulled
out his lancet and prepared to bleed him. This measure was violently opposed by
the sick man, but the doctor considering his perverseness as an additional symptom
of his malady, persisted, and Sir George, thinking it better that his blood should
flow under the lancet of the prudent Esculapius, than the fire of the impetuous Lord
Eversham, made a virtue of necessity, and quietly submitted to the operation. The
doctor having departed, Sir George again repeated his order for breakfast, which
order being given in a calm and reasonable manner was immediately complied with,
and having swallowed a cup of chocolate, a muffin, two eggs, and half a dozen
slices of rein-deer tongue, the knight found his inward man much refreshed, and
thinking it best for the sake of appearances to be perdu for the rest of the day, he
ordered his escritoire and penned the following letter:

"To His Grace the Duke of Norwood,

"My Lord Duke,—Much as it distresses me to wound your paternal feelings, gratitude
for the many favors which I have received from your Grace induces me to urge your im-
mediate return to town to watch over the welfare of your son. Nothing but your timely
interposition can prevent his forming a connection which could never meet with your
Grace's approbation. Circumstances prevent me at present from entering more fully on
the subject. I have already made use of the high privilege which you conferred on me, by
remonstrating with Lord Eversham; but I regret to say that my interference, instead of
producing the desired result, has only excited his Lordship's displeasure. Should it not suit the convenience of your Grace to come up to town immediately, I would earnestly recommend that you should lay your commands on his Lordship to join you in the country, as the only means of preventing the impending evil. Trusting that you will attribute this communication to the best of motives, viz., the anxiety which I feel for the honor and welfare of your Grace's family,

"I am, my Lord Duke,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE F. FAIRFAX."

This epistle having been duly sealed and dispatched, Sir George, dreading another visit from Dr. Swift, thought it advisable to return to bed, lest his medical friend, finding him engaged in business so soon after his late alarming attack, might again think it necessary to have recourse to the lancet. His prospects began to brighten. He knew the Duke of Norwood too well to suppose that he would not immediately act on his suggestions. He also knew that his Grace had for some days been confined to his room by gout, and, consequently, could not take a journey to London. He knew likewise that nothing, not even the fascinations of Miss Villiers, could induce Lord Eversham to violate the duty which he owed to his affectionate and suffering parent, and his lordship once fairly out of the way, his vanity whispered that Miss Villiers would soon see the folly of refusing such eligible offers of an establishment.

With this impression, he had refrained from calumniating her, personally, having in his letter to the duke expressed himself so cautiously that by a little dexterity his innuendoes might be made to apply to some other object; for, with all his meanness, Sir George could not wilfully asperse the character of the person whom he still hoped to make his wife.

While Sir George was thus congratulating himself on the address which he had displayed in banishing his rival, and anticipating the effect which it would have on Louisa's conduct to himself, the unfortunate object of his thoughts was endeavoring, though with little success, to rally her strength, and prepare to meet her unwelcome visitor.

When the countess's carriage rolled from the door, Louisa summoned her maid; but, while dressing, she trembled so violently that Roget, who was much attached to her gentle mistress, entreated her to allow her to send for Sir James Duncan, her ladyship's physician. By a strong effort, however, the young lady conquered her agitation, and having told the astonished attendant that she wished to speak with the hall-porter in the ante-room, she prepared for the humiliating part of her task, that of soliciting the domestic to favor her interview with Baldone, unknown to the rest of the household. When the wondering abigail tripped into the hall, she found Robert half asleep as usual in his comfortable arm-chair, and before him a small table, on which lay his snuff-box, a bunch of mignonette tied with a piece of red-tape, which the under-housemaid, a tender-hearted girl, had given him, and a copy of the Morning Herald turned upside down.
Robert had been thirty years in the family of the Earl of Dudley; his servitude, as he called it, had commenced long before legislators had discovered that knowledge is power; consequently, he did not, as hall-porters of the present day are wont to do, beguile his lonely hours by reading the classics; nevertheless, Robert, though his knowledge was chiefly confined to his business, was not entirely destitute of erudition; he could, with the aid of his spectacles, decipher the names on the letters and cards which passed through his hands, and a newspaper generally lay on his tiny table, but the knowledge which Robert thereby attained never crossed the threshold of his lips. On one unlucky occasion, when the servants had assembled for supper, he entered the hall with the Morning Chronicle in one hand, and the fore-finger of the other mysteriously placed on his lips, ever and anon casting glances of strange import from his fellow-servants to the newspaper; but notwithstanding the importunate entreaties of the females, the lips of the hall-porter remained as usual hermetically sealed. It is difficult to say how long this obdurate silence might have lasted, had not Sally, the under-housemaid, remarked with tears in her eyes, while she devoured her rump-steak and onions, “that if Master Robert would not open up, she would certainly go into exterics.”

“Nature could no more!” and Robert informed his astonished listeners, that on the following evening the Houses of Parliament were to be blown up. The party in the servants’ hall were staunch Tories, and their dismay was in proportion to their respect for the aristocracy; but the coachman, saying “he was afeared Master Robert had found a mare’s nest,” snatched the paper from his hand, and informed the ladies that the hall-porter had been reading an extract from a review of a new History of England, abridged expressly for the use of schools.

Ever since this dénouement, Robert, whatever information he may have gleaned from the public prints, never communicated any to his companions. Indeed, it was strongly surmised by them that the circumstance had cooled his literary ardor. The newspapers lay on the little table beside him as usual; but when he fell into a gentle slumber, the maids would facetiously turn his paper upside down, and returning soon after to the hall would find Robert deeply engaged in reading, without having changed its position.

The hall-porter was thus engaged, when Roget informed him that her mistress wished to see him. He obeyed the summons immediately. Louisa told him that she expected a visitor, and requested that he would contrive to admit him without attracting the notice of the domestics. Blushing at the idea that she was obliged to stoop to offer some explanation, she added that, the person was coming on business, and would remain but a few minutes. Robert’s face indicated surprise, mingled with curiosity, and he began a speech, in which, however, he had not proceeded farther than, “you’ll excuse me, marm,” when an equivocal knock was heard at the street-door. Louisa snatched her purse, and emptied its contents into Robert’s hands, who forthwith made a respectful bow and retired; and in a few minutes Louisa, trembling and breathless with agitation, found herself alone with her unwelcome visitor.
CHAPTER XIII.

"Have I not——
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life led away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the soul of those whom I survey."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

Louisa had endeavored, previous to her interview with Baldone, to prepare herself to hear the worst, and pointing to a chair, and seating herself on a sofa at the other side of the room, she requested that he would explain the nature of his business with her.

"I suppose," replied the man, with a sneer, "I ought first to thank you for your compliance with my request;" and crossing the room, he threw himself into a chair by her side: "per Bacco, you are a fine girl, and nobody need be ashamed to own you!"

Louisa shuddered at his effrontery; but fearful of preventing him from making the desired disclosure, she only reminded him that their interview must be short, and that he had promised to reveal something that might lead to the discovery of her parents.

"Oh! you are in a hurry, are you: well, then, I suppose I must out with it at once," and bringing his lips close to her eye, he whispered, or rather growled, "in the first place, I, Pietro Baldone, am your father; and in the next, if you can't keep this piece of information to yourself, I must swing, for the police are scenting me out like a pack of blood-hounds."

Louisa heard no more, her ears tingled—her senses reel—and she would have fallen to the ground, had not the man caught her in his arms and dragged her to the window, which he hastily opened, fearing that he should be obliged to call for assistance. Louisa, however, soon revived, and summoning all her fortitude, she enquired with a distracted and incredulous air what proofs he could bring forward to corroborate his strange tale.

"So, you are sorry that I have found you," rejoined her tormentor fiercely, "and would give the lie to your own father! That's mighty civil, truly!" and here the fellow muttered an oath.

Dreading to irritate him by showing her aversion, Louisa tried to disguise her feelings, and assured him that when he had satisfied her mind by making a full disclosure of all he knew concerning her, 'he would not find her deficient in duty,' she would have said, but the words died on her lips, and she burst into tears.

"Oh! if you could believe that I am telling the truth, you would kiss and paw me as other tender chicks do their papas; but that is not what I want. I must have money, girl—money! That's the only thing that can save my neck. Of course the old woman who is rolling in wealth gives you plenty of the needful." Seeing,
however, that Louisa again turned pale as death, and grasped the arm of her chair for support, he altered his tone, and proceeded thus, interlarding his story with many coarse expressions, with which the reader's delicacy need not be wounded.

"I am a Neopolitan by birth, and though poverty and crime have for many years been my constant companions, I once possessed a considerable estate in my native country. During a visit which I made to Scotland, more than twenty years since, I fell in love with a young Scotch girl, who was as beautiful, even more beautiful than yourself. I married her, and took her to Naples, and from this marriage I date all my misery. Your mother, like most beauties, was a fool, and I soon saw that her affection for me did not outlive the first few weeks after our marriage; she disliked every thing Italian, but most of all my own family. Even the sunny skies and bright vineyards of Naples were hateful to her, and she sighed for the bleak rocks and eternal-drizzling mists of her native land. This state of things could not last long. Finding no comfort in the society of my wife, my evenings were spent at the gaming-table; and a few months after you were born, your mother found a companion more suited to her taste, in a young Scotchman, who was related to her family, and who had come to Italy on account of his health. Charles Percy was a constant guest at our villa, and one evening on my return from Naples, where I had spent several days and nights in the mad excitement of play, I found that your mother had eloped with him, having taken you with her. In a state of distraction I endeavored to trace them, but in vain, till some months after I learnt through the exertions of a friend, who had taken a journey to England on purpose while I was pursuing them over the continent, that they had settled at a village on the north-west coast of Scotland.

"Thirsting for vengeance, I hurried to that country, but on my arrival I found that your mother's paramour had sailed for America, where she was to join him, and that having embarked for that purpose, she had been shipwrecked, and died in the house of Mr. Allerton, a Scotch clergyman, who had given her shelter.

"I watched in the neighbourhood, and became aware of your having been adopted by the Countess of Dudley. I was a ruined man, and did not want to be troubled with a squalling infant. And now, child, do you believe me? But to end all doubts, you have in your possession a miniature of your mother's seducer, and here is another which he had painted at the same time, as a present, he said, for a lady in Scotland, to whom he was engaged, but, doubtless, with the view of lulling my suspicions with regard to the real object of his attachment. Be that as it may, in the confusion of flight he left it in my wife's writing-desk," and Baldone handed to Louisa a miniature exactly the same as that which she had treasured as the likeness of her father, except that it was set in a plain, gold case without jewels.

He then proceeded to inform the unhappy girl that he had no intention of revealing to any one else the secret which he had communicated to her, nor did he wish, he said, to withdraw her from the protection of the countess to share his adversity; but, in return for thus sacrificing his claims to her society, he would expect some pecuniary recompense.

Louisa told him, that far from considering his forbearance as a favor, it would
be a source of unspeakable mortification to her to carry on such a cold-blooded system of deceit; and, she added, that if he would not consent to her revealing all to the countess, she would immediately embrace the first means that offered, however humble, of getting an honest livelihood.

"Obstinate fool!" muttered Baldone; "have I not already told you that your babbling would ruin me! And you would lead a life of drudgery, and see your father die an ignominious death because you cannot keep a secret!"

Louisa’s firmness of character was, fortunately, not to be overcome by ruffianly violence. She replied, calmly, that she was ready to obey his wishes in anything consistent with the virtuous principles in which she had been educated, and would willingly devote her talents to his support, but that no arguments could ever induce her to stoop to the deception which he required; "either," said she, "I must have your permission to reveal everything and throw myself on the generosity of the countess, or I must leave her house and throw myself friendless on the world."

"And where will you find a home?" interrupted Baldone, impatiently; "not with me. And yet," added he with a sneer, "I am not without a roof to shelter me. In a dark alley, where the air of Heaven never penetrates, up four pair of stairs, you will find the splendid apartments of your father. Nor is there any lack of company, both male and female, though the latter may not be so eminent for virtue as Miss Villiers, alias Baldone, the pampered minion of the Countess of Dudley."

Louisa sat pale and cold as marble. She prayed inwardly that whatever threats the miserable being who called himself her father might use to intimidate her, no fears for her personal safety should induce her to become the tool of his avarice. *

In reply to an enquiry why he had not brought forward his claims sooner, he replied that he had followed Percy to the United States, and had settled there in the hope of discovering him, but pecuniary distress having again driven him from his home, he had returned to England for the express purpose of making himself known to her. Louisa, finding that he had nothing more to communicate, pleaded illness as an excuse for putting an end to their interview, and said that when she had had a little time to reflect on the strange circumstances in which she had been so suddenly placed she would see him again.

"Well," but the chief point remains to be settled. "How much money can you come down with?"

Louisa told him that she seldom had much money at her command, but that she would willingly share with him what she had.

"Then I must have a hundred pounds to begin with."

The terrified girl answered him that she could not possibly procure so large a sum, but that she would give him twenty-five pounds, which was half the quarterly allowance of pocket-money which she received from the countess.

* We feel particularly indebted to our author for inculcating such principles, and every one who, for a moment, reflects upon the consequences of an opposite line of conduct, would do well to read the reverse and its fatal effects, in the story of "a Rich Man's Wife."—Tales of a Confessor, No. 5, Court Magazine, March and April, 1841.

E—(COURT MAGAZINE)—AUGUST, 1842.
"Come, come," said Baldone, seizing her roughly by the arm, "what I say I mean; from this room I do not stir till I receive from you the sum named. If you have not the money you have jewels,—fetch them at once."

Louisa's courage rose in proportion to her father's insolence; and provoked beyond endurance at his despicable conduct she assured him that she looked upon her jewels as the property of the countess, and that previous to leaving her house she should consider it a point of duty to restore them to her possession.

Baldone's sallow visage turned pale as death: his whole frame shook with rage, and clenching his hand he would have struck his innocent victim, had she not, with the strength of despair, sprung towards the door:—in another moment she gained her apartments.

Having locked the door, Louisa proceeded with trembling hands to open her writing desk, from which she took some bank notes, and having enclosed them in an envelop, she stole softly down stairs and requested the porter to give the packet to the gentleman in the breakfast-room. Lingering on the stairs, she had the satisfaction of hearing her visitor depart, whilst Robert, muttered as he closed the door, "Gentleman, indeed! one of the worst-looking fellows that ever I saw enter a nobleman's house. But this comes of taking in bobbies that don't come of decent people."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak;
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The Ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance though clear was chill." Byron.

When the Countess, at an early hour next morning, drew aside the curtains of Louisa's bed to enquire after her health, she was shocked at the change which a few hours had made in her appearance: but no entreaties could persuade her to see the physician, and she even insisted on joining the countess as usual at breakfast, saying that she felt much better, and that remaining in her room might increase the slight nervous attack from which she was suffering.

Supposing that her malady was of a mental nature which solitude would only encourage, the countess yielded to Louisa's wishes, and kissing her pale cheek and telling her that she would send her maid to assist her in dressing, the former descended, alone, to the breakfast room. Louisa would have now gladly declined the assistance of her femme de chambre: she dreaded Roget's prying curiosity, for though in other respects a worthy and faithful servant, she was by no means exempt from that failing which is attributed to her sex in general, and to the character of femme de chambre in particular.

During the long, dark hours of the night, Louisa had been endeavoring to school her mind to bear her humiliation with patience. She felt that the daughter of a felon could never appear as the friend and favorite of the high-minded Countess of Dudley, and her heart swelled almost to bursting as she thought that pity would hence-
forth take the place of the love and admiration which she had been accustomed to excite when she joined the select coterie of her benefactress. She therefore resolved to lose no time in making every effort to procure a situation as governess in some respectable family, where, in the quiet exercise of her duties, she might escape observation; and, to prevent any opposition from the Countess, she determined not to inform her of her plans till they were ripe for execution.

A circumstance now occurred which, by leaving her the uncontrolled mistress of her actions, enabled her to carry her resolution into effect with little difficulty. When she entered the breakfast-room, she found the Countess cutting the seals of two letters which had just been delivered. The first was from an eminent physician, and informed her that her father's mental malady daily increased, and that he apprehended total alienation of mind, unless his patient could be prevailed upon to travel, and recommended that her ladyship should set off immediately for Bolton Castle and endeavour to induce the Earl to travel with her on the continent, where constant change of scene might tend to subdue the morbid melancholy that was fast destroying his naturally strong constitution. The second letter was from Lord Eversham, and contained one for Louisa. There is a depth of misery from which the human heart can never recover; that of the Countess had been made desolate in the spring-time of her years; the silken cords that had bound her to the world had been snapt asunder, and she looked back on the time when she was a wife and mother, as one remembers a happy dream.

But though as far as she herself was concerned, her life was a state of patient endurance rather than enjoyment, yet no one participated more warmly in the joys and sorrows of her fellow-creatures; it was, therefore, with a feeling of heartfelt pleasure that she handed to Louisa the letter from Lord Eversham. She was already informed of its contents, and her warm congratulations, on the happy prospect which the poor girl knew could never be realized, only added fuel to the grief that was consuming her. Unable to command her feelings sufficiently to read the precious billet in the presence of the Countess, she hastily swallowed her coffee and retired to the solitude of her dressing-room. The letter conveyed to her the welcome information that its writer had left town at an early hour that morning to attend the sick couch of his father, who was supposed by his physicians to be dangerously ill; it breathed the warmest protestations of unalterable affection, and concluded by requesting that she would write without delay and not keep him in suspense, assuring her that the moment the Duke was declared out of danger he would hasten to town to learn his fate from her own lips. He also earnestly requested that she would reply to his letter, as he feared, should she throw any obstacles in the way of his happiness, that he might be tempted to abandon his filial duties to throw himself on her mercy. Louisa wiped away the tears that for the first time since her interview with Baldone rolled down her pale cheeks. But the flood-gates of her heart once unlocked, she felt relieved, and opening her escutcheon she resolved at once to inform Lord Eversham that circumstances, which she could not explain, had recently occurred, which rendered it impossible for her ever to return his affection; and she begged that he would cease to think of one who could only render her warmest tokens of gratitude for a
preference of which she felt herself unworthy. Louisa was in the act of folding this epistle, when the Countess entered, and she heard that in a few hours she was to be separated from her beloved friend. Her ladyship would gladly have taken Louisa as the companion of her melancholy journey, but one of the chief features of the Earl's malady was his dislike to strangers, particularly those of the female sex, and he had always evaded her wish to introduce her protégée at Bolton Castle, and it was determined, though with much reluctance on the part of the Countess, that during her absence from town the young lady should become the inmate of Mrs. Gresham, who resided in Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to Louisa than this arrangement; the absence of the Countess from London, and her residence with her ci-devant nurse and instructress would afford her every opportunity of carrying her plan into effect, without having recourse to the deceit and secrecy which was so repulsive to her feelings, and she hoped before the return of her benefactress to be settled in the line of life which she had resolved on embracing.

The Countess could not help remarking with surprise Louisa's ill suppressed satisfaction at her departure, but attributed her seeming indifference to the loss of her society and the new and pleasurable feelings that had been excited by Lord Eversham's letter. Her surprise increased, however, when, in answer to her enquiries and congratulations on the subject, Louisa put into her hand the reply which she had just finished writing. Having perused its contents, the Countess remonstrated with her on the folly of rejecting Lord Eversham. "I did not," said her ladyship "use a single argument to induce you to accept Sir George Fairfax, because your character is so different from his that no sympathy could ever exist between you; but you love Lord Eversham, nay, do not speak, (and the Countess playfully put her finger on the lips of her blushing élève) your face betrays you, and you would sacrifice your own happiness and that of one of the most amiable and noble-minded beings that exists, to a false and over-strained delicacy. Should the Duke of Norwood consent to overlook the circumstances to which your letter alludes, the only reasonable obstacle to your union with his son would be overcome. If I did not feel assured that you are above the meanness of coquetry, I should be inclined to think that you are raising objections, only to give Lord Eversham the trouble of removing them."

Louisa was silent; she could not say anything in her own defence, without betraying the promise so cruelly wrung from her by her Father. The Countess, mistaking her silence for acquiescence in the justness of her observations, returned the letter saying, with a smile, that she knew she could not be so cruel, and that she should be ready, should her visit to Bolton Castle have the desired effect, to engage, on her return, in the delightful turmoil of choosing jewels, lace, carriages and all the paraphernalia of a bride. Louisa sighed as she thought of the "dure et penible vie" she had marked out for herself. Though endowed with strength of mind to bear the vicissitudes of life with patience and dignity, she was but mortal; and what mortal, particularly if she be a lovely girl of nineteen, would prefer the life of a governess, to being the wife of a peer, young, handsome and highly gifted as was Lord Eversham. Can the reader blame Louisa, if, spite of the ties of blood, she almost hated
the being, stained with crime and dishonor, who had poisoned the cup of felicity so unexpectedly offered for her acceptance?

The Countess, whose notions of filial duty were paramount to every selfish consideration, determined to lose no time, but to set out that evening for Bolton Castle, and while her maid was busily engaged in the task of packing, she ordered her carriage with the intention of driving to Russell-square, for the double purpose of seeing her lawyer with whom she wished to leave the care of her establishment and saying farewell to the ladies.

Mrs. Fairfax was delighted when the Countess was announced; she had just been discussing with her daughters the propriety of informing her ladyship of Miss Villiers' suspicious and unaccountable conduct. Dora, with her usual good-nature, thought it would be better not to mention the matter to the Countess as, after all, it might only be some frolic, or, perhaps, a begging letter. But Miss Fairfax was of opinion that a young woman who received written communications without the knowledge of her parents or guardians was guilty of a great misdemeanour and ought forthwith to be exposed.

Mrs. Fairfax, who was, perhaps, touched with some reminiscences of her own youthful days, was inclined to embrace Dora's view of the subject and pass over the affair in silence; but Justice and Mercy, viz.—Matilda and Dora—argued the point warmly, and the former carried the measure by remarking, that though she felt the greatest compassion for the unhappy girl, who she feared on the discovery of her duplicity would be thrown friendless on an unfeeling world, yet it was a duty which they owed to their kinswoman to put her on her guard, as the most disagreeable consequences might ensue from the unbounded confidence which she appeared to place in the poor infatuated girl, whose want of principle no one could lament more than herself.

Mrs. Fairfax could not help thinking that her eldest daughter was somewhat hasty in delivering her verdict, and that she might have given the culprit the benefit of her doubts till something farther transpired, but zeal for the interests of the Countess, who had ever been her leading star, as the planet which ruled the fortunes of her family, overcame every other suggestion, and much to the regret of Dora who, instead of hating, had sense enough to admire the excellence which she could not reach, it was decreed that they should order the carriage and proceed to Langham-place, to inform their friend of the bad conduct of her protégée. But here a difficulty presented itself. Louisa always spent the morning with the Countess, and as it was desirable that the young lady should not know who had calumniated her, how could they request to have a private conference with the former without exciting her suspicions? This point was soon settled by the à-propos visit of the lady in question. Mrs. Fairfax having condoled with the Countess on the cause of her journey, and expressed how deeply they would all regret her absence, began her attack by a very skilful manœuvre. She said it would have afforded her the greatest pleasure to have invited Miss Villiers to be their guest until her ladyship's return, had not a circumstance occurred which made her fear that the young lady was not an eligible companion for her girls. (Mrs. Fairfax still persisted in calling her daughters girls
though Anna Matilda had seen thirty summers). The Countess, in the utmost astonishment, requested to know what she alluded to, saying she felt convinced that Mrs. Fairfax must be under some mistake, as she knew Miss Villiers to be as pure in mind as she was lovely in person, and that she would stake her existence on the delicacy and propriety of her conduct. Thereupon, Mrs. Fairfax, (who under the least excitement always returned to her pristine vulgarity of expression, and allowed the rich and visitable Mrs. Fairfax of Russell-square! to relapse into the Anna Matilda Hobbs of the third floor in Leadenhall-street) replied with warmth, “La! my lady! you don’t mean to say that you are liable for the actions of every beggarly upstart that lives on your charity? Of course, had the girl been your own flesh-and-blood, such a thing could never have happened;” but meeting the cold and somewhat haughty gaze of her noble visitor, she added in a soothing tone, “I don’t mean to say that your elf, as Millefleurs calls her, is worse that others of her stamp; but I am ready to take my bible oath, and so are my two daughters, Dorothea Fox, and Anna Matilda Fairfax, who never told a falsehood in their lives, that on the evening before last, while waiting for our carriage in the crush-room of the King’s Theatre, we saw a man (not a gentleman, but a common-looking fellow, skulking in a threadbare Spanish cloak, his hat drawn over his eyes) slip a letter into your prodigy’s hand, which however she appeared to expect, for, instead of looking queer and screaming out as any modest young lady would have done, she very coolly concealed it in her dress. On looking round, however, and seeing that we had observed her manoeuvres, she took a qualm of conscience and threw herself into Lord Eversham’s arms in a fainting fit.”

The Countess, though she suspected Mrs. Fairfax of exaggerating, could not doubt the fact of Louisa’s having some secret correspondent, and she had herself witnessed her sudden attack of indisposition; but so great was her confidence in her good sense and propriety of conduct that the ill-natured remarks of Mrs. and Miss Fairfax made little impression on her mind, and she contented herself with saying, that she doubted not the circumstance would soon be satisfactorily explained.

“If you really think, then, after all,” said Mrs. Fairfax, who was hovering between her dislike to Louisa and her desire to propitiate the Countess, “if you really think that the young lady has not done anything improper, I am sure I would willingly receive her here, I am not the least afraid on account of my daughters, but I have a son,—”

Lady Dudley had not a particle of that petty malice which often forms a leading feature in the conversation of persons of narrow intellect, and though Mrs. Fairfax’s ill-disguised aversion to Louisa, and the constant hints which she threw out about the danger of making pets of foundlings, who might naturally be imagined to have a double share of original sin, often excited a smile, they had never before provoked anything in the shape of repartee. On this occasion, however, her ladyship could not help replying, “I am aware of it, my dear Madam, and it is not your son’s fault that you have not also a daughter-in-law, as Sir George proposed to Miss Villiers a few days since and was rejected.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, “that is, if anybody but your ladyship
had told me so, I could not have believed it. Refused an offer of marriage from Sr George Fairfax; bless me!" and the perplexed mother turned to her daughters, expecting to read incredulity in their faces. Dora, who had been all the morning basly engaged in piercing little holes in a bit of muslin, and working them round with moravian cotton, afforded her little consolation, by remarking with unaffected naïveté, that she did not wonder that Miss Villiers had refused her brother as they were so very different. Matilda, however, despite her respect for the Countess, thanked Heaven that the girl's folly had saved them from a connection, which Sir George could only have thought of in a moment of infatuation.

Though the countess had concealed her uneasiness from the Fairfaxes, she could not help feeling that Louisa's mysterious conduct required some investigation, and abandoning her intention of paying a few farewell visits, she drove home to give her protégée an opportunity of opening her mind previous to her departure; but she felt vexed and surprised when luncheon passed over, and the travelling-carriage had been ordered without any attempt at explanation on the part of Louisa. All her suspicions, however, vanished when the moment of departure arrived, and the agitated girl, throwing herself into her arms, entreated that she would not give credit to any reports that she might hear to her disadvantage, as she would not know a moment's happiness till she could lay open every feeling of her heart to her inspection. The countess tried to comfort her protégée, assuring her that nothing could ever lessen the affection which for so many years had cheered her solitary existence.

When the carriage which contained the only friend that she had in the world drove from the door, Louisa's fortitude forsook her, and yielding to the chill and oppressive feeling of loneliness which came over her, she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XV.

"O nostra vita! ch'è si Bella in vista,
Com' perdie agevolmente un'anima mattina
Tutto che in molt'anni a gran pena s'acquista." Petrarca.

It has been truly said, that "there is no real sorrow but for sin." Those who have lived in the lap of luxury without having experienced the vicissitudes which, with a few exceptions, are the lot of humanity, would find it difficult to believe the extent of misery which the buoyant spirit of youth and innocence can endure before it gives way to despondency. Miss Villiers rose, on the morning after the countess' departure, with a lightened heart. She had compared her present situation and future prospects, not with her past life, but with the condition of many of her fellow-creatures, and the result was, a sense of gratitude to the Providence which had watched over her youth and endowed her with talents which her want of experience in the ways of the world led her to believe would easily secure a humble independence. She began therefore with alacrity, and even cheerfulness to make preparations for her residence in Mrs. Gresham's comparatively humble abode, and having selected from her well-replenished wardrobe such articles of apparel as she thought would be most
suited for her new position in society, she resolved to consign all her personal property, including her jewel-box, to the care of her maid, in whose fidelity she had full reliance.

The next difficulty to be surmounted was how to dispose of the maid herself. The countess, in making arrangements with Mrs. Gresham for her temporary residence under the nurse's roof, had made it a point that Roget should accompany her mistress, naturally concluding that the cook and housemaid who composed the old lady's establishment might not be particularly dextrous tire-women. Roget was in great distress when informed by Louisa that she could not possibly be accommodated at Mrs. Gresham's, as it would be inconvenient for her to receive two inmates in her small abode; but the kind-hearted maid was somewhat comforted by the assurance that, as the distance from Langham-place was so short, her services would be requested in cases of emergency. The disappointment of the femme de chambre was, however, soon lost in surprise, when Louisa told her that she wished her to send one of the servants to call a hackney-coach to transport herself and luggage to Charlotte-street.

"A hackney-coach!" exclaimed the astonished abigail; "dear me, Ma'am, I beg pardon, you know best, but surely you would not venture out in a hackney-coach when her ladyship left the new green chariot for use, and the under-coachman has just been to ask if you will drive in the park this morning as usual. I hope you'll excuse me ma'am for taking the liberty of telling you that those who ride in hackney-coaches don't always know what company they are in, but this I know, that a young person, a cousin of my own, who was in a house of business, went out for a holiday, and as she had a good many friends to visit she hired a hackney-coach by the hour. On returning home in the evening, after her day's pleasure, who should be at the door to hand her out, but a couple of constables, who the moment she put her foot on the pavement jumped into the coach and dragged something from under the seat which turned out, on examination, to be a dead body sewed up in a sack. Dear me, I never could pass a coach-stand since, without feeling all-over-ish." Here Roget's loquacity was overcome by her reminiscences.

Finding that her mistress' resolution was not to be shaken by her cousin's untoward adventure, the femme de chambre went down stairs to astonish the servants' hall, by ordering the denounced vehicle, whilst Louisa, having finished her little arrangements, indulged the restless state of her mind by wandering through the splendid apartments, where, basking in the sunshine of the countess' affection she had spent the happy days of her childhood.

Light is the sorrow which finds vent in tears and lamentations, compared with that silent and overwhelming sensation of misery which poor Louisa felt, as she gazed for the last time on each familiar object and compared the happy realities of the past with the dark and cheerless prospect of the future. Her heart throbbed,—a choking sensation rose in her throat, and she would have fallen to the ground had not her eye caught a magnificent portrait of the countess which was suspended over the drawing-room mantel-piece. The current of her ideas was changed; she thought no longer of herself, but sinking on a couch opposite the picture, she gazed
on the noble and expressive features of her friend, till she was almost blind with crying.

On the mantel-piece, just under the picture, stood a small vase of rare china, in which, two days before, she had placed a bouquet of violets which Lord Eversham had given her; with an irresistible impulse she seized the precious flowers, and tying them together with a piece of ribbon, and blushing at her own eagerness, she hastened to conceal her treasure in her own apartment.

In a few minutes, Roget appeared with a letter, which she delivered to her mistress accompanied by the information that the coach was at the door, and though she could not swear to it, as she did know the number, it was her firm belief that it was the identical hackney-coach which had been a receptacle for the quick and the dead, on the memorable day which her cousin had devoted to what Roget called "taking pleasure."

The remarks of the femme de chambre fell harmless on the ear of Louisa, who, in the greatest perplexity was conning the letter. It was from Sir George Fairfax, and contained a renewal of his addresses, urging as a motive for her acceptance of them, the unprotected situation in which she would be left by the absence of the countess, which, should she be able to prevail on the earl to consent to the advice of his physicians and accompany her to the continent, might be of much longer duration than she anticipated. The letter was couched in the most polite and persuasive terms, and solicited an early reply. Louisa unlocked her escritoire, and in a few lines informed Sir George, while she thanked him for the honor which he intended her, that the answer which she had previously given him was irrevocable, and that she could not receive any farther overtures on the subject. This little circumstance occurring just at the moment of her departure, by distracting her attention, served also in some measure to blunt the poignancy of her feelings; and hastily tying her bonnet and wrapping a large shawl round her, she hurried down the grand staircase; the footman who handed her into the coach mounted the box with the driver, and in a few minutes performed an overture for the admission of our heroine, which almost threatened destruction to Mrs. Gresham's diminutive but well-polished brass-knocker.

CHAPTER XVI.

"All ruined and wild was their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark ravens sheltering tree;
And travell'd by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircled the sea."

Campbell.

When the Countess reached the end of her melancholy journey, and by an abrupt turn in the road came within view of Bolton Castle, she was struck with the gloomy appearance of the surrounding objects, and as she drew nearer to the home of her ancestors she sunk back in the carriage, and covering her face with her hands the memory of former years rushed vividly on her mind, when, the delight of her gentle mother and the plaything of her sister, she had gamboled through the now silent halls
of the castle in all the wild ecstasy of thoughtless childhood. Her Father, who now sat in his lonely chamber wrapt in the sable curtain of his darkened mind, was then the proud and patriotic statesman who had voluntarily retired from office while his country was yet anxious to heap honors on the man whose talents and eloquence even his enemies could not help admiring. In those days, the castle was open to all the rich and noble who could claim acquaintance with its lord, and the avenues of the park resounded with the rolling of carriages and the champing of horses. Now, every thing was still as death. No improvements or repairs had been made on the house or grounds for twenty years; for such was the Earl's state of mind, that the sight of a laborer working in the park drove him back to the solitude of his chamber, and produced a high degree of nervous irritation. Even the domestics who had spent their lives in his service were obliged to pursue their vocations, noiselessly, and as if by stealth. It was no wonder, therefore, that the splendid edifice of Bolton Castle, like the mind of its owner, was beginning to sink into premature decay. The annual visit of the Countess, to her home, had always been a painful one, but she had never before remarked such an appearance of desolation. Not a living creature was to be seen; many of the window-shutters were closed, and when the carriage stopped, and the grey-haired porter opened the gate with a slow and melancholy croak, the Countess dreaded to enquire for her father, fearful that she was about to be admitted to a mansion of death.

She was received in the hall by Mr. Hamilton, the Earl's private physician, who gave utterance to his feelings of pleasure at her arrival, saying that he anticipated much benefit to his noble patient from her presence, as within the last few days he had several times expressed a wish for her society, though he had opposed every endeavour on the part of his physicians to induce him to remove to London. Mr. Hamilton retired, after having conducted the Countess to the door of the library, the only room in the house which the Earl could then be persuaded to occupy. Her ladyship knocked gently, for it was one of the Earl's peculiarities that none of the domestics should enter the room, unless by his special permission, and she could not venture to infringe this command by desiring them to announce her; receiving no reply, she ventured softly to open the door, and as her father appeared to take no notice of her entrance, she paused for a moment to contemplate the change in his appearance.

In his youth, the Earl had been remarkable for the elegance of his person; and possessing a more than usually robust constitution, his malady had preyed on his mind long before it made any visible change in his outward appearance. Since the Countess' last visit, an ashy paleness had taken the place of his once florid and healthy complexion; his eye gleamed with a feverish and unnatural lustre, and his countenance, which once shone with the intelligence of a highly-gifted mind, now wore an air of restless anxiety and child-like timidity. On hearing the light footstep of his daughter, the Earl laid down the book which he held in his hand, and, with the urbanity which he knew so well how to assume, advanced to meet her, telling her with a smile, as her eye rested on his emaciated figure, that he supposed her next visit would be to the family vault.
The Countess, parting the long silver hairs on his noble forehead, and kissing him tenderly, while she strove to conceal her agitation, entreated him to banish such gloomy anticipations.

She then told him that her physician had advised her to try the air of Italy for a pulmonary complaint from which she had been suffering some time, and that the object of her visit was to try and persuade him to accompany her, as she thought the health of both would derive the greatest benefit from the change of climate.

The invalid, who disliked the slightest allusion to his malady, replied, that as far as he was concerned, change of climate was unnecessary, as all he desired was repose; but, added he, "you have ever been a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and on this occasion I will not refuse you my society and protection."

The Countess was surprised and delighted at the immediate success of the little ruse to which she had recourse, and thanked her father for his ready compliance with her request, saying that she only waited to know his wishes to make immediate preparations for their journey.

"Wishes!" exclaimed the Earl with a look of vague recollection, "I have none. I hate the common affairs of life. My mind is occupied with other objects than vapid details of every-day occurrences, only tell me that the carriage is ready, and I am with you!" then, rising from his chair and seizing his daughter's hand, he added in a hurried and agitated tone, "I believe you are right, we must go at once, else I have a companion here, even in this room, with whom I may not be able to prevail on myself to part."

The Countess, dreading the sudden excitement that had seized him, reminded him that she had travelled all night, and required repose; she then rose with the intention of sending Mr. Hamilton to his patient and seeking refreshment and rest which she so much required.

Seeing her prepare to leave the room, the Earl sprang forward and seizing her hand asked if she had no curiosity to see the companion of his lonely hours. Thinking it best to humour his delusion, the Countess allowed him to conduct her to the farther end of the apartment, where, drawing aside a black-velvet curtain he exposed to view in a recess of the wall, a splendid full length portrait of the loveliest female she had ever beheld.

"This," said the Earl, while he gazed on the picture with an expression of veneration, "this is your sister, my first-born, ill-fated child, whom, when this burning heat shall have consumed me, I shall meet in glory;" and pressing his hands on his temples, the Earl left his daughter to gaze on the sweet features of her departed sister, pacing the room with hasty and agitated steps. The Countess stood spell-bound before the painting, which represented a beautiful girl in the first bloom of youth; her simple, white robe displayed to advantage the elegance of her form, whilst her raven hair fell in luxuriant ringlets over her fair shoulders, shading her slender and gracefully-turned throat. Her dark eyes shone with youth and happiness beneath their long, silken lashes, and so perfect was the illusion that the Countess almost fancied that she saw even the breath issuing from the full and smiling lips.

The Countess was aware that the Castle contained a portrait of her sister, but at
the time of her death it had been removed by the Earl to an apartment in an unfrequented part of the building, which no one but himself had ever since entered, and of which she had often vainly endeavored to obtain the key. She was not, therefore, much surprised at this circumstance, as it was generally believed that the Earl’s mind had been unhinged from losing his favorite child. Anxious to draw him from the state of abstraction into which he had fallen, the Countess closed the curtain, and having expressed her admiration of the painting, she asked in a cheerful tone to which of the great masters they were indebted for what she believed must be a perfect resemblance of the departed. The Earl trembled with emotion, and his eye glared with the fury of a maniac as he replied in a hallow and broken voice, to one on whom I daily and nightly bestow ten thousand curses.

The countess shuddered as she felt how hopeless was the recovery of one who, forgetting that he was a follower of him who said, “forgive ye men their trespasses,” could thus invoke the vengeance of Heaven on his fellow-man; it was, therefore, a relief to her, when the earl, as if ashamed of the violence to which he had given way, left the room, and she heard Mr. Hamilton, who was always in close attendance on his patient, join him on the staircase and accompany him to his sleeping apartment. The countess now resolved to avail herself as soon as possible of the earl’s compliance, lest his mood might change, and hastened to give the necessary orders for their departure on the following morning. Before retiring for the night she wrote a long and affectionate letter to Louisa, in which she entreated her not to act rashly with regard to Lord Eversham.

While the two were breakfasting at an early hour next morning, they heard the trampling of horses in the avenue, and the countess was surprised and pleased to recognise Lord Eversham in their early visitor. He had accidentally on the previous evening heard of her arrival at the castle, and had rode over from Norwood-house, in the anxious hope that she would be able to throw some light on the letter which he had received from Louisa.

His expectations were not, however, realized; her ladyship could not account for the changed sentiments of her protégée, but she combated the idea that he had a rival in the young lady’s affections. The lover derived little consolation from their tête-à-tête, since the countess would not encourage false hopes. She knew the firmness of Louisa’s character, and she felt that, however deeply she might be attached to Lord Eversham, no persuasion or temptation would ever induce her to enter a family where she must be considered as an inferior; and though in this instance her ladyship regretted the obduracy of her élève, she could not condemn her, for she felt that she herself would have acted in a similar manner under similar circumstances. One hope yet remained. The duke’s attack of illness (which his son could not help thinking had been a little exaggerated, though he had no suspicion of the cause) was gradually subsiding, and when the state of his health would permit the subject to be mentioned without agitating him, his lordship hoped that he
would not only approve of his choice, but might be prevailed upon to unite with him in endeavoring to overcome Louisa's high-minded scruples.

The countess shook her head; she thought the young man's expectations somewhat too sanguine. "Well," exclaimed his lordship, "if you think the duke will sacrifice my happiness to his family pride, he may take my life, also; my resolution is fixed. I shall purchase a commission in the first regiment that is ordered on foreign service.

The countess smiled at this ebullition of feeling, and told him that on her return from the continent she would use all her influence with Louisa to bring the affair to a happy conclusion. In the mean time, she entreated that he would do nothing rashly, telling him that she felt sure that Louisa was exercising the most painful self-denial, as she had no doubt of her preference for him, and she knew her protégée too well to suppose that a partiality once exhibited would be lightly altered.

Their conversation was here interrupted by the information that the travelling carriage was at the door, and that the earl, who like many other sensitive persons had a great dislike to taking leave, was already seated in it. Telling Lord Eversham, who continued to advance in her esteem, that she hoped very soon to meet him under happier circumstances, the countess hastened to join her compagnons de voyage, and his lordship, not a little disappointed at the result of his visit, mounted his horse and rode slowly towards Norwood-house.

As our travellers proceeded on their way to Harwich, where they proposed to embark for Ostend, the countess rejoiced to find that her expectations with regard to the invalid were likely to be realized. During the first half hour of their journey, her father sunk into a fit of abstraction, and only joined in the conversation to make some querulous remark on annoyances which they were likely to encounter on board the steam-packet, and the absurdity of travelling in pursuit of health; but when they lost sight of the castle and its localities, his gloom gradually dispersed, and ere they reached the hotel at Harwich, where they intended to pass the night, he seemed to have attained a degree of cheerfulness which he had not shown for many years.

On driving up to the door of the hotel, they found that, in consequence of a contested election, the town was unusually full; and in answer to the enquiry if they could have apartments, they were told that every room in the house was engaged; "but," said the landlord, patronizingly, as he glanced at the coronet on the carriage, "there are two gentlemen in the blue-drawing-room who start for London in a few hours, and I have no doubt they would be happy to accommodate your Grace, as they are to leave so soon, and their apartments would suit you exactly," (Boniface knew that there was a nobleman in the carriage and he always thought it better to be a little above the mark than below it; and had the new arrival been a Duke, he would have made a point of styling him your Highness). Mr. Hamilton turned to the Countess, doubtful how to proceed in this dilemma. Her ladyship, fearing that there would be equal difficulty in procuring accommodation elsewhere, thought it would be better to accept the proposal, should the present occupants be propitious
to their wishes. The landlord forthwith ascended to the blue-drawing-room, nothing doubting as to the success of his mission. The Earl, however, expressed great aversion to this arrangement, and could only be induced to enter the house by the Countess' telling him that she feared they had no choice except to sleep on board the steam-packet, which was not to sail till the following day. This was voted intolerable, and when the landlord thrust his rubicund visage into the carriage, and told them that the gentlemen in the room (which he somewhat ostentatiously dignified with the name of blue) were positively to set off in two hours, and, in the meantime, would be most happy to accommodate them, the Earl was prevailed on to avail himself of their politeness. At the top of the staircase, they were met by a gentleman who said he was commissioned by his friend to request that the party would consider the apartments as their own. The Countess having entered, thanked them in the most courteous manner, and soon engaged in earnest conversation with the strangers, the elder of whom was remarkable for the elegance of his appearance and address. He was in deep mourning; his age did not appear to exceed forty, yet his countenance wore an expression of settled melancholy; his features were faultless; his figure majestic; and his abord perfection: but to the experienced eye of the Countess he conveyed the idea of a man who, blest with rank, affluence and every external advantage, was nevertheless consumed by some secret grief, which, however, had not extinguished a naturally benevolent and philanthropic character. He was evidently a foreigner, though he spoke English with the greatest fluency. If the stranger was an object of interest to the Countess, he had even in a greater degree excited that feeling in another member of the party. The Earl, who had seated himself in the recess of a window which overlooked a small garden, eyed him with a fixed and scrutinizing gaze, as if he would have looked into his very soul; his face became flushed; his eye shone with a fierce brightness; and just as Mr. Hamilton, who had been watching his movements, fearing some sudden access of delirium, stepped forward to lead him from the room, he seized the younger of the strangers by the arm, and shaking it roughly, vociferated, “I am the Earl of Somerville, tell me quickly the name of your companion.”

The gentleman thus strangely addressed, perceiving from a gesture of Mr. Hamilton’s the true state of the case, replied in a gentle and soothing tone that his friend was the Marchese Montefiore. The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the unhappy old man sprang desperately across the room towards the sofa where the Marchese was seated. The Countess, with that presence of mind which often distinguishes her sex in cases of great emergency, threw herself into the extended arms of her father; assistance was instantly procured, and he was carried from the room in violent convulsions. When the Earl’s paroxysms had subsided, and he had sunk into a state of exhaustion, the Countess descended to the drawing-room, with the intention of apologizing to the gentlemen for the alarm and annoyance to which their civility had so unexpectedly exposed them. Much to her regret, she found that they had been gone more than an hour, but on the table lay a note, addressed to herself, which she opened, and found the following communication.
The Protégée.

Madam,

I regret much that the state of my friend’s health would not permit me to remain here to thank you in person, as the son of Mr. Allerton, for many favors bestowed on his family. I am ignorant of the circumstances which obtained for him the honor of your ladyship’s acquaintance, but I have been informed of the result from my brother William. The Marchese Montefiore, with whom I have resided for several years in my medical capacity, has just communicated to me some passages in his early life, at a time when he was acquainted with the Earl of Somerville. As the Marchese has for some time been in a precarious state of health, and a second meeting would be attended with reminiscences painful to both parties, I have hastened his departure, and trust that on your ladyship’s return to town you will permit me to have the honor of waiting on you and paying my respects in person.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Your Ladyship’s obedient servant,

James Allerton.

The Countess was surprised at the contents of this billet. She had never heard her father nor any of her family mention the Marchese, and she had imputed the Earl’s sudden illness entirely to his dislike to strangers and the over excitement produced by the journey. In a few days, the invalid had recovered sufficiently to allow our travellers to proceed to the continent; and whilst they are crossing the ocean on board the Atland steam-packet we will recall the reader’s attention to the lone and desolate, though not forsaken Louisa Villiars, and her new abode in Charlotte-street.

Chapter XVII.

Lord. What’s here? one dead or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
2d Huntsman. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm with ale, this were a bed, but cold to sleep so soundly.

Taming of the Shrew.

The family in Charlotte-street with whom Miss Villiars was domiciled consisted of Mrs. Gresham, her sister, Mrs. Perkins, a jolly, good-tempered widow in easy circumstances, and her nephew Dionysius, or, as his aunt used familiarly to call him, Die Perkins. When Mrs. Gresham agreed to receive Louisa as her inmate, she did not think it necessary to mention that the nephew of her sister’s late husband had come over from Dublin a few weeks before to fill the situation of clerk in an attorney’s office, and the young lady had been congratulating herself on her residence under the peaceful roof of Mrs. Gresham, where the sober conversation and quiet, unassuming manners of the two old ladies seemed to harmonize so well with the painful circumstances in which she had been so unexpectedly placed by the appearance of Baldone.

She was, therefore, disappointed, on obeying the summons to the dining-room, to observe from the arrangement of the table that a fourth person was expected. She was not, however, long in suspense with regard to the occupant of the vacant chair
at the bottom of the table; for, just as Mrs. Perkins had remarked, significantly, that it was not every day that Die dined with a pretty young lady, the room door was thrown open, and Dionysius entered. He was a youth about twenty years of age, somewhat under the middle size, but well proportioned withal, with twinkling, grey eyes, and feet painfully small. His black hair was redolent of bear's-grease, and stuck up from his forehead in little pyramids. His nankeen trousers and the salmon-colored tinge of his face and hands gave him the appearance of a red Indian as he stood at the door waiting to observe what effect his presence would produce. This appearance of a man in the natural state was, however, contradicted by the fashionable cut of his coat and silk waistcoat embroidered in colors, surmounted by a massive or-molu chain. To this chain was appended, not a watch, as simple-minded readers might suppose, but a seal; for Dionysius had not yet attained his majority, at which happy era he was formally to be put in possession of the gold watch and tortoise-shell snuff-box of the defunct Mr. Perkins.

Die stood in the expectation that his aunt or Mrs. Gresham would make some attempt to introduce him to their fair visitor, but the ladies were gazin with mingled feelings on his absurd costume. Seeing that matters were not likely to come to a speedy issue, and that in the meantime the veal cutlets and roast mutton were getting cold, he looks daggers at the old ladies, and advancing with solemn dignity towards Louisa, he introduced himself to her notice as Mr. Dionysius Perkins, presuming at the same time that he addressed Miss Villiers, and here he darted another furious glance at his aunt. Louisa bowed in acknowledgment of her identity, and made a slight movement as if rising from her chair, which Die perceiving, he laid his hand patronizingly on her arm, and told her that he was no advocate for ceremony between two young persons thus unexpectedly thrown into each other's society. Louisa blushed with vexation, and could not help casting a reproachful look towards Mrs. Gresham; but the good lady found it convenient to stoop to pick up her table-napkin, and Mrs. Perkins, who had none of the delicacy and decorum of mind which characterized her sister, added to Louisa's confusion by informing her in a coaxing tone, that though her nephew was a little stiff at first, she would find him a very comical, pleasant fellow when they became more intimate. "And now, Die dear!" said his well-meaning and indulgent relative, "do lay aside that long face of yours, it is enough to frighten the crows. You will," she continued, turning to Miss Villiers, "hardly believe, Miss, that Die sometimes makes me laugh till my very sides shake."

"S'death, aunt, I wish you would not tease me with your nonsense when you see I am so hot," and Die wiped his face with a red cotton handkerchief well steeped in lavender.

There are few tempers which do not soften under the benign influence of a good dinner, and Die gradually became cool, and, as his aunt anticipated, even comical. The countess had ordered some choice Madeira to be sent to Charlotte-street, of which Dionysius partook, nothing loath. Having emptied his glass, he poured out another, and holding it between him and the light while he examined it through his eye-glass, he remarked, nodding familiarly to Louisa, "very pleasant tipple,
Miss V. Give me a glass of good genuine Madeira: I would as soon drink vinegar and water as that sour stuff called Cape."

Miss Villiers was at a loss how to reply, but she was relieved from her embarrassment by Mrs. Perkins assuring her that Die was quite an accoucheur in wines. When the ladies rose to retire, Mrs. Gresham cast an anxious look towards the Madeira which she would gladly have removed to the cellaret, had she not feared some violent explosion of temper from the irritable connoisseur.

"I hope," said Dionysius to Louisa, as he opened the door for the ladies to pass, "I hope, Miss V., you will use no ceremony with me. I am your man for a walk in the park, or any other way in which you may choose to spend the evening," and standing on tiptoe, and advancing his mouth close to her ear, "if you have a mind to go to the theatre, never mind what the old ones say. It is hard to put an old head upon young shoulders," and Die fell back in his chair convulsed with laughter at his own wit.

"I told you," said Mrs. Perkins, triumphantly, "that Die was a comical fellow. Well! there's no knowing what may happen!" and the old lady drew Louisa's arm within her own, and conducted her to the drawing-room.

The old lady next insisted on her victim occupying an old-fashioned, high-backed arm-chair, which she said belonged exclusively to herself, having been the identical chair in which "poor dear Mr. Perkins breathed his last." Then placing a footstool under her feet she requested to know how she could amuse her sister's guest while Mrs. Gresham was preparing tea. Miss Villiers entreated Mrs. Perkins not to think of her saying that she could find sufficient amusement in a collection of books which were neatly arranged on the top of a chiffonier beside her. Having selected one, she threw herself back in the chair, not to read, but to ponder upon her disagreeable situation. She had a lively perception of the ludicrous, and had she been the guest of Mrs. Gresham previous to her interview with Baldone, the pert officiousness of Dionysius, and Mrs. Perkins' interested and fuisome attentions would only have excited a smile, but in the present lacerated state of her feelings these absurdities tended much to increase the depression of spirits, which with all her fortitude she could not overcome; and she determined that very evening to have a few minutes private conversation with Mrs. Gresham, and, as far as she could without betraying her father, inform her of the change in her views and her intention of inserting in The Times of the following day an advertisement for a situation as governess or companion.

Louisa had early accustomed herself to examine and criticise, not only her actions but her feelings; and she attributed her aversion to her new companions chiefly to the irritable state of her own mind. She had vainly imagined, never before having made the experiment, that she could patiently endure the follies of her fellow-creatures, but, in truth, she had unconsciously raised in her heart a standard of male perfection, and it must be allowed that Lord Eversham was as superior to Die Perkins, as Die Perkins himself was to a Chimpanzee. Miss Villiers was roused, however, from the reverie into which she had fallen by the entrance of Mrs. Gresham, followed by a servant with the tea-equipage. The sisters now began

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to express their surprise that Die had not made his appearance, he being, as Mrs. Perkins said, "a great man for tea." Miss Villiers, whose auditory organ was a little more acute than that of Mrs. Perkins, had several times, while reclining par excellence in the chair, been startled by strange sounds proceeding from the dining-room beneath; which sounds, becoming gradually louder, plainly indicated that Die, having finished his sacrifice to Bacchus, had fallen sound asleep; his non-appearance at the tea-table did not, therefore, astonish Louisa, who was too well pleased at his absence to mention her suspicions to his aunt. The urn was hissing on the table, and Mrs. Gresham desired the maid to inform Mr. Dionysius that tea was ready. Dolly stroked down her apron, pushed her cap a little more off her head, arranged the strings, and made haste to deliver her message. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when the drawing-room door was thrown violently open, and Dolly, rushing in, threw herself into a chair, and then into a fit of hysterics. The hysterics of a housemaid differ materially from the hysterics of a fine lady, inasmuch as the latter is deprived of the power of utterance, and only informs the spectators of the existence of the vital spark by uttering, at proper intervals, little sharp, piercing cries, somewhat between a bark and a scream; but not so, Dolly: "Dearie me!—Dearie me!" she sobbed; "and Mr. Die, such a sweet gentleman;" no one as ever lived under the same roof with him could help liking him, he was so kind to the dumb things. It was only this morning he said to me, 'Doll!' says he, (for he always called me Doll when he came into the kitchen), 'Doll,' says he, 'I had a mind this evening to have drowned them kittens myself, for the sooner they are parted from their mother, the less she will miss her offspring, but as my aunt tells me that Miss We is to dine here to-day——'

Dolly's sobs now rendered her voice inaudible, and Louisa seized the opportunity to enquire if any serious accident had occurred to the young gentleman.

"Serious accident!" said the now offended Dolly; "I think so, Miss! Such an accident as don't happen to some of us twice, I'll warrant me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Louisa, now seriously alarmed; "you do not mean——"

"Ah! but I do mean though; there he lies poor fellow, under the dining-room-table, as dead as mutton."

At the commencement of Dolly's oration, Mrs. Gresham and her sister, knowing how difficult it was to stop the tide of Dolly's eloquence, had hastened in the greatest distress to the dining-room, where Louisa, obeying the naturally good impulse of her feelings, followed them, leaving the sensitive Dolly to recover as best she could. She found the room deserted, the chair, in which Dionysius had so lately acted as Croupier, lay on the ground, and the carpet was strewn with the wrecks of one of Mrs. Gresham's cut wine-decanters, but sound of human being there was none; and thinking it prudent not to appear inquisitive, she returned to the drawing-room, where she found Dolly regaling herself with a cup of tea and a piece of buttered muffin.

"You'll excuse me Miss!" said the now blushing and sensitive domestic, "for the freedom I take; I belong to the tea-total-temperance-society, and never touch
strong drink of any description, and as I felt all-over-ish, I thought a cup of tea would settle my nerves, and now," said the disciple of tea-totalism, while she wiped the cup and saucer with her apron, "I must go and see how my poor Missuses are bearing up against their troubles. Dearie me! how soon we come by an accident!" and with this ejaculation on her lips, Dolly made her exit.

Mrs. Perkins soon after made her appearance, and apologized to Louisa for the alarm which the servant had occasioned, saying that Die felt a little overcome by the extreme heat of the weather, and as she had prevailed on him to lie down for an hour or two, if Miss Villiars would excuse her absence, she would just step up stairs and sit with him a little. Miss Villiars accordingly begged that she might not detain her a moment.

Mrs. Gresham, who had felt not a little annoyed at the incident above mentioned, had mounted guard at the couch of the prostrate Dionysius, thinking it better to leave her sister to inform Louisa that the young gentleman’s illness had been much exaggerated by the over-sensitive nerves of the tea-total-Dolly; but finding that Mrs. Perkins preferred watching the slumber of her nephew in person, with some reluctance she joined her visitor in the drawing-room and began the long delayed duties of the tea-table. Louisa saw that her hostess was vexed at the unfavorable impression which her relative had made, and with her usual generosity of feeling she tried to divert her attention by entering at once on the subject of her own plans and entreating that she would give her the benefit of her advice and experience.

Mrs. Gresham was astonished when Louisa informed her that she intended to go out as a governess, and scrutinizing the young lady’s face as if doubting her sanity, she spent half an hour to very little purpose, in conjuring up all the disagreeables, real and imaginary, which attend the life of a private governess. But though her auditors listened patiently and respectfully, the old lady perceived that her logic had made very little impression. Mrs. Gresham, though a worthy and well-principled woman, had, like most of the class to which she belonged, been all her life particularly awake to her self-interests. She had left the service of the Countess of Dudley laden with spoils, the just reward, indeed, of her usefulness and fidelity; the Countess had likewise settled a pension on her for life; but still there were many little perquisites and indulgences which she had enjoyed during her residence at the great house in Langham-place, which she could not command in her own little ménage in Charlotte-street. Her organ of acquisitiveness had developed itself more and more as she advanced in years, and she had hailed Louisa’s residence in her house as a temporary revival of the days of hot suppers and genuine cognac, not forgetting the use of a carriage, no slight privilege to those who are condemned to live in London during the dog-days, when clouds of dust and burning pavements every where greet the unfortunate pedestrian. All these things taken into consideration, it was not in human nature for Mrs. Gresham to connive at Louisa’s escape from her domicile, and she excused herself from doing so, with the best grace in the world, saying that she could not, without being guilty of the greatest ingratitude, countenance a scheme which she felt convinced would excite the Countess’ serious displeasure.

Mrs. Gresham was too well acquainted with the disposition of her ci-devant
pupil, to suppose that she was acting under the influence of pique, caprice or any other unworthy motive. She perceived by Louisa’s calm and unimpassioned conversation, that, however startling and absurd the step which she was about to take might appear, she had given it due consideration; but it was her cue to pretend to believe that the young lady had formed a hasty resolution, which a few hours reflection would present to her in all its folly; and when they parted for the night, she playfully told Miss Villiers that she hoped, on the return of the Countess, to see her the beauty of Almack’s instead of being buried alive in a back parlour, cutting thick slices of bread-and-butter, and teaching turbulent children their A, B, C.

Louisa retired to her small, but neat apartment, with a heavy heart. Nothing throws such a chill over the buoyant and sanguine spirit of youth, as the disapprobation and opposition of those to whom we have been accustomed from infancy to look for advice and support.

Louisa had made sure of an ally in Mrs. Gresham: high-minded and generous herself, she had no suspicion that the woman whose correct conduct and pious sentiments had won her respect, could for a moment be influenced by sordid and worldly feelings; she had expected in her adversity to find almost a mother in Mrs. Gresham, and the conviction that instead of assistance she would meet with opposition, fell with icy chillness upon her heart.

A girl with less energy of mind than Louisa possessed, under such discouraging circumstances would have abandoned her project, and have passively waited the issue of events over which it might be supposed that she had no control; yet our heroine’s firmness of purpose was not to be overcome by the ridicule of Mrs. Gresham; she dreaded that something might transpire to provoke Baldone to disclose their relationship, and she felt the necessity of securing an asylum where she would be secure from his personal intrusion. Rising early the next morning, she made out a list of her accomplishments in the form of an advertisement. This, to a novice, was no easy task; she had no disposition to indulge in self-praise, and when she looked at the numerous advertisements with which the newspaper teemed, from ladies of superior talent, ladies of unquestionable ability, and ladies who were perfect mistresses of the best style of drawing, music, &c., &c., she feared that her plain statement of facts would attract little attention. The next difficulty that presented itself was how get her advertisement inserted; she could not ask Mrs. Gresham to send it, and she feared to trust her secret to the discretion of any of the domestics in Langham-place. There was, then, but one resource—to proceed to the office herself—and with this intention she descended to the breakfast-room, where she found the sisters, and much to her satisfaction learnt that Dionysius, who was obliged to be at his desk at nine o’clock, had already departed quite recovered from his sudden indisposition which Mrs. Perkins still maintained had been the result only of the extreme closeness of the atmosphere.

Telling Mrs. Gresham that she was going to Langham-place to select some books, she hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, resisting the other attractions of the breakfast-table; then wrapping round her a large shawl and burying her face in a
Leghorn-bonnet, surmounted by that most unbecoming appendage, a green crape veil, she sallied into the street. It is a startling fact, which many a reader may be inclined to doubt, that Louisa did not know where "The Times" was printed, or she would as soon have dreamt of taking a journey to Palestine, unattended, as of threading the dark and narrow mazes of Printing-house-square. Necessity, however, had made her courageous, and directing an anxious look towards the coach-stand it was quickly answered by a lusty Irishman, who readily agreed to drive her to the desired spot.

Louisa, now, for the first time in her life, began to know the value of money. The sum which Baldone had extorted from her had reduced her purse to a very low ebb; and though the Countess had left orders with Sir George Fairfax to supply her with any sum she might require, yet she hoped that she would be able to procure a situation before her little stock was exhausted. When she alighted in Printing-house-square, as a matter of course the coachman demanded double the fare to which he was entitled; to argue the point would have been vain. Louisa sighed as she transferred the money from her purse to the capacious hand of her greedy conductor, and as she glanced at the few sovereigns she possessed—the all of her worldly wealth—she discharged the coach and resolved to return to Charlotte-street on foot.

When she thrust her delicate hand over the desk of the functionary who received the advertisement, Louisa trembled like a culprit: there were several gentlemen in the office, and she felt that her position was painful and unfeminine. As she stood timidly waiting to pay she felt something twitching the sleeve of her gown; and the next moment a voice close to her ear whispered, "Miss V. by all that's lucky! "Six shillings, Miss," said the gentleman on the opposite side of the desk, in a tone which seemed to include, 'be as quick as possible.' Louisa once more extended her hand, and as she drew it back it was eagerly seized by Mr. Dionysius Perkins.

"Come now, Miss V." said Die, as he drew her arm within his own, "confess that your lucky star is in the ascendant. Here am I, Dionysius Perkins, esquire, a gentleman at large, and ready to devote myself to your service for the rest of the day; how very fortunate that we should have met; if you had come two minutes later you would have missed me; did the old ones give you an inkling that I should be here."

Louisa blushed crimson from indignation, as she replied, coldly, that neither of the ladies in Charlotte-street were aware of her visit to the city. Die then drew in his lips, till his mouth was the size of a small button-hole, and placing his finger with peculiar emphasis on one side of his nose, he whispered, "I have it, a little affair on your own account, an advertisement for a husband, or something of that sort, eh? but come don't look so black upon it, I won't peach."

Miss Villiers made an attempt to withdraw her arm, too much annoyed and disgusted to explain the cause of her visit to 'The Times' office. But Die was not to be repulsed; pressing her arm closer to his side, to prevent her escape, he said, patronizingly:—"Well! well! I see mum's the word, and I ought to think myself a happy dog in having met with you, that's all." Louisa now begged that she might not detain him a moment from business.
"Business!" repeated Die, with animation, "what is business, compared with the pleasure of escorting Miss Villiars? Besides, old square toes is gone down the river to dine on white-bait, and I have no idea of being a fixture at the desk, when the governor is gormanizing."

The ill-assorted pair had now reached the end of the narrow lane leading from Printing-house-square to Ludgate-hill, and Die insisted that Louisa should stop to admire some oriental finery, temptingly exposed to view in the shop window of Messrs. Etherington and Co. Louisa paused, and while the flippant Dionysius was wondering what might be the price of a certain richly-embroidered velvet-cap, which he thought would give him an imposing appearance when he took his siesta, she contrived to make a signal which was immediately answered by a coach drawing up close to the pavement. Determined to make an effort to release herself from her importunate companion, Miss Villiars wished Mr. Dionysius 'good morning,' adding that she had some visits to pay; and before Die, who was still musing on the velvet cap had time to prevent her, she had placed her foot on the steps. At that moment, a dashing barouche drove up to the door of the shop, and the coachman, not aware of the lady's position on the coach-step, moved a little forward. Miss Villiars' foot slipped from the vehicle, and she would have fallen on the pavement had not Dionysius promptly sprung forward to save her. An exclamation of surprise from the party in the barouche immediately attracted her attention; and looking up she recognized the Fairfaxes and Lord Eversham.

Greatly was Miss Villiars' mortification increased by the behaviour of the ladies, who threw themselves back in the carriage, staring intently; but the next moment, the steps of the barouche were let down, and Lord Eversham was at her side. In a tone of the deepest interest, he enquired if she had suffered any injury. Louisa said she feared from the sudden jerk, that she had slightly sprained her ankle. "Good God! Miss Villiars, and you are here without any protection. Let me entreat you not to sacrifice your health to a point of etiquette; you must allow me to accompany you home." Here, Dionysius came forward. "Why, as to that, sir," there is no occasion for it, as Miss V. and I live in the same house, and I was going home at any rate to have a snack."

Lord Eversham surveyed Dionysius from head to foot, in mute surprise; but Louisa, who was now as desirous that her persecutor should remain as she had before been to get rid of him, turned towards his lordship with her usual, calm dignity of manner, and explained to him, in a few words, her acquaintance with Dionysius and her residence in the house of his relatives. Lord Eversham observing that the party in the barouche could not restrain themselves "within the limits of becoming mirth," at what they called the scene, coldly wished them good morning. Having handed Louisa into the coach, and told her companion to follow him, he seated himself by her side, and in a voice which even the angry Dionysius dared not dispute, ordered the man to drive to Charlotte-street. The ladies in the barouche were paralysed with astonishment. "In the city, without a gentleman! what could they do! They certainly had never before met with such an insult. However, things might have been worse. Had Millefleurs been with them, he must have chastised
his lordship's boyish impertinence. But after all, perhaps, the young man was not so much to blame. They always knew that the girl was very artful."

Lord Eversham, who had only come to town on the preceding evening, had hastened to Russell-square, in the hope of hearing some tidings of her who was never absent from his thoughts. The scheming mother, not divining the real motive of his visit, had again begun to build castles in the air. He repeated his visit at an early hour on the following morning. "What could be more marked!"

Careless how his time was occupied, his lordship accepted their invitation to accompany them on their shopping excursion, and Mrs. Fairfax, in the exultation of her heart, insisted that the fiancée of the Count de Millefleurs should leave a billet to inform him that they had gone to the city on business; "for," said the prudent matron, "it is better that his lordship should have us all to himself, a little finesse is allowable when the only son of a duke is the stake." Miss Fairfax, too, lisped something about pledged vows and filial duty which, however, made no impression on her mother, and the billet was sealed and left on the drawing-room table to meet the eye of the Count when he called as usual.

Assisted by their footman, the injured fair ones alighted to vent their vexation on the unfortunate shopman, whose doleful and ill-requited task it was to attend to them. Having turned over and minutely examined the contents of some twenty boxes of lace, ribbons, &c., all of which, in the dark mood of their minds, they voted insufferable, they purchased two pairs of gloves. In justice to Dora it ought to be mentioned that she did not in the slightest degree participate in the ill-humor of her mother and sister. In fact, she had, unperceived by them, been doing what Die Perkins would have called a little bit of business on her own account, and was musing on the possibility of transferring a beautiful Trichinopoly watch-guard to the dressing table of the private secretary, without his knowing exactly whence it came.

CHAPTER XVIII.

One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride, the Maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame:—
O need I tell that passion's name!

It was a relief to Louisa, after the embarrassing events of the morning, to find herself once more in the drawing-room in Charlotte-street. Fortunately, the injury which her ankle had sustained was less serious than the pain had, at first, led her to suppose, and Mrs. Perkins, who piqued herself on being something of a doctress, assured her that if she would remain on the sofa for the rest of the day, with the assistance of a little friction which she took it upon herself to administer, she would be quite well. To this arrangement, Louisa gladly consented, as she felt little inclination to hear the adventures of the morning discussed at the dinner-table. Her unexpected meeting with Lord Eversham had given her much uneasiness, and she exercised the severest self-denial in resisting his entreaties to be allowed to visit her in her new abode. It must be confessed, however, that her reflec-
tions were not altogether of a painful nature: she could not help feeling conscious that she was even more than ever an object of attachment and admiration to the only man who could ever, she believed, awaken an interest in her heart; and with all the passionate energy and generosity of her character she prayed that he might meet with one who would love him with as much devotion as she herself would, had not her path in life been for ever clouded by her father’s infamy.

During the summer months, Mrs. Gresham, who was a rigid economist in every thing connected with her ménage, never rang for candles till day-light had almost disappeared. Louisa still lay extended on the sofa, which Mrs. Perkins had insisted on wheeling near the open window, in order that the young lady might inhale the odor of certain boxes of mignonette, which the old lady facetiously termed her landed property. Louisa raised her head and looked into the gloomy street, when her eye rested on the figure of a man wrapped, notwithstanding the closeness of the weather, in a large cloak. He stood on the opposite pavement, and was gazing earnestly towards the window. A second glance confirmed Louisa’s suspicion that it was Baldone. Throwing herself back on the couch, she covered her face with her hands, and when the servant entered to say that a gentleman wished to see Miss Villiers on business, she was seized with a nervous tremor which seemed for the moment to deprive her of the power of moving. Mrs. Gresham, attributing her faltering steps to the pain in her ankle, begged that she would receive her visitor in the drawing-room and offered to retire. This, however, Louisa would not permit, and leaning on the arm of the servant, she descended with a beating heart to meet Baldone.

Having reproached her in the coarsest terms for not having acquainted him with her change of residence, he proceeded to explain the cause of his visit. He informed her that the police were in close pursuit of him; that he had no longer the means of evading them, and that he had come to her for relief. In a tone of the deepest distress, Louisa ventured to enquire what had become of the money which she had given him a few days before.

“Come! come, girl!” vociferated the miscreant, “no whining, ask no questions, but obey.”

Louisa entreated that he would be calm, saying that she would endeavor to assist him, if he would point out the way.

“Well! that’s spoken like a reasonable woman, and now I’ll tell you my secret. Walking down Piccadilly last night, at a late hour, I met a foreigner who is well known to me—the Marchese Montefiore—we recognized each other: unfortunately, a pressure in the crowd would not permit me to pass; my hat was pushed back, and one of those infernal gas-lights flared full on my face. The Marchese looked hard at me. In a moment, wishing, I suppose, to pay off some old scores, he collared me and shouted for the police. I had but one resource, and the blood of the Marchese soon flowed on the pavement. The rabble closed round us and screamed murder. Stripping off my cloak, I made a desperate effort, cleared the rails of the Green-park,
and in less than a quarter of an hour was safe in my den. And now; child! don’t you think your father’s neck is in jeopardy."

Louisa felt as if the warm blood in her veins had turned to ice; but anxious not to cause any alarm in the house which might lead to the detection of her father, she summoned all her fortitude, and reminded him that he had not yet explained how she could serve him.

"Nothing easier," replied Baldone. "You have only to furnish the money, and I am off to America, never to return. A vessel sails to-morrow evening. I have already engaged a passage, you must give me fifty pounds, and as much more as you can spare; and, in return, I promise to rid you of my company for ever."

Louisa, in the utmost terror, told him that she had not above five pounds in the world, and that part of that small sum she would herself require. But she added that she would gladly remit to him from time to time a part of the fruits of her industry.

Baldone stared with a mingled expression of ferocity and contempt: advancing towards the terrified girl, and seizing her roughly by the waist, he muttered, "I see you have been playing the fool, but the game is too desperate for trifling. If you have not money you have jewels, bring them, at once, if you value your life."

Louisa had just time to say that she had left her box of trinkets in Langham-place, as she considered them no longer her’s, when overcome with terror at Baldone’s violence she fell senseless on the floor.

The noise alarmed Dionysius and the ladies who rushed down stairs; but fear chained the latter to the first landing place. Dolly of course was in hysterics, and the affrighted cook rushed into her dormitory and thrust her head between the bed and the mattress. Notwithstanding the desertion of the female part of the garrison, Dionysius, whose Irish-blood waxed warm, advanced boldly, shouting, "thieves!"

Baldone saw that there was not a moment to be lost; he snatched a candlestick from the table, and hurled it at his adversary just as he entered the room. Before Die had time to recover from a salutation so disagreeable, the miscreant had bounded from the window and escaped.

CHAPTER XIX.

Though suffering severely, both in body and mind, from her interview with Baldone, Louisa exerted herself to overcome that depression of spirits which was so inimical to the transaction of the business she had in hand.

She had several times repaired, in vain, to the Countess’ bookseller, in the hope of receiving some reply to her advertisement. She had yet to learn that talents and a disposition to exert them, are not sufficient to secure employment, and she could not help expressing her disappointment to the bookseller. Mr. Wright, who was a worthy and humane man took up the newspaper which lay on the counter, and putting on his spectacles read aloud the advertisement.

"I fear, young lady, your advertisement is not sufficiently attractive."

Louisa replied, that she had stated her acquirements.

"Yes, yes, so I see, but that is not sufficient. Your profession, like most
others, is, at present, overstocked. A plain statement of facts will not do. You must relinquish the idea of receiving any answer to this; write something that will catch the public eye, and one of my boys shall take it to ‘The Times’ office for you this evening.

Louisa expressed her reluctance to advance anything which might, on enquiry, appear to be an exaggeration. "Then, allow me," said Mr. Wright, "to transact this little bit of business for you, and I will answer for the results."

Louisa thankfully accepted the kind offer, and, in a few days, a note was put into her hands, stating that Mrs. Wolfe, No. —, Upper York-street, Portman-square, was in want of a governess for her children, and requested A. B. to call as early as convenient. Louisa lost no time in hastening to the rendezvous, and soon reached the house of Mrs. Wolfe, which was one of the smallest in the street. A female servant, with a somewhat sinister expression of countenance, opened the door.

"What’s your pleasure, Miss," enquired she, of the vinegar aspect.

Poor Miss Villiers felt that her visit was little connected with pleasure: she, however, mildly replied that she had called on Mrs. Wolfe by appointment, and tendered her card to the ill-favored domestic, with a request that she would carry it to her mistress.

Snubb (whether Mrs. or Miss it may be difficult to determine, seeing that in the house of Mrs. Wolfe no Christian appellation was ever affixed to her patronymic) glanced at the card, and muttering something about ‘young person after the situation,’ she called to her fellow-servant to bring her up one of the blue cheese-plates; and laying the card thereon proceeded to the drawing-room. From the substitution of a cheese-plate for a silver, or at least a plated salver, Louisa concluded that economy was the order of the day, and was musing on the amount of salary which she might expect, when her reverie was interrupted by Snubbs, from the bottom of the stairs, calling—"Step this way, Miss!"

Louisa obeyed, and was ushered into the drawing-room by Snubb, who closed the door outside but did not retire.

From the appearance of the drawing-room in Upper York-street, Louisa would have been justified in thinking that by some mistake of the unpropitious Snubb she had been ushered into a death-chamber. Every thing in the apartment was white. The carpet was covered with white linen, the chairs and couches also; fire-screens, chimney-ornaments, and even the frames of pictures and mirrors were carefully shrouded in some white-colored material—even a small chandelier suspended from the top of the room was in a white bag, and on a sofa lay extended the shrunken and automaton figure of the lady of the mansion. Her white muslin dressing-gown was strikingly contrasted with the darkness of her skin, which plainly proclaimed her eastern descent. Her eyes were large, black, and glassy; and a mass of the dark, woolly hair so peculiar to her race, twisted round her head, gave her almost a demoniacal appearance. A pair of ear-rings of enormous length were suspended from her ears, and her bony fingers were covered with a profusion of rings. Raising herself on her elbow, and pointing to a chair near her, she indulged herself for some time in scrutinizing Louisa’s person. The result of her observations did not
seem favorable to our heroine, for the little lady again resumed her reclining posture and closed her eyes. Had Louisa known Mrs. Wolfe, she would not have been the least discouraged on that account, as she made it a rule always to close her eyes when she prepared to speak on a subject of importance, as she dreaded the fatigue of using two of her organs at a time. Without changing her position, she asked Miss Villiars, in a sepulchral tone, if she had ever been out before, and having received an answer in the negative, she seemed inclined to put an end to the interview. A long pause ensued, and Miss Villiars, whose patience was nearly exhausted, moved as if about to retire. This roused Mrs. Wolfe from her inert position, and opening her eyes, with some animation she questioned her concerning her ability to teach. Being satisfied on this point, she agreed, if she could succeed in procuring a proper reference, to engage her as governess to her three daughters, at a salary of 40l. per annum. She then informed Louisa, that should the reference prove satisfactory, she should require her to enter on her duties as soon as possible, adding that although Miss Duval had only quitted a week, the young ladies were already quite unmanageable.

Miss Villiars expressed her readiness to take up her abode in Upper York-street on the shortest notice. Mrs. Wolfe then requested her to ring the bell, saying that as she thought it most likely that they would come to an arrangement, she would like, perhaps, to be introduced to her pupils. Louisa did as she was desired, and Snubb, patterning on the stairs to make her mistress suppose that she had just quitted her vocation in the kitchen, entered to know her lady's commands. "Snubb," said Mrs. Wolfe, "send up the young ladies, and, Snubb! tell them they need not take the trouble to remove their pinafores, as 'tis only the new governess."

Miss Villiars felt some curiosity to see the children on whose dispositions much of her comfort or misery would depend. She was naturally of a sanguine and happy temperament, and Mrs. Wolfe having informed her that her husband, whom she had left at Madras, was an Englishman and an officer of rank, she ventured to indulge the expectation that his daughters might inherit some qualities from him which evidently did not belong to their mother. But the moment the trio entered the room, the last ray of hope vanished from the mind of the future governess.

A sort of scuffle outside the door was a prelude to the entrance of the Misses Wolfe. At last, the door was thrown wide open, and the group, as if impelled by some unseen agency, was thrust into the middle of the room.

"Young ladies," said Mrs. Wolfe, in a tone which was meant to be authoritative, "I have sent for you to introduce you to your future governess."

Louisa rose to return the expected recognition, but the young ladies compressed their lips and looked defiance at their mother, and Louisa resumed her seat to wait the bursting of the storm which she read on the dark brows of the belligerents. Miss Wolfe was a tall, dark-complexioned girl of thirteen, with shrewish features and a repulsive expression. The second girl, Julia, was a shade darker than her sister, with a shocking head of black, woolly-hair; thin, white lips, and an eye that twinkled with a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity. Dorcas, the younger of the trio, was the beauty of the family and the special favorite of her mother. She was well
formed, had a clear complexion, and bright, blue eyes, "and was," Mrs. Wolfe said, "the softened image of Major Wolfe." On the present occasion, however, Dorcas (or, as her mother endearingly called her, Dorky), did not appear to advantage; she was weeping, bitterly; and ever and anon made use of the corner of her brown-Holland pinafore to check the progress of her tears.

The rebellion of her elder offspring seemed to excite in Mrs. Wolfe, neither surprise nor uneasiness; but Dorcas' grief, which every moment became more violent, never failed to excite her mother's sympathy. "Young ladies," said Mrs. Wolfe, raising herself on her elbow, "what can be the matter? Dorky, my love, you'll destroy your pretty face with crying; do come here and tell me what it is."

"Nothing ma!" sobbed Dorcas, looking significantly at her eldest sister, and redoubling her tears and lamentations.

"Why, you know mamma," exclaimed Miss Wolfe, "you did say that we should not be teased with a governess for a month from the time that Miss Benson ran away, and before a week is out Snubb says you are going to bring another on us."

"My dear children," said Mrs. Wolfe in a supplicating tone, "it is for your benefit that I wish to engage Miss Villiers; as far as I am concerned you know well that I hate the very thought of having a governess in the house."

The children pinched each other, and their faces brightened; "but," added Mrs. Wolfe hesitatingly, "I do not recollect making you a promise to that effect."

"Oh, yes! mamma but you did though," screamed all the young ladies at once, "and if you wont believe us ask Snubb;—didn't she Snubb?"

"Why, certainly, Miss!" answered Snubb, (who as usual was standing behind the door) "your mamma did say," * * * but here Mrs. Wolfe interposed, by ordering Snubb to be silent and return to the kitchen, and Snubb not only pattered again on the stairs, but actually descended to the first landing place.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the belligerents, than this untimely interference of their invisible ally; the dormant spirit of Mrs. Wolfe was roused, and telling her children that the exhibition which they had just made convinced her of the necessity of placing them under restraint, she turned to Miss Villiers, and requested that she would as soon as possible procure the desired reference which she would not object to receive by letter.

Our heroine having promised Mrs. Wolfe that she should hear from her in the course of the day, and having made a last attempt to propitiate her hopeful daughters, (which attempt was rewarded by an indignant scowl) took her leave, and hurried with anxious steps towards the residence of Lady Mary Bouverie, from whom she hoped, through the intercession of her friend Margaret, to obtain the reference which was a necessary preliminary to taking up her abode in Upper York-street.

Louisa pursued her walk with a heavy heart. Her wishes were, indeed, likely to be realized, but under the most unfavorable aspect. Still, though she determined to accept an engagement from Mrs. Wolfe, she dreaded to find that Lady Mary might not be in a humour to grant her request of a reference, for she knew no one else, except Mrs. Gresham, to whom she could apply, and felt assured that that lady had no inclination to forward her intentions. As the admired protégée of the Coun-
tess of Dudley she had never had occasion to solicit favors, and her proud and sensitive mind shrank from the painful task of exposing her friendless situation to one, whose caprice and heartlessness had often in happier hours provoked her contempt. Panting and breathless with fatigue and agitation, she arrived at Park Crescent; but what was her surprise on directing her eyes towards her friend's apartments, to observe that all the shutters were closed, and that a hatchment hung over the door-way. Louisa's heart beat violently, as with a sickening feeling of apprehension she paused on the steps. Sir James Bouverie had been so long a pampered and peevish invalid, that his illness was treated in the family as an ordinary matter of course. In reply to the inquiries of some old-fashioned friends, who, in the midst of her Ladyship's splendid soirées could not help recollecting that the master of the house was languishing in the solitude of his own apartment, Lady Mary used to observe that, when poor dear Sir James was not really ill, he always fancied himself so, which was all the same thing; but, as to his dying, there was no chance of that, for he took so much care of himself, that with the assistance of the patent-respirator he might outlive all his friends. Louisa had thus been taught to look upon the father of Margaret as an malade imaginaire, and her apprehensions, in the excited state of her nerves, naturally reverted to Margaret herself. Could the young and blooming girl, whose cup of life had been so early embittered, herself have fallen a victim to some sudden illness? Suspense was intolerable, and Louisa's fingers were in a moment on the knocker. Her tremulous request for admittance was quickly answered by a servant who, with an expression of countenance that was meant to be solemn, informed her that his master had on the previous evening been seized with spasms which had baffled the skill of his physicians, and that a few hours after the commencement of his attack death had terminated his sufferings. To Louisa's enquiries about the widowed Lady Mary, the servant returned the usual, vague answer, that she was as well as could be expected, "but," added he, "poor Miss Bouverie takes on terribly; she neither eats nor speaks, but sits for all the world as if she were turned into stone. I hope one will comfort her," added the man, most feelingly, "for she has no one else, I fear, who will."

It needed not this simple appeal to her feelings to induce Louisa to hasten to the apartments of the orphan. When she entered the room, poor Margaret threw herself into the arms of her favorite companion and burst into tears, the first she had shed since she had been removed by force from the side of the bed on which lay the corpse of her last remaining parent.

In soothing and comforting the bereaved girl, Louisa had almost forgotten the immediate object of her visit; but when the first burst of Margaret's grief was over, and she had become more tranquil, Louisa, thinking that it would divert her mind from the cause of her own grief, informed her friend of the new mode of life she intended to pursue.

Margaret listened with astonishment, and used many arguments to convince Louisa that she was imposing on herself a much greater sacrifice than she could possibly imagine, nurtured as she had been in the lap of luxury and living in the constant interchange of domestic endearments. Louisa told her, that nothing could alter her
resolution, and expressed her regret that her design of accepting a home in the house of Mrs. Wolfe would be frustrated, as she could not possibly think of applying to Lady Mary under her present affliction. A smile of contempt for a moment curled the pale lip of the step-daughter, as she almost unconsciously repeated the word affliction; then, turning to Louisa, she said, "and how can the season of distress be so well employed as in conquering our selfish sorrow and exerting ourselves to do good to our fellow creatures? If you are determined on this voluntary exile, which I feel sure will be at an end, the moment the Countess arrives in town, I will go at once to Lady Mary and tell her what you wish her to do."

Louisa laid her hand on the arm of her friend to detain her, and expressed great unwillingness to thrust her affairs on Lady Mary’s attention at a time when such an intrusion might appear indelicate.

"My dear child," said Margaret, bitterly, as she gently withdrew her arm, "do not distress yourself about Lady Mary. When I enquired after her Ladyship’s health this morning, Lisette informed me that she was in her boudoir with Major Howard, sketching plans for a cottage ornée, which she intends to build at Richmond. "Surely then," added Margaret, with a sigh, "she could not refuse my request to write to Mrs. Wolfe."

Louisa shook her head: she doubted whether the fair widow would not resent such an infringement of etiquette on the part of her step-daughter; but ere she had time to express her fears, she heard Margaret’s light footstep descending the staircase, and taking up a book which lay on the table she sat down and anxiously waited the result.

In order to account for the reception which Margaret met with in the boudoir, it will be necessary to give the outlines of a conversation which passed between its fair occupant and her handsome cousin, a few minutes previous to her mal-à-propos entrance. Though Lisette’s bulletin was correct, (for Lady Mary and the Major had really been engaged in drawing the plan of a cottage ornée), let not the world suppose that her ladyship was so destitute of good sense and the sense of decency as to allow her companion to think for a moment that she was amused by so doing: au contraire, she shaded her face most decorously with her embroidered handkerchief, and at becoming intervals exhaled a low sigh, which sigh was regularly re-echoed by the Major. Lady Mary was not a little surprised to hear the Major’s echo of that sigh, for he was naturally of a gay disposition, and Sir James Bouverie was, certainly, nothing to him. Then would Lady Mary venture slowly to raise her eyelids and give the Major a look—such a look!—so full of tenderness, gratitude and sympathy. But alas! the Major sighed, but did not look; on the contrary, he continued drawing, ever and anon passing his fingers through his glossy hair, then covering his eyes with his hand. Lady Mary, who knew her cousin’s sans-souci temperament, perceived at once that he was on the horns of a dilemma, and she would have given worlds to have known what was passing in his mind. But, whatever the cause of the Major’s evident distraction, he seemed determined to keep it
to himself; for he neither lifted his eyes, nor took the least notice of the fair widow.

"Dear Howard," exclaimed Lady Mary, no longer able to endure her suspense, "how ill you do look! What can be the matter with you? Do let me send for Sharpe at once;" and her ladyship moved as if to ring the bell.

"No—no! Lady Mary, not for the world!" and the Major, seizing her hand, gallantly kissed it, and led her back to her seat, exclaiming, "the fact is, Lady Mary, I entered this room with the intention of speaking to you on a subject which has long been nearest my heart, but I have not the courage to do so; in short, I feel that it is not the time to bespeak your favor, and my rashness might only offend when I wish to propitiate.

Lady Mary trembled exceedingly, and the votary of fashion, whose cheek had not for many a year been tinged with the blush either of shame or sensibility, had now recourse to her handkerchief to hide the conscious and unwelcome glow which suffused her face.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Mary," said the Major, again seizing her unreluctant hand, "I am ready to suffer any anxiety rather than distress your feelings: come—come! think no more of it. How do you like this portico?" and the Major advanced gaily towards the table and seized the half-finished sketch. Had the cottage ornée been built, instead of existing only in her imagination, Lady Mary would rather have seen the earth open and swallow it up than that the Major should at such a crisis have cut short the thread of his discourse. The case was desperate.

"Howard," said her ladyship, tenderly, "we are not children. It is necessary to respect established rules of etiquette, for one cannot live without the world, but, between ourselves, there need be no disguise. I would rather that you had spared my feelings a little longer, but I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

"The fact is," said Howard, "I am anxious that you should believe that my feelings are, at least as far as money is concerned, disinterested. In a few days Sir James's will will be opened and my lips may be sealed, under the conviction that in point of fortune I have not a suitable equivalent to offer."

"Generous Howard!" sighed Lady Mary.

"At present," continued the Major, "my income is very limited, but the death of my uncle, who in the course of nature cannot live more than a few years, will put me in possession of a handsome fortune: in the meantime, the beauty and amiability of Margaret must attract many admirers, and the loved idol which I covet above every thing earthly may be bestowed on another."

Lady Mary turned pale as death, and her eyes sparkled with the indignation which she vainly attempted to conceal; at last, words came to her relief. "Major Howard," said she, "is it by insulting the widow of the late Sir James Bouverie that you expect to gain the affections of his portionless daughter? for portionless she is, Sir, and a dependant henceforth on my bounty. I respect the memory of her father too much ever to consent to her union with a man whose means of supporting her are only in perspective. Howard," added the fair widow, whose anger was fast giving way to a more powerful and long-cherished feeling, "my
house and fortune have been at your disposal; I did not expect this insult. May I ring and order your cabriolet?"

"Allow me to save your ladyship that trouble," said her companion, advancing haughtily, and seizing the bell-rope, which he rang with violence.

"Stop, Howard!" exclaimed her ladyship, laying her hand on his arm, "be not so hasty. Perhaps, after all, you are not so much to blame; the girl was always artful, and her whining and affected softness may have excited you to commit this outrage on my too susceptible feelings."

"Lady Mary," said her cousin, "the outrage, as you are pleased to call it, which I have offered to your feelings, is an avowal made chiefly in consequence of your own solicitations. I did, indeed, enter the room with the intention of asking your consent to pay my addresses, openly, to Miss Bouvierie; but the embarrassing nature of my situation struck me so forcibly that I had determined to conquer what, perhaps after all, is a feeling of false pride, and wait a more convenient time to open my mind to you. I need not mention that you made use of arguments to induce me to make the declaration which has given so much offence. Am I, then, in future, to expect an enemy in your ladyship?"

"Pshaw, Howard!—an enemy! You know I can never be your enemy: come, dismiss this crotchet from your brain, and let us be friends. I suppose the child has made you believe that she is in love with you, and has been painting the delights of a cottage in Wales and six hundred a year. Come, confess: am I not right?" and Lady Mary held out her hand in token of forgiveness.

The Major coldly touched the tip of his cousin's tiny finger, saying, "before I wish your ladyship good morning, allow me to assure you that Miss Bouvierie has never so far descended from the natural purity and dignity of her character, nor has any thing passed between us that could reveal to her the deep-rooted attachment which I feel for her. Had her father lived, I would have remained silent until it had been in my power to have offered her an establishment in some degree worthy her acceptance."

Lady Mary's cheek flushed, but the angry reply which rose to her quivering lip was prevented by the entrance of a servant, who informed the Major that his cabriolet was at the door. In another moment, he had turned the corner of the crescent and was driving slowly down Portland-place, musing, with more vexation than surprise, on his morning's adventure.
CHAPTER XX.

When Margaret entered the boudoir of her step-mother, she found her ladyship, reclining on a sofa, her face buried in the cushions. After all, thought Margaret, she has a heart, for there is no one here to see her weep. How happy these tears would have made my poor father in his lifetime! and she approached the widow with a feeling bordering on tenderness. "Well, child! what is it!" said Lady Mary in a peevish tone, in reply to Margaret's humble enquiry if she might venture to make a request to her Ladyship."

Margaret then briefly mentioned her anxiety to serve her friend, and entreated that Lady Mary would write a short note to Mrs. Wolfe.

"Miss Bouvierie," exclaimed Lady Margaret, "I am astonished at Miss Villiars' presumption, and at such a time, too. I know nothing whatever of the young person. I certainly countenanced her, when she was under the Countess of Dudley, but now that the Countess has cast her off or, perhaps, left the country to get rid of her, the thing is quite different."

Margaret could not resist attempting to defend her friend, and still farther irritated Lady Mary by saying, that Louisa's change of circumstances was a voluntary sacrifice to her independence of mind, and that she was never more worthy of the esteem of the Countess than at that very moment.

"I request, Miss Bouvierie," said her ladyship, "that you will drop this subject, and I farther desire, on pain of my severe displeasure, that you will for the future decline the visits of this adventuress; your conduct is an insult to the memory of your dear father." Lady Mary had worked herself into a passion, she, therefore, wangled for her maid, and prepared to go into hysteric, not omitting to tell poor Margaret, who quitted the boudoir overwhelmed with grief, that she was the cause of all the mischief.

When Margaret returned to her friend, the expression of her face told, more plainly than words, that her mission had not been successful.

"Do not talk of it," said Louisa, as the unhappy and agitated girl attempted to describe Lady Mary's harshness, "do not think of it, I did wrong, very wrong in mentioning the subject to you, at present, but you will soon know all, and then Lady Mary will not think me selfish or unfeeling. However," added she, assuming a more lively tone, "a thought has just struck me. The Duchess of Ely has always been particularly friendly to me, she is a kind hearted woman."—"Good natured, say,"—interrupted Margaret with a painful attempt at a smile, "I think her Grace may allow you to borrow from the lustre of her name, but depend upon it she will resist your attempts on her escrutoire. When the Russian ambassadress, who is notorious for the liberality of her extravagance, called on her the other day, she entertained her excellency by telling her how many reams of paper her steward used in the course of the year, beyond what was necessary. But, seriously, I do not think her Grace would forward any plan by which the Countess was likely to be offended."

"Dear Margaret," replied Miss Villiars, "how discouraging you are, but, n'importe.
I am determined to try," and affectionately kissing her favorite, Louisa took her leave and pursued her way to Ely House. Our heroine was soon ushered into the presence of the Duchess, who was seated in a recess of the room, her little round fat feet reposing on a blue-velvet cushion; while, ever and anon, she fanned herself with a splendid fan, made of rare feathers, a present from an Indian Prince to her deceased lord. This was the only occupation in which, during the Summer months, her Grace ever indulged, and it was fortunate for Louisa that the Duchess had been so occupied, for she had fanned herself till her wrist ached, and, for a quarter of an hour before the entrance of her visitor, she had been endeavoring to summon exertion to ring for her petit page to order her carriage for a drive.

When Louisa, with the trepidation of one unaccustomed to solicit favors, mentioned the purpose of her visit, the truly kind-hearted Duchess relieved her, at once, from her fears, by proposing to accompany her to Upper York-street. It is now, therefore, almost superfluous to add, that if Mrs. Wolfe ever entertained doubts of Miss Villiers' respectability, they were immediately removed, when she appeared under the auspices of so distinguished a personage as the Duchess of Ely, whose name was but another word for charity. It was soon arranged that the young lady should enter on her new duties on the following day, for the Duchess' name had operated on Mrs. Wolfe like magic, and she was now quite as anxious to secure Louisa's services as the young lady was to procure the situation. Even Snubb appeared mollified by the splendor of her Grace's equipage and equipments, and as she stood half-blushing, half-concealed, behind the street-door, she whispered to Louisa with a patronizing air, "If you had asked Missus when she was in the humour, she would have made it guineas, and you should have bargained for tea-money, for Missus never drinks nothing but milk and water."

Louisa would gladly have declined her Grace's invitation to accompany her in her drive round the Park, but a request made by one who has just conferred a favor always wears the appearance of a command, and she feared to give offence. She was, indeed, anxious to return to Charlotte-street, to make the necessary preparations for removal, and to break the matter to Mrs. Gresham. This, to Louisa, was not the least embarrassing part of the task she had imposed on herself, for she was too susceptible to be satisfied with the consciousness that she was acting from the most honorable and praiseworthy motives. It was necessary to her happiness that others thought so too, and she had a nervous dread of provoking the bad opinion, even of persons whom she knew to be far inferior in intellect to herself.

The reader need not be tired by a repetition of the arguments and expostulations which Mrs. Gresham and her sister vainly made use of, when Louisa, on her return from her drive, informed them of her intention to take up her abode in Upper York-street on the following day. Dionysius, for one, was lost in astonishment. Could he have offended Miss Villiers by being remiss in those little attentions which she had a right to expect? He consoled himself, however, by saying, that it was impossible so monstrous pretty a girl could like to be a governess. "Let her have a taste of it," said the judicious Dionysius, "and if she does not cut and run before the end of a week, I'm not an Irishman."
Whether Die was or was not correct in his estimate of Louisa’s powers of endurance, time will show. Meanwhile, leaving her to the unaided and irksome task of packing up her wardrobe, books, &c., let us devote the next chapter to the relation of some strange incidents, which had thrown a dark cloud over the destinies of the Fairfax family.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Mrs. and the Misses Fairfax returned, and not in the best possible humor, from their excursion to Ludgate-hill, Dora’s first care was to give confidential orders to her maid to deposit the Trinchipoloy watch-guard on the private secretary’s dressing-table, having first consigned it to a small box with the words gage d’amitié engraved on the lid. The maid, who had herself a slight genius for intrigue, understood her young mistress at once, and executed her delicate commission in the most prudent and private manner, without making any remarks. Unfortunately, however, Dora’s kind intentions were frustrated by the stupidity of the secretary himself, who, on retiring to dress for dinner, and finding the pretty bauble, naturally concluded that it had been left there by mistake: naturally, it may be inferred, because the secretary was a modest man, and had no suspicion of the strength of Dora’s penchant. Having finished his toilet with more than usual haste, he sought Mrs. Fairfax in the drawing-room, and to her, as the lady of the manor, he delivered up the watch-guard, never doubting but that it had come into his possession by accident. Mrs. Fairfax stared with surprise, but she had tact enough to conceal her feelings, and merely said that she believed the ornament had been purchased as a present for Sir George, but by one of those stupid mistakes which sometimes occur in the best regulated families it had been conveyed to the wrong apartment. Mr. Allerton thought this a very satisfactory explanation, and having dismissed the subject from his mind, proceeded to his favorite haunt—the library—to enjoy the half hour which would intervene before the announcement of dinner. The moment the secretary had left the room, Mrs. Fairfax rang the bell, and desired the servant to inform Sir George that she requested to see him immediately in the drawing-room, as she had something of importance to communicate to him. Nothing could exceed the good lady’s uneasiness: she had at once recognised the trinket as one she had observed at Etherington’s, and her experienced eye had little difficulty in perceiving the whole affair. While the anxious mother was pacing the room with hasty step, Sir George entered. “Well, madam! what grand event have you to communicate? Is the spring of your watch broken, or have you mislaid your spectacles?”

“La, George! you know I never wear spectacles, except sometimes of an evening, when we are alone, just to save my eyes a little. But do leave off quizzing, and listen to me this once.” Having related the discovery which she had just made, and dilated with much energy on the unhappy consequences that might probably ensue, Sir George, much to her satisfaction, agreed with her in thinking that an immediate stop must be put to Miss Dora’s proceedings. It was, therefore, agreed, that
Mrs. Fairfax should retire, and that Mr. Allerton should be invited to a conference with Sir George. Sir George was in a dilemma. His position in society was still too equivocal to permit him to risk the possibility of his sister’s forming an alliance with Mr. Allerton; and, on the other hand, it was almost of equal importance not to quarrel with his secretary. He had, by adapting the talents of young Allerton, attained considerable notoriety as a statesman; he had, too, arrived at eminence in his profession, and could he continue for a few years longer to secure his services, he saw no reason why he should not aspire to the wool-sack. How effectually to discountenance Allerton’s attentions to his sister, without offending him, was, therefore, to Sir George, a question of vital importance. There was one way by which he could put the secretary on his guard, without wounding his pride: this was by confessing Dora’s intentions concerning the watch-guard, and throwing himself on his generosity for discouraging any overtures of a similar nature in future. This task, so humbling to Sir George’s self-love, was, however, much less difficult than he had imagined. When he informed Mr. Allerton of Dora’s kind intentions in his favor, the young gentleman received the communication with stoical indifference, and when Sir George, to render the matter still more secure, hinted at her engagement to Sir Thomas Hilliard, and the impropriety of giving him the slightest cause for jealousy, the secretary bowed, and quietly remarked, that he had never for a moment presumed to think of interfering with Sir Thomas’ happiness. “By the bye, Allerton,” said Sir George, who felt inexpressibly relieved by the unaffected sang-froid of his companion, “now I think of it, you must be rather pinched with your two hundred per annum; suppose we say three hundred for the future.” Again, Mr. Allerton bowed. He had no objection to the additional hundred a year, but he devoutly hoped that the future to which his patron alluded might be of short duration.

It was a relief to both parties, when their tête-à-tête was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Thomas Hilliard. He had come to take a family dinner with them, and Mrs. Fairfax, who saw by her son’s countenance that his conference with Mr. Allerton had terminated amicably, hoped that affairs were ripening to a speedy conclusion. It had been agreed between Mrs. Fairfax and Sir George that no notice should be taken to Dora that her secret had been discovered. When the young lady found, therefore, that Mr. Allerton, instead of being decorated, as she expected, with her petit gage d’amitié, was even more grave and indifferent than usual, she consoled herself by thinking that, after all, he was only a stupid bookworm, and not to be compared with the jolly and laughter-loving baronet, even putting his rent-roll out of the question. Having arrived at this comfortable conclusion, Dora used her utmost endeavours to make herself agreeable to Sir Thomas, and she so far succeeded, that but for a little circumstance about to be related, he would that evening have pressed her to name the day that would make her his for ever.

The gentlemen had just finished their claret, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room, when Mrs. Fairfax, who had stept out on the balcony to inhale the evening air, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing Mrs Hobbs’ footman
dressed in a new suit of livery, and carrying a small basket in his hand, advancing towards the house. Mrs. Fairfax's exclamation of surprise was, however, occasioned by the appearance of Mrs. Hobbs' favorite pug, who followed close on the heels of the footman, ever and anon stuffing his nose into the little basket and licking his lips. There was nothing after all so extraordinary in the appearance of Mrs. Hobbs' footman, but puggy, who had been the widow's constant companion night and day, how came he to be separated from his mistress: and then arose the question, "Could Mrs. Hobbs be dead?"

Mrs. Fairfax's doubtings were, however, soon removed, by the entrance of a servant who laid a very small packet on the table and retired. Her tremor increased. Could it be possible! With trembling fingers, she tore open the seals, and two cards, tied with white-ribbon, fell on the carpet. "Here, Dido! here," cried the lady as she tossed a piece of plum-cake—the unwelcome contents of the packet—to her lap-dog. Dido wagged her tail and looked her gratitude. In the meantime, Dora had examined the cards on which were engraved the names of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell. The whole party seemed to be struck dumb with surprise; Sir George was the first to break silence. "Egregious old fool!" he exclaimed, but what farther he meant to have added was lost to the world, for, at that moment, a scratching and pawing was heard at the door, and Sir George, suddenly opening it, discovered the unlucky pug, who was no doubt looking for the recircant widow of Alderman Hobbs. Sir George, with one touch of his foot, sent the animal howling to the first landing-place; he then rang the bell, and gave orders that the brute should be ejected, instanter. This little ebullition seemed to have relieved his indignant feelings, and anxious to divert the attention of Sir Thomas from their family misfortune, he proposed that they should play a game of a chess. This, however, Sir Thomas declined, saying that he must soon take his leave, as he had an engagement at ten o'clock.

Dora entreated him in her most winning manner not to think of going, as she wanted him to give her his opinion of a new riding habit, which was positively to be met with the evening. The baronet was, however, inexorable; he put his hands into his pockets, and nearly drove Matilda into fits by whistling the Huntsman's chorus. He then amused himself for a few minutes by teaching Dido to perform a pantomime over his pocket-handkerchief, and, finally, pulled out his watch and took his departure, leaving Mrs. Fairfax filled with presentiments which, on the following morning, were but too faithfully realized.

CHAPTER XXII.

When the family in Russell-square assembled at a late hour in the breakfast-room on the morning after the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, the vexation which that untoward event had occasioned found vent in words; and epithets the most vituperative were showered on the happy and unconscious pair.

Though Sir George vented his spleen in more measured terms than his mother, yet he felt the disaster even more acutely. His ambition to appear in a certain set had led him into a style of expenditure which his fortune, though ample, scarcely
warranted, and he had looked to the realization of Dora's golden expectations as the medium through which those excesses could at any time be adjusted. Now, his hopes in that quarter were completely blasted, and he feared that his misfortune had not yet reached its crisis. From his reflections on this unpleasant subject he was roused by the harsh hurried knock of the twopenny-postman. The eyes of Mrs. Fairfax sought those of her son, but in vain—Sir George had taken up the Morning Post, and was perusing its columns with apparent indifference. "Why does not the man bring the note at once?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax impetuously. "Pray madam be composed," said her son, with one of his withering smiles; "do not allow such a common-place occurrence as the delivery of letters to disturb your equanimity."

"Pshaw, George, I declare you are quite a philosopher!" exclaimed his mother, and the lady threw herself into a chair, and pulled her untasted roll to pieces.

In due time, the servant entered with a note, and Miss Fairfax, who had been anxiously waiting, scissors in hand, cut round the seal, and handed it to her mother, to whom it was addressed. Mrs. Fairfax glanced, hastily, at the contents, and with the air of a martyr she gave the note to Sir George, who still sat with one eye fixed on the Morning Post, while, the other had wandered almost unconsciously to the troubled countenance of his mother.

"I thought so!" said the lady emphatically. "Sixteen dinners within the last three months;—the insensible brute!" Sir George did not stop to inquire who was the subject of this elegant apostrophe, but tearing open the paper he read aloud:

"My dear Madam,

"As the old fox has broke cover so unexpectedly, and Miss Dora is not likely to come in at the death, as was expected according to promise, I beg to state that, as far as I am concerned, the game is up. I have too much regard for your daughter to ask her to share my fortune, as the expense of my study reduces my income to a mere trifle. I must, therefore, resign her to some happier man, with fewer incumbrances. Shall be happy to see you all at Springfield, and with best thanks for your hospitality,

"I am, my dear Madam,"

"Your obedient servant,

"T. HILLIARD,"

P.S. Please tell Miss Dora that as I leave town this morning for Springfield, I will send her the black-and-white puppy by the first safe conveyance. T. H.'

Sir George's first impulse was to hasten to the baronet's hotel and inflict some summary chastisement on the writer; but Sir Thomas had fortunately rendered such a mode of proceeding impossible, Sir Thomas having set out for Springfield before the note could be delivered. The reader has been already informed that Sir George had a constitutional aversion to duelling; he therefore prudently expressed his opinion that Sir Thomas was a low fellow,—a mere jockey! and affected to congratulate Dora on her escape. Dora, though the person most deeply inte
rested in this little domestic drama, was certainly least disappointed of all the party. Had things gone smoothly, she would have married Sir Thomas as a matter of course. She, however, entertained a decided penchant for young Allerton, but as she had no hopes of being ever united to him, why, any other man, with a fortune equal to her own, would do just as well as Sir Thomas. Thus reasoned Dora. Matilda, on the other hand, was inexpressibly shocked to find that a friend of Millefleur's could act so unhandsomely, and he also so destitute of romance as to suppose that Dora, with five thousand pounds, was a less desirable object than Dora with sixty thousand. She knew that Millefleurs, though a perfect gentleman, was not a man of large property, and as both her sister and the baronet were lamentably destitute of esprit, she intended as a pleasant arrangement for both parties, that she and the count should spend one half of the year in Paris, the other at Springfield; and she had, unfortunately, communicated her intention to that effect to Millefleurs, who warmly sanctioned the plan. Sir George and the young ladies all much surprised that their mother now bore the catastrophe with so much patience. The truth is, she was already at her old trick of castle-building, and was speculating on the probability of securing for Dora a much higher prize than the fox-hunting baronet. The Marchese Montefiore had been introduced to them immediately on his arrival in town by Mr. Allerton, but in consequence of an accident with some particulars of which the reader is already acquainted, he had been obliged to decline Sir George's overtures of intimacy, and confine himself to his hotel. The wound inflicted by Baldone had been trifling, however, and though he still wore his arm in a sling, he had accepted an invitation to dine with the Fairfaxes on the eventful day which had announced the sudden retreat of Sir Thomas Hilliard. This circumstance afforded new food for the speculative mind of Mrs. Fairfax. She had heard from Mr. Allerton that the marchese had a large fortune, and a long line of noble ancestors, and after cogitating for some time on this interesting piece of information, she assured Dora that, after all, it was perhaps fortunate that the baronet had set off, for she had always considered him an exceedingly vulgar man. Dora was perfectly satisfied with her mother's decision on this point, and also agreed with her as to the propriety of concealing the slightest appearance of vexation at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken; "for the world," said the prudent matron, "is full of malignant spirits, who will rejoice at our misfortune, and the only way to disappoint them is to take the thing with perfect indifference, and fly at higher game." What her mother meant by "higher game," Dora did not exactly understand, but she felt pretty sure that she did not allude to William Allerton.

"By the bye, child," said Mrs. Fairfax, as if the idea had just occurred to her, "I wish you would make yourself agreeable to the Marchese Montefiore; he is decidedly one of the most elegant and interesting men I have ever seen, and I have no doubt will be quite the fashion amongst the élite, the moment he becomes known."

"La, ma !" said Dora, with unaffected naïveté, "don't I always make myself agreeable?"
"Yes—yes, my dear! I don’t complain of that: I flatter myself that none of
my children are deficient in the savoir faire," and here Mrs. Fairfax drew herself
up to her full height, but whether in exultation at the graces of her offspring, or
because she had with supposed propriety and grace given utterance to two words
in a foreign tongue, must remain a matter of doubt. Many may be inclined to think
the latter, because it had just become the fashion to interlard conversation with foreign
phrases, and Sir George had had such woeful experience of his mother’s failure in the
fashionable mode of parlance, that he insisted that she should always, at least when
he was present, confine herself to her vernacular tongue. But to return to the story.
"No, I don’t complain of your manners in general; but I really wish, Dora, that you
were a little less obtuse in matters of vital importance to the interests of your family."

"La Ma!" said Dora, as she pierced another hole in her embroidery, "what has
that to do with the Marchese Montefiore coming here to dinner?"

"Every thing child, the marchese is a man of high rank and almost princely for-
tune. He is a single man and you have just lost a lover and a handsome fortune: does it not then occur to you that Providence has sent this interesting stranger very
à propos."

"La Ma," said Dora, again, but this time she laid down her work, and opening
her mouth gazed silently but steadfastly into her mother’s face.

"Let me, therefore, request," resumed Mrs. Fairfax, "that as the marchese is
at present an invalid, you will endeavor to subdue your animal spirits. Wear your
book-muslin over white-satin, and above all eat, sparingly, at dinner, for men of re-
finied intellect, like the marchese, dislike to see girls with a good appetite, as it indi-
cates rude health. I'll send you up a basin of turtle and a glass of Madeira just
before dinner, and then you can pick the wing of a chicken at table." Here Dora
burst into a fit of laughter. "La! Ma! you can’t be in earnest! The marchese is
at least fifty, and William Allerton told me only yesterday that he was half mad."

"Nonsense; child;" said Mrs. Fairfax, a little ruffled, "what should a solemn
booby like young Allerton know about the age of the marchese? There are some men
who have never been young, whose blood stagnates in their veins like a pool of mud,
but there are others whom no weight of years can render old, and who retain to the
last all the esprit and activity of youth. The marchese is no more to be compared
to your brother’s secretary than a vein of quicksilver is to a lump of lead."

"Well, Ma!" said Dora, anxious to soothe her mother’s irritation, "I did not
mean to compare them to each other, but even supposing, that the marchese was not
old enough to be my Father, you would not wish me to marry a madman?"

"There, again," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, "Allerton is a fool. Shut up all his
life with a pen in his hand and a book under his nose, how should he know whether
a man is mad or not. If a man is more delicately organized than his fellow crea-
tures, or if he has devoted his youth to some abstruse study and wanders from the
beaten track, less from eccentricity than from ignorance of those little points of eti-
quette which bind society together, every dull wight cries that he is mad. Take my
word for it, the marchese is not insane, he is only a little peculiar." "Perhaps!"
ejaculated Miss Dora, significantly.

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"But," resumed Mrs. Fairfax, "the account which your brother gave me of the marchese is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. In early life he suffered some great domestic calamity, and being a man of acute sensibility he sometimes sinks into a state of morbid dejection which, to vulgar observers, may appear like derangement. Could he by being induced to interest himself in present events forget the past, I doubt not he would soon be everything we could wish."

Dora, nevertheless, could not help thinking that her mother was a little too sanguine, but, as far as the book-muslin-dress and the basin of turtle soup, she had no objection to promise implicit obedience. She was not, however, so quiescent when her mother told her that in order to keep up appearances it would be proper for her to accompany her sister and the count in their morning ride. Matilda and the count were soon to be united; they had but one soul between them and each saw with the eyes of the other. How mortifying to one's self-love to be the companion of a pair so circumstanced! But Dora was a kind-hearted girl, and seeing that her refusing to accompany the lovers annoyed her mother, she prepared for her ride, though Matilda tossed her head and the count looked unutterable things.

CHAPTER XXIV.

With a mind oppressed with the desolateness of her situation, Louisa threw herself into the hackney-coach which was to convey her to the house of Mrs. Wolfe. The parting words of Mrs. Gresham and her sister, who affected to disapprove of what they called "her adventurous spirit", had completely damped her efforts to appear cheerful. She could not weep, indeed, but closing her eyes and pressing her throbbing temples with her hands she remained motionless till the loud rap of the coachman warned her that she had reached the place of her destination. She was soon ushered into a small parlour by Snubb, who informed her that that was the apartment appropriated to the young ladies and their governess. Louisa felt rather disappointed that she had not been introduced to Mrs. Wolfe, or, at least, that her arrival had not been greeted by some of her pupils; but hearing from the room above, a sound, as of suppressed lamentation, she rightly conjectured that the Misses Wolfe were mourning the loss of their departed liberty. The appearance of the room in which she was to spend her future hours was anything but cheering. In the middle of the small apartment, stood a large dining-table, covered with spots of grease and of ink, its expanded leaves displaying innumerable hieroglyphics, scratched by the young ladies in their moments of relaxation. A few mahogany chairs, in an advanced state of decomposition, and a square piano covered with dust, toys, and litter of every description completed the inventory of the furniture. A large piece of grey-drugget, torn in tatters, covered, or, rather, partially concealed the threadbare carpet. Louisa's eyes were riveted on the drugget when Snubb entered, who guessing the tenor of her thoughts exclaimed, "Ah, Miss! that's a rendering spectacle. As to cleaning the furniture we never attempt it." Then pointing towards the window, "look here, Miss!" said she, "how the very window-shutters are destroyed

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by the young ladies scratching caricatures of the five governesses they have had since last Christmas."

This information was conveyed in a confidential, patronizing tone, which annoyed and surprised Louisa, as the manners of Mrs. Wolfe's factotum had previously been the reverse of conciliatory. The truth is, Snubb had a respect for the appearance of Louisa's luggage. Her heart yearned towards the capacious trunks, and she saw, in perspective, a rich harvest of left-off dresses, if she could only succeed in making herself agreeable to the new governess. After some farther conversation, all tending to the same point, viz:—that though Mrs. Wolfe was the mother of her own children and, nominally, the mistress of the house—No. — Upper York-street—yet that she, Snubb, was "mistress of the mistress;" or to use her own figurative language "that she could twine her missus round her finger," the soi-disant head of the establishment condescended to inform Louisa, that Mrs. Wolfe was then disengaged and wished to see her in the drawing-room.

When Miss Villiers entered, she found Mrs. Wolfe reclining on a couch, and the young ladies huddled together in the recess of the window. Their faces bore unequivocal traces of a recent storm. The marks of tears were still visible, and it was evident that the sullen calmness which they had assumed, had been only purchased by promises and concessions on the part of their weak and indulgent mother. Mrs. Wolfe was one of those irritable ladies who, how eager soever they may be in the pursuit of an object, think it prudent, the moment they have attained their desire, to treat the said object with indifference, if not with contempt. Instead, therefore, of welcoming the person whom she thought worthy of conducting the education of her children with the urbanity of a gentlewoman, she told Louisa, in a captious tone (having observed her pale face and melancholy air), that she did not know, after all, if she had acted wisely in engaging a person who had been accustomed to so much luxury and pampering, "for," said she, "I suppose the countess, having no children of her own, made a sort of pet of you, when she was in the humour." At the mention of the countess' name, poor Louisa's eyes were suffused with unbidden tears. "Oh! for God's sake Miss, what's your name, let's have no scenes, I hate your whining, sentimental young ladies;" then turning to her own rude darlings, she added, "my loves, show your governess her sleeping-room, and when she has had her cry out, perhaps she will favor you with her company at dinner." Louisa made no reply to this ungracious speech, but followed Miss Wolfe, thankful for the opportunity of rallying her spirits, and praying for patience to endure those petty annoyances, which, to a generous mind, are often more harassing than actual calamity. Miss Wolfe having thrown open the door of a small room, on the second floor, retired without condescending to utter a word.

The apartment allotted to the governess was about six feet square, and as the fierce glare of the summer sun shone on it all the morning, the atmosphere, at the time Louisa took possession, was that of a moderately-heated oven. The furniture consisted of a bed, which nearly filled the room, fitted up with temporary curtains of white calico, a small deal table, covered with ditto, a dressing-glass, and a chair. Even the consolation of seeing the reflection of her fair countenance was denied to
Louisa, for, casting her eyes on the said dressing-glass, she started to find her face dreadfully distorted, and her features flat and distended like those of an ogre in a pantomime. She could not help inwardly smiling when her thoughts reverted to her splendid apartments in Langham-place, but with that true philosophy which seeks only to compare its condition with others less fortunate, she bade adieu to all earthly vanities, pouring out her soul in thankfulness to God that she had not been compelled to share the home of her polluted father.

While Miss Villiars was making some slight alteration in her toilet, the door of her room was assailed by violent blows from the feet of the Misses Wolfe, who took this somewhat unusual mode of announcing that dinner was ready. Louisa obeyed the ungracious summons, and was soon deeply engaged in the novel occupation of carving a shoulder of mutton.

It was quite evident from Snubbs’ angry snorts and the impatient gestures of the young ladies, that her want of dexterity caused considerable dissatisfaction. At last, however, Miss Villiars succeeded in appeasing the voracity of her pupils, and had just put a morsel on her own plate, when Miss Wolfe, seizing her hand as she was in the act of raising it to her mouth, exclaimed, “Oh, Miss Villiars, pray don’t! The governess never begins her dinner till she has helped us a second time. Does she, Snubb?”

“Certainly not, Miss,” answered the prudent Snubb. This was imperative, and with a sigh Louisa again helped the Misses Wolfe, and postponed her own dinner till the following day.

The life of the governess was now a constant succession of those insults and domestic grievances which harass, and, if long continued, degrade the mind.

A young and sensitive female, placed in a family like the Wolfe’s, must either assume a masculine tone of manners, and endeavour to awe her tormentors into propriety, or she must stoop to duplicity in order to conciliate its members. Louisa was incapable of either of those modes of proceeding, and her only shield against the narrow-minded tyranny of Mrs. Wolfe, was the unobtrusive piety which formed a strong feature in her character, and not only enabled her to bear present evils with resignation, but even invited her to look forward with confident hope to the future. Sincerely and ardently did she endeavour to improve the minds and manners of her pupils, but every attempt to eradicate their bad habits was rendered abortive by the foolish interference of their mother. Even Snubb began to feel that her dominion would be at an end should Louisa, by gentleness and persuasion, succeed in opening Mrs. Wolfe’s eyes to the conviction, that, unless some course of wholesome discipline were quickly adopted, the dispositions of her children would be irretrievably ruined; she therefore seized every opportunity of secretly fanning the flame of rebellion. Often, when Louisa had retired for the night, cheerful with the consciousness that the labors of the day had been crowned with some appearance of success, a few words from Snubb, while attending the toilet of her mistress, would reduce her new-sprung hopes to a shadow.

“You’ll excuse me, ma’m,” the selfish creature would say, “I am the last person to wish to make any mischief, but I fear this Miss Villiars is a sad fidget; book-
learning is all well enough, but what is book-learning, if young ladies should come to have their spirits broken?"

"Good heavens, Snubb! have you observed anything?" and Mrs. Wolfe threw down her dressing-comb and allowed her black, lanky tresses to stream over her shoulders, as she fixed her eyes full of anxiety on the vinegar countenance of her attendant.

"Why, ma'am! as to observing, I can't say that I have seen anything very wrong about the young person; she is always very civil to me and Molly, but I have heard say, that that countess who brought her up was a rank Methodist, and, perhaps, when she was young, was no better than she should be."

"I think, Snubb," interrupted Mrs. Wolfe, "that you must have been misinformed with regard to the countess: she is a woman of high rank and unblemished reputation, and if she has taken to religion, it is no doubt in consequence of her heavy trials in the loss of her husband and an only child."

"Well," said Snubb, much irritated at the manner in which her inuendoes had been received, "some people can swallow a great deal; but for my part I think it rather odd that the countess should have reared this miss, and then cast her off just when she was old enough to tell tales; housomdive, I may be prejudiced, for I don't deny that I hates all gouvernesses; they are a sort of hamfibious hanimals, neither servants nor missuses," and with a toss of her head Snubb left the room.

"Snubb—Snubb!" cried Mrs. Wolfe, "come here. I think, Snubb, this brown-silk begins to look a little shabby, perhaps you had better take it; and, Snubb, mind you keep your eye on Miss Villiars, and if you see anything the least improper, do not lose a moment in telling me; I will also put Miss Wolfe on her guard. I wish to Heaven the young ladies were old enough to do without a gouverness, but, in the meantime, what can I do?"

This last exclamation fell harmless on the ear of Snubb, who was wrapt in earnest contemplation of the brown-silk gown; she, therefore, replied in a meek tone, "why, ma'am! now you observe it, I do think it begins to look a little shabby, but if I turn one of the side-breadths in front, it will make up elegant for me." As Snubb threw the garment exultingly over her arm, Mrs. Wolfe turned on it an eye of regret: she had had no intention of parting with it till it was threadbare, but she had once before offended Snubb, and the consequence had been a severe attack of bilious fever. She therefore thought it better to part with her gown than to be thrown into a fever, which would certainly be the case should Snubb raise a mutiny in the house.

Thus frustrated in her wish to be useful, and finding every attempt to exercise her duty, conscientiously, resented as an injury, who can wonder that Louisa soon gave up the desire to please, and looked forward with hope to some means of emancipating herself from so intolerable a situation. "At all events," said she, "any change must be for the better; it is impossible that anything can be worse than the present." How far this reasoning was correct will be seen in the following chapter.

In the meantime, Mrs. Wolfe looked upon her as a sort of domestic "agitator" in female guise, who wished to enlighten the ignorance of her children at the expense of destroying their peace of mind.
CHAPTER XXV.

"Thought sits upon her happy brow like light!
The young pure thoughts that have no taint of sin!
Making the mortal beauty yet more bright
By the immortal beauty from within!
Oh! blessed youth! like perfume to the flower
Is thought to her,—a loveliness the more!
Must she—oh must she meet its darker hour
That shows the ghosts of what it showed before! Hervey.

Another week had passed, and brought Louisa no alleviation of the irksomeness of her condition, when, one day, just as she had sat down to dinner with her pupils, the family of Mrs. Wolfe were astonished, and not a little alarmed, at the entrance of two constables, who demanded to see Miss Villiers. Louisa, breathless with agitation, rose from her seat, and advanced to meet them, supposing that they had made some mistake, and that she could not be the object of their enquiries; but all hope vanished, when one of the men politely informed her that he had a warrant to convey her before the Marylebone magistrates, as a burglary had been committed at the house of the Countess of Dudley, and it was supposed that she had some connection with the thief, whom they had succeeded in apprehending just as he was on the point of embarking for New Holland. The truth instantly flashed on Louisa’s mind, and she would have instantly fallen, had not one of the men caught her in his arms, and with a feeling of compassion for her youth and extreme loveliness cautioned her not to give utterance to any exclamation that might tend to implicate herself. Louisa uttered a convulsive scream as Snubb threw a shawl and bonnet upon her, and seizing her rudely by the arm, led or rather dragged her to the door, where a hackney-coach waited to convey her to the police office. At first, the poor girl seemed to have lost all power of thinking, but the motion of the carriage, and the presence of her unwelcome companions soon roused her from her state of torpor. She had no doubt as to the perpetrator of the crime, and when the horrible vision presented itself of her wretched parent dying on a scaffold, amidst the shouts and execrations of his fellow-men, she felt as if her brain could not long bear such a load of misery. When the coach stopped, she was ushered into the presence of the magistrate through a crowd of persons of the lowest order, who stared at her with unrestrained eagerness.

Mr. Wieldon was not one of those ministers of justice who probes the hearts of the criminal and unhappy with poisoned arrows! he was feelingly alive to the awful responsibility of his situation, and the most abject wretch who was placed before him obtained his serious and patient attention. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, if he looked with an eye of pity on so interesting a being as Louisa. Her face was deadly pale, and as she leaned heavily against the rail which separated her from the worthy magistrate, she looked more like an exquisitely chiseled statue, than an animate being. Mr. Wieldon surveyed her with a scrutinizing eye, mightly puzzled to account for the despair depicted on her countenance. A man possessing less of the milk of human kindness would at once have imputed her distress to conscious guilt—but Mr. Wieldon was a humane and pious man, and felt that the unfor-
tunate, whose doom he might accelerate through haste or negligence, would one day stand with him side-by-side at that great tribunal where the poor man who stole bread to satisfy the cravings of nature, and the rich man who spent his life in wringing out wealth to gild the trappings of his state, will each be judged according to the number of talents confided to his care. Addressing Louisa in a polite and compassionate tone, he observed that he felt little doubt but that she would at once deny all knowledge of the prisoner about to be placed at the bar. "I almost regret," he added, "that you have been brought here, and will detain you as short a time as possible."

Louisa trembled, violently, as a slight movement in the crowd assembled at the door indicated that she was on the point of being confronted with the criminal; conscious, however, of her own innocence, she made an effort to rally her strength, and the energy of her character returned, as the peril of her situation rushed on her mind. She neither started nor betrayed any symptom of confusion when, looking towards the man in obedience to Mr. Wieldon's orders, she recognised the harsh and demoniac countenance of Baldone.

I was sure of it, thought Mr. Wieldon; innocence is written on every feature of her face, and the fellow is a thorough scamp who would have been hanged long ago had he not contrived to elude the vigilance of the police. The magistrate took off his spectacles, and said in an encouraging tone, "well, Miss Villiars, have you ever seen this man before." Great was the worthy man's surprise when, in a clear and firm voice, Louisa replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Wieldon threw himself back on his chair, and gazed alternately at the prisoner and the fair young creature before him.

"Officers," said he, "remove your prisoner." Then observing that Louisa could scarcely support herself, he gave orders that she should be accommodated with a chair, and proceeded to take her deposition. Louisa had determined that no feeling of self-abasement should induce her to attempt to conceal her acquaintance with Baldone. After having taken the usual oath, she, therefore, confessed without hesitation that she had admitted him to a private interview in the house of the Countess of Dudley, a few days previous to her ladyship's departure for the Continent, and that between that time and the commission of the robbery she had admitted him to another interview in the house of Mrs. Gresham. She also corroborated a statement, previously made by the servants in Langham-place that she knew where part of the stolen property, consisting of the box of jewels, which she had confided to the care of Roget, had been deposited. As Louisa, in a firm and distinct voice, made these admissions, the benevolent countenance of Mr. Wieldon gradually assumed a more rigid expression, and addressing her in a solemn tone, he said, "young lady! matters have taken a turn very different from what I had expected. I hoped that I should only have had to apologize to you for the violence done to your feelings in bringing you here, but the circumstances of the case appear so mysterious and, I regret to add, so suspicious, that I feel it my painful duty to commit you to Newgate during the few days that will intervene previous to the trial of Baldone. "I wish from my soul," he further added, as Louisa lifted her large, blue eyes full of
meek despair on his face, "I wish from my soul, Miss Villiers, that the case would admit of bail," and he looked round on those in attendance, as if in the hope that he might read in their faces that he was carrying the rigor of the law too far, but everyone

- There is no police court which could be better chosen as the theatre for humane judgments than that of Marylebone; and there is no public office where the unfortunate meet with kinder recommendations, and more attentive consideration; would that this were every where the case; then, some writer (in a morning journal, we believe), need not have penned  'the scenes which are daily enacted at the police-offices would make angels shed hot tears of blood'; but, thanks to the power of the press—public indignation, and the will of the government, Hatton Garden, at least, has been some years freed from tyrannical magisterial sway.

The case which we are about to quote differs from that above alluded to, inasmuch as the position of the parties is reversed; it was a stranger, not the magistrate, who thought the sentence extremely severe, and we publish it, rather to shew (by a rather curious link of information) the effects of such severity on the mind of the condemned, hoping to induce others even by their looks sometimes to entreat relaxation of punishment—for painful beyond measure must oftentimes be the magistrate's seeming duty—but more especially to diminish the personal responsibility of conscientious magistrates by having Mr. Carden's proposed trial by a Jury of three persons generally adopted at every police office, and in hearings before magistrates, if necessary, from such persons. Ed.

Guildford-street, Russell-square, Sept. 16, 1835.

Sir,—I beg your excuse for trespassing upon your attention with the following outline, as I confess I am not neither, except with your aid, can I be, acquainted with the particulars, in order more accurately to lay them before you.

Having business at the Marlborough Police-office, (where I met with the most obliging attention), as I entered I heard this sentence pronounced—

14 days (Saturday, Sept. 12, 1835.)

and a young and beautiful girl was carried towards the lock-up yard, bursting into tears. Her offence I understood to be, that the night before, or rather at three p. m. that morning, in liquor, she had entered a cab, and the man did not drive her away, (perhaps not knowing where to go), neither would she leave the cab. You may imagine her to be one of bad moral character. I learnt that three years ago, she left her father's house at Brighton, or was there at that period, that he is a large builder, and the policeman described her to have been most beautiful.

I wished to know whether she would be imprisoned alone or with others, and was informed that "the law was no respector of persons."

It is on this account that I presume, as a perfect stranger to all parties, to address you. Had the imprisonment been solitary, I might have rather rejoiced at the temporary quiet, and have hoped for good results, but from such a connection what but greater evil could result. The policeman also told me that she paid two guineas a-week for her rooms, so that I should argue that this is not a common offence with her.

The occurrence took place after leaving those villets of all houses in the supper rooms.

For such a breach of the peace, those of our sex know not such a measure of punishment, and though I am ready to admit that that class requires to be held in great restraint, still, if under circumstances such as I have stated, the punishment be so great, surely you will agree with me that the period should be diminished, and the unfortunate not altogether abandoned to become still more reckless and profligate.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

G. F. CARDEN,
Hon. Soc'y. Inner Temple.

To His Majesty's Under Secretary
of State, &c. &c. &c.

P.S.—The name of the party is SELINA OXBORN.
I have been confined to the house by indisposition; or had intended personally communicating.

WHITEHALL, 21st Sept. 1835.

Sir,—Lord John Russell having caused particular enquiries to be made into the case of Selina Oxborn, referred to in your letter of the 16th inst. I am directed to acquaint you, that his Lordship sees no ground to justify him in recommending the prisoner's liberation.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

G. F. Carden, Esq.
73, Guildford-street, Russell-square.

Last night, about half-past eleven o'clock, a fine girl, about twenty years of age, of the name of Selina Oxborn, residing in Earl Street, Seven Dials, attempted self-destruction by throwing herself from the steps of Westminster Bridge. Fortunately, a young woman passing at the time saw her, and by her screams brought to the unfortunate girl the timely assistance of Robert Smith, Esq. of the York Road, and another gentleman, who with the greatest humanity, immediately rushed to the poor girl's assistance, and at the risk of their lives, after the greatest exertions, for full a quarter of an hour, succeeded in getting the poor girl out of the water, but in a state of insensibility, and apparently lifeless. They immediately had her conveyed to Mr. McCann's, surgeon, of Parliament-street, who, after using the most active means for nearly an hour, succeeded in restoring animation, and she is now in a fair way of recovery.—Times, 4th Feb. 1835.
seemed to look on the proceedings as a matter of course; the clerk was quietly mending his pen, to be in readiness for the next case, and the constables were passing witticisms on the elegant deportment of their prisoner, contrasted with the situation in which she was then placed.

Louisa felt almost thankful when she heard that the walls of a prison were to hide her from the world. She had no home. The worldly-mindedness of Mrs. Graham had disgusted her, and she knew Mrs. Wolfe too well to suppose that she would suffer her to enter her house under such equivocal circumstances; besides, she was so oppressed with the sense of her degradation, that she felt herself quite incapable of performing the ordinary duties of life.

Mr. Weldon having given orders for her removal to Newgate, told her that she would be allowed every facility for communicating with her friends, and that he would interest himself to render her as comfortable as the discipline of a prison would permit. A faint smile passed over Louisa’s face at the mention of the word comfort: she felt dead to every thought of personal inconvenience. It would have been her greatest comfort to have known that her name would soon be blotted out from the records of the living.

Having gracefully thanked Mr. Weldon for his humanity, she at once suffered herself to be conducted to the wretched abode now destined for her.

It may naturally be supposed, that on finding herself enclosed within the walls of a prison, our heroine’s firmness entirely forsook her. But this was not the case: the reaction produced by the excitement of the two hours previous to her incarceration caused a total prostration of strength, mental and bodily, and throwing herself on the humble bed which occupied a corner of her cell she slept peacefully as an infant.

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"Here, then, is a case, in which there seemed to be great severity—the examination is heard by a magistrate and the clerk to the police office, sentence is passed in the presence of only some policemen and may be of some busy stranger, whose thoughts may probably be too much engrossed by his own affairs; the condemned is then handed over to the police, (whose contact, in this instance, the party seemed to loathe) and buried as it were a living victim within the walls of a prison—unknown, almost, her fate, unptited her lot, with a bosom bursting with indignant grief that such has been the severe, nay, almost inquisitorial sentence. If trial by Jury, be fit for anything, I would with heart and soul endeavour to awaken Englishmen to this best exercise of their rights, liberties, and privileges, and amidst other improvements and suggestions of mine, which I gladly see the public daily (though only for the benefit of others) adopting. I do hope to see the day when every prisoner shall have the benefit of trial by Jury, (not, indeed, with the parade of 12 men, for that precaution may be only necessary when property is at stake, or the crown concerned) but the presence of three respectable householders, that the burthen of the condemnation may not rest upon the consciences of humane magistrates on the one hand, nor on the other, a magistrate’s single dictum be felt as personal severity, where even the punishment was but just. This is the way to bring about repentance, when prisoners see the care and thought which are bestowed upon them by their fellow-men, and can, we ask, a better, or more christian duty be performed by any man than thus to cast a shield of protection over all, and, perhaps save the innocent."—Thoughts and considerations upon the minor administration of Justice, by G. F. Carden, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.
CHAPTER XXVI.

Love has its part in every other thing,
All grief increasing and all joy impairing;
Death is the only hope, for death will bring
Rest to the heart, fevered with long despairing.

Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me;
Those sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow;
I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be
Where the last shadow falls on life’s last sorrow.

L. E. L.

Though the streets and parks were still teeming with happy human beings, enjoying the softness of the summer twilight, the darkness of night seemed to overspread the grey walls of the prison when Louisa woke from her calm and dreamless slumber. Starting from her bed, she advanced to a small window, or rather a loop-hole, which looked into a court, and endeavored to open it to admit the cool air. Her efforts were vain; but while thus occupied, her attention was riveted by an object which could not be mistaken. A tall and graceful figure was at one moment pacing the court with hasty steps, and at the next engaged in anxious conversation with one of the turnkeys. There is an intuitive feeling which seems almost to warn us of the presence of the one beloved, without the aid of vision, and as Louisa, carefully concealing herself from observation, looked with straining eyes into the gloom beneath, she felt, rather than saw, that Lord Eversham was hovering near her. Though deeply affected with the strength of her lover’s affection, which had induced him to seek a scene so generally revolting to the feelings of the thoughtless and happy, she nevertheless dreaded the idea of his seeking an interview with her. Pure and high-minded as he knew that she herself was, what would his feelings be towards her when he heard her publicly confess herself “the daughter of a felon!” As she stood, as if chained to the spot, from which she could distinguish the figure of Lord Eversham, she saw him advance eagerly towards a female, who appeared to have just entered the precincts of the prison. The female was respectably attired, and the meeting had been expected by both parties. Louisa blushed crimson at the thought that her vanity had milled her as to the object of his lordship’s visit to Newgate; still the pair stood engaged in earnest conversation, and sick and giddy she threw herself into the only chair which her apartment contained, and covered her face with her hands, as if the strong walls which surrounded her were not sufficient to shut from her view the objects of her anxiety. “After all,” said she, “I may have been mistaken from the first; it is very improbable that Lord Eversham could so soon have known of my being here, and it is equally improbable that he would enter this receptacle for the miserable. My mind is so distracted that I am almost incapable of distinguishing one object from another,” and once more she stole softly towards the casement; but all was now silent below. There was, too, nothing visible, except here and there, as her eye wandered along the dingy walls, the sallow, crime-worn visage of some unfortunate who leant against the iron bars of his cell, as if eager to catch some sound that might tell him that the dark shadows of night had not yet closed in and left him, alone, to commune with his guilty soul. Louisa stood almost breathless with
emotion. A few moments before she had felt as if a single drop could not have been added to her cup of misery, but she had never, till that moment, felt the pang of jealousy, and the sensation was painful as it was new. Vainly did she seek to conceal her weakness from her own heart: she could have treasured the memory of Lord Eversham in silence, through a long and cheerless existence. Though the daughter of a condemned felon, she could still have feasted on the remembrance of the hours which she had spent in his society, when every word he had uttered was engraved on her young heart never to be effaced; but now how changed her dream! Either the female who had met him was the messenger of another, or, what was still worse, he was perhaps engaged with her in some low intrigue. This thought soon gave place to another more cheering. Perhaps he was come on some errand of mercy; some poor sufferer had applied to him, and with the generosity so natural to his character he had hastened in person to pity and relieve. While these visions were passing in quick succession through her mind, she heard the key turn in the rusty lock, and the next moment she recognised in the female whose appearance had caused her so much uneasiness her faithful servant Roget.

Roget's story was soon told. Lord Eversham had come to the house in Langham-place almost frantic, and having ascertained the truth of the report that Louisa was detained on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, he had immediately proceeded, accompanied by Roget, to the police-office, and offered to become bail to any amount, if Mr. Weldon would consent to her discharge. This, however, the magistrate could not do; but he promised to unite with his lordship in using his influence to get Baldone's trial brought forward as soon as possible, and in the meantime he procured permission for Roget to join Louisa, and remain with her till the trial should take place.

Mr. Weldon warmly acquiesced in Lord Eversham's ardently expressed opinion with regard to the young lady's unsullied innocence; but as his lordship could throw no light on the mystery of her acquaintance with Baldone, he was obliged to confess that, as an impartial minister of justice, the magistrate could not have acted otherwise than he did. It was some relief to his mind to have succeeded in securing to Louisa a kind, though humble companion; and having directed Roget (who wept for joy at the thought of being able to mitigate the sufferings of her ever gentle mistress, to return to Langham-place to procure some wearing-apparel, books, &c. for the object of his solicitude, he threw himself into a hackney-coach and hurried to Newgate, with the intention of endeavoring to obtain an interview with Baldone. Louisa was not a little surprised to hear that Sir George Fairfax had been chiefly instrumental in causing her apprehension, but all other feelings were lost in that of pleasure when Roget, opening a little basket, presented a letter from the Countess, which had arrived by that morning's post. It contained the welcome intelligence that she was on the point of returning to England. "The earl's health," she said, "had not improved as they expected: instead of taking an interest in the objects which presented themselves in the course of their journey, he had, after his unexpected meeting with the Marchese Montefiore, repelled all their efforts to amuse him, and had even expressed a strong disinclination to proceed. He had, however,
The Protégée.

yielded to her entreaties, united with those of Mr. Hamilton; but finding that his irritability daily increased, she did not think it prudent longer to thwart his longing after home. "There is one thing," continued the Countess, "that will surprise you. Since the commencement of his illness, he has always expressed the greatest aversion to living in town, and he told me, only yesterday, that on his arrival in England he should not return to Bolton Castle, but, if agreeable to me, would become my visitor in Langham-place." The rest of the letter was filled with reproofs and remonstrances on the step which Louisa had taken, and concluded with expressions of unalterable esteem and affection.

Louisa felt thankful that the return of the Countess would secure to her a friend whom no adversity could alienate, and having partaken of some refreshment, she complied with Roget's advice, and retired to rest for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

She seemed like Melancholy's self,
A living Sorrow as she passed;
Her face was pale, her step was slow,
Her modest eyes were downwards cast.
But who she was, or whence she came,
And what her lineage, or her name,
Not one of all the guests could tell;
But Gilbert sighed, and knew her well.

Louisa was still asleep, when, at an early hour next morning, one of the turnkeys unlocked the door and informed Roget that her mistress must be in readiness to attend at the Old Bailey. Roget was not much surprised at this message, as she knew that Lord Eversham had an interview on the previous evening with the judge who was to preside at the trial, but she felt some repugnance at wakening Louisa from her refreshing slumber. This, however, was not necessary, for the gruff voice of the turnkey had already caught the ear of the sleeper, and telling Roget that she knew what she had to communicate, she started up, and prepared with alacrity for her appearance in court. Her self-possession seemed to increase as affairs drew to a crisis, and when, towards noon, a superintendent came to take charge of her to the Old Bailey, instead of a timid and weeping girl, he found a calm and beautiful woman, whose very deportment seemed to silence suspicion. Sergeant Langford had in his time conducted many fallen angels to the presence of their judge temporal, and had often been in the habit of indulging his loquacity and self-importance at their expense, but on this occasion he observed a respectful silence, replying with a civil, though somewhat patronising air to some questions which Louisa put to him concerning the regulations observed in a court of justice. In reply to some question regarding Baldone, she was informed that he was to be tried on two indictments, one for the burglary, the other for stabbing the Marchese Montefiore in the street. Strange as it may appear, this information afforded Louisa a sensation of relief, and seemed to exonerate her from the heavy responsibility of being the chief instrument in the punishment of her father, and though she had endeavored to fortify her mind to go through her painful duty with firmness, she now clung to the hope that the minor crime of theft would be overlooked, and that Baldone would stand before
his judges to answer for seeking the life of his fellow man. But those hopes vanished, when, after an interval of half-an-hour spent in all the torment of suspense the police sergeant received orders to bring the prisoner into court.

Louisa trembled violently; but summoning all her mental energy to her aid, she declined the assistance of Roget, who held out her arm to support her, and advancing with a firm step, she took her place at the bar.

Baldone had already been examined, and having retired a few paces, he contrived as Louisa passed him, to whisper into her ear, "if you acknowledge your relationship you are lost!—swear that you have mistaken me for another!" Louisa shuddered as she turned to look at him. Could the being so hardened in crime be the author of her existence? The thought was madness. As her eye wandered wildly round the court, it rested on a group who could not be mistaken. Drest in all the colors of the rainbow, and evidently enjoying the scene before them, as a drama got up for their express entertainment, sat Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters, attended by Sir George and some other gentlemen.

Sacrificing the delicacy of their sex, on hearing of Louisa's apprehension, they had, with true vulgarity of mind, given full scope to their curiosity, and procured admission into court to hear the result of the trial.

Nothing could have tended more to rouse Louisa's sinking spirit than this unexpected appearance of the Fairfaxs. As the party stared at her through their opera-glasses, the eloquent blood rushed to her face; her eyes sparkled, and drawing up her graceful figure to its full height, she looked towards the judge as if anxious to be questioned. A buzz of admiration ran through the court—every one felt ready to vouch for her innocence. Having ordered Baldone, who stood with folded arms under the gallery, to advance, the judge, in a mild and encouraging tone, asked Louisa if she was in any way related to or connected with the prisoner at the bar.

"My lord judge," replied she, in a firm and distinct tone, "the prisoner is my father!" A profound silence followed this reply; each gazed incredulously into the face of his neighbour, and for a few seconds not a sound was heard, except the grinding of Baldone's teeth, as he stood convulsed with idle rage between two stout constables.

The Marchese Montefiore, who was seated on the platform near the judge, was the first to break the silence.

Starting from the crimson cushions on which he had been reclining, while his whole frame trembled with emotion, he exclaimed, impetuously, "my lord judge, will you suffer me to ask this wretch, who calls himself Baldone, a few questions?"

"Sir," replied his lordship, "I cannot permit any interruption to take place; your case will come on presently."

The Marchese stood with his eyes riveted on the casket of jewels which had been stolen from the house in Langham-place. Snatching a small red morocco-case from the box, he handed it to the judge, saying, "my lord, this is a strange coincidence. Here are two miniatures; one was stolen from me by Baldone when I lay at the point of death at a small auberg between Calais and Boulogne; it was found on his person when he was taken into custody; the other, which except the
setting is exactly similar, and which is also a likeness of what I once was, belonged —O God! — and here the Marchese, overcome by the violence of his feelings, staggered, and would have fallen backwards, had not Mr. Allerton rushed forward to support him. The judge looked earnestly at the miniature, and then at the Marchese, as if doubting his sanity.

"Marchese," at length said his lordship, "do not agitate yourself. This is certainly a strange feature in the case, and shall be enquired into. Are you prepared with any witness to prove that Baldone is the person who robbed you of the miniature?"

"I am!—I am!" exclaimed the Marchese. "The fellow who kept the auberge, and who I had good reason to suspect was leagued with Baldone in robbing me of all I then possessed in the world, is now in court, bound over to appear as a witness."

"His name," said the judge.

"Jacques Fleuri, my lord."

"Langford," said the judge, "put Fleuri into the witness-box."

The case now excited the most intense interest; all eyes were turned towards the witness-box, where, shrugging his shoulders and trying to assume an appearance of nonchalance, stood the self-dubbed Count de Millefleurs.

"Millefleurs!" screamed a shrill, female voice. Miss Fairfax fell into strong hysterics, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole family disappeared.

The cidevant aubergiste seemed little moved at this exposé; he blushed, indeed, a little through his rouge, and having taken the usual oath, deposed to the effect, that twenty years before, he kept a small inn on the road so Boulogne: that the Marchese Montefiore had come to his house, and being in want of a servant, he (Fleuri) had recommended to him a young Irishman named Quin, whom the Marchese immediately dispatched to Scotland on business. That soon after Quin's return from Scotland the Marchese was seized with a dangerous fever, and while he was still delirious Quin absconded, taking with him his master's purse, watch, the miniature, &c. The Count concluded his evidence by stating that Quin and Baldone were the same person. The Count, as from courtesy we continue to call him, was then permitted to retire, and the judge, after having some conversation with the Marchese, resumed the examination. It would be tedious to give the details; suffice it to say, that Pietro Baldone, alias Patrick Quin, was found guilty of felony, and that Louisa Villiars was declared free of all knowledge, or participation therein. The judge, having politely expressed his satisfaction at the verdict of the jury, told Louisa that she was at liberty. Desolate and friendless as she felt herself to be, the words were yet music to her ear, and curtseying grateful to the judge, she was conducted by Roget across the passage to the staircase: a gentle footstep followed her, and when she looked up she was leaning on the arm of Lord Eversham. Neither attempted to speak; they hurried across the hall—the steps of a carriage were let down—and the next moment she was seated by the Countess of Dudley, who had arrived in town only a few hours before.

When Louisa once more entered the home of her childhood, she was scarcely con-
scious of what was passing around her, and when she told the countess that as the daughter of Baldone she was henceforth unworthy to be her companion, her ladyship imagined that the fatigue and excitement to which she had been subjected had been too much for her strength, and that she was speaking under the influence of fever; she, therefore, rang the bell, and requested that Mr. Hamilton, who had taken up his abode in Langham-place with his patient, would come to her immediately. Mr. Hamilton having felt Louisa's pulse, assured the countess that she had nothing to apprehend, and having given the young lady a composing draught, he advised her to retire to her room, and refrain from conversation, as he doubted not that a few hours sleep would restore her to her usual health.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I dreamt a green and golden earth
A still renewed, immortal birth,
But 'mid that world so fairly beaming,
I knew with grief that I was dreaming.
That grief awoke me, and I found,
A lovelier vision spread around,
And, sweeter than my slumber's flowers
Bedecked this common world of ours.

It was late in the evening, when Louisa woke from the deep sleep into which she had fallen, in consequence of the narcotic which had been administered to her. On opening her eyes, she saw, or fancied she saw the figure of a man bending over her, with a face full of anxiety and tenderness. To convince herself that she was not dreaming, she started up and saw the countess, who had been sitting on the couch beside her, watching her slumber, but, on looking round the room, she imagined that she saw the door softly closing, as if some one else had just retired. The circumstance surprised her, but thinking that she might still be under the influence of the opium, she took no particular notice of it, and entered into conversation with the countess.

Having sent for Mr. Hamilton, who assured her that his patient had derived the benefit which he anticipated from repose, and that she might, with perfect safety, spend the remainder of the evening in the drawing-room, her ladyship told Louisa that she must prepare for a surprise.

Louisa asked eagerly if anything further had transpired during the trial.

The countess replied by hurrying her towards the drawing-room, where the marchese Montefiore received her in his arms, and hailed her as his only and long-lost child.

The first tide of joy having subsided, the marchese proceeded to relate some of the events of his early life, having first informed his daughter, that in the Countess of Dudley she beheld her nearest female relative—the sister of her departed mother.

Here we will give the marchese's short narrative in his own words:

"I was an orphan at eighteen. My father was the youngest son of a noble Scotch
family, and was the college companion and bosom-friend of the Earl of Somerville. My mother was the only child of a Neapolitan nobleman, whose wealth equalled his high descent. She married secretly, without the consent of her father, who never forgave her for thwarting his ambition. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, grief, at the harsh conduct of her father, whom she loved with the warmth of affection peculiar to those of her country brought her to an early grave.

"At the time of my father's death I was in Paris finishing my education. I returned to Scotland in the vain hope of being able to secure from the wrecks of his small property something for my future support. But my father, whose expenses had at least always equalled his income died insolvent, and I was thrown on the world with an empty purse and a long line of noble ancestors.

"As the son of Charles Percy, I was received with open arms by the Earl of Somerville, who received me into his family and promised to procure me a commission in the army.

"During the parliamentary recess, he carried me with him to Bolton Castle where his countess and his two daughters, one a beautiful creature of seventeen, the other a little cherub five or six years old, were then residing.

"No one, but a stoic, could have lived under the same roof with Louisa Villiers, without worshipping her. I was an ardent admirer of female beauty, and Miss Villiers had the face of an angel. I had in Paris cultivated a taste for painting, with the intention, if I did not succeed in getting into the army, of pursuing the profession of an artist, and, in an evil hour, the earl yielded to my earnest entreaties to be allowed to paint a full length portrait of the object of my adoration.

"This afforded us frequent opportunities of being together alone, for the earl and countess treated me with perfect confidence. How did I repay their generosity? In a moment of frenzy, for my love was far beyond the control of reason, I persuaded Louisa to elope with me, calculating for forgiveness on the ardent affection of her father. Taking with us some jewels and what money we possessed at the time, we reached the borders of Scotland, and were married by a clergyman who had been a tutor in my father's family.

"'Your mother,' continued the marchese addressing Louisa, 'lost no time in writing to the earl to implore permission to throw ourselves at his feet; but she knew not her father's disposition. Pride was his ruling passion, and on that pride he had grafted revenge. He caused his daughter to be mourned for as dead, and spurned her for ever from his heart.

"Finding the earl inexorable, we rented a cottage in a small village in the north of Scotland. There, in a damp and miserable dwelling lived the heiress of the proud Earl of Somerville; but no complaint passed her lips. She was kind and gentle, and, as long as we had the means of support, even cheerful. In the second year of our residence in our humble abode, you were born, and soon after began to feel the blighting hand of poverty. Our money was exhausted, and we had recourse to the box of jewels. The trinkets had disappeared, one after the other, for a tenth part of their value. Every thing at length was gone, except the miniature, which your mother constantly wore concealed in her bosom, and which has been the humble
instrument in the hands of the Almighty, in leading to the discovery of my child. Starvation now stared us in the face. To procure the necessaries of life, I contracted some small debts, and I was in arrears with the owner of our hovel. Our creditors became clamorous, and to save myself from dragging out a life in a debtor's prison, I fled to the Continent. It was agreed between your mother and myself that I should first proceed to Edinburgh and make a personal application to a relative who resided there. This relative was my father's brother. I had written to him several times representing my situation, but without effect; on reaching Edinburgh, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with him. He gave me a few hundred pounds, and said he would remit to me two hundred pounds per annum if I would promise to remain on the Continent, and not again return to Scotland. To this I readily consented, and having written to your mother I set off immediately for Calais. My first care on landing was to procure a person to proceed to Scotland to conduct my wife and child to Boulogne, where I proposed to reside. My evil destiny led me to a house of Jacques Henri who recommended the man, Quin, as a person worthy of trust, who had been in his service from his childhood. I dispatched him to Scotland to bring my treasures, and trusted him money to satisfy my creditors. His absence was shorter than even my impatience had calculated upon, but, alas! he returned alone. He told me that on finding that I had made my escape, my wife was driven from her home by her inhuman landlord, and had to wander with her child in her arms towards the coast, where she embarked in a small vessel bound for Edinburgh; that the vessel had been wrecked, and that both mother and child had perished.

"Frantic with grief, I cursed myself as the cause of their destruction; a raging fever seized me, and, for many weeks, I was in a state of unconsciousness, varied only by violent paroxysms of delirium. When reason returned, I found myself in an asylum for the insane. The governor of the institution informed me, that soon after the commencement of my illness, Quin had absconded, taking with him every thing that I possessed. On expressing a wish to see Fleuri, I was told that he, also, had disappeared from that part of the country, having been connected in some dishonest dealings.

"Owing to the humanity of persons who attended me in the Asylum, I was soon restored to comparative health, and was declared to be no longer a fit object for their benevolent care.

"Having informed my uncle, by letter, of the situation in which I was placed, he remitted my first year's allowance, and with a broken heart and weakened constitution I set off for Paris, with the intention of pursuing the profession of an artist, the melancholy under which I labored rendering me quite unfit for the duties of a more active life. My days were now spent in the Louvre and various schools of painting; and my sole delight was in embodying on canvas, in every variety of attitude and costume, the image of her whom I had lost.

"I soon acquired some celebrity as a painter; my portraits of women were pronounced angels, and when it was too late to afford me any satisfaction, I found myself in easy circumstances, surrounded, too, by a circle of admiring friends.

"But my good fortune did not stop here; my love for painting having led me
to travel through Italy; chance threw me, at Naples, into the society of the Marchese Montefiore, my maternal grandfather. The Marchese was an ardent admirer of the fine arts. For many years he had been stung with remorse for his harsh conduct to my mother, and his fondness for me now increased daily—we became, indeed, inseparable—and, on condition of my dropping the name of Percy and assuming his own, he received me as the heir to his title and estates.

“...And now,” said the Marchese, “for I hope my beloved child will never again require me to resume this painful subject, it only remains for me to tell you that this morning, after Quin, or, as he now calls himself, Baldone had been tried on the second indictment and sentenced to banishment for life, I obtained an interview with him in his cell, and by means of bribery I extorted from him in the presence of Lord Eversham and Mr. Allerton, a full confession of the atrocities which he had committed against me and my child.

“He confessed that, instead of proceeding to Scotland, he had, with the sum of money with which I had entrusted him, set off for Paris.

“...While there, he saw by accident in a Scotch newspaper an account of the shipwreck, and the advertisement inserted by Mr. Allerton. He returned, as if from Scotland, with his dreadful tale, suppressing his knowledge of your existence, in the hope that it would give him the power at a future time to extort money.

“...Having robbed me, as I have already mentioned, he embarked for Scotland, and taking up his residence in the town where Mr. Allerton resided he had the satisfaction of knowing you had been adopted by the Countess of Dudley. This was even more than he had dared to hope for; but it was very long before he was able to carry his schemes into effect—his villainy for a time defeating its own purpose—for having been found guilty of a highway robbery and attempt to murder, he was transported for fourteen years. I need not tell you how soon, on his return to England, he began to work out his nefarious design.”

Here the Marchese paused, and here, also, we will pause, awhile, leaving the happiness of the trio to the reader’s imagination. There are, however, a few individuals connected with the Tale, over whose future destinies many an eye of interest will yet be turned, and, to them, it is purposed to appropriate the following—the concluding—chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

"If from a human heart he win
A love devoid of guile and sin,
A love for ever kind and pure,
A love to suffer and endure,
Unalterably firm and great
Amid the angry storms of fate,
For ever young, for ever new,
For ever passionate and true—
This gained, all wo is past, all joy begun,
Heaven is our hope, Eternity is won." Mackay's Salamandrine.

A few weeks after the dramatic incidents recorded in the last chapter, two lovely brides stood at the altar of St. George’s church, Hanover-square—one was Louisa I—(Court Magazine)—September, 1842.
Montefiore—the other, Margaret Bouvierie. The style of their beauty was as different as their future paths in life. Louisa was graceful, beautiful and dignified; her life was to be spent in courts and palaces, and, wherever she moved, the young and lovely Countess of Eversham was the star of fashion—the admirer of all.

Margaret, pale, gentle and interesting, glided through life the beloved and happy wife of Major, afterwards General, Howard. A few weeks after the death of Sir James, Lady Mary accidentally met with a boy-officer in the Guards, with whose budding mustaches she forthwith became enamored. Unwilling to outrage decorum in her own country, she took him to Paris in her suite, and a few months after the events which we have described they were married at the house of the British Ambassador.

The Countess kept her promise to William Allerton by presenting him with a valuable living in the gift of her father, and the young man’s talents soon raised him to a bishoprick.

The Fairfax having lost the countenance of Lady Dudley by their narrow-minded and unfeeling conduct to Louisa, gradually tumbled from the place in society which they had acquired only through her influence, and sunk to their original level.

As Allerton’s talents became known to the world by his conspicuous position, men began to wonder how they could so long have been blinded by Sir George’s shallowness. Even the weakest minds resent deception, and Sir George, who daily became more bitter and sarcastic, was universally shunned and despised.

It is almost needless to say, that the Count never appeared to claim the fair hand of Miss Fairfax, who, true to his memory, remained unwedded. The uncharitable portion of her female friends said she never had another offer; but rather would we ascribe her single-blessedness to the strong attachment which, after the defection of the Count, she evinced for the brute creation. Rare indeed is the man who likes to share the affection of his mistress with dogs and canary-birds.

No young Riddell ever appeared to blight the fortunes of Dora, but as Mrs. Riddell was dutiful to her husband in life, so also was she faithful to him in death. She bequeathed to him all her property, on condition that he would marry Dorothea Hobbs Fairfax, a condition with which he complied, much to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Earl of Somerville lived to extreme old age; but his mind, which for so many years had been the seat of evil passions, never recovered its tone. The blighting influence of hatred and irascibility had withered his once noble and generous spirit, and though the beauty and sweetness of his grand-daughter would sometimes win him to transient cheerfulness, the iron of remorse had entered into his soul. He accused himself as the cause of the premature death of his first-born, and when the dark cloud was on his mind, he prayed earnestly that Heaven might grant him that pardon which he had denied to his penitent child.
THE PAUPER’S GRAVE.

By Edward Daniell, Esq.

I heard the deep funeral bell,
Boom fitly over glade and dell;
I saw a motley throng appear,
In humble garb,—with humble bier;
But there was not an eye that wept,
For her who in that confine slept;
Devoid of sorrow was each face
That gazed upon her resting place.
No plate to tell from whence she came,
No record of her age and name;
No tinsel deck’d the coffin round,
Whose glitter mocks the dark cold ground;
Oh! dark and devious had she trod
Her way through life,—no friend—save God!
Strangers were they who smooth’d her bed
And calm’d her throes,—and watch’d her dead.
Yet, though the pageants of the great
Wait not upon her lowly state,
Yet shall she sleep—and moulder too
As long and free, as great ones do;
And the cold turf which wraps her form,
Shall hide her from the pelting storm,
And grass shall grow, and flowrets wave
Around the silent,—Pauper’s Grave.

ON THE DEATH OF AN IDIOT.

By Miss E. E. Hamilton.

When from the vanquish’d power of the tomb,
Nations are summoned to eternal doom—
And through the air, and from the yawning grave,
From falling mountains, and the burning wave,
One cry ariseth—“Save! in mercy, save!”
What shall thy fate, unconscious spirit! be?
Can’t thou awake to immortality?
Resume the honors forfeit at thy birth,
“‘The glorious image,’” that was crush’d on earth?
Or, will thy Maker back to chaos fling
The lost, degraded, separated thing:
From his renewed creation blot thy name,
And bid annihilation hide the shame?
Vain thoughts! presumptuous pride of reason, cease—
“‘Father of Spirits!’” govern mine in peace—
Brighter or less, the light vouchsafed to me,
Oh! may it ever with God’s laws agree;
He shall protect the treasure He has given,
And guide it safely to its home in Heaven.
LAUNCELOT HOPETOWN,

THE HERMIT OF THE TEMPLE.

By John Leigh Hunt, Esq.

Launcelot Hopetown was an individual of good family who lived in single-blessedness, on an independence of about one hundred and forty pounds a year, in Brick-court, Temple. In all other localities known to civilized creation, it is essential to the respectability of those inhabiting them that they should certainly not dwell above the second floor, and that the apartments should be what an unprejudiced and rightly constructed mind would regard as furnished. Young gentlemen, however, such as our friend Launcelot, who reside in Inns of Court, are so abstractedly respectable that they may either live in the back garret or down the areas of houses, comforted by no more furniture than characterizes the well-swept yard of a country Inn,—yet be respectable—nay, even distinguished. Their chairs may have no seats, yet the antiquity of the family origin be indisputable; their tables may be rickety yet their own good-footing in society never doubted; everything within their houses may be of the more comfortless and meagre insufficiency, yet are they always regarded as distinguished—quite gentlemen. In truth, there is an appearance about the situation of their domiciles. Let, indeed, a young fellow of some education, on finding himself about to start in the world with no other stock in trade than some hundred or two quotations from Virgil, a smattering of Thomas à Kempis, and half an ode or so of Anacreon or Catullus; let him but contrive to take Chambers in The Temple and, whether he be a student-at-law or not, it will be at once evident to all parties that he is eating his terms—tailors will instinctively contract the idea that his father or guardian is a man well-off in the world, the laundress, being herself propitiated, will propitiate the keeper of the lodge, and a sort of artificial reputation will then be made for the young gentleman, by which, unless he be too impolitic and honest, he may lay the foundation of his after prosperity and live, in the meantime, with scarcely a greater amount of ready cash than might suffice for the elegant maintenance of Romeo’s apothecary.

In Brick-court, in The Temple, then, very poor, but, in the eyes of the laundress, the beadle and the lodge-keeper, rich enough, lived Launcelot Hopetown, aged about twenty-four, a very smally made, very high-voiced, very melancholy, very sickly and a very strange young man, “rayther”—(in the opinion of Mrs. Drabber, the laundress)—“rayther,” and as she spoke that word, Mrs. D. compressed her lips, closed her eyes, nodded her head, and put the tip of her forefinger to her forehead.
In an elegant, ready-furnished first-floor in Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, lived Thomas Tabbs, Esq., "a gay young fellow, full on mirth and full on glee," who differed with his friend Hopetown in everything. It is true that Tabbs, also, was a strange young man, but then all his eccentricities were diametrically the reverse of the other's. If Tabbs were noisy, the other was silence itself; if active, the other was lazy; if fearless, the other was timid; if healthful, the other was weakly; and if not to be found fault with on the score of the possession of two much modesty, the other was bashfulness itself.

Tabbs was poorer than Hopetown, though he had four times his income; but Tom's wants were, indeed, fifty times as many. He lived; Hopetown only vegetated—and as the keep of a pony is more expensive than the culture of a carrot, so Tabbs required more to live on than his friend.

Tabbs's kindred were people of distinction and wealth; all of them, in worldly stores, what some termed "offensively better off than himself;" which conviction assuaged the torture of any scruples which he might otherwise have entertained, in always having an account open with every member of his family, from the fashionable physician—his father—to the brown-wigged and amiable antique—his senior existing ancestor and great aunt—by whose fondness it was that Tom was enabled to sport his cab and even indulge, now and then, in the more influential proprietorship of a positive currie.

When our story commences, Tom was at the very zenith of his aunt's good favor; and a rare time he was having of it.

No two young men differed more materially then Hopetown and Tabbs—yet the man on town and the recluse were always glad to see each other, and no common friendship existed between them. Now it had often struck Tom that Hopetown was going on in the right way to be compelled, eventually and very shortly, to "lay down his knife and fork," as he expressed it—that he was moping himself to death. He determined, therefore, with a zeal of friendship at once pleasing and sublime to draw him out of his melancholies and "unwholesome morality of conduct," and to see what good might be done him by a course of impropriety and change of scene.

On the day preceding the commencement of the Ascot Races of the present year Tom Tabbs bounce into his friend's chambers in Brick-court.

"Ah! Tabbs!" sighed Launcelot, feebly, and without rising from the sofa upon which he was half-reclining when his friend entered—"Is that you?"

"It is, my dear fellow," replied Tom, smacking his gloves upon the table, and placing his hat on the adjacent head of a plaster cast of Sir Humphrey Davy. "It is, my dear fellow, the amiable, the irresistible Tabbs, borne on the wings of friendship, from the paradise of Piccadilly slap-bang through the smoky black jaws of Temple-Bar into the boggy town-domain of Nick and Nox, to redeem from the filthy air thereof, Hopetown, the fallen angel. How's your mother?"

When Tom had finished the above rattling piece of information, he suddenly em-
harked on a vigorous attempt at the double-shuffle, while Hopetown felt like a man whom some unseen power had been turning round, half an hour or so, upon a music-stool. His knowledge of the geography of his apartment was gone; he scarcely knew where he was, or who was with him, but instinctively observed in a tone of mingled reply and remonstrance, "What can I do for you; Tom?"

"Do for me! Confer the deepest obligation in the world. At The Temple-gate in Fleet-street stands my curriucre, the emblem, with the two blood-horses of an aunt's meritorious attachment to a deserving nephew. Jump into it with me, and I'll drive you to Ascot; stop there with you the week—the races you know—and drive you back again to your native bricks and mortar and misery as soon afterwards as you wish. Man of morbid mood, what say you?"

"Tom," answered Hopetown, smiling languidly and solemnly, "Tom—the journey would kill me!"

"Journey! Kill you! Ha! ha! ha! Tut, man! when you get a couple of miles beyond Hyde Park, you'll feel a glow all over you, for all the world as if you had been rubbed down with a blanket. Nothing can possibly do you so much good. Come; I'll ring the bell and give orders to prepare. Nay, my dear friend, I'll take no refusal. Mark me," added Tom, if you persist in not going, I'll instantly drive down to the club and invite some dozen of the merriest blades in the world to take bread-and-cheese with you. Sir Harvey shall bring his bugle with him, and Mark O'Bang, who plays with sweet taste on the gong, shall be one of the party! I'll let loose the blood-hounds of fun upon you in your very hermitage.

"Desperate! Now, that's good—Powerful in the extreme! Why you appear to regard a trip of twenty miles, in the light of a polar expedition. Then, make your will, man; embrace old Drabber for the last time; write a suicidal letter to your relations and face the doubts and dangers of the high-road and becoming spartanacity. Not a bad word that, by the bye;—great minds require an extension of the language. But, come! Be aware, man, that thou hast joints, blood in thy veins and marrow in thy bones; intellect to conceive and strength to act. Make haste, or we shall not arrive at our journey's end before midnight.

"Here's a pretty longish murder, I see," added Tom, taking up the current number of The Times, an "express from Liverpool," an "Awful Instance of the Chemical Properties of Carroway Seed," and "a brace or two of Americanisms." Be off, then, slow and singular individual, and by the time I've skimmed it all over from "Direct to Bombay, the Betsy"—down to "John Joseph Lawson, &c.," "you'll be ready for the starting;" and as the astonished Hopetown left the apartment, Tom administered a diminutive pinch of "37" unto his either nostril, and, pirouetting into a contiguous easy chair, at once applied his mind to the ephemeral literature of the day.

Hopetown's preparations for the trip to Ascot were certainly somewhat singular. One of the things of which he had been from his infancy afraid was a cold; another, an ejection from a carriage or vehicle of any sort; a third a crowd, a fourth sleep-
Launcelot Hopetown; the Hermit of The Temple.

ing in a strange room, and the fifth, sixth and seventh, and so on up to the hundredth, were all those things connected with any other state of being than that of sitting in his own legitimate chamber, secure in the constant contiguity of the benign Drabber. He felt, however, that it was of no use for him to attempt to resist Tabbs's persuasions. Go, he must. "That Tom," thought he, "if he chose, could persuade me to ride a steeple-chase on a dromedary. I can't help it." — So Mrs. Drabber had instructions to prepare for her master's departure.

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. D——, with inward fervor. "What is the world a-going to come to?"

Having secured the service of one of those *genii loci* of The Temple—a ragged, little boy, fleshy in his affirmed starvation and impudently plethoric, who ran any where for gentlemen, and took care that their horses should run no where, Mrs. D—— began to "put the chaise in order," while Hopetown was dressing. Not a thing did Mrs. D—— forget; from the pillow to the pill-box, nothing was forgotten. Faithful was she, also, in all those little matters which so endeared her to her master. In the various pockets were "stuff" for his cough, and "stuff for his nerves, with a little laudanum and a little sticking plaster, a square yard of lint (in case of an upset, as Tom afterwards supposed), not to mention a little brandy, and a few cakes (manufactured by the tender fingers of the domestic Drabber), and nine or ten bottles containing various liquids, the which it was important that he should have at hand because he might *want* them, although there might be no earthly doubt that he would *not*.

The curricula having been "made comfortable," as Mrs. Drabber expressed it, and Hopetown having satisfactorily equipped himself, he entered the apartment in which he had left his friends, followed by Mrs. Drabber, who felt proud to have him under her wing until she had seen him off. Now, Hopetown's appearance was exactly that of a walking feather-bed. Naturally about the size of a corpulent tobacco-pipe, science and dread of catching cold had transformed him into a paragon of abundant humanity. He looked, indeed, very like a legitimate "Jarvey" of the old school, an unwieldy lump of weighty woollen, moving slowly and laboriously, and made, as it seemed to be, literally, part and parcel of those dowager-looking coach-boxes, which characterised the ample vehicles of fifty years ago.

When Hopetown entered, Tom was evidently, what may be emphatically termed, "taken aback." For the minute, Tom hardly knew him, but when Hopetown said, "I'm ready;" his high, thin and pathetic voice at once assured his friend of his identity.

"Packed up for travelling, and no mistake," exclaimed Tom, laughing heartily. "A bale of mysterious goods to perplex the custom-house! What the people will think I'm taking to Asoot, is not for a moment to be guessed at! Some padded figure for a pantomime, or an Egyptian mummy, Frankenstein into a kind of counterfeit vitality!—Suddenly swollen individual! how many coats have you on?"

"Only four, sir," replied Mrs. Drabber, to save her master the exhaustion of a reply. He always wears *three*, and he can easy take the extra one off, after abit, if so be as he don't feel chilly, Sir," and Mrs. Drabber bobbed half a dozen curtseys, as she came to the end of her sentence, by way of apology for the suggestion.
Tabbs, who had a serious side, tho' it was infinitely smaller than his merry one, after he had reflected for an instant on his friend's appearance, instead of continuing to laugh and joke, looked rather melancholy. There was really something pathetic in his friend's timidity and excessive incompetence to anything. Very shortly, however, Tom's joviality got the better of his melancholies; for giving Hopetown a slap on the back which would have knocked him down had it not been for the weight of his habiliments, "Well, my man," cried he, "how shall we get you into the curriole? By all that's whimsical, Hopetown, it wouldn't be a bad plan if you could go on castors! As it is, I suppose your body must, as it were, be persuaded up to The Temple-gate, with a gentle, tender, and by no means impetuous supporting of it, Mrs. Drabber on the one side, and I on the other. So, to business, Mrs. Drabber, if you please. Take care you don't lose your equilibrium, my clothes'-pole. Keep this side upwards, as they say about glass. Now, then," and as Tom, with a facetious affectation of solemnity took hold of his friend's arm, Hopetown very slowly elevated his mouth about half an inch above the horizon of his comforter, and boldly declared it to be his opinion that he could reach the curriole without any other assistance.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom. "So much the better! miracles will never cease. Don't be rash, however. Use all gently. A man, you know, with four great coats on, is in an artificial state."

"Have you got the umbrella, Mrs. Drabber?" enquired Hopetown, feebly muttering through his comforter.

"Yes, Sir,—it's quite safe in the carriage, and the bottle's in the right hand pocket."

"Bottle!" exclaimed Tom, "what's in it?"

"Only water, sir," said Mrs. D.

"For the feet," again muttered Hopetown. "I find that keeping the feet warm materially promotes the muscular action of the stomach."

"Do you! Odd enough," answered Tom, whose attention was attracted (as they reached the slight declivity which leads into Fleet-street) to his friend's apparently exhausted condition. "You've not been accustomed to travel in mountainous countries, I perceive. However you may admire the painters of Italy, the glaciers of Switzerland would perplex you. We shall soon reach the summit, however. But, perhaps, you'll take a rest here?"

"Thank'ee," mumbled Hopetown feebly; and instantly and practically coinciding in the expediency of availing himself of the suggestion, by embracing an adjacent post with all that deep cordiality of feeling which illuminates the eye of a fond father when caressing a beloved child.

"Only let me get rid of the old woman," thought Tom, "and deposit my friend in the curriole, and if I don't give him a lesson in medicine, such as he never had before, call me not the inextinguishable Tabbs: he, accordingly, waited very patiently till Hopetown "got the steam up again," and "the balloon being inflated," suggested another "instalment of progressive." Hopetown acceded through his comforter, and, in five minutes, the trio were in Fleet-street.

It was now Tom's fate to be again astonished, for the interior of his curriole, with
Launcelot Hopetown; the Hermit of The Temple.

the exception of "a rasher of seat," as he termed it, for himself, had been fairly converted into a bed-pillow groaned on pillow; flannel was heaped on flannel; and the pockets, on either side, bulged out like the swollen cheeks of a well-fed and vocal cherubim.

"Never mind!" said Tom to himself, "only let me get him off, fairly, out of the atmosphere of his eccentricities and the Drabberian influence, and if I don't turn him excessively inside out, denominate me not the unapproachable Tabs?"

After a time, they got Hopetown in. Mrs. Drabber's expression of countenance closely resembled that of the Spanish gentleman when he discovered the Pacific Ocean, from the Isthmus of Darien. He had discovered an ocean, she had got her master into a curriole. They were both instruments in the accomplishment of great deeds.

Tom very quickly vaulted into his seat. In an instant his tiger let go the horses' heads, the whip was in his master's uplifted hand, the booted and attendant little Sam had gained his seat behind, and Tom was just about to start, when the lively-minded Drabber arrested his attention by screaming in a shrill insanity of vigor, "S — i — r! S — i — r!" and then stepping up to the side of the restless curriole, almost breathless, she observed, as she placed in the hand of succumbent Hopetown a little, silver-paper packet, about the size of a Barcelona nut, "I'd almost forgotten it, sir."

"What's that?" asked Tom.

The wool sighed Hopetown. "Sometimes I suffer so from the ear-ache."

"Devilish unpleasant!" replied Tom, with something of a sneer, and catching the off horse on the right ear. "Devilish unpleasant!"

Off they went—Hopetown swinging suddenly back with a force that made the anxious Drabber scream again.

"Now, then, for the Western Provinces," merrily exclaimed Tom, and as he flogged the two chargers briskly, the very wind in their faces seemed crying at the rivaling speed at which the curriole skimmed down the street.

The reader will now at once perceive that Hopetown was at the mercy of "the desperate Tom;" and, 'desperate,' Tom undoubtedly was, as far as regarded the peculiar kind of remedial measures which he intended to adopt to induce his friend to alter his course of life and become "a new man." Compassion for Hopetown's imbecility had never entered Tom's heart, for he thought all his illness imaginary, such stuff as dreams are made of, and most easily to be surmounted by severe treatment, severe, perhaps brutal, but wholesome. Poor Hopetown! Even Tom, who could have persuaded him to ride on a dromedary, could not have seduced him into leaving his home and Mrs. Drabber, had he any forethought of the game that was about to be played him—how he was about to be dragged from place to place with a demoniacal swiftness—to remain up till daylight, and, finally, get into beds of a doubtful dryness, and in rooms suggestive, because dark and unfamiliar, of the
Mysteries of Udolpho. How he was to be compelled to eat all sorts of things, cooked he did not know by whom; and the public mind red-hot, too, with the romantic misfortune of Madame Laffarge! How he should have to sit "in draughts" and "too near fires;" and "with damp feet;" and "the window open and no flannel-cap on!" "How he should have to reside among people who did "not use warming-pans in July;" who entered apartments with a cruel suddenness, and a noise so widely different from that Drabberian considerateness of tread which the old woman probably inherited from her mother, who was a pew-opener! "How, in short, he was to be made to live like other animals—having feelings and causing feelings—and not exist like a mere snail or potatoe, covered up, or with eyes that see not."—Oh! if Hopetown had had it even suggested to him, that Tom was going to turn him inside out, he would not have left Brick-court for half an hour.—As it was, he was doomed, or, as Tom himself expressed it, "done—and all the better for it—like a mutton-chop."

When our heroes arrived at Richmond—Tom had driven on purpose out of his direct road—he drew up with a sudden jerk at what George Robins would call "a very desirable residence on the brow of the hill."

"What are you going to do now, Tom," enquired Hopetown, in a voice somewhat exhilarated into audibility, by the idea that he was going to have a rest.

"Nothing particular," replied Tom with a gay indifference to his friend's anxiety. "Never heard me speak of O'Jumpus? The very best fellow in the world—a personification of the concentrated virtues and excellencies of Chrichton, Shakspeare, Tom Spring, Socrates, Alderman Tiompson, Bayard, Captain Morris Bishop Berkeley, Alfred the Great, Jack Reeves and the Colossus at Rhodes—lives here! Got a lion and a wolf; a pleasing sprinkling of bull-dogs and an Hyrena! Quite domestic and such a pet! Come! Jump down at once. We can't stop long. 'Tis quite a treat. They run about the room, you know, just like the offspring of human lions."

"No cages—!" gasped the half-suffocated Hopetown. "Loose!"

"Cages! Horrid restrictions," sneered Tom. "Loose as larks, and when they know you placid as pigeons. O'Jumpus didn't like it at first. The lion seemed uneasy, you know, and one of the bull-dogs was always smelling at his calf, but now, the feelings between him and them have ripened into quite a friendship. Still: he's rigorous. You'll perceive that he always keeps a fire in the room—"

"What's that for?" breathed out Hopetown.

"For a red-hot poker. All children require correction at times. As my father used to say, when he flogged me, 'Tom, it hurts my feelings, but I am a parent!' Dear parent! He then began flogging me harder than ever, and told me it hurt his feelings more than it did mine; strange delusion!—O'Jumpus calls the poker a pill! Not a bad idea is it? When any one of them behaves badly at meal-time, he whips the poker out of its native fire and shoves it into the animal's mouth; or perhaps, merely singes its nose!"
Hopetown looked like a dead man trying to laugh. "Well, I'll tell you what it is," said he, after a long and agonised pause. "As I've not—as I've not the pleasure of Mr. O'Rumpus's acquaintance, I'll not intrude. Don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of going. I don't mind how long I wait, because I've got "Blow on Asthma" in my pocket, and "Screwface on Cramp" in the boot, and I shan't think it long. No; excuse me, I can't think even of intruding on Mr. O'Rumpus. It would not, indeed, be pleasant to my feelings."

Tom found that he had too greatly exaggerated the freedom of the members of Mr. O'Rumpus's menagerie. All about the bull-dogs was true, and there was a tame lion, but the rest were caged—and the red-hot poker was not in the fire, but only in Tom's head. No persuasion of his, however, would induce Hopetown to alight; so Tom promised to be only a minute or so, and rang at the gate bell. Very shortly, it was opened to him, and as he entered it was closed after him. Hopetown breathed merely freely.

Will the reader have the goodness to suppose a vast and tremendous drum, always being struck by two giants, of some musical taste, with huge one-hundred-weight-of brass drum-sticks. It was inside this sort of drum that Tom's friend, the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus, passed his days—the most uproarious and noise-loving fellow that ever gave his grandmother a headache, or took warning from his landlady for singing hunting-songs in bed, two hours after midnight. Handsome and well put together, O'Rumpus was six feet high, with hands about the size of boxing gloves; legs like those in the Elgin Marble-room at the British Museum; and a foot singularly adapted to one of those extraordinary gilt Hessian-boots, which do fixed duty over the shop fronts of contemporary sons of Crispin. His voice was that of the north-west; his smile the momentary lightening of the dark-night's tempest—and his manners those of one of the lamented giants at Guildhall, a little refined by the habitual atmosphere of a drawing-room and the yeast of two or three years at Oxford. His limbs were every one of them large in proportion, and his strength tremendous. In short, he was, to all intents and purposes, what may be called a folio edition of a man.

Thus pre-eminently qualified to be the very beau-ideal of "a man on town"—young, rich, handsome, well-descended, strong, active and good-natured; fond of punch, batchelor's parties and all those peculiar pleasures which are the reverse of short-whist—always-stop-at-home-of-an-eveningism, sago, domestic economy—and seilditz powders, Mr. O'Rumpus might have been supposed not to be over nice in his language, and rather addicted to drinking; with the moral gold, as it were, of his gentlemanly blood and fine nature, darkened to the color of tarnished brass by an habitual carelessness for respect of his equals and a love of the admiration of the least principled of his inferiors. But this was not O'Rumpus. He had about him that fine Irish freshness of nature, which is as peculiar to the sons of Erin, as is their predisposition to indulge in homicide without knowing it. He had the strength of a giant, and knew how and when to use it. He was, therefore, courageous. Those
that knew him not, however, would often call him coward; for, unlike an Irishman, he seldom took notice of even an obvious insult, if he could possibly help it; and the kind of fighting to which he gave his preference was fighting "shy." Woe betide the unlucky wight, however, of whom he did fall foul. Rory, too, neither exhibited the weakness of using oaths, nor was known to be intoxicated above once or twice a quarter—"and so as just to keep his hand in," as he called it. He was a right hearty gentleman, and one after Tabbe's own heart. How Hopetown liked him will be seen presently.

Rory was delighted to see Tom. They shook hands with a vigor of affection that might have dislocated the arm of a common man—it was like the friendly greeting of two enthusiastic pump-handles.

"And, pray what might bring you here, Tom," enquired Rory.

"The identical vehicle which I trust will take you to Ascot," replied his friend. "My curriole. The fact is I am engaged in a philosophical experiment."

"To what end! An experiment to mollify all sects and creeds into a society of tolerance, that mankind shall all live in brotherly love; or to condense Tories, Conservatives, Whigs, Whig-Radicals, Radicals and Chartists into a kind of political Lake-Leman—a vast sheet of reposing sweetness?"

"Which or both; either of which, both, or neither?"

"Neither, my dear fellow. I am about to endeavour to manufacture a man?"

"And what may be your materials and tools?"

"As for tools they are my wits—I flatter myself edged-tools: my materials are difficult to describe. To cut the metaphorical, however, who do you think I've got waiting for me in the curriole?"

"Your groom, perhaps—for I can't suppose you have a friend outside any garden walls belonging to me, "provided always and be it farther enacted," as the saying is, that it's amiable proprietor is inside."

"Nay, he wouldn't come in. 'Tis Hopetown, whom you have so often heard me mention. I'm going to renovate him, and want you to help me."

"Whom do you mean? The barrister in the bud, of whom I've so often heard you speak? The deuce! And why won't he come in?"

"Why, I mentioned your Exeter-rechange, you know; somewhat exaggerated it, perhaps, in that strange perplexity which I have to fun. It were as easy to harpoon a whale with a glance from Laura Mildmay's eye, as to get him in. Therefore, I do suggest, put on your hat, give your purse a luncheon, and join us in the curriole—we're going to Ascot."

"What! Mr. Hopetown going with you?"

"Just so. My experiment, man!" I'm about to alter him, as the tailors say. Take him in a little bit here, and let him out a little bit there, and turn him, and take a bit of one part of him and put it on another. In short, you understand me. I intend to make him one of us. He's an excellent fellow—a Lord Chancellor in
the grub, I assure you—but mopes, mopes, mopes, all day long—so that his mind has become at last quite negative, like a basin of gruel."

"Ha! Ha! The idea takes me. Go! I'll be off with you in the snatch of a bulldog's jaw-bone, my dear Tabbs. Wait here five minutes and I'll join you. Run over that MS. of mine. 'Tis an "Essay on the Right Treatment of Lions Tails." You'll find it quite a sponge of interest."

Let us for a moment join Hopetown, whom we left in the curriole.

We have said that Launcelot was timid. In evading danger, however, to make use of a paradox, he was very courageous. He would encounter any chances of danger to avoid a certain peril; how, therefore, was it, then, that he began to reflect on the expedition upon which he had entered. Tom Tabbs's absence left him to coil within the shell of his own nature and peculiarities, and thus, for the first ten minutes after Tom left him, Hopetown continued buried in thought.

Sam—the tiger—was all this time taken up with the horses. Directly a master leaves his groom with the carriage, the latter invariably commences a kind of affectionate communication with the animals. He next adjusts their bits, arranges their manes, inspects their hoofs, considerately, with the eye of a veterinary shoe-maker, and pats them on the shoulders, while their noses are affectionately buried in his shirtfront. The horses are, in fact, his hobby. Sam took as little notice, therefore, of Hopetown, as the latter did for some time of Sam. Hopetown shortly evinced symptoms of uneasiness, however. He was restless, so that the curriole bobbed up and down as he moved. This drew Sam's attention.

"How many miles is Ascot from here," asked Hopetown, hesitatingly, and as feebly as ever.

"Don't know the road, sir," replied Sam, popping his finger up to his hat, as though just to ascertain whether or not it was on his head.

"Oh," remarked Hopetown, coolly. "What's o'clock?"

"Har-harter—ten, sir," said Tom, with another pop up of his fingers and jerking his watch, knowingly, from its fob.

A pause.

Hopetown, the physiognomist would have now perceived, was laboring with his thoughts—struggling to give utterance to vast and tremendous feelings. Sam inspected another brace of hoofs, and applied his mind to the science of catching flies on the backs of the horses.

The fact was, Hopetown wanted to go home again;—in other words, to give Tabbs the slip! This, without the consent of Sam he felt would be impossible. His difficulty was how to break the matter to that smallest of domestics, without sacrificing his personal dignity. It quickly suggested itself to him, "to plead sudden illness." Sam, thought he, will then run in for his master;—"to plead that he had left something behind him"—that was absurd;—"to bribe Sam into becoming a party to the
escape.” How could he set about that? What could he say or do by way of commencing the attempt?

Here ensued a longer pause than before.

At last—“Sam!” said Hopetown, rather more audibly than he was accustomed to speak, and with some little spirit “Sam!”

“Yez-zir!” cried Sam.

“Are you a lad of any sensibility—can you sympathise with a gentleman who tells you that he is in a condition of considerable bodily ailment and mental anxiety. Do you?” Hopetown now felt that he had broken the ice, as it were; that he had committed himself; he was, therefore, proceeding boldly on, Sam all the time standing stock-still by the side of the vehicle, torpid with mystification, and his mouth as wide open as that of a pickle jar. “Do you hear, Samuel, what I say to you.”

“Yez-zir!” said Sam, with that professional quickness which was instinctive with him and again touching his hat.

“Samuel, I’m not fit to go to Ascot,” continued the almost exhausted Hopetown, “and, Sam, I’ll give—I’ll give you—ten pounds if you’ll—”

It was too late, however. To Hopetown’s horror he saw Tabbs and his friend coming down the garden-walk. It was all over. He deeply felt that it was. There was no chance for him! His fate was sealed.

Sam, hearing his master’s voice, ran to the horses’ heads.

“Here we are, my dear lad!” cried Tabbs, issuing from the gateway, and accompanied by Rory O’Rumpus, who was equipped for the journey and was smoking a Meerschaum pipe mightily adapted in size for the mouth-piece of an ogre.

“Mr. Hopetown, the Honorable Mr. Rumpus; the Honorable Mr. Rumpus, Mr. Hopetown!”

“How d’ye do, sir?” faintly articulated Hopetown, as he accepted the proffered cordiality of O’Rumpus’s huge hand, the grip of which paralysed his efforts at any farther observation.

“Delighted to see you, sir!” said Rumpus, vaulting into the curriole over the door, and scientifically depositing himself beside Hopetown. “Hope we shall have a fine day of it, and a merry one; it bids fair, does it not? Neither too hot nor too cold, but the pleasing atmospheric medium. Exquisite day, to be sure, Tabbs! How do you manage? Will you have one of my horses, or is there room here?”

“Plenty. I hate riding,” replied Tabbs; “its so unsociable. When it is friendship that squeezes, what’s a little squeezing?” added Tabbs, getting in.

“Nothing whatever—a pleasing sacrifice at the altar of sympathy,” replied O’Rumpus, making way for him. “Is it not, Mr. Hopetown?—a little further, if you please, sir.”

“Very pleasing, sir,” answered the invalid, as audibly as the suffocation would permit his utterance.

Tom soon had the reins and whip in hand, and in another minute they were off, Rory puffing away from the meerschaum to such an extent that it gave the vehicle, to the distant spectator, the appearance of a steam-engine. Hopetown, jammed in as tight as a cork in a bottle of soda-water—and Tabbs, elevated above the others on
his throne of office, glad in the "nice conduct" of his steed, and the success he had so far met with in the progress of his experiment.

Let us pass over the arrival at Ascot—the night our three heroes slept there—or, rather, that two of them did (for Hopetown’s anxieties murdered his repose), and every thing that happened to them, until we find them all three at breakfast at Ascot the day following.

Their breakfast, Rory declared, had been a glorious one; Tabbs echoed the sentiment: they had neither of them ever felt happier. Poor Hopetown, even, despite his sleepless night and disturbed mind, really looked better than he had for many years. Tom told him so, and Rory declared that he appeared to him the "very picture of flourishing health; mens sana in corpore sano, as the Latin grammar so powerfully has it, Mr. Hopetown."

"Do you know," said Hopetown, while they were at breakfast, "this milk is much better than we get in town?"

Rory winked at Tom. "That's the first step," whispered the former, aside, "to the consummation so devoutly to be wished."

"Milk better!" echoed Tom; "every thing’s better. The water of this vicinity is the milk of the metropolis. Don’t you find the bacon excellent? I thought so. The minds of the pigs about here are so free from care! And the eggs?—To be sure!—See how happy all the hens look! Bless you, Hopetown!—God bless you, my dear boy!—I’m delighted to see you enjoy your breakfast. Take some wine—here!"—and he presented him with the bottle.

Hopetown drank the wine with a gout that made Tom very sanguine, indeed, of the success of the experiment. "How kindly he takes every thing," said he aside to Rory. "I shall succeed to a certainty."

"Well, how shall we go?—Walk, horseback or curricule?—Which is it to be?" enquired Tom.

"Just which you and Mr. Hopetown please," said Rory.

"Oh, pray let me be neuter," said Hopetown.

"The neutral is a step above the effeminate, isn’t it?" said Tom aside to Rory.

"Well, then, shall we walk? ‘Tis not above half a mile from where we are," enquired Hopetown. "But have another glass of wine;—empty the second bottle, lads!"

Rory drank some out of a tumbler, with an amplitude of vinous tendency that would have gone to the very heart of Bacchus, had the obese god but seen him. Hopetown ventured on the enormity of a third glass, and Tom finished the bottle.

"Shall we walk, Hopetown, eh?" enquired he.

"Yes, if you like," replied the interrogator, with real vigor of tone and manner.

"Ride or walk, whichever you like."

"Walk, then!" shouted Rory; "so let us be off. ‘Tempus,’ as the Latin Grammar so exquisitely remarks, ‘tempus fugit,’ which, being literally translated, means make haste: so hats on, gentlemen!"
Off they all set in high glee, leaving Sam behind them to follow later in the day with the curricula.

Sam was an acute lad: he had a strong desire, also, to obtain possession of such things as were good to eat and drink, and he knew very well that when a man is travelling, the best friends he can make in cases of danger and necessity are the ladies. So Sam sought the kitchen and found, that following his nose, as far as that place was concerned, was a sure way to ascertain it, for the whole tavern was redolent of savory steams, and glowed with the generous heat of its hospitable fires. Sam was in search of one of the maid-servants, imagining, and rightly enough, that the cockade and top-boots of a trim little lad of sixteen were about as sure to effect an entrance through the female heart into the general larder of the establishment, as his master's money reached it through the heart of the sagacious landlady.

"I beg your pardon," said he, opening the kitchen door and encountering the smiling faces of some eight or ten females, whose respective ages varied from the forty-eight summers of the cook-in-chief, to the seventeen moons of Mary, the upper chambermaid’s principal assistant. "I beg your pardon, ladies," said Sam, bowing most enchantingly and sticking one leg out so as to ensure the obviousness of his top-boots, "but could any one of you be so kind as just for to tell me where the blacking-brushes is? My boots," here Sam elevated one leg much in the same way that Cerito does when preparing for a spin round; "my boots are so shockingly in want of a little refreshment.”

"Oh, certainly!" cried all the delighted women at the same time. But the cook stepped forward with the air of one privileged to manage the most important matters, and eloquently informed him that they were in “that ere little room, behind a box as is on that ere shelf where you sees the candle-box a hanging over.” Sam had only time to bow his thanks and exchange a glance with Mary, before the cook closed the door on him.

"I wants you all to do me a pertickler favor," said the cook, immediately addressing the ladies of the house. "He’s a nice little fellow as ever I see; but I’ve got a special reason for not wanting him to come down here. You see’d the old lady what was here half an hour ago; that’s my sister Mary from Lunnun, and that ere young fellow’s master and her master is come up to Ascot to the races, and she, for very pertickler reasons, don’t want the young chap to see her, as she don’t want her young master to know as she’s not in town. Now, I say, let girls be girls, and if so be as any on you do like to give him a treat, why cook warn’t never hard in that way, and won’t be hard now.” So they promised to keep little Sam out of the kitchen, and determined to make him as welcome as they could elsewhere.

Little, however, did Sam think that his stay among "the ladies" was to be so short as the fates had ordained it.

We left the three gentlemen on the Heath.

Except to the parties personally concerned in the horses, the abstract races are matters of very little interest. It is the concomitants that are the attraction—

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just as, in our opinion at least, the capers and turnips constitute the beatific pre-eminenace of boiled-legs of mutton. Rory, Tom and Hopetown who had no stud to boast of, nor ever “made up a book,” as the phrase is, saw much to amuse them in the motley crowd that was assembled on the Heath. The two former, as will readily be believed, were in their element. The fun and riot, the noise, the admixture of busy traders with busy revellers; the equipages, the music, the gathering of the beauty and the chivalry of the land; the excitement that flushed the cheek and glowed in the eyes of all; the perpetual helter-skelter—hurrying to-and-fro of the dense mass of dogs, men, horses, women, donkeys and vehicles of every kind, from the prominent britzka to the retiring wheelbarrow; in short, what may be called the conflagration of enjoyment that blazed around them, delighted Rory and Tom, fairly tripping up the heels of their discretion, and depositing them on the reckless stilts of daring and abundant mirth. Hopetown, too, was really electrified—his eye positively twinkled with enjoyment—he entered heart and soul into the humours of the scene around him, capering about as a spaniel does when its master takes his hat from the peg. The men with the pea-and-thimble were evidently, he thought, playing a very losing game, and the ladies at the stalls and in the booths he quite pitted, subjecting themselves, as they were necessarily compelled to do, to so much rudeness. All things, to the innocence of his heart, appeared primitively delightful, and quite unalloyed by any moral impropriety or trickery. He liked every thing he saw and heard, such was his entire good humour, and such his disposition to “taste an excellence” rather than to find a fault.

After losing a few pounds at two or three tables; assisting a fat man to rise, who had been tripped up by a thin man, as the latter reclined on the grass; after partaking of sundry bottles of strawberries, sundry ices, glasses of wines of various nativity, with cheese-cakes and cakes of Banbury; and tumbled, all three of them, over a gingerbread stall; and been to the weighing-place and to the winning-post; and stood in the Stand; and caught a glimpse of a nose which was popularly reported to be identical with that of Her Majesty; and been into a cart-theatre to visit “The Enormous Woman and The Eloquent Poodle;” and heard the cheer when “Mr. O’Connell’s Modesty,” the favorite; came in the winner—and seen a fight between a peer and a post-boy—and been deprived, two of them, of their watches; and deprived, one of them, of his shirt-pin, purse, pocket-book, tooth-pick, handkerchief and coat-tail, this was poor Hopetown!: after all this, and much more, the three enterprising friends found that the races were over, and that the Heath was being gradually vacated. They adjourned, therefore, to where Sam had been told to wait for them with the curricula, and hot, rather tired, very good-humored and very vinous, they jumped into the vehicle and drove to the tavern to dinner.

To go to Ascot and return home without any accident has always been regarded by the ablest and most impartial judges as an impossibility. The course of race-courses never did run smooth. So it turned out with our heroes.

It has been already recorded that no one of them was in that condition of downright and unquestionable sobriety which generally characterises, or ought to characterise, the deportment of those Heaven-gifted beings, the aldermen of the City of

K—(court magazine)—September, 1842.
London, when seated as judges in a court of law. Rory, Hopetown and Tabbs were, indeed, very merry, in the physical as well as the social meaning of that word, and as they rode home Rory laughed loudly, Tabbs scientifically clipped the leaves off the trees with his whip-end, while Hopetown sat quietly enough, certainly, but indulging in a perpetual kind of giggle, which was interrupted only now and then by the faint exclamation of "Capital!"—"Bravo!"—"Well done!" and so forth, when Rory cracked a joke, or Tabbs caught a fly with his whip off the restless ear of one of the horses.

Short as their ride was from the Heath to the tavern, the fates had so arranged it that the gentlemen were to get into a scrape, and one which they were to find it far easier to get into than to get out of.

Tabbs, not knowing his way, or careless by what road he exactly went, was driving through a narrow lane, not in the direct route. When the curriole had proceeded about half way, the gentlemen beheld a phaeton and four coming in the opposite direction, and containing such another party as their own. Much such another it really was, for it consisted of three gentlemen and a tiger, as our friend’s did, and they had been paying their devoirs as amply at the shrine of the rosy god.

Here, then, was what in Anglicised French would be justly termed a wrong-counter with a vengeance. The lane was scarcely wide enough to admit one carriage, and it was not likely that either party would feel inclined to back their horses some fifty or sixty yards.

The two drivers pulled in, just in time to save their horses’ heads from knocking against each other, and a pause instantly ensued, during which one party looked the other party full in the face, all six somewhat annoyed and perplexed, and not one of them hitting on the most expedient phrase in which to commence a parley.

"I hope, gentlemen," began Rory, at last, "I hope this unpleasantness has not been wilfully occasioned by you. You must have surely seen us coming as you entered the lane, for we have traversed considerably more than three quarters of it."

"We know nothing about that, sir," replied a military-looking man, with a brogue that set his words tumbling head and heels over each other, like peas out of a measure; "but its a mighty iligant conviction that we have, every one of us, that ye’ll have to go out of it in the same way ye came into it, only seeing that as you must go backwards, the means will be entirely the reverse."

"Is it not possible, gentlemen," suggested Hopetown, standing up on the seat of the curriole, and surveying the hedge on either side of him, "to come to a pleasant arrangement in this matter?" He was really alarmed.

"If ye have no large objection," replied the speaker on the other side, "to step, horses, carriage and all, into one of the hedges, it’s myself that’ll condescend to drive by you, before you’ve time almost to get out of the way."

"Good, captain!" cried one of his friends, while all three of them laughed heartily at the captain’s polite proposal.

"What I propose is this," said Tabbs, who was decidedly the least "merry" of
all of them, "that one of the servants should take the horses out, and the carriages can then pass each other by a little management, with very slight damage from the hedges to either of them."

"But as we don't happen mightily to want to remain here all that time, it might suit our convenience better if we were to insist on your backing your horses, while we condescended to do you the kindness to drive on without the least inconvenience to ourselves," said the Irishman.

"Good, captain!" cried the other two, all three laughing as heartily as before.

"What do you mean by 'insist,' sir?" enquired the impetuous Rory, speaking through his teeth, and clenching his concealed fist.

"You'll find it in Johnson, my good fellow!" answered the captain; "but if you don't understand me, suppose I say, that it comes within the circle of my will and pleasure to compel you to back your horses up the hill, and until both carriages are out of the lane."

Rory uttered not a single word, neither did his countenance change, but he quietly opened the door of the curricule, and getting out of it, stepped up to the side of the phaeton, and very coolly knocking one of the party who stood in his way clean out of the other side of it, he laid hold of the arm of the blustering Irishman, and with a tug that might have done credit to Hercules himself, pulled him clean into the road. Tabbs was soon at his side, for he saw that the third stranger was bent on mischief.

"Now, sir," said Rory, with a desperate energy, "move one inch, and I'll let you into a secret, which may wound your face as well as your dignity. Come here, Sam: and you, sir," addressing the other servant, "help my friend's groom to take your master's horses from the phaeton."

The three strangers looked as if they should very much like to try the issue of a battle.

"Do make everything comfortable, gentlemen," remonstrated the nervous Hopetown. "Calm your feelings—pray arrange the little affair."

"If these gentlemen will be quiet, there will not be much difficulty in that," replied Rory, while the two grooms were busily engaged taking the horses away.

"Your conduct, sir, is more than of a prize-fighter than a gentleman," observed the stranger, who had not yet spoken.

"Don't insult him, sir!" entreated Hopetown. "He's a remarkably powerful individual, as you perceive, and is the son of a dead peer, and the uncle of a live one. Pray take everything easy; do keep cool!"

"If my conduct, sir, is like that of a prize-fighter, it's quite the kind of conduct your friend's bullying and your more cowardly encouragement of him deserve. I respect a man physically weaker than myself too much not to make use of my strength when it can punish the bullies who would ride rough-shod over him. Be quiet, gentlemen. I tell you, candidly, that I could annihilate every one of you in less time than I could overcome my regret that you had compelled me to do so. There, gentlemen, if you'll remain here, my friend, Mr. Tabbs, and myself will assist the servants to place your carriage on the other side of our own."
The Hermit of the Temple; or, Launcelot Hopetown.

The strangers did possess the better part of valor, if no other, for they judiciously submitted.

"That is my card, sir," said Tabbs, jumping into his curriole after his two friends, and when everything had been arranged. "You will find us at the tavern which you see in the distance. Good afternoon." Rory bowed as coolly as need be. Hopetown, smiling, bowed most good-naturedly to the strangers, and the curriole of our heroes set off on its road to the tavern, leaving their discomfited opponents to manage as best they might.

On their arrival at the hotel, Tabbs and Rory met a host of friends from town, "choice spirits," as they are termed, fellows of regular fox-hunting constitutions, who eat rump-steaks and drink bottled-porter for breakfast. The dinner, therefore, was one of the most jovial description, and when the cloth was removed and the wines put in circulation, not a Melton-Mowbray merry-making surpassed our party in abandonment to all that was light-hearted and "glorious."

Sir Felix Flathead proposed that their friend, the Hon. Mr. Rory O'Rumpus be requested to take the chair. The inimitable Tabbs, in a speech of flattering brevity, but consummate eloquence, seconded that motion. Mr. O'Rumpus declined. His 'feelings of respect for 'the house,' and his deep sense of its kindness, made him resolve not to inconvenience it by his inexperience in presidential affairs, by doing himself the distinguished honor of sitting with his back to the fire-place. He begged leave to propose that Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq., be requested to take the chair." Lieutenant Mark O'Bang hollowed out, "and I second that motion! Just the kind of man—so temperate!"

Mr. Hopetown was about to decline the honor, but Tabbs having drawn his attention by pinching his calf, and winking at him significantly and irresistibly, Hopetown said, "however incompetent in some respects I might be to become the speaker of this august assembly, inasmuch as that gentleman's duties chiefly consist in holding his tongue, I am cheerfully willing to undertake them," and, he thought, as able as most men to perform them.

Hopetown took the chair beneath a tempest of applause. Rory and Tabbs saw that he was a little more "merry" than they had at first thought. "He had forgotten," said the former, "that although he might have to speak little, it became his duty as chairman to obey the call upon him, which Lieutenant O'Bang instantly made, to sing a song."

"Is there no getting out of this, my dear Tabbs?" enquired Hopetown, aside. "Must I insult St. Cecilia before so many gentlemen, whose countenances tell me that they are her chosen high priests?"

"Sing, my dear fellow!" replied the other. "And, gentlemen," continued he, aloud, "if you want to hear the English ballad sung in such style that you can at once appreciate its sublime simplicity, and acknowledge its pathos and tenderness with the heart-throbs of your respective sensibilities, listen, and you will hear it now!"
"You all know what a whimsical fellow my friend is. He told me yesterday that Mr. O'Bang plays delightfully on the gong," laughed Hopetown.

"So I do!" roared out the lieutenant; "and as the instrument happens to be in my cab, by and bye you shall judge for yourself, Mr. Hopetown; or if you like to be accompanied, and will favor us with 'The Meeting of the Waters,' I'll be your orchestra with pleasure."

"Thank ye, sir," said Hopetown; "I'm afraid I should put you out. But I anticipate your solo with anxiety. If you'll allow me, I'll trouble you with 'The Mountain Maid.'"

"Charming!—no trouble at all! I shall be delighted with her," replied O'Bang.

Hopetown commenced. Order having been established by Rory and O'Bang, firstly he put his hand to his mouth, and hemmed mappishly and feebly; then he looked up to the ceiling, as if he could have read there the first line of the song; then he smiled as if he despaired of getting through it.


"Thank ye, sir," said Hopetown; then he hemmed again as before, and again looked up to the ceiling: he began:

"The moun——"

He began again: "The mountain maid from her——"

"Don't agitate yourself, sir," again suggested O'Bang.

Hopetown began again, and this time succeeded well enough till he came to the allegro movement at the end of the first verse, the chief parts of the words of which movement he rather spoke than sang. This nothing daunted him, however, but he went at the second verse with redoubled vigor, just as a man at the end of a race puts on an outward and agonised imitation of freshness, to give the spectators an idea that he has accomplished the task with facility.

"Bravo!" shouted out every one of his auditors. "If the shepherd sang anything in that style," observed O'Bang, "the mountain maid discovered her taste in admiring the fellow. Beautiful, Mr. Hopetown!—'pon my life, quite a change after all that volatile, mere science, of Rubini, and the volcanic tumult of Lablache, to hear one of our own ballads poured forth with such exceeding simplicity. It was not singing, Mr. Hopetown—it went beyond it; it was something, as it were, that one hears, and may hear again—a breathing—an expiration—a——"

"You're very good," said the distressed Hopetown. "Allow me to give you a toast:—" may the——"

Here the speaker was interrupted by hearing Mr. O'Bang observe to one of the servants that had just entered the apartment, "that is Mr. Hopetown at the head of the table."

"What is it waiter?" said Hopetown.

"Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll's groom, sir, desired me to take this letter in to you," replied the man. "His master told him," he said, "that it was to be given to you without fail, and, immediately, as it was of great consequence. That being the case, sir, I ventured to bring it in."

"You did quite right," replied Hopetown. "Is the man waiting?"
"No, sir. Sir Cornelius is stopping here during the races," said the waiter, and bowing, made his exit.

"What is it Hopetown?" enquired Tabbs, aloud, for he had passed to the other end of the room to speak to the lieutenant. "Has a lady found you out, or is it a challenge?"

"If our friends will permit me to run the letter over, I may be better able to tell you," replied Hopetown, opening the letter, while his companions, all on tiptoe for some piece of excitement or other, waited in no small anxiety the result of the perusal.

Hopetown read the letter over rapidly, and his face presented immediately an expression of the most solemn mystification. He turned the letter upside down, and over and over, and examined the handwriting, and the signature, and the address, and then began a second, but a careful, perusal of it.

"What is it?" enquired Tabbs.

"You may depend on't there's either a lawyer or a lady in the matter. The only fetters, the prospect of enjoying which make a man turn pale, are those of Master Cupid, Bachelor of Hearts, or Mr. Selby, of Chancery-lane, the seraph's officer and the sheriff's officer," rattled away the ever-rattling Mark O'Bang.

"What is it, Hopetown," enquired Tabbs again, and really anxious to know, for his friend's face had assumed a deadly paleness, and he looked ill.

"It's a letter," agitatedly replied Hopetown, and scarcely knowing what he said, or where he was, or who he was.

"Is it private?" enquired Tabbs.

"Very unpleasant, indeed," remarked Hopetown, mistaking his friend's enquiry.

"Insulting—extremely insulting—and I may say equally unaccountable. It is also alarming,—extremely alarming, and there's no knowing where it will all end."

"May I know what it is about?" enquired Tabbs.

"Most certainly. But I intend to face the man.—I did n't come out of Brick Court to be called a rascal without shooting the fellow through the head who so stigmatized me. I may be little—but there's many a man under the middle height that's got a finger strong enough to pull a trigger—a trigger, I say, Mr. Tabbs—the trigger of a loaded pistol, and send the ball whizzing through the empty head of the offensive and unmannersly ruffian that insults him. Napoleon Buonaparte was a little man and so am I—but he had a soul, Mr. Tabbs, and so have I—g Gentlemen," continued Hopetown, greatly excited, "before I received this letter (here the speaker tossed off a glass of wine) I was about to have the honor of giving you a toast. Pardon the interruption that has occurred,—excuse my agitation—" May every man under five feet four know how to use his soul!"

"Bravo! brav'o!" echoed from all sides of the room.

"And his toe, too!" roared out Mr. O'Bang.

"And now, gentlemen," said Hopetown, "with your kind permission, my beloved friend Mr. Tabbs will read you this letter."

Tabbs took it in hand, and proceeded at once to business—
Sir,—You are a scoundrel and a coward, and I demand the satisfaction due to a gentleman for your infamous treatment of me. I send my groom with this note, that, in the event of your intended departure, this evening, for town, you may consider the propriety of remaining where you are. My friend Lord Capers will wait on you in an hour to arrange every formality; I hold you answerable for the conduct of your party as I am wholly ignorant of the name of the other ruffians.

Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq. CORNELIUS O'DRISCOLL.

"So," said Tabbs, as he concluded the note. "A very pretty quarrel as it stands, truly: and mysterious sufficiently.

"He's a dead shot!" cried O'Bang, "that Irishman. He'd shoot the grey hairs out of a man's head, one after the other, at twelve paces. Mr. Hopetown I congratulate you, sincerely, on the favorable opportunity to distinguish yourself."

"Pray still that wag's tongue of your's, Mark," said his cousin Rory. "I see it all. The baronet is the Irishman we so discomfited in the lane this afternoon. He must have heard Mr. Hopetown's name mentioned and mistaken me for the gentleman who had the honor to hear it. Did not the waiter say that Sir Cornelius was stopping here?"

"Yes," answered the other.

"Then I'll wait on him—or rather you will, Tabbs, as my friend, and he and I will arrange our little quarrel first." Rory told the adventure to the company.

"But I gave him my card," replied Tabbs, "expecting to receive a hostile message as a matter of course."

"Then, as you have not received one," suggested the lieutenant, "send him one, I'll wait upon him for my cousin, and Sir Felix will accompany me on the part of Mr. Tabbs. The deuce is in it if he doesn't get a scratch or so from one or other of the three of you."

"The suggestion is admirable," remarked Lord Nutmeg, delighted at the prospect of an adventure so exciting—make the fellow fight at once. I've heard that he faces a target with more coolness than he does an enemy. Higsworth told me that he should have decidedly perforated his liver had the baronet not trembled so all over when he popped at him at the Scrubbs that he could not for the life of him fix his aim."

"But I, as the first aggrieved, ought to have the first shot at the fellow," remonstrated Hopetown, who had been pouring some half-dozen more glasses of courage down his throat.

"Well, sir," said Lord Nutmeg, "I shall feel proud to have the honor of waiting on the baronet on your behalf."

"My Lord I value your condescension, and accept your offer."

"So then," cried O'Bang, "let us be off at once, and storm the baronet while he's making his will and writing to his friends."

The three gentlemen, Lord Nutmeg, Sir Felix, and the lieutenant rose instantly, and leaving their companions to talk over the serious turn which the affairs of the day had taken, left the dining-room to wait on Sir Cornelius.

"Oh, La! oh, la!" cried Mrs. Drabber, as she sat in the kitchen of the hotel, surrounded by her sister, the cook and all the female servants of the establishment.

"This is what it is to go out upon a discursion of pleasure!" moaned she, rocking herself to and fro on her chair, and vigorously rubbing the copious tears from her cheeks with her apron, one corner of which she every now and then stuffed into her eye to
prevent, as it were, a deluge of lachrymal outlay. "Dorothy! Dorothy! Dorothy!"
what have you got in these parts, instead of police."

"Constables, Mary?" replied her sister—"Mr. Soper, here, lives just round the
corner. And he's a constable in his own right, as the saying is, and as nice a spoken
man as need be."

"Lives round the corner, does he?" cried Mrs. D—, instantly rising and taking
her bonnet and shawl. "Then I'll go and ask him to be so good as to put master
into prison! Fight he shan't, if I can help it, poor dear crittur. He fight! No,
Dorothy! Come along, Susan, and just point this ere Mister Soper." And Mrs.
Drabber put on her shawl, much quicker then she had ever in her life put it on
before, and preceded by Susan, hastened to the residence of the constable-in-his-
own-right.

"It is as plain to me, sir," said Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, addressing Sir Felix
Flathead, and in the course of a conversation between them and the two gentlemen
who had accompanied Sir Felix from the dining-room, below stairs, "it is as plain
to me, sir, as plain can be, that there is some mistake in this affair. The only per-
son I challenge is Mr. Launcelot Snoe Hopetown, who was himself the voluntary
representative of the party who behaved so infamously towards myself and two friends
this afternoon. I know of no other matter."

"But we do, Sir Cornelius," remonstrated O'Bang. "We know that Mr. Hope-
town did not volunteer to represent his party; we know that Mr. Thomas Tabbs did,
and we know that the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus was the gentleman who personally
chastised you for what he deemed your insolence in the rencontre which occurred in
the lane, this afternoon. I have the honor to appear before you as his friend."

"My name is Lord Nutmeg," said his lordship. "I wait on you as the repre-
sentative of Mr. Hopetown." "My name is Sir Felix Flathead," said the knight.
"I wait on you as the representative of Mr. Tabbs."

"I have further to inform you, sir, that the Hon. Mr. Rory O'Rumpus will be
at the place I have appointed at daylight—at half-past three a.m." said the Lieu-
tenant. "And Mr. Hopetown will be with him," added Lord Nutmeg.

"And Mr. Tabbs also," said the knight.

"There can be no farther difficulty I apprehend in the matter?" enquired Lieu-
tenant O'Bang. "Does Sir Cornelius name a friend with whom I can confer; there
cannot be any delay in the matter. It is now approaching seven o'clock, and ——."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a tumult below-stairs, that perfectly drowned
his voice. Several were speaking at once, so that scarcely anything could be heard of
what they were talking about, except the names of "Mr. Hopetown!" "Sir Corne-
lius O'Driscoll!" "Sir Cornelius!" "Sir Cornelius!" "What is all this!" cried,
the baronet. "Another attempt on the part of the peer's brother to play the prize-
fighter."

"Your silence, Sir Cornelius, will be creditable to you," remarked O'Bang, "any
repetition of such a remark will be a personal insult to myself."

"The baronet is in here!" "The baronet is in here!" cried voices immediately
outside the room in which the four gentlemen were engaged.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
"Am I to apprehend violence?" enquired Sir Cornelius evidently alarmed.
"Does Sir Cornelius apprehend any from our party?" asked Lord Nutmeg.
"What means this commotion outside, then," said Sir Cornelius.
"From the freedom with which they make use of your name, sir, you should be better informed of their errand than ourselves," answered the knight.
"The baronet!" "Silence!" "Knock at the door!" were now the cries outside.
The baronet had approached the door, and, opening it, let in two or three constables, who were followed by about half a dozen of the female and male servants belonging to the establishment.
"Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll," said Mr. Soper, holding up a brass staff that looked like the hob ornament to a dining-room fire-place. "You are my prisoner."
"On what account?" enquired the baronet. "Charged with intent to commit a breach of the peace by fighting a duel with Launcelot Snee Hopetown, Esq."
"Well, then, sir, I am your prisoner," returned Sir Cornelius, taking his hat, and evidently really annoyed at the arrest. "You will hear from me, Lord Nutmeg, at the first opportunity," added the baronet. "I sincerely hope to-night." The baronet went out with the head constable and his assistants, leaving the three seconds that might be, to return to their principals in the dining-room.

Here they found some difficulty in effecting an entrance. The room, indeed, was crowded. Every one in the hall had been attracted to it by the tumult. Mr. Soper's voice, however, the three gentlemen heard plainly enough; now assuaging, now re-monstrating; now threatening; now laying down the law, and now despairing. Hopetown's, too, was sufficiently audible, while the sobs, thick yet shrill, of a female, seemed to vary as well as to increase the general discord which raged in the interior of the apartments. "Where are your friends?" asked Mr. Soper.
"They are in the house," said Rory, aloud. "We are here," cried Lord Nutmeg.
"Make way for Lord Nutmeg," resounded from all sides, and the three gentlemen, Nutmeg, Flathead, and the Lieutenant instantly made their way without any difficulty, into the body of the room.

The pencil of Hogarth might have failed to do justice to the Tableau Vivant which presented itself. On a chair, in the centre of the group, was seated Mrs. Drabber, overcome with grief and exhausted with emotion, her pocket handkerchief covering her face, sobbing and "sighing like a furnace." Bending over her, with some anxiety and affection, but with a wild look of unnatural indignation was the still un-steady Hopetown;—behind the chair stood the Hon. Rory O'Rumpus, with closed lips and severe eye; and moving here and there, agitatedly, speaking first to the constable, then to the baronet and Hopetown, and the next to any body that asked him a question, was to be seen the electrical Tabbs; while the back ground of the picture was composed of a host of female and male servants and a bevy of strangers, who appeared to think the romance of real life before them was not a whit more important than an ordinary Ascot adventure.

"Oh! there's the Lieutenant!" ejaculated the relieved Hopetown. "Oh, sir!" observed Mrs. Drabber, hysterically, "I never thought it would have come to this."
"You're a fool, Drabber," replied he, although trying to assume an indifference. —(Court Magazine)—September, 1842.
to her tenderness. "Hold your tongue, and don't tease me. Mr. O'Bang, we're in a mess; what's to be done? Give us your advice, my Lord, and you, Sir Felix, tell us how to proceed." "Who gave the charge?" enquired Lord Nutmeg.

"I, my Lord," replied Drabber. "I knew him when he was no higher than your lordship's hips, I have my lord; and I wouldn't see him mangled for the world.' I knew he was going to break her Majesty's peace, and so I went to the constable-in-his-own-right, and now I've got my dear young master under his wing—thank Heaven!' And the old housekeeper looked lovingly up into the face of her half indignant, half fond patron. "Drabber!" said he, "you're a fool."

"What is your charge Mr. Constable?" enquired his lordship.

"I arrest Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, baronet, and Launcelot Hopetown, esq., on the charge that they are intent upon committing a breach of the peace by fighting a duel." "Very well," said his lordship. "Then, of course, you take them before a magistrate at once." "Yes, my lord."

"And before his worship I am prepared to go," said Sir Cornelius.

"And I, too," ejaculated Hopetown, frowning at Drabber, who looked pathetically up in his face.

"Before you go, Mr. Soper, permit me to address an observation to Sir Cornelius," said Tabbs, with some little agitation.

Sir Cornelius drew himself up with no little dignity, and as if to prepare himself for the observation Tabbs was about to make.

"Do you remember, sir," said Mr. Tabbs, "do you remember my presenting you with my card this afternoon, when the unfortunate rencontre occurred which has been the cause of all this unpleasantness."

"The card I had given me bore the name and address of Mr. Launcelot Hopetown," replied the baronet, "and, sir, to the best of my recollection, it was not yourself but the gentleman on your right who gave it me."

"Bore the address of Mr. Launcelot Snee Hopetown?" said the astonished Tabbs.

"Exactly, sir, I have the card in my pocket-book."

"It was, then, your receiving Mr. Hopetown's card, Sir Cornelius," said Rory, "that induced you to address the note he has just received, to him rather than to Mr. Tabbs or myself."

"Precisely, sir," said the baronet.

"He was the head of the firm, as it were," suggested the incorrigible Lieutenant.

"The epithets you applied to him, Sir Cornelius," continued Rory, "were, therefore, merely formal; applied merely to the gentleman whose name appeared to be on the card?"

"Precisely so—applied, indeed, only formally: according to the strict rules of the Laws of Honor," answered the baronet.

"Then, Mr. Soper," said Rory, "be so kind as to delay your visit to the magistrate for a minute or so. Sir Cornelius O'Driscoll, I it was, as you well know, who played the chief part in the serious burletta in which you were another principal performer this afternoon. My friends and I might have acted differently had we been in the quiet metropolis rather than at Ascot Races. I regret, Sir Cornelius, my rashness, and my want of courtesy, and I know that I make this concession to an
Irishman in every sense of the word—one who knows how to shake a hand as well as to shake a fist. Sir Cornelius, I regret what has happened,” concluded Rory stepping forward and proffering his hand.

“Thanks, Mr. O'Rumpus—thanks and a thousand of them. The fact is I scarcely know what has happened. I know it in the body, but of the minutiae of the day's deeds I am ignorant.”

Tabbs, all the time having examined his card-case, had been laughing heartily. When he was waiting for Hopetown, while he dressed, in Brick Court, he had put his friend's card-case, which was the "twin-brother" as he termed it, of his own, into his pocket, thinking it was his. Hence the mistake of Sir Cornelius, which Tabbs proceeded instantly to explain to Hopetown.

Hopetown, however, was too "merry" not to be very solemn in the matter, despite the explanation. He addressed himself to the baronet with no little dignity:—

"If, sir," said he, "the ignominious epithets were applied only to the name on the card—to Hopetown in the copper-plate, rather than to Hopetown in the flesh—and blood, they are to be looked over by me on the ground that it was only my name, written on four square inches of Bristol board, to which you applied them. As my friend, Mr. Thomas Tabbs, tells me that such was the case, I venture to assert that my feelings are not wounded, and that I am as ready to come to an understanding as my friends. But, if, sir, on the contrary, the ignominious epithets were——" here Hopetown looked very warlike indeed—"if the epithets were——"

"Not in the least, Mr. Hopetown," suggested Rory.

"Then I am perfectly satisfied, Mr. O'Rumpus; I say, sir, that I am perfectly satisfied, and I am very glad indeed that things have——"

"Oh, sir, so am I," cried Mrs. Drabber, unable to restrain her joy. "And is it not all owing to me that you ain't wallowing in a pool of gore? Oh, my dear young master, didn't I——"

"Drabber!" cried Hopetown, in a voice much like a kind of counter-tenor thunder. "You're a——," but his feelings choked him, and he looked what he might have uttered.

O'Bang appeared disappointed at first, but pleased in a minute afterwards. Lord Nutmeg and Sir Felix felt that they had lost an opportunity of making themselves prominent, but Tabbs, Rory, Hopetown, Sir Martin Trotter and Sir Cornelius were evidently delighted at the issue of the adventure.

Hopetown, now that his "mama," as O'Bang called her, was assuaged, contrived to get her down stairs and to "book her for the night" under care of the landlady. Returning to the dining-room, he found the whole party engaged in ordering wines and in re-commencing the evening. He was again voted into the chair—Sir Cornelius on his right, with Rory on his left, while Tabbs, ably supported by the good-natured Lord Nutmeg, Sir Felix and the invincible O'Bang, superintended the jollities of the lower end of the table. "Sir Corry," as Hopetown called him when they parted for the night, sang some excellent songs, and the constable so far from arresting any one was obliged to be taken up——to bed—— himself.

Hopetown, thus thoroughly cured became afterwards a Gay Fellow about Town.
MOUNT EMILIA, OR THE AUSTRALIAN LASS.

Lines written in the New Country, about the centre of Van Dieman’s Land, on Valentina’s Day, 1842, addressed by a Parent to his little Girl (supposed to be on her return to him, with her Mother, Brother and Sister from England), on occasion of her Birth-day, and of naming after her, at the instance of a friend and fellow traveller of the author, the peak of a lofty mountain previously un-named, “Mount Emilia.”

As on the goodliest tree, and loftiest hill,
And farthest country—as Love’s pinnacle—
The ardent Lover ever loves to write
Her name, who fills his bosom with delight,
Of whom he thinks by day and dreams by night:—
As in quotidien verse on her most dear,
Yet chiefly on one hallowed day each year,
Her natal day—to her he dares pour forth
His love and hope; her beauty, virtues, worth;
So on this day and from this place, my child,—
This day, which kindles raptures in my heart,
This place, the most magnificently wild
Mine eyes have seen—let me my love impart;
That love-paternal—pure and anxious love—
Which most resembles such as Saints above
This chequered globe of sin and care, must feel,
When they before their Heavenly Father kneel
To supplicate that mercy may be shewn
To sinners whom they love—themselves to them unknown.

Short seems the time when it is past; but long—
How long! to me have three dull years appeared?
An age—three ages! for they lacked the song
Of joy and gladness which my bosom cheered,
When thou my dearest Girl, with fond caress,
Didst with thy Brother, Sister, Mother bless
Each happy day, and by thy love beguile
Thy hapless Father, of affection’s smile.

Long seems the time to which we forward look:
It only seems so, for ’tis on the wing;
Days are the leaves—years—chapters in the book
Of Human-life; thy present age the Spring;
See thou! the Spring improvest, or, alas!
Summer will come, and harvest-time will find
No fruit to garner. Shame must come to pass
To all who fail to cultivate their mind;
Ten years, this day, thou gavest me the name
The best, the proudest that e’en Heaven could give,
And with it brought on me the holiest claim
Of pleasing duty*—and oh! whilst I live,
With God’s great Mercy, it shall be fulfilled,
A Father’s love and guidance shall be thine;
Precepts of Virtue shall be deep instilled
Into thy mind, with glorious truths divine:
And thou, my Emily—my first born child,
(God grant for such thou unto me were’t given!)
My gentle Girl, affectionate and mild,
Shall be my joy on Earth—with me share bliss in Heaven!
This, not for thy deserts, nor mine. Above
Our sinful, best-deeds, is the Saviour’s love,
Which, all-prevailing at the Heavenly throne
Of His and of Our Father, doth atone
For all repented sins, us marking as God’s own—
God’s own elect, redeemed and blessed heirs;
For blessings are on the Believer’s prayers.

Thus, with my pen, though feebly, have I poured
My full heart forth, the while I have explored
A Country wild and strange; and if not fame,
A LOFTY MOUNTAIN I HAVE GIVEN THY NAME.
May it record thy virtues! be it said
Of thee whilst living, and of thee when dead,
“Th’ AUSTRALIAN LASS” whose name this Mount preserves,
So grand a tribute to her fame deserves;
For she was modest, amiable and mild,
A faithful friend and an obedient child;
Pious from youth, benevolent and just—
Beloved—respect—honored: s’en her dust
Is held in fond remembrance; for, ’tis known,
This mass stupendous of primeval stone,
Could not record a name that’s more revered
Or more deservedly to all endeared,
Than that EMILIA’S, after whose fair name,
Emilia’s Mountain giving, takes its fame.†

February 14th, 1842. N. L. K.

* My little girl was immortalized in your (these) pages by my friend Mr. Woolfs of Parramatta N. S. Wales, about one or two years after her birth, when she was named Emilia Valentina, wherefore I call the 14th February Valentia’s day.

Prospect Lodge, Hobart Town, Van Dieman’s Land, March 20, 1842. N. L. K.

† The author trusts that the licence due to the feelings of a parent towards a beloved child who has been away from him three years, under the circumstances which prompted this effusion—almost an impromptu—in ignorance whether she be (with the rest of his family) at the antipodes, on the ocean, or in Heaven, may, in addition to the “poetical licence” accorded to all poets, excuse this panegyric, which however is not passed on his daughter, (such would be absurd), but is only uttered as that which in fondness he could wish, that she may live to deserve. And what wish is too extravagant for a parent to indulge in? Certainly not that his child may live and die deservedly esteemed, which is substantially all that is expressed by the poet, being also a parent.
The House of Death;

Or,

The Spaniard's Daughter.

By the Author of Margaret Fairburn, (formerly published in this Magazine.)

Some two hundred years ago there stood at an angle of one of the principal thoroughfares in the good City of Lyons a large and dilapidated mansion which after descending through divers occupants, whose individual importance had diminished by almost insensible gradations, as they successively came into possession, was, at length, unable to claim a tenant of any importance. This ancient structure was popularly known as the “House of death,” and had acquired the unenviable reputation of being nightly visited by certain spectral travellers from another hemisphere. Whatever reason might exist for thus undermining the fair fame of a picturesque and commodious domicile, unquestionable it is, that the report was universally circulated, and was universally believed.

The “House of Death” had derived its title from the fatality to which its melancholy records bore witness. Its earliest occupant was assassinated at his own hearth, and the impression of a bloody hand, was, at the lapse of half a century, distinctly visible on the panel of the door by which the murderer had evidently effected his escape. The gossiping part of the community did not of course hesitate to assert that frequent attempts had been made to remove these sanguinary traces, though none of them had been attended with success. Again, on the eve of her bridal, the fair and pensive daughter of another tenant had been found lying on the stairs leading to her chamber, a stiffened corpse. A few years subsequently to this event, a thunderbolt struck the doomed edifice, and behind the partition which it penetrated in its transit, was discovered, crouching over some bags of ancient coins, a mouldering skeleton, with a perforation in the skull denoting that the former occupant, like his predecessors, had come to an untimely end.

Twice had the “House of Death” been associated with scenes of popular commotion. A party of Huguenots were attacked and butchered within its walls. The echo of their frantic cries had scarcely died away when an aged Leech having restored to sight a poor orphan girl who had been blind from childhood, the infuriated populace, suspecting him of sorcery, with fierce shouts and uplifted weapons surrounded his dreaded domicile, and called upon the object of their vengeance to surrender himself preparatory to his immediate destruction at the stake. The mandate not being promptly obeyed, to effect an entrance, mallets and pickaxes were brought into requisition, when the grey-bearded old man presented himself at the open window, holding in his hand the poor girl for whom he had so generously risked his life, and who, on hearing the execrations and perceiving the menacing gestures of the multitude, flung her arms around the old man’s neck with a look that besought compassion, while it indicated a resolution to perish with, rather than abandon, her benefactor. The swart cortisans were awed and con-
founded by this spectacle of devotion, and throwing down their weapons, in sullen bewilderment, as if they had seen an angel casting its resolute shield over a demon, they returned peaceably to their homes.

The last Tenant in uninterrupted succession of the "House of Death" was a discarded emissary of Cardinal Magarine, who having been detected in a treasonable conspiracy was doomed to expiate his crime upon the scaffold; after this occurrence, the Mansion was untenanted for several years, no one seeming inclined to take up his abode in an establishment which had acquired such dreadful notoriety. The walls within and without were fast crumbling to decay—the dingy shutters which had once fortified a goodly array of windows, hung perilously on their rusted hinges, presenting no better claim to ornament than utility. The gilded vane surrounding a kind of observatory which had been erected by some scientific occupant, was shorn of its fair proportions, while, to render the aspect of desolation more complete, the broad flag-steps, flanked on either side by heavy balustrades, which conducted to an elaborately carved portico, were beginning to wear a mantle of bright green moss, as if to deter unhallowed footsteps from trespassing within the gloomy pile, where terror seemed to have spread her banquet, and the grim monarch to have erected his solitary throne.

In process of time—for even spectres are said to lose their attraction by indefinitely enlarging their circle of acquaintance—the Old House ceased to command, as it hitherto had, universal comment and speculation—and if the chief Barber of the town found himself reduced to the painful necessity of selecting some less-backhanded topic upon which to expiate, while exercising control over his multitudinous patrons' chins—and the watchman who used formerly to deviate from his legal track to avoid the reproach of countenancing the improper characters that nightly held their spiritual orgies within the obnoxious Mansion, at length so far forgot himself as to be discovered fast asleep beneath the shelter of its desecrated doorway.

Strangers, as they passed, would occasionally glance up at the "House of Death," and wonder how many months must elapse, 'ere some indignant hurricane should sally forth and lay it prostrate in the dust from which it sprung; for that another tenant might yet be found to identify his fortunes with a residence distinguished by so many frightful associations was too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained. The result, however, shewed, that probability is not always an essential element of truth.

A Spaniard named Martinez de Santarillo came to Lyons and took possession of the fatal mansion, being furnished with authority from its reputed owner for that purpose. Beyond his name, and the suspicion (for it went no further) of his being a reduced nobleman, an impenetrable mystery enveloped this new lessee, which his appearance had but little tendency to dispel. He was about sixty years of age, of a tall but spare figure, with a countenance naturally stern, and which his iron-grey moustachios, extending beyond their ordinary limits, rendered doubly repulsive and austere. He was accompanied by a younger man, a hunchback, whose heavily-moulded features wore an expression of ferocity, which his frenzied eye told, too truly, to originate in a disordered intellect. In their manners they
were uniformly reserved, holding no communication whatever with strangers. Their only domestic was an elderly female, who seemed to emulate her superiors in a rigorous abstinence from the pleasures of society, being seldom seen abroad except at nightfall, to procure such commodities as the exigencies of the establishment imperatively required.

The eccentric character of Santarillo presented a wide field for speculation, in which his fellow-townsmen neglected not to exercise their native ingenuity. The bourgeois without hesitation pronounced him to be a forger of base coin; both vintner and restaurateur solemnly affirming that they had never yet seen the color of his money. The Cortisan accused him of designs more execrable still, feeling assured that his object was to obtain information respecting the staple manufactures of the city, and effect their ruin by competition in some foreign country; while a third class, comprising those, who ambitious of being looked up to as oracles took especial care to deport themselves accordingly, merely shrugged their shoulders with an incomprehensible grimace, and increased the prevailing excitement by seeming to know more than their just sense of self-preservation would permit them to reveal.

Three weeks had elapsed from Santarillo’s arrival in Lyons, when one star-light night, as a young optician—Jules Péril—happened to be returning homewards, after a long consultation with his pretty little Lizette, he heard, or fancied he heard, a strange sound, resembling somewhat the clanking of chains proceeding from the Spaniard’s mysterious abode. Jules paused—for Jules was both by nature and profession of an inquisitive turn of mind—and glancing up perceived at the topmost window, a pale woman with her dark hair flowing in long dishevelled tresses over her bosom. She remained a minute or two, gazing into the street, and then slowly opening the casement, she extended her naked arm, and let something fall, which Jules picked up, and discovered to be an embroidered glove, such as might be worn by a lady of rank at that time. While Jules stood hesitating whether he should retain this interesting waif to exhibit it to his friends, or return it to its lawful owner, and thereby gratify his urgent curiosity, his attention was arrested by a figure wrapped in a dark cloak, which suddenly emerged from the mansion and proceeded at a quick pace, followed by Jules, who, keeping on the shady side of the causeway, while a silvery flood of light illuminated the opposite path, was enabled to prosecute his aim without running any serious risk of detection.

The stranger pursued his course by various intricate turnings till he arrived at a hovel situate at the outskirts of the town, and which belonged to a blacksmith or farrier, whose honesty had more than once been impeached before the criminal tribunals of his country. After some short delay, the door was opened by a stout swarthy man in a blue woollen cap, who seemed to recognise the applicant, for he admitted him without observation on either side. Jules, whose enterprising spirit had carried him thus far, determined not to retrace his steps till he had endeavored, at all events, to obtain some knowledge of the negotiations pending between Santarillo and the ill-favored individual who enjoyed his patronage. Jules accordingly stepped softly up to the low window of the smithy, secured by shutters, whose
numerous crevices afforded him an eligible view of the interior. A female, whose coarse masculine features accorded well with her present occupation, was employed in working at the forge, while her husband proceeded to hammer a candent bar, from which ascended a vivid jet of sparks which, scattered in all directions, gave a deeper effect to the sombre tenement, where Jules momentarily expected to witness something peculiarly calculated to excite emotions of uneasiness and awe.

The Spaniard drew from beneath his cloak an iron chain, to which were attached two flat rings resembling the manacles worn by felons.

"Can I speak with you in private?" said Santarillo, glancing at the female who pursued her graceless employment—not at all discomposed by the presence of a stranger.

"There's no one within hearing," replied the man, laying down his massive hammer; "she's deaf, or were she not I've taught her before now that if she must let my secrets out she shall have an opening made for that purpose—here."

So saying, the ruffian placed the point of his forefinger to his throat, and with a sardonic smile conducted Santarillo into an inner apartment where Jules, to his infinite chagrin, had no means of presiding at the conference, from which he had promised himself so much valuable information. Finding his curiosity thus effectually baffled, Jules was about quitting his post in despair, when he perceived a party of roystering young cavaliers approaching, who, warmed with wine, and inspired by that peculiar heroism which it too frequently engenders, were not disposed to let any object pass quietly by, that might contribute to their entertainment. As they arrived before the blacksmith's hovel, Santarillo came out, and was proceeding to make his way through the party, when one of them having formed a circle of his companions, suddenly dropped on his knee, and with an air of mock humility entreated the Spaniard to bestow upon him his benediction. The ludicrous appearance of the supplicant, and Santarillo's indignant astonishment, excited a loud laugh amongst the courtly revellers, which irritating the Spaniard he rudely thrust one of them aside who obstructed his path with such force that the young patrician staggered into the road, and had some difficulty in maintaining his equilibrium. Experimental jocularity now gave place to fierce resentment.

Whipping out his rapier, the Cavalier planted himself in an attitude of defiance, and challenged Santarillo to combat. The Spaniard, whose eyes flashed fire with intense rage, in a stern voice, thrice cautioned his assailant to beware till, finding his remonstrances disregarded and his life in peril, he suddenly drew from his breast a pistol and fired. The young Cavalier staggered back, and with one thrilling groan fell into the arms of a bystander. A moment's pause; the wreathing blue smoke gradually dispersed, and Santarillo beheld with transfixed gaze the moonbeams sleeping upon the pale, cold lineaments of a corpse.

Santarillo made no effort to escape, but surrendered himself to the watch, by whom he was conveyed to prison charged with the assassination of the Marquis de Beauvilliers.

It was towards the close of the day on which Santarillo's trial had been appointed
to take place, that a military officer, whose uniform denoted him to belong to the Prussian service, arrived at the Hotel de Lyons, then the most commodious hostelry in that city. He was in the prime of life, being apparently about five-and-twenty. His deportment was at once manly and elegant, combining the characteristic graces of the camp and the Salon. An oval countenance with a clear olive complexion was relieved by short curling hair, which, black as the raven’s wing, shaded a forehead whose ample expanse harmonised with the intelligence that beamed in his dark, sparkling eyes. Though a chivalrous enthusiasm and a generous animation seemed to be the prevailing tone of his mind, yet, occasionally, these would yield to a pensive melancholy, as if the remembrance of some long-cherished sorrow obscured the brighter images which his imagination was naturally prone to entertain.

The guest of the Hotel de Lyons had just finished paying his addresses to a bottle of Burgundy, when a little, withered-old-gentleman, dressed in black, with a long queue, a blue bag and silver shoe-buckles, was ushered into her presence.

“Monsieur Marmont, I presume?” said the soldier rising, and offering his visitor a chair.

The little gentleman bowed obsequiously, and, seating himself, extracted from his blue bag a portfolio, which he placed on the table before him with much deliberation.

“My host!” observed the officer, waiting till Mr. Marmont had completed his arrangement, “has mentioned your name to me, as being a Notary of the first eminence in Lyons, and one, too, in whose judgment and integrity I may repose unlimited confidence.”

“Your host is a man of discernment,” returned M. Marmont with an urbane smile, “I am honored by his acquaintance—do you purpose staying long in Lyons?”

“That depends upon circumstances—the business which brought me here, and upon which I require assistance, is of a peculiar nature.”

“Pardon me,” rejoined the Notary, opening his portfolio: “under what head shall I place it?—this is my common-place book—does it belong to the ‘valedictory,’ the ‘obligatory,’ or what is more pleasing than either—the ‘matrimonial category’?”

“Really,” answered the client, “I am ashamed to acknowledge my ignorance of your professional vocabulary, Mr. Marmont.”

“If it be a will,” explained the Notary, “we term it valedictory”—if a bond or other security for money—obligatory—if a settlement—”

“I should place that in the obligatory column, also,” observed the soldier smiling; “my business Monsieur Marmont is, I regret to say, of quite a different and much graver complexion, and to its successful prosecution I need hardly suggest to a person of your experience that inviolable secrecy is indispensable.”

Monsieur Marmont bent over the table; and placing the palms of his hands together with a look of forensic sagacity, he replied, “in the organization of a Notary, my dear sir, you will find upon minute inspection that no communication exists between the mouth and the ears—you understand me?”

“Perfectly,” returned the other, “well, then, Monsieur Marmont, my business in Lyons is to bring my wife’s father before the legal authorities and compel him
to deliver up his daughter, who, as I have reason to believe, is detained beneath his roof contrary to her consent."

"What evidence have you?"

"Sufficient to satisfy my own mind; but, to enable you to decide as to what influence it may have in a court of justice, it is necessary that I should enter into some explanation of the circumstances connected with our union. My father was a native of Andalusia, but removed to Madrid at an early period, where, settling as a merchant, he chartered several vessels trading to the Levant. His family consisted of two sons, Ernest and Ferdinand, of whom I was the younger. I received my education at a college of Jesuits, my father proposing that I should enter the church, which being at variance with my tastes, both natural and acquired, I soon found occasion to abandon all thoughts of that sacred profession, notwithstanding by such abandonment I exposed myself to my father's lasting displeasure. While pursuing my studies, I became acquainted with the daughter of one Don Martínez de Santarillo, who, like many others of his class, though possessing an income barely adequate to his subsistence, retained those aristocratic prejudices which had distinguished the illustrious line of Castilian grandees from whom he traced his descent, and, as I had reason to anticipate, my proposals for the hand of his daughter were rejected with contumely; not from any objection to my pecuniary prospects, but simply because he considered the alliance with one of plebeian blood, and, above all, mercantile connexions, would compromise that dignity which it was his primary study to maintain intact. Isabella, whose gentle and affectionate disposition strikingly contrasted with the austere character of her parent, resigned herself with filial devotion to her melancholy doom. She fell upon my bosom and wept, promising in broken accents that though her father's injunctions precluded our union, yet her heart should never be bestowed upon another:—we parted. Santarillo had forbidden me the house. The following night I was walking in the Piazza del Novo when a figure, closely veiled in a mantilla, suddenly addressed me. It was Isabella. She appeared to be in extreme agitation, and some moments elapsed before she could compose herself sufficiently to communicate the object that had brought her thither. At length she informed me, that since our last, and, as we feared, final interview, her father, to prevent the possibility of her forming an alliance which might be prejudicial to his rank, had resolved that she should espouse an only cousin, who was a hunchback, and for whom she naturally entertained feelings of the most insuperable aversion. It is needless to say that I embraced with joy the opportunity that now presented itself to avert the sacrifice of Isabella's happiness and to effect the consummation of my own. The moon that then shone upon us, that witnessed also our mutual vows of unalterable love, had not withdrawn her placid beams before we stood in the presence of a holy man, by whom our hands were united as our hearts had ever been."

"No protection being given to the lady's property against her husband's creditors!" exclaimed Monsieur Marmot. "When people lose their hearts, one would suppose they forfeited their heads also."

"A month had scarcely elapsed since the celebration of our nuptials, when I
received intelligence of the sudden decease of my father. Leaving Isabella under the protection of an aged female, I proceeded to Madrid, where I arrived in time to pay the last tribute of respect to my departed parent. By my father's will, his entire property, with the exception of a thousand pistoles, was bequeathed to my brother who had exercised the influence which he enjoyed over my father's mind, no less to my prejudice than to his own advantage. The funeral rites having been performed, I was preparing to return to Seville, where I had left my Isabella, when to my astonishment I was arrested by the officers of the Inquisition, charged with promulgating certain heretical doctrines, which had never even entered into my imagination. The name of my accuser I had no power to ascertain, and after being examined various times before the Familiars, I was at length set at large, my secret enemy not thinking fit to appear and substantiate his accusation. With an undefined misgiving—a sort of instinctive apprehension of ill-tidings—I hastened to rejoin my beloved wife. My feelings may be readily conceived when, on arriving at Seville, I learnt that she had disappeared about a fortnight subsequently to my departure, and no one knew by whom accompanied. The shock created by this intelligence rendered me incapable, for a time, of resolving upon any reasonable mode of procedure under such distressing circumstances. That Santarillo had been instrumental in her abduction I entertained not the slightest doubt, and it just then occurred to me that to facilitate his nefarious schemes he had caused me to be conveyed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, upon a charge as preposterous as unfounded. As soon as my mental perturbation had somewhat subsided, I engaged post-horses and directed my course to the village where Santarillo resided, but found on enquiry that he had left immediately upon the decease of his daughter, who according to his own report had met with a sudden and violent death. To prove the falsehood of this statement, which I doubted not had been fabricated by Santarillo to conceal the fancied degradation involved in his daughter's marriage, I determined to have the vault opened where the pretended interment had taken place, when my suspicions were at once confirmed.

"In what manner to proceed to discover Santarillo's retreat I knew not. A deep despondency came over me, and to divert my mind as far as possible from the melancholy subject upon which it was constantly brooding, I purchased a commission in the army, and was fortunate enough so to distinguish myself in our last campaign as to be promoted from the rank of lieutenant to the command of a company. Nearly two years have elapsed since I lost my Isabella, during which time I have let no opportunity pass to attain the object of my more anxious wishes; but disappointment confronted me at every step, till a few days since I accidentally happened to hear the name of Santarillo mentioned in conjunction with an assassination that recently took place in this city. Such, Monsieur Marmont, is my present situation, and my object in seeking your assistance is that proceedings may be instantly taken to search Santarillo's residence, and ascertain if his daughter be confined there, and if so, to bring the villain to condign punishment for the inhuman treatment to which she has been subjected."

Monsieur Marmont listened with profound attention to the preceding narrative,
and after some reflection, communicated to Ferdinand Péril, as already described, and which he suggested Ferdinand might be able to identify. In order to establish this point, M. Marmont intimated his intention of waiting forthwith upon the finder of the glove, and promising to return as soon as his mission was accomplished, he departed for that purpose.

The cathedral clock was striking the hour of twelve, and the night was cloudy and bleak, as Ferdinand, wrapping himself in his military cloak, emerged from the hotel and directed his steps towards Santarillo’s dwelling, which, unable to restrain his impatience till Monsieur Marmont’s return, he determined at all hazards to explore. During the day which had closed, various groups of garrulous citizens had assembled in front of the Spaniard’s dwelling, diligently speculating upon the result of his trial. As soon, however, as it was announced that he had been acquitted, the dejected *quid-nunc* silently dispersed, and the “House of Death” was left in its usual state of solitude and gloom.

On reaching the mansion, Ferdinand surveyed it carefully, to determine by what manœuvre it were practicable to gain admission. At the rear of the building was a spacious court-yard, along which a high stone wall extended, rendered formidable by *chevaux de frise*. Over the latter, Ferdinand threw his sash, and by dint of a little exertion continued to scale the battlement with less difficulty than he had experienced in two forlorn hopes which it had been his *distinguished* fortune to conduct.

Alighting in the court-yard he perceived a door thickly studded with hinge nails, which opened upon a vaulted passage, leading, apparently, to a subterranean cellar, from which gleamed a faint light, enabling him at least to discern the obstacles which intercepted his path. After pursuing this track to its termination he found himself in a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by two draw’ pillars of granite. A small iron lamp was burning on the nearest pedestal, which Ferdinand approached, and he started with involuntary alarm as its feeble rays revealed to him the form of the Hunchback coiled up on the ground, apparently in deep repose. Ferdinand paused, and with feelings of commiseration, slightly blended with dread, regarded the poor maniac, whose huge protuberant eyes, to which the half closed lids, gave a death-like aspect, seemed to glare upon his hated rival, as if revenge had been present even in his dreams. Ferdinand stood for some minutes wrapt in contemplation of this unhappy being, but suddenly started on hearing his name slowly and distinctly uttered by a voice which seemed to proceed from below the situation he then occupied. Taking up the lamp, he advanced a step or two, and listened. It was the voice of one engaged in prayer. A cold perspiration rose on his forehead—the blood curdled at his heart, and he fancied that the earth was sinking beneath him.

A murmur from the Hunchback aroused him to a sense of his danger. Shading the lamp with his hand and guided by the sounds to which he had been listening, and which gradually became fainter and fainter, Ferdinand raised a trap-door, and descending a flight of steps discovered a chamber, similar in form to that which he had just quitted, but of smaller dimensions. Advancing a few paces, he paused at the brink of a circular-bricked-shaft, which apparently had once been the foundation
of a tower, and looking down was just able to distinguish by the reflection of the light, a female figure with an infant clasped to her bosom chained to the ground, in whom, with what emotions need not be described, he recognised his Isabella. Ferdinand tried to speak, but his utterance failed him and he bent over the pit, motionless; his eyes riveted upon the frightful spectacle which exceeded in its terrible reality the wildest vision that fancy ever painted on the sable shadows of night. The sound of a footfall behind him suddenly broke the spell by which his faculties were entrallled. Before he could prepare himself for defence, a dagger glanced over his shoulder and smote him to the earth. Bleeding from a deep wound, he looked up and beheld to his horror the hunchback standing over him, his rugged features animated by a fiendish jibber, as he brandished the weapon, dripping with blood, which had accomplished his vindictive purpose: neither party essayed to speak; with an expression of malignant exultation the hunchback watched the pallid visage of his victim till observing Ferdinand make an effort to rise, when he threw away the dagger and springing upon his prostrate foe whom he had seized by the throat, he endeavored to hurl him over the precipice. A struggle ensued, no less fierce in its action, than appalling as regarded its probable result, since he was faint from the loss of blood and inferior in muscular power to his antagonist who, though a pigmy in stature, had the nerve and sinews of a giant. Ferdinand was thrice swayed over the mouth of the shaft, and only saved himself from instant destruction by clinging to his murderous assailant. The unequal contest must shortly have terminated in Ferdinand’s defeat, as his energies was fast declining and a dreaminess came over him which rendered him almost unconscious of his perilous situation when, as he was gradually sinking, a distant shout struck upon his ear. Suddenly, he felt inspired with new life. He gasped for strength to answer the signal which announced relief to be at hand. The shouts were repeated—they drew nearer—one effort more and he was saved. Grasping his antagonist with all the vigor he could command, Ferdinand dragged him along and, ascending the stairs, at length attained one of the uppermost apartments, when he threw open the window, and holding the hunchback at arms-length shouted wildly for help. The Prefect and his officers who, with M. Marmont were assembled in the street, on beholding a man with his ghastly face disfigured with streaks of blood, lost no time in breaking open the door and rushing to the assistance of Ferdinand, who, as soon as his deliverers appeared, sunk lifeless at their feet.

Having removed Ferdinand from the scene of this sanguinary conflict, the officers proceeded in quest of the hunchback who had fled immediately on perceiving resistance to be useless. In prosecuting their search they came to the chamber where Isabella was confined. Means were instantly adopted to extricate her, and a man having been lowered with a rope, both mother and child were by his aid brought up in safety. The poor girl looked around her with an air of bewilderment and subdued sorrow, and kissing her sleeping infant burst into tears.

The report of Santarillo’s treatment of his daughter spread through the city with an almost incredible rapidity. One intense feeling of indignation took possession of all to whom the circumstances were made known, and denunciations loud and deep
were directed against the unnatural parent. As we have previously stated, Santarillo was acquitted of the charge of assassination, it having been proved that the Spaniard merely acted on his own defence. Apprehensive, however, of meeting with violence from the populace, by whom he was generally regarded with aversion, as well as to escape observation and distrust, Santarillo did not quit the prison in which he had been confined prior to his trial, till long after midnight. Ferdinand had just been carried out on a shutter, when Santarillo suddenly approached. In an instant, he was recognized by the excited crowd, and as he paused to glance at the bleeding figure of his son-in-law, the air was rent by execrations that must have struck terror to his inmost heart.

"Death to the monster!" cried a prissarde, "let him be thrown into the pit where he kept his own child buried alive."

"To the bridge with him!" exclaimed a mounted guardsman, who at that moment rode up. The proposition was received with acclamations which had scarcely died away before the Spaniard, borne on the heads of the frantic multitude, was hurled over the parapet, where spectators of every grade had congregated to witness this summary act of retribution. The Spaniard made a brief and ineffectual struggle, and as the foaming waters rushed over him the united yells of his hundred executioners ushered him into eternity.

While one section of the populace were wreaking just vengeance upon Santarillo, another were taking measures to destroy the structure which they regarded with feelings verging upon superstitious abhorrence. A lighted torch was thrown in at the window. A dozen were applied to the woodwork of the portico, and ere Santarillo had drawn his last breath, his recent habitation was in flames from its base to the roof. The timbers blazed and crackled with a report like the lashing of whips; the smoke rolled forth in dense columns, and the firmament resembled an eddying shower of gold. The teesin sounded—the canaille waved their torches and cheered—when suddenly, at the highest casement appeared the hunchback; he looked down at the sea of crimson faces beneath him and was about to precipitate himself into the street, when a fierce yell of scorn burst forth that caused him to waver in his resolution. Another moment, and the blazing pile fell with a crash like thunder. As soon as the smoke cleared itself away, across one of the burning rafters hung the charred form of the poor maniac, whose once passionate love for his cousin had been succeeded by the most implacable enmity that nature permitted him to cherish in his savage breast.

But little remains to be added. The meeting between Isabella and Ferdinand produced so severe a shock upon the former as to deprive her of her reason. In this state she continued for several days, imagining that she had seen her husband's apparition, when her faculties were at length perfectly restored, and the young soldier once more rejoiced in the possession of his gentle Isabella. On the decease of his brother, which happened shortly afterwards, Ferdinand succeeded to estates of large value, and quitting the army, retired to enjoy the sweets of conjugal life in a charming hill on the beautiful banks of the Rhine.
THE DEATH-DIP.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE MISS GETHINGS, OF NEWPORT WHO WERE UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED WHILE BATHING AT SOUTHERNDOWN, JULY 20TH, 1842.

(From the Brecon Gazette and Merthyr Guardian.)

[The subjoined lines record the death of the two Miss Gethings, who unfortunately were drowned while bathing at Southerndown on the 20th of July. The distracted mother, who was likewise bathing, made every effort to rescue her children. Lady Adare's efforts on the melancholy occasion are justly the theme of universal admiration: her ladyship's kind feeling will not cease with her attempts to recover life. A tablet recording the event is to be placed near the spot of the catastrophe. The poor girls were conveyed to Newport, and on Monday, July 25th, were interred in Caerleon churchyard amidst the profoundest grief of their relatives and friends. Such a circumstance as this forcibly reminds us of the truthful text that "in the midst of life we are in death." For the poor sufferers perhaps the best epitaph would be—"They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."]

The following painful reminiscence is attached to this melancholy occurrence. Their mother had urged her daughters, saying "my dears I think you have been in the water long enough." They answered, however, "one dip more, dear mother! it will be the last we shall have for a long time." They were all going to return home the following morning—but it was fatally—their last or death-dip.

"One skrick—one plunge—one gasp, and all is o'er
The darksome wave their sad and mournful shroud;
Their dirge, the bellow of the billow's roar,
Their pall, the shadow of a passing cloud."

"Wreck of the President.

Ye Nymphs, that bathe on Cara's sunny shore,
To whom pale sorrow leaves a mournful care;
Weep for the fair, their home shall see no more! Weep for the home, their hearts can never share;
Let the wild wave, that drank their "last fond sigh,"
Wash with a gentler tide that fated spot;
And zephyrs breathe, a softer murmur by,
A scene—a fate, that cannot be forgot.

Playful they sought the billow's azure side,
As sports the sea-bird in its mirthful glee;
And wo'd the current of that silvery tide,
That should enfold their endless memory.
Purest of Spirits! Oft the Evening Star
Shall light her torch around your dark-blue home;
And wandering mariners behold afar,
The lonely wreck that points your sea-girt tomb.

Thy caves, Dunraven! roll the hallowed prayer,
Of midnight mourners at their moonlit shrine,
And snowy robes are seen to flutter there,
Round forms of earthly beauty—'rhaps divine,
The sea-bird, too, oft points its wayward brood,
The circling foam that palls their hapless grave;
And shuns the haunted echo of the flood,
That stilled those gentle bosoms with a wave.

SOUTHERNDOWN, JULY 22D. E. W. D.

[Court Magazine.]
ELIZABETH QUEEN
DAUGHTER OF JAMES I.
OF BOHEMIA,
& ANN OF DENMARK.
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

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OF

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHANIA.

DAUGHTER OF JAMES I. AND ANN OF DENMARK.

THE LAST DAYS OF HAWKESTONE.

A TALE.

If people were accustomed to consider a little more seriously the consequences of their actions, or if they would look back and profit by the experience of the past, trace in the misfortunes of others the fruits of the path they are themselves pursuing, apply the resulting wisdom closely to their own hearts, what sorrow might be spared to the innocent, what pangs to families, what destruction and desolation to things pertaining to them, both animate and inanimate; but the great mass of mankind act as if each individual could follow his own decrees with impunity; and they awaken to the sense of their folly and wickedness when the tempest of their own raising has gathered too darkly around them to be dispersed by any after gleam of light. These reflections, trite as they may be, are so stamped by melancholy truth, that it may not be unprofitable to relate one more of the innumerable facts which confirm it, especially, as the little History I would briefly transcribe, presents a warning of somewhat peculiar interest, involving as it does, the fate of the young, the lovely, the virtuous, and the high born, blighted by the thoughtless selfishness of those who should have promoted their happiness and provided for their earthly welfare.

M—(COURT MAGAZINE)—OCTOBER, 1842.
Some years since, circumstances unecessary to enter upon, obliged me to spend some weeks of the Spring in the large town of N——, and as I had few acquaintance amongst its numerous inhabitants, I spent much of my time in wandering over the neighbourhood. The weather was delightful, the sun beaming with almost summer warmth, tempered by that delicious freshness which belongs only to the breezes of spring, and seems breathed from Heaven in accordance with the youth of all the sweet things that are thronging in myriads from the bosom of the earth. In one of these breezy mornings, when a soft south wind blew gaily through the half opened foliage of the earlier trees, and rustled in the yet unclothed twigs of the later ones, with the sharp quick sound of castonets, when each gust bore the perfume of the fruit blossoms, and here and there perchance dropped a snowy petal at your feet, I left the busy town and walked rapidly along the road to ———, amidst a perfect labyrinth of grounds cultivated as gardens. But after I had traversed the highway for somewhat more than a mile, I found the same breeze which lately was redolent of sweets, now laden with dust from the hard beaten surface of the ground, and I began to look around me, in the hope of discovering some inviting shady lane or stile leading to the fields. Before me rose tall trees, and as I advanced I perceived a curve in the road had concealed from me a mass of wood, amongst which I could just make out the tower of a church. A few steps more brought me to an iron gate which was evidently the entrance to private grounds, for a broad gravel road led from it, bordered irregularly with fine timber trees, and was presently lost by taking a sudden turn amongst them. A wide expanse of rich green pasture sloped down to a large pool where a number of fine cattle and sheep were grouped, ready for the pencil of Cooper, our English Cuyp, whilst the light fleecy clouds careered across the blue sky, casting their fleeting shadows below, and changing the effect every moment. I leaned against the gate, unwilling to intrude on what were evidently private grounds, and yet longing to enjoy the pastoral beauty of the scene, when, as I gazed, sundry slight but unequivocal indications attracted my notice, which persuaded me that this sweet spot was a deserted one. The gravel road was neglected, the long couch grass clustered along its edge; the fence, in many places was open and decayed, and in the very gate against which I leaned, several of the spikes on the summit were broken, and it had evidently not been repaired for many a day. Upon seeing this, I hesitated no longer, but entering, followed the road for a short space, till the trees opening on my sight, I saw that a ha ha and a lawn separated me from a long low mansion-house, the appearance of which wanted no voice to express its desolation. In the centre was a clock, placed in a pointed architectural ornament, but the hour hand had fallen, and the minute hand was still. The shutters of the upper range of windows were all closed, those on the ground floor were partly open, and here and there about a foot of the windows themselves were raised for the admission of air; but there was no vestige of an inhabitant. I passed a gate, which led to the front, having on my left a thick row of dark yew and box, through which I could discern the walls of a church, and a small church-yard with several ancient tombstones half sunk in the earth, and the fast subsiding mounds here and there overgrown with nettles and rank grass. Continuing along the gravel
The Last Days of Hawkestone.

path I reached the south side of the house, which seemed square, these two sides, at least, being equal. The southern aspect made it cheerful and pleasant, even under all its disadvantages; beyond the green plot immediately before it, stretched a lovely extent of parkish land, spotted with fine timber. Between the windows China roses were growing profusely, and although untrained, were covered with the first blossoms of the year. The Pyracantha and Honeysuckle covered one part, and in the former, several birds had built their nests, or were busied in the process. The path still led on and conducted me to the third side of the mansion, where numerous flower beds broke the uniformity of the strip of grass which divided the house from a fine pasture field, surrounded with lofty trees and a belt of flowering shrubs. Here I paused, for there was a contrast that struck a sad chord in my heart between the various objects before me. Evidently no human hand had been engaged in the culture of these flower beds for a length of time—yet, when I recollected in how short a space Nature resumes her rights when left to herself, I could not pronounce with any certainty, on the how long. Flowers were blooming untrimmed, yet not the less beautiful for their artificial state. The lilac towered high in unpruned luxuriance, her lovely spikes all delicacy and fragrance, sending forth a burden of scent upon the air, beyond the lowlier plants around her. Rich, nevertheless, was the tribute from the whole tribe of Narcissus, which yet lingered though their long narrow leaves, covered the ground in unseemly carelessness. The loveliest of all, the charming Poeticus, with its spotless petals, and crimson tipped chalice was there in abundance; the Barberry bush drooped with its graceful tresses of yellow, here and there a gorgeous tulip displayed its pomp to the sun, and primroses of all hues so embroidered the ground that it seemed their numbers must soon overpower those natives of the soil, their lowly sisters clad in the pallid color of their race. Presently I advanced upon a pleasure ground, (why do we discard the use of the quaint, but expressive "Pleasures" of olden days), where rising from a thick under growth of shrubs, tall and stately trees shed a delicious shade from their yet immature foliage, the merry breeze rustled in their tops cheerfully, and a multitude of birds were carolling with all their hearts and throats to welcome the "jocund May." Here was another proof how seldom the foot of man entered here; I never saw such a profusion of bird's nests. In every bush they were to be seen, some completed, some in progress, some furnished with eggs, and here and there a bright black eye looked keenly forth from some exquisite structure of moss embossed with Lichen. The Nightingale here reared her young warblers, for these woods were, I was afterwards told, a favorite haunt of our treasured songster, the bird whose ringing cadences poured forth in the abundance of its enjoyment, have been so ill characterized as "the plaintive and the melancholy;" I could have lingered here the live long day, but I was attracted back to the mansion, over which I had a strong desire to wander. With some difficulty, I discovered an old overgrown path leading to the offices, and there I detected a few indications that a human being dwelt there, or resorted thither. A half opened door gave me admittance, and I entered a cheerless looking apartment, where a solitary woman was engaged in some household occupation, and who seemed somewhat startled by my
The Last Days of Hawkestone.

sudden appearance. I hastened to dispel her apprehensions, and civilly asked permission to look over the interior of the house. "It can't be indeed, sir," she answered, rather morosely; "the new Squire have ordered that nobody do have leave to come in here, and I'm sure I don't know, however you have a got in; I 'spose as one of them careless boys at the farm ha' never lock'd the gate below."

I tried a little persuasion in another form, although I will not affirm that I was morally right in tempting the woman to disobedience, and assuring her that I would not trespass again, I represented the hardship of being disappointed when I had set my heart upon a sight of the mansion. She reluctantly assented and agreed, that as the house was unfurnished, she did not suppose I could make away with any thing or do any mischief, even were I so inclined; but it seemed now to strike her, that it would be highly inconvenient to her to attend me in my peregrinations. "Then my good woman trust me with the keys, and I will bring them back to you safely."

"Bless you, sir," said she, "there be no want of keys. All the rooms be as bare as my hand, for you see when Squire Hawkestone soldh ouse and land to the new Squire, there was a sale here, and there be nothing left now but the walls; so what for should I lock the doors. No, no, 'tis trouble enow to tramp along them heaps of rooms, day after day, a opening the winners, and not to be a stopping to lock up, when there be nout to care for."

This being the case, I therefore only troubled the woman to set me clear of the offices and introduce me into the entrance hall, from whence I told her, I could easily find my way to the various apartments, and then she hastened back to the washing-tub, which seemed to absorb the chief part of her faculties at present.

It was ridiculous, the kind of interest which I had worked myself up to feel at this moment, and I stood for a short space in agitation and expectancy of I know not what, to which I cannot now recur without a smile. But thus it is with persons who nourish a burning spot in their heart, ever smouldering but never bursting forth to observation; always fed by the gatherings of imagination, but carefully heaped over by timidity, reserve, and the fear—the unworthy fear of ridicule. One of the moments had arrived in which I might suffer the flame to escape, and none were by to deride it, as a Will o' the Wisp or a sickly light.

I entered by heavy doors ornamented with gilt knobs into a passage like a porch, which was again closed by similar doors. Opening these, I came into a noble baronial hall, in a state of repair and preservation very different from anything the external appearance of the house had led me to expect. The fine timber roof led the eye along its intricate lines to a lofty height; the antique gothic windows, admitted the light dimly through the small panes of painted glass of those intense yellows, reds and blues, which modern skill seek's in vain to produce; and these colored shadows, chequered the floor with the tints of a rainbow. At distances along the wall were shields and escutcheons, colored and gilded; and from the ponderous oak rafters hung heavily, old crimson banners, dingy and darkened by the lapse of time. The wide fire-place shaped like an arch, spoke of the logs which had diffused warmth through many a winter's day, and above, a pair of antlers yet preserved
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desired, and led one's thoughts to the chase and sylvan sports. Various indications there were besides of cuirass and helmet, crossed swords and breast-plates; for their outline, was defined by the dusky yellow hue of the spaces, where the light and air had been excluded by the cumbersome ornaments, as they hung in quaint devices and warlike trophies. I thought of the merry voices that once resounded here, and how still and silent it was now; and affected as much by my fancy as by the reality, I turned towards a large door on my right, which, as it creaked on its rusty hinges, seemed to give me entrance reluctantly into an apartment, which I conjectured to have been a dining-room, but it was utterly dismantled. Even my imagination was here at fault, and leaving it half disappointed, though I knew not why, I ascended a broad flight of oak stairs, and proceeded along an extensive corridor into which opened various chambers, all, as the old woman had asserted, "as bare as her hand." Yet, one room I fancied the mistress of the mansion must have occupied, there was something even amidst its nothingness and desolation, that betrayed a feminine arrangement. The paper which here and there was parting from the wall, was remarkably pretty. The prevailing tint, was a pale verdigris green, over which, ran long and slender branches, from which hung pendent tresses of pink and lilac acacia blossoms; and over these, hovered birds of bright colors, and insects of gem-like brilliancy. All was subdued and faded, but it was not difficult for the eye to renew the beauty of the original design. The chimney-piece too, remained, and the taste which selected it, must have been pure classical and feminine. Neither time nor neglect had sullied the snowy surface of the Carrara marble, which had been wrought into a design of exquisite grace and skill. A wreath of lilies intermixed with roses, in slight alto relief, were touched with so apparently careless yet masterly a hand, that they seemed more as if the originals had fallen upon a plastic substance, and there left their impression, than as if a human hand had wrought them, so that I stood before the fair creation in delighted admiration.

I looked around after a time in search of some other vestige of the polished mind I had fancied the planner of this apartment, but all besides was blank. A small door in the wall, however, caught my eye; it was a closet, and scarcely perceptible, being covered with paper like the rest of the room. I unclosed it mechanically. It contained three shelves: on the highest, close in one corner, stood a flower-vase of pure white foreign china; nothing could be more simple yet more exquisite than its shape. It was modelled, as I thought, in strict conformity with a lovely wild flower frequent in this locality, a saxifrage withe petals divided into five compartments, and rising from the calyx in a line of such perfect beauty that I had often longed to transfer it into some durable material. It had evidently escaped notice at the time when all else was doomed, and in this secluded corner it remained to show darkly of the past. But the most touching part was that it still actually contained some withered stalks and leaves, faded to a dull pale brown, scarcely retaining the shadow of their former selves. How long had they lain hid in this dark recess? Who had gathered, who had placed them there? What interest might have clung to them? Conjecture might wander amidst a thousand possibilities, and it was not without an effort that I turned my mind from the vain
effort of conjuring up some of these shadowy incidents, and framing a complet page of romance. But glancing to the shelf beneath, I saw an old wicker basket half filled with scraps of torn paper, evidently bills and pages of children's copy-books. But even here something might furnish me with food for my fancy, and I turned over the waste paper with a faint hope of good fortune, till quite at the bottom, I discovered a small thick memorandum-book bound in red, and clasped with one tarnished fastening. It parted as I lifted it up, and unfolding I saw it closely written in a small delicate hand, evidently that of a woman. Now I appeal to any one of my readers, whether lenient or severe, whether I was guilty of any misdemeanor, theft, or breach of confidence, if I resolved to appropriate this little book to myself, which had evidently either been overlooked or intended for the flames, and might well have escaped after discovery from the unobtrusive character of the door, which bore a strong resemblance to the other panels. Into my pocket it went without one remorseful feeling, and then I stepped out of this room, and followed the turnings of a corridor, into which opened a range of completely bare sleeping apartments, till I came to a door, which admitted me into a large square chamber, two sides of which were perforated with doors leading into small dormitories, informing me that here was the nursery of the young Hawkestones. Though like all the rest of the apartments, completely unfurnished, excepting a broken rocking-chair, which lay on its side in one corner, I presently found some aliment for my imagination, for the walls were panelled and to a certain height were covered with marks and rude attempts at drawing and writing, and I was soon busily engaged in deciphering the characters and the sex of the young artists. The panelled compartments were painted, and afforded an inviting surface for their pencils, and they had not been backward in availing themselves of it. My eyes were first attracted to a very bold, but it must be confessed, rude sketch of a fox-chase, the luckless animal being encumbered with certainly the largest tail that ever ornamented the derrière of any one of his species. Yet it was a point sufficiently doubtful for a bet whether any of his numerous pursuers, canine, aequine, or homorine, would ever overtake him; the first were so little adapted for running, the second were mostly in such doleful condition, their long bodies serpentine over gates of such lofty stature, whilst others, though seemingly in perfect repose as to motion, were many feet from the earth's surface, others again had at least one out of their set of legs so far exceeding the rest in length, whilst the bipeds sat so uneasily in their saddles that, in my opinion, in spite of the weight attached to his hind quarters, reynard had the best of it.

This subject was treated so often, but with such decided mannerism in the design and handling, that I felt convinced they were all the production of one little Nimrod of the family. In a lower compartment accessible to a smaller being the attempts were ruder, but not less aspiring. Tall houses with narrow slits for windows amply barred, very crooked chimneys, a lump by way of an haystack, and a ladder, which I should have been sorry to ascend, various single lines, with four straight ones pending from the ends, and some adorned with a sloping stroke at one extremity, and two crooked shorter ones at the other, indicating them to be portraits of cows
and sheep, all declared the rural propensities of the designer, and a taste for agricultural pursuits. In another part the little clericus of the party (so I imagined) had traced such letters of the alphabet as were most familiar to him, a great A, and certainly great it was, an O of wonderful rotundity, a bouncing B, here and there a most extraordinary hieroglyphic, to which no name could be affixed, all witnessed the leaning to literature. Next came a very tolerable representation of a child holding a doll, some of the lines nearly effaced, for the pencil had been guided by a lighter hand, but still they were visible; underneath a little scribbled sentence, "me and my doll," told me much, though not who "me" was. Then came waving lines, evidently meant for flowers; here and there the shape of a calyx, not very unlike a blossom, with no particular name: then came a portrait, it must have been the beloved, faithful dog that haunts all mansions of this kind—the pet and guardian of the children, the favorite of the servants' hall, the fondly greeted by the master and mistress, the honest friend who saunters before the door, wagging his tail and turning his intelligent eyes upwards as he hears the kind word echoed by many little voices from the upper windows—it must have been him, and drawn too by no unskilful hand—some school-boy cousin come to spend his holidays with the little people, who had been coaxed into taking dear Neptune's picture as large as life, dashed off with a bold careless hand, good enough to raise the wonder and admiration of all the inhabitants of the nursery. How fast I seemed to be comprehending a little history of the past, as shadowed to me in these simple memorials! One of the children must have had a turn for caricature, for surely no pencil could have traced such extraordinarily absurd figures without a lurking propensity for exaggeration. I am sure there was one intended for the old butler and another for the housekeeper; and rough as they were, there was something in the consequent strut of the legs of the man, and the beribboned cap and furbelowed robe of his coadjutrix which made me laugh outright. There was an innumerable collection, besides all these, of nondescript monsters, printed words keeping any but the horizontal line, and an abundance of strokes with no meaning at all; and satisfied with these pencillings on the wall, and eager to examine the treasure I had purloined, I made a hasty progress through a set of numerous desolate apartments, all more or less shewing the presence of damp and decay, and the absence of any inhabitants save flies and spiders; and threading my way with some difficulty among passages and down steps, I found myself once more by the side of my friend of the washing tub, and returning her my civilest acknowledgments for the gratification she had allowed me, I bid her good day and departed.

The insight I had partly gained of the absent or extinct family of the Hawkestones, made me regard the outward scenery with an increase of melancholy interest. I could fancy the owner of that classic vase bending over these half obliterated flower-beds, herself as fair and fragile. I saw a troop of gay wild children bounding over the nicely-trimmed walks, emulating the lambs as they chased each other round the old oaks and elms, the great Newfoundland dog, the merriest amongst them, and acting the double part of playmate and guardian. And where were they all? This was the very point I wished to ascertain. The ignorant stupidity of the
woman in the house was impenetrable; she had but one sentence in reply to all my enquiries—"Why, you see, they be all gone I doesn’t know where, and the new squire have a bought all the land hereabout, as I a heard;" and this was the sum total of her information. I determined however by some means to learn a little more of the fate of the family, and till I could effect this, I pulled the little volume from my pocket and proceeded to inspect it.

It was a common memorandum-book, rather thicker than ordinary, and fastened by a plated hasp. A volume had preceded it, for the first page was a continuation of a former sentence, and thus it began:—

"And looks so dispirited and gloomy always, and dear mamma, she tries to be cheerful, but I know her own smile too well to be deceived by this semblance of one. I watch her when she thinks no one is near, and her step slackens and she moves along as languidly and slowly as if all her energy and strength had left her. But it is very late; the owl is sitting on the iryed chimney, and hoots so loud, I might fancy him on the window-sill, and the church clock has just struck midnight. How solemn it sounds amidst the profound silence. The air stirs not a leaf, yet it breathes, for the scent of the mignonette and the jessamine passes by, now strong, now faint, as the feeble sighs of the wind can waft it. From my window I can just see a faint moonbeam glancing on the only tombstone visible through the tall box-hedge, and it looks like a Banshee standing there to mourn over some sad fate impending over old Hawkestone.

"Thursday.—How ill I keep my resolution of each night noting down some of the occurrences and thoughts of the day. Mr. S. and Miss M. were discussing the other evening the disadvantages and the benefits of keeping a diary. Mr. S. thought it a profitless waste of time and likely to lead to much frivolous observation. Miss M. agreed that this might be, but would yet never dissuade a person of common sense and judgment from the task. She said in such hands it must be a valuable memento, not only as a record of many useful and amusing anecdotes collected in conversation, which no memory can retain, but in the more important light of enabling the writer to take a certain retrospect of his or her state of mind at different periods, and thus marking its progress more surely than by mere unassisted recollection could ever be done. Mr. S. quite yielded to this, and turning to me, said smilingly, 'And Miss Mabel looks so interested in a favorable opinion for the diary, that I would bet, if I ever betted, that she has at least six quarto volumes completed.'

"Saturday.—I can note down facts, events, but I have a reluctance to trace my thoughts on a paper which other eyes than mine own might behold. I wish I could open my whole heart to dear mamma! But when I see she has sorrows of her own, I cannot intrude feelings which are so trivial to all but myself. Again we have met Francis Clare. I was strolling in the fields beyond the park with my little sisters and brothers in this loveliest of May mornings. The air so full of scent, the trees so laden with blossoms, the earth so richly green, and the little birds singing in extacies of delight! How beautiful beyond all other beauty is such a morning! We were all heavy laden with may, and violets, and primroses, and my
own lovely favorite the saxifrage, and we had thrown ourselves in the soft grass beneath a chestnut in such wild disorder, our bonnets cast aside, gloves and handkerchiefs heaped beside us, Willy's bright hot cheek resting on old Neptune's black head, who, tired with a chase after a rabbit, and all sorts of gambols besides, never moved lest he should disturb the child he loves so fondly, Ellen's blue eyes, sweet and smiling as the sky above us, peeping from her golden hair, which the light wind blew across her face as she threw her fat little person full length on the grass, whilst Jasper, always sedate after an outbreak, began seriously to moralize on the folly of 'enjoying' a May morning, till we were half expiring with heat and fatigue. All the rest agreed to stifle the voice of the little philosopher, and just as he lay half buried beneath the heap of wild flowers we threw on him, a crackling in the adjoining hedge was heard, and out came Francis Clare. 'How on earth came he wandering in that lone spot remote and pathless as it is?' I asked him, but I cannot recollect his answer, though it satisfied me at the time. So he joined our party, and proved an apt scholar in weaving daisy-wreaths and cowslip-balls, and he charmed the children by singing some little wild songs he had picked up in his travels abroad; and a merry hour we passed—yes, forgetting all the cares of home. Francis Clare is the most good-natured person in the world, and the children half devour him with their caresses.

"Saturday.—A whole week since I wrote a word in my miscalled journal, and yet I had each day something I meant to note down. Papa frightens me, he is so changed from his former self: he is never still; he paces up and down the old hall buried in thought, and when he thinks he is observed, he snatches up his hat and hastens under the deep shadows of the chestnuts, as if he was urged by some imperative reason, yet in a quarter of an hour I hear him in the library as restless and uneasy as ever. He used to be so cheerful and so kind; dare I write that he is so no longer? but alas! it is the truth. He is angry with dear mamma when she speaks to him, though it is always as gently and sweetly as if she were an angel; and he seems to avoid the sight of the children. Edwin may no longer pick his pocket, and the little thief be pursued in mimic anger, and poor Neptune has more than once missed his accustomed kind caresses when he has proudly carried him his hat and stick. I wonder what this all means.

Monday. Since Miss Langham has left us, it seems to me, that I have suddenly grown at least five years in understanding. How much I see now which she never would let me look upon! How often she repressed me when I expressed a desire that my mind should be strengthened, and communicated my suspicions that, life was not always the smooth idle path, strewed with music, and dancing, and embroidery, which she alone seemed cognizant of. I am sure there is something very opposite to this, impending over us, but all is mysterious as yet. Nothing seems to me so strange, as the manner in which the weight so often heavy at my heart, vanishes at the merest trifle. What a simple incident is a visit from Francis Clare; yet, when I went town, dull and sad, and opened the drawing-room door, and heard his pleasant silvery voice talking to my mother, and felt his kind pressure of my hand, it was as if the sun had suddenly shone forth; and all my vague shadowy fears of I
know not what were gone; certainly, F. C. is wonderfully improved since he left the Beaches, a tall, shy lad, with nothing but that pair of wild dark eyes, which always appeared to look into your very heart, and the singing laugh which forced all who listened, to join in it. Now, he laughs but seldom, and there is something in his smile, sweet as it is, that seems to belong more to sorrow than to mirth. When Mrs. D. called the other morning, she began to talk of the Clares, and although I am so much more desirous to hear about them than any other of the neighbouring families, I do not know why I could not endure that gossiping old woman should canvass over their affairs; so I rose and joined the children, who were playing on the lawn. But mamma tells me how prevalent is the report of their falling fortunes, and there was such a deep dejection in her manner as she spoke that the suspicion crossed my mind, that a similar fate is approaching us also. And now it seems strange, that I had not before thought of this, it will so entirely account for all that has so grieved and perplexed me: Papa sold the hounds, not because he was tired of hunting, but to save their expense; and mamma, gave up new furnishing the drawing-rooms, about which, she used to have so many plans and designs, each prettier than the last, and when I asked her when it would be began, she sighed, and said “the old furniture is not worn out yet.” I wish mamma would trust me, but I see she regards me as a mere child.”

There was much more in the same strain, which I will spare my readers, lest they should not take equal interest with myself, in the simple effusions of this young and guileless creature, so unsuspiciously betraying the innocent secrets of her heart, as the clouds on the clear plains of Heaven are reflected in the pure crystal of the water below. Sufficient to say, that each succeeding page was more and more occupied by Francis Clare, that the increasing gloom of the father, and the sadness of the mother were slightly but graphically touched upon, but made not so deep an impression since the aforesaid Francis Clare’s wild dark eyes were present to lighten them. There was something so young, and so tender, in the feelings and thoughts of the girl, that I became deeply interested in her, and resolved to trace whether the course of love did for her run smooth, which I greatly feared: and the result of my enquiries shall be given to my readers, together with several more extracts from the precious little Red Book, which will cast their explanatory rays over the somewhat imperfect relation I gathered from my informers.

It happened that shortly after my visit to this deserted mansion, I met at dinner an old lady, whose countenance belied itself greatly, if it were not the index of a kind spirit and an intelligent mind. I chanced to be placed near her, and in the course of some remarks I made on the country, and my rambles over it, I mentioned Hawkestone. “Ah! have you been there?” she enquired, in a tone so expressive of sorrow and interest, that I felt immediately assured I had now met the being who could if she would, solve my questions and satisfy my curiosity. But I found my neighbour far from a gossip, and she answered my enquiries rather coolly, till I fairly told her the whole of my little adventure—how I had wandered over the desolate rooms—examined the children’s haunts, decided on their characters, by the traces they had left on the walls—and at last—cautiously I revealed the secret of the Red Book. A host of soft and tender emotions were visible as I spoke, and at
The Last Days of Hawkestone.

last looking kindly on me, she said, "Well, I perceive the fate of Hawkestone has met in you with a true sympathy. It seems that I shall not violate the sacred secrecy in which I have preferred to wrap all their unhappy story, by talking of it to one who would have mourned with them; but this is not the place where I could impart my knowledge; I cannot speak openly of this family, to whom I have long been so warmly attached, without betraying feelings that might excite curiosity and attention; but, if you will permit me to drive you to-morrow evening to Hawkestone, painful as it will be to me, yet, I know not if I shall not be glad of an excuse, to look again on scenes in which I have passed so many happy hours; and there I feel, as if my heart would open more readily, and my lips utter more fluently the records of those dearly loved ones whose place shall know them no more." Need I say, how gratefully I received Mrs. Lindsay's proposal, or, how punctual I was at her door on the following evening—one of the brightest and loveliest in early June—when a soft and balmy air blew to temper the atmosphere, heated by an intense sun, and the deep shadows of the trees in full perfection of their foliage, were chequered with its bright rays as they pierced the heavy masses. We left the carriage at the entrance of the green-plot which divides the house from the road in the park, and in silence, I offered my arm to the old lady, unwilling by speech to disturb the train of sweet and bitter recollection in which she was evidently indulging, and by which I hoped to profit. At first she could do nothing but stop at every step, to mourn over the disorder which so plainly told a tale of neglect and abandonment, and I felt her arm tremble within mine, and I saw the tears fall unchecked on her matronly black cloak; but after a while, she roused herself from this indulgence of sad recollections and directing our steps to a lovely beech-tree, which feathering down to the grass, enclosed a vacant space round its trunk; she bade me fetch two seats from a ruined summer-house, a few yards beyond, and having ascertained that they were yet capable of sustaining our weight, Mrs. Lindsay thus spoke.

"I cannot visit this spot I find without feeling too keenly the difference between past days and present ones. You must forgive me, if I shew you the weakness of my heart, but there was a time when I regarded Hawkestone and its inhabitants, the one as my refuge in joy and sorrow, the others as the chosen friends to participate in both. But I am not furthering your wishes, or fulfilling my promise, so I will endeavour to perform the part I have undertaken.

"The house you see, bears many marks of antiquity, and its fine baronial hall, with its curious oaken roof, carries its erection back to a very remote period. I fear I must refer you for the early history of the family to the county publications, where their feats in the ancient times, and their prowess in the civil wars make a conspicuous figure; yet you may have ocular demonstration of its antiquity by the old monuments within the church hard by, which prove that for many centuries they were of no small importance in these parts. When its late possessor married Eleanor Dupré, my earliest friend, the family though still highly respectable in point of property, had lost much from various causes, an increasing turn for extravagance in each succeeding possessor, being the worst and most reprehensible. Young Hubert Hawkestone it was said was not likely to renovate the sinking fortunes of his house;
and he was much blamed for his imprudence in chusing my friend Eleanor, who had nothing but beauty and goodness for her portion, rather than a woman of fortune, who might have relieved the estate from its accumulating burden of mortgage and embarrassment. Had he never done a more unwise thing than this, few but must have relaxed in their censure when they saw the steady calm good sense of his wife, and with what a prudent hand she ruled her family, and curbed expenses which Mr. Hawkestone had now no right to incur. But he was proud-full of that mean pride which is in truth the most humiliating of our vices, and to reduce one item of the undue expenditure which became criminal the moment the resources were too much narrowed to meet it, he foolishly fancied a degradation too bitter to encounter. For some years after his marriage, Hawkestone was the resort of all the gay, the idle, and the dissipated. The sporting character of the county led young Hawkestone into tremendous expenses, his hounds were the crack-pack, his stud the best bred, his entertainments to the members of the Hunt more profuse than those of the first men in the neighbourhood. Over this part of the establishment his wife had no control: It was in vain, that as soon as she had gained some insight into the real state of his affairs, she remonstrated most earnestly and seriously. More than once or twice she compelled him by her importunity and entreaties, to glance at his affairs and acquaint himself with the utter ruin he was bringing upon his family; but though full of good qualities, they were all of the class that required prosperity as the soil for them to flourish in, and having neither firmness to look steadily at the truth, nor energy to turn from the destructive path he was pursuing, he continued, in it out of reckless despair, and whilst, I believe he would at any moment have laid down his existence to serve any one of his family, he could not summon strength of mind enough to turn into the narrow way, which is alas! trodden by few. Years stole away, and a troop of eight lovely children made these lawns ring with their mirth, though many a heart ached to behold their unconsciousness at the evils impending over them. The eldest girl Mabel, whose artless reflections have fallen into your hands, was as sweet a creature as Heaven ever sent into the world. To me her beauty was perfect, but it was not the beauty of a girl full of life and spirit, and bounding over the earth as the place she was fitted for. No! Mabel never looked but as a being half spiritualised. There was a slightness, a fragility about her tall slender form, a transparent delicacy on her cheek, a bright heavenly blue in her large sweet eyes, that was more angelic than earthly, and the natural pensive gentleness of her nature increased when she discovered the real state of her father's affairs. Yet, delicate as she was, there was nothing about her frame indicative of disease, and I believe had her lot been cast when her course would have been smooth and even, she would have glided along the ocean of life like a bark on the summer sea; but she could never behold destruction and distress brooding over her ancestral roof without feelings that were deadly in their poignancy.

"Not far from Hawkestone lived another ancient family with whom you have already some acquaintance from Mabel's memorandums. The Clares were of yet greater antiquity than the Hawkestones, and like them, were falling into decay, though, wherefore, was a subject of more difficult solution than their neighbours." I have
heard that some of the former Clares were rank Jacobites, and that they had raised large sums on their estates to aid the Pretender; and, I think, there must have been some truth in these statements, for it is certain their lands passed into other hands, and the old Manor House became miserably delapidated and forlorn. The Francis Clare of Mabel’s book, was the eldest son, and quite as fascinating as she describes him. I had long perceived their mutual attraction for each other; and foreseeing that obstacles might arise from pecuniary considerations, I had spoken both to Eleanor and Mr. Hawkestone, in the hope that the happiness of a child he extremely loved, might be a motive to check his profuse expenditure; and thus enable him to provide more amply for her, should their young love bear the test of absence; for young Clare was sent abroad by his parents instead of passing the usual period at a university. I was not then aware of the hopeless state of the Hawkestone property, but about this time it became known to me that Mr. Hawkestone’s extravagance was heaping ruin upon all connected with him. The spirits of his amiable wife began to fail before the keen sense of approaching evil, and Mabel though in the very bloom of youth and loveliness, looked often as if the blight which was withering all around had reached even to her. Mr. Hawkestone with all the cowardice and weakness of mind unsupported by principle, seemed to believe that by turning from the sight of the tempest, it would never approach him; and therefore, in many respects, his expenses continued as unbounded as ever. But Eleanor was aware of much of the truth, though not of its full extent. Tradesmen with sullen looks, personages with mysterious countenances, Jews and money-leaders, were repeatedly seen on the road to Hawkestone; and at such times, a certain restlessness and distraction of manner in its unhappy master, plainly intimated that one had asked in vain, and the other, either refused the loan or yielded it at usurious interest.

And now, Francis Clare returned; almost the first interview must have been that noticed by Mabel, with such sweet and touching simplicity, and I soon perceived, that in the heart of Francis, her attentions had implanted themselves beyond the power of all the foreign Circeans to displace. But fair and lovely as the rose bloomed to the careless observer, their was mischief at work in the depth of the blossom. With the peculiar sensibility of her nature, the first suspicion of evil had no sooner clouded her mind, than she unravelled the whole mystery, and her awakened observation brought forth every fact in all its hideous plainness. She began to look on Hawkestone, the home of her infancy and her childhood as doomed; and whilst her affections for it strengthened, as it appeared receding from her eyes, a feeling of overpowering sorrow prevailed her loving heart, and she wept and mourned its coming fate, long before the wound was inflicted. But with the happy flexibility of youth, it was still in the power of Francis Clare to charm away her grief, and in his presence, and listening to the accents of a voice the most melodious I ever heard, she was sensible to a degree of happiness which tempered the bitterness of her other feelings. She knew not that love was the spell that soothed her, and her mother not blind to the state of the heart, though terrified at the melancholy prospect before her, was irresolute, and could not summon courage to disturb these fleeting days of happiness by any anticipations of evil. In this she was wrong, and it
was not at Hawestone only, that their peace was threatened. Rumors were abroad of the increasing involvements of the Clares, and a shade of anxiety often darkened Francis’ open brow. He seemed inclined at one time to shun sweet Mabel, but the attraction was too strong; and day after day, he came, went though a vain effort, to occupy himself with the others, and invariably ended by devoting every word and look to her alone. It was under the boughs of this very beech-tree, that those two fond young hearts first broke the silent spell which bound them. I was at a little distance feeding a pet lamb in that pasture, Mabel was standing under the foliage in a sunny gleam, which fell on her soft bright hair, and illuminated her slight graceful figure clad in white muslin, bound round her waist with a pale blue ribbon. She held her straw-bonnet in her hand—and I never shall forget her—as her mild blue eyes were fixed on the lamb, playfully coquetting with the bread I held out to it. By her side, stood her lover, and his eyes were fastened on her countenance. Perhaps she felt the look, for I saw a blush rise on her cheek, and she turned those seraph’s eyes which were indeed like “violets wet with dew,” upon him, and she said half reproachfully, “you do not care for poor little Nelly—Francis. She will quite forget you, if you neglect her so.” I do not know what had occurred before to make this the moment for the disclosure, but I heard Francis’s trembling, eager, anxious voice, murmur something about forgetting all things in her presence. There was no joy in his manner; the tone was that of sadness, dejection itself and I heard nothing of hope and happiness, but expressions of misery, a heart that could no more be silent, and yet looked onwards to no brighter prospects. Then rose Mabel’s low sweet voice in the stilly evening, and trembling and agitated seemed to utter no reproval; but all was gentle, modest, and loving, and then Francis clasped her hand in his, and pressed it to his lips—his heart. And thus in a few short moments their position towards each other was changed. The suspense, the mystery of their feelings was withdrawn, and the heart of each lay open to the other in all the passionate, absorbing tenderness of a first love. I stole away that I might leave them to the full appreciation of moments that come but once in a life, but a dark foreboding lay on my spirits: I saw no brightness in their horizon.

“‘That very evening when Mabel retired to rest she called her mother to her room—that pretty room with the Indian green paper—and there she confided to her her treasured secret. ‘But mamma,’ said she, ‘though Francis has made me so happy by the knowledge of his love, I have a sort of certainty that his wife I shall never be. A deadly gloom hangs over us. You will call me superstitious if I tell you what a strange weight for ever lies at my heart, and how the veriest trifles all seem to concur in pointing out the fate that is approaching us. But if you think me weak, you will not ridicule me; and who can sympathize with me like you, mamma, who suffer far more than myself?’

“‘What could her mother reply, but, with eyes filled with tears, press her drooping darling to a bosom ever overflowing with fondness, and soothe the mourning spirit by gently turning her thoughts from earth, not vainly attempting to dim the image that now occupied it, but placing it also in the future where in happy communion for eternity, their short trials and separation here would be forgotten.
Mabel's mind was peculiarly religious, but it was of a sort which had no assimilation with any party. It was the broad pure principle of religion, applicable in all difficulties, a principle brought into daily action, as well as on extraordinary occasions, not that weak, puerile sentiment made up of vapid atoms, which those who cherish it, extract painfully from detached sentences of Scripture, believing in the sound of holy words, but regardless of the sense and the spirit in which they expand. She needed not to light a candle and search into dark recesses for a guide to her path, the day-spring from on High illumined her, and pervading her whole soul, she walked without stumbling, for evil could not meet her in her shadowless way, and in her exceeding singleness of heart she passed unperplexed where many who appeared far more anxious and earnest made little progress. There is no mistake greater among the modern professors of religion than that of acting on detached views. I have known many, totally at a loss how to act on some unusual occasion, because they require a formal precedent for each, whereas a mind like Mabel's is never staggered: in her the simplicity of the dove became as the wisdom of the serpent; she brought a broad rule of action to bear on her daily life as well as on its rarer incidents, so that there was a beautiful consistency in its course which won her the quiet approbation of the wise and good, and grievously puzzled the bustling professors of piety, because it bore none of their beacons and land-marks, yet so manifest were its fruits, they durst not raise a cry of disapprobation. It was Mabel's own heart, with the blessing of God, that directed her to this right application of spiritual knowledge, for she had not been fortunate in her preceptress, in so far as she had been taught by her; and it was her misfortune that her mother had always been too much harrassed by domestic anxieties to attend to the training of this sweet plant, fully capable as she was both by nature and education for the important office.

"But," said Mrs. Lindsay, suddenly checking herself, "how I run on without mercy on your time and patience, indulging in remembrances which can be but wearisome to you. I warned you I should be led into a thousand superfluities, and lose myself in the web of sweet and bitter recollections. If you have the purloined book in your pocket, lend it to me, for most probably there is some notice of that 28th of June. Ah yes! here is the date encircled in a little etching of forget-me-nots, and a few lines beneath written in a very trembling hand."

"June 28th.—What a change since I last wrote! The change from uncertainty and a wavering hope equally distressful and happy—but happy is not the word—to a blissful rest in the knowledge that I am loved even as I love. Yet how little real peace is there in these feelings. I am at once agitated and delighted. I know what I most wished to know, that the heart of Francis Clare is mine; but sighs rise in my bosom, and tears swell in my eyes, and my soul is troubled like the unquiet sea which knoweth no rest! Oh! how emphatically does this disturbance tell me that there is nothing upon earth whereon the human soul can fasten itself with full satisfaction. I thought that to possess the certainty of Francis Clare's love was sufficient to make me happiest amongst the happy; I have got this certainty and a thousand fears, and apprehensions, and doubts (but oh! not of his sincerity—
not of his truth) have risen in my mind, and hope almost dies within me. Alas! it was not in joy and hope that he revealed his love, for the care that lay heavy at his heart he transferred to mine: but in this I glory. To share his anxieties and to soothe them is the happiness I look to. In this world’s prosperity we are forbidden to partake; but is it not a far more exalted felicity to aspire to a spiritual union where it will be eternal? To-morrow how much have we to talk over! Mrs. Lindsay must aid us, her strong sense will inform us, when selfish views might warp us, and she can see clearer than could my dear mother, whose fondness for her Mabel—oh! and for Francis too—would make her lessen the obstacles that I know are before us.”

The tears fell from Mrs. Lindsay’s eyes as she read these melancholy words. “Poor child,” sighed she, “how little suitable is this exquisite mournfulness to the overflowing joy that should naturally have filled thy young bosom! It is very true that on the morrow,—for at this time I was a guest at Hawkestone,—Mabel drew me into the shrubbery, told me what I was pretty well aware of, and ended by asking me to make a third in the meeting which she had promised Francis at this hour. And just then he joined us, pale as the bunch of white roses he held in his hand, and with that air of languid restlessness which told of the sleepless night, his voice trembling, his bright eyes brighter from the feverish expression of intense anxiety which changed to one of deep devotion as he looked on my companion, all struck me with dread and pity, and as they walked by my side it seemed as if some noxious blight was already withering the blossom of their love ere it were well expanded. Now he told us, that unable to endure uncertainty after he had once opened his heart to Mabel, “for which,” he said, “I bitterly reproach myself,” he had sought his father on his return home, and made known to him the whole affair. Mr. Clare, a man of extremely stern disposition, a bigot by nature as well as religion, for he was a Roman Catholic, received the communication with a disapprobation, which, proceeding as it did from his secret knowledge of his ruined affairs, as well as those of his neighbours, and also from the difference of faith, was pronounced with a firm resolution that afforded his son but little hope of any future change. And poor Francis concluded his relation with a deep sigh, and these words:—“So all I have gained by my unwarrantable disclosure to you, my Mabel, is certainty instead of doubt, a certainty that I am powerless to offer you the home and happiness that every man who truly loves, hopes to bestow on the woman of his choice.”

“Do not blame yourself so much Francis,” murmured Mabel in her low sweet voice, and turning upon him her mild loving eyes, more soft and tender in their expression than ever, “for though it is probable that in this world no ties but those of affection may ever unite us, there will be to me a serene delight in knowing your love for me; and if you would but look as calmly, as I have brought myself to do, on all the chances and changes of this mortal life as of the most transitory nature, and scarcely worthy our serious regard when we think on eternity, you also may receive comfort from the conviction of my affection, and find this a cordial through the dreariest path you have to tread.”
I looked with nearly as fond admiration on this angelic being as her lover himself could do. There was an earnestness and simplicity in her speech and sentiments which could not be mistaken: and, young as she was, hers had been the blessed privilege to judge rightly of the respective value of this world and the next. To spend the whole of her days upon earth with Francis Clare, she thought a happiness far too intense, and it was enough for her to know his heart and to look onwards to the better land for the perfecting of that union, so many sorrows might blight, if entered upon here. Francis was excellent and amiable, but it was hardly to be expected that he could see with Mabel's eyes, and although he seemed inclined to fall and do homage to her as an angel, he would certainly have preferred a portion of terrestrial content before he passed into futurity, so that her earnest appeal to his patience and submission did but make him more clearly discern the inestimable nature of the treasure he was never to possess. I could do nothing but speak kindly and sympathize in their sorrows, and endeavour to aid Mabel in impressing Francis with the duty and permanent advantage of an entire submission to the will of God; and seeing how firm was the weakest of the twain in uprightness and rectitude of purpose, I left them to seek my poor harassed friend her mother. She had conversed with her husband with all the earnestness of a fond mother where the peace of her child was in question, but she had gained little besides a fresh insight into the hopeless state of affairs.

Mr. Hawkestone loved Mabel as fondly as her mother could do, and when he heard that on him it depended to make her happy, I doubt not, that had the power been his, he would have dispensed his wealth as profusely on her as he had wasted it on himself. At first, also, he had assured Mrs. Hawkestone that money should never occasion trouble to the child he cherished above all the rest, and as if he was not aware of his own miserably destitute state, he summoned the steward, and forced himself to a parley with him. The most superficial inspection of his accounts sufficed to lay the truth plainly and clearly before him, and he saw that every resource was frustrated, the estate mortgaged to its full value, money taken up at usurious interest, and that the dreadful catastrophe was at hand, when they must be driven forth from the house of their forefathers with scarcely a provision for their daily bread. Eleanor told me that he seemed as much overwhelmed at this as if he had never been warned of the consequences of his reckless extravagance. With that blindness so marvellous and unaccountable to others, and which appears so contrary to any exercise of reason, Mr. Hawkestone had completely hidden the truth from himself, and now, cast down to the lowest ebb of despondency, it seemed as if his mind would fail before the blow which every hour brought nearer. Now did the dreadful conviction burst upon him, that for the gratification of his own selfish pleasures, for the most foolish indulgence of pride, he had for years been destroying the family consequence he valued so highly, and that by his own consummate imprudence and vanity, the very name on which he prided himself would be levelled in the dust, and his ancestral lands be doomed to pass into the hands of strangers. After this disclosure, he had uttered some incoherent maledictions on himself for having so irretrievably ruined his family, and for having deprived himself of all the

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power of furthering the happiness of his darling Mabel; and deaf to all the entreaties of my poor friend had mounted his horse and galloped she knew not whither. It was now my task to damp her last faint hope that Mr. Clare might have some consideration for his son’s happiness. With the sense of such utter desolation at hand, all feelings of ambition were annihilated, and she would have hailed with content and thankfulness any home for her child, however lowly, if it but ensured her a shelter from the coming storm. The tidings I was forced to make known extinguished her hopes, for she knew the character of old Clare too well not to regard his determination as final. But Mrs. Hawkestone’s mind was moulded in the same frame as her admirable daughter’s; it was as the silver, tried in the refiner’s fire, and shone unsullied through the base alloy that sought to mingle with it. She had been taught how tortuous and full of briars is the path of many in this world; but her nature, like Mabel’s, could not gain this knowledge without the mortal part withering beneath its weight, and there was always something in her manner which expressed how easily she could quit the earth for another region; yet she shrunk not from the present evil, and therefore long and earnestly did we talk over all probabilities and improbabilities, possibilities and impossibilities for the poor young ones; but, alas! we could discern nothing to cheer us in an horizon so clouded! It now became a matter for serious discussion whether it were not a hard, yet a necessary duty, to put a stop to further communication. For myself, I could not give utterance to an opinion so severe, and I could not acquiesce in my friend’s more rigid view of the wretchedness of an hopeless attachment, carried on with no expectation of a favorable termination.

Whilst we were engaged in this melancholy discussion, the objects of our painful interest entered the room, and their sad eyes and pale cheeks but too well betrayed how little of the happiness of youthful love had cheered their bosoms. Mrs. Hawkestone, with an effort which I plainly perceived almost overwhelmed her, at once laid before them her view of the case, and confidently appealed to their own sense of rectitude and fitness to adopt the course to which circumstances must sooner or later inevitably lead them: this was to part. Never shall I forget the change that passed over Mabel’s whole person as she listened to her mother. She tried to articulate, but her white lips uttered no sound; her countenance was ghastly beyond paleness, and the very color of her eyes seemed to fade before the mighty trouble of her heart. She stood by her mother’s side, but her form, which at first bent sadly and timidly, grew stiff and rigid, and grasping a chair near her, she remained as if the wand of an enchanter had converted her to marble. Francis broke out into a cry of mingled terror and despair, and was about to utter a volley of reproaches against Mrs. Hawkestone, when I seized his arm, and insisted on his leaving Mabel with her mother and accompanying me to another apartment. There I did all that was possible to soothe his half-maddened spirit, and at last I succeeded in producing something more like submission, and he promised me to seek for religious consolation at the hands of the priest who resided at Clare Court. I could only obtain a solemn assurance that no step should be taken until Francis had again seen and conversed with Mabel, and he departed for his own home, there to meet with but
little of the sympathy he so much required.—When I returned to the saloon, I found Mabel had been conveyed to her own room by her mother, and that having recovered from that frightful attack of nervous rigidity she had besought her to leave her in perfect solitude to tutor her mind to subjection and resignation.

Mr. Hawkestone seemed now as eager as he had before been reluctant to see into the exact state of his affairs; and the discoveries of insurmountable difficulties which he had so long been pertinaciously heaping together, acting upon a weak, susceptible mind, threw him into a violent illness, thus adding all the cares and fatigues of attendance to the thousand others which oppressed his family. From this illness he came forth with enfeebled frame, and all but derangement of intellect. And now the high natures of his admirable wife and daughter shone resplendent. Resolutely did Mabel shut up her own griefs in the inmost recesses of her heart that she might assist and support her mother, whilst that mother, never suffering herself to dwell on the melancholy future, assumed at once the direction of the present; inspected the complicated accounts and unraveled the intricate involvements till the whole, sad detail lay clear before her, and proved to her that the sale of every acre would indeed clear off the debt, but leave them without means of subsistence. She could not refuse to herself and Mabel the consolation of Francis’s aid at this time, for whilst Mr. Hawkestone’s faculties seemed annihilated, his good sense and naturally sound judgment made him a most efficient helpmate. I did not desert them at this painful period, and I saw and heard all the proceedings preparatory to the sale of their ancestral possessions, and watching each and all as I did, with the fondest and deepest interest, I soon became aware that Mabel’s health was unable to bear up against the keen emotions which were constantly disturbing her spirit. The seraph smile was ever ready on her lips; the hand was ever ready to trace those endless, complicated lines of figures; the head to apply to the disentanglement of the driest money concerns; the low, soft voice to speak comfort to the mother she so truly loved—but whilst she spoke of peace I saw too well that for her there was none in this world. There was a general blight over her slight figure; a wan lustre in her mild, blue eyes which told of some internal fire; and when I directed her mother’s attention to those symptoms—I found she was perfectly aware of them:—“Yes,” she said, “I see it all. But shall I confess to you I have so habituated myself to contemplate the remainder of our lives on earth as probably fated to be darkened by misfortunes, that I have ceased to regard death with any terror. No! even if he take this—the dearest of my children—I feel as if my weary heart would repose in the firm hope that she is safe from the world’s sorrows, in the fold of her Redeemer. I may seem terribly unfeeling and unnatural, but this is truly the state of my mind. Yet those who have had practical experience that all here is vanity will understand me; it is those only whose trials are to come who will judge me harshly.”

Long and fatiguing conferences with lawyers ended but in Mrs. Hawkestone’s conviction that the sooner the crisis came the better; and she exerted herself to persuade her poor husband to do voluntarily what he would soon be compelled to do by others. But week after week passed without her being able to prevail upon him
to act—and with scarcely perceptible change in any thing but Mabel—and she seemed indeed to wither as the autumn advanced, even as do the flowers of the field. Francis still paid his daily visit, though I suspected it was against his father's orders; but this he never confessed, and Mrs. Hawkestone did not oppose them, for certain as she now felt that Mabel's days were numbered, she resolved they should be embittered by no pangs which it was in her power to avert. Turn to your book, and let us see if there are any notes relating to this period.

I did as Mrs. Lindsay directed, and guided by her to the right date, I found several affecting notices of her feelings and sufferings.

"Sept. 18th.—The old clock has struck eleven, and it is the hour for Francis to appear. Dear Francis! How exquisitely kind and tender he is to me—nay to us all. How does my heart overflow in gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good that he should allow my last days on earth to be soothed and comforted by his presence; and doubly be He blessed, that He gives to me—His weak, unworthy creature—the power to soften and put aside such feelings of irritation and opposition to those he is bound to obey, as are unworthy inmates of so pure a heart. Francis has knelt by my side, and though our modes of Faith are different, we have offered up such prayers as all may unite in. Grant, oh Father of Mercies, that we may not be separated during the short period of my sojourn here, and that I may bid him farewell in sure and humble confidence of an eternal re-union in thy Kingdom.

Sept. 25th.—The days glide by, and how surely, yet how imperceptibly does each bear with it a portion of strength and health. It is only by comparing myself, today, with myself a week or a fortnight since, that I am aware how my powers diminish, how softly and gently I am sinking into the grave; for I have little bodily pain to endure, it seems all centered in my heart, and how long it has been growing there I scarcely know myself. As long as my eyes have been open to perceive the downward course of our earthly prosperity; as long as I have noted my mother's and my father's disquietude, so long it is that the iron entered into my soul—but I bless God for all things. None can know as well as myself how vain and worldly I had been likely to become, had the riches and pageantry of this world been my portion. I know I had a leaning to them, though it lay closely concealed in my heart; and—now I am freed from this unworthy thraldom—my hope is not on earth but in Heaven. I desire nothing of earth but that it should yield me up those I love, pure and unsullied from its trials, to dwell with me for ever in that blessed region where sorrow has no place. This is my constant prayer. Hear it, Oh my God, I beseech Thee!"

Mrs. Lindsay could not read these affecting lines without her eyes filling with tears; but after the pause of a few minutes, she continued:—

"The autumnal months passed on, during which time, after various negotiations and difficulties, the final decree went forth, and Hawkestone with all its incumbrances was to be put up for sale. Entirely as poor Mabel thought herself loosened from more earthly cares, I plainly saw how sharply this touched her heart. With all the tender romance of her warm and generous nature, she loved her father's halls and the old ancestral trees. She looked on the ancient, venerable church, so close to the mansion-house, where her forefathers rested, and whose walls bare the records from
the olden time of their worth and chivalry. Here, lay the stone effigy of Sir Walter Hawkestone—the valiant crusader—sadly ill-treated by violence and neglect; there, the kneeling figure of the be-ruffled and farthingaled heiress who had brought the acquisition of many a rood to the first founders of the family. On one side of the nave was the ponderous and richly wrought tomb, beneath which reposed that mass of human bones which once knit into goodly frames, had figured as parents and children, and whose likenesses, rudely sculptured, shewed them in every gradation of size, kneeling, in order, around the reclining forms of their progenitors. In one dark corner stood the stout statue of an ancestor who had fought on the side of Cromwell; and within a space where their hands might have joined was reared on a broken pedestal a slim, graceful form in armour, whose pointed beard at once pronounced him a cavalier. Nor was there wanting the periwigged knight of later days, nor a stern expressive bust of a great grandfather, by Roubiliac; and studying and contemplating this succession of records from times so remote, it may be imagined what hold they might have taken on a young, imaginative person like Mabel. I was staying at Hawkestone in the October of that melancholy autumn—and one gusty night, when the moon, nearly at the full, was continually crossed by masses of heavy clouds, I stood at my bed-room window long after we had retired, for the evening had passed in distressing conversation and deliberations on the future, and I could not compose my mind, sufficiently, to sleep. There was something very touching and solemn in the scene; the fine, old chestnuts yet retained their discolored foliage, and moaned as the wind rushed through them. The low tower of the church was here and there touched by a clouded moonbeam, or silvered by a transient burst of light as it shone forth visibly in a field of blue. The tombstones also were lit, and the high grass rustled and waved in the breeze. The large window was in sight of mine, and at one moment I could see one of the tombs within, bright in the moonlight, and even trace the mass of stone which I knew to be the statue of the young cavalier. Presently, I saw a shadow pass across it, and I confess a momentary feeling of dread filled my heart. I stood silent as the grave with my eyes fixed upon the spot, when a cloud crossed the moon and all became completely darkened. The wind blew more heavily, but I could just discern a figure crossing the broad gravel sweep to the entrance; and just afterwards, unclosing my door, I heard a light step ascending the staircase. As I suspected, Mabel’s door was then gently opened, and on my entering her room, I found her unswapping a cloak from her person. She looked dreadfully pale and tired, and when I gravely chid her for her imprudence in encountering the chill night-air, she smiled sweetly, and began thus to exculpate herself from the charge:—

“Dear Mrs. Lindsay,” said she, “you know that all those old monumental figures are dear to me as my life! I had felt an impatient desire to behold them once again in the light of a full moon when they look so ghastly and shadowy. The moon is full to night, and ere another full moon I may be unable to get as far as the precious old church. I have done myself no harm; on the contrary, I am soothed and calmed at the sight of the spot where I shall so soon lie beside them. How I wish my dear father and mother had their due portion of the wealth of our ancestors; and they would then add a tomb for their Mabel to the group that decorates our parish
church. How foolish it is to feel such a desire, but it is so strong upon me that I have made Francis promise that if ever he is rich, he will place a marble Mabel next to Algernon Hawkestone's kneeling figure, near the great west window."

"Mabel, my beloved child," said I, scarcely repressing my tears, "I promise you that this shall be done. But leave this your wish as a legacy to me—your earliest friend—and trust to me for its fulfilment." I pressed her fondly to my heart, and left her; but I must not thus indulge in such recollections or I shall exhaust your patience. Nearly all through this winter I took up my endless abode at Hawkestone: a final arrangement had been made for the sale of the property in the following summer, and there was much to do in the interval where they thought my advice and experience might benefit them; at all events, the presence of a tried, old friend was a consolation. They urged my stay, also, on another plea. It would probably be the last time in which we should all be united under the old roof-tree; the present was still ours, the future might separate us for ever. Mabel, too, when apart from her mother, had gently implored me to see the last of her, and had assured me that certain as she was of the speedy close of her life, nothing could make its remnant pass so cheerfully and serenely as the society of all she loved and valued, collected together in perfect amity—and such an appeal I could not resist. It was evident enough that Mabel's days were numbered, and the worm that gnawed at her heart was fast approaching to its core; but her days glided by serenely, made peaceable by the almost daily presence of her faithful lover and the full conviction that her happiness would be perfected in another world. Francis Clare seldom mentioned his father; and it was only from our own conjectures that we concluded his continued intercourse with Hawkestone was made either secretly or against express command.

One very cold, gloomy morning in January, I was sitting at work with Mrs. Hawkestone, and Mabel, who was more languid and drooping than usual, was resting on a couch in the inner boudoir, whilst, by Francis's low murmuring tones, we knew he was reading to her one of the devotional books she loved, when the door opened and "Mr. Clare" was announced. I saw Eleanor turn deadly pale as she arose to receive him, neither was I comfortable at the sight of him. He was a tall, austere-looking man, with a cold, haughty manner, probably increased by the distaste with which he viewed the whole family of Hawkestone. He bowed, distantly; and the first salutations passed, he began immediately to say, that understanding his son was a daily visitor, contrary to his express commands, he had thought it best to make known himself his disapprobation of the connection and forbid any further intercourse between his son and Miss Hawkestone.

Eleanor was perplexed how to reply, and I was endeavoring to advance to her assistance when she was extricated from her difficulty by the unexpected entrance of Mabel from the inner room. Her step was uncertain, and she was evidently extremely agitated, for a lovely color glowed on her sunken cheeks and gave a dazzling lustre to her blue eyes; but notwithstanding this brilliancy of countenance, none could look on her and be blinded to the truth. She advanced close to Mr. Clare, who rose as she approached, and with a smile of angelic sweetness she spoke to him: "Let me put aside all your apprehensions Mr. Clare. Look at me and you will be assured
that one is at hand to rid you of me, whom there is no avoiding. My days are numbered—may be, my hours—and since my place shall so soon know me no more; I can interfere with none of your projects and plans for your son. But you will not, I am sure you will not," and she gently laid her thin hand upon Mr. Clare's arm, who almost shrank from her touch, "refuse me the great consolation of his presence for the very short remnant of life that remains to me. Were it possible I could recover, I could not dare to urge a word against your decision—but now—" here the voice of the sweet creature low persuasive, and earnest, trembled, and she paused, whilst the tears slowly filled her eyes, and one fell upon the hand of Mr. Clare who grasped his stick with a sort of convulsive force. As she withdrew her hand which she had laid on his arm, she touched his, and I suppose its fevered heat shocked him, for he started, and a softer expression stole over his countenance. He rose with politeness and seemed at a loss how to reply, when he placed her on a seat beside him. He still hesitated, for he knew not the firm, high nature of this lovely being, and he was apparently about to commit the egregious mistake of making some common-place speech, when she resumed with an air of perfect openness and simplicity: "Francis was with me, Mr. Clare, when you entered; let him be present when you answer me;" and raising her voice a little, she called him and he obeyed her summons. Mabel turned an imploring look on Mr. Clare who seemed subdued and softened by the appearance and manner of the dying girl, and at last he mur- mured forth some incoherent expressions of regret, surprise and ignorance, and concluded with his assurances that no act of his should embitter her closing life. Mabel, too weak to bear any emotion, burst into an hysterical fit of tears, and I almost feared the slender thread of life would be snapt in the conflict; but Mr. Clare evidently distressed and shocked hastily withdrew, and, left to Francis' soothing tenderness, Mabel after a while regained her usual placidity. From this time, Francis profiting by the more tacit than expressed consent extorted from his father's surprised feelings, generally appeared at breakfast, and remained till the close of evening, and often have I heard the sweet girl inculcating in him the purest lessons of christian resignation and faith in the mercy, as well as wisdom of God, which he at last received with a thorough conviction that it is only by trials we are fitted for the kingdom of Heaven.

To shorten my long tale, the winter passed heavily away and the indications of spring appeared. Mabel trembled lest her life should be prolonged beyond the time fixed for the general break up, and my poor friend Eleanor sighed as she thought how bitter would be the pang if she were still here to endure it. She had become too weak to leave her own sitting-room above stairs, that pretty, green-papered apartment which attracted your attention, and thither Francis carried to her the first blossoms of the year—the earliest buds of the snow-drop, and the first bloom of her own loved violet-bed. It was he who one day brought her that classic vase, modelled after the beautiful Saxifrage that profusely decorates our meadows. Nothing, as you know, could be more elegant or in better taste, and methinks I can even now recall Mabel's delighted smile, and the trembling eagerness with which she received it from her lover's hands, and busied herself in arranging the bouquet
of his gathering, so as best to display the form and color of every flower composing
it. I cannot account for this vase having been forgotten, though in the course of
after events it might be that Mrs. Hawkestone's mind was too deeply occupied to
dwell on subjects of minor importance, and it might have recurred to her memory
only when she was too far distant to make her enquiries of much avail, when a sale
had scattered all the contents of the house, and the whole property had passed into
other hands. Week after week called forth the beauties of Hawkestone, till the
spring in all its redundant glory seemed to revive the fading spark of life, and I
never saw aught earthly so exquisitely fair and pure as the dying Mabel. Like the
sunset, the hue of her complexion, and the deep blue of her eyes were brighter as
she was disappearing in the dark shadows of the grave, whilst her thoughts and
temper were so untainted by any of this world's alloy that she seemed to me already
beatified. She had been carried in a litter round her favorite haunts; she had been
placed before her ancestral kindred on the monuments; she had gathered the first
rose and the earliest star of jessamine; she had seen Hawkestone once more clad in
its emerald garb, and her business on earth was over. She had appeared more than
usually languid one evening, and on the following morning I perceived a great
alteration in her countenance. She could not rise, but Francis went with her
mother to her room, and could ill conceal his emotion when he beheld her. She
was lying with her pale cheek leaning on her transparent hand, her eyes closed, and
only a short panting breath indicating life. At their approach, she looked up, and
they saw that her sweet, mild eyes were glassy and dim. Her voice was low, broken
and indistinct, but they were aware that she spoke of her last hour being come.
It was in vain that Francis endeavored to repress the tears which choked him, and
when he found his efforts useless he sank on his knees beside her bed, and pressing
her hand to his heart wept over her beyond control. We had all assembled in her
room by her desire; her father, half distracted with grief, terror and remorse, accused
himself as the guilty cause of her untimely end, and his sorrow was most painful to
behold, as the weakness of his mind was apparent in the utter abandonment of his
feelings. Her mother wept, but her tears were tears of hope and faith: her nu-
merous brothers and sisters of all ages below her own, down even to mere childhood,
by each was shown his love and fondness for a gentle sister, in the most affectionate
endearments; whilst their bright, rosy cheeks were sullied by the profusion of their
tears: then the clergyman, whose religious consolations had been constantly claimed,
and as often administered for many months past, knelt amidst the sorrowing group,
and when he looked on the fading creature before him he turned to the prayer for
the dying and read it with such deep solemnity and pious fervor that the bitter
tears were checked and every bosom felt and acknowledged that the loved one they
were losing was about to receive a more blessed inheritance. The sweet, hopeful
saint unclosed with difficulty those eyes which the light of this earthly sun now
scarce illumined, and turning them slowly on all around raised her hand as far as
her weakness permitted, and whispered in a scarcely audible voice:—"Bless you!"
but her last look was on her father, as if she sought to console and soothe his grief
beyond the rest—a grief the more agonising, as it was embittered by remorse.

[Court Magazine.]
Then she joined her hands faintly, and her lips moved as in prayer, and these were the last signs of life she gave. She lay for some hours perfectly still, scarcely breathing, Francis still kneeling on one side of the bed and her mother sitting on the other, with their eyes fixed on her face. When I entered late in the evening, this was still their position: the most profound silence reigned, the twilight had darkened, and the room was lit only by the beams of the rising moon, which shone full upon the bed and on Mabel’s countenance. Oh! the effect of that pure, ghastly light! As I approached, I perceived she was gone; the spirit had left its earthly tenement so gently, so quietly, that they were unconscious of its departure.

There was no violent outbreak of grief, even when they were awakened to the truth. Mabel had so accustomed them to the contemplation of death, that by making it a perpetual theme of conversation she had so stripped it of its errors, that they sought consolation rather in the thought that she had escaped the evil to come, and that her firm yet humble faith had conducted her to an assured haven of rest. Whilst, therefore, their tears fell—a human tribute over her loved remains—it was scarcely in sadness they wept, for surely they deemed her entered into the joy of the Lord.

There was not a dry eye on that lovely morning when all that remained of Mabel Hawkestone was consigned to the vault of her ancestors. Loved and venerated by old and young, amongst the village poor they could see no cause to subdue their grief; they felt how keenly they had lost one who listened patiently to their troubles and whose pity and sympathy alleviated them. What wonder, poor souls, if they could see her early doom but as one of awful severity, and could scarcely comprehend how little, in reality, it was to be lamented.

I was not dilatory in executing the promise I had made for her monument; and as my health obliged me on the following year to travel into Italy, I there employed a sculptor of high reputation to execute a sepulchral figure, such as would have been approved of by Mabel’s pure taste. I hope you did not pass, unobserved, that youthful kneeling figure just by the west window in the church, with the head turned upwards to Heaven, and clasping a cross to her bosom. The purity of the marble, the grace and simplicity of the design, convey, I hope, the ideas of innocence, resignation and faith; and the extreme beauty of the execution is not unworthy of the beautiful being it would commemorate.

"I must," said I, "pay a second visit to the church, and read the epitaph which doubtless records the virtues of this interesting creature."

"You will see nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Lindsay. "The marble bears no inscription but of her name, the date of her birth and of her death, and this short sentence—‘She died in faith and hope.’—All besides this she would have deprecated; for, besides her genuine humility, she knew how little truth and tombstones are allied. But how impatient you must be for the conclusion, though you have behaved very courteously through all my prolixity. All I have now to say may be comprised in a few words. One month after Mabel’s death, the family quitted Hawkestone for ever, and directly afterwards a sale in the house dismantled and stripped it completely. That white China flower-vase and that one memo-

0—(COURT MAGAZINE)—OCTOBER, 1842.
randum-book, seem to have been the sole remains of former days. The estate was sold to a man of great wealth, who was purchasing land for political purposes, and I am told that he threatens to pull down the old house, which step, as it involves the destruction of a remarkably fine baronial hall, says not much for his veneration of ancient relics. The Hawkestones, with a narrow income rescued from the general ruin, retired to the continent, where Mr. Hawkestone, restless and miserable, conscience-stricken and broken-hearted, with his victims always in his sight, the constant sense of privations to which he was unused, without energy or power to redeem his character, died shortly after they had settled at Tours, leaving his exemplary wife and his numerous children dependent on the friendship and kindness of friends and relations. There they still reside, respected by all who know them, and not uncared for by many at home, who will exert themselves strenuously for the advancement of the boys, when they are of age to enter into a profession.

"And Francis Clare," I asked, "what is become of him?"

"If you attend this church next Sunday," replied Mrs. Lindsay, "you will hear the service performed by a tall, pale, pensive young man, who whilst he looks calm and serene, yet bears upon his countenance traces of sorrow that can never wholly pass away. That is Francis Clare. After losing Mabel, he seemed to forget the pious lessons she had taught him, and he fell into a state of deep melancholy and despondency. His father sent him abroad, and I heard of him at Florence during my travels, as very little amended by change of scene or climate. On my arrival there, I sought him out, and found his mind to be in a thoroughly unhappy and uncomfortable state. Mabel's pure and scriptural belief had led him to think more on religion than formerly, and his naturally clear judgment had pondered on the many errors of his own faith, till he was shaken and bewildered. He confided to me his doubts and apprehensions, and at last yielded to my entreaties that he would consult a learned and excellent clergymen, a friend of my own who happened to be then residing at Florence for his health. On his discretion, tenderness, and moderation I knew I could rely, and as they wandered along the Arno or climbed the heights of Fiesok in the lovely evenings of spring, Francis' mental eyes became cleared and his ears received the words of truth and soberness. The result was, his sincere conversion to the Protestant Faith, and, an after-consequence—disinheritance by his father. This, however, was more grievous as an unparental act than from any pecuniary loss it involved; for ruin of worldly prosperity had already befallen his family. Francis now bent the whole force of his mind to the study of Divinity; and becoming a good theological scholar—took holy orders—and by the exertion of some interest in a right quarter succeeded in being appointed to the little Rectory of Hawkestone. Here he officiates, with the effigy of his beloved Mabel before him, the spot in the church-yard where her remains are laid being fully visible from both the reading-desk and the pulpit. I doubt his being long-lived. Grief and vexation, care and disappointment have each gnawed sharply at his heart, and have completely subdued his once cheerful and happy spirit whilst with the loss of her on whom all his affections were so deeply fixed, was transferred every hope of happiness to another sphere: yet his days pass in peaceful serenity, for he feels how strictly she
would have required him to have performed the sacred duties of his office; therefore, this motive is added to that of his own conscientiousness, and to their fulfilment he devotes himself ardently, whilst there is a constant source of satisfaction to him in his proximity to the scene of Mabel's sepulture. He would, however, scarcely have approached so near his father's residence, he being, as you may imagine, most indignant on the subject of his conversion; but his ruin followed so closely on that of Hawkestone, that the estate was disposed of, and the family had retired to France with all they could save of their scattered fortunes,—long before their son was appointed to the living of Hawkestone.

And now, my dear sir, my long and simple memoirs are ended. But, devoil as they may be of stirring interest, I must nevertheless claim my reward. I must recall to your mind that I am the most intimate friend of all this family; that you, kind as your feelings may be towards them, are yet a total stranger, and I will leave it sincerely to the decision of your own heart, whether the little Red Book should not be transferred from your hands to mine. I shall without scruple immediately bear away the flower-vase of so many tender recollections, and be grateful to you as the means of procuring me such a precious memento.

"See," continued Mrs. Lindsay, gently taking the little book from my reluctant hands, and opening it at the last page, or, rather, at a last paragraph which had been written after the interval of several blank leaves:—"See the final close of this innocent journal, and confess that a stranger intermeddled not here." So saying, she pointed to some lines which were traced in a very trembling hand, as if she knew their import. In truth, she had seen these memoranda just after Mabel's death, and had replaced them in the drawer of her bureau, nor could she otherwise account for the situation in which I found them, but by supposing this one volume had been inadvertently separated by her mother from the rest; nor the loss discovered until the family were far away.

"I think I have decked my flower-vase for the last time. I could scarcely sit up to arrange the flowers he brought me this morning, and my fingers trembled so much, that they fell from my hold and bestrewed themselves over me. I felt adorned for my burial, but I said not this to Francis—or ——

The next paragraph was in some words nearly illegible, but I read it through, and it was the last.

"Few and short have been the days of my pilgrimage, and though much of joy and happiness illumined my hours of childhood, sorrow clouded my youth, yea! how far more darkly than any one has knowledge of. From this time I shall write no more; my earthly hopes are changed for Heavenly ones, my mourning spirit will soon, I humbly trust, be a purified and a happy one. Weep not for me mother, most beloved, for I am sure I should ill have borne the evil to come. Weep not for me, indulgent friend of my earlier years and revered monitress of my youth, weep not that poor Mabel is spared from trials she had not strength to bear with a firm heart—and you whom I loved in my earliest years as a brother—and since, with a still more tender love; you, who have soothed my hours of pain and lightened my hours of health, who will, I trust, witness my departure from this vain and unsatis-
flying world, I implore you, Francis Clare, weep for me no tears but such as shall relieve the first pangs of regret, and then remember that the spirit of your Mabel is ever beckoning you onward—onward through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to join her in the realm of the blessed, where faith in the sacrifice of the Redeemer shall give us entrance."

I certainly could not contend the point with Mrs. Lindsay, but in placing the book in her hands it seemed as if I were giving up a talisman which would have preserved me in many an hour of temptation. There was a spirit of innocence and purity throughout, which I felt I should have loved to have dwelt upon; and now that I could retain the precious leaves no longer, I inwardly prayed that I might never forget them, but endeavour to cherish feelings as blameless as Mabel Hawkestone's, and, performing all my duties as steadily and unselfishly, find that the things of this life should be as little attractive and alluring to me as to her. Certainly, my walk that sweet May morning had not been fruitless; for, whilst my senses were gratified by the abundant beauty of external things, my heart had been softened to the impression of pity and admiration; and strengthened also by the example of one so young, so fragile, and yet so good as to endure all the dispensations of Heaven unrepiningly, whilst I read a sterner lesson in the reckless career of Mr. Hawkestone that no one can injure himself alone; but he who indulges his selfish disposition involves the innocent in the consequences of his failings, and finds too late that what he has accustomed himself to regard as venial errors, may occasion a desolation on the domestic hearth as complete as the commission of more seemingly atrocious guilt.

B.

"MY BEAUTIFUL—MY OWN."

BY EDWARD DANIELL, ESQ.

Oh! she was Nature's own,—own child,
So soft,—so sweet,—so fair,—so mild,
And she had thoughts above her years,
The child of hopes,—but not of fears.

When o'er the blue ethereal sky,
The summer clouds sped gently by,
She 'd watch their shapes, and hues so blue,
And grieved,—how soon they came and went!

And o'er the dew-drop she would dwell,
She lov’d its pearly brightness well,
But like the clouds 'twas transient too,
And she would sigh—'tis only dew!
"My Beautiful—My Own."

The little flower she lov'd to greet,
Was the blue violet, lone and sweet;
But ah! she cried—how short its reign,
When spring shall come 'twill bloom again!

Then in the woodlands she would stray,
And wander all the live-long day;
Or sit beneath some pensive shade,
Or gather wild-flowers in the glade.

She'd watch the little sprightly wren,
That chirps, and twitters in the glen;
And catch with joy each gentle note,
Which warbles from the robin's throat.

And in the soft, and balmy ray,
Of noon-tide,—on a summer's day,
She'd mark the golden insect's wing,
And cry—"Thou art a gaudy thing."

Then, as it hum'd, and flutter'd by,
She'd mutter—"vain and silly fly,
Canst thou thus sing—and flit and play
Whose span of life—is but a day!"

Whate'er was beautiful and fair,
Whether of land, or sea, or air,
She lov'd;—but then, alas!—she'd sigh,
The sweetest flower,—doth soonest die.

And so it was,—for lo! there came,
All stealthily, that King of Fame,
Who withers nature by his breath,
And bids the fairest yield to death.

He came; and raised his with'ring dart
Then gently touch'd her beating heart,
The pulse stood still,—she meekly sigh'd
And on my aching breast,—she died!

Now in the church-yard doth she sleep,
And there I oft my vigils keep,
While violets grow, and lillies bloom,
And robins twitter round her tomb.
MAIDEN, COME AWAY, AWAY.

O'er the fields with dew-drops bright
Softly whisp'ring breezes play,
Fragrant with the tears of night;
Maiden, come away, away.

Now the lark is soaring high;
Songsters warble from the spray;
Love and Music fill the sky;
Maiden, come away, away.

Sunbeams on the waters dance;
Wild flow'rs all their charms display;—
What are these without thy glance?
Maiden, come away, away.

We will watch the sea-gull sail
With its snowy plumage gay,
Pois'd upon the morning gale;
Maiden, come away, away.

We will climb the mountain's side,
Where meand'ring streamlets stray,
Where the heath blooms in its pride;
Maiden, come away, away.

We will wander by the brook,—
Each fond tale of love re-say,
Sigh for sigh and look for look;
Maiden, come away, away.

By the charm from Love supplied
'Neath the moon's voluptuous ray;
By the link affection tied,
Maiden, come away, away.

W. LEDGER.
contemplate to be alone fitting:—such as, indeed, I am resolved shall be executed.

The so termed master—the architect—had travelled from afar; his works were,
Maiden, come away, away.

W. Ledger.
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL:

A LEGEND.

BY G. F. CARDEN, ESQ.

Accompanied with an engraving of the Master's original design, anno 1248.

In the silent solemnity of the spacious and superb library of the Palace of Cologne, and at a table covered with parchments and various architectural designs, engrossing apparently the whole mind of the holy man, was seated Conrad von Hochsteden, the Archbishop of the diocese. At his side, and as deeply engaged in examining the designs as His Eminence (save that now and then his eye fixed itself with restless anxiety on the face of the Archbishop) stood one whose countenance was characterised by a severe and thoughtful melancholy, arising seemingly less from physical constitution than the deep importance of the matter upon which he was engaged. At length the silence which His Eminence and his attendant had held for at least a quarter of an hour was suddenly broken by the former. "Master!" then said his Eminence, "none of thy plans please me. Some are too simple, others too insignificant; some too light, others too cumbersome; and all, all of them, Master, far too diminutive—too mean—too—in fact, you have made not even an approach to the vastness of my own mental conceptions."

Here the Archbishop turned quickly round, and looked up into the pallid face of the thunderstruck and despairing architect. "Nay, despair not!" exclaimed his Reverence, "but persevere still more assiduously. Time and thy genius may accomplish every thing."

Here the Bishop raised his commanding figure to its full height, and looking fixedly, as if to penetrate into the very soul of the architect, with upraised arms, and in a deep and solemn utterance, he added, "Cologne shall have no cathedral but such an one as shall surpass every other! Its rival shall be found nowhere! It shall be more wonderful than the Pyramids of Egypt; more beautiful than Grecian temple; more magnificent than the most celebrated of Pagan mosques! a cathedral fitting for the seat of God's vicegerent on earth—worthy of the Mighty One of Israel to receive the earnest prayers and ardent praises of a humbled world; a cathedral where the proudest of earth's monarchs will love to offer at his throne the aspirations of a penitent heart, wherein, indeed, in lofty strains, saints and generations yet unborn will render unceasing adoration: take, then, your plans—plans that would but ill represent the power, the might, the majesty, and the glory of the only God. Away with these parchments!—away with them!—Retire within thyself; think, search, meditate; then, may be, thou wilt design a plan such as, in thought, I contemplate to be alone fitting:—such as, indeed, I am resolved shall be executed.

The so termed master—the architect—had travelled from afar; his works were,
by the world in general, esteemed for chasteness, combined with winning brilliancy of conception, and strongly evidenced a noble ambition to outstrip the works of the age in which he lived, no less than to surpass every other design which had preceded him; nay, even to go beyond and outreach all that in future ages might be attempted by the boldest genius. Such were the thoughts which now took possession of his mind; and, deeply troubled, he gathered together his drawings, and lowly bending was about to depart, when the Archbishop, touching his arm, thus again addressed him:—"My predecessor, the holy Engelbert, had already conceived and cherished the idea of erecting a dome which, for purity of taste and grandeur of appearance should surpass every holy edifice which had ever been erected, an edifice into which the whole Christian world, from far and near, should come on pilgrimage to worship: This House he designed to be "A House of prayer," the first in Christendom: Often did we hold together holy conference on the hallowed subject. At length his death suspended for awhile the great design; but the purpose was not frustrated, and the erection of this structure is my inheritance, and blessed with Grace from on High, the performance shall exhibit full proof of the value I set upon the gift."

While the Archbishop spoke, sparks of burning pride were kindling the flames of daring ambition within the master’s brain, which raged every moment still more vigorously as his Eminence proceeded:—"Bethink thee, then, Master, what wealth, aye, too, and what eternal honor would fall upon that man who should accomplish this mighty master-work of human genius; on a tablet of marble placed in the centre of the church his name shall be engraven, that future generations may know the mighty architect by whose lofty genius and cunning hand the glorious pile was raised."

Now, the master’s eyes sparkling with proud enthusiastic anticipation of coming honors, no longer concealed from view his inward pride; yet not one single hallowed hope blended itself with the expectation, as he rapturously exclaimed, "Gracious sir, so shall it be; already, in my mind’s eye, I see uprising the grand, the stupendous structure; already I see towers aspiring to the Heavens; already I hear the deep-toned bells announcing to the Christian world that pardon therein awaits the penitent, and blessings the pure at heart; then, methinks I see arriving thousands upon thousands, and still, still, the long wide aisles have room for more: now the chant of heavenly music and its touching strains awaken pious sentiments in every soul, where the mighty concourse, each on bended knee, offer up heart-felt aspirations to the Almighty in this sanctuary newly raised to his glory."

The Archbishop, pleased and full of hope, listened to the master’s enthusiastic predictions; suddenly, however, a dark cloud, a portentous gloom, spread itself over the master’s whole countenance, and as he ceased to speak, the Archbishop mildly expatiated:—"I fear me, you promise overmuch, in speaking of these mighty things. Your looks seemed troubled; doubt and despondency rest upon your lips."

The short interval during which these words were spoken, enabled the master in some measure to regain his wonted self-possession, as he coolly replied:—"Immense wealth will be required before the building can be completed; whence, then, are adequate resources to be procured?"

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
"That is my affair; thou growest faint-hearted," said the Archbishop, with increased feelings of pride; "am I not rich, aye, and right gladly would I even beggar myself to further such a work; know, then, that great are my resources; that my coffers are full, Cologne wealthy; and that Cologne, too, acting in no penurious spirit, will pour forth its treasures to aid in the glorious undertaking, which will render their city renowned as far as the cross is worshipped; fear not, truly, lack of gold, of silver, or precious stones; the decorative beauty of the interior shall amply compete with the external grandeur of the fabric."

The Archbishop having concluded, the master answered:—"Truly, your Highness! but many years will pass ere all this shall be, and those honors and that renown of which you speak will but slowly reward the architect; for so great is the magnitude of this undertaking, that before it can be finished the longest life of man would terminate. Can I, then, expect to live to behold the completion of so glorious a plan? Can I hope to have any participation in the rewards you offer?"

"Stop," interrupted the Archbishop, "weak in thy vain-glorious visions, is not the work thy work, though finished by other hands; thou wilt lay the foundation stone; by thy genius, thy talent, the edifice will be constructed, and thy name be emblazoned in brazen tablets never to be effaced till time's-decaying touch shall crumble empires into nothing; betake thee, then, to ponder over thy design, remembering, solely, the one great end; that of embodying the boldest, no less than the richest conceptions of thy master-brain—the honor all thine own—thine alone; true, a plan so grand, the utmost limit of man's life may not, cannot finish it; yet, young as thou art, thou mayest gather the fruit from the noble tree which thy own hand hath planted; the stately columns and the glorious dome of this our building, will rise in matchless grandeur beneath thine ever-watchful eye."

The master's heart swelled high within his bosom; he closed his eyes, and burying every doubt and fear under his dawning hopes, he threw himself prostrate at the Archbishop's feet crying:—"Your Highness cannot err; your mighty mind has conceived the vast design, and this poor heart, though weak in its own misgivings, yet, strengthened by your counsels, will undertake the task; I obey, therefore, and readily accept the office, and I will forthwith commence the work. The God of Hosts will aid the righteous purpose—your blessing, holy, reverend prince."

The Archbishop raised his hands to bless the master-workman, when a knight entered, the bearer of some important intelligence, and the holy office thus interrupted, the architect departed, yea, even without receiving the venerable prelate's blessings upon his labors.

This event occurred in the year of our Lord 1247. Half a year might have elapsed, and no matter, perhaps, what occurred in that interval, since the just mentioned interview between the zealous Archbishop of Cologne and the almost desponding master, and the period upon which we are now about to enter. Many, of late, had been the live-long nights spent by the latter in weariom, anxious study; before him lay the various diagrams, sections and drawings, the hard-ruled emanations of his brain, but they visibly demonstrated themselves to be vain and
fruitless for his purpose; the parts presented not themselves in unity, and strangely, too, no drawing in even the slightest degree approached to the realization of his intentions; the lines could not be made to meet with due exactitude, the proportions of the several parts when conjoined, were wholly defective of symmetry; his calculations had been false, and the lines approximated not, or met irregularly. Now was the Master Architect in pensive, melancholy mood seated in his cheerless chamber, his face pallid with increasing thoughtfulness upon the mighty design which his creative genius was alone destined to produce; his every feature sunken, and his eye gleaming with that dull fire indicative rather of expiring energies than of capability for enterprise; his pen in hand; those futile skins of parchment spread out before him, when one evening, dashing aside every-thing near him, he rushed from his silent chamber, and hurried to the banks of the Rhine; anxious thought still accompanying him, there he wandered in gloomy abstraction, whilst multitudes of new, wild and unformed plans presented themselves to his brain—his imagination a very chaos of perplexity—until, at length, in the feverish excitement of his every faculty, he threw himself despondingly on the earth. How long he lay thus prostrate is uncertain; and whether he was awake or slumbering he knew not; he had for a time lost memory and sensation. This perfect unconsciousness was, indeed, his best friend. At length, in some measure slowly recovering his senses, a ray of softened light seemed to irradiate his bewildered mind; in imagination he beheld the desired plan spread out before him; true and beautiful in all its proportions, every geometrical line and point perfect, so that the glorious plan appeared in every respect complete. Then came over his mind, like a pleasing dream, the honor, the renown, the glory, that awaited him, with all the delights of imperishable fame. Thus supremely favored, he determined no longer to delay the commencement of his important work; and full of happy hope and bold resolutions he turned his steps homewards, when a heaviness crept over him, and for the purpose of enjoying a moment’s repose he stretched himself under the outspread branches of a noble fir. Soon his busy brain was lulled again into temporary tranquillity, when a representation of his plan appeared before him, clad in mysterious brightness, and lo! the superb structure presented itself to his mental eye in all its vast and fair dimensions. In this vision, his own notions of the glory that awaited him seemed to be fully realized, for various pictures floated in his imagination. Suddenly, the scene changed: he saw his own tomb in the magnificent church, and his name engrafted in golden letters on the marble cenotaph, an honor the Archbishop had particularly declared should be his; numerous groups of persons then crowded around, who exclaimed—“Here reposes the great architect, the founder of this our holy church: let us unite and pray for his immortal soul!” Then, all falling on their knees while the organ sounded a solemn requiem, the great Dome re-echoed, “Let us pray for the immortal master!”

The architect awoke; his confused and scattered thoughts resumed their wonted course, and the scene before him, all was as the shadow that departeth: alas! it was only the result of a dream. A pang of anguish passed through his breast, for, miserable man! crushed were his hopes; not a vestige remained, and he himself, too elate
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to have centered his thoughts even upon what he imagined he had seen, retained not a shadow of the image he had witnessed; his memory was gone; his plan—his glorious plan—that plan which was in his brain, was wholly annihilated; nevertheless, the work must be begun, and with a confusion of dark imaginings still fitting through his mind, he staggered rather than walked to his no longer quiet home, and threw himself on a couch, there to rest his weary limbs.

In this state of agitation the master spent several months, longing anxiously to accomplish his work. Oh! could he but remember, could he but recall even one image so vividly portrayed in his dream! But the recollection of what he had witnessed was gone—gone—and to all seeming irrevocably lost.

Message after message was now despatched from the Archbishop to ascertain the cause of such procrastination; these were next succeeded by commands; and as command followed command, the more confused and complex became the master's ideas, till one thought seized him fuller of despair than all the rest. The presentiment that he was not the being happily destined to erect the godly edifice; with a mind now deeply despairing, though the parchment lay before him, yet could he not trace a single line; his very art, his recollection, his creative powers, all were gone, and his blood ran languidly yet feverishly through his veins. Now wild and nameless fears took possession of his reason, and a heavy darkness lay on the spirit of the once vigorous, aspiring, and over ambitious man.

During one of these gloomy fits, the door of his chamber suddenly opened, and Master Rohlke, the rich silversmith, entered, accompanied in the rear by two young men bearing an immensely large brazen plate, for which he had received orders. The architect started up, whilst his heart, glowing with all its first enthusiasm, ambition resumed its empire over his mind: his former resolutions revived in their pristine vigor, and with renewed energy he determined to attempt the arduous work. The silversmith addressing him—"Here, master," he exclaimed, "is the plate, done according to order, with your name deeply engraven upon it; and underneath is inscribed that you erected the edifice with the Great Dome in the year 1248."

The poor Master was instantly all impatient for the silversmith's departure; he felt abashed, and sensations of shame glowed in his face, for cutting reproach was in every word the silversmith had uttered. Left, at length, to himself, he gazed earnestly on the plate; and as a stream of burning tears rolled down his cheeks he spoke aloud in words of bitter irony:—"O thou great Master!—thou wise Master!—thou wouldst pluck the fruit even before the tree is planted: thou wouldst make ready the wedding-feast before thou hast found a bride: thou wouldst claim the victory before thou hast gained the battle: thou great Master, thou wise Master, thou wouldst celebrate the end before thou hast begun the work! Oh thou immortal Master! eternal glory must await thee: the plate of brass records thy name, only the Dome is wanting,"—and here the Master gave utterance to the wildest excitement. "Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed, "only that is wanting;" and again he laughed loud and long, while tears of bitter despair burst in torrents from his eyes. The steps of some one approaching now caused him quickly to affect a composure right alien to his heart, when an old and favorite servant of the Archbishop entered.
"His Highness," said the domestic, lowly bowing to the architect, "greet you, commanding you to meet him at Bonn: he has received intelligence that a quarry has been discovered in the Drachenfels, from which a fine, hard gray stone can be obtained. You are commanded to examine it, and judge of its durability for the great purpose; if it meet your approbation, his Highness wills it for the building of the Dome."

The Master, confounded, turned his head aside to conceal the tears which he could not restrain; nevertheless, with as much self-possession as he could assume, he mildly answered: "My duty waits upon my gracious patron; his Highness' commands shall be obeyed." The servant then left him, and he continued to pace up and down the room, saying to himself, "It must, it will be; disgrace, obloquy, misery, await me. I shall be found incompetent for such a work; another will build the Dome, another will reap the glory! No, no, I cannot endure the public scorn—I cannot bear the sneers—the mockery! I will draw the plan—I will build the Dome! Powers of darkness aid me! My life, my soul, eternal ruin—"

While he yet spake, the brazen tablet fell to the ground; it sounded as it fell, like human groans: the Master sunk aghast; he snatched his cap from the wall, and again rushed out, he knew not, cared not, whither.

THE PLAN.

Among the mountains of the Siegenbirge high and perpendicularly rise the Drachenfels, whereon can be obtained a splendid view over the beautiful and picturesque vallies of the Rhine. It was early in the commencement of spring in the year 1248, that a man with unsteady steps and melancholy aspect was seen to ascend the mountain, lost in deep and troubled thoughts, and ever and anon making a sudden pause.

The individual in question was none other than the Master-Architect on his way to examine the quarry, from which the Archbishop had commanded that the Dome of the Cathedral of Cologne should be built; his spirit alone humbled by overwhelming circumstances which gave him no hope that it would ever be his lot to execute the work which he had so proudly contemplated, yet was his heart consumed by that burning ambition which would have sacrificed every thing, and have even involved his eternal ruin, could he but have purchased the secret, which, in his dreams, had so mysteriously been unfolded before him.

The Archbishop was not only grieved, but hurt to the very soul; since, the architect being unable to perfect his plans, not even the foundation stone of the mighty fabric could be laid. Several architects—the most famous in their craft—had indeed offered their services to the Archbishop; but his Highness, who felt far from indisposed to acquaint himself with their pretensions, knowing the superior talents of the Master and still willing to give him the preference, willingly allowed him a short time longer, although he finally fixed the period when, if progress were not made, some other plan would be accepted. The Master had acquiesced in this arrangement, and only one day remained ere, as it were, his final doom were sealed, and another mortal should gain for himself those honors, which he so much coveted.
The site had been chosen for the building, the most able workmen had been collected from all parts—such as stone-cutters, masons, artists with models, tools, and all necessary implements and machinery, and the whole city of Cologne presented the extreme of bustle and business: yet the master—the master-hand and the master-head were wanting—that leader under whom the men expected to win their laurels, under whom they would have rejoiced to have worked, and without whom and his plans their cunning work could not proceed, without whom, indeed, they could do nothing. Meantime, the master's thoughts were intensely working; his inventive powers were racked to the full, and plan after plan in endless variety passed through his heated brain, forged now in one fashion, now in another, as the spirit of his fancy brought them into a momentary existence. He had ever resolved that the form of the cross should be a prominent feature in the building, whilst the Dome presented itself in dark outline, and two enormous towers were to be raised at the portal; thus far the Master had successfully proceeded, yet, as before, he could not bring his calculations to bear, his proportions failed to harmonize, and the lines would not meet, but deviated sadly from the point of accurate vergeance; so that, instead of beautiful concord they crossed each other in sad confusion; nevertheless, in his own mind, the whole plan was clear, beautiful and grandly finished, yet when he would have traced it out for the artificers, all that he wanted for their guidance faded from his memory, and the whole sank into a conglomerate of dark confusion.

As it occurred to the master, so has it sometimes happened in other mental dealings, that a happy thought, or word rises from the heart, but ere it has reached the lips, its form has perished, and its existence denied the benefit of a verbal garb; so likewise on this occasion, the master's plan was plain and fair in his own mind, but when he would have embodied it in a visible form, it perished from his sight, and he could remember nought of the manner in which he had intended to portray his mental conceptions.

Wearied, and nearly exhausted by conflicting meditations, he descended the mountain with the intention of cooling his fevered body in the waters of the Rhine, and reached at length the quarry, which at that time was little valued.

The external surface presented to the eye of the beholder was only several smooth perpendicular rocks. In the depths of sad distraction, deeply, darkly, wildly ruminating, there stood the Master, unconscious, almost, of an earthly presence; there he stood, with a stick in his hand—the companion of his lonely walk—scattering hither and thither a few loose stones, when having taken up one in his hand, a low indistinct noise startled him from his reverie. In a state almost of stupefaction he raised his eyes, when, on a sudden, wild and almost frantic joy took possession of his senses, for, on a smooth surface of the rock, or if embedded in it, appeared in fair, deep lines the beautiful Dome, just as in his mind he himself had planned it; there were the two heaven-aspiring towers; there, the pillars; there, the wide-extending aisles; there, in the centre, the bright brazen plate emblazoned with his name; there the whole of the noble structure, the plan of which he had so completely forgotten. Doubting the reality of his existence, he firmly grasped his own arm, as if to ascen-
tain whether he were awake or again dreaming; "it is no dream," at length, he cried, "it is the same—I have it now, just as I conceived it, though I had so totally forgotten it; he advanced, then rushed towards the spot, as if to make the treasure his own—it had vanished from his once greedy, now tortured sight—he vainly peered at the supposed spot: the once beautified stone was grey and formless, not a line could be seen, and the more he endeavored to acquire a knowledge of what had appeared so mysterious, the more his every sense became bewildered; the more indistinct his memory; till, in fact, it altogether became as if no object had been presented to his view: lost in a variety of wild imaginings, he was departing when, raising his eyes, suddenly, there again appeared the foundation, next the massive pillars; then the arches, and, at length, the whole magnificent fabric in all its matchless grandeur; he continued gazing in extatic wonder, and the edifice becoming gradually smaller and smaller, it again melted, as it were, into ether—a highly rarified, intangible spirit, wholly invisible—but now the impression was vivid on his brain; his mind was no longer full of doubts; but, replete with hope, resolution and certainty, he began to trace the lines on the rock, when, to his horror and consternation his memory became again a blank, and the recollection of every thing he had just witnessed was wholly forgotten. Every passion of an ambitious soul now raged within his breast, and his burning heart swelled almost to bursting; his every pulse beat, too, with convulsive agony; he felt the oppression of insanity; loudly he laughed, in bitter self mockery, he laughed, and echo sullenly returned the laughter.

At this moment, a something approached him; the object drew nearer and nearer, when gazing, steadfastly, he beheld a young man before him. To appearance, he was a travelling pedlar; and there was nothing otherwise remarkable about him, except that his countenance wore a dark, sinister, subtle expression.

The traveller approached nearer, bowing respectfully; but the master turned his back disdainfully upon him, and was about to depart, when the stranger stopped him, and said, "Will you not buy, master? I have various things, curiosities, to sell. Behold, for example, this parchment," and as he spake he unrolled the skin, and held it before the master. It was the plan, perfect as the representation on the rock, perfect as that conceived in his own mind, which yet he could not remember; it was exact and beautifully defined in every part; the Master, in fulness of joy felt beside himself.

"What is that?" cried the Master.

"Only a plan of the Dome of Cologne," answered the pedlar, coldly.

The master started.

"The Dome—the Dome!" he repeated. "Is it not——"

"Not now in your brain: behold it here!" and the stranger laughed horribly.

"Thou hast——" but the Master clenched his hands and struck his forehead: he felt astounded, and his powers of speech seemed suspended.

The sun was sinking in the western skies, darkness was shadowing the earth, and a low, dull, mysterious wind sounded through the stupendous Siegenbirge. During a pause in the blast, the master questioned his companion, saying:—"You practise magic!"
"I learnt it in Egypt," answered the other; "aye, learnt, too, to enter the thoughts of man, revel in his brain, seize his high conceptions, and leave his mind a chaos. It was my power confuted, nay, wrested from you your ideas; my power it was that made your great plan mine."

The master hastily interrupted him. "I will have it, buy it: name your price."

"Not much," carelessly answered the mysterious pedlar: "write your name here."

The master took the proffered parchment; he read it: it was a solemn compact with the evil one. From head to foot he shook with terror; then he retreated, and cried, " Avaunt thee, Satan!"

With a look of scorn, the pedlar resumed:—"Be it as you please, fair sir,"—and was again departing. The master stopped him: "Halt!" said he; "give me the plan, it is mine: thou didst steal it from my thoughts, thou subtle one!"

"Most true," cried the tormentor, "but it is now mine, and, unaided by me, never canst thou, never shalt thou accomplish thy high purpose, never be the builder of the Dome, ha! ha! ha! think'st thou I made idle pastime. Such diversion I leave for meaner Imps—subservient vassals—no! vain man! proud in thy imagined greatness of design, I, too, soared for higher game; the conquest of an immortal—I am constrained to own that holy thoughts must strengthen, further holy works; such were not thine; ambition, pride own my empire, and only by mysterious means canst thou now succeed; wilt thou sign?" So saying he held the beautiful representation of the whole fabric, Dome, Towers and all before the Master's captivated sight; then, slowly retreating, whilst he still presented the extended parchment which had suddenly become illumined with a mysterious light, "see," he cried, "behold the unrivalled structure rises in surpassing grandeur,—the wondrous Dome rearing itself in imperishable glory;—the brazen plate of record,—the noble founder living in fame, praised and honored through unnumbered generations."

The Master's mind had arrived almost at the pitch of frenzy as it alternated between good and evil, whilst thoughts, holy and unholy, were striving for the mastery; yet the qualms of his conscience were waxing fainter and fainter, since the last—the fatal day was now approaching—and that day was the morrow—the ultimate period allowed him by the Archbishop, whose anger he dreaded, whilst he feared that the contempt of the whole city, the loss of immense wealth, and of never ending renown would be his bitter portion. The Tempter knew his power, and knew, also, that his hour of triumph was at hand, and while his victim was meditating what course to pursue, too well aware how a drowning man will catch at a straw, the better to urge him to a decision, he gradually retreated, and he had already arrived at the edge of a precipice, the figure and the parchment likewise gradually sinking behind the rocky fabric until he had nearly disappeared, when the half-distracted Master cried forth in no human tones halt—halt—the Plan—I will—will—sign—

THE BUILDING.

During this period of the Master's distracting thoughts and hesitation, while the sad scene we have just portrayed was passing, all activity had ended on the site
chosen for the Cathedral. The Bells had ceased to summon the workmen to return to labor, every preparatory operation was suspended, and there were to be seen only two Burghers wandering about the place, gazing at the preparations; "what the deuce" cried Ronsdorf the baker, "here is ground enough marked out whereto build a town."

"No town," replied Mumprecht, the smith, "far better for our city—it is for the house of God, wherein thousands and ten thousands can supplicate and praise His blessed name."

"Ha!" resumed the baker, "and are wells to be in the church; see here they have been digging deep enough to go down to—we know where—"

"Hark, listen," said the smith, "no scoffing—we are on holy ground, these excavations are for the foundations of the lofty towers; they must be deep to bear the weight that is intended to be built upon them."

"Wonderful," interrupted the baker; "I wish we could see them going on."

"So wish I," returned the other, "and many more beside. It will be a wonderful building, for, behold, at the gates of our town, rafts laden with huge pieces of stone from Bonn arrive daily, and hundreds of stone-cutters attend for work, and there are besides diggers, masons, carpenters, artists with their carts and plans, every one, indeed, most impatient to be employed. Our reverend Archbishop has blessed—has consecrated the ground—but the noble master who is to regulate and arrange the whole, has seldom of late appeared amongst them."

While the Burghers were thus discoursing, the Archbishop and the Master advanced towards the spot; then, lowly bowing, they took their departure.

"I could scarcely have recognised you, master," said the Archbishop: "you were wont to be cheerful, and bear the appearance of happiness; now, you seldom smile; a heavy gloom darkens your countenance, and your speech is frequently very incoherent. Yet, methinks, you have every reason to be satisfied; the work—the glorious work—will now proceed prosperously."

The Master replied not, and the Archbishop continued:—"I assure you, that I often sit in my library in pleasing contemplation and admiration of your grandly contemplated plan; its magnitude, its exact proportions, its architectural beauty are truly magnificent, almost beyond the power of human conception: it will render your name renowned for ever."

A strange smile passed over the master's countenance, while an irrepressible sigh burst from his saddened heart; "and hark ye, Master," he added, "I have news for you: the three Kings, the Magi, who came with offerings to the Holy Manger," here the Archbishop reverently crossed himself, bowing lowly; "their bones within these our sacred walls shall find a resting-place worthy of such hallowed relics.* For the present I shall take my leave, pouring on you my blessing, and shall be happy

* Near this renowned Cathedral there is said to be a stone of exceedingly hard quality, which bears the name of Pièce-du-Diable, and that the marks of the Evil Spirit's claws are still visible on the aforesaid mysterious stone. The legend is that his sable majesty had hurled the stone against this Chapel of the Three Kings, hoping to destroy the second edifice, but that his efforts were wholly ineffectual.
to receive you, when at leisure, at Bonn. I have to show you the sculptor's intended work, which is to be used for the interior ornaments of the dome. Cheer ye, then; banish the dejected thoughts which now cloud your brow. Your important enterprise requires that you should have relaxation."

The Master still, however, remained silent, as if his whole self were overpowered by the vastness of his conceptions; and his Highness the Archbishop giving a signal for his train-bearers to approach, left the poor melancholy man to pursue the current of his meditations.

For no short period of time the Master wandered about the ground, almost unconscious whither he was going, till he started on perceiving himself within a step of the excavation which had been prepared for one of the towers. It was now almost the hour of midnight; the gentle rays of a waning moon shed a pale, dull light over the silent scene; cold shivers shook his frame, a fearfulness fell upon him, and, in utter disconsolateness he threw himself on the ground, as he almost unconsciously cried "all is under ban," the very stones are cursed—they will crumble on the workmen's heads—overwhelming even the guiltless—whilst, as the punishment of the guilty—the scaffolds will give way, the walls totter, the foundations shake; all this, too, to crush me, an abandoned, lost, undone sinner; the pit of perdition yawns, fiends arise, they stare with glaring eyes upon me, they would blast my purpose, bury my work in oblivion, sink its glories in one wide-spreading ruin—madness has seized me, a burning heat consumes my brain, torture rends my vitals, I can bear no more—death itself were preferable; "fiend of Hell!—give me back my soul."

As he wildly shrieked forth in this frenzied utterance, the master rushed impetuously towards the verge of the excavation, and would have precipitated himself downwards, but, at that moment, a pale, shadowy light gleamed around, and before him stood the pedlar.

"Weak, puny mortal," cried the fiend, "not yet—ha, ha,—cannot thy sacred relics defend thee from despair, thy power is boundless, use it."

"Depart hence," exclaimed the other, "thou hast made all nature hateful, now would I curse thee and thy plan, annihilate even the fabric itself, give ten thousand lives for one faint hope of mercy after death; the sleep of peaceful nights is gone from me, the calm of my days is wasted in aching anguish, my subdued powers lie under the fearful weight of thy malign, infernal will—ah! even now I feel thee busy with my aching soul—distraction on thee! nevertheless I feel impelled to go on, to finish the grand effort of human workmanship—leave me, then, leave me; false one! leave me: subtle enemy of souls thou hast robbed me of peace, robbed me of a glorious immortality."

With peals of low-sneering laughter the fiend disappeared, and all again was darkness.

THE TABLET.

Time passed on, the noble building continued to advance in unequalled grandeur. The Dome was rising in magnificent beauty, and though the Master's patron—the munificent Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteden—had been for some time gathered
to the saints, his successor Siegfried of Westerburg, spared neither expense nor trouble
for the advancement of the glorious fabric; the walls were now high above the earth,
and the vacant spaces appeared where the lofty-arched windows were to be
placed; majestic pillars rose within the church, and workmen were busily erecting
scaffolding to continue the lines destined for the formation of the arches.

It happened one evening that a young laborer, for safety-sake during his work,
left in a particular spot, a favorite brooch which had been given him by some
humble love; and fearful lest some one not very honest should find it and appropri-
ate it as his own, he determined to re-enter the building and seek for it. The city
bells summoning the workmen to retire to rest, and the watchmen to close the en-
trances had already ceased, when, anxious beyond measure to recover his treasured
bauble, he prevailed on one of the latter to accompany him in his search, for it was
nearly dark. They had already entered some time, and were anxiously groping
their way onwards, when, much to their annoyance, they heard the last fasten-
ing bolt drawn outside.

"We are in for it comrade, for the night, however," said the watchman.

"In for it," replied the workman, "I wish I were well out of it."

"Why, that," said the other, "all goes on famously; the stones are all prepared
and ready for the grand arches, oh! what a building it will be."

"'Away with your building," gloomily answered the laborer, "I heartily wish
I had never come near it: where I was born, we had only to be sure to build
cottages and humble dwellings for the poor, but, then, we worked merrily, and the
laugh and the song were always to be heard among us; then, too, our Master came
in the morning and encouraged us, and at night always expressed himself satisfied
with what we had done; so that he made our hearts light, and whilst we thus found
the labor of our hands not heavy, our feet joined readily in the dance on our fête
days, and oh! how joyously tripped the pretty girls—oh! my brooch," he cried, "'no
good surely is over this building, else why does the Master wander among us so
melancholy-like; he never hails us with (good day), never bids us be merry at night,
no, not he, so that we are rather glad when he turns his back; but I think the
workmen will soon be as dull and out of spirit as the Master, for the very strokes
of the hammers have a dismal sound, and the smith's anvil is no better; and, hark
ye, what happened yesterday; for the first time, for many a-day, I heard him
speak; for the first time for many a-day, I saw him with body erect, and a com-
manding figure, his features looking hard, and stern; his rolling eyes seeming as none
other body's eyes ever looked before. In this manner, about the hour of twelve, he
entered the office of accounts, and with a firm and proud voice ordered us im-
mediately to carry out a large brazen tablet, on which were engraved a number of
letters of a strange form; I am neither monk nor scholar, so I knew nothing of
their meaning; but obeying his commands we carried it to the church, and accord-
ing to his order, sunk and walled it deep into one of the middle pillars; whilst we
were enclosing it, he most anxiously watched us, and repeating several times—
"fast, fast, tight, quite tight—" he continued to gaze on the tablet; tried its fastness,
and then distributed drink-money to us; now, what think you of that?"
"Ah!" replied the watchman, who was always a favorite with the Master, "do not think ill, do not abuse the Master, we must not make mention of it—but his head is touched—too great a weight this building for one head—who can be merry under such a load of anxieties and cares, his very heart must ache with the burthen of projecting, and building and managing such a mighty work, why, the thought of only one corner is enough to take away the senses, and as for gibes and jeers, songs and dances, this is a holy edifice and the Saints would be offended at such ribaldry."

"Marry! holy or not holy, I like laborers to be a merry set," rejoined the workman; "and as for the Master, he may be a good man, but I care not what he is, he does not please me, and people whisper strange things of him. He holds intercourse with nobody! he loves nobody; has neither wife nor child: and have you not heard folks say that he every night glides secretly between these huge walls, muttering strange words—not worldly, Christian words—and leaves not his retreat until the first crow of the cock? What does he do all that for? Ah! it smells of no good. Sorcery is an awful sin! and what will you say of his deep-set, glittering eyes, such a pale, ghastly, deadly face, with lank, grey hair streaming in the air. Ah! comrade, comrade, the saints keep us from the fearful secrets of his heart!"

"We cannot know the heart," answered the other, "and must not judge. I have heard that sickly-dull folks, burthened with many cares, have sometimes what our Leeches call blue devils."

"Black devils," interrupted the workman. "Hark! hush! something comes! Holy Mary guard us! What is that?"

A low grating noise sounded nearer and nearer to the spot where they were standing, followed by heavy footsteps, and accompanied by a pale, glimmering light. The terrified pair, clinging to each other, hastened to the extreme corner of the building, and crouching down, they devoutly repeated a succession of *Ave Marias* and *paternosters*.

The night was dark and stormy; loud gusts of wind swept through the aisles; thunder growled in the distance, and a lightning flash, more vivid than the rest, gleamed on the ghastly countenance of the melancholy Master; his every feature exhibited strongly marked rigidity, his lips were colorless, and his eyes glared with a strange, mysterious fire as he gazed on the brazen tablet by which he was standing. In a low, deep, yet exulting voice, he was thus apostrophizing.

"Yes! here thou art safe, thy record secure, indelible, everlasting," and he spread forth his trembling hands over the tablet. It might have been merely the effect of an echo, on account of a more emphatic utterance, but 'everlasting' resounded through the aisles, and after a tremendous peal of nearer thunder, a blue flash exhibited a figure standing by the Master, with a long finger pointing to the words on the tablet.

The Master's lamp still burned, and shewed the stranger's countenance; it was dark, fixed and extraordinary.

"Why art thou here, thou destroyer of souls?" exclaimed the Master; "begone! leave me, I would be alone;" and as he uttered this, in bitterest anguish of
heart, every exulting thought, every proud hope seemed to have deserted the Master, and again he said, repressing a shriek "fiend, begone, leave me, I will be alone."

No! no! my Master, no!" said the other, and he laughed, again, in mockery—"no; I will not leave thee, thou art not, thou shalt not be alone; I am ever with thee, thou canst not forget thy everlasting hopes, nor I an everlasting presence."

The poor Master staggered with affright, and shuddering in the bitterness of utterable despair was flying from the fiend, when on the ground he descried a crucifix; gasping in this his confusion of horrors, he raised it up, full in the view of his dread companion. A sudden blaze of burning light gleamed around them, a crash was heard, and the fearful figure was no longer visible. The unhappy Master had fallen upon his knees, as if in prayer; he still held the crucifix—he would have pressed it to his heart, but alas?—that heart was unholy—and the hallowed symbol fell from his nerveless hands; he would have raised his eyes to Heaven, but he dared not even gaze upon any object, and dead as was the external world to his closed eyes, so, in the dark depths of agony and despair, he felt that he was doomed.

What portion of time elapsed during which he was in this state of wretched existence, he knew not, and had he not been in this lucky unconsciousness, wild, bewildering and maddening thoughts would have driven him to desperation, perhaps to death; but some softening and sacred influence, which he had never felt before was dealing with his soul, and as he arose from the earth, he covered his burning face with his shaking hands, and in never-dying anguish of remorse, he cried aloud—"in vain—in vain—I cannot endure more," and casting one look on the blessed cross, he was speechless.

The watchman and his comrade had with fear and trembling watched every movement of the Master and his awful visitor: they had formed their own conjectures upon the circumstances before them, but each was fearful of declaring to the other what he imagined; and with slow, silent steps they were leaving the nook in which they had been hidden, when a voice was heard between bursts of bitter laughter:—

"Ha! ha! ha! trouble now is vain—vain. I keep good watch!"

The voice was superhuman—it was not the master's.

THE HERMIT.

In the midst of the Siegenbirge there was a deep, gloomy, thickly-wooded valley, the intervening branches of whose lofty trees—the growth of many centuries—sheltered a melancholy hermitage, wherein resided a holy man, who from youth to age had lived a life of piety and peace, that peace which passeth all understanding, that piety which prepares the soul for Heaven. The old man had very little intercourse with the world; nevertheless, he wished beyond all things to amend the human mind; his door was, therefore, ever open to the poor, the wanderer, and the miserable; his prayer and his blessing were never denied to the soul-stricken sinner, and in seasons of humiliations, fastings, and penances, the venerable man was often visited by pilgrims and penitents, who desired the consolation of his holy intercessions with the saints.
Cologne Cathedral: a Legend.

It was towards the close of a very stormy day, that the holy man—the good Aloysius—seated on a low grassy mound outside his lonely dwelling, was indulging in thoughts of Heaven and heavenly things, when, through the leafless trees, in a narrow and seldom frequented path, he observed a stranger approaching.

The sun was sinking beyond the dark rocks above his dwelling, and as it gleamed on the stranger’s stern features, they evidenced inward feelings of deep melancholy. Awhile, he stood as if revolving some unfinished purpose; for, one moment he would advance a few steps, the next start away as if affrighted by pursuing horrors. At length he seemed to gather courage, and with hurried steps drew near the hermit, fell on his knees, and, grasping his feet exclaimed, in a voice of embittered agony:

—“Pity a lost sinner!”

“Not lost, poor child of dust! not lost,” said the Hermit.

“Aye, father! lost, for ever lost,” solemnly ejaculated the stranger.

“Despair is deepest sin, my son! what art thou?”

“I am the wretched man, the Master, the architect of Cologne Cathedral; that is my work, the Dome, the mighty Dome; all my work:” and he gasped for breath between each word.—The hermit interrupted him; he himself was rejoiced to see the Master of so glorious an undertaking, for reports of its magnificence and wondrous beauty had reached his humble dwelling; and now the holy man felt a longing desire to administer consolation to one whom he began to fear coveted more of human praise than he felt humble thankfulness for the ability wherewith God had endowed him to build his holy House; he extended his hand, and would have raised him from his prostrate state, but he continued to cling to his companion’s feet, and in broken accents repeated—“I am lost—what can confession avail, who can absolve the lost—Oh holy father! I am lost, lost.”

“Horrible blasphemy to our Holy Church,” cried the hermit. “Confess—the Holy Virgin, the Saints will intercede; only, beware, the danger is great, no concealment; give the hidden things of darkness to the light, tell all, all the truth, and nothing but the truth.” Thus encouraged, the poor Master grew more composed, more coherent, and in the shudderings of guilt, beyond the common guilt of sinning mortals, he made ample confession, fully declaring the dire effect of the sinful compact upon his mind: he then mentioned his many conversations with the Archbishop, his pride, his bold desire to surpass all others by the glorious magnificence of the building, further adding that the intensity of his thoughts had often effaced his grand mental conceptions, and that the great, the grand structure was no sooner imagined than it vanished from his thoughts, yet, still,” he continued, “a bold, fiery, insatiate, inextinguishable ambition raged within me; I dared not invoke any Saint to aid me, nor pray to God to bless my efforts, for worldly pride not heavenly glory was the stimulus—my ideas grew confused, my plans vanished, my mind became a chaos, and my miserable soul a fit mansion for fiends to revel in; Father! Holy father! shrink not from me, yet, my thoughts were stolen, evil influences possessed me, the damning moment was watched; fair and beautiful the Church, the Dome, all in grand display was given to my transported vision. The powers of darkness were, however, triumphant; forsaken by all good Angels in the
hour of my apostacy. I yielded to the tempter, snatched the unhallowed plan from hands infernal, and oh! oh! oh! signed—sealed my soul's perdition."

While the sinning man was confessing his fearful offences, the awe-stricken hermit sunk devoutly on his knees; his hands were lifted up, his eyes were far from earth—they looked on high—his pale, thin lips were open, they moved, but no word was heard, entranced, his thoughts were incommunicable to mortal sense, for his soul communed only with his God.

Who can describe the tortures of remorse which racked the Architect's breast whilst the hermit's earnest gaze addressing itself with fearful certainty of abhorrence of his conduct greatly increased the sinner's terror; at length, the good man bent his looks towards the earth; slowly, calmly he arose from his knees, and taking a small crucifix from his rustic altar, he pressed it devoutly to his heart, and in a voice so soft, so sweet, yet all-powerful, he cried "blest refuge of the wretched, which saints and angels and holy hosts of Heaven adore, rescue this lost one from the infernal Foe!" Aissing sound was in the Architect's ears, pale lived gleams of light seemed flashing before his eyes, and in dread lest the fiend himself should appear, he crawled again to the Hermit's feet, and between gasps and moans he cried bitterly, saying:—"Save me! save me! save a miserable sinner!"

The Hermit looked steadfastly upon him with pitying earnestness, and in deep humility and contrition of soul, the Master longed to give vent to his religious feelings:—some softening influence was dawning within him, a repentance not unhallowed was working at his heart, and amid bursts of grief and anguish he exclaimed: "Father! I would confess, I have known no hour of peace since sin and Satan betrayed me into the service of the evil one; my dreary nights have been past in the gloomy aisles of that church, not holy, for unholy hands and a more unholy heart laid the foundation, designed, constructed the building; my days have been wasted in gloomy wanderings about that pile; proud and imperious, I seemed, while bitter and gnawing remorse was consuming my vitals: yet, conscience has not been deadened within me—the alarms, the agonies of guilt assail me. In imagination, I behold the fiery gulp yawning to enclose me; shadowy forms of mocking fiends are ever pursuing me, so that I spend an existence of never-ending despair; oh holy man! whose thoughts ascend to Heaven, say—can enduring, unwearied penance through lengthened ages, atone, absolve, redeem.

At the word, that Hermit turned full round upon the penitent, raised a crucifix before him, and with a look, what did not that look impart! he uttered the word "Redemption!"

The Hermit turned again to the altar and knelt down; he then beckoned to the prostrate Master to approach; the holy man's countenance was severe yet serene, and in deep, solemn and commanding accents, he thus addressed him:—

"Victim of vanity, of worldly pride, great hath been thy crime, heinous beyond the reach of man to expiate or pardon! fearful thy offence, dreadful thy guilt! signal must be thy penance! then, after a full, never-ending penitence, mercy—all-atoning mercy—from on High—may reach thy polluted soul; but, while on earth, never will the cup of trembling leave thy lips: thy sinful hand will shake in terror
until that hour when the tremors of the latest of mortal agony will still thy pulse for ever. Meanwhile, thou must bury in deep and dark oblivion every vestige, every proof that thou devised the plan: thou must efface every line, annihilate every record that can point out the wretched architect. Where the name was known, it must be known no more; it is unsanctified, unholy: true, the building will stand, but never shine in completed grandeur. Go, son of sin! Go! remove the brazen plate intended to perpetuate the builder's name; no whisper, no sound must meet the ear of mortal man of the name now accursed and as yet unredeemed: go, then, efface, erase, annihilate all that can bear record of one whose deeds are unblest, whose dark deeds obscure the light of Heaven from thy soul, and shroud from view the gates of mercy: then may the light of righteousness irradiate the Dome, and saints and angels guard the House of God! Go! and when suffering shall have expiated all that can be expiated by mortal suffering, when penitence and penance shall have completed their painful work, then may the prayers of holy lips, and the uplifting of holy hands avail to save the spirit from need of purifying fires, and angels will hail its entrance into Heaven!"

The proud hope defeated is pride's bitterest punishment; perhaps, amidst all the fears, the melancholy and dreadful reflection on the past, the humiliated, conscience-stricken Master, though, perhaps, almost beyond his knowledge, had not regretted that the splendid edifice bore his name; but when the chief part of the penance enjoined was the erasure of every memorial of the hand by whom it was raised, had not the Tempter, whose baneful influence was so ready to work upon his unholy passions, been frustrated by the Hermit's powerful and pious adjurations, the poor Architect had, perhaps, been still lost. Crushed, however, and subdued as was his spirit, the awful and soul-stirring words of the Hermit sunk so deep, and took such effect, that, strengthened by strength not his own, humiliated and disconsolate, yet not despairing, he felt impelled to obey; and with slow, faltering, lingering steps he quitted the Hermit's presence.

THE MASTER'S NAME.

A narrow, winding pathway, little known and seldom trodden, led from the Hermit's retreat to the suburbs of Cologne; but the poor Master unknowing and uncaring whither he went, soon became bewildered in the devious intricacies of the forest: with dread and horror he would from time to time look behind him, and then start forward, shrinking and cowering as if to conceal himself from some pursuing fiend: at length, wearied and worn out with the sad variety of his mental sufferings, he sunk to the earth and was soon lost to every sense of pain in a deep and long sleep which was so sound and death-like that he had been carried away, and when he opened his eyes, he found himself stretched upon his own bed in his own house, attended by his own servants, and so altered was his aspect that they would scarcely own him.

A poor pilgrim having, it seems, to perform a severe penance, was seeking the hermitage of father Aloysius for the sake of gaining absolution, when he discovered the prostrate Master; perceiving that he still breathed, he hastened to the Hermit
who, in the true spirit of charity, while he was still dormant, had him carried to his own residence, and to complete his good work he left sealed directions for the Master how most effectually to deliver himself from his fatal, awful enthrallment.

The Master, when he again appeared among the people, was altogether an altered man; his demeanour was now composed, but the same sad melancholy so deeply impressed his haggard countenance, that those who used to shun him from fear and hatred, now watched his every wish with feelings of sincerest pity. The dark mystery which was formerly exhibited in his heavy eyes was, indeed, no longer apparent, but benignant mildness shone in every look; and the orders he issued about the Dome were given with fearful hesitation, while a strange reluctance seemed to sink his voice into a whisper; at length the Dome, so late his pride and glory, was seldom visited; yet punctually every morning and evening he was seen to enter the church, draw nigh the altar, and fall prostrate before it. The building though proceeding slowly still advanced in splendid magnificence and lofty beauty, but the Master so seldom appeared actually to superintend it, that, as new laborers came, he was quite forgotten.

One morning, on entering the church, consternation seized every beholder:—the plate, the brazen plate on which was engraved the Master’s name had disappeared from the pillar, and the chasm in which it had been imbedded filled up with hard, durable stone, and no vestige remained to tell how the act had been perpetrated. Time wore on, the Master ceased altogether to appear, and was scarcely thought of till it was one day reported in the town that he had died far off, and had been secretly buried, no one knew where:—yet was it also added that on his death-bed he had commanded that this should be done, that no one should follow his funeral, neither know the time he died; he was known by no name but that of the Unglisuchicher.

It happened as Father Aloysius had predicted: new and unexpected difficulties arose to suspend the further progress of the building: quarrels between the inhabitants of the town, objections made by the Archbishop, and it was too apparent that bad influences and interests had been busy in its first formation. After the year 1499 the building remained untouched; it is still, as recent events have fully shewn to all the world, unfinished; the master’s name is no more; and when the traveller, the stranger, stand before the pile, and remark the vastness, the grandeur, the beauty of the undertaking, they exclaim, “Alas, it is unfinished!” and forthwith they demand the architect’s name? No one can tell—them: in no book is it to be found; in no register recorded. Generation after generation have passed away: presumption has got its reward—the Master’s name is wholly forgotten!

So much, then, for the earlier legends respecting this celebrated Cathedral, in whose cause so many nations and so many people have lately (Sept. 1842) undertaken a sort of holy crusade—and whilst the warmest interest has been everywhere excited to advance the fabric, the Protestants of this country must judge for themselves how far the support of that fabric will or will not encourage or destroy the belief in dealings and doings, not far removed from such credence as must be given to the legend, which we have honestly chosen as one of the many tales for the simple Christian’s firm and implicit belief.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
ADVERTISEMENT.

"MATRIMONY."

"A young man, 27 years of age, of good disposition and personal appearance, wishes to meet with a Lady similarly disposed. Property with the Lady he would not esteem any object, except as it might tend to increase her happiness."—(An exact copy.)—Address Mr. R. E. L.

THE ANSWER TO MR. R. E. L.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

I scarce know how Sir, to commence
This interesting letter,
But think, by hastening to the point—
Perhaps,—will please you better,
Than dwelling long on what I feel,
Whilst I may secret hopes reveal.
Dear! what a flutter I am in,
My pen is scratching like a pin!
It is an arduous task! Oh dear!!
Upon the page I've dropped a tear.

To tell the truth, Dear Sir, I own,
It is not good to be alone;
So if you really want a wife,
And if you're love her as your life,
And as with outward charms you're blest,
Deficiency in me were best;
For as "variety is pleasing,"
So too much beauty might be teasing.
Perhaps you'd like to know my age!
And this, dear Sir! I can engage:
Will suit you well! for five months wait,
Your years and mine make forty-eight!
A lady never likes to say,
Her age exactly to a day!

I'm qualified by education,
To fill a wife's important station,
For, in puddings, pie or cake,
A custard or blancmange can make;
I dote on poetry and compose,
With great effect in verse and prose.
For periodicals I write—
Perchance, they may have met your sight.
Once, too, I did my pen employ,
In picturing "domestic joy!"
Of course I wrote as fancy led,
I'd nothing felt of what I said;
I think, perhaps 'twould be as well,
At once my qualities to tell;
But 'ere I tell you those I've got,
I think, I'll mention what I've not!

Q—COURT MAGAZINE—NOVEMBER, 1842.
Advertisement.

My eyes are neither dark nor blue,
Nor is my hair of golden hue,
Nor is it of the raven’s dye,
Nor on my skin do lilies lie.
But then I have a well form’d brow,
And that’s a great attraction now,
Because phrenologists proclaim;
If the brow be fine the mind’s the same,
And mind, you know is better far,
Than lilies mixed with roses are!
I am not tall, nor very short,
I am not thin, nor very stout,
In sulky mood I’m never caught,
Nor is my temper oft put out;
Whilst people yield a little way,
And do not force me to obey!
Obey I will, when love commands,
But I resist all iron bands;
To disagree we seldom should,
Your disposition being good!
And yet, methinks I managed well,
The feelings of a wife to tell!
Pray do not deem this vanity;
I trust to your urbanity!
In fancy work I don’t excel,
But then I can do plain work well!
Can play in concert, sing a song,
And scold the servants when they’re wrong.
Though scolding I account no treat,
Yet marriage might perform the feat,
Though washing day’s I don’t admire,
Yet marriage might the flame inspire.

But as to money: I have none—
My fortune is myself;
My education cost a sum,
Immense and there’ my wealth.
To quote your words you only wished
To increase her happiness,
Who favored you with heart and hand,
And therefore I confess,
That knowing well how riches fly,
To do with little I would try,
And surely I might happy be——
Domestic love’s Felicity!!
But though I have no fortune, Sir,
I’m not quite penniless,
I’ve got some fancy furniture!!
And poems for the press!!
Ah! do reply to me I pray,
If possible this very day;
I’m really anxious Sir, to know,
What dear results from this may flow,
And fondly hope that what you read;
To kindly thoughts of me may lead,
But as I nothing know of you,
It were best to have an interview.

ELIZA GUARD.
HISTORICAL ANECDOTE—

A SCENE FROM PRIVATE LIFE, ENACTED AT THE TUILERIES DURING NAPOLEON’S REIGN.

Everybody knows, that in 1810 Marshal Berthier was charged by Napoleon with the office of proceeding to Vienna to escort the future Empress Marie Louise to Paris.

As soon as all the ceremonials of etiquette (which at the Austrian Court are tolerably tedious) had been accomplished, they prepared to depart; and during the time that the preparations lasted, Marie Louise* did nought but weep at the prospect of being separated from her family.

Brought up in the school of Marie Thérèse,† the daughter of Francis the second wept, not only at the thought of leaving her brothers and sisters, her father, and, perhaps, even her step-mother, but at being obliged to live with a man whom she did not know, and who could only be an object of terror, as her uncles had never ceased impressing on her mind that Napoleon had twice attempted to overthrow their house.

The day of departure at length arrived, and Marie Louise after having received the advice of her family, retired to her boudoir, there to weep uninterruptedly until the arrival of Berthier, who, according to the prescribed etiquette, was to conduct her to the carriage. When he was introduced, he found his future mistress still in tears, and after a few moments silence, she said, in a voice choked by sobs:—

“Prince! is not my grief excusable? look around you, and behold every thing by which I am surrounded; all are dear and precious to me: these drawings are done by my sisters; this ivory box was turned by my brother, Ferdinand; it was my uncle, Charles, who painted this picture, and that cushion was given me by my dear mother, who embroidered it with her own hands.”

Marie Louise continued thus to apostrophize every object in her sanctum; there was not an article contained therein, even to a worn out-footstool that had not been the work of some loved hand. The magnificent vases of Dresden china filled with the choicest flowers; American birds in an aviary whose wires were of silver; the parrot with its brilliant plumage, each and all were endeared to their mistress by the associations of the loved ones who gave them, and from whom she was about to part perhaps for ever. But of all this collection, the object which she most regretted was a little spaniel with silken locks, and of a pure English breed, who in his own way made more noise than the parrot with all its austro-russian chatter.

The young archduchess had not been kept in ignorance of the displeasure which Joséphine’s dogs had caused Napoleon, from Fortuné who had the honor of making

† See this portrait, No. 84, and memoir, March, 1840.
the first campaign in Italy, whence he never returned, down to Foz, who followed
his mistress to Malmaison, after her divorce. Francis II. had, therefore, as a prudent
father, warned his daughter that she must leave her parrot, birds and dog,
behind at Vienna.

I must now beg pardon for a little digression which is here necessary to render
the remaining portion of my story intelligible. Fortuné was a little fawn-color dog
that had been given to Joséphine* by her great friend Mme. Tallieu, and although
after the marriage of the former with Napoleon the ladies had ceased to be friends,
still Fortuné was fortunate enough to retain the good graces of his mistress, whose
affection for the little animal was so great that she could not bear it out of her sight,
and took it to Italy, whither she went in 1797 to join her husband. Caressed and
petted by all the officers on the staff, our canine friend became an important per-
sonage at head quarters, to Napoleon's manifest displeasure, who detested Fortuné,
because, amongst many other dog-like habits, he possessed to perfection that of
biting the legs of those who approached too near his mistress.

One day, however, in the court-yard of the palace of Passerians, which Napoleon
then occupied, Fortuné attacked more vigorously than usual the dog of the chef de
cuisine, an enormous creature, who although possessed of all the usual, noble qualities
that characterize superior power and strength, was not proof against the constant
snarlings and snappings of a little cur so infinitely inferior to him in the scale of
creation, as was M. Fortuné. He bore all those indignities from his puny foe
patiently for a time, until at length "the lion was roused within him," and with
one bite he broke the ribs of his tormentor, who survived but a few hours.

The cook endeavored, as best he could, to prove that Fortuné was not only the
aggressor, but that he actually had commenced devouring his antagonist; and fearful
lest some of Joséphine's household should inflict summary vengeance on the mur-
derer, he kept it carefully out of sight. Napoleon did his best to dissimulate the
secret joy which this unpremeditated mishap had caused him, and poor Joséphine
shed many tears over the untimely fate of her little favorite. The courtiers also
wept at the sad catastrophe of the unfortunate Fortuné, as they were pleased to
designate the poor brute after its mischance; and there was not a sentinel about
the palace who did not think it right to show his respect for the wife of his general
by lamenting the death of her favorite.

Napoleon happened to pass one of the guards on duty in the interior of the
palace, and perceiving that he was in tears, kindly stopped to enquire the cause.

"Why dost thou weep?" said he in a compassionate tone, is thy mother dead,
perchance?"

"No, general! but the little dog."

At these words Napoleon frowned; and continuing, said, "what, art thou also
showing off thy sensibility? thou shalt be put under arrest for twenty-four hours—
deep rooted griefs require quiet and solitude."

It was not, however, long ere Fortune's place was filled up by Foz, a pretty
creature of the English breed, who soon inherited the love which Joséphine had

* See this portrait, No. 93, and memoir, Dec. 1840.
lavished on his predecessor, as well as the hatred which Napoleon had ever evinced towards it, notwithstanding the precaution that the former had taken to give it an English name.

Bonaparte lost no opportunity of teasing the poor animal, sometimes worrying it to death like a rude school-boy, at others putting an enormous pinch of snuff on its nose, which caused it to fly sneezing for refuge into the lap of its kind and pitying mistress.

"Good-gracious Bonaparte, how tiresome you are! Don't you see that the poor little brute desires nothing better than that you should caress it?"

"Hum! I put no faith in him you know; he is English," replied Napoleon, with a malicious smile.

One day that Fox (who bore no malice nor hatred in his heart) was jumping round his master's chair in order to induce him to play with him, the latter being in a better mood than usual, called the dog, who perceiving by his master's manner that some trap was being laid for him, obeyed reluctantly. Bonaparte placed him between his legs, and seizing hold of his neck, kept him tight, as if he were in a vice. The dog began to growl.

"Eh! what's that?" said Bonaparte, slightly shaking the animal. "Art thou not content, sir? What, again! Be quiet, or if not, I must——"

But notwithstanding these admonitions, Fox continued to manifest his ill-temper.

"I warn thee, that he will bite thee," said Joséphine, who was still more annoyed than her favorite.

"Indeed! I should like to see that!"

"Thou wilt soon see it then."

"Let him only attempt it!" and Napoleon at the same time held it still more tightly between his legs. The dog, trying to extricate himself from so unpleasant an embrace, made a more decisive effort than heretofore, and barked violently. Bonaparte then let go his hold, and kicked the unoffending animal to a distance of ten paces. Joséphine rushed forward, and seizing it in her arms, cried out, "Ah! poor little brute!"

"But he has bitten me!" replied Napoleon, putting his hand to his boot.

"Did I not warn thee of it? Thou findest no pleasure in aught save teasing this poor animal; since he has been here you have quite spoiled his temper!"

"Thy dog is a fright!"

"So much the better: I like him the more for being so!"

"Ah! thou art the woman all over, Joséphine."

A few minutes after the above scene took place, Bonaparte went out, and happening to meet his cook, said to him, "Hast thou still got thy great dog?"

"But, general;" and the culinary artiste, thinking that his master was about to revenge the death of Fortuné, hesitated.

"I ask thee again: hast thou thy dog still? Yes or no!"

"Why yes, general," said the man, at the same time fixing his eyes on the ground, and twirling his bonnet de coton in his hand.

"In that case," continued Napoleon, "try and manage that he should have just
such another rencontre with Fox as he had with Monsieur Fortuné; thou comprehendest my meaning—by chance. Thou wilt do me a great service, and may'st reckon on a suitable recompense."

But to return to Marie Louise. There was something in the immoderate grief of the young archduchess which betokened a kind and feeling heart, and Berthier perfectly understanding this, said, "Madam, I have come to apprise your Majesty that it will be two hours before we can start, and to request permission to retire until that period arrives."

Saying which the Prince of Neufchâtel went in search of the Emperor of Austria, to whom he confided the plan which he had just conceived. Francis II. understood what was required of him, and gave the necessary orders for its accomplishment.

At length the young Empress quitted Vienna and soon passed the frontiers. The fêtes which greeted her every where on the road made her forget for a time her spaniel, and the parrot that had been so bitterly lamented. Her carriage was stopped a few leagues from Compègne by a man, who got in most unceremoniously and placed himself at the side of her who was yet but his betrothed bride. Arrived in Paris, the Emperor led her through the long gallery of the Louvre, amidst the assembled courtiers, whose acclamations of Vive l'Empereur! and Vive Marie Louise, shook the vaulted roof of Catherine de Medicis' old palace. Then it was that the Empress appeared to have entirely forgotten her little ménagerie at Vienna, in the intoxication of her present glorious happiness.

The next morning, Napoleon himself presented his wife to the Parisians from the balcony of the Tuileries, and there as on the evening before, thousands of voices rent the air with cries of Vive l'Empereur! Vive Marie Louise! Napoleon's heart was so full that he could only bow to the assembled crowd. When they had retired, he said to his wife, his eyes wet with tears:—"Come with me, dearest Louise until I repay thee for all the happiness that thou hast caused me." And conducting her along several dark passages which even in the day require to be lighted with lamps, he made her walk quickly.

"Sire! whither are you leading me?" demanded the timid wife: "I am frightened here," added she, clinging yet closer to her husband's arm: "Come on quickly" said he, "hast thou aught to fear with me?" All on a sudden, the Emperor paused before a door which was shut, saying, "listen dear Louise, what noise is that?" At the same instant, a voice, which had nothing human in its tones, was audible by those who approached the door, together with the impatient scratching of a dog whose instinct had taught him that friends were near.

Napoleon opened the door and gently pushed the Empress into a room, where the dazzling light prevented her at first from seeing distinctly what it contained. Soon however, indistinct objects became clear, and the young bride was tenderly agitated at what she beheld. She tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips; she could only hide her weeping face on her husband's bosom.

It was, that Marie Louise, Empress and Queen, already well nigh satiated at the

* See this portrait, No. 41, and Memoir, 1840.
triumphal pomp, that had marked her progress through her adopted country, found herself at once transported as it were by magic, into her boudoir at Vienna. She was surrounded by all the objects which had been endear to her from childhood, all those souvenirs of her country that had been so bitterly lamented but a few days previous. Besides her dog, parrot, and birds, this room contained all her most cherished tokens, from the ivory box, turned by her brother, to the footstools worked by the Empress her mother.

When she had a little recovered from this delightful surprise, Napoleon said to her:—"I see thou art supremely happy my good Louise; and so am I, dearest; I really believe that at this moment I should receive with indifference the news of a victory.

Meanwhile, the Empress examined with delight the different objects around her, whilst, at the same time her birds chirped in their aviary; the parrot fluttered on its perch; and the little dog whined for joy. This poor little animal seemed afraid to approach his mistress, as if aware of the Emperor's antipathy to his race. At length, Napoleon called the spaniel, and caressing it said:—"Thou art a nice little dog and well brought up; thou bearest no resemblance to others of thy species—M. Fortune, and M. Fox, to wit. Therefore, I shall not recommend thy falling into any mischance with thy mortal enemy."

All this time, the parrot remained mute, contrary to the usual habit of birds of his noisy species.

"M. Jacquot, you appear to me to be rather a silly bird," said Napoleon, smiling.

"Je suis malade! (I am ill)" answered the parrot in a guttural tone; and with the most pitiful accent.

At these words, Napoleon burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.* When he had recovered himself a little, he asked the Empress "who had been the parrot's preceptor at Vienna." She answered, smiling, "that his education had been a little neglected."

"But sire," added she, "we had nobody there who spoke French to him except M. de Metternich, and, unfortunately, he only succeeded in teaching him this one solitary phrase, which he pronounces very well, as your majesty has just heard."

Napoleon and Marie Louise began again to laugh, until, at length, the Empress, quite overcome by her feelings, threw herself into the arms of her husband and embraced him tenderly, for having thus rendered her so supremely happy. They were sitting near the window, and the crowd assembled in the court of the Tuileries, seeing this movement on the part of the Empress, attributed it doubtless to some political cause, and applauded it so vigorously that the walls nigh shook from their very foundation. At the same instant, a slight noise was heard near the door which had remained partly open, and the head of the Prince of Neufchâtel was visible.

"You can enter, Berthier," said the Emperor; going forward, at the same time, and presenting him to the Empress, he added:—"It was he Louise who, at the sight of thy tears at Vienna, conceived the idea of removing hither all that thou

* Truly, we also found this paragraph irresistible.—Ed.
see'st, to try if possible to soften those regrets which speak so much in favor of the goodness of thy heart. Berthier well merits to be rewarded at thy hands, thinkest thou not so, dearest? embrace him, therefore."

At this unexpected proposal, Marie Louise, who was naturally of a timid disposition, held down her head, without proffering a word. Berthier remained fixed on the spot, apparently more kept back by respect for his sovereign, than by the trammels of etiquette.

"Come, mon cher," said the Emperor, at the same time tapping him slightly on the shoulder, "are you about to disobey me for the first time?"

"Sire!"

"Come, come, it should have been already done."

Berthier advanced a step or two, and respectfully taking hold of the Empress's hand, was about to press it to his lips, when Napoleon, who guessed his intention, cried out, at the same time pushing him towards Marie Louise: "No, no, my old friend, that is not what I mean; embrace her at once, I order you to do so."

This is the man who four years later was abandoned by one of the actors in the above scene, and whose glorious name was repudiated by the other.

E. F.

BANISH HENCE THE ROSY BOWL.

(Adapted to the tune "Who deeply drinks of Wine.")

BY MISS ELIZA GUADA.

Banish hence the rosy bowl.
Gaily on the moment's roll,
Love and beauty fire my soul,
And cheer me more than wine!

Cheer me more than wine.

Gaily on the moment's fly,
Kindly beams my Annie's eye,
Darkly blue as evening sky,
And brighter far than wine!

Brighter far than wine.

Gaily on the moments pass,
Naught I care for brimming glass,
Youthful love, and lovely lass,
Are better far than wine!

Better far than wine.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
THE EMPRESS MARIA OF AUSTRIA.

FIRST CONORT OF FERDINAND III. EMPEROR OF GERMANY, KING OF HUNGARY, BOHEMIA &c.
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
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UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Embellished with an Authentic full-length colored Portrait, No. 116, of this series,

OF

MARIE ANN, EMPRESS OF GERMANY,
DAUGHTER OF PHILIP III. OF SPAIN, CONSORT OF FERDINAND II., WHO DIED
APRIL 2, 1657.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR,*
BY THE ABBE MONTEILLE.
No. 8.—CONRAD—THE FRIENDLESS.

CHAPTER I.
The peasantry of Bohemia and the rude shepherds that inhabit the pasture-lands of Moravia have, from the earliest ages, been remarkable for vigor of mind and body, indifference to danger; manly endurance, and courage uncontrolled;—indeed, the bravery of a primeval people, descended from sires of patriarchal origin, who seem still to have inherited the energy peculiar to man in his first state, and to have retained that federative strength which all semi-barbarous tribes acquire, whenever honesty of purpose and action meet in equal combination, for the promotion of pri-

* CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.—These Articles will be found as under:—
No. 1.—"The Confessor's Story."—January, February, 1839.
No. 2.—"The Man of Many Sins."—March, 1839.
No. 3.—"The Bigot Priest."—February, 1840.
No. 4.—"Count Julie."—November, December, 1840.
No. 5.—"The Rich Man's Wife."—March, April, 1841.
No. 6.—"The Republican."—October, 1841.
No. 7.—"The Merry Priest of Alciant."—February, 1842.
R—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1842.
vate good and public benefit. It may be, that the variety and sublime grandeur of scenery with which their native land abounds, may supply something of these traits of national character; that—as verdant fields thronged with the fleecy flock inspire content; so, the hoary woods and their untrod paths awaken the high spirit of enterprise; and the craggy mountain-steep, the foamy cataract, the rush of rivers—where the winding shores and the reed-grown-bank check still the hastening torrent—may arouse greater ardor for encounter, and to overcome, and from these may be traced some likeness of this hardy, but almost unknown race of men.

It is perhaps also to be accounted for, that, at the commencement of the Reformation, they should have shewn themselves the first amongst its defenders and adherents. Simplicity is the home of truth; and it may have happened, and is more than probable that, in this simple state of life, they had before this eschewed some of the idle forms of a perverted faith, and that their forest boundaries and mountain fastnesses had shut out some, at least, of its false doctrines. Nature may have instructed them in natural prayer; or, cradled in her bosom, they may have caught the pure religious ray,—being wiser than the great ones of their generation. Certain it is, wherever despotism has taken root, and tyrannic power held the people in a base subjugation, this Romish craft has still prevailed; but where the rights of freedom are asserted, where nations are held together by the strong chain of unanimity alone, this has not been; and, therefore, in all lands where pastoral privileges were yet retained, the principles of a more perfect faith resided: so that, at this period even, the prevailing worship in the Austrian territory and Germany itself, was, in some measure, free from the pompous folly, extravagant forms and debased cruelty that stained the church of Rome. This mighty hierarch, however, little pleased with this defalcation of its disciples, and alarmed at the propounding of new doctrines, now sent forth its emissaries through the continent, to punish offenders, to wage religious war, and to sustain its high supremacy.

These men, appearing as delegates from a superior power, were, for the time, invested with the authority of the pontificate itself; and, by the magnificence of display and wealth that surrounded them, gave goodly evidence of the worldly wisdom of their vocation, and sufficiently bewildered the faculties of a simple-minded peasantry, to whom their glowing discourse was almost as new as the gorgeous trappings that adorned them. The whole of their equipages, the troops of inferior priesthood, and, sometimes, even the soldiery that escorted them, made them enough remarkable to the people amongst whom they came.

It was the close of a summer's evening, and the broad beams of a declining sun were cast full on the road that wound through the Bohemian forest. The way was rugged, and the leafy trees, of giant size and bulk knotted in such inextricable union, that nothing could be seen beyond. Along this road a carriage was advancing at as rapid a rate as the unevenness of the soil would permit; but when, amid the woods, they reached a glassy glade, the urgent speed with which they drove intimated rather a desire to end a long and wearisome journey before the night should fall, than any pleasure experienced on the route, until at length the path closed in and further difficulties retarded again their progress. The vehicle was attended
by two outriders only, whose peculiar dress announced that the personage whom they accompanied was one of the Pope’s envoys, bent on the mission of converting, or bringing back his people to their faith.

The clouds of twilight were falling fast, and lay in hoary gloom upon the woods low; but the sun still cast its golden beams right up the deep ravine the party were now entering, so that their passage, between two mountain steeps of perpendicular height—clothed with the larch, fir, and pine—lay in a lengthened line of radiant light, from whose two walls of living verdure seemed to spring and reach the very skies. They had continued their way some time, when the guide and those whom he conducted halted, as though delayed by some object that suddenly arrested their curiosity.

Upon a ledge of rock projecting from the cliff, but embowered with lofty trees, as though nature’s self had raised an arbor there most fitting for repose, there lay a man,—if he could be so called, who partook, seemingly, of a more unknown species, yet endowed with giant proportions like his fellow-man. Wild were his features, gipsy-like in darkness, of ferocious aspect, shrouded with hair, and beard of savage growth. His figure reclined there in colossal grandeur, almost wondrous to look upon; and being wrapt in a close mantle of surge only, that reached scarce to the knee, his massive limbs were bare, so that he resembled some ancient figure cut in stone,—an image of some past eternity. Beholding that they viewed him in amazement, he presently arose, and might, in wild exterior, then have been mistaken for the demon of the woods, or the fell genius of the subterranean world—a monster sprung from caverns and from mines—the god of some dark region.

As they beheld him in perplexity—he grimly smiled, and strode away; when, reaching a higher pinnacle, that rose from out the mountain side, he stood serene, as watching their departure. At this instant, the person in the carriage started forward to catch another view of something so extraordinary; but, at his observation, the man again moved onward, climbing the precipitous path with so much apparent ease, that, as they gazed after him, and he was lost among the trees, a kind of fear thrilled through them, or superstitious dread of something yet unknown.

"Your Excellency had best speed forward," said one of the men on horseback, "that man is not the only wonder in these woods,—robbers, no doubt, besides, and" —but the person he addressed looked again earnestly towards the point where that strange figure had vanished, and, after awhile, waving his hand in action of command, the party advanced with all possible speed, as before.

The impression made by the first glimpse of so remarkable a being, however, was not easily effaced. His form haunted the coming darkness—in hollows of the earth, beneath the shade of trees, on the highest peak of cliffs—lost in the twilight clouds. Perhaps, the contrast he afforded, with others of his kind, in person only, was scarce more striking than that supplied by mental comparison with himself, as a barbarian, and others, as civilized beings. Certain it is, the person who had beheld him, was calculating strange purposes to which he might be applied, if chance had haply favored him by the opportunity of making this man his prisoner.

It was late when this gorgeous vehicle halted at a hovel by the way-side, request-
ing some refreshment for the horses and directions relative to the road they were to take, to reach the nearest town before night-fall. These civilities were readily afforded, and they were about to continue their journey, when their host, a sturdy peasant of rude exterior, lifting his torch above them, revealed, beneath its glare of light, enough of savage and romantic scenery to rouse their fears as to their own safety and the dangers they were likely to encounter on their way.

"Friend," said the Cardinal Zirini, for it was he—a bold, stern man, of more than middle age—"can you tell us, friend, if the road be infested by robbers; if so, can some of the peasantry, here, accompany us?"

"Fear nothing," said the man, "the peasant of Bohemia lives on his native soil, content. Your Excellency, coming from the good Pope himself, scarce wants a better friend—protector:" and the satiric emphasis with which he spoke, shewed that he was one of those already tainted with this new-fangled heresy.

"You are—what are you?" asked the other, with equal irony.

"Of very simple faith," said the man, with great composure; "one of the Lollards, as they call us. If your Excellency go much further, you will pierce into the very heart of your enemies."

The cardinal looked on the man with an amazed sedateness, intended to convey an expression of cool courage mingled with pity of his ignorance, and scorn for his opinion; but it was encountered by an undaunted eye of energy, mental and physical, inherited from nature's self,—the force of electric fire, against a spark struck from unwilling flint.

"We hold our reliance on the faith of our fathers," said the Cardinal, with dignity; "this faith, we will assert. Perhaps, peasant, you may feel it."

"We feel, but flinch not," said the man, with some indifference.

Scarce had he spoken, than a shadow darkened the torch-light suddenly, and, looking round, they beheld the same Herculean figure, grasping an oaken staff, pass by them quickly: not with the speed of fear, but with the motion of youth, strength and vigor, all in one.

"Good night to you, Conrad," said the peasant; "Will you sleep with us?"

"It is a starry night;" was the reply, in hoarse, imperfect accents. "This is the night to catch the great birds, sleeping. No, Meiner Gratz, may the starlight watch over you;" and pausing, like one attracted by the splendor of the carriage, he surveyed it more closely, and, presently, passed onward.

The cardinal remarked upon his words:—"It is a night to catch the great birds, sleeping;" and, doubtless, they must have some double meaning or hidden allusion to the religious wars just then breaking out;—he might be—what? his curiosity was roused.

"Who is the man—where was he born?" he hastily enquired.

"He is Conrad—the Friendless—" said the peasant; "he has been seen from a boy, wandering the forest-waste and wilderness. No one knows from whence he came."

"He is, I suppose, not blood-thirsty," said the Cardinal; "but harmless—innocent, probably?"
"Why, as innocent," said the man, "as lions that are not in want of food,—they range the woods at will, the lords of all,—and so is he."

The Cardinal prepared to re-enter his carriage; the man continued to speak.

"With the bow or the bludgeon, in sport or in fight, he beats us all; in scaling that hill-side, leaping the precipice, fording the river, or for fleetness in the race none can match with him: and for climbing the tree that tops the highest cliff and bears the eagle's nest upon its boughs—he is the only man! like enough in some things, to the woodland-beasts that were his early friends—and yet, in kindliness, a gentle savage too."

As he spoke, he strolled into his hut: the sound of the wheels died away in the silence of night.

These words quieted the Cardinal's apprehensions for his own safety and filled his mind afresh, with projects of personal advantage, in securing to himself the attendance of so singular an individual as Conrad—the Friendless. It appeared that the whole of Germany was in a state of religious insurrection; which, if not altogether openly displayed, was the more to be apprehended, since the silence and secrecy with which such opinions gained ground, rendered, ineffectual, the efforts of the church to stop, or delay their progress. The Romish envoys were everywhere received with jealousy and discontent. The Cardinal—fierce and froward—had encountered also further opposition, which might well imply, that even his life was at venture in the contest. This man, therefore, his savage and giant-like exterior, would doubtless afford him a seeming protection; and not inaply also represent his master's pride and power. His abject state of destitution argued that he might be easily brought to such desirable bondage; but, at this moment, other designs engaged the Cardinal Zirini.

This splendor of display, however, had not altogether passed unnoticed by the wild Conrad; and, as he paced the forest-track at deepest midnight-hour, a strange and hitherto unknown curiosity stirred him to discover by what means these great men of the earth rolled heedless by, in golden equipages—the rulers of the serfs that dwelt around them. Some mighty god of riches must sure preside over their destiny. He prayed to his own deity of woods and streams—the sky, the earth, the air;—but the greatness of gold was not bestowed. What could it mean?

But dreams reflect again our waking fancies. That night, he dwelt within an ivory palace, where images of gold walked here and there; and he was there—a slave to do their bidding. He saw an eagle ploughing the high air, and he, winged by the winds, pursued it;—it was caught and made his prisoner;—and he stood before a throne of sparkling gems, but when he would have presented the wondrous bird to his visionary masters, it was changed into a massive weight—a burden all insufferable—but then the burden still was gold! He fought with the wild boar again in his own wilderness; and when the hunters all were scared, and he, alone, his spear transfixed the sturdy animal; and then the trees, around, rained precious pearls and diamonds,—till, suddenly, in short delight, he gasped for breath, and was awake once more.
CHAPTER II.

The morning sun was risen; birds were singing; but Conrad lay in moody contemplation, nor went to seek the wonders of the woods, as heretofore. After awhile, he strolled to the hut of Meiner Gratz, to wile away his time and secret thoughts.

"Well, Conrad," said the peasant, "what dreams last night? That coach has brought no good;—my thoughts were full of cities—crowded squares."

"Gold—there was nothing but gold," said Conrad, still half dreaming; and, after awhile, he asked:—"What is that man—how does he get these riches?"

"He is one at the head of the image-worshippers;" said Meiner Gratz, speaking from his own feelings, rather than from aught else. "They say the Pope has got the keys of Heaven, and he alone can open it, or one of his most holy servants."

"This man is one, then," said Conrad.

"He is," was the emphatic answer.

"To him, belong the gold—the precious stones—the altar," cried Conrad, bewildered between his dreaming and his waking thoughts.

"He stands at the altar, indeed," said the man, solemnly; "and betrays his Creator;—he sells sin to the children of his generation, and barters the conscience of his fellow-creatures.

"But he has money—money—has he not?" said Conrad.

"Enough of it, truly," said Meiner Gratz;—and Conrad turned away to the entrance of the hovel, and looked out on the wonderful magnificence of nature—this world of miracles, beset with living beauty;—he beheld it and his own poor desert plight—and through some constrained emotion his words broke forth at last.

"I should like to leave the woods for ever," he cried. "The birds and the beasts have all learnt to fear me,—and man, too! I could conquer him, if it came to the struggle."

"Many peasants, as I have heard," said Meiner Gratz, "have left these peaceful woods and have repented."

But this was not understood by Conrad—the Friendless—who strayed reluctantly back to his sylvan haunts, and found, then, that he had lost the charm of solitude, which once held him there. His whole thoughts now, in fact, dwelt upon one period of his life, when he had wandered to some far-off city; where, feeling himself unlike his fellow-men:—beheld with wonder and curiosity—ignorant of the most ordinary employment—he had, for awhile, roamed amid their habitations yet, gladly, fled back to his forest-shelter, like some stray-creature, returning to its lair again. He would haste away once more. This, after some day's hesitation, he resolved upon; and as the sun was sinking in the far horizon, he climbed to the highest mountain, to behold its departure, and, amid its glorious beams, to bid adieu to the land of his youth—where he had neither known kindred nor friends, but whose invisible spirit had sheltered him in days, of which memory had now left no trace.

Beholding the broad sky; subdued by its effulgent calmness; bewildered in his own ignorance, the savage once more lay down on the brink of the precipice—in
the lap of danger—where most he loved to lie;—and there reclining, watched till an apparent night was over-clouding all things, and the sun’s bright disc was shaded with thick-gathering clouds. He started as the hoarse thunder called to him and awoke him from his trance. He started, but stirred not—too much accustomed to this strife of nature to heed it, save only to view its awful grandeur as it broke over the wide expanse—and now it was a sight to see, pleasing to willing eyes.

Afar, around, condensing into gloom, the atmosphere was darkened as with night. The great birds left the skies, and, cowering on the wing, sped through the silent air to unseen covert. The forest-trees stood firm, nor moved a bough;—hushed, as though tempest-stricken:—and the beast came not forth from the leafy brake. In the west, where all the heavens were streaked with fiery hues, the sun still shone from behind shrouded vapours, with blood-red colors borrowed from the storm;—but, at the lightning’s stroke, eclipsed, it sunk at once, and all was gloom.

Now rose the wind to a whirling breeze, and almost breathless,—till the hush was over. Then, horsely it whispered as it went, and the tall trees bowed as it swept before them;—hoarsely it moaned again, louder and louder, till the proud forest groaned in stern reply. At last, the swift steeds of the wind were all let loose, and wildly they scattered through the woods—and blew, afar, the sounding hurricane—till the wide wilderness, itself, shook as they hurried onward. Darkness fell all around. The sky was closed. No rain was falling. There—the lightning! yonder—thunder sounded! Still, no rain.

In this dread scene, Conrad arose, pleased while beholding this contest of the elements, a sight congenial to his habits and his nature. He was serene, while all abroad was warfare. Suddenly, some other sound his senses caught. Not of the storm nor wind. He listened. It was the tramp of horses; such rapid pace as the wild steed, unchecked, alone attempts. He looked around, but nothing met his view. A moment! and, at last, he saw.

Upon the road that wound beneath, and leading onward to a farther precipice—a carriage whirled along, and, seen in the glimpse of an instant, was then gone. Not thought, but impulse, guided him. He bounded from the height whereon he stood, and, shooting downward, grasping furze and bramble as he went, cleared the steep ascent, and sped by the path below. As the bird’s flight is certain as it is short, so was his; and as the horses tottered on the brink, and the despairing cry was heard, he caught the traces and wrenched them back again, holding them with grim smiles of triumph, applaudive of his action.

He saw not the pale face of the Cardinal Zirini emerging from the vehicle, nor that it shrunk before the cutting lightning; but, with calm, decisive strength stood firm—till yonder, a loud cracking, crashing peal of thunder roused even him. He gazed about him with a proud defiance, and saw the lightning playing in the cloud, ere it broke forth again, streaming as wild-fire through the forest;—but, with it came at once the pouring rain, in sheets of water; Conrad stood unmoved. It might be habit that had taught him such indifference;—it could scarce be pleasure; but he remained there till the rain had ceased, till the lightning glanced harmlessly around: the thunder’s voice was mute; the forest silent—tempest stricken; and there, across
the heavens—braided of all the heavenly hues in one—there, shone the rainbow. It might appear he had a soul, not altogether without sympathy; for, as sweet nature smiled, he smiled as well; or, was it to behold, afar, the gorgeous train of soldiers and attendants that, appearing on the verge of the horizon, skirting the forest, shewed that by some accident the Cardinal Zirini had been separated from his escort, and thus left alone to encounter the peril from which Conrad had fortunately rescued him. This train was now seen, glancing through the trees, now on the opening glade, and lost again, while some words passed, imperfectly understood, on both sides, between the Cardinal and Conrad.

"What could he do for him?"

The wild man thought, awhile, but could not think what. Gold was the word upon his lips, but the hoary woods grimly scowled, their freedom was not bought at such a price. What, then, would gold obtain. The savage, in his ignorance, could not reply,—but he would flee away,—away from nature—from himself.

The cavalcade was now seen issuing into the open road and approaching more rapidly, as though under some apprehension for the Cardinal’s safety. It was now also that Conrad first perceived that there was another personage in the carriage, whom, had he known the manners of the time, he would have recognised as the confidential priest, or, rather, the keeper of his Excellency’s conscience, which, being laid open to him once a day in the confessional, was duly cleansed of its impurities, and returned, unstained as ever, to the bosom of its owner). Some words passed between them, not understood by Conrad; when, at length, the Cardinal Zirini again addressed him.

"Brave peasant," he said, "we are going to the town of M——; follow us there, the church rewards her servants; come, and behold what blinded ignorance can never picture. If, indeed, you know the worth of gold, our life is of high value to blessed mother church. There, follow us, or come with us, our blessing rests upon you."

He gave him gold. Conrad grasped it, and smiled upon the gift. He muttered that he would bid the fields adieu and the great man should be his master. His imperfect speech, seemingly, so expressed it. The whole of the party had, however, assembled, and he still delayed. At last, the Cardinal gave him a written paper, stating where he might solicit his assistance and presently passed on. Conrad beheld through the wan atmosphere the gorgeous cavalcade fading in the distance, and he beheld it with regret.

He sped to the hut of Meiner Gratz to show him the treasure. He found him pacing to and fro in his clay dwelling, and under excitement which he did not comprehend; by his own thoughts, alone, engaged.

"Look," he said, "I am going to the great city beyond the forest," and he told what he had done.

"Had I been there," said Meiner Gratz, bitterly," the proud priest should have leapt over the cliff—had a journey through the air, and have been heard of no more."

Conrad shrunk into himself—amazed.
"Think of it!" he said, with expressive wildness, "the sky—the earth—and all between. Ah!" he cried aloud.

"Dead, death lies between," said Meiner Gratz, "and there it ends:" but, now, his thoughts broke out at once: "to have our land beset with soldiery—these Romish pageants carried up and down—a profligate priest intruding on our family—the virgins of our household not even safe from their soft courtesies! We have known other things than this; nor punishment, nor penalty shall grind us down into such degradation."

This was altogether unintelligible to Conrad; he had never known the laws of civil life, nor human ties.

"If I can catch an eagle in the eyrie," he said, "I will take it yonder with me to be my friend. I shall then want nothing."

"Stay here, rest here," said Meiner Gratz. "You will repent:" but his words were unheeded. The following morning there was some stir among the peasantry, and it was said many had travelled to the far city in defence of their religious rights—to assert the simple creed now prevalent among them; thither, also, would Conrad go.

On that night, yet once more he climbed the mountain-steep, and crept along the mighty branches of a tree, which, overhanging the declivity, shaded the eagle's eyrie, where the desert-bird lay brooding amid solitude. Cautiously he moved; taken unawares, the imperial bird became his prisoner;—fate could not clasp its prey more closely. By the light of the first dawn, he stood before the hut of Meiner Gratz to bid farewell.

"You will find the bird of freedom cant bear slavery as well as thou, Conrad," said he: "Pity to check its flight; let it go again."

"It reminds me of the forest," said Conrad, "of my bed under the pine trees; hunting and arrow shooting, and dreams that have come to me; and there are my friends, Meiner Gratz."

"Friends! where are your friends?" repeated the other, mournfully, yet amazed.

"The great sun looks on us," said Conrad, "and when we look, too—we can meet somehow together there."

"Then, Conrad, fare ye well," said Meiner Gratz.

"Grateful thanks, Meiner," answered he, as though throwing off emotions more new than pleasing; and Meiner Gratz watched him till his sight was lost in nothingness; for his indistinct dialect spoke still enough to one alive to nature.

Alas! in deserting his dwelling in the forest, Conrad had not foreseen what was to come to pass:—that the greater distance he rambled from his native desert, the more remote was he from the kindly assistance which the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets had afforded him; and that the nearer he approached the confines of civilisation, the less he had to expect from those whom he encountered. As he left behind him also the deep wilderness, the bow and arrows that he carried were found useless, for, in the open country, neither beast nor bird was seen, nor place of refuge, nor those natural means of life that Nature yields her children. He journeyed on, day after day, undaunted, till hunger—the ravenous wolf that gnaws the
bosom of the wretched, cried aloud within him; and, as he looked afar, no object met his view that might relieve him. The country was smiling, too. Corn-fields and pasture-lands, and pleasant glebes were all around. These could afford him nothing; and except the wild-fruit that he gathered on the waste, the sky and earth gave nothing. Night came; day followed and night again. Just as the rosy morn was breaking, he saw, remote, a human habitation, and he pressed onward. As joy excites to extacy, and extacy to madness, so did this. He ran forward. Gaunt and wayworn, his blood-shot eyes sparkling in stinted fires, he reached the gate, but there halted:—what now did he dare to do?

The house was a superior kind of farm, but far more noble in exterior than any he had ever entered. He waited at the outer gate. A standing sleep—the stupor that befriended the famished—crept over him. He was roused from his lethargy by a voice, and on his sight there dawned a form that startled him. He saw; could it be?—she spoke again, and gave him food. His rabid appetite told all his sufferings, and she bade him follow her and lie him down upon a bench, formed of rude trunks of trees, piled up beneath the shelter of an oak that grew before their dwell- ing. He remembered nothing more. Was it slumber or waking fancy that pictured a crowd of anxious faces gazing down upon him, now coming, suddenly, and gone. Then, afterwards, many stars peering from the high heavens, through latticed rafters built above him, where he heard the trickling rain and felt it not, and saw again a fairy shadow floating, and heard a language new to him, and by him scarcely comprehended. It was all true. The unfriended stranger had here found a shelter; and as the famine-fever slacked, he knew and wildly smiled upon his new protectors.

There was a man of rustic habits dwelt here, and a youth, at times, was seen. Him, Conrad much admired; the more so, that he seemed the favored slave of her—a kind of angel—that here abided also. She was called Bertha; that he learnt. She brought him milk and creamy possets, and comforted his woes;—the youth with kindly talk essayed to cheer him. The savage but only half divined the meaning of their goodness. During the day, he found they tended the peasants as they tilled the fields; at sunrise, they assembled to matin-prayers, an unadorned devotion, that soothed the wild man’s feelings as they prayed. But, at night, as he discovered, they met together in a retired vale near the farm-house, where, from distant hamlets the peasantry joined them, armed with bows and other weapons, and, in the moonlight, kneeling, they offered up their thanksgiving and sung their hymn of praise. This, much amazed him; for Meiner Gratz he had never seen do this. He remembered, too, that Meiner Gratz had a weapon of which he did not know the use; but Conrad guessed that this wisdom and this power came from the city, whether he was going. Though reluctantly, too, some such idea suggested his departure.

But his thoughts recalled his native hamlet, in the distant forests and retraced the way that he had travelled ere he had found another human habitation, or means of shelter: he shrank from the task before him. It seemed to him that there could only be three such regions in the world;—the wild woodland-home behind him;—the happy village where he now lingered;—and the golden city far beyond. His
boarded treasure,—gold—was of no use there, nor here, but in the great town he
should need it. He kept it close, unseen. At last, he said that he must go, and
whither.

"Not to day," the old man said, "you must not go to-day."

"Yes, I must travel, yonder," said Conrad; "out beyond where the bright sun
is sinking."

"And where is that?" they asked.

"I am going to the city, yonder," he replied.

"The city lies three leagues from here," said the good man; "so rest another
day."

"I do not see it," said Conrad, whose imagination, fraught with the remem-
brance of something seen before, had pictured domes and columns, temples and
fanes that reached the sky, so vast and beauteous in their fabric; but, though he
delayed another night, at the first break of morn, he bade farewell, and sped upon
his way.

He arrived at the city of M——. Bewildered by all he saw, himself the object
of surprise and observation, he wandered about nearly one whole day, without seek-
ing even the place of his destination; but, on shewing the scrawl that he carried,
he was conducted the right road, pursued by a crowd of spectators, attracted by his
remarkable person, stature, and dress of savage character.

He entered the episcopal palace—a building of noble structure—with the step of
one, who, beholding the temple of nature and residing there, could discover nothing
more wondrous or charming in creation; or, was it, that because the interior of this
dwelling surpassed all his mental visions had yet painted, that he advanced with the
confidence which true delight inspires. He was in rags, truly,—of this he was scarce
aware; he was hungry, but not sensible of his wants. As the Cardinal Zirini ad-
vanced, he prostrated himself before him, not in submission to his wealth, but
bending, as the slave—man—bends down before his destiny.

"We appoint you," said the Cardinal, "first attendant round our person, to
protect our life, as you have once done, against all danger and all enemies. As you
serve us, faithfully, and discharge the duty imposed, so, great is the reward. Are
you willing to the task, will you be true, besides."

Conrad, the friendless, murmured something in assurance and in promise, humble
enough; but, rising, he stood in triumph; for, as he surpassed others in bodily pro-
portions, now apparently he did so in the grandeur of his worldly elevation. Con-
rad was herein satisfied indeed, though none could partake his happiness. Yet, as
he stood there, the eagle, perched upon his arm, held in invisible bondage—the one
portrayed the other—a too near and melancholy resemblance.

CHAPTER III.

The Cardinal Zirini had risen to this high station, from the success of certain po-

titical and religious negociations, carried on by him, on the part of the Pope—his
master—with the Emperor of Germany, wherein the Cardinal had developed much
of the astute sagacity, for which the conclave has ever been renowned. Perhaps, the cap never lighted on a head more full of craft, intrigue, and selfishness; while all the passions, that usually occupy the heart, had flown there, to be the sport of his wit or the hireling of his intellect, for an hour, a day, a year, as necessity or expediency might require. He was not blessed with diurnal confession in vain. It was pleasant to have something new still to repeat. His religion was in truth the great engine of the state and his engine, of which he, practised in scientific experiment, knew best of all the contrivance, the action, the method and the use. He had come forth into these deserted regions to preach the sale of indulgences, a grant from the Pope himself, given in paternal love, whereby his people might secure happiness here, and more was promised, hereafter. The Cardinal Zirini smiled upon his mission, for awhile, and the priesthood smiled; as when men, standing beside deep waters to catch unwary fish, find that they nibble readily.

On his arrival in this city, however, he discovered some difficulties in the furtherance of his scheme, which, because never anticipated, excited in him only the spirit of obstinate resistance;—the determination to succeed, if not openly, by stratagem. His pretensions were much enhanced by the appearance of Conrad near his person. This man’s wild exterior gave rise, among the ignorant, to extraordinary surmises, some, conceiving that he must be the agent of a supernatural power, employed to carry out his master’s views; others, that no ill could reach the man, however bad, whose footsteps were followed, “whose life was guarded by a giant, with whose strength none other living being could contend, even in momentary comparison.” Certainly, when first he was seen seated at the entrance of the audience-chamber, armed with a massive staff, clothed in a vest made of the skins of forest beasts,—his sinewy arms and legs left bare, his feet bound with sandals of rude leathern thongs,—only that a broad belt of gold confined his elfin locks, and round his waist there shone another girdle of the metal,—he might have been taken for an emissary come from distant climes,—the chieftain of a savage race—reposing there in brave, regardless confidence. It was whispered that no one knew from whence he came; and this even was more wondrous. But the Cardinal Zirini, as the business of the morning closed, approached him, surveyed him, and seeing they were alone, accosted him. He spoke with humility, rather unusual to him.

“What, Conrad,” said he, “it is fitting time, now the city is no longer new to you—now you begin to comprehend your duties to us,” that you should learn the service due to Him—your heavenly Father—: that you may know that He is us,’ and we are ‘Him,’ gifted with His spiritual power, mercy, love.’”

“I have seen the Great God in my time,” said the savage; “in the skies—and in the woods—but I can learn the rest, if it please you.”

“Holy father,” said the Cardinal, turning to his priest, who now stood beside them,” let this mighty son of nature be instructed in such simple portions of our faith, as may best shew him how to serve his heavenly and his earthly master. May the saints watch over you, my brother.”

Some few hours after, Conrad—the Friendless—entered for the first time the arched aisles of a cathedral, and heard the noble organ swell its harmonious strains, re-
sounding through the vaulted roof of choir and chapel, till, when the sound had ceased, even silence cast an echo back again, and dwelt upon the sounds. The savage smiled; and, fired into phreney, erewhile wept and smiled again. Nor did the service of the altar less bewilder him; for this is fitted rather to amaze the senses, than satisfy the reason, even of savages.

At that lighted altar he beheld crowds of attending priests; and some who wandered in and out with mystic ceremony; while many boys held incense-urns by silver chains and wafted odors round. The rich display and fantastic form of their garments pleased him; and when they moved step by step to the shrine, kneeling at each approach, as we would think idolatry advance before their idols, Conrad bethought him that the golden altar sure must be the god they worshipped; the mighty structure, music, lights and odors, all intended to assuage the wrath of some demon spirit, whom the priests, only, held in blest control; to them must then belong the power and praise. Then, all at once, amid the blaze, the officiating priest appeared, and, clad in dazzling robes, raised high the Host before the people, who bowed unto the emblem. The illusion was complete. This was the hidden image of their creed; this, the divinity, and these the priests! They knew the untold secret; they spoke in unknown tongues, they could obtain pardon and the eternal unimaginable paradise. What could his ignorance guess farther? it sought no further. "Go on, my son and prosper," said the Cardinal. "You will find the church never deserts her children. You may live to do her service yet, and meet the just reward."

Conrad acted up to the instruction. In the chapel of the episcopal palace, night and morning he attended; prayed in an unknown language, and, unacquainted with what even the symbol of this faith might represent, he stood an image-worshipper before the shrine; no longer inspired by nature when he prayed, nor hallowed with the light of revelation, but the pagen of a christian creed. He heard, too, the saints vouchsafed incessant intercession. These were shadows or figures of his fancy, but to them also he cried aloud, believing that unholy acts were made holy in their sight.

"Conrad, approach," said the Cardinal one day, and there was that lurking in his aspect, that told there was some danger near, or something to be dreaded. "You have never yet shed blood?" he asked; and Conrad answered by a glance of cold enquiry.

"You have not shed blood?" repeated the Cardinal.

"I have killed the wild boar of the forest with my spear, my arrows," answered Conrad; "and struggled with him to the very death. This, I have done."

"Human blood, that is the question," said the Cardinal.

"No, never," said Conrad, firmly.

"Could you look upon the slaughter, and look unmoved," asked he. "If:—but if not—"

Conrad paused as well as he; but, presently, replied. "If the church guards us, what have we to fear?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied his master.
Then, what is to be done?” said Conrad. “Tell me and I will do it.”
“Much to be done and more,” said the Cardinal Zirini. “But follow me this day; watch, listen to each word, and mark each motion of your master. If your weak heart should flinch not, but do its work with boldness, through all peril and all difficulty,—well, well, will it be for me—for you;—the road is open.”
“I will be faithful,” said the man; and seeing the Cardinal Zirini fold his church-vestment round him, Conrad prepared to follow whither he might lead.

The Protestant party was here gaining ground; and men, famed for eloquence and wisdom, continued to defend their tenets, in spite of interdictions or anathemas levelled against the devoted people. The Cardinal was politic enough to see that he must resort to other measures than those of open warfare; and, singular enough, he did not shun all intercourse with his opponents, but rather courted a full knowledge of their principles; for, many times, in secret, or disguised, he had visited their place of worship and heard their doctrines explained. It could scarce be the moving fancy to a pretty face that led him there,—it might be; but thither he often went: on this occasion he was clad in the full costume of his office, and crowned with the holy mitre.

“Conrad,” he whispered, as he went, “do this and this.” Anon, he said again, “Keep guard, keep close, and watch your master’s will. A look may tell my meaning and my wish:’ and Conrad promised all things.

On their way, they encountered many citizens, who, by not bending to the holy man, betrayed that they were of the opposite creed, and by being armed, mostly, with some weapon of defence, shewed also that they had heard of news inimical to their personal safety. In fact, it was reported that troops of foreign soldiery, and armed mercenaries in the pay of the Pope, or of such continental powers as upheld his authority, were now appearing in the Austrian territory, destroying and ravaging wherever they came, and compelling the inhabitants to defend, not only their faith, but their property and lives from their unjust attack.

It might be thought, from the splendor of his vestment, that the Cardinal Zirini was about to perform service at his own cathedral: but not so; he hastened in another direction, and being joined by a party of the inferior priesthood, they conferred awhile, and presently after arranged themselves in the order of procession, moving with more solemn pace and sacerdotal gravity. The host was raised on high, and holy service chanted. But, if they had needed any further conclusive evidence of the discredit into which of late their church had fallen, the trial and the proof were here in one; for, of all the many passengers that thronged the streets, few bowed before the Romish emblem; many passed on regardless; some halted near, indifferently; some, shewed open scorn. At length, they paused before a building of unadorned exterior, where a crowd of townspeople, with their families, were just entering.

The Cardinal Zirini advanced in front, with Conrad at his side. Their prayers now ceased; while the priests, pressing forward, urged from behind as well, by others anxious to gain admittance, stood waiting on the steps leading to the portal. Those who kept guard there, meantime hastily collected on the upper flight, as though to refuse an entrance to the new comers.
Conrad, the Friendless.

A short interval ensued. During this, the Cardinal Zirini moved slightly, opposite to a young man, who appeared outside, in the arched doorway, and took at once so prominent a position as to make himself understood as one responsible for what might hereafter take place between persons so opposed in principle and feeling altogether.

"We come here in the name of the holy mother church," said the Cardinal; "in her name we demand admission."

"Thy church is not ours," said the young man, calmly; "nor will we be bound by thy laws. Pass on, and trouble not the prayers of honest men. We contend not with thee."

"There is one called Hermann Reidstadt," said the Cardinal, "who preaches here and falsifies our faith."

"I am he," said the youth, with scornful dignity. "What more, proud priest?"

"This more," cried the Cardinal, with equal scorn. "We would willingly hear, good youth, the lore of distant ages spoken by thee; doctrinal arguments disputed; ecclesiastical privileges descended on; church history and law propounded by thee: in truth, young boy, all thou canst teach." The irony of his accent implied a triple satire to the words themselves; but Hermann Reidstadt was neither incensed nor daunted.

"I teach none of this," he answered. "My wisdom is essentially of another kind, neither cunning nor cabalistical. Why interfere with that you cannot comprehend?"

"We would at least hear thee, arrogant youth, ere we denounce thee," said the Cardinal; "though fallen into heresy, we would be merciful, and thou mayst live to thank us."

"For swift wrath, but mercy, slow to visit us," was the reply. "We shut no door to those who come in peace; but how may we believe thee?"

"Our holy mother be the witness of our peace in all things," said the Cardinal; but here he was interrupted by the sound of sacred song, and the young man turned hastily away, as not willing to pass his hour of devotion in works of worldly care.

The hymn was not yet over when the Cardinal was seen approaching up the middle aisle, and pressing through the congregation, with steps of imperious confidence, followed by Conrad. He took his station immediately beneath the pulpit. But the sudden wonder which the singular figure of Conrad created, was shortly interrupted by a further disturbance. The priests who accompanied the Cardinal, were now crowding into the nave of the church, and making somewhat powerful efforts to resume their places and attend him to the spot he had selected; when, by a simultaneous movement of the assembly, they were prevented all further intrusion.

The Cardinal glanced, with keen contempt, upon the marked simplicity of all around; but contumely and derision sank in softer expression, as his searching looks rested on the person of a maiden, who, with her father, was seated close beside him. The old man, as it might seem, was possibly a husbandman come from the pasture, to hear the words of truth expounded. Now, the Cardinal Zirini was mortal, made
of clay; of earth, earthy. Besides; to confess! it is pleasant to confess oneself a remarkable character.

However;—a more able defender of the truth, or admirable christian philosopher had scarce ever been heard than was Hermann Reistadt—the preacher—when, clasping the very soul of his theme, he held it to his own soul till it spoke out,—making a concord of reason—a harmony of expression—a melody of eloquence, wondrous to those who listened. One hour was enchanted and dissolved into a passing minute of short delight. But all this floated lightly enough through the brain of the Cardinal Zirini. His fancy was effused into the realm of beauty to which this maiden might belong; and the words scarce reached his mental faculties, while she absorbed the visual. Conrad saw his master's look and understood its meaning.

Probably too, however, the Cardinal here heard much that was new to him;—of natural religion blended with revelation, argumentative enough to convince the mind, and eloquent withal, charming it into sublime enthusiasm;—such truths as were spoken by the primitive fathers of the church—truths which they vindicated by their lives and sealed with their blood.

The congregation was seated during this, excepting only the Cardinal Zirini and the priests who thronged the lower aisle. These, at every pause, raised the blest Host aloft, calling on the people, in short passages of prayer, or in some Latin invocation bidding them return to their discarded faith. Such supplication none of the assembly heeded. The Cardinal was also firm and self possessed. Leaning on one of the stone pillars near the pulpit, he sidelong eyed the preacher, with cold reserve; then, awhile, shedding the fire and brightness of his looks upon the maiden.

But this was all that might appear; nevertheless, he observed enough besides. Faces of thought and firm resolve were there, and men, whose hard exterior was but the sample of the mind, being one and all equally bent on the comprehension and promotion of the religion that they advocated. The aged father of the maiden, perhaps, would not have inaptly represented the whole community;—there, as he sat! his looks expressing the faith and fortitude of one of the church's martyrs. The Cardinal Zirini at last was struck into attention, for he motioned to his attending priests to forbear all further interruption of the discourse, till, at length, the exhortation was ended, and all was silent.

The pliancy of worldly wit we must admire. As the last sound was heard, the last word fell, the Cardinal Zirini turned—in stately self-possession—the perfect calm of intellect, upon the youthful preacher; and during an interval of silence, he awed every beholder, by this show of mental quietude.

"Behold!" said he, at last, "another Samson has arisen—greater than he, and, in his arms, the pillars of the temple shall be as nothing, the temple itself shall fall!" Thus ended his satire; he spoke on more calmly still.

"Great God!" he said, with fervor; "look down on thy deserted children, on this lost generation, forsaken through unworthiness and sin. Where shall my church turn but to Thee, who has taught thine anointed servants the secrets of thy temple, and to them confided thy pardon and thy punishment. Raise high the Host, holy brethren," he cried, aloud, "and bid the blest spirit come amongst us."

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At this, the congregation rose: the peasant and the burgher looked at each other, and each raised his weapon and his staff in threatening and resistance.

"Be this house still the temple of prayer and praise," cried the youth, from the pulpit; "nor shall the works of this world enter the fane where the Father dwell-eth. Stand aside, my friends, and let even the shadow of His mightiness be held sacred."

The host was raised and a short prayer chanted, and soon ended. The Cardinal Zirini advanced towards the altar, and spoke, as follows:—

"We have come here, my brethren, we, who hold in trust, from the most holy of the servants of the Omnipotent, the keys of heaven itself; we have come to recall you to your duty. He, the enshrined saint—the blest saint Peter—who yet survives the ruin of that city—the once mighty Rome—deputes his anointed heir—the great and most reverend Pope—to send his messengers abroad. We are they who come in charity to your lost souls. Receive, if you return, pity, love and mercy; but if not—heaven's vengeance cannot be appeased, and you, her children, shall fall a sacrifice to ungodly disobedience. As fire images forth the hell of iniquity; so, here, famine, torture, fire and the sword must do the task of earthly punishment."

"We rely upon the Lord, the Father of our faith," said the young man, bending down, and, by his gestures, staying the tumult beneath. In the name of this assembly, humble-minded men, who seek the God of a christian generation, we bid thee depart. Thou mayst have thine orison, but not here;—thy mass, but not here;—thy vesper, not here. Wherefore dispute how wisdom comes, since, when she comes, truth is beside her. But we will not cavil with thee, here. Enough: this is our creed, and this our worship. Thou mayst fight, too!—but canst not against the spirit of prayer, which, felt and heard in the breathings of the heart, like faith, holds forth a bosom, thine arrows cannot pierce."

"In the field of battle, ye shall recant," cried the Cardinal, fiercely.

"Not so," said Hermann Reidstadt.

"At the torture!"

"Never," was the firm reply.

"At the stake;—for so it is ordained," said the Cardinal.

"Neither in life, nor in death, nor in all eternity," replied the preacher.

"Let this unhappy land look to its coming sorrows! In ashes and sackcloth shall she repent, when her ruin is on her. These are thy aliens—oh heaven! these thine outcasts:—pity and guard them in thy mercy," he cried, in holy excitation; but, at once, the rapture ceased.

The priests began chanting the misericorde. The Cardinal glanced expressively at Conrad, and the meaning of the glance rested upon the maiden. He whispered, "act, be faithful, fear not." Thus, with stately motion, he withdrew.

Scarce had his footsteps passed away, than a cry arose; just as his figure vanished in the doorway—such a cry! Amid the throng of priests, the glancing of bright steel was seen, and cries of, "Oh God! we are betrayed!" heart-rending shrieks of women, "betrayed? we are betrayed," and deafening sounds of "fight, oh fight! save us—save us!" Yes:—the soldiers of the Cardinal Zirini had sur-

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rounded the building, and:—but, above all, the voice of Hermann Reistsadt now was heard.

"We have sworn to hold fast the faith—the moment now is come. Who dares defend his Great Creator, follow me, his servant, unto death."

With this, he flung himself downward, leaping the pulpit stairs. Conrad had heard the yell of forest animals in the wild hunt—never such cries as these—terrible sounds! soul-riving agony. He fled forward after Hermann Reistsadt, in the full rush, he knew not whither. All was forgotten but self-preservation.

"Will you see the women slaughtered in cold blood?" said a hoarse voice, and as he glanced wildly round, the figure was like Meiner Gratz, brandishing aloft his hunting-spear, and bearing in his arms the maiden—lying like one asleep, in sudden death.

"Oh! spare our suffering people—wives and mothers—spare them!" cried Hermann Reistsadt, as he pressed forward, and the men's voices echoed to his words. It had been common in those times to carry arms; some, therefore, were fitted to the battle, and fought bravely; others, tore up the benches, in frantic energy, and so prepared to meet the worst. Not so, Conrad;—he was lost in horror; the maiden still beside him.

"Can you not fight?" said her old father, fiercely; and he looked like aged death's wan shadow come to life again; and Conrad, in his strength, rent up an oaken seat, and fought for them and for himself with a wild desperation.

Around him, it was terrible indeed; children slain—women struck down—men, stained with blood and racked with wounds, still fighting in extremity of anguish. Hermann Reistsadt rushed on before, leading on the rescue. Pity and mercy, where were they? Yet,—even despair gives birth to hope, and yonder, in the fresh atmosphere, they might be free again;—that way they fought unceasingly.

"Hope—trust—believe," cried Hermann Reistsadt. "Hark!" a distant cry revived them. The citizens were roused,—yonder, beyond, where? memory could scarce mention. In this dire confusion, amid carnage, smoke and ruin, they were lost to Conrad's view, then seen again. They reached the entrance;—here was the struggle for life or death—and Conrad felt no more until he had escaped into the free air;—and then—where? what? he had lost the faculty of thought and action, both in one. He remembered nothing. The maiden and his duty were both forgotten. Flying from the scene of terror, at last, in a distant street, on the bare stones, he threw himself in reckless grief, and there wept bitterly. It was not altogether fear nor disappointment, but an unspeakable emotion, and such untold pity as well might melt even a savage heart.

It was many hours after, when he repaired to the Cardinal Zirini, his master.

"Why so pale?" said he. "Where is the young girl?"

"Gone—lost,"—he gasped.

"If she is killed," said the Cardinal; "we have lost our best hold upon them; through her, much might have been done."

"I saw it. She is safe," said Conrad, "but—"

"But that you feared," whispered his master, "and you fled."
“Bid me fight and I can fight,” said the man. “But men—women, children—cut down—hacked in pieces;” and a breathing horror closed what words could not utter.

“Thou art a most innocent savage,” said the Cardinal, and stroked him affably. “The curse has gone forth against these people. We did wish to save this girl—her family—and had appointed thee our instrument. Another time—good Conrad—you may be more successful. Think of this.”

Conrad did think, and it was of the future; for memory could not bear to dwell upon that scene of horror—of priestly depravity and reckless massacre. Deep thoughts were elsewhere, lying among the injured; these whispered enduring fortitude and resolution. The pastors of the primitive church, though driven from their shelter, still held service in the open fields or by the way side, and among them was Hermann Reidstadt. Thither also the Cardinal still came, attended by an armed escort. Some thought that he thus studied to confute his opinions, or, more probably, to arraign him as an apostate; but the depth of malice or duplicity none can fathom.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not to be doubted that the longer the heart dwells on its passion, the more ardent it becomes; and thus was it with the eloquence of Hermann Reidstadt, which increased in fervor, proportionate to the time wherein he had exercised his devotional vocation. This brought many converts to his creed; this set the city all afire with religious enthusiasm, not easily abated; this, in time too, taught the Cardinal Zirini, that his power alone—such power as lies in the spirit of persecution—could alone destroy the prevailing heresy. The Pope himself advocated this; and it was no fault of the Cardinal, if his public duties facilitated as well his private practices: Conrad was summoned to his aid, and a sealed packet committed to his charge.

“Go thither,” said the Cardinal. “You will find the people simple, but wise withal. Go, listen, and remember well their words.”

“I will;—I can,” said Conrad; “and as birds fly a great distance and return to the same nest again, so will I.”

“They sing, repeating the self-same-strain of the parent bird,” said his master.

“You are going again among your fellows.”

“And I will repeat,” said Conrad, “what more?”

“You will see an old man; watch him,” said the Cardinal; “the young one watch. There is the maiden, too. You have seen my eyes light on her. Well,—more of her anon.” The very emphasis upon that word seemed to give Conrad the clue to the right meaning; for he grimly smiled.

“Bring me sure news; be wary and return,” said his master.

“I will do all the priests of the golden altar bid me,” said the man. “If I sin, they tell me, they, only, can forgive.”

“Rest happy in the thought. Go and prosper;” these were the Cardinal Zirini’s farewell words.
The autumn dawn had scarce appeared when Conrad set forth. The farm, to which he was directed, lay some few miles from the city, and upon the very road he had travelled when he quitted his forest-home. As he journeyed, he recalled no pleasant fancies of the past; nature was gone from him. His only thought was now to please the Cardinal; nor the winds nor birds, nor living thing that once would have attracted him, now roused him from his worldly lethargy. He saw only that this was the way that he had come, when he was on the way to his present, seeming greatness. Thus, following the track of a rapid stream, through an open country, diversified by wood and vale, ere the full light of day expanded he had reached his destination.

He referred to the paper given to him. He questioned his memory to know all that his master had told him. He looked around him in amazement. This was the very house, the farm, the place, where, not long since, starving and in destitute condition, he had been fed and kindly entertained. He was pleased to see the spot. He could even have rejoiced:—but—. But, that he beheld, that in the Cardinal Zirini, that must not be disputed, nor too critically examined. It foretold much. Long;—yes, long did he linger round the abode of Carle Leistein, the herdsman, ere he dare enter and deliver what he brought. But, hearing the sound of voices, joined in holy song, he advanced, and discovered through the near lattice the family engaged in morning prayer.

An ample apartment was filled with peasantry come from the adjacent vales; who, children of nature, conducted by sublime instruction, were addressing the Creator in accents drawn from the fountain of all truth. Conrad perceived their poverty, and thought how great his fortune, since he adored the lighted altar and images, beset with orient gems. The duty was scarce ended, ere, with hasty and proud footsteps, he advanced.

"Good savage," said the master—the aged husbandman—"whom do you seek?"

Conrad presented a sealed packet.

The grey-haired man perused it, and smiled, critically. Beside him stood a young man, his countenance of marked character, such as Rembrandt might well love to picture; and, beside him, again, (her hand pressing upon his arm, anxious to hear further) was a maiden, all sunny eyes and golden locks,—and one who most resembled peace.

"Well, Hermann, dear, what is it?" she enquired.

"The Cardinal Zirini; ah!" said Hermann Reidstadt; "has justice come too late."

But Carle Leistein, the old man, paused on the paper.

"We have not seen nor felt—nor suffered in vain," said he. "We have not gone thus far—but we will go further."

"The spirits of the dead call to us," said Hermann: "our own souls call for just vengeance on their murderers," said Carle Leistein.

Nevertheless, when he saw pale shadows gathering on the youth's aspect, he felt an equal sympathy of something that he neither dared to think or speak.

"Get the poor messenger some food," said the father. "Conrad, how fare ye?"
"I am a prince—the servant of one," said Conrad.

"We had best meditate, ere we return an answer," said Hermann Reidstadt; and he and the herdsman retired together.

The rustic congregation quickly dispersed. Conrad was left lying along the bench beside the portal, where he had thrown himself. Bertha brought the food and placed it before him.

Quickly there dawned upon his mind one thought and recollection that brought a kind of terror with it—terror that melted into pity, ere he knew it. This Bertha Leistien was she who had so much befriended him; and the recognition came—even like the foreknowledge of death upon us, when unprepared:—she was the same maiden whom he must have seen at the church of Hermann Reidstadt; she, upon whom the Cardinal Zirini had some designs as well. What did this angelic apparition—this frightful vision—come to foretell! Awestruck at the truth, and full of gratitude, he sat gazing on her, his eyes flashing with the fire that filled his heart. The savage felt his chain of servitude,—it galled him.

"You have a great man for your master now, Conrad," said she, "and are you happy?"

"Yes, I am," said Conrad. "In Heaven he can do what he pleases and I am his servant."

"You must not tell this to me," she answered. "I have sometimes seen you at our church; there you might have learnt better."

"You are, then, the same maiden," said Conrad, unguardedly, "whom the Cardinal Zirini loves."

At his words, Bertha Leistien colored painfully; for he had said, and she had heard too much; but he understood not such emotions, his senses were absorbed by the meditation of all he had heard and seen and knew, unknown to others.

"Eat, poor man," she said; "for you must be weary with your journey—a long one, ere the break of early morn;" and she glided modestly away.

All that the Cardinal Zirini had hinted thronged upon him. He set aside theuntasted food. There was one thought which he would bury—where! that it would not up-spring? Willingly would he speed back to his woods, but that he could be no more happy in their solitudes—for the heart's inward peace he had now lost. Besides, had he not been promised the rewards of paradise; or could he desert that lighted altar which crowds were happy to crouch before and worship. So he understood these things, and so he argued. At this instant, he heard voices speaking. He had promised to listen and repeat what he might hear.

"If—if?—do you mark," said the voice of Hermann Reidstadt, "this cardinal, he would extort from us facts in exchange for his possibilities: promises, too, he would wring from us—promises of what?"

"If I resign my opinions and publicly disavow them, he will reward me with benefits untold," said the old man: "thee, with high honor and appointment, befitting thy sagacity and wisdom; my child——"

"Oh, let not her name be spoken!" exclaimed the youth.

"He would make her a lady abbess," said the father.
"Paltry pretence, intended to cover his deceit," cried Hermann Reidstadt, in high indignation. "My soul is proud, but it has shrunk to behold that proud man's eye resting upon her."

"Wherefore this wrath, my son?" said the old man. "We know and feel we have a dearer pledge at stake than even that dear child,—the sacred truth; this, we have sworn to rescue from long oblivion, and to defend the word of God while life is in us."

"We have done so—we will do still," said the young man; but with some smothered emotion, expressive of a sentiment that remained unspoken.

"In the city, we have spread abroad the truth," said Carle Leistein; "in the village and the vale, on mountain and hill, unto the far desert; and we will not cease."

"Wherever heaven looks down," said the young minister, "shedding the light of charity or the dew of mercy on its creatures, there shall truth spring spontaneous as the native flower of earth, yielding incense to the skies from whence it came, and hallowing the land that nourished it. That light of heaven has fallen here; and shall we see the blossom die, unheeded;—not so:"—but then—suddenly Hermann Reidstadt ceased, confused at this outbreak of simple eloquence, and, perhaps, so, because the image had conjured up another image—nearly resembling that tender flower—in the person of sweet Bertha Leistein—

"This offer, this proposition, we will not debate," said the herdsman. "It shews this proud man's strong delusion, that he should think thus to entrammel us to our shame and ruin."


The savage man was listening, yet not listening; for he had never seen aught so beautiful as Bertha Leistein. Gratitude is the creator of beauty, as love creates it, also. Presently, she appeared again.

"You are the same man," she said, "who once rested at our farm and shared our household comforts."

"I am. Yes. I am the same," said Conrad, "You remember me!"

"Your name is Conrad," said Bertha, and she smiled. "Because you once were with us—because you are poor and ignorant, we should like to teach you what was right and just,—because you are so unlike us and all our peasantry."

"I am," said Conrad. "I was born in the woods."

"We have read of such men in our country-stories," said Bertha. "Conrad—the Friendless—you were called."

"I am the father and the son of the woods," said Conrad; for he scarce understood the meaning of his own words: but Bertha meditated when she heard him speak thus, and seemed then perfectly to comprehend all his ignorance—his really savage state.

"You know nothing," she replied. "But because you are what you are, you ought not to be in a wicked world, which will teach you all its sin and none of its wisdom, Conrad."
"I am in a palace," he said.

"But you once lived in your native woods?"

"I never wish to see them again," he replied. "In the night-time-silence, there must be awful spectres wandering there. That, I never, then, imagined."

Bertha approached, and pressed his arm in kindness. "You will stay with us. Conrad, you are in the power of one who knows how to betray, beware of him or you will live to repent."

"What is it to repent?" said he.

"It is grief of the soul that remains unspoken," she said, "the torture of the guilty. Leave that proud man; rest here, you shall be welcome."

"If you saw what I have seen," said Conrad, "then, maiden, you would envy me. You may yourself some day behold it."

"What do we want beyond the beauteous day, the change of seasons and a happy heart!" said Bertha; "but he will teach you other wants, vices and sorrows; and then, Conrad, you will think of me. Listen, poor man, good, gentle savage;"—but he started from her hold.

There was something too much of truth in this. As Hermann Reidstadt entered with the answer to the Cardinal Zirini, he took it hastily, and sped from their abode, almost without a word or gesture of adieu.

But it was not his intention to return home at once, for only half of his duty was yet performed. He left the house, turning in the direction of the city; but, gazing around to behold that he was neither watched nor followed, he retraced his steps, crept through the adjoining enclosure; and, threading the little wood, beside, adroitly concealed himself in the furze, in a position from whence he might view all that took place till nightfall. Nothing but laborious industry and innocent recreation was seen, save only that Bertha Leinstein wandered about a shady walk, where she was joined by Hermann Reidstadt—and there they talked in that sweet sincerity of confidence, that aptly betokens woman's love and man's affection. Possibly, therein they taught the untutored savage an unknown lesson. This, certainly, he had never yet imagined; and the news might be new to the Cardinal Zirini. Conrad kept close, however, resolved to abide his time and to do all, and nothing more than his sagacious master had dictated.

The autumn sun was sinking in the west. There was a line of light tingling the cloudy sky of darkness; and, above this mountain of deep shadows, the glorious sun, with placid crest, uprose, casting abroad his radiance. At this hour, Conrad crept forth, stationing himself still nearer to the dwelling, that he might observe more closely all that passed. It was so, still, silence was heard whispering. Awhile, and there was seen a person at the gate, whom Conrad knew, yet did not know under such circumstances,—it was Meiner Gratz himself. The frank freedom of the country he had forgotten, but such an eye and such a mein he had not seen in the wide city. The place where Conrad had concealed himself immediately flanked the wall before the house, and up this path Meiner Gratz must advance, when his summons was heard from within. It shortly appeared that he was attended by a small troop of woodsmen, who stood without, as persons who accompanied, in some inferior
capacity, him, who was chosen as their leader. At the instant that he was admitted, Carle Leistein and Hermann Reidstadt approached, as though to meet, half way, one altogether unknown to them. This favored the design of Conrad, as they stood nearly beside him.

"What would you, countrymen and friends?" said the old man.

"We speak to one of the simple christian worship," said the stranger.

"Faithful as you are," was the answer.

"We come," said Meiner Gratz, "to seek your counsel. Beyond the forest boundary our brothers in the cause suffer a living martyrdom. Since the good Emperor has listened to the voices of his people, the Romish soldiery, directed by the priesthood, have come amongst them. These burn and lay waste the pasture, cut down our peasantry, defile our wives and daughters."

At these words, Hermann Reidstadt handled the hunting-spear he carried; but the aged peasant cried aloud:—"Oh Lord, when wilt thou hasten to the succour of thy people and make them of one faith."

"They fight and pray, and pray and fight," said Meiner Gratz, "even when ruin and slaughter compass them. Every mountain, yonder, calls to ye; with courage, property and lives to hasten and aid your suffering country."

"We have done our work in secret; if not well," said the husbandman.

"Give us the occasion; appoint the hour," cried Hermann Reidstadt, "and we can raise a shepherd-army, fit to contend with warriors. What do ye seek?"

"That every valley should give forth the champions of her faith," said the woodman, promptly; "that these, forming a mighty army of inspired men, should meet in open field, or let each hamlet fight the battle out, and heaven be with the true and just. This is the wish of all."

"Enter, brother, and let us hear further," said Carle Leistein.

"Welcome to home and hospitality," said the youth. "May heaven direct our counsels. From whence come ye?"

"From the Bohemian wilds," was the reply. "My name is Meiner Gratz;" and, as he spoke, he and his companions followed the herdsman, and Conrad could hear nothing farther; but he had heard enough to rouse him to fresh curiosity.

As starlight came, and night veiled all things, an audible sound—a stir and buzz—was round him, of human beings and the tramp of hastening feet, which kept him watchful. Still, at the farm, nothing was moving. Conrad's senses were alive, and he stole away to a high steep that looked upon the hamlet down below. From thence he viewed a scene, new and surprising. From many avenues; through pasture, lawn, and copse; from the hill and river-side, the peasantry were thronging to a glen, retired but spacious, where they formed themselves in companies. The men were mostly armed, and continued assembling thus, until their numbers darkened the wide space, composing a formidable group. Here, they practised the use of such arms as they carried, until they were joined by Hermann Reidstadt, who brought with him Meiner Gratz and his attendant woodmen. They now held serious converse for some time, when, the peasantry, after performing certain evolu-
tions, suddenly knelt down in seeming prayer, which was so explained to Conrad, as, soon after, he heard their voices raised in holy song, which thrilled through the night-air, and reached even his heart, touching it with sudden, holy superstition. This done; some, departed homeward; while others lay down in the open air; the men of Meiner Gratz being among the number. Conrad also reposed himself beneath the shelter of the trees, till aroused by a silvan sound that startled him into wakefulness at once. It was a shepherd’s pipe, blown with shrill accent.

Conrad bethought him if it were night or day. In the east, there was a faint, beamling light. He looked, below, into the glen. The men had risen and were now hastily ranging themselves beneath a banner, floating in the twilight. This was all he could perceive. Another shrill summons sounded: they turned together towards one point, and marched away. He would have pursued them, but the spectre of the Cardinal Zirini beckoned him away. Yet, he delayed, gazing in the distance. As the light of morning broke over the far-off mountains, he saw a heavy shadow passing; it might be the peasant troops or clouds fading on the horizon. He remembered his master’s commands, and travelled towards the city, where he arrived, melancholy and wayworn. He had seen much; he had done nothing.

"How is this?" cried the Cardinal Zirini, perusing the packet delivered to him, and, as though unaware, he spoke aloud:—"does the Bohemian herdsman spurn the reward of princes! He does not need it—the preacher disdains it—the girl—has other, humbler hopes. Besides this,—dost thou dare repeat it, Hermann Reidstadt? the faith, the truth, thou wilt uphold, in defiance of all worldly evils, through mortal life unto eternity?"

The Cardinal Zirini meditated long, ere he spoke again. "What—whom did you see there, Conrad?"

"A white-haired man—and old. Carle Leistein."

"Were but his footsteps tracked, his spirit quietly dismissed," whispered the Cardinal."

"A young man. He is wise. Him they call Hermann Reidstadt."

"As I guessed," said Zirini; "and whom else, good Conrad?"

"A maiden, something like the pictures of the saints," said Conrad.

"Ah! indeed!" repeated the Cardinal; and, after a while, he arose and put his fingers emphatically on the other’s shoulder—in the act of meditation—but no more. "Hermann Reidstadt is there," he said. "Every day we hear of Heaven’s vengeance smiting the false faction—their houses burning by the breath of lightning—they struck down—their bodies found at break of day, pierced with wounds, given by the destroying angel. We could point out—good Conrad."

It would appear that the savage was impenetrable to the import of such words, so firm his aspect, they fell like arrows against steel, touching no vulnerable part.

"You," said the Cardinal, "Conrad, you want some wolf of the human species to exercise your hand upon, ere you can touch the lamb. Eh, Conrad!" He gave a cold, religious smile. "Watch well the maiden. If we could offer her before the altar;—if she could be saved!"

He ceased; his manner yet told something which Conrad feared to guess. The
Cardinal was himself perplexed, beholding so much boldness and indifference combined. But this must be. The irrevocable must was sealed with the more positive shall of saintly despotism.

CHAPTER V.

In the residence of the Cardinal, there was one apartment where none but those in his strict confidence were ever admitted. Into this sanctuary, after awhile, Conrad was allowed to penetrate, and there beheld, amid the glare of lighted lamps, scenes of dazzling splendor, such as his fancy had never yet portrayed.

The walls were hung with paintings representative of the beauties and deformities of Greek mythology; perfect enough in symmetrical loveliness to fascinate the eye, or singular enough to engage the senses, but, withal, well adapted to corrupt the heart. Specimens of sculpture, too, were there, of more sedate and mental presence; and some of those great works, wrought out of gold and silver, done by the famed statuary, who gave to metal all the softer form of marble or of alabaster, invested with the grace of actual life. These, he beheld, in wonder. Also, tapestry and gorgeous couches, enwoven with curious contrivances; figures of men and beasts; Egyptian wonders, and hideous combinations of all forms, mysterious and strange. These were not the less remarkable because inexplicable. In this saloon, at last, Conrad was appointed to attend his master.

The Cardinal was in the full splendor of his pontifical attire; beside him stood a messenger from distant parts. The blaze of lamps, the grandeur of the scene, the cold serenity of his master, the abject submission of the stranger, struck Conrad, as with superstitious reverence that forbade aught but strict obedience. The demon of his destiny was present, he must submit.

"This news is certain and assured?"
"There is no doubt," was the reply.
"Our soldiers defeated! the holy pontiff defied!" said the Cardinal. "But we have weapons sure, if not as sharp."
"We wish your Excellency would shew them to us," said the man: "I await your orders."
"Who are these men, and what?" his master asked, and the messenger replied shortly and clearly too.
"Slide yonder panel, my good friend," said Zirini, and he drew a heavy sigh.
"We would now be alone."

The man, drawing aside the tapestry, touched a spring, and there closed over the doorway a heavy screen, which precluded alike the possibility of entrance, or of their words being heard.

"In silence, our safety consists," said his master. "One of our faithful servants has sent us this. This is the potent extract of a herb," he added, drawing it forth in a concrete state to their view: and he spoke slowly now; "it is sure poison—the fit friend of princes. Let but the peasant taste of this—he rallies or will die—which, you may guess."
"I know," said the strange man: and Conrad saw his face was pale as clay.

"Let but the subtle juice be instilled into the shepherd-warrior's cup, when most he needs to slack his thirst," so the deep whisper told them, "we shall hear of him no more—his wars are over."

"I dare not," faltered the man.

"No—who dare?" said Conrad; but the cold gaze of the Cardinal silenced them.

"If thou art of our church," said he, "thou art faithful; and if not—"

"I would do much for my faith," said the man.

"These people are apostate," he replied; "perdition is their doom, and they shall meet it. You are witness of their deeds—that they have risen in arms."

"I saw them departing from the village of Carle Leistein," said Conrad, unguardedly: the Cardinal did not reply, but by a satanic glance, and continued his discourse.

"As the church's punishments are great, so are her rewards,—so her indulgence; mild, comforting, full of hope. We have come to preach her indulgence, the remission of punishments for sin—by which the sinner is saved from purgatory."

The Cardinal Zirini pondered. Whoever might doubt this truth, he, evidently, did not. His manner had too little of the enthusiast to excite suspicion; and there is no better way of gaining proselytes to an opinion that to seem to believe oneself. The words were well understood by the messenger, though not so well by Conrad.

"You have done the church especial service, before now," said he, addressing the stranger; "and she rewards her children. The good arrive at the consummation of earthly hope, and so must you. But let us do nought in ignorance."

With admirable sophistry could the Cardinal Zirini explain his doctrines. How the good works of the saints, over and above those which might be necessary to their own peculiar justification, were deposited in one inexhaustible treasury, together with the infinite merits of the Redeemer;—with other blasphemy, too monstrous to be repeated. That the keys of this mighty treasury were committed to St. Peter; by him bequeathed to the Popes, who can open it at will, and transfer a portion of this superabundant merit to any particular person, for a sum of money, conveying to him the pardon of his own sins, or release for any one in whom he may be interested, from the pains of purgatory. The Cardinal hinted, too, that such munificent gifts were sometimes bestowed by holy mother church, when one was found zealous enough in her service to merit such recompense.

The messenger smiled, in hope that he might be the next selected for such favor. Conrad listened anxiously to the expounding of a creed, which brought its followers such full reward.

"As for the unbeliever, he shall die in his delusion," said the Cardinal; "and his soul shall be lost—shall be as the dust which the wind scattereth. Whosoever shall discountenance him—whosoever shall destroy him—annihilate the heretic and lay waste his household—shall obtain this just recompense."

"I would do much to serve my country," said the man, "and more to serve the church, which can alone save us."

"You have spoken the words," said the Cardinal Zirini. "Go forth in yonder
district; in the town; you know my meaning. If these preachers could be struck
with death, even in the pulpit, that superstitious charm would do its work; the people
return to their full faith again."

"Our family are in want of the church’s help," said the man; "for my father,
grandfather, great grandfather, are all suffering hell torments to my knowledge.
There must be a whole crowd of us yonder."

The Cardinal Zirini did not remark the jocose allusion, but passed some gold
pieces thoughtfully across the table to the speaker, saying, "Go, and redeem them,
friend. These pieces will pay your service, likewise." The man drew back the secret
panel, and departed.

"I have other work for you, Conrad;" and he motioned to him to seat himself
beside him.

"You have not understood—or will not understand me," said the Cardinal; and
he questioned Conrad farther as to what he had seen and heard, and Conrad told
him all. The Cardinal meditated. This herdsman, this Carle Leistein, devoted his
home and property to the protection of those who advocated protestant principles;
therefore he must fall beneath his vengeance. Hermann Reidstadt was their cham-
pion—he must be silenced; and, for the maiden! the Cardinal Zirini suggested and
then whispered: "Do this, and this, and this;—the reward awaits you, Conrad."

"She fed me, when I starved," urged Conrad; "she nursed me, when dying. How
can I?"

"Bring her to this chamber, its wealth and splendor will—aye! I will reward
her."


"Destroying their possessions, you leave them free," was the reply; "and we
conquer them through her. For her sake, only, we would not that the church’s
utmost wrath should visit them. Go, watch your opportunity. Here is gold. Re-
member your soul’s eternal safety."

As some persons approached—visitors to the Cardinal—Conrad took his station of
guard before the great door of entrance, as heretofore.

Curious work would it have been to have followed the strange man’s many shades
of thought while seated there; the ignorant superstitions and delusions with which
this faith bewildered him;—the much he guessed, the little that he knew. To his
conception, the permitted sins of this church were free from punishment, and the
priests alone empowered to dispose of heaven in their own way. By obtaining mo-
ney—the protection of the church—he could then secure both temporal and ever-
lasting happiness. How great was his good fortune! He thought of Bertha
Leistein and could have wept. He appealed to the Cardinal, again, on the first
occasion.

"When starving, she fed me."

"And thou wilt provide for her in thy turn," was the reply.

"In sickness, she consoled me."

"Thou will bring her ample consolation, too."

"I have partaken of the comforts of their country home."
"They will enjoy the magnificence of thy palace, Conrad," said the Cardinal Zirini. "Thy debt of gratitude is well paid; thy duty done to me, thy master."

"I will go," said Conrad, after awhile; "and this time you shall say, it was well done."

Accordingly, to the farm of Carle Leistein he hastened, on a day, when all the sky was sun-light; and, with him, there departed some troops of foreign mercenaries, who, diverging in various directions, were appointed to compel the neighboring hamlets to the practice of the Romish faith, or to lay waste their pastoral dwellings with fire and sword. Conrad's orders were of a more quiet and private character. He arrived in the village at noon. Chance works as well as fate, or man, in this life's wonders; for he had come to the hamlet once more—and it was on a remarkable day indeed.

As he approached the leafy clump of trees which once had afforded him such welcome shelter, he saw that the inmates of the farm were engaged in high festivity. Hermann Reistadt was there, and on his arm there leaned fair Bertha Leisttein, that morning made his bride. Conrad had seen such things before, but none like this; he drew aside. None which created such inexplicable emotion: yes, she was crowned with flowers; it must be so, for round her stood or danced a crowd of rustic maidens and peasant youths; their pleasant voices, raised in song, kept time to footsteps, whose free motion told of joy and unrestrained delight.

The heart of the wild man was full, not of tears to weep, but of strange envy that did not half speak out, but kept a lock too on some softer feeling deep within him. He knew not others—how should he know himself. Well, well, fair Bertha Leistein would soon dwell within a palace,—she—her husband,—the thought trembled as he whispered it:—even the half tutored savage turned away irresolute. But, for an instant as he wandered heedless of his way, he met the aged herdsman, who bade him rest awhile,"if only to partake their hospitable cheer; and, ere he could reply, he found himself amid the merry throng.

"Say not the sun of fortune does not smile, dear Bertha," said her husband; "friends of the city and the village hail us, and see, your favorite of the woods has come to greet you."

"Ah, Conrad!" she said. "Conrad—the Friendless—here has many friends;" and thus, in amity, they passed the day together, till over the far hills the sun had set, and Conrad now was restless. Still, would he linger to behold another dance, to him the motion was so full of nature, though more civilized than aught he knew; it seemed, while Bertha danced, that she was nature's queen. Now, therefore, would he hasten hence, and no delay again, till twilight came; he spoke no words, but slowly crept away.

During that night—a night of agony—he rambled up and down, scarcely knowing why or wherefore. It seemed now a kind of sacrilege to do the deed: so, even his ignorance, suggested. Should he return? Dare he? Yet, wherefore? The realm of paradise was offered him: he, favored of heaven, was to inherit gifts, such as the priests alone can give. Still, the hours of twilight hastened on, and night as well; nothing was done. Though he lay amid the bushes watchful, and, for a while,
within doors, the lone lamp was burning, "then, again, all darkness; he could neither resolve nor act. When should he do the deed! not now. Thus was it till the morning dawned; the hour was over—the appointed minute past. He strolled into the open country, he dared not be seen, but would await the coming night again.

He found the country like one vast desert, his soul no longer sensible of beauty or of peace. That one day was a lost one in his existence—spent in a sad vacuity. But he must return to the farm-house, lest his poor victim should escape him, so he retraced his steps in restless fear of doing or of leaving undone the deed commanded by his master. From this secret covert he beheld Bertha passing to and fro among the cottagers, performing those kindly acts of charity, so congenial to her nature. This again moved his heart to pity and remorse, that might have pleaded, and not in vain; only, that beholding Hermann Reidstadt with her, in loving intercourse, it roused anew, some wild emotion of wrath and desperation that must be satisfied—that would have vènt. Besides, how return to the Cardinal Zirini? he dare not; therefore, fear, inspired resolution. The night—the hour approached.

Through the trees, beneath whose foliage he lay sheltered, the moon was gleaming; not a wind was stirring. The herdsman had retired, the bride and bridegroom must be sleeping,—he must arouse—aw,ce them. Hist! Conrad looked forth and crept from out his lair. The rustling wing of a lone bird flew past him, he drew back; but, presently, afraid of his own shadow, as it were, he stooped down to the earth and crawled along, lest some fair spirit of the moonlight should encounter and rebuke him. Thus he reached the house and crouched beneath the window (for he had marked it well) of the chamber where the young people lay; and here he placed a ladder against the hanging-branches of the vine, and stole his way around the dwelling, till he found a lattice where he might enter and perform the work imposed. It was not one of slow contrivance, but of quick suggestion. He took a pine branch, ignited it, and held it to the rafters within side, till the dense smoke flashed into sudden fire—the rafters were alight, and the flame spreading rapidly. He stood an instant, wrapt in delighted terror (for it was beautiful to see) and then he fled. He mounted the ladder softly. The raging element was down below, breathing out smoke and feathery sparks, which lighted up surrounding darkness; and now, he opened gently the upper casement, and drew aside the curtain,—the pine branch still glittering in his hand. It was but one short step to reach the bed. One instant, only, did he see her sleeping;—his mighty form hung brooding over them,—and Hermann Reidstadt startled; was awake.

"Hush! what is that?"

"Fire,—only fire," breathed out Conrad, with demoniac calmness,—and the fierce flashing light dazzled even him. "Fire, fire!" he cried. "Do you see? flee, flee, I have come to save you."

"Awake, my love, my dear," said Hermann. In bewildered horror, she awoke.

"Dearest Hermann, we are safe," she said. "My father—my poor father. Hasten to him."

Hermann wrapt her tenderly about with many things and took her in his arms.

"Come, come with me," said Conrad. "Remember the old man."
Hermann Reidstadt opened the door,—but ruin was before him,—all one wide flame.

"This way,—this way," cried their betrayer; and, embarrassed as they were with terror, as he strode forth from out the open casement, he seemed walking on the air. Hermann cried, "You, my dear love, think of yourself." So, as the fire raged around them, he gave her into Conrad's arms, and sped backward, in, amidst the smoking pile, where he was lost to her view.

"Dear Hermann. Ah, shall we ever meet again!" she cried; and filled with grief and horror, she shrieked aloud, but once;—her heart fainted within her—Conrad bore her thence.

Thus far he had obeyed the Cardinal Zirini; but others also worked his will out, as it appeared; for, yonder, here, there, afar and near, fire broke forth, and the cries of the soldiery, echoed by the village people, aroused from slumber, proclaimed that death and slaughter were at hand, and this hamlet, doomed,—among many others, to destruction. The confused din terrified not Conrad, but aroused poor Bertha.

"Rest, rest here, good Conrad," she whispered; and he, entrapped into ill, halted beside the hut, where she was known, and entered;—he stayed without.

"Go, worthy peasant, and save the young and innocent," said an aged crone, aroused from slumber; and Conrad went away to ponder on the wickedness he had not courage to complete. Silent had been the night, but sounds of anguish were about him; and, peaceful, himself had been; but now, torn, with distracting doubt, he hastened back to see if the old herdsman yet were safe,—he saw him not. He knew the way and will of the Cardinal Zirini, and guessed that the poor inhabitants must fall the sacrifice. He returned to the hut (a lonely dwelling, far apart from observation); he knocked and Bertha came all trembling.

"Oh, where is he?" she cried.

"Quite safe, all safe," was the reply. "Come with me, all will yet be well;" but Bertha shrunk away, till, with his plausible pretences, he lured her from her shelter, whispering that Hermann would be sure to join them at the village of the crag. When there, he caught her in his powerful grasp, and wildly laughed:—it was a fearful joy, that shook the senses all at once into an unknown terror.

It was some time ere she discovered that they were in a carriage, driving at a rapid rate, and, to all her questions of where he was conducting her, his answer was, "you shall see that I am grateful, fear then nothing!" and there was something so quiet in his tone, and his actions were so gentle in her pitiable state, that she almost believed him. When the vehicle stopped before a mighty palace, the truth was well nigh told. The wretched girl fell down and clung about his knees, praying him to consider her forlorn condition, and this even he appeared to heed, for he vowed that she should suffer nothing, but bless him for the happiness to which this night had raised her. He hinted, too, that she might get into harm if she confided in any but himself, for he alone could serve her. Had she not fed him, saved his life. Well; in this way was she lured into the palace of the Cardinal Zirini; and, ere she was scarce aware, she and her betrayer stood before him.
"Aye!" he cried, as Conrad came, "for once, good servant, thou hast done well, and we applaud thee. Peasant maiden, why art thou so wan?"

Bertha, clinging to Conrad's garments, fell on her knees, and clasped her hands. "Great sir," she said.

"Kneel not, sweet Virgin," was the answer, "do but what we require, and all thy kindsmen shall be blest in thee and saved through the power thy beauty has upon us."

Bertha arose with much simplicity, and said:—"As I am the bride of Hermann Reidstadt—the poor preacher—I do not know the flattery of courts nor seek either, of heaven or earth as better destiny than that which is allotted me."

"Not better, possibly, but brighter," said the Cardinal; and he approached her with an eye of evil meaning, which told enough to fill the brain and freeze the heart of her he looked upon. She saw the chasm opening under her, but stood serene, to meet her destiny.

"You shall be our handmaiden," he said, insidiously, "the minion of our happier hours, the darling of our pleasures, and riches and delights shall welcome you; wherever you appear, love's kind profusion follows in your footsteps. What say you, timid girl, what, not a word?"

Bertha Reidstadt glanced with terror, and escaped his hold; flying to where Conrad stood obedient; she grasped his garments, kneeling in supplication. "Dear Conrad—good Conrad," she faltered, "you will not see me treated cruelly. I had a willing heart and hand ready to serve you. I have fed you—watched you—think, remember. Oh, you will repent—you will repent," she cried, as he struggled to be free from her entreaties; "when dying—when alone, you will recall my wrongs!"

"I have done nothing but in duty to my master," said Conrad, "to serve my church."

"Go, Conrad, this young creature wants my counsel," said the Cardinal. "Come, fair one."

Conrad did then repent, but he unclasped her hold and turned away.

"As you hope for happiness," she said—"good and brave Conrad.—O my husband—my dear father!"—but she felt his arms around her—she shrieked aloud, and Conrad fled. It was a shriek that sounded through his dreams, piercing the world of sleep,—something that touched the soul and heart with fear—an inexpressible horror.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following few days after, news arrived at the city, of the destruction of this far-famed village and the slaughter of the inhabitants; also, that the late events had roused the slumbering energies of this persecuted sect, and that a peasant-army was embodied (considerable, at least in number) to oppose or retaliate upon their late oppressors. The town, in fact, was roused; and even the pacific wearied out. All this did not affect poor Conrad. His brain was over-burthened with the deed which
he had done. He had forsworn the law of gratitude and betrayed one who brought comfort to the afflicted. He knew not where now to go in search of peace: he had sought, but had not found. His mind naturally turned to the eagle, which he had brought with him from the forest of his childhood. He went to seek it in its iron dwelling, but the brave bird was dead and lying there a wreck and ruin. Conrad beheld it, wrought almost to tears. Had he done so? well: were it well? aye! doubtless better than to live so discomfited of peace or future hope. The skriek of Bertha, too; it sounded, still. A terrible superstition weighed upon him.

This eagle, the type and offspring of his native woods had quitted him, leaving him desolate amidst the world of living men; and he was scarce one of them, he thought;—more mighty or more mean,—"brave bird, farewell," he said, "braver than I am:"

"Conrad, be present," said his master, "armed and active. We have public business that needs thy utmost vigilance to protect us, since even our life may be attempted. You know that we reward our servants."

Conrad thought of his recompense, the grant of an indulgence, when he might be freed from past sin, and privileged for the future;—the Cardinal Zirini's orders he obeyed.

They were in the audience-chamber at the time stated,—the Cardinal seated in his chair of state, Conrad handling his massive club and secret dagger. Within and near, crowds were thronging fast; without the palace, the buzz and hum of coming multitudes were heard. Presently, a troop of men appeared whose rugged exterior bespoke the hardihood of country life; these, as their leaders advanced within the circle, stationed themselves around the walls of the chamber, in stern and dejected silence. Among their leaders (each one the representative of the rustic district from which he came) there were three evidently appointed as superior to all, and whose deportment might well excite remark. Hermann Reidstadt was one, his blood-shot eye and pallid looks portraying love's distraction,—and Carle Leisten, with wrinkled brow, inscribed with hard, heroic fortitude;—and, lastly, Meiner Gratz, the woodland champion, with cool and intrepid self-control in every glance. The Cardinal eyed them all in sedate composure, altogether matchless.

"Well: brothers of the forest," said the Cardinal, as the slight tumult of their motion ceased. "We are here to listen to your grievances."

An interval;—and there was no reply, till Meiner Gratz advanced.

"The mighty spirits of our countrymen brood up above us to hear and justify our words," he said. "We are here to demand the restitution of this nation's rights—freedom of faith—and safety for her children."

"How are ye aggrieved?" said the Cardinal. "That ye shall not follow a new-fangled worship—that ye shall not forswear the creed of your forefathers,—that—"

"We are troubled that we should have a false deity raised up to trample us and grind us to the dust," said the bold peasant; "that we should live to see what eyes of piety and of honor must weep for when they behold."

"The Church of Rome has never spared the heretic," he answered; "she spares, only to punish, now."

T—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1842.
“Servant of God, if you are so,” cried Carle Leistlein, “boast not, lest in your pride you should be blasted.”

“Thou hast spoken,” said the Cardinal; and a cold satanic smile betrayed him.

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“Ten thousand peasant warriors, ready to forfeit life and fortune in the struggle, speak through me,” said Meiner Gratz. “Beware of further aggression on a desperate people.”

“And thou;” said the Cardinal.

“I, a broken-hearted man,” said the depressed voice of Carle Leistlein, “best of all represent the suffering people, bereft of all, save hope. These, in their great distress, call out for vengeance.”

“And thou;” repeated the Cardinal. “Poor mumbling dotard! Tempt us not to further, due severity. Immutable as the decree of mother church, which has gone forth in thunder, so am I:—to work out change—not to be changed.”

“We know, then,” said Meiner Gratz, with bluff serenity; “if the eagle be not dead, which way her pinions soar.” He paused. “We have other work besides.”

The Cardinal had risen, but he seated himself again.

“There is a maiden,” said Meiner Gratz.

“My child,” gasped the herdsman.

Who drew so long a breath, unheard, nor broke the silence? but Hermann Reidstadt. His face, enwrought with grief, spoke for him.

“There stands the man,” cried Meiner Gratz; and pointing his hunting-spear to Conrad, he advanced, but with a confidence not free from hesitation.

“Speak not, good Conrad,” said the Cardinal,—“we wait to know how our servant has offended.”

“Treacherous as yourself and your religion,” said Meiner Gratz. “He has robbed this venerable herdsman of his daughter; our pastor of his bride; and now holds the innocent girl in some base bondage—where? we have come to learn.”

“We have come,” said Carle Leistlein, “to entreat that the child of our bosom be restored, or to call down vengeance on the betrayer.”

“How is this?” asked the Cardinal Zirini.

“My master knows what his poor servant has been allowed to do.”

“Conrad has done nothing more!” but the voice of mental agony now broke forth, touching all hearts, as Hermann Reidstadt hastily stepped forward, holding forth his hand in threatening gesture towards the Cardinal.

“Man, man!” he cried. “Oh, that the passion of my spirit could have vent! I see the lie set in your face; the triumph of the betrayer in your eye; but as there lives justice beyond this world, believe it shall yet appear unto yourself and me.”

“What is this? enquired the Cardinal Zirini.” “Conrad, what hast thou done Thou art too ignorant for ill.”
"What I have done has been confessed and been absolved," said Conrad.

"I know it," said Hermann Reidstadt. "Conscience is killed within you, nor can I blame you;—but this proud man—"

"What is the maiden’s name?" enquired the Cardinal. "Our follower may yet know some news of her."

"Bertha, my wife," said Hermann Reidstadt.

"Bertha Leistein," said her father.

"Speak, Conrad," said the Cardinal, and, leaning on his club, Conrad spoke.

"We went to the distant village. The houses were on fire, the people dying the death of sinners. I thought of Bertha Leistein, for she had fed me,—and I saved her. When she saw flames all around, and darkness in the distance, she would go to seek her friends—fled from me—and I saw her perish in those fires,—and after, in the ruins, I picked up this in memory of her—for she was a kindly creature."

He drew forth a remnant of her dress and shewed it.

"What now, gentlemen?" said the Cardinal; but none replied, wrapt both in doubt and grief.

At last, Hermann Reidstadt threw himself on the ground, half prostrate before the raised seat of state, where the Cardinal was seated.

"I dare not—will not believe it," he exclaimed. "Thus, is my honor and my love degraded. If she be living, though defiled and lost, the wreck alone of all she was, yet—holy man—thou pious villain! Only restore her to the heart of suffering friendship and we will raise a ransom fit for princes, when they bring back both life and hope and honor all in one. Nay, sir, listen; for this loss is bound up now with the still higher rights of nations to defend their church and succour injured virtue."

"When you can prove, you can redress," said the Cardinal. "The policy of nations meddles not with the low fate of peasant girls. The business of the day closes well here. Foresters and herdsmen, you have spoken your will; let our two armies henceforth decide the rest."

"Prelate, we take you at your word," they said; but moved not—for a sudden, "hush—behold!" was heard whispering through the chamber.

Approaching from behind the chair of state of the Cardinal Zirini, there was seen the figure of one, who, if ever beheld alive, might well be guessed then to be but a spirit; so much of earthly individuality had from thence departed, leaving, behind, its animated shadow. The young girl crept round to the opposite side where Conrad stood, and rested there a minute.

"Strangers, I am here," she said, "I don’t know how; but you will lead me to my hamlet back again."

"The truth is spoken. Ah, Bertha!" cried her husband, and he sprang forward to lock her in his arms, but she shrank away, embracing the old man, her father, whose wild hysterical cry had welcomed her.

The Cardinal Zirini cast a reproving glance on Conrad, and sat in dignified composure.

"These are causes—these are grounds for just revenge," some voices said;
"Come, and with us;" Carle Leisten faltered,—but Bartha stood serene; an unmoved calm, not the less terrible to witness. But when she spoke again, it would appear that a short period of suffering had given her a mental force, or an enlightenment of intellect far beyond what years of comfort could have brought her, in her native village. Light cast on darkness cuts keenly where it falls.

"Our simple church," she said, "teaches to suffer and obey. I am come that you may see one image of the sorrow of this land; and know too that our creed can teach true heroism, even to breaking hearts. Go, therefore, and fight this battle bravely, lest the fate of Bertha Reistadt should be that of all your country's daughters."

"What—where—how?" questioned her father.

"My beloved one—my dear wife," said Hermann Reistadt.

"Your countrymen have heard your words," said Meiner Gratz;" and, peasant-maid, we will revenge your wrongs."

"What tales of wrongs?" said her old father; but, Hermann Reistadt, with the truth all trembling alive within him, fell at her feet, clasping her raiment, and wept aloud.

"I am a wife no longer," said poor Bertha; "nor shall an honest man now call me so. I am one, whose fate is doomed by heaven to bring about that change in our religion, sought by all. May the bright blessing fall twofold upon you: and farewell dear,—dear Hermann Reistadt."

Some person approached the Cardinal with a written parchment; and during this interval, lost in emotion, he said, calmly enough:—"As we have discussed this public question, now, too often, this document will shew the full intentions of the Church of Rome towards her apostate children. Hand it, then, to these deputies from an unknown church; let further argument be held out by force of arms. Bertha Leisten, we hold here as our prisoner."

The deputation glanced fiercely at the surrounding guards, but Meiner Gratz spoke boldly.

"We are resolved; life, soul and heart are in the struggle; and, were it not to belie our spoken word of peace, this moment were the one of trial."

"Or of failure," said the Cardinal. "Well, well, my people—my good people: and farewell."

Hermann Reistadt caught his mantle. "You may be a man; and not;" he said; "but if I thought that I could teach you aught that was human, I would begin, if only that you might learn to feel, and know the weight of one man's curse;—or take with you my blessing, it may fall heavier than you can bear and wince not. But kill her not—treat her kindly,—hound—whelp—good sir."

The Cardinal Zirini passed onward and away, followed by Conrad. The armed guard that occupied the space beyond his seat of state, stepped forward to intervene between Bertha and her unhappy friends; while, on the other hand, the rustic members of the deputation would have proceeded to acts of violence, but that Meiner Gratz motioned them to fall back.

"We have given our word to come and go in peace," said he, "nor let us carry
Conrad—the Friendless.

out in treachery what is begun in crime. The daughter of Carle Leisteln shall live to applaud our just revenge."

"Dear Bertha—dearest wife, come to my arms," said Hermann Reidstadt, "and there forget all but my love."

"I am past the love of this world," she replied; "but go, dear Hermann, and save the virgins of this land from foul dishonor; one, nobler and more fair than Bertha, will reward you. Love her kindly for the sake of one whom fate has rendered now unworthy of you. Nay, what, tears! dear Hermann."

So she said, whose tears were flowing fast, ere she was herself aware.

Meiner Gratz led the way for their departure.

"Away," he cried. "Tell the tale to the hills, whisper it to the vallies, and our armed men shall sweep this guilty city, as in a whelming torrent, from the earth. Hasten, then, to return."

They bore the wretched father thence, with kindly violence, but Hermann Reidstadt lingered.

"Will you let the hour and day darken upon this wrong," said Meiner Gratz. "Man, have a heart, and ere another sun be set, we will redeem thy bride and be victorious."

Bertha smiled wildly; but, with a tranquil kind of desperation, drew herself away.

The intelligence spread quickly through the surrounding districts, that, among other monstrous acts, the daughter of this herdsman, renowned for piety and zeal in the sacred cause,—the wife, also, of young Hermann Reidstadt, their most eloquent preacher, had been decoyed from her home, and was held prisoner in the palace of the Cardinal Zirini;—was detained there as the slave of his base pleasures. This, occurring at the close of other terrible enormities, put an end at once to threats or compromise, for far and near the people rushed to arms. But the Cardinal was prepared; his mercenaries pouring in at every quarter, shewed at once the power of that Romish hierarch whom they were called upon to defend. For a while, their formidable appearance retarded the attack, though fresh troops were mustering fast without the city walls.

Conrad had now some other hints thrown out, which were not altogether unheeded. He promised much. Without the palace, Hermann Reidstadt wandered.

"Conrad," he said, "watch over her. Remember all her goodness; sustain and save her. Heaven is working in your heart, and let her now escape. My blessings—my life and fortune, Conrad,—think—man—think of me."

"I will, and do," he answered. "When the moment comes, the fortunate hour, she shall flee back to you. Perhaps to-day—to-morrow."

"Good savage," said the Cardinal Zirini. "Have you seen young Hermann Reidstadt?" and he assented. "Lead him into this palace and ensnare him; let him fall within my power, you will do well. This idle folly has brought too much ill to the great cause; we must amend it. Through his affections we may bend or break him. Bring him before us, and, ere long."

"I will deceive him, wisely; not now; within an hour—a day," he replied.
Ere he had well answered and was alone, Bertha, distracted, came to him, and kneeling, claspd him kindly, a gentleness expressive of her wretchedness. “Go, bid my Hermann not come here,” she whispered, “or he will be betrayed to his own death. I feel some awful fate is near. Three times last night his shadow came to me. Kind Conrad—gentle Conrad. Think of our native village yonder; for when you came, I could not refuse you.”

“you never did,” he said in haste; and trembled at her touch. There was none other in the world could make the strong man tremble.

“Will you not save him from all harm,” she said. “Go, tell him my last wishes.”

“if I had lived in the forests,” he said, regretfully, “and never seen the golden altar, I would have carried you to the cave amid the trees; you might have loved, not hated me.”

“you are my friend; now, now, you must be,” she said, again. “Think of my sorrows, Conrad,” and now she wept, for Hermann Reidstadt could not here behold her.

“I will do all you bid,” he said, “There, believe me.”

But neither the Cardinal Zirini’s orders nor the prayers of either were obeyed. There was a power stirring in his heart even stronger than subjection to his master’s will, stronger than even himself; and it enchained him as it were in a deep dream, where only the figure of Bertha Reidstadt engaged his fancy. Of late, she had sometimes sought his company, and from her forlorn state, had relied upon his sympathy. This had allied her to his affections; since, as he was dependant on others’ will, so she was upon his; she entreated, and he granted. The savage man thought of this, and without knowing wherefore, sunk into despondence. Meanwhile, the town was in a state of siege, and the religious war just breaking forth, from the far hamlet and remotest districts.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night;—the streets were silent, and dead darkness every where, excepting round the papal palace, where many lamps were burning to indicate the residence of one, who, at that time represented the highest power both in church and state, the Romish hierarchy, by which all things were governed. The lamps without shed light within the hall of entrance, where stately figures stood carved out in stone; and these likewise held dim lamps, whose sombre rays illuminated the passages beyond, and shed mysterious twilight into far avenues of lengthening distance, where light was lost in vacancy. In this vestibule, amid these images, at night, Conrad the Friendless, lingered; his giant stature, his energetic motions, making strange contrast with the cold lifelessness around; and much seemed he like a gnome or evil demon, encompassed by the hoary forms that he himself had conjured into the shape they now retained.

“The spirits of the forests come not here,” he muttered, as his conscience held debate with him, “that spirit comes not here, and never haunts us but in our sleep.
It shall be done—it must be done,”—and he wandered there, beholding the cold serenity of stony faces that frowned the silence into death-like quiet, all unheard. “Why frown,” he said, in whispers; “what would ye say? When alive, ye did like other men; now, ye live not, breathe not, cannot come to life,—and I—the church—my master, we only are in the secret.” He halted near the mighty statue of a warrior, clad in helmet and the panoply of war. “How came you yet to guess my thoughts?” he asked,—“if you would speak—speak now,—if fight—let me with one grasp shatter you. You smile yourself back into dust again. Well—aye! well,” and in such distracted speech, he turned away. Another footstep echoed to his own; and a wild glee was in his gaze when he beheld the person.

It was the messenger whom once before he had encountered, but in so much haste, as scarce to halt an instant.

“I have worked hard,” he said, “and come for my reward.”

“You have done all the Cardinal Zirini told you?”

“I have proofs to shew it,” said the man; “letters to tell what pestilence or poison may do.”

“How could you?” said Conrad. “I never saw the people—never knew them. They were no friends of mine;” said he, and he passed on. “Friends! yes, friends,” said Conrad. “What is it speaks to me and will speak:’ but he beheld, just without the portal, Hermann Reidstadt standing. “Wherefore have you come here?” he asked.

“Would I not come, to encounter death,” said Hermann, “rather than see the woman that I love—my wife,—man, man, did you not promise?” but he said no more, struck by the fearful calmness of the man’s aspect, who also beheld enough, that he did not reply.

“Do you think,” he said, after awhile, “can the souls of the dead men here follow us?” He waved his hand mysteriously;—“can they upbraid—reproach—mutter and groan—or walk beside us and be our shadow.”

“The wise in Heaven betray not men on earth,” said Hermann; “to save the innocent is to perform kindly service.”

“If they were to walk forth all alive,” he whispered, “in living stone—and one by one pursue us as we went—what then?” He grimly smiled. “But if she is safe—there is no crime.”

“You will be happy in the thought of having saved her,” said young Reidstadt, not knowing the drift of the wild man’s discourse; and he prepared to follow whither he might lead.

As they crossed the open space, Conrad looked back in superstitious awe, almost believing that what his excited fancy had imagined, would come to pass; and that some phenomenon of divine vengeance would appear to punish his ingratitude and base hypocrisy. Such was his ignorance, that, because it did not come, he grew more bold, and threw defiance back upon those fears, which had ere while held mastery over him. Whether from mischievous intention, or from mere vacillation, but they went through many winding passages, till, at length, compelled hastily to retreat from some persons advancing up another corridor.
"Wait here, be silent, you will see her," whispered Conrad, "but must not speak. "Oh, wherefore rebel!" said Hermann, in a kind of mental agony; and they drew aside, beneath the cover of an archway close at hand.

The train of acolytes and priests passed onward, and, after them, in highest state, the Cardinal Zirini, and if the scorn of virtue could dart arrows, keen as hatred, they had then been fatal in their flight, indeed. But now appeared sweet Bertha Reistadt, her hands upon her bosom, wrapt in prayer, heedless of all, though thus dragged along unwillingly, as a heretic, in this popish ceremony; and as one whom the Cardinal Zirini, in his holy vocation, out of pure spiritual pity, was thus mercifully attempting to lead the better way. Hermann Reistadt sighed; she heard and saw, but her look bade him flee and seek no further. This was all that he beheld and she was gone.

"If you could but witness how the great Cardinal heaps riches on her," said Conrad. "It is a different life to that of village maidens."

"Alas, my injured saint—my suffering girl," breathed her husband, inwardly, "shadow—phantom—vision—all fading fast"—and he followed, wrapt in melancholy, indifferent of the way. Conrad, bearing an iron lamp, was on before.

They threaded many passages up and down, through lighted halls and through deserted chambers, till it was doubtful whether they were ascending or descending the spacious edifice, so sinuous and of such extraordinary intricacy were these many paths. Hermann Reistadt saw, in truth, that if even deceived, escape was here impossible. At this instant, they entered a long and dreary avenue, and whether to hide his confusion or his guilt, Conrad drew forth his dagger and handled it—the youth knew that he was betrayed. Presently, they halted at an iron door, where they surveyed one another, and Conrad's eye of fierceness encountered one of courage equal to his own.

"Villain—base, despicable villain," cried Hermann Reistadt. "Nay, your weapon fits you well."

"I was ordered by the Cardinal to bring you here," said Conrad. "I have done my duty," and he looked upon the dagger with deep meaning.

"You can murder," cried Hermann Reistadt, "and I can fight, but not with a base hireling."

"You trusted and are ensnared," said Conrad, without lifting up his looks; but Hermann seized him by the throat, and held him with all the furious resistance of despair.

"I had not come here," he said, with a firm voice of strong emotion, "had I not known that she I sought, was to be sought with danger—with loss of life. No cowardice beguiled me—nor does it now; but for her sake—villain—for her—base dog;" and they struggled closely, as Conrad whispered, "look, I will stab you—you shall die."

"And you die the traitor's death," said Hermann, as he relaxed his hold, and felt the man pressing backward into that dungeon, from whence he could never hope again to emerge. "One word more," he said, "my own life I regard not; but, Conrad, as you shall treat, console, or injure that afflicted girl, so may Heaven's
vengeance or its blessing light on you. There, leave me to my fate. My wife—my Bertha—what friend—what hope!—let this lamentation."—

Too truly:—he sunk on the lonely seat of his prison and wept aloud; nor did he hear or heed the departure of him, who possibly might be the last human being he was ever doomed to behold. But Conrad quitted him with reluctance, lingering outside till all was silent.

He hastened to the Cardinal. He found as he expected, the stranger with him, in the apartment devoted to such interviews. To Conrad’s apprehension, the light shone with more dazzling brilliancy, the chamber glowed with vividness of fresh display, the ornaments were more lustrous than heretofore, and the messenger was all triumphant; an expression also appeared in the Cardinal himself. Conrad entered with bold steps, anticipating a ready welcome.

"Wherefore does Conrad visit us?" asked his master.

"The Cardinal Zirini has ordered and it is done," he replied. "Hermann Reisdstadt awaits your pleasure."

"Safe—is he safe?"

"Iron and stone encompass him."

"Conrad, thou hast done well; well hast thou done," said Zirini; "and now thou shalt behold what benefits may be conferred for noble services."

As he spoke, he continued to peruse some papers the messenger had placed before him. An occupation of delight, as it would seem, from the set fire that blazed within his countenance, flashing from his eyes with animal instinct,—the rabid appetite for blood, with which a savage beast regards its prey and scents it from afar.

"I see," he muttered, "yes. Wherever you have been, (as by these letters shewn) the pestilence as it is called, has raged; the poison has performed its part; the heretic been struck into annihilation, and been seen no more. We had designed some of this useful work in this, our city; but that apostacy here rages, people doubt—and whisper—but the sword has served us well. Bring hither yonder casket."

It was brought, and ere the holy man ventured to open it, he clapped his hands in invocation and unspoken prayer; and having bent in solemn reverence, the secret spring was touched, the lid flew open. Beneath the emblem of the cross there lay many papers heaped, and one of these precious gifts, he took, and meditated awhile beholding it.

"Mighty and thrice sacred gift," he said; "without thy aid what were we? but lost for ever, sunk in the perdition of fallen spirits:"—here again he paused. At last, he said, lifting his keen looks unto the messenger. "Dost thou, canst thou know the value of this great reward and all its heavenly efficacy?"

"I know that the rich pay down hard prices for them," said the man, "that the poor starve even, at their dying hour to obtain this wondrous blessing and leave the world in peace."

"True, it is so," said the Cardinal; "but we seek not wealth, my friends, the church needs it not; she would only save her suffering children. Thou hast done much—and for her sake."

"And would do more," said the stranger.
"Behold, listen," said the Cardinal, "and know what the love of the mother church can do for thee." He made the sign of the cross and expressed himself with slow, decisive emphasis.

"By this thrice sacred deed, the might hierarch and all the heavenly host absolve you: I, by divine authority of the most holy Pope, absolve you from all ecclesiastical censure; from all your sins, transgressions, excesses, however enormous,—and from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see, as far as the keys of the holy church extend. This deed restores you the innocence which you possessed at baptism. When you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut; and paradise be open:—and if you do not die now, this grace shall remain perfect, even at the point of death. Go, therefore, my son, and prosper; rejoicing in your immortal safety."

The man, kneeling, received the grant of indulgence; and, "read it often," said the Cardinal, "that, reading, you may learn the law of gratitude to me—your master."*

The man promised obedience and humility; and, rising, took some other written documents upon the table, and, being bent upon some other secret embassy, hastily departed.

What had he done that he should not obtain such bliss? so thought Conrad,—the Friendless,—and ignorantly resolved that ere long he would boast an equal destiny. The wild man's eyes revealed all that he so deeply felt; and his master said, "thou wilt some day deserve this, also, my good Conrad." Awhile, and he asked, again, "Hermann Reidstadt is, then, our prisoner."

"In the deep dungeon of the grey-stone tower," said Conrad.

"Call hither, my fair bride."

Bertha Reidstadt shortly entered, led in by two women, hideous in aspect, as woman's wickedness outfaces that of men. Under their care, she had been drest in gorgeous raiment, which too well became her; only that, trembling, she appeared like some sweet bird entrammelled and fascinated by the gaze of the destroying serpent. Her soul was assuredly elsewhere, not there present—lighting her face or form;—or was she wandering under the magic charm of dream and slumber.

"Approach, my loved one," said the Cardinal, "for we, who love, sigh to behold the beauty that enchains us."

She advanced a pace—but spoke not.

* Pope Leo X. granted to Albert, Elector of Mentz, and archbishop of Magdeburgh, the benefit of the indulgence of Saxony and the neighbouring parts, and farmed out those of other countries to the highest bidders; who, to make the best of their bargain, procured the ablest preachers to cry up the value of the ware. The form of these indulgences was as follows:—

"May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee, by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee—first, from all ecclesiastical censures, in whatever manner they may have been incurred;—then, for all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see, and as far as the keys of the holy church extend: I remit to you all punishment which you deserve on their account; and I restore you to the holy sacrament of the church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut; and the gates of the paradise of delights shall be opened: and if you shall die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."
Conrad—the Friendless.

"Bid our sweet mistress be seated," he said. "Our wealth and wisdom are at her command; what can we do to please her? to-night she has but to ask our bounty and obtain it."

"You reverend fathers ever wear a jewelled dagger," said the girl, "hidden beneath the holy mantle. Give it to me, to search my heart out and your own, if either can be found."

"You ask too much," he said, and whispered to Conrad; "bring in your prisoner—but bring him chained—we wish to see our prize." Conrad was gone ere he had well spoken.

"We would bribe you, pretty peasant," said Zirini, "to win your love, and favor. What, unkind still! Yet goodly service, through Hermann Reidstadt, shalt thou do us, and on this night."

She heeded not his words. Meantime, the Cardinal meditated on the causes that directed him to this or that peculiar mode of action. In his thoughts, he likened this adverse sect to the growth of some mighty tree, which is not felled by lopping the glorious verdure of its branches, but by the hatchet cleaving at the roots, with oft repeated blows—and thus it falls. Moreover, he was close besieged within this city; and, further, open violence against any one of noted popularity was now to be avoided, as it might bring down upon himself a heavier expiation than might be desirable. Also, he had still hopes of furthering his views by a compulsory system, that might bring him renown and his religion fresh disciples. But Hermann Reidstadt entered; though in chains, he advanced, at a majestic pace, into the apartment.

Bertha shrieked not, neither did she faint, but went to meet him; and, kneeling, touched his garment, which she kissed.

"My lost one—my restored"—he said, and raised her;—but doing so, a tear fell on her brow, no more. "Let still," he sighed, "our hopes repose in Heaven:"

She touched him as with unspoken blessings and retired.

"Young man," said the Cardinal, "our charity has led us further to enquire of you, what may now be your doctrine, when in chains—a prisoner at our mercy."

"As truth knows not of change—unchanged,—" he answered.

"Will not fate alter you?" he asked.

"Not now, on this earth," said Hermann Reidstadt.

"There stands your wife," said the Cardinal Zirini, "your wife—my wife."

At this, Bertha threw over her face a floating mantle that she wore, and her voice was heard bewailing. "Hermann—Hermann—Heaven has dealt too hardly with its child—mercy has been forgotten,"—but Hermann broke forth in speech, as one inspired by his passions. "Because;—because," he cried, "Heaven has made a martyr of you—the greater is my true affection; as strong my love, so strong my endurance."

"Think not of me," she said, "for I am lost."

"We have still," said the Cardinal, "some terms to make with you."

"I know that it is merciful," said the wretched Hermann; "Heaven holds me chained, lest I should hurl you into sudden death, and die stained with the crime of murder. But lead me to the torture, it is peace to such a scene as this."
"There are means of peace more sure than either," said the villain. "Forswear this heresy, renounce the falsehood of your faith, this city will sink back to its native calm; do this, and yonder peasant-girl shall yet return—we will resign her. This is what policy suggests, there is no better wisdom."

"I will not return," said Bertha, "the Heavens have pointed out another path to me—thither I hasten fast."

"I neither renounce my faith nor my affections," said Hermann Reidstadt. "Good Cardinal, no more,—when the earth wearies of bringing forth its reptiles, it then gives birth to such a thing as thee. Yet, Bertha, round my heart is lingering one thought,—dearer than life."

"My husband—most precious of all things," said Bertha, "let us be, at least, living or dying, of one faith, and one in charity."

Hermann Reidstadt heard, but could not reply. At last, he said, "lead me to my prison back again. I am resigned."

"If we should never meet again," said Bertha, "remember her you loved, Hermann,—not as she is, but was."

"Can the heart forget itself?" he asked. "Ah, my girl!" the cry alone told an emotion words could not express.

The Cardinal Zirini had been reading over some stray memorandum, but he now looked up. "You are determined to refuse what mercy now would grant?"

"Life, when its farewell is spoken, bids not farewell again." These were the words of Hermann Reidstadt as he followed Conrad from the apartment.

"How can you be so deaf," said the savage man, "and how so blind? look at the riches every where."

"Poor wretch," thought Hermann; "to be paid, and to betray!"

Conrad returned to his master, and during that night he heard many hints that he would not understand, of deeds that he dared not altogether refuse to perform. But when he went to rest, sleep was denied to him. He dreamed, waking, of Bertha Reidstadt, for he now loved her; according to his nature, he loved her; and if he once obtained the grant of an indulgence—the privilege to sin, he might yet execute the will of his master,—what might he not do? once, he slept, a sleep of horror; where, stained with human blood, he wandered amid his native forests, and the wild animals fled from him, but he wandered on; the shade of Bertha floating on before, buoyant upon the air,—the bright and terrible shadow that lured him through paths of wide destruction, and vanished, only to come again—more wan and wayworn. And now, the morning sun appearing, startled him into fresh life again;—dreams were forgotten.

News arrived, on the morrow, of the revolt of the neighbouring districts, whose inhabitants, marching upon the town, were preparing to lay close siege to it, with the intent of driving thence the papal delegate, or of compelling him to allow the promulgation of their faith. If their disgust had been created by the depravity, profligacy, and shameless hypocrisy of the Cardinal, their just vengeance was also aroused by his late cruelties, exercised upon their fellow countrymen within the city. Besides, the intelligence had spread of the abduction of Bertha Reidstadt, the only
daughter of a man beloved, and popular amongst them. This had wrought upon the public mind, so that the simple name of this injured girl was the inspiring word of bravery; and the sudden disappearance of her husband also had contributed not a little to inflame their ardor; for he was their champion in the field and the shepherd of peace, who aided them with spiritual counsel in the hour of their affliction.

Ere it was well mid-day, the city was in arms; the Romish soldiery thronging beneath the banners of the holy see, and the people arming likewise in the cause; for the Cardinal Zirini had not chosen this as his resting place and refuge, had he not regarded it, and with some reason, as one of the bulwarks of heresy, wherein he might defend himself skilfully, and equally rule the lives and property of his subjects. The greater part of the townspeople were, in fact, of his own church and the vassals of his will. In a few hours, therefore, he had raised a considerable force, and mounting to the highest turret of his palace, he beheld them depart, to encounter the peasant-troops half-way, lest the din of war should too closely approach within the circle of his sanctity.

"Had we but obeyed the law of mother church," he said, "good Conrad, this had not been. Kind heaven, give us strength to scatter and destroy these apostate spirits, and teach us just obedience—to smite even the newly born, ere they can rise up to insult and cast aside the blessings, thy priests, only, are permitted to bestow!"

And this was his prayer while witnessing, afar, his army emerge into the open country, and fade gradually on the horizon.

"So have they faded," he said, "so let the heretic be lost—and vanish in the gulph of time. Hither, my servant,"—and he departed with Conrad back to his secret chamber, where words passed between them, that Conrad trembled even to remember.

But a few hours, and news was brought that the two armies had met in the village of Carle Leistein, and the troops of the Cardinal Zirini were retreating on the town. The intelligence was shortly confirmed; and before night-fall, the arrival of many fugitives from the scene of action, fully shewed the necessity of further defending the city, and proved that this first attack had been altogether unfavorable to the prospects of the Cardinal Zirini. He, buried in his retreat, was devising many means of action, unknown to all but an adept in wisdom like to his. Conrad was also alone, keeping guard outside the chamber; but he was not alone, for the vision of Bertha Reidstadt engrossed his fancy.

In the depth of his meditations, could he have been sleeping? but he heard a voice whispering, and there stood beside him the form of Bertha herself,—but that she was the spectre of herself or, he had ere this recognised her. The savage man softened into gentleness at once.

"Conrad—good Conrad—dear Conrad," she said, "I have come to ask the last kindness you can ever do for me."

"Hist! are you a spirit? what is o'clock?" he said; and he might well ask this; for as he gazed upon her, he saw that she was clad in a black mantle, hanging in heavy folds around her, and from its dark hood her shadowy face appeared even like a spirit—looking from a cloud. As he spoke, the midnight hour sounded.
"Come," she said, "and I will forgive you all."

"Where,—what can I do?" he asked, harshly, but he took her hand and fondled it too kindly. It lay pulseless in his own.

"To-night," she whispered, "I must see my Hermann—and for the last time." He smiled, sternly, and did not reply; but Bertha Reidstadt clasped his hand in her's, and sunk in supplication on the earth before him; "you shall not refuse," she whispered, "that, when dying, I may forgive you all your treachery and all your wrongs; for, Conrad, I am grateful. Think of my gratitude—he is my husband—think of my wrongs, nay—good savage."

"I dare not and I will not," he replied; but she was crouching still before him.

"My wrongs will speak, Conrad; my shade will haunt you,—my memory never fade from your mind—if"—and her attitude was all supplication, her hands clasping his in trembling anguish:—"There, maiden, there," he said, "tread softly, and I will do it."

"Bless you, bless you," she answered, "that you may depart from this world, in peace, as I do. God bless you;" and as this benediction was unlike all the poor savage heard, and she arose quickly, he took a lamp and led the way; she followed him in silence.

Sometimes, Conrad turned back to look upon her; but she was muffled in the cloak and followed rapidly as though she knew the path by instinct,—the instinct of love is quicker than all other. Now, they reached the dungeon; dark and circuitous as were the passages, they were the sweetest paths she yet had trod, nor was there aught in her sweet village, fair and smooth as they. The key ground in the lock—the bolts creaked—and the prison-doors were broken open. Hermann Reidstadt arose from his straw pallet, and, through the hazy atmosphere of the cell, he saw his Bertha. As he caught her in his arms, Conrad set down the lamp; and, as though moved into emotion by the sight, suddenly withdrew.

"Our village warriors are at the gates of the city, and they want but my Hermann Reidstadt to command them," she said; for, this, Conrad heard her say;—and long after, while seated in the stone entrance, her husband replied to some whispered kindness:—"No—never—my dear wife—rather leave me here to suffer untold tortures,"—but afterwards he heard no more.

The time appeared tedious to Conrad, though doubtless short to them, when she called out, "Good Conrad, we are ready," and Hermann said, "my love and blessing shelter you, dear Bertha."

"Here and hereafter," she replied,—and surely he saw them locked in one another's embrace, and Hermann Reidstadt retire within the cell.

Conrad fastened the iron door and again led the way. How much more slowly now she followed him, like one loath to leave her heart and hope behind her. They had reached the palace apartments, when, as if pressing forward through timidity or the fear of some discovery, she caught Conrad by the arm, and with such haste that he let fall the lamp he carried. But he heeded it not.

"Keep to the left," he whispered; and yet, by some strange mischance, but so it was, when they came into the open corridor, she had vanished. Conrad went for-
ward, crossed the upper hall, and, half in doubt, a few minutes after, enquired if Bertha Reidelstadt was in the apartments devoted to her. Certainly, she was there, how could he doubt; and Conrad considered, then, whether her spirit could have betrayed his sight; but, in his sleep, that night, her shadow came, and thanked him kindly and tenderly for this last charity shewn to her, and this led on the light until another morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was mid-day, and Conrad stood beside his master. Even now, messengers were still arriving from the late scene of action, and bringing such intelligence of the number and power of their opponents, that the city was already in a state of barricade, soldiers mustering, townspeople under arms, and priestly processions thronging the streets,—these last, attempted to inspire the citizens with courage, by their prayers and promises of everlasting reward. The Cardinal Zirini had been also amongst them, firm and undaunted as ever; and having just returned from the performance of high mass, he stood, for an instant, on the threshold of the palace, with his arms raised above the crowd in solemn benediction, ere he retired from their view. If he was gifted with the confidence of the wicked, it seemed that the humility of the good rested also upon him;—so lofty and so calm,—a fiendish coldness,—a prince-like self-possession. Thus he turned away and sought his secret chamber; Conrad was beside him. "Conrad," he said, and he filled a golden cup with wine, "when you have drunk this, depart. Come to me again at night and you shall have another, more potent still. Then will I tell you who is to drink the draught, and be prepared."

"I will come at night," was the reply.

"Think of my words," said his master. "I will think of you."

And, at night, Conrad came. The chamber of state lay all around in shadow, for one huge lamp was only burning. There was enough of light to shew statues and busts and antique figures, faintly seen, and heavy tapestry spreading funereal darkness. All else was desolate. In his usual place there sat the Cardinal Zirini; the gleam of the lamp beside him, throwing his stern features into full relief,—a face of crime looking from out the dim obscurity. And the wild Conrad, too, did not inapty represent the being, doomed to perform his will. He approached his master. A waive of the hand,—a motion—scarce so,—a look, told him to be seated; and, wise in the instinct of his servitude, Conrad stooped to a velvet cushion down beside him, scarce raised above the floor, and, rudely reclining there, lifted his gaze upon the Cardinal. A forest animal could not have displayed less intuition of what was to take place.

"You have come," said the Cardinal. He whispered deeply, in an inward tone never heard before. So, during all that passed. "What think you, Conrad, what of the wine this morning. It is a drink full of delight. Will you not take yon wretched prisoner some to cheer his solitude? Pity and mercy—charity—you have heard the words."
"Often," said Conrad.

"If we were to bury you in that dread cavern, would you not sigh—aye—long, as it were, to free yourself? You would. What, therefore, do you now, but bring freedom and happy release.

"Let my master save my soul," said Conrad, "I will do all he bids me."

"I can and will. This Hermann Reidstadt must no more molest our mother church; and if he sleep, he sleeps well. Do this, my Conrad, the consolation that princes even seek, shall then be yours,—to live and die, protected—free from pain and penalty."

"I will—I will," said Conrad. "Do you not hear one of the marble figures speaking? yonder image speaks the words; whispering after you."

"Hush!" said the Cardinal, "listen! be not mad, be wise, good Conrad. Nothing can harm those who the saints protect."

"I know that they are ever guarding me," said Conrad. "Tell; speak."

"Silence repeats not," said the Cardinal Zirini, and he departed to the further end of the chamber, till lost in gloom; but shortly he emerged again, seeming to Conrad's apprehension, ghastly and enshrouded with an unspeakable horror, rigidly pale and terrible to look upon. He filled a goblet of wine, dropt into it some few grains of a powder that he drew from beneath his vest, and, with his head depressed, his searching eyes raised upwards, he smiled;—it well expressed the murderous thought.

"Go, and lest fear assail you," he said, "take this," and he presented the man his rosary. "For the cup;—keep it, good Conrad—my good Conrad, keep it." The cup was gold. Conrad touched it eagerly, yet trembling.

"Who! when!—now?" he gasped. "The night is dark; it is not dark enough? dead night. Will you spare her—shall she live—is she safe?" said Conrad.

"The girl has won me much—for she is fair," said the Cardinal. "Safe? yes, yes: unless destiny turn round again."

"Against her, I can do no more," said Conrad; but the Cardinal said, as though not hearing him, "Laid at peace—in long repose, this Hermann Reidstadt troubles us no more—the pillar of their church is fallen—none knows or sees its fall. Why, delay."

But Conrad grasped the cup and moved not. His looks were fixed on vacancy, his aspect white with horror, and his dark hair stood rigidly on end: his voice was heard, though his lips stirred not. "What, if he should come to me? a ghost—a spirit. He never fed me, he never clothed me, he never tended me,—or if he did,—and yet, I loved him; but she—ah, she!"

The Cardinal beheld him with unmoved dignity, and answered, "We see our servant has forsaken his trust,—he dare not."

"I dare not," said Conrad.

"Yet will we save him," said the Cardinal, with the mildness of encouraging persuasion; "our servant returning, when his work is done, shall claim the highest privilege of mortals;—aye! will we grant him the boon and blessing of our last indulgence."

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
"Now, master, now," cried Conrad—the friendless—; and, conscience-stricken—helpless—he fell down, abject, in despair,—and caught his master’s mantle, kneeling: "What, if the spirit—the demon—ere I can return—should strike me—bear me hence—away! The youth,—he has been gentle,—I have no heart."

"What will satisfy thee?" said the Cardinal, calmly.

"To save me. The thought—the deed"—but all ghastly, the man sprang quickly to his feet and pointed in the dark distance of the chamber; "look—look, there stands the girl!" he cried, "there, she glides in—back into the gloom. She hears us."

"And the prisoner—what of him," said the Cardinal Zirini, grimly smiling, "Poor harmless wretch! well—we are merciful!" and the man was so staggered by his demeanour, that he touched the poisoned cup again—but not before the Cardinal had seated himself and drawn towards him the jewelled casket that contained the wealth of all the pontiffs closed in one, sealed privileges fit for Popes to grant, and ermined hypocrites to barter. The Cardinal Zirini whispered a prayer, motioned the sign of the cross, touched the spring,—and there lay the envied gift. "Behold and bend before our mercies, Conrad," he said; and the man knelt, not as erewhile in supplication, but as those bend who are awaiting quick-coming honors. "We give our son," he added, "the first and latest blessing of our church, that he may go forth immaculate and return so, under the holy shadow of our protection."

During more than a perceptible minute, Conrad knelt there, pale, indeed, but with calmness, singular enough, as contrasted with the late agony of his emotions. But this was no cunning either, but only the difference displayed in his untutored nature, between the phrenzy of superstitious dread and the confidence of permitted crime. He arose. Taking the paper, he muttered his broken prayer and thanks. Trembling, silent triumph was in every gesture, and he placed the holy gift within the bosom of his raiment; and now he surveyed the chamber, into, within, the deepest, darkest recesses, unshinking and undaunted.

"Go, perform our will, and return fearless," said the Cardinal; and the man, compressing his features into stern resolution, took the cup and slowly departed. But it was scarce so,—than the thrill of nature returned.

It was now midnight; no sound was heard. Conrad paced through the lower vestibule, and yet turned back to behold whether each ancient statue kept its niche, or all had been stirred into life to witness the deed he was about to commit. And when in the close passages, leading to the dungeons, his mind took another turn; and Bertha Reistadt, clad in her heavy mantle, still his again paced after him in fancy, so that he again thought he heard her footfall and that she haunted the pathway as he went.

At last, he reached the prison door. He halted: he thought on the opposite stone-work, he could see his own shadow reflected—the image of himself, the visible likeness—looking like a villain—or did another figure stand there;—he smiled—it smiled not, so,—there was a dreadful meaning there, or somewhere—in his own thoughts. He softly opened the cell. All was dark within. Why? Was it
well? He left the lamp outside. Stooping, the wild man crouched along the ground, afraid even of himself; and thus, as he reached the heap of straw, and dimly saw the prisoner reclining there, he set the cup of gold beside him, and stole away, whispering as he went, "I have brought you wine, good Hermann Reidstadt, drink and be comforted,—drink, friend Hermann."

He listened and heard a rustling and a stir, and also a voice that seemed to thank him, for it was low and grateful, and he sped away. Seizing the lamp again, he sped rapidly; the echo of his footsteps sounding like the many feet of a mighty host of spirits fleeing after him; but among them there was ever the phantom of Hermann Reidstadt heard first and foremost. But now he halted in the lower hall, where so many images were standing, and the cold silence struck upon his soul, until it trembled inwardly. The marble frowned, and on his mind there thronged terrible thoughts of Bertha and of Hermann Reidstadt, and all their felicity ere he wandered from the wide desert to seek their charity.

In the middle of this entrance, on a colossal monument, there was the figure of an aged seer, mighty, but time-worn—a fit emblem, too, of time. The savage, as though weary of his days, laid himself down at the base of the pedestal, lost in emotions of horror. The cup, though of gold, he had left behind, in the place which he dare scarcely visit again.

"Had they never fed me—had they never clothed me," he muttered; and he prayed within himself, and called aloud upon the saints, and held the hallowed scroll unto his heart, until he thought the fatal hour had sounded and the lightning stroke of Heaven's vengeance had not blasted him, and he was free. Yes, now—Hermann Reidstadt had taken the fatal draught; and—yes—the deed was over. But though the night was waning, the grey twilight-morn appearing, the wretched man still lay there, wrapt in dreadful vacancy, where the thought—the deed—the guilt—again uprose, to be again lost in a long trance of misery—unspoken, secret, remorseless. In vain he boasted the sacred charm of absolution; he was conscience-stricken, and woe-begone, as such a man. As the new day shone forth, he reappeared.

The town was, betimes, astir, expecting fresh commotions; and ere the sun had risen, many messengers were waiting for the Cardinal Zirini. Among them was a stranger whom none knew, but he had come to seek Conrad—the Friendless. Could he be the demon of the woods come to avenge? Was he the fiend of infernal punishment arisen to execute awful justice? Wherefore? Conrad hastily advanced. It was Meiner Gratz, the woodsman; but they beheld one another as with the indifference of strangers.

"This way," said Meiner Gratz, and he led the way into a niche concealed from observation. "Is the young girl—is Bertha Reidstadt safe?" he asked; "or has aught happened."

"She is safe," said Conrad.

"I would ask," said Meiner Gratz," is she yet living?"

"She is," said Conrad, "what then?"

"There is gold," was the reply; "and if you are a man—if you will save—protect her in yonder prison."
"Would I injure her," said Conrad. "Take back your gold."

"Keep it," said the woodsman; "and watch her life with holy care, lest, before night, she end her martyrdom. You are the jailer—she, the prisoner. If gold will buy mercy, we have more to bring."

"She has all things at her will," said Conrad. "But would I injure her! should you?" He questioned himself thus, and once more replied; "she is safe, Meiner Gratz."

"You may learn the truth at night," said the other; "then keep your word. As you love gold, know in what path it glitters. He roughly turned away.

"We treated one another differently in the woods, yonder," said Conrad; "but fare ye well, Meiner Gratz."

"Conrad knows," said he, "that the savage of the woods was not the savage I have met to-day. When you return to yourself, Conrad, think of me, your first friend of all."

He strode away like an ill omen, come and gone. Thus it appeared. As the day advanced, in the palace and the city all was commotion; the din of war without, the hurry of defence within. A distraction that might well amaze the mind; but silent conscience could not be so wrought upon. As a shadow moving amidst shadows, he appeared before the Cardinal. No question was asked or answered. His master shewed a satanic fortitude of mien, and eyed him with a smile of gentlest mercy. The blank horror of the wretched man betrayed that all was as he wished it.

"This is a day of doubt and strange events," said the Cardinal; "therefore, let our servant be watchful and be wary;" and Conrad sat outside his master’s door, reclining on a couch of leopard’s skin. It was mid-day, when the Cardinal Zirini summoned him again.

"Art thou faithful?" he said. "The bride of our palace has fled, nor is to be found."

"Whither—where?" said Conrad.

Thou hast not seen her," said his master; perceiving his ignorance of her fate through the intensity of his emotions; and now some one entered bearing a packet, and the Cardinal Zirini perused it. Conrad could have fled to seek for Bertha Reidstadt, therefore, he heeded not his master’s scorn of the intelligence thus conveyed; in fact, he was perplexed by doubt and terror mingled.

"They say this Hermann Reidstadt is in the field," said the Cardinal, speaking slowly, "that he inspires the troops, that he has raised even this city up against us—that he,—good Conrad, what dost thou reply?" The same pale, terrible smile played on the churchman’s features.

"My master who has saved me knows my crime," said Conrad; and the Cardinal Zirini again smiled, but it was in triumph. At the first moment, Conrad hastened from his presence. Would that the night were come! yet, wherefore wait for coming night? he had often traversed those avenues, inaccessible to all but him, and he would go once more. He lit his torch. Doubt seemed to urge on madness. What horrid thought suggested it? but he must go. Fresh news came that she could not
be found. He took some food also, as though rather to visit the living than the dead; and, after threading many passages, he reached the dungeon.

"Hermann—Hermann Reidstadt, Bertha," he whispered, creeping in; and raising the light, he saw—a figure sleeping, aye! lying dead—for motionless rigidity was there, no form of breathing life. Horror held him; yet slowly he approached.

"I am your slave," he said, "the poor man whom you saved from starving. It is only your lover dead, dear Bertha, and not you. Softly; you are sleeping, awake! awake!—oh God!" the distant vaults gave echo to the wild man's cry—and he sunk there insensible of life—of time—of future hope—of future worlds. It was Bertha Reidstadt herself, dead, cold, exanimate; her hands clasped for her cheek to rest upon, in a sleepy languor that death had touched with silent majesty—sweetly, frowning, peace.

As we rise up from night-time phantasma and horrid dreams,—the night peopled with hideous forms—the heart heaving with untold agony—so he: and on his senses dawned the truth; such it came, even like an arrow piercing his fixed brain. It rankled there. Behold; was she not dead, had he not killed her! God of the heathen! for to him he cried; no, again, no. Conrad—the Friendless—had lived upon wild roots, happy, content; his new creed had taught him this. He had not done this. It was the will—the work of his master—the Cardinal Zirini.

What then? who must answer for the deed to man—to Heaven—who? Conrad sought his dagger, grasped it closely, and he—murderous—wretched—spirit-broken—he smiled. Love! was it so; had he loved this girl? heart, soul and mind responded. Like to his nature, half brute-like; so it was too truly.

He wept not. He lay down beside the body, and cried aloud in hoarse, wild agony—as forest tigers rouse the woodlands with complaints of their lost pride or hope; or aye! their prey. This was his grief: soon over; he arose, and clasped to his bosom the gift, the privilege of crime, given him by his master. Dreadful thoughts possessed him. He was free to act. Might he not slaughter as he went, and this would guarantee his immortal safety in this world and the next. He held the key that opens paradise; angels and saints must bend before him there. Wrath, vengeance, madness, these he could appease; one step and his passions might be slaked. He sprung up at the thought, cold and fortified. He lifted the torch to view, for the last time, the wreck of all loveliness and kindness, that he had ever known; and long he looked, till his soul found out no soul was there.

He strode away, and, heedless of the light he carried, came into open day; the light of day seeming a silver atmosphere of dazzling brightness that bewildered him. From habit not from thought he struck the torch against the wall; it was extinguished; and in this way would he dash into annihilation, the man, the demon, who had wrought him to a deed his nature spurned. Some faint idea also employed him—that he might possess the palace to himself; that he might hold dominion over life, prince of the present and the future. He paused in thought, and knit his brows and clenched his weapon ere he entered again the secret chamber.

The Cardinal Zirini was seated in his chair of state, and though pressed on all sides by circumstances, he was imperious and tranquil still and well, became the
gorgeous robes he wore. It was meridian day; a sun-mote playing in the further
distance, reflected on the floor and ceiling. The Cardinal was pale with care, Con-
rad with untold desperation. The Cardinal surveyed him; Conrad, for the first
time, beheld his master with an equal eye.

"Hast thou traced the girl," he asked.

"I have," said Conrad.

"Thou hast done well."

"She has escaped," said Conrad.

"Where? whither?—Base slave, whispered the Cardinal, "hast thou betrayed us."

"She is dead," said Conrad. The Cardinal Zirini paused.

"It is as well. She might have done much against us, Good Conrad—thou art
a faithful servant:" and thus he slowly spoke.

"Because I have done much," said Conrad, and he threw himself before him
in a crouching supplication, grasping his mantle, "tell me, holy man, if yet my soul
is free—to be forgiven?"

"Has not the church protected thee?" said the Cardinal.

"I have murdered her—her," cried Conrad, "Bertha Reidstadt;" can that be
forgiven?"

"It is:—it can: all—all—is forgiven!" cried the Cardinal, "here and here-
after;" and Conrad started to his feet.

"And this! and this and this!" he cried, plunging his dagger into his master's
bosom; "be this forgiven:" And as he drew the weapon out, the lifeless body of
the Cardinal sank heavily, with a groan, upon the seat, dyed with his blood. The
man beheld it for an instant, his arm still raised in triumph, and then turned away.
Ere he departed, he cast back a glance of stern enquiry; silence alone replied. He
took off his golden girdle and his crown, and striding back, until he came before
the corpse, he laid them down:—and, afterwards, in the palace of the Cardinal
Zirini, Conrad was seen no more.

It was but some few days after, that the city was vacated by the papal army; one
of the many cities that throughout all Germany discarded the Romish worship, and
vindicated its right to that unblemished faith, which bequeathed peace and pros-
perity to after generations. And, as this church, in its early growth, was raised by
men whose sufferings endeared it to them; so, among these, was Harmann Reid-
stadt, the preacher. On entering the palace, he discovered his first and last sacri-
cifice—the injured Bertha, laid at peace, in possession of that heritage, to which he
was journeying, though, even then, weary of this mortal pilgrimage.

Of Conrad—the Friendless—nothing is known further; but, that many years after
these events, in the desert forests of Bohemia, lying beneath the dead shade of trees,
there was found the colossal skeleton of a man, altogether wondrous to look upon,
and regarded as one of the phenomena of nature. His confessor states (from whom
we have indirectly received these facts) that, at the period they were discovered,
there was no doubt whatever entertained of their being the remains of that man,
whose strange history is here repeated.
DESULTORY REFLECTIONS.

No. I.

What a strange compound is this heart of mine?
I do not love! and yet before mine eyes,
One image oft appears; one manly youth
My memory still fondly clings to yet,
But not because I love him; nay, indeed,
How could I love the man who proved so false,
Who sought to win me with love's softest smiles—
But, with a heart—as icy as the poles—
Left his own country for a foreign shore
All life, all gaiety; devoid of thought,
Of that one being he had left behind—
Whoseanguished soul dwelt fondly on the past,
Nurturing a can'crous love to tear her breast,
And blight her future days.

Man little bodes
The agonies proud-hearted girls can feel,
Yet hide from view! How cruel, base t'would be,
To seize the trusting Robin at the sill,
(Where crumbs, bestrewn, had bribed him for awhile)
And break his little beak, or clip his wings;
More cruel he who feigns love's gentle wiles,
Who seeks to fascinate with blandest vows,
But means no more the uttered words, than he
Who said:—

"A Prophet I, upon my brow,
No mortal man can gaze with eye undimmed,
Therefore I veil it, with a silver veil."

Yet, though so false; with fondness do I trace
The name of him who made himself too dear:
Unconsciously, upon the yielding sand
I mark the letters, that I know too well;
Soon will the racing waves efface each line,
But on my heart they are so deeply graven;
Nor showers of tears, nor pride's uprising tide,
Nor Time's fierce billows, yet have had the power
To move, or even mar th' impression made.

Shanklin Chine.

No. II.

• • • • •

He said he loved me, and he whispered words
Of honied-sweetness in my youthful ear!
He vowed his words were words of truthfulness
And I believed they were; for, on his brow,
Desultory Reflections.

Intelligent and lofty, candor seemed so marked,
I dared not disbelieve him! Yet, alas!
He's false to love, he's false to truth; to me!
And though I know it, yet that brow of his,
Belies my knowledge of his falsity;
And even I could very soon believe,
The fault was scarcely his—though none of mine.

No. III.

Ah! wherefore did I hope for sympathy
In this cold world?—this world, where selfishness
Is deemed a virtue, and where warmth of heart
And strength of feeling, are a weakness deemed,
Aye! almost scoffed at—almost deemed a vice!
And did I look for sympathy? From whom
Could I expect so precious, blest a gift?
From man? Oh, never; not from man, must I,
So much deficient both in mental grace
And beautiful proportion—hope to gain
A heart that would respond to mine
In all its earnest breathings, rapt'rous thrills,
And pleasant glows! —To woman, if I turn,
Will she a sympathizing echo give?
Alas! though woman's is a mighty love,
'Tis not for woman that she feels the flame
In all its fervor! Woman seldom can
For woman feel, affection firm and strong,
Disinterested, untransferrable!
Oh! whither shall I turn, or how shall I
Exterminate this cruel foe of mine,
This heart that longs to vent its fervency,
And love some being to idolatry!

No. IV.

Had he confessed his love, this heart of mine
Should soon pour forth a tide of tenderness;
Should gaily bask in Passion's lucid flame,
And swell with feelings, rapturous and pure.
I'd ne'er conceal my love, but let him know
Its full extent: I'd let him feel
How fondly, fervently, a woman loves.
I'd show him in unbounded gratitude
The priceless value of a heart bestowed.
But, till he tells his love, no act of mine,
No look, no breath, shall ever prove to him
That e'er I have allowed a thought so bold,
Of tender weakness to inspire my breast!
Nought shall betray me! Oh! I'll seem so cold,*
So frigid in the kindling lore of love.

* Our fair authoress is surely over guarded.—Ed.
Desultory Reflections.

I'll never raise my eyes, or dare to speak,
Save in a tone of cold indifference:
I'll seem a stoic! and the stoic's code
I'll try to practise—till the code I love!
For never shall a man have cause to say,
I sought his love. 'Tis woman's bliss to yield,
But man's to woo, and wooing, his to win:

No. V.

I do not love him! No! it is not love,
But something indescribable I feel
Whene'er I see his face—whene'er he speaks—
Whene'er his eyes meet mine—whene'er to me
He gives his hand—whene'er by him I sit,
Or to him speak, for, then, if gay my tone,
My heart reproaches my lip's falsity.
Or, if I venture on more grave discourse,
My blood boils in my veins; meanwhile, my eyes,
Unable to endure the gaze of his,
Droop 'neath their sympathizing, half-closed lids;
My fingers trifle, and my trembling lips,
Cold, colourless, seem bent on my betrayal!
Betrayal! What could they betray? I love not,
Could not love him! His icy haughtiness
Could never generate a thought so warm,
Or raise a flame within this heart of mine,
So quickly sentient to the slightest chill!

No. VI.

Taunt me with want of beauty, want of mind,
Aye! aught you please but loss of Halbert's love.
Oh! taunt me not with that, 'tis agony,
'Tis misery intense! unenchachable!
Why seek to wound, afresh, the stricken deer?
Why add new bondage to the fettered wretch?
Why add fresh fuel, to the raging fire?
Forbear! forbear! 'tis cruelty to taunt!
These tearless eyes, these deep-drawn, stifled sobs;
These throbbing pulses, and this feverish flush,
This constant wandering of my busy brain,
This recklessness of self! these idle hands,
Once active in the many works of love,
Are all effects of Halbert's falsity!
Why need I veil the truth? He vowed his love,
And in return I gave my youthful heart;
He treated it with lightness, and forsook
His early love; forgot his plighted vows,
And sought for other eyes, for other smiles
To gladden him with bright affection's beams.
And much I scorn him for his fickleness;
And much detest him for his cruelty—
But still I love the gentle memory,
Of bygone days! the dear remembrance,
Of youthful tokens, and of sunny bowers,
Although I cannot bear another tongue,
To whisper of such hours! and, less, endure
The pity of companions! want I pity? No!
I ask but silence on the wretched theme!

ELEA GUARD.
MONTHLY CRITIC.
PARIS FASHIONS.

(from our own correspondent.)

Paris, June 25, 1842.

The delightful weather that we have had, since my last, has made us forget the length of time that we were obliged to retain our winter habiliments, and to sigh over the pretty contents of our cartons without a possibility of shewing them in the sunshine, but ma bien Aimée, if your days have at all resembled those that we have had here, you could not have found any Gossamer, however spiderly may have been its texture, sufficiently cool for dresses. It has been quite impossible to get out of doors in the morning. You know Paris, and how ardent the sun is when it shines with all its power, and can therefore judge of what we have suffered. A change, however, has come over this "the spirit of our (waking) dream," and since last Sunday we have had cool and refreshing showers. Vraiment, we are never content, it is always too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry, and so we go on grumbling until the end of the chapter.

Baréges, Tarlatanes, and such like light tissues are the only things that we can wear here just now, and pourquoi s'en plaindre? for, after all, can any thing be prettier?—The dresses are still very long, and the skirts ample, although one of our Couturières has tried to bring in the fashion of not having any fullness in front! Comment, I think I hear you exclaim, can this really be? Oui, ma chère, but never mind, it is an innovation that will not take, so we need give ourselves no trouble about it.

In light materials the corsages are invariably made à coulisses; they are very becoming to the figure, and suitable for muslins and baréges, but in any thing of a more substantial texture they don't look well.

Corsages with ceintures (waist bands) are a good deal worn in morning négliçé; after all, there is something very pretty in seeing the waist neatly supported (the French word, soutene, would suit me better) by a pretty band and buckle, it was therefore a fashion that was not likely to remain long in disuse.

We have decidedly triumphed over our natural antipathy to short sleeves, for we wear them at all times now.

As Napoleon said, "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step," so we seem to act: for although there is not much sublimity in either short or long sleeves, yet after the long war, that we waged against the former, except in ball costume it seems rather ridiculous to see them so generally adopted at all hours now. The little girls that are dressed soi disant à l'Anglaise, always wear short sleeves in the streets, fancying that such is the custom in England: and their mamans are not backward in following the same mode, only that their arms are covered by the scarf or camail. I shall proceed to give you a few ensembles de Toilettes, so that you may choose for yourself which to adopt.

Ensemble de Toilettes.—Négligé du Matin. Robe de chambre of pink jacqenet with wide white stripes; frilled all round with point d'Angleterre, large pelerine of the same trimmed with lace to match. Cambric collar à petits plis (small plaited.) Cap called a bonnet, of English lace fastened, tied with a striped ribbon, Groselle and white. The strings of the cap cross under the chin, and are tied in a pretty bow at the top of the head, slippers embroidered on green cachemer.

Another.—Peignoir of thin muslin lined with lilac sarcenet; a ribbon is passed in the hem, and in the bouillon which fastens it up the front en redingote. Fauchon (half handkerchief) of tulle bouillonné, with a pompon (full round bow) of shades of green satin ribbon. Green cachemere slippers embroidered in lilac and violet-colored silks.

A—MONTHLY CRITIC—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1842.
MORNING WALKING DRESS.


Another. Redingote of lilac moire; the corsage tight and à revers, a row of buttons en passementerie, is placed down the opening in front. Capote of straw, lined and niched with apple-green crape. Shining leather shoes; black Gros de Naples gaiters.

Another.—Redingote of orange taffetas shot with white; the skirt open in front to shew a light lilac silk neck-kerchief. Corsage à pointe: Sleeves à la vieille femme, camail of white lace lined with lilac, sarcenet hat of Paille de riz, ornamented with three different sorts of tulips. Black shoes, lilac silk gaiters.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of pink Gros de Naples shot with white; a deep flounce put on nearly plain of old point lace, caught up at the left side by a little wreath of roses en couronne. Scarf of point lace. Coiffure* à la Steigné: a bunch of pink acacia mixed with the curls of the hair. Pocket handkerchief richly worked and trimmed with lace. Fan and bouquet.

Another.—Dress of white tarlatane, with pink spots all over; three wide tucks in the skirt with a narrow lace sewed to the edge of each; corsage à pointe, short sleeves with three bias folds. Pink ceinture with long ends. A triple fall of lace goes round the corsage at top.

Another.—Dress of pale blue poulit de soie with two flounces of old lace of a moderate depth, and put on almost without fullness. The corsage à pointe; sleeves short and tight, trimmed with two falls of lace. Berthe composed of two falls of lace fastened by a blue bow in the centre. Hair in smooth bandeaux, and a wreath of blue convolvuluses.

* See this portrait No. 87 of our Series of Ancient Portraits.

entwined in the back hair. Fan, bouquet, and handkerchief trimmed with lace.

Pocket handkerchiefs. One word on these, indispensable luxuries before I finish. They are worn of many different sorts, but I had better explain a few of them.

We have them festonnés, with a rivière (open stitch), and a wreath embroidered all round. These are what we call modestly elegant, and are worn without lace at the edge. Then come those with three, four, and five rows of Valenciennes entredeux let in to them, and finished by a narrow lace of the same description sewed on plain all round.

Some are composed of a series of broad hems joined together by an open stitch. Others with a deep rivière all round, on which are bunches of flowers embroidered at distances. These require a broad lace at the edge. For morning they are generally à vignettes, that is, colored borders stamped on the cambric ground, and the initials worked in cotton of the same color as the border.

Colors.—For dresses several shades of lilac, écru, and blue, shot with various colors are the most prevalent.

For Hats, primrose, apricot, apple-green, and white. And now ma belle if you do not make the most of your materials, and look as jolie as when we last met, à qui sera la faute? Certainly it will not be that of your affectionate,

E. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARIS PLATES OF FASHIONS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

PLATE 1.—Dress of barège of a light shade of green; the skirt long and full, so as to set in ample folds round the figure. The corsage is tight to the bust, and demi-montant (half high), the sleeves short and tight to the arm. A ceinture of green ribbon, with moderately long ends, finishes the body at the waist. A pelerine in black lace of the cardinal form is worn with this dress, it conceals the sleeves and waist, but only meets at the neck where it is finished by a rosette
bow of pink ribbon (see plate). The cap, which is composed of point lace, is worn far back on the head, and is trimmed with pink ribbon put on in a zigzag across the head-piece, and terminating at one side by a rosette bow, and on the other by three coques. Black lace mittens and a claret-colored parasol complete this dress, which is particularly adapted for a home dinner-costume.

**DINNER DRESS.**

**Figure 2.**—This dress is composed of a *Pékin rayé*, of a sort of poussière color, striped with black. The corsage is tight, and the point, which is of a moderate length, is rounded in front. The sleeves are very short and tight to the arm, two bias folds of the same material as the dress ornament them. The skirt is long and very ample, a *liseré* (piping) of black silk goes round the bottom of it. Berthe of black lace which comes down *en cœur* in front, where it is attached by a rosette of blue ribbon. Cap of point lace, coming very low at the ears (see plate), and trimmed with blue ribbon. Black lace mittens, bouquet, and embroidered pocket handkerchief.

**Plate 2.**—Dress of lilac *barèges*; the skirt unusually long, and almost forming a train at the back. Corsage à collettes, made square at the top of the bust, and a piece put in to form the shoulder, (see plate) Short sleeves of *barège* made with fullness to match the body, and a long sleeve of white organdi, pretty full and confined with a band at the wrist complete this dress. A narrow lace goes round the corsage at top and finishes the short sleeve: A ruffle of the same falls over the hand. A bow of lilac ribbon with two long ends, is placed in the centre of the waist in front. Capote of primrose-colored crape, trimmed with green ribbon, a ruche of narrow ribbon, the color of the capote, finishes the outer edge. Black silk gloves *en filet*.

**Figure 2.**—Redingote of *pékine*-striped blue and a light shade of brown: the corsage tight and nearly reaching to the throat. Tight sleeves finished at top by a pointed epaulette, which is trimmed with two bias folds of the same material as the dress. The chemisette of lace comes up all round the top of the dress, and ruffles of the same fall *over* the hand (see plate). Hat of apricot color, *poult de soie*, with a ruche of the same color ribbon inside and outside the edge. The trimming consists of a row of bows *en échelle*, and finished by two ends on the left side. A *Voilette* or *Tulle illusion* falls negligently over the crown of the bonnet. Yellow kid gloves. Parasol of *Donairière* pattern: botteries to match the dress.

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**Monomania.**—Amongst the many extraordinary instances of self delusion or insanity, the following may be reckoned not the least painfully interesting. The story was divulged to the public during a trial on the 6th of June at the assizes for the Department of the Rhone upon the trial of the wife of a workman for attempting to murder him by cutting his throat with a razor. It was evident that she was most affectionate towards her family; and as might be expected she "could not account for the momentary impulse." It was, however, singular that she herself was indignant that any attempt should be made to establish her insanity. The jury acquitted her, but the president ordered her to be placed in a *lunatic* asylum:

**The remarkable history of a protégée of Madame Adelaide's mentioned in the above. The sister of the king of the French, in 1836, took under her protection a young lady of family, placed her at a boarding school, and received her frequently on holydays at her own apartments in the palace. Suddenly the protégeée announced to the schoolmistress and her intimate friends that she was about to be married, under the auspices of her patroness, to a young Lieutenant-Colonel, to whom she had been introduced by her Royal Highness, and in evidence of the truth of her assertions produced letters on the subject with the seal of the Princess, and in a handwriting which all acquainted with that of Madame Adelaide believed to be hers. Subsequent letters were also displayed, in which her Royal Highness was made to state, first, that the intended husband was detained away by his regimental duties; then, that he was dangerously ill, and ultimately, that he was dead and buried. The young lady, upon this, gave herself up to such violent grief that fears were entertained for her own life. The only consolation she would listen to was a permission to put herself into the mourning of a widow,
and to weep over the tomb of her lost lover. The under-governess accompanied her to the cemetery of the city, and, at the gate, desired to have pointed out the place of interment of Lieutenant-Colonel Count M., who had died a week before at the age of 25. The concierge searched the register, and then assured the inquirers that it did not contain the entry of any such burial, which consequently must, he said, have taken place elsewhere. This answer increased the despair of the young lady, who prevailed upon her attendant to go with her to the other cemeteries of Paris, at each of which they met with the like disappointment. It was night before they returned home, and the grief-stricken pupil found herself in deeper despair than ever. The governess, the next day, felt it to be her duty to go to Madame Adelade, and relate all these mournful circumstances, taking with her the letters announcing the events which had so entirely destroyed the peace of her pupil. The astonishment of the Princess on hearing the extraordinary narrative, and at seeing letters, apparently in her own handwriting but which she had never written, and recognizing impressions from a seal which did really belong to her, could not be described. No such person as Lieutenant-Colonel Count M. was known to her Royal Highness, consequently she could have had no such alliances for her pupil, nor have announced to her his illness and death. In fact, the young lady had been induced by a morbid imagination to invent the whole tale, to purloin one of her patroness’s seals, imitate her handwriting, compose the fictitious letters, and, by bribing an old servant, induce her to put them in the post. Her mind, however, was affected with the same grief from her own deliberate invention as if all the circumstances had really existed.

The Late Baroness de Feuchères.

The French tribunals furnish us with many an interesting memoir. M. Philippe Dupin, counsel for the heirs and next of kin of the late Baroness, commenced his pleading with a short sketch of the life of the late Baroness, her humble birth, high elevation in society, at a subsequent period, and the painful circumstances which attended her latter years, in her separation, about twelve years before her death, from her husband—a separation pronounced by the justice of man. After this long lapse of time, upon her death, the Baron de Feuchères came from retirement to repudiate those whom he had accepted and treated as his affianced relations. The following is the summary of the family history of the deceased Baroness.

In the Isle of Wight lived Richard Dawes, or Dawes, a seafaring man, and Jane, his wife, who were married in 1775, as by certificate produced, and who, between that year and 1795, had ten children, all of whom had their baptisms entered in the register of the parish of St. Helens, except James Dawes, the eldest, and Sophia, who, however, rose from the extreme negligence with which the registers of the parish were kept during that period, as certified by the affidavits of Mr. Young, the perpetual Curate, of the clerk of the parish, and Mr. Binstead, notary, resident there. Of these ten children, the only survivor when of mature age was James Dawes, Mrs. Clark, Madame Thanaron, and Sophia, who afterwards became Baroness de Feuchères. Several of the children were taken into the charge of the Guardians of the Poor, and among them was Sophia, who entered the poor-house on 12th June, 1797, when six years old, her father engaging to pay 2£ a week towards her maintenance. On the register of the establishment there still exists the entry of her name, with those of her father and mother. On the 10th of October, 1805, Sophia Dawes was apprenticed by the overseers of guardians to a farmer named Camp, at Clift, in the Isle of Wight. In the register of this occurrence the names of Richard Dawes and Jane his wife appear again as her father and mother. This fact is also attested by affidavits, and other attestations from six justices of the peace in the island, and by the rector of the parish of Carisbrook. In 1809, when Sophia Dawes was of the age of nine years, and up to which time her education had been necessarily confined, her family continuing to be in poor circumstances, her mother went to London, and obtained an appointment as matron to a Lying-in Hospital. Sophia was called to join her, and remained with her till 1811, when she was placed in the school of Miss Triggs, at Chelsea. In 1815, the great change in her fortune took place, and she came to Paris, taking up her residence in the Palais Bourbon. Here M. Dupin detailed the circumstances of the marriage with the Baron de Feuchères to the same effect as the statement of M. Chaix d’Estange at a former hearing, mention of which is subsequently made, adding, that on her arrival in London she alighted at the house of her sister, Mrs. Clark. To prove the filial affection and duty of the Baroness towards her mother, the learned counsel reminded the Court of the fact of her having followed Mrs. Dawes to London when her fortunes were but very humble, and added the fact that the Baroness, when her own station in society had become so much raised, brought her aged parent to Paris, and paid her every care and attention. In further illustration of this admirable conduct, M. Dupin read numerous extracts from letters written by the Baroness to the Prince de Condé and her husband, in which she mentions her mother in terms of the deepest interest. At a later period, Mrs. Dawes, the mother, expressed a desire to enter a nunnery, and the Baroness, in
compliance, placed her in the convent of Carmelites, paying a very liberal allowance for her board, and surrounding her with every comfort and indulgence that tenderness could suggest. This was attested by the depositions of the superior of the convent. The Baroness, he added, had done more: she had founded a chapel in memory of her mother in the convent, and twelve annual masses to be performed for the repose of her soul. After a time, Mrs. Dawes wished to return to England, and the Baroness placed her in the convent at Hammer smith, paying her board. When Mrs. Dawes died, the Baroness was severely afflicted. She ordered masses for the repose of her soul to be performed in the chapel of the convent at Hampstead, where she died, and in the church at Mont lofontaine. She required to be sent to her a large piece of soap, and clearly intimating her last tooth, which she kept carefully till her own death, after which it was found preserved in one of her private drawers. This pious tenderness, continued the learned advocate, was not limited by the Baroness de Feuchères to her mother alone. Charlotte Dawes, her young niece, to whom afterwards came Madame Thanarion, and the mother of Sophie Thanarion, her intended residuary legatee, was placed in a school in London, and kept there till 1828, at the sole charge of the Baroness. On September 6, in that year, Charlotte was married to M. Thanarion, in the presence of her two sisters, Mrs. Clark and the Baroness, the latter giving her hand. When, in 1829, Madame Thanarion was delivered of a still-born child, the grief of the Baroness was excessive; and when, in 1830, her sister was again near her accouchement, she was attended by the most eminent physicians under the care of which she was born, to whom the Baroness gave her name of Sophie, and whom she adopted. M. Dupin then noticed the circumstances attending the engagement by the Baroness, at Genoa, Bianca Milisi, the wife of Dr. Moyon, to be the governess of her niece, or rather daughter by adoption. This will be recollected, gives rise to differences between the Baroness and Dr. Moyon, ending in a suit, of which a report was given in the papers at the time. The learned advocate produced letters from the Baroness to M. Thanarion, speaking in the most affectionate terms of her sister, and by him conveying her intention of constituting her adopted child to be her heiress. As to Richard Dawes, the father, M. Dupin stated that he could never be induced to give up his habits of life, and leave the Isle of Wight. But when he became aged and infirm, the Baroness placed him under the care of James Adams, to whom she paid an ample allowance, as testified by the declaration of Adams. With Mrs. Clark, her sister, the Baroness always remained upon the most affectionate terms. From this sister's house she went to be married, and to it she ultimately returned, that she might, as in fact she did, die in her arms. Mr. James Dawes, the brother of the Baroness de Feuchères, was likewise an object of her sisterly love. His eldest son, James, was placed by her in the establishment of the Duke de Bourbon, who soon became attached to him, made him his equerry, and purchased for him an estate, which gave him the title of Baron de Flassans. He was afterwards married to the daughter of Admiral Manby. This young man died suddenly at Calais. The Baroness had his remains taken to St. Helen's, her native place, and there interred under a monument, on which was inscribed, that it was erected as a mark of the affection of his aunt, the Baroness de Feuchères. Matilda Dawes, the daughter of Mr. James Dawes, was a lady of distinguished mind and manners, and through the influence of her aunt, was married to the Marquis de Chabannes, a colonel in the army, and descended from one of the first families in France. On this marriage the Duke de Bourbon presented the bride with a fortune of 40,000/. as a mark of his esteem. The other children of James Dawes, namely, George, William, and Edward, have all been brought up at the charge of the Baroness de Feuchères, who had purchased for William a commission in the English army. The only remaining member of the family to be noticed was Mademoiselle Thanarion, whom, as was already well known, the Baroness adopted, and intended to be the inheritor of the great bulk of her property. M. Dupin then read the will of the late Baroness de Feuchères, not only to show that she had named this young lady, Mademoiselle Thanarion, as her residuary legatee, but in the last serious act of her life retained her consideration for all the members of her family, every one of whom is named in it. The Baroness died on the 15th March, 1840, and the register of her burial names are still Sophie Dawes, with the addition of Baroness de Feuchères.

M. Dupin took occasion to state that the great care and exactitude of the magistrates in France rendered omissions in the etat civil, or records of births, marriages, and deaths, extremely rare, and the entries very correct and precise, whilst in England (as in this case especially) the errors and omissions were (had been) more frequent. However, the filiation of the Baroness might, for a moment, be doubtful; the Baron de Feuchères had repeatedly, by his acts and writings, acknowledged it. The advocate did not attempt to divine or explain the reasons why the late Baroness assumed the character of widow at the time of her marriage, and that she was not so had been incontestably proved by searching the registers at the Cape, and there the death of no William
Dawes could be found; also the registers of the East India Company. Equally fruitless had been searches in the registers of Southampton,* at which place the Baroness, at the time of her marriage, stated herself to have been born as the daughter of Richard and Jane Walker. It was, therefore, evident that the whole, for some special purpose, was a fiction. Displaying great family affection, though assuredly her widowhood was a fiction, she retained both her own names, gave to her imaginary father the Christian name of her real one, with the surname of Clark, which was that of her sister, and to her supposititious mother that of her real parent Jane, with the surname of one of her nieces, which was Walker.

- How self-evidently useful might not our monthly register of births, marriages and deaths at home and abroad, be to the families of many of those, who now, perhaps, regard it as of little worth—we allude particularly to the value and importance of our half-yearly double marriage index.

**Discover**y of an** An**cient Sword.—The readers of our last month's article entitled "The Old Coffin," will doubtless peruse with interest, the following account of a recent event mentioned in a Morning Journal.—At a sale which took place in the neighbourhood of Whitestone a short time since, a gentleman had knocked down to him a lot which contained, amongst a number of other articles, a very rusty old sword without a sheath, apparently of little or no value. It exhibited such a rusty, miserable appearance, that the sons of Israel present began immediately to ridicule the purchase he had made of his fortunate prize; inquiring whose it was; and what sum was asked for it. One of them (to keep up the joke) offered the owner the extraordinary sum of 7s., which he would most willingly have accepted, had it not been for fear of being laughed at, so little did he value it at the moment. He was led, however, shortly afterwards to have it cleaned, in order to ascertain whether it was worth anything or not, when, to his great astonishment, notwithstanding the contempt shown for it by the Jew brokers, it proved to be a most magnificent specimen of the kind of sword worn by noblemen in the middle ages. The hilt is of solid gold beautifully encircled by a curved silver chain, which winds round the handle from top to bottom in a spiral form, and is bordered by a very minute chain of fine gold. Everything connected with this part of the weapon displays the most exquisite workmanship; the pommel and the guard being composed of the most elaborate devices (trophies, escutcheons, &c.), on fine steel inlaid with silver.) The blade of this curious relic of antiquity is thirty-three and a half inches in length, fluted like the ordinary dress sword, but surprisingly broad and strong near the hilt, which is seven inches long. It appears that this superb piece of _verulanium has lain unnoticed in a room, amongst a quantity of old furniture, for nearly a century and a half, having been found in a field near Hadley-wood by one of the servants, in the early part of the last century. The polishing it has undergone lately has restored it to such an excellent condition, that several critics exist to afford some idea of the time it was made, and the artist's name, as the pommel is surrounded on the top by the Collar of the Garter and two other parts, bear the thistle and what appears to be the artist's peculiar mark,—a trefoil flower with the numbers 2 and 4. There are two other facts that may tend to throw some further light on the history of this curious weapon—viz. the celebrated engagement between the houses of York and Lancaster took place very near the spot on which it was discovered;—and Enfield-chase, where King James I. and most of the monarchs since his time have hunted, is close to it also. It is at present in the possession of a gentleman at Hadley, named Broullet, who has very kindly consented to show it to any amateur or antiquarian who might feel desirous of seeing so interesting a specimen of the art and magnificence of former times.

**The West-India Steamers.—Total Loss of the Medina.**—Captain Oman, commanding the Royal Mail Company's steamer, Desda, reached Falmouth, June 9, having left Bermuda, May 25, bringing thirty-four passengers. From him we have accounts of the loss of the Medina on a reef of rocks whilst entering Turk's Island in her outward route. Amongst the crew, all of whom were providentially saved, is the Lieutenant of the Earl of Elgin, the late newly-appointed Governor, his lady and suite, who escaped from the wreck with the despatches only. The Jamaica passengers were understood to have proceeded by the royal mail steamer, Tweed. Captain Burney, we must add, has received the highest testimonial of his zeal and efficiency in this service, how unfortunate soever the catastrophe of the trip.

**Sir,—Nassau being the point from which the most immediate and direct communication can be made as to the state of the passengers and crew of the West India steam vessel Medina, which was wrecked on a reef of rocks on Thursday morning, the 12th May, to the east end of Turk's Island, striking at one o'clock A.M., I have accordingly prepared the following brief statement for insertion in your journal, as I consider it the most certain mode of putting the relations and friends of the passengers and crew in possession of the material circumstances connected with the wreck of this splendid vessel, as well as the destruction of property to an enormous amount (but whether insured or not, I have not been able to ascertain.)**
Miscellaneous.

In the first place, by the mercy of the Almighty, not a life has been lost, nor have any serious injuries been received by the passengers or crew. The baggage has in a great portion been recovered by the exertions of the crew of the Medina, as well as by the activity and the rapid assistance offered by Captain Restrick, of the contract West India schooner Larne, in receiving all baggage on board when conveyed to his vessel.

To the shore boats, under the judicious order of Mr. Missick, of Turk's Island, we are also much indebted, not only as far as concerned the baggage, but in the immediate and rapid removal of the women and children from the wreck, when the uncertainty existed as to the vessel keeping her position, and apprehensions were entertained of her capsizing.

On the 13th many statements were forwarded to soothe the affliction of Captain Burney's wife and family, who would be in a most wretched state of suspense. In these testimonials the zealous conduct of the officers of the ship is particularly noticed; but as I remained on board the Medina until four o'clock p.m. to render any assistance in my power, I confess the opportunity of observing the cool and firm manner in which the officers carried on the duties and executed the orders of Captain Burney.

Although I feel confident this matter will be thoroughly investigated, I cannot refrain from making the following observations with respect to the theoretic route, as laid down in the prospectus of the company in the book sent out to Barbadoes about two years ago, a copy of which I showed to Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Royal Navy, formerly stipendiary magistrate, now residing at Barbadoes.

This officer said he could not understand why Turk's Island had been selected, and that it would be the destruction of some of the vessels of this steam company; that he had had frequent opportunities of seeing that island, and that from the uncertain direction and strength of the currents, and the rocky coast, he did not feel comfortable whilst in that neighbourhood, although in a handy ship of war and with a highly disciplined crew.

My next remark is, that the company might now have the most beneficial advice and opinion on every matter by reference to Commodore Byng and Captain Paget, R.N., who witnessed from the beginning to the end the practical work of the Medina.

When this vessel settled down, and got firmly imbedded across the reefs, which ran at right angles with her keel, and which could be perceived by the whole frame of the heavy steam machinery being forced up about seven or eight inches, the mercy of Providence was clearly shown, and that there was a prospect of the loss of life being very trifling, in comparison to what would have been the result had she lain in an oblique position on the said reef, or parallel to it, in which case she might have been capsized by the heaving of the sea; and as heavy articles of every description were loose about the decks, amongst the rest 229 iron jars of quicksilver, each weighing from 90lb. to 100lb., which were to have been disembarked at the first owing to their great value, as well as chains, spars, &c., almost all loose, the cabin doors broken open, and opening and shutting with the greatest violence every time the sea struck her. Had she capsized 179 persons (150 men, 15 women, and 14 children) would in all probability have been drowned or crushed to death, the water being deep on all sides of the reef. A message was delivered in my presence to Captain Burney, by Lieutenant Davis, Admiralty agent of the Tweed, that Lieutenant Keatley, R.N., on leave of absence from the Tweed, begged to offer his services to do all that lay in his power on board the Medina, which were gladly accepted and were very efficient.

On my reaching the Larne schooner I learned that the passengers for Jamaica were ordered to the Tweed; those for England to the schooner Larne.

I am happy to say his Excellency the Earl of Elgin, with his lady, and Lady Charlotte Bruce, were ultimately removed to the Tweed, they having embarked from the Medina, and reached the Larne, with nothing but his Lordship's despatches.

The detachment of the 2d West India regiment stationed at Turk's Island, under the command of Lieutenant Howell, were most active and useful, as will be seen by the official letter, addressed to me by the Admiralty agent now on board here in charge of her Majesty's mails, the original of which I have handed over to the officer commanding the left wing at Nassau.

Having some shares in this company, I consider I am entitled to give my opinion on the matter for the benefit of others who may have invested their money in this great national undertaking, and, should even their shares rise above par, I should still hold on firmly with the company.

The passengers who are to go to England of the Medina, when wrecked, are Robert Dick Esq., of the island of Trinidad, with his family; M. Rene, a resident of St. Thomas's, but a native of Bordeaux; and a Mr. Harrisoutz, a Polish gentleman, lately from Laguayra—these gentlemen are ready to express their entire satisfaction at the ample attendance and obliging conduct of all the authorities on board the Medina and Larne, which must be gratifying to any person interested in the welfare of this establishment, so desirable to be entertained uninterrupted
Miscellaneous.

not only by the colonies of Great Britain, but by those of the States.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FALLS, Lieutenant-Colonel, Deputy Adjutant-General in the Leeward and Windward Islands.

Note.—The success which attended the removal of the females, particularly some foreigners, must be attributed to the cool and firm manner in which Mrs. Crawford, the lady of the Consul for Savannah, answered and explained many anxious inquiries, so likely to be put to her on an occasion of the kind.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF SWEATING THE COIN.

The sweating sickness now broke out again in London, and carried off a great number of people; which distemper, as formerly, was peculiar to the English, for it became epidemic to the nation both at home and abroad. The citizens of London, as they were great sufferers by this dreadful pestilence in their persons, so were they likewise soon after (as now) in their estates, by the reduction of the base coin, coined in the reign of the time of the late king, which was now, by order of the council, lowered one half. A. D. 1552.

A plague upon this sweating is the cry throughout the nation, and never was there greater inconvenience, nay even suffering, or more just cause of complaint. The measure seems to have been adopted by the government in consequence of a remonstrance on the part of London bankers, and we are far from blaming any one with respect to the measure; but as to the method, we think that the standard weight at which the gold coin was considered to be weight ought to have been fixed; that every facility should have been afforded the public of testing their sovereigns; of parting with those they have at the visible loss; and last, and not the least important part, getting full-weight sovereigns in exchange, instead of the only legitimate means, taking them to the bank fifty at a time. Now we know that we have had to allow as much as 6d. on half-a-sovereign —good money according to appearance; nay, even 7d. has been paid, and from 2d. to 6d. are deducted from some sovereigns: nay more, the greatest difficulty prevails to obtain change. Let then the mint coin as quickly as possible 1842 gold, with a Prince of Wales' feather on the reverse, all the old gold be taken in (instead of the people), and the prince's emblem will be hailed throughout the kingdom as the harbinger of Peace, for sad, indeed, and unjust have been the losses and inconveniences to many people, which have no doubt been greatly increased by the capacity of money-changers, and by many timid people, who, not to lose twopence, estimate the loss at twice what it really is.

We have heard of one instance where twopence-farthing was deducted at a shop upon a sovereign, after the estimated loss elsewhere was 6d.; but we have not heard of so small a deduction as one penny being made by any one. The following explanations and calculations, from a morning journal, are valuable, and will be read with interest:—

The principal source of the error into which many persons have fallen when calculating the allowance to be made on light sovereigns, appears to have been the taking the weight of 5 dwt. two grains and a half, under which they are not allowed by the proclamation to pass current, as being the full weight of the coin; and thence supposing that if a sovereign weighs fully 5 dwt. 2 grains, that there is only a loss of half a grain, the value of which is 1d., and so on in proportion for other deficiencies; a very short explanation will suffice for pointing out this error.

By the English Mint regulations, one ounce Troy of standard gold (that is, of 22 carats pure gold and 2 carats of alloy) is to be coined so as to represent a value in money of 3l. 17s. and ten-pence half-penny sterling; and agreeably to the principle, the coinage act of 1817 enacts that 46 29-10 sovereigns are to be coined out of 1 pound Troy. This, when reduced to integral numbers, is the same as saying that 1,869 sovereigns are to be coined from 40 pounds Troy. The calculated Mint weight of one sovereign should therefore be 5 dwt. 3.2745 grains, or rather more than 123 grains and a quarter. The half sovereign, in proportion, should weigh 2 dwt. 13 grains and five-eighths. The value of 1 grain of standard gold is therefore equal to 1.94688 pence, which, for practical purposes, must be called 2 pence sterling, when used for buying and selling small quantities of gold.

But as slight errors in the coinage are unavoidable, the Master of the Mint is allowed a variation in the weight of 12 grains in each pound Troy; that is, if the 46 29-10 sove-
reigns weigh within 12 grains of the pound Troy, the coin is suffered to pass into circulation as full weight.

This allowance is equal to 0.2568 grains on each sovereign, being rather more than a quarter of a grain, the value of which is 0.499964, or as nearly as possible one halfpenny sterling.
The full weight of a sovereign being, grains as before stated

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The weight, therefore, at which it may be suffered to issue from the Mint is as nearly as possible 123 grains; equal to 5 dwt. 3 grains.

The loss by wear and tear of the coin, and which by law is to be borne by the public, must therefore be the difference between the actual weight of a worn sovereign and the weight when issued from the Mint, and not the difference between the present weight and the weight of 5 dwt. two and a half grains, which is the lowest sufferance weight allowed by the proclamation.

But here a difficulty occurs. In selling back the old coin to the Government as mere bullion, ought the public to be charged with the difference arising from comparing the present weight with the full estimated coinage weight of five dwt. three grains and a quarter, or with the allowed weight 5 dwt. 3 grains, at which it may be suffered to issue from the Mint?

The difference between the two methods is only one-fourth of a grain, or one halfpenny sterling on a single sovereign; but becomes of some importance when the whole coinage is considered.

It certainly would appear to be the more equitable course to claim of the public only that loss which is fixed by law; or that fixed by law, if they may have received a few years back from the Government, viz., the allowance weight of 5 dwt. 3 grains, as it is to be presumed that whatever error may arise in the coinage will most probably be on what the Government would call the right side—that is, an error of deficiency within the limits of the law.

The following would then be the scale of loss on light sovereigns:—

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<th>Allowed weight when issued from the Mint, 5 dwt. 3 gr.</th>
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<td><strong>Minimum weight for circulation, as fixed by the proclamation, 5 dwt. two and half gr.</strong></td>
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Short of this not exceeding half grain, say weight above 5 dwt. two grains, loss one grain, value 2d.

Short of this not exceeding one grain, say weight above 5 dwt. one grain and a half, loss one and half grain, value 3d.

Short of this not exceeding one grain and a half, say weight above 5 dwt. one grain, loss two grains, value 4d., &c.

If, however, the full calculated weight of 5 dwt. three and a quarter grains is taken, instead of the allowed issuing weight, then the loss in all cases becomes one quarter of a grain more, whose value is one halfpenny, which sum must be added to each of the above rates.

For half sovereigns, the allowed weight is 2 dwt. thirteen grains and a half, minimum weight for circulation, 2 dwt. thirteen and one-eight grains.

Short, not exceeding half grain, say weight above 2 dwt. twelve and five-eights grains, loss seven-eights grains, value one penny three farthings.

Short, not exceeding one grain, say weight above 2 dwt. twelve and one-eights grains, loss one and three-eights grains, value two pence three farthings.

Short, not exceeding one grain and a half, say weight above 2 dwt. eleven and five-eights grains, loss one and seven-eights grains, value three-pence three farthings.

If the full calculated weight of 2 dwt. thirteen and five-eights grains is used for the half-sovereign, then the loss becomes in all cases one-eighth of a grain more, value one farthing sterling, which must be added to each of the above rates.

It must be observed, that if the Government have not called in the defective coinage, nor do they offer to take it back from the holder; they have merely reminded the public, that by law no sovereigns can be a legal tender if under the weight of 5 dwt. two and half grains each; and they leave them to make the most of all coin below that weight by selling it as mere bullion at the best price they can obtain.

The Bank of England has offered to buy light coin at the legal Mint price of three pound seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce for standard gold. This is three half-pence higher than the present market price of standard gold, which is three pound seventeen shillings and ninpence.

If, therefore, a person were to take to them for sale fifty sovereigns, weighing on an average 5 dwt. 2 grains each, they would form an aggregate weight of 12 oz. 14 dwt. 4 grains, which at the above price of three pound seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce would be equal to forty-nine pounds nine shillings and eightpence, showing a loss to the seller on fifty sovereigns of ten shillings and fourpence.

Each of the above sovereigns being supposed to weigh on an average 5 dwt. 2 grains, the deficiency on each, as compared with the strict legal weight, is one grain and a quarter, that is in all sixty-two grains and a half, which at twopence per grain is worth ten shillings and fivepence.

The above difference of one penny arises from taking the value of one grain of gold as being worth twopence, when in fact, as shown by the previous calculations, it is worth only 1.91688d.
The common rate of deduction in the shops has been twopence for a grain, fourpence for two, which at 123 grains to a pound sterling, is equal to £1.0s.6d., thereby reducing the value of a light sovereign to 19s. 6d.

APPLICATION OF THE TERM. "A COOL THOUSAND."—THE LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.—It is not true that the very hot weather has led to the Queen’s proclamation on the subject of "sweating sovereigns." We understand, however, that Sir Peter Laurie has placed all his ready cash in an ice-house, in order to keep the gold from getting into a violent perspiration from the intense heat that has been lately prevalent. After the allusion to "sweating sovereigns," we can perfectly understand the meaning of parties betting a cool thousand," which of course means a thousand pounds that have not been sweated.—**Punch.**

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.—In our obituary, says the Inverness Courier, will be found recorded the death of two young ladies, the Misses Roy, Teetan Cottage, by Ardersier, which occurred under striking and affecting circumstances. The eldest had been confined to bed with illness, and was supposed to be in a dying state, when her sister approached her bed to take farewell of her. The latter was in her usual health, but on approaching the bed, she instantly fell forward and expired! The invalid sister survived this awful shock only about four hours, and both were interred in the same grave in June last, in the family burying ground at Forres. The young ladies were beloved by all for their kind and pious dispositions, and their unceasing attentions to the poor and afflicted. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided."

The Georgia of London.—At page 510 of our last Number (June, 1842), is an account of the destruction of the above vessel by fire, and the supposed loss of the Captain and others.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL’S STATEMENT.—"**Algoa Bay, April 1, 1842.** Gentlemen, on the 1st of last month, when about 1,000 miles from the nearest land, we discovered the cargo of the Georgia to be on fire. We immediately tried to do the utmost in our power to extinguish it by throwing water down amongst that portion of the cargo where the flames appeared to have a hold, but to no use. I then caused all the hands to be closely hauled down, which continued so for seven or eight hours, and the fire apparently was being smothered, when the ship Thomas Sparks, on the passage to London, came up to us. I hailed the commander, Captain Sparks, requesting him to stop by us all night, as the ship was on fire, but he refused to answer without I came on board of his ship, which I did, taking with me the longboat and five of the crew. Upon Captain Sparks ascertaining the circumstances which I related to him, he agreed to stop by the ship and render all the assistance he possibly could. I then left him for the purpose of returning to my own ship. When within a short distance of her she measured me sail and follow Captain Sparks’ vessel, who had hoisted a light and gone a-head. I, together with those in the boat, shouted with all our might, but was unable to make them hear, and they pursued their course. I think my mate, whom I had left on board, must have mistaken the light which was hoisted by Captain Sparks as a signal that I was going to remain some time on board of her and that he was to follow; at least I cannot form any other idea for his so unaccountably leaving us. By great exertions at the oars we kept sight of both vessels’ lights for two hours, when we lost sight of them in the distance. I kept in the same direction, or as near as I possibly could, as the ships were steering till noon the following day, when giving up all hopes of falling in with them, and having no water or provisions except a few pumpkins which providentially happened to be in the boat, I made for the land, making a sail of our shirts, and steering by the sun and stars. On the fifth day we made the land, and on reaching it searched for water, which we happily succeeded in obtaining, but not being able to get a supply of provisions from the wild natives we were compelled to put to sea again, intending on starting to coast to this place. However, on the seventh day we were overtaken by a storm and were necessitated to make for shore; when within half a mile, and the sea running high, the boat filled and turned over. After a long struggle I was washed on shore on one of the oars. Three of the crew clung to the sunken boat, which kept turning over every wave, and one saved himself by swimming. Providentially all of them reached the beach in safety though greatly exhausted. After travelling 50 miles bereft of directions, we got conducted to a Wesleyan missionary station, where we met with very kind attention. I arrived here to-day, having travelled 20 days in a government waggon, which was returning from Natal. I expect to get a vessel in two days bound for the Cape, where I shall get a vessel for England. The fate of the Georgia I am at a loss to conjecture. When I left her the fire had all appearance of being under. Had she put into the Cape there would have been accounts of it. You will know before the receipt of this. Yours respectfully,

"WALTER MITCHELL"
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office for Printing and Publishing the Court Magazine, No. 5, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

Registration of a Birth or Death, 3s.  
Marriage, 5s.

A plan of a Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births and Deaths was proposed some years back to the 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, namely 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 somewhere 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 ———— in a recent number. — His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred, Likewise also with persons marrying away 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 assurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age.

NOTICE.

The following is suggested as an improved Mode of Registering for those who would avail themselves of this Register:—

BIRTH.*
Russell, Ann, lady of D. Watts——, Esq., of a son, (named Edward); at Biggin-hall, in the County of Northampton, April 24th.

MARRIAGE.†

DEATH.‡
Eaton, Thomas Henry, Esq., 2nd son of William Edward——, Esq., of Dublin, on board the Oriental, off Falmouth, on his passage from Malta, aged 34, April 12th; South Metropolitan Cemetery. (No. 218.)

* Particulars and Mode of Registration of Birth.—1. The Lady's name. 2. Christian name. 3. Rank or Station. 4. Husband's rank or calling. 5. Son or daughter. 6. Place. 7. Date. 8. The Child's intended name.—(Parties thinking proper to do so, could afterwards transmit to us, after Christening, the No. of the Register, name of the Church where Christened, and the same would be added in the Index.)

† Particulars and Mode of Registration of Marriage.—1. Surname. 2. Christian name. 3. Eldest or other daughter. 4. Father's name, rank, or calling. 5. The Father's place of abode. 6. Christian and Surname, rank or calling, and residence of the husband. 7. Further particulars when desired of the bridegroom, and particularly when the eldest son, with his father's name, rank or calling, and residence. 8. The Church or place where the ceremony was performed, and Minister's name. 9. Date of the Marriage. 10. No. of the Register; and it would be well, in case of the destruction of the Register, to add the names of the attesting witnesses to the marriage.


Registration of Marriages, Births, & Deaths from the country.—Notices, accompanied by a remittance of postage stamps, would be received at the office—the letters being prepaid—the charges are for Marriage entries, 5s., not exceeding five lines; Births or Deaths, 3s. each, not exceeding three lines; Monumental inscriptions, 6d. a line.
BIRTHS.

Alhizzi, Countess, of a daughter; June 8.
Alves, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel N. Alves, of the Madras Army, of a son and heir; Cadogan-place, June 16.
Anderson, the Hon. Mrs. of a son; at Montpelier-road, Brighton, June 12.
Archibald, lady of C. D. Archibald, esq., of a daughter; at Leamington, June 16.
Armitage, Lady, of a son and heir; at Kirkjess Park, York, April 26.
Ayerst, lady of Thomas Brabazon, esq., of a son; at Naples, June 2.
Beachcroft, Mrs. Samuel, of a son; Cadogan-place, June 17.
Barker, lady of Edmund, esq., of a daughter; at Brinsop-square, June 16.
Bell, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel James, 1st Madras European Regiment, of a son; at Secunderabad, April 27.
Barton, wife of John, esq., of a daughter; at Topham Lodge Wells, June 2.
Browell, wife of Lieut. Longton, of her Majesty's steam frigate Vixen, of a son; at Bath, May 19.
Bouwens, lady Julia, of a son; at the Rectory, Stoke Hammond, Bucks, April 22.
Bright, lady of James, esq., M.D., of a son; at Wimbledon, June 3.
Burke, lady of James St. George, esq., of a son; Park-street, Westminster, April 27.
Cox, the lady of George H. R., esq., of a daughter; at Spondon, Derbyshire, June 14.
Chalcoft, lady of Wm., esq., of a daughter; at Bramshott-house, Hants, June 16.
Cook, lady of Henry, esq., of a daughter; at Scrunton-hall, Yorkshire, June 6.
Conquest, Mrs. John, of a son; Woburn-square, June 8.
Curteis, wife of Edward Barnett, esq., of a daughter; at Heathfield-park, June 20.
Duffield, lady of Thomas, esq., of a daughter; at Heathfield-park, June 20.
Ellis, Mrs. George Stevenson, of a daughter; at the South Sea House, June 6.
Fry, Mrs. Wm. Stovis, of a son; June 18.
Garratt, lady of John, jun., esq., of a son; at Hillington, Middlesex, June 18.
Gardiner, wife of John, esq., of a daughter; in Ulster Place, June 21.
Gower, Mrs. Edwin, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, June 2.
Hall, lady of Lieut.-Col., of a son; at Weymouth, May 20.
Hampson, lady of Captain, of Henllys, Anglesea, of a daughter; at Ottenington-house, Yorkshire, June 11.
Hazeridge, lady of Sir Arthur Grey, Bart., of a daughter; at Nosley-hall, Leicestershire, May 14.
Hope, Lady Mary, of a daughter; at Kew, June 2.
Jervis, Mrs. Swynfen, of a daughter; in Whitehall-place, June 15.
Manville, lady of Lieut.-Col. C., of the Madras Establishment, of a son; Regent's Park, June 1.
Ogilvy, Lady Jane, of a daughter; at Baldovan-house, June 9.
Ouizell, Madame Edmonde, wife of the advocate, Courtoy Royal, of a son; at Paris, May 20.
Pagano, Mrs. of a daughter; at Brook-green, June 15.
Peake, lady of Captain T. L., Royal Navy, of a daughter; May 26.
Ramsden, Hon. Mrs. Henry, of a daughter; at Ledston-hall, Yorkshire, June 1.
Ravenhill, the lady of the Rev. Edward Hamer, of a son; at Lyminster-lodge, near Arundel, June 14.
Richmond, wife of John, esq., of a son; Chester-place, Belgrave-square, June 2.
Scott, Hon. Mrs., of a son, Hereford-street, May-fair, June 12.
Smyth, lady of W. Bowyer, esq., of a daughter; Upper Grosvenor-street, June 11.
Sparks, the lady of James, esq., of a son; at Bythe, June 13.
St. John, Lady, of a daughter; at Melchbourne-park, Bedfordshire, June 13.
Toker, lady of Philip Champion, esq., of a daughter; at Bridge-house, Henden, June 17.
Trower, lady of Frederick, esq., of a son; June 23.
Wilson, Mrs. Richard, of a daughter; Perry Vale, near Sydenham, June 8.
Windsor, Mrs. Henry W. J., of a son; at Muswell-hill, June 14.

MARRIAGES.

Alston, Isabella Connell, ygst. dau. of J. T. Alston, esq. Abercromby-square, Liverpool, to the Rev. Frederick W. Mant, 2d son of the Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore; at St. Bride's Church, Liverpool, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Down, June 2.
Bigler, Mrs., widow of the late George Bigler, of Isworth, Suffolk, to Thomas James, esq. of Cork; at Croydon, June 8.
Brune, Mary, daughter of Patrick Brune, esq. of Castlebridge, Wexford, to J. Lyster O’Beine, esq.; at Castlebridge, May 20.
Brown, Ann Frances, only daughter of the late Thomas James Brown, esq. of Kew, in the island of Jamaica, to Wm. Drummond Oswald, esq. of Putney; at Putney Church, by the Rev. E. Allen, A.M., June 14.
Carr, Sarah, 2d daughter of the late Thomas Carr, esq., of Churchyard Court, Temple, to John Cobb, esq., by the Rev. J. Graham; at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, June 2.
Cator, Louisa, daughter of Captain Bertie Cator, R.N., of Bexley, Kent, to George, ysgt. son of General Vernon, of Hilton-park, Stafford; May 31.

Chauncey, Charlotte, 3d daughter of Nath. Snell Chauncey, of Little Munden, to Frederick, eldest son of T. F. Maples, esq. of Hornsey, Middlesex, by the Rev. C. Jollands, rector; at Little Munden, June 16.

Clarendon, Margaret Fraser, only daughter of the late Lennox Clendan, esq., Barrister-at-Law, in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, to Samuel Davenport, esq., son of George Davenport, esq., of Oxford; at Brompton, June 1.

Coen, Caroline, ysgt. dau. of Hymen Coen, esq. of Mansell-street, to Abraham Levy, esq., of Paris, by the Rev. S. Herschel; June 1.


Daniel, Catherine Susanna, eldest daughter of Thomas Daniel, esq., of Stoodle-hall, Devon, and grand-daughter of the venerable and wealthy and much respected Alderman Daniel, of Bristol, to the Rev. Wm. Farr Pitman, of Whalford, Devon, son of James Pitman, esq., of Dunchideock Park, in the same county. The poor of the united parishes of Stoodleley and Whalford were regaled with an ample supply of good old English cheer; the scene was much enlivened by the mirth and gaiety of the younger branches of the parishioners, who were entertained in new dresses and bonnets befitting the occasion, presented to them by the wealthy occupier of Stoodleley Hall, after the ceremony a splendid dejeuner was prepared at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Daniel, at which sixty of the principal nobility and gentry were present. The happy bridegroom and the lovely and accomplished bride afterwards dined in their elegant equipage and four for Malvern, Worcester, to spend the honeymoon; and from thence to New-timber Park, near Brighton, the seat of Mrs. Chas. Gordon, the bridegroom's sister; at Stedley by the Rev. E. Grey, of Hanbury, Somerset May 31.

Day, Frances Caroline, daughter of John Day, esq., Middlesex, to Thomas Cooper, esq., of Tottenham, of the same place, by the Rev. H. P. Dunster, M.A.; at Tottenham Church, June 4.

Dela Rue, Jane Champion, eldest daughter of Thomas Dela Rue, esq., to Isaac James, esq.; at St. Luke's, June 7.

Dixon, Lucy, daughter of the late James Wild Dixon, esq. of Woeworth, to Charles Burrows, esq., by the Rev. E. Harden; at All Saints, Norwood, June 1.

Easton, Mary Utten, only daughter of the late James Utten Easton, esq., to Richard Cooke Yarborough, esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, 2d son of the late John Cooke Yarborough, esq. of Campmount, in the county of York, by the H. B. Cooke, rector of Darfield; at St. George's, Camberwell, June 2.

Eccles, Margaret, daughter of H. Eccles, esq., of Glasgow, to T. J. W. French, esq., of Pinkston; at Glasgow, May 12.

Edmonstone, Louisa, daughter of the late N. B. Edmonstone, esq. of Portland-place, to the Rev. T. Clements Browne, son of the late Col. Browne, Bengal artillery; at Leamington, June 11.

Ellis, Mary, 2d daughter of Wm. Viner Ellis, esq., of Minsterworth, to Abraham H. Phillips, esq., merchant, Gloucester; at Minsterworth, Gloucestershire, June 14.

Enton, Harriet, eldest daughter of H. J. Enton, esq. of Eton-square, to Edward L. Jacobson, esq., Knight of the Order of the Netherlands Lion; at Eton-square, June 1.


Fowler, Mary, only daughter of the Rev. John Fowler, of Harefield, Southampton, to Wm. Roberts Worsley, esq., youngest son of the late Rev. James Worsley, of Billingham, Isle of Wight, by the Rev. W. S. Fowler; at West End Church, near Southampton, June 9.

Finch, Mary Franklin, eldest daughter of the late Robert Finch, esq. of Dolley's-hill, the Rev. Robert C. Jenkins, B.A., curate of Willesden, by the Rev. Dr. Knapp; at Willesden, June 14.


Hawksley, Amelia Alicia, relic of the late John Hawksley, esq., of Dublin, to Henry Houghton Irving, esq. Major 3d regiment; at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, June 2.

Heathfield, Mary Louisa, youngest daughter of Richard Heathfield, esq., of Green-lanes, Stoke Newington, to George Cook Yarborough, esq., of Campmount, in the county of York; at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, June 9.

Hickman, Mary, daughter of the late Richd. Hickman, esq., of Oldswinford, County Worcester, to Zachariah Pigott, esq., of Southfleet, Kent; at St. Pancras Church, June 2.


Howle, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Howle, esq. of Turnham-green, to Mr. John Taylor, of the Poultry, by the Rev. S. George, M.A.; at Chiswick Church, June 15.


Humphreys, Catherine, only daughter of the late Samuel Humphreys, of Wimbledon, to Robert Henry Baines, esq., of Gray's Inn, by the
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Rev. Edward Baines, rector of Bluntisham, Hunts; at St. Pancras, June 16.

Ingilby, Esther, 2d daughter of late Rev. H. Ingilby, and niece of the late Sir J. Ingilby, Bart., Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, to the Rev. William Wright, Rector of Healing, Lincolnshire; at Hackthorn Church, near Lincoln, June 14.


Lomex, Mrs., of Chester Place, to Sydney Smith, esq. of Cricklodge, Middlesex; June 19.

McCarty, Lydia, daughter of Justin McCarty, esq., Canignober, county Cork, to Lowther T. Forrest, esq., Bengal Army; at Frankfort, May 14.

Morier, Frances Horatia, eldest daughter of John Morier, esq., late Minister at Dresden, to the Hon. and Rev. Edward Hatbottle Grimshy, Rector of the Great Penton and Countess of Verulam, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle; at St. George's, Hanover-square, June 15.

Onell, Mary Ann, daughter of the late John Onell, esq., of Seacombe, Cheshire, to Augusus J. Clark, esq., of Clarion; June 14.

Oswald, Margaret, eldest daughter of John Oswald, esq., of the Palace, Croydon, to Alfred Rhodes Bristow, esq., of Greenwich, Kent, by the Rev. H. Lindsay, vicar; at the parish church, Croydon, Surrey, June 16.


Pateshull, Anne Elizabeth, only child of the late Wm. Pateshull, esq., to Evan Thomas, esq., Brecon, youngest son of the late D. Thomas, of Wellfield, Radnor; at St. Peter's Church, Hereford, May 24.

Read, Emily Anna Macleod, daughter of C. R. Read, esq., of Holyport, Berks, to Seymour Clarke, esq., of Eastbourne-terrace, Harrow-road, by the Rev. W. Levet, vicar; at St. Michael's, Bray, June 2.

Reid, Mary Ann, 2d daughter of Jos. Reid, esq., of Thornton Heath, Surrey, to Frederick Clarke, esq., son of Charles Clarke, esq., of Dulwich, by the Rev. Henry Lindsay, vicar; at Croydon Church, June 11.

Russell, Jane, daughter of Bourn Russell, esq., of Maitland, and niece of the late Sir Henry Chamberlaine, to John Wm. M'Curdy, esq.; at West Maitland, June 7.

Sherrard, Isabella, daughter of the late Robert Sherrard, esq., of Oundle, to Captain J. W. Crompton, formerly of the 66th Regiment; at Polebrook, Northamptonshire, June 24.

Smith, Julia, daughter of the late Rev. B. Smith, Rector of Great Ponson, Lincoln, to the Rev. Henry Schneider, rector of Carlton Scroop; at Leadenham, June 12.

Tireman, Maria Frances, only daughter of the late Wm. Tireman, esq., of Chichester, to Wm. Congreve, son of the late Sir Joseph MacLean, of the Royal Artillery, by the Rev. J. Carnegie; at the parish church, Woolwich, June 14.

Tebbett, Maria, youngest daughter of the late Alfred Tebbett, esq., to John Charles Parrott, eldest son of John Parrott, esq., of Clapham Common; at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, June 1.

Thompson, Anne, youngest daughter of the late James Thompson, of Calcutta, Charles K. Vigers, esq., of Truro, Cornwall, by the Rev. D. F. Vigers; at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, June 14.

Wals, Ellen, daughter of Percival Walsh, esq., of Stanton Horemy, Oxon, to Henry R. Fortescue, esq., of Fallapit, Devon, June 7.

Ward, Hon. Julia Susannah, daughter to the late and sister of the present Lord Ward, to the Rev. T. L. Cloughton, vicar of Kidderminster, June 16.


Young, Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Walter Young, esq., to Charles Jenyns, esq., 2d son of the Rev. George Jenyns, of Bittisham, in the county of Cambridge, by the Rev. Wm. Skynner; at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, June 16.

DEATHS.

Adams, Samuel, esq., formerly at Totness, Devon, and late barracks-master at Hounsow; at Mitcham, aged 73, June 16.

Aistable, Benjamin, esq., Park-place, Regent's-park, aged 68, June 3.


Allatt, Mary, wife of Dr. Allatt; at Boulogne, aged 48, May 30.

Annand, Wm. esq., of Belmont, after a long and painful illness; at Aberdeen, sincerely regretted, May 30.

Applegate, Mrs. Jane Havis, Roupell-street, Lambeth, aged 51, June 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Awdry, Andrew, esq.; at Send Wilts, Magistrate and Deputy-Lient. for the County, June 15.

Barlow, Samuel, esq.; Great Suffolk-street, Southwark, aged 89, June 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Barratt, Thomas, Mr.; at Wootley paper-mill, near Wells, Somerset, after a short illness; June 13.

Bate, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late John Bate, esq., of the Circus Bath, Promenade, Cheltenham; at Broomfield-house, Worcester, May 31.

Bayley, William Prittle, esq., late Captain of the 92nd Highlanders, June 22.

Bode, Frederick, esq., jun.; at Lynhurst, Hants, in his 43d year, June 10.

Boody, Tracie Adeline, dau. of John Marlett Boddy, esq., of Lambeth-terrace, aged 2 yr. 6 wks, June 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bowers, Willoughby William, 20 years under-Secretary to the Marine Society, aged 41; May 29.

Brooke, Rt. Hon. Henry, Baron Congleton, in the 66th year of his age, June 8.
Brewster, Thomas, eld. son of Mr. Thomas Brewster, formerly of Wades-mill, Herts, beloved and regretted by all who knew him, of decline, in his 30th year, June 10.

Buchanan, Jane, wife of Dr. Buchanan; at Cheshunt, June 7.

Carr, William, 2d son of George Carr, esq.; at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, aged 17, June 16.

Chichester, Sir Arthur, bart., of Yoolston, Devon, aged 52, May 29.


Clarke, Percy Ernest, esq., son of John Percy Clarke, esq., Vincent-square, Westminster, aged 15 months, June 13; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Clarke, Frederick, esq.; at Reading, formerly of Streatham, June 25.

Cooke, John, Ludgate-hill, aged 81, May 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Copeland, Eliza White, grand-dau. of the late John Copeland, esq., of Juer-house, Bucks; at Spring Southam, near Leamington, aged 26, June 18.


Coventry, Thomas Darley, esq., D.L. of Greenlands, Bucks, June 1.


Crookenden, T., esq., of Rushford, Suffolk; at Cheltenham, aged 80, May, 31.

Crook, William, esq.; at his residence Albon-terance, Canbury, aged 71, May 24.

Cullen, Isabella, relict of Col. W. Cullen of Parkhead, and eld. dau. of the late Sir Archibald Hope, bart.; at Edinburgh, May 23.

Da Costa, Isaac Mendes, of the late firm of Mendes da Costa and Co., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Mocatta, 31, Woburn-place, of this city, and late of Mansell-street, Goodman’s-fields, and Bedford-sq., June 10.

Davies, Wm. esq.; at his residence, Cabalava, in the county of Radnor, June 12.

Davison, Sarah, relict of the late John Davison, esq.; at his residence, Grove End, St. John’s Wood, aged 71, June 23.


Dover, George, esq., Great Dover-street, Southwark, aged 71, June 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Elliot, Edward Joseph, son of William Stephen Elliott, York-road, Lambeth, aged 5 years May 23; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Eyre, Edward, esq.; at his residence, Marine Parade, Dover; aged 35; June 7.

Forrest, Thomas A., at Adelaide, South Australia, youngest son of the late Mr. Daniel Forrest, merchant, Edinburgh; Jan. 18.

Frisch, Miss Jane, late of Homerton, after a few days illness, in her 39th year, June 16.

Gill, James, son of Thomas Gill, Upper East Smithfield aged 23, June 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Grinley, Elizabeth, Kendall-house, North Brixton, aged 29, June 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Griffiths, Rear-Admiral Anselm John, at the residence of Captain William Dawson, R.N.; aged 73, 14th inst.

Hale, Mr. Daniel, eld. son of the late William Hale, esq., of Homerton; aged 41, June 14.

Halliday, S. W. H., esq., one of the Lords of the Manor of Camberwell, and head of the ancient family of Halliday, at Bromptown Hall, Middlesex; aged 77, June 20.

Harvey, Collan Henry, son of Richard Harvey, esq. of St. Day, Cornwall; at Blackheath, aged 5, June 11.

Hance, Mrs., 37, Brompton-row, after a long and severe illness, aged 71, June 16.

Henderson, George, son of William Henderson, Kemington Lane, Vauxhall, aged 1, June 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Henderson, Robert, esq.; at Park Renfrewshire, Merchant, Glasgow, May 17.

Hennell, Eliza, 2nd daughter of the late J. Hennell, esq.; at Hackney, June 10.

Hewetson, Robert, esq.; at Bromley, Kent, of Trinity-square; aged 86, June 5.

Herring, Mary, wife of Robert William Herring, Brixton Row, aged 53, June 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Holt, Henry, esq., Brixton Row, aged 37, June 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Holland, Ann, wife of James Holland, Herries Buildings Lambeth, aged 50, June 3 South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hope, Moses, esq., at Brussels; aged 77, June 11.

Hughes, Edward Septimus, Bridge-house-place, Newington Causeway, aged 23, June 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Jackson, Catherine Haughton, relict of the late Edmund Jackson, of the Island of Jamaica, at her residence, Chatham Place, Edgehill, near Liverpool, May 24.

Johnson, Elizabeth, wife of Capten Willes Johnson, R.N., of her Majesty’s ship, Wolverine; at Dover, April 24.

Keen, Elizabeth, wife of John Keen, esq.; at Croyden, aged 79, June 8.

Kilvington, Elizabeth, Loughborough Row, Brixton, aged 32, June 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lowless, Alfred, ysg. son of Mr. Lowless, of Gordon-street, Gordon-square, Le Richeux, Mrs. Catherine; at Camberwell, a native of Rouen, aged 91; survived by her husband in his 100th year in the active and full possession of his faculties; June 24.

Macdonald, Boyd, esq., youngest son of the late John Macdonald; esq., of Greenock; at Parmebo, Surinam, April 7.

Mackay, Mrs. Sarah, Stamford-street, aged 74, May 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mathie, Mrs. Archibald Brown, eldest daughter of the late John Mathie, esq.; at Victoria-road, Kensington, June 11.

Marandey, Rev. F., Minister of St. Luke’s, Brunswick-st., St. James’s; at Boulogne, aged 49, June 10.

Markham, Charles, Lieutenant-Colonel, 2d battalion 60th Rifles; at Kingston, aged 39, April 22.
Mitchell, William, esq., eldest son of the late Michael Mitchell, esq., of Hornsey, Middlesex, aged 67; May 29.

Monkhouse, William Joseph, eld. son of Cyril Monkhouse, esq., of Craven-st.; at his rooms, Trinity Coll., Cambridge, after a few days illness, aged 19; May 31.

Newth, James George, son of George Eliahar Newth, Great Suffolk-street, Southwark, aged 3 months; June 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Perkins, James, Union-street, Southwark, aged 27; June 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pillans, Mary Ann, widow of the late Rev. R. Pillans, of Larling, Norfolk; June 14.


Preston, Rosabella, the eldest daughter of Robert Preston, esq., whose kind and affectionate disposition, and very amiable qualities deservedly endeared her to all her friends; at Chelsea, June 12.

Powell John, Crosby Row, Southwark, aged 78; May 51; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Rolfe, Miss, eldest surviving sister of the late Lord Rolfe, after a short illness; at her house in Gloucester-place, June 16.

Seward, Lieut. Mark F., 5th or King's Regt.; at Clifton, aged 24; June 8.

Sidmouth, Viscountess. This melancholy event took place at the White Lodge, Richmond-park, on the 26th of April last. Her Ladyship, who was in her 60th year, was dau. and sole heiress of that eminent judge and distinguished scholar, Lord Stowell, longer and still better known as Sir William Scott, and niece of that great statesman, most profound and conscientious lawyer, the late Earl of Eldon. Her Ladyship's mother was dau. and co-heiress with her sister (the Hon. Mrs. Windsor) of John Bognell, esq., of Earl's Court, county Berks, to whose estate, at the death of her father, Lady Sidmouth succeeded. Her Ladyship was twice married; first to Thomas Townsend, esq., eld. son of Gbore Townsend, esq., of Honnington Hall, Warwickshire, and of the Lady Elizabeth, dau. of Other, 4th Earl of Plymouth; and 2d, to the present Viscount Sidmouth.

Stanhope, Maria, dau. of W. Scott Stanhope, esq., of Ewell-house, Surrey; May 31.

Steains, Sarah, wife of James Steains, esq., Mornington-place, Camberwell, aged 29; June 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Steel, Francis, wife of George Steel, West-square, Southwark, aged 87; May 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Story, Claude William Bridgeman, youngest child of Anthony Browne Story, esq., of St. Alban’s, born on the 8th of July last; in London.

Syrett, Howard Mitchell, son of Henry Syrett, York-road, Kennington, aged 3 months; June 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stubbs, Francis Perry Stubbs, esq., of Hyde-park-place, formerly of Long-acre; at Hyde, Isle of Wight, June 7.

Talbot, Rosa, wife of Henry Talbot, esq., of Oakham, near Kidderminster, June 5.

Taylor, Charles, son of W. H. Taylor, esq., Water-lane, Brixton, aged 2 years 2 months, June 13; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Thompson, Lieut. A chief officer of the Coast Guards; at Dingle, Ireland, May 28.

Ward, John, Lieut.-Col., Almorall-house, Brixton, aged 64; June 22; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Ward, William, esq., of Cornwall-terrace, Regent's Park; at Jerusalem, aged 27, May 15.

Warrener, Georgina, dau. of George Warrener, George Yard, Lombard-street, aged 14 months, June 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

White, Robert, son of Joseph White, Chester-street, Kennington, aged 5 months. May 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wiggins, William, esq., Union-street, Blackfriars, aged 44; June 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wisdom, Rosa, dau. of Thomas Wisdom, esq., Milk-street, Cheapside, aged 1, June 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Blackfriars-road, at whose house he took tea. At nine o'clock in the evening, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hunt, he quitted the house to proceed to his own at Hoxton, and at the corner of Wellington-street, after parting with his friend, the Colonel entered an omnibus to convey him to Hoxton. The vehicle had not gone beyond the shop of Mr. Slack when the deceased suddenly desired to be let out; the conductor then led him into the shop of Mr. Slack, where he was accommodated with a chair; he had hardly seated himself when he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I am dying." Medical aid was instantly procured, and Mr. Thompson, of York-street, Covent-garden, immediately attended, but all human aid was vain—the vital spark had departed. The deceased had been engaged at the battle of Waterloo. In the late Spanish war also Colonel Harley raised, at his own expense, a regiment of 600 in the cause of Her Catholic Majesty. In addition to his rank in the British army he was a Knight of the Order of the Lamb and Sword.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
MONTHLY CRITIC.

The Education of Mothers of Families, or the Civilization of the Human Race by Women.
By M. Aimé Martin. Translated by Edwin Lee, Esq. Whittaker and Co.

This is a remarkable volume, the work of one who has deeply considered his subject, who brings to bear upon it much practical observation of his fellow man, who is a clear expositor of his doctrines and opinions, and who has gone through his work as though it were a labor of love. William Hazlitt might have been more metaphysical, Cobbett more powerful, Jeremy Bentham more analytical, Rousseau more original and more striking, Montaigne—that monarch of metaphysicians—more profound, more acute, and more learned, but we know of none who surpasses M. Aimé Martin in single-heartedness of purpose, in love of his subject, and in desire to grapple with both sides of an argument.

What may be emphatically termed the subject of the book is better explained by its second title than its first—the Civilization of the Human Race by Women. "Les hommes seront toujours ce qu'ils plairont aux femmes ; si vous voulez qu'ils soient grands et vertueux, apprenez aux femme ce que c'est grandeur et vertu." This passage from the Emilius of Rousseau is the motto which M. Aimé Martin has taken for his work, and it is in advocacy of Rousseau's doctrine that he has written it.

As regards that doctrine it is no doubt a beautiful one, a poetical one, and what is more, a holy one. With love for its basis and nature for its origin, it is a fascinating doctrine, one that will interest all, and be questioned by few. Those few are the lovers of more argument and those who really are conscientious dissenters from the popular opinion, for it is quite unnecessary for us to tell our readers that in England mothers are always regarded as the best teachers of their children. For our own parts, we wish they were the best, we mean that we wish the vein of society during the last 200 years had been such that women were now fit to be actually what they are supposed to be. We would have them what nature intended they should be—beings uninfluenced by the outward circumstances of every-day life, unparticipating in cares and turmoil, cultivating merely the beautiful, moral and intellectual, their duties—those of love, and love only—the constructors of our intellects, because the moulders of our hearts,—our guides to the Heaven of a virtuous existence. Thus, it will readily be seen, we do most heartily welcome the able translation before us of Mr. Aimé Martin's beautiful book—beautiful, but full, we lament, of Utopian doctrines—doctrines too optimistic to produce better social practices—doctrines beautiful because holy, in the highest sense of that word, but, after all, theories. Oh, what a revolution must take place in the entire moral relations of society all over the world, what millions of prejudices of opinion and feeling, deeply rooted, because inherited from the eighth and tenth generation, must be eradicated, what forms of government and what creeds must be set aside before women can ever be the prime teachers of mankind—before such a devoutly-to-be-wished-for millennium shall arrive!

It would be as impossible in a "critical notice" to enter into one half of Mr. Aimé Martin's admirable arguments as it would be to dissent from their purity, or to dispute the beauty of his doctrines. The spirit of his book is religious—faithful, hopeful, and charitable. He is the most amiable of philosophers and the most delightful; a hearty believer in the goodness that is in the world, and a teacher acquainted with the philosophy of the mind; "respecting human nature in the child," to use the words of the eloquent Dr. Channing, "one who strives to bring out its best powers and sympathies," and one who has devoted himself to this as the great end of life.

The following extract will elucidate to the reader some of the author's opinions. As far as regards Lord Byron, we admit, of course, all that the author says respecting the poets moral nature and his mother's as matters of fact. We would remind the reader, however, at the same time, that Lord Byron lost his father before he was five years of age.

"But the most striking example of the mother's influence on the child may be found in the lives of two of the greatest poets of the present age. To the one, fate had given a mother, foolish, mocking, full of caprice and pride, whose narrow mind was only expanded by vanity and hatred: a mother who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child; who alternately irritated and caressed him, and at last despised and cursed him. These corrosive passions of the woman became profoundly ingrafted in the heart of the young man; hatred and pride, anger and disdain, boiled within his breast, and like the burning lava of a volcano, suddenly overspread the world with the torrents of a malevolent harmony.

"Upon the other poet, beneficent fate had bestowed a mother, tender without weakness, and pious without formality;—one of those rare mothers which exist to serve as a model. This woman, young, beautiful and enlightened, shed over her son all the light of love; the virtues with which she inspired him the prayer which
she taught him, addressed themselves not merely to his intellect but by becoming implanted in his soul, elicited division, sounds—a harmony which ascended unto God. Thus surrounded from the cradle with examples of the most touching piety, the child walked in the ways of the Lord under the tuition of his mother; his genius resembled innocence, the perfumes of which are scattered over the earth, but which only burns for heaven.

Come then, now, with the morality of a college or the philosophy of a pedant, and modify these principles try to reform Byron and Lamartine; you will always arrive too late; the vessel is soaked through; the cloth has acquired its fold; * and the passions of our mothers are become to us a second nature. How ever, a power, always acting beneath our eyes, an invariable love, a creative will, (the only one, perhaps, on earth, which seeks but for our happiness), left without direction, since the beginning of the world, for the want of enlightenment and education.

In conclusion: What is the child to the preceptor? It is an ignorant being to be instructed. What is the child to the mother? It is a soul which requires to be formed. Good teachers make good scholars, but it is only mothers that form men; this constitutes all the difference of their mission; it follows that the care of educating the child belongs altogether to the mother, and that if it has been usurped by men, it is because education has been confounded with instruction—things essentially different, and between which it is important to make the distinction, for instruction may be interrupted, and pass without danger into other hands; but education should be continued by the same person; when it is interrupted it ceases, and whoever gives it up after having begun it, will see his child fall into the tortuous ways of error or, what is more deplorable, into an indifference to truth.

Let us, then, not seek out of the family for the governor of our children; the one which nature presents to us will relieve us from the necessity of inquiring further, and that one we shall everywhere find; in the cottage of the poor, as in the palace of the rich, everywhere endowed with the same perfection, and ready to make the same sacrifices. Young mothers, young wives, let not the stern title of governor alarm your weakness; I would not impose upon you pedantic studies or austere duties: it is to happiness that I wish to lead you. I come to reveal to you your rights, your power, your sovereignty; it is in inviting you to roam through the happy paths of virtue and love that I prostrate myself at your feet, and that I ask of you the peace of the world, the order of families, the glory of your children, and the happiness of the human race.

Some inattentive minds will perhaps accuse me of wishing to resuscitate learned women; let them not be alarmed, the genitive and the dative as Montaigne says, are not the object of this book. Leaving then, aside the mere works of the memory, these mechanical attributes of teachers, I will call upon women to fulfill their mission, by taking charge of the superior education which comprises the development of the soul. I will trace out its elements, I will lay down its principles, I will unfold its science, so that the road once opened, it may be easy for them to penetrate into it without any other study than that of their own hearts. But before entering into it myself I must examine this power which I invoke. We know women as mothers, let us try to know them as lovers and as wives. In the age which has just passed away, they were nothing more than that, and yet they have reigned: in the age which is approaching, they will be something more, they will be citizens; and this title, which requires more enlightenment and reflection, promises to them a new empire.

The following remarks on the results of false education are sound and observant:—

From what has proceeded, some estimate may be formed of the influence which modes of education, and of living, not in accordance with the necessities of individuals, and tending to the partial exercise of certain faculties and the neglect of others, is likely to have in the production of disease, and of several disordered states of health, which are so common at the present day, but which were either unknown, or were comparatively infrequent, in former times. I do not purpose entering into the consideration of these consequences, as such would require a separate medical treatise; but I will briefly allude to some of the disorders which have been greatly on the increase of late years, and I have no doubt that complaints which are ascribed to hereditary tendency, and other causes but little subject to control, might in many instances be more justly referred to this circumstance, that individuals subject to diseases with which their parents were afflicted, are for the most part brought up in the same manner and adopt the same mode of life, which perhaps in the first instance were mainly instrumental in the production and keeping up of these diseases. How frequently do we not see this exemplified in different members of a family! A son or a daughter brought up, or having lived in a different manner from their parents, will be less likely to be affected by their diseases, than their brothers or sisters who are exposed to the same influences; and it would be well if this circumstance were more attended to as a means of prevention. I do not call into question the fact of an hereditary tendency to several diseases, as this is a point but too well certified by experience; but I feel convinced that in numerous instances such tendency might be controlled, and its consequences prevented, by due attention to physical and mental education and mode of life. How often has not the medical practitioner opportunities of seeing persons who have by these means escaped gout, consumption, scrofulous and other diseases, with which their parents were afflicted? But, even when there are no grounds for supposing the existence of any hereditary tendency, these and several other complaints may frequently be said to arise from habits and modes of living contracted at an early age, which pre-dispose the body to be easily affected by those external influences which are the ex-

*"Certain âge accompli
Le vase est imbibe, l'etoile à pris son pil."
La Fontaine.
crising causes of the majority of diseases. In no instance is this position better illustrated than as regards the extensive class of nervous complaints, which at the present day—(when the mental faculties are more than ever developed, and consequently require more than ever the power of a properly-conducted education to control and direct them rightly)—are more generally prevalent than at any former period, and exhibit themselves either in the varieties of convulsive, neuralgic, and visceral affections, or by atony or a depressed state of nervous energy—marked by paralysis, diminished muscular, sensitive, or mental power,—of which the various forms so constantly come under the observation of the medical practitioner, either as induced by causes of a directly depressing nature, or as consequences of a previous state of super-excitation of the nervous system. One of the most common of these forms is hypochondriasis, which prevails in England to a greater extent than in any other country, and is mostly produced by the operation of moral causes, as disappointment, anxiety, &c., frequently supervening after a life of undue nervous excitement or excesses, which have debilitated and perverted the sentiment and moral faculties.

"Practitioners," says a writer whom I have quoted more than once, "on seeking the causes of different forms of nervous super-excitation, have scarcely ever been able to distinguish educational from accidental influences. These two kinds of influences mingle themselves in such a manner in the physical and moral atmosphere which surrounds us, that it is impossible in particular cases to attribute exactly to each the part which belongs to it."

Continuing upon the same subject, we have the following excellent remarks, which will prove to all mothers how much the physical as well as moral education of children depends upon them:

"In England," says M. Esquiriel, "where are united all the disorders and excesses of civilization, insanity is more frequent than anywhere else. The class is formed or arranged by parents, especially in families where there are hereditary dispositions to insanity, to risk attending distant speculations, the idleness of the rich, the habit of alcoholic drinks, are the causes which multiply insanity in England. Everything degenerates in the hands of man, said J. J. Rousseau. Doubtless civilization occasions diseases, and increases the number of the sick; because, multiplying the means of feeling, it causes some individuals to live too much and too quickly. But the more civilization is perfected, the more sweet and agreeable is ordinary life; the longer is its average duration. Thus it is not civilization which should be accused, but the abuses and the excesses of all kinds which it renders more easy."

"The alteration in our manners," says M. Esquiriel in another part of his work, "will make itself felt so much the longer, as our methods of education are more vicious. We take great pains to cultivate the intellect, and we seem not to be aware that the heart requires education as well as the mind."

"With respect to the excessive indulgence of some parents to their children, he says—"Acustomed to follow all his inclinations, not having been formed by discipline to contractions, the child, when he becomes a man, cannot resist the vicissitudes, the reverses, by which life is agitated; at the first approach of adversity, insanity supervenes, our weak reason having been deprived of its supports, whilst the passions are unbridled and uncontrolled. If we add to these causes the mode of life of women in France, the passionate taste which they have for romances, change of dress, and frivolities &c., the misery and the privations of the classes, we need no longer wonder at the disorder of public and private manners—we shall no longer have a right to complain if nervous diseases, and particularly insanity, are multiplied in France; so true is it, that whatever affects the moral welfare of man has always the greatest relation to physical well-being, and the preservation of health.

"Several visceral diseases are in like manner not unfrequently occasioned by the predisposition which is acquired by education and mode of life in youth. The influence of nervous super-excitation and of mental causes in the production of diseases of the heart, of the digestive and other organs, need not be dwelt upon in this place; nor need I do more than allude to those chronic affections of parts which are so frequently induced by whatever lowers the vital powers, and consequently the circulation and nervous energy in particular organs; as the exhaustion from over-excitement, depressing moral impressions, and other causes which have a marked effect in occasioning congestive states and organic disease. It is computed that by far the greater number of cancerous diseases originate in grief, disappointment, and similar mental causes, which tend to prevent the free capillary circulation, and to alter the innervation of parts. Consumption is likewise not unfrequently induced by the same influences, or by a combination of moral and physical predisposing causes, the operation of which being necessarily very slow and gradual, mostly escapes observation, till the germs of disease are firmly grafted in the system, and only await the action of an exciting cause to bring them into activity."

"How often is not consumption induced by the debility consequent upon a life of excitation, or by depressing moral influences? The physical causes which are often instrumental in producing this as well as other chronic diseases, are a deficiency of muscular exercise, and of fresh air; a neglect of the functions of the skin, and the habit of tight-lacing in behavior, which, by preventing the due expansion of the lungs, contributes to the formation of tubercles, which may remain in a latent state for months or years in the upper lobes of the organs, these being the parts least exercised in ordinary respiration; and it has not unfrequently happened that the predisposition to this disease, even when indicated by threatening symptoms, has been removed by properly-managed exercises, as boxing, rowing, skipping, &c., which bring the lungs, the muscles of the chest, and upper extremities, into action. From the operation of the above-mentioned causes, many individuals remain for years in a state intermediate between
health and disease; the countenance is pallid or unhealthy, the muscles lose their tone, the digestion is imperfectly effected; various secretions become deranged, requiring the frequent exhibition of medicines; the extremities, especially the feet, are habitually cold, from the circulation not being freely carried on in the minute vessels. These persons are exceedingly liable to be affected by trifling atmospheric changes, and by many circumstances, which, in those less delicate, would produce no impression. They are subject to colds, headaches, rheumatism, and various functional derangements, which not unfrequently terminate in structural disease of parts. It is true that the prevalence of the above-mentioned and other deranged states of the health, must, from unavoidable circumstances, always be great; but their prevalence would be much reduced, and the occurrence of disease would frequently be prevented, were a greater degree of attention paid to counteract the predisposing causes, by means of improved methods of moral, mental, and physical education, during childhood and youth.

With the following exquisite passage we close our notice of one of the most delightful and instructive works we have read for many years:—

"Conscience becomes awakened by the notions of good and evil: of justice and injustice. It is the first faculty of the soul which appears in us; it is powerful, but blind. He who deceives his conscience may become a Ravaillac or a Robespierre. Man is not always innocent when his conscience absolves him; he is not always guilty when his conscience accuses him. Have a care, young mother, now is the time; freely reason in order to expand thy soul, for it is about to pass entirely into the soul of the child. Ah! do not suffer any other thoughts than thine own to penetrate into that sanctuary. It is a question between vice and virtue, between the joy or remorse of a whole life; thou engravest upon brass. The earliest education is effected entirely in the conscience, and conscience is only good when enlightened by reason.

"Conscience is the executioner of our bad passions; it has joys which raise us up to Heaven, and pains which precipitate us into hell. Inflexible to fortune, power, and pleasure, conscience only gives way before repentance and virtue.

"From it we derive faith. Conscience and faith, like two blind men, cast themselves groping in the paths of fanaticism, of superstition and idolatry, and arrive ultimately at God. There the human race meet; the want of belief, the sense of the beautiful, the contemplations of the infinite, bring man constantly to this point. Thus, on every side, the soul makes its way through the senses, it breaks out in matter, as the fire in darkness. It wills that one should see it, that one should know it; manifesting its existence by the sentiment of virtue, its greatness by the thought of God, it spreads over this terrestrial life, sublime lights, the sources of which exists only in Heaven.

"Conscience—a faculty of the soul. The fifth light which radiates towards God.

The Paris Estafette; or Pilgrimages from the Paris and Dover Post-Bag. G. Brocas.

We scarcely know how to speak of this book. It is, most certainly, very chatty and touches upon all sorts of matter, cookery and conservatism, nations and rations, politics, poetry, and party—the material and the ideal, manners and customs, and opinions de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis! It is "laid out" in letters which are supposed to have been communicated to the editor, by what means we know not, by either the conductor of the Malle Post to Calais or the Guard of the Dover Day-Mail. There is nothing, therefore, very original in the idea of the source whence these fictitious letters were procured. Want of originality is the great demerit of the work. It is amusing because it touches upon subjects that are "in season," but every word of it has been written a thousand times. Its political views and opinions are very shallow—mere wordy evidences of the writers ignorance of the great principles of international communication and the abstract position each country holds in the great political eye of the civilized world. His observations at page 249 relative to the honors conferred upon the remains of Napoleon by his country, when the English recently surrendered his remains into their hands, bear us fully out in this opinion. He says "no circumstances could well be conceived more mal à propos for the cultivation of peaceful and amicable disposition between the two countries than the public honors decreed, at this critical period, to the remains of a man with whom the glory of France in her great fighting-days is identified, and who during life was England's implacable enemy." Does not the author know that what he calls "this critical period" was only so far critical that the rabble politicians of the two countries, destitute alike of patriotism and principle, were endeavoring, in advocacy of their own political ends, to agitate the belief that there were cause for war and mutual inclination for war in the two countries, when the rational and rightly-viewing knew that neither the one nor the other existed?

The chapters about Cookery are more to our liking. We had much rather dine with our author than read one of his political discourses. His observations on the Cafes and their frequencers are entertaining and sprightly. Here our author is in his element. He talks of eating being "the all-interesting topic," of "dining en prince," and of "taking a tour of the restaurants." A Stilton and a bottle of hock sharpen his wit as well as his appetite. We were also much pleased with one or two chapters on authors, French and English, and, indeed, should have had little to object to had the author eschewed politics.

The title page of the little book need not have been graced by the name of its accomplished and tasteful authoress to have told us that it was the production of a lady. Every line, nay almost every word of it, assures us that it is so. Its beauties are feminine, its few defects equally so, and there is, withal, a gentleness in the style of thinking and a disposition to distil the good from everything, whether from good or evil, which characterise the geniuses of very few of the harder children of adversity. It is this quality which is the greatest proof of the health of the *vis poetica*, and which had L. E. L. cherished it, instead of cherishing the wretched tendency to what we may call an intellectual Calvinism, would have placed her at the head of the female poets of England. As we turn to Miss Eaton to be a young lady (young she certainly is in heart and soul), it is delightful to see her thus following the bent of her happy nature and not the example of the lamented lady we allude to, whose mysterious and bleak death, shadowed over with the tenderness of bridehood and distance from her own country, was pathetic harmony with the melancholy of her genius.

Josephine, as the reader may guess, is a Biographico-Narrative Poem, glancing here and there, at the most prominent traits in the varied life of Napoleon’s Empress. It opens with a pleasing picture of the home of the Indian Maiden; a busy of young girls have assembled on the shores of the bay of Martinico, beneath the shade of some tamarine trees, which seems to have been a favorite resort with them when their “tolled had ceased at set of sun.” Josephine is one of them. They are accosted by a gipsy, who, as a matter of course, very easily persuades them to have their fortunes told. The following passage, in which the gipsy places before Josephine the picture of her future life is full of sweetness and touches of the tenderest gentleness. The gipsy is speaking:

“‘One stands among you, her gentle brow
Has a crown of earth’s thornless flowers now.
But the future a diadem holds for her;
Of the gold and jewels that sovereignty wear;
But many a danger and many a woe,
Must be her’s ere that coronet circle her brow;
Love, and its followers trouble and strife—’
And the light hearted girl is a sorrowing wife:
And her lot is cast in a changing scene,
For her next tears fall at—the guillotine.
The vision is altered:—a queenly bride,
And her name is echoed from side to side
And Europe’s vast shores shall acknowledge the sound
The beloved of the hero with victory crowned;
I see the sceptre of France in her hand,
And her throne where the crowding nobles stand—
And the conqueror of kingdoms is at her side,
And the Indian maid is an Emperor’s bride—
And the empire’s love is the empress’ dower,
A people have crowned her with pomp and power.
But alas! it must fade,—there are shadows on high,
And the clouds gather fast on that sunbeamed sky!
A moment I gaze—and the storm in its might
Sweeps away from my picture its colours of light
A lone and a desolate woman I see,
Living on memory and misery;
A childless bride and a parted wife,
A brokenheart and a blighted life.
Ah where shall such bitter sorrows cease,
And where shall that stricken one find peace?
Is the home of the poor the last home for thee?
Empress of France, such is destiny! . . .
Fair girl, I have read you a mournful life,
a crownless queen, and a widowed wife,
But I call you amid your childish play,
And my words of truth cannot pass away;
They shall rest in your heart they shall burn in your brain,
And your tongue shall pronounce them again
and again.
From the friends of your youth, from your much beloved home,
Your fate and your destiny call you to roam;
They call you away from the love that has been,
To a nation’s devotion—go forth ‘Josephine.’

The first part of the poem ends with the fulfilment of the gipsy’s first prophecy. She weds Beauharnais, and leaves for France.

The second part opens with a cheerful melody of verse—a marriage peal for the bride and bridgroom. They arrive at Paris. Robespierre is in the ascendant. Very soon, alas! Beauharnais receives his doom. He is to die.

The following extract has some exquisite passages in it:

Who weeps within that narrow cell?
Whose groans come on the air?
As struggling grief and love disturb,
Manhood’s firm voice of prayer?
The slanting beam of garish day,
Falls on the brow of Beauharnais!
And by its languid light is seen
The agony of Josephine.
The captive’s hours are numbered,
Time for him hath nothing more,
It shall not e’er the darkened day
Or ghastly night restore.
This very sun’s bright glowing ray,
Lights thy last hour, de Beauharnais!
And thou sweet bride of other days,
When life was glad and bright,
The rose of his fair summer time,
His “sparkling star of light.”
How doth thy love, thy faith, illumine,
That hour’s deep misery and gloom!
It is the ivy’s brightening smile,
O’er ruin and decay,
As clinging to the tottering pile,
It breathes of summer all the while,
The summer is away.
A garland in the stormiest hour,
That owns no season's withering power.
But ever twines its freshest leavens,
Where most it loves, where most it grieves;
Oh, it were vain and sad to tell
The sorrows of that last farewell
How vividly before them rose,
Sweet scenes, sweet words, which long had slept,
As sparkling through their deepest woes,
Came jewels, memory had kept,
Like stars which in the darkest night
Send forth their kindest beams of light."

The guillotine has down its work!
"All the fair seasons passed away,
And still the widowed Josephine
Recalled, with each departing day,
That last and fatal scene;
No voice was near her, in love's gentle tone,
To soothe those aching griefs,—she was alone."

Miss Eaton has obviously had some difficulty in introducing the marriage of the Emperor with the widow of Bonaparte. The scene in Notre Dame is well described, however. Miss Eaton is evidently a Napoleon worshipper despite the cunning little bit of anti-democracy peeping out in the couplet—

"Be satisfied, Ambition, now,
Thou hast thy crown, and France her yoke."

Josephine crosses the Alps with her Emperor:

Ah Josephine! what lot is thine
With that proud warrior chief to trace,
Where formed, where swept his conquering line,
Above a people's rallying place!
To hear, in the soft words of love,
The master-thoughts that crowned a name,
Nobility, nay kings above,
With the unlying wreath of fame!
Oh! it was more then bliss to be,
The still companion by his side,
Who lingered there untringly—
With love which to his thoughts replied,
And words that thrilled upon his ear
They were so musical and clear;
Well might the softened warrior say,
"France with her songs of victory,
Had not a voice so sweet as they."

This is very beautiful. Josephine very shortly ascertains, bitterly enough, that Napoleon's heart had little love for any thing that stood in the way of his ambition. She discovers that the Emperor has ceased to love her, and soon after that they are "to part."

"To part—to part!"—his stern decree—
France's proud emperor must be free!
The bright enticing bauble crown
He on her brow had set,
Ah! Josephine it hath not done
Its master's service yet!
Another bride its gems must win,
To bring new thrones, new lands to him:
Another link that wreath shall be
For Bonaparte and royalty."

The separation takes place! The husband of Josephine has another Empress, and the poor Maiden of Martinique dies!
We very cordially thank our lady-author for the pleasure the perusal of her poem has afforded us. It is a tender, quiet-thoughted composition, full of music and simplicity, and breathing a spirit of amiability and love of the good and beautiful which is as seldom met with as it is delightful and refreshing.

A Catalogue of Works in all departments of English Literature, Classified; with a General Alphabetical Index, 8vo., pp. 128.
LONGMAN & CO.

This is a Catalogue of books published and selling by the above eminent firm, and contains the names of works written, as the title-pages inform us, in every department of literature which it is possible to conceive—from the sublime height of theological disquisition to the humble usefulness of the guide-book. As a work of ingenuity the Catalogue before us has not been surpassed—the arrangement of departments being systematic and admitting of the easiest reference, so that the student or amateur in want of any particular work (and he will scarcely be able to name one that is not to be found in the catalogue), may, especially by the aid of the Alphabetical Index, turn his eye upon it with less trouble than he would find a name in a dictionary. The Catalogue is, indeed, a most valuable and welcome work, and shews that Messrs. Longman's enormous stock exceeds, in extent as well as importance, the national library of many a powerful and wealthy kingdom.

LONGMAN & CO.

The present number of this delightful and elegant work contains the story of Kiliwch and Olwen. The narrative is characterised by that union of quaintness and simplicity with which the obscure legends of almost every country are imbued, from the Arabian to the German, or from the glowing fancies of earlier Italy to the scarcely less poetical stores of ancient Wales. Lady Charlotte's translation is written evidently con amore. To many it would scarcely be pleasing;—there
is so much of redundancy in it and such an apparent straining at extreme simplicity of phrase. But we regard this as one of the chief evidences of Lady Charlotte's fitness for the pleasing task which she has set herself—since she thus proves that her translation, if it be not literal, at all events hits the spirit of the original writing—and a paraphrase, where the translation has a sympathy with the tone of the original author's genius, is always more valuable than the close literal rendering of the mere scholar.

Of the four tales that have already appeared we award our preference to that which formed the contents of the first number of the Serial,—to the Lady of the Fountain. We read it with all the delight with which we devoured fairy tales in our boyhood, when we were anxious for the welfare of gentlemen so very tall and stout that it was impossible they could have ever existed, when our anxiety for the giants was only exceeded by our commiseration of their ladies, who, for no misconduct of their own, were turned into cats or eagles; and by our horror of the monsters who resided in obscure caves which knights-errant always managed to spy out.

If we preferred the Lady of the Fountain it was that it struck us as the most fanciful, and as mostly differing from the general specimens of similar fiction. Kilwich and Olwen has great beauties, however, and there runs through it, withal, a spirit of light-heartedness which is admirable keeping with the exquisite impossibilities of which the plot is made up. In introducing the following short extract, which might suggest a subject for the p-niel of an Etty or an Eastlake, (for it is a beautiful picture) we must express our regret that we have not long before given a notice of this work, which is not only most elegantly "got up" and produced without any eye to economy, but which stops such a gap in the national means of literary knowledge that it cannot fail to find a place in every library in the kingdom.

Kilwich, the son of Kilydd, and cousin of Prince Arthur, sets out for the Court of the latter to seek his assistance to obtain the hand of Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr. Thus is he appralled:—

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled grey, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brinded white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea-swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his hand from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's Palace."
ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

On Sunday, June 3d, in the afternoon, the metropolis was again startled by the report that another attempt had that morning been made on the life of the Queen as Her Majesty was proceeding from Buckingham Palace to the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, to attend Divine Service. The rumour proved to be too well founded, for the papers of the following morning were full of the account of the apprehension of the alleged regicide, and his examination, and that of others at the Home Office, before the Privy Council and the law officers of the Crown. Little could be gleaned of what transpired there, and the examination on the Wednesday following before the same august tribunal was kept quite as private as the former one; but in the afternoon it was ascertained that the capital charge had been abandoned, and that the prisoner stood committed for trial for the misdemeanor, which, being a bailable offence, he was told that if he could find two sureties of the sum of 250l. each to appear at the sessions, he might be liberated from custody. Before the examination, his father visited him in Tothill-fields Bridgewell, but the prisoner sulkily refused to hold any communication with him, answering simply “no” to every question he put to him, but sending his love to his mother.

Having been committed to prison in default of being able to procure bail, his conduct there was sullen and reserved, and he partook but scantily of the food supplied him. He said that his motive for making the attempt was that he was “tired of life.” Mr. Levis, however, the medical officer of the prison, was convinced, in spite of the prisoner’s apparent dejection, that he inwardly rejoiced at the great stir he had made. He exhibited no symptoms of insanity.

The prisoner’s name is John William Bean, residing with his father, a working jeweller, at No. 14, St. James’s-buildings, Clerkenwell. In appearance, he is scarcely fifteen years of age, though his real age is eighteen. His face is pale, long and haggard or care-worn. His eyes are deeply set in his head, and of a peculiar restlessness; his brow is low and somewhat contracted, and there is a scar upon his nose. On the right shoulder he has a large hump, and as he walks his gait inclines to that side. He is to stand his trial at the next session of the Central Criminal Court, which will commence on the 23d inst.

So very little interest has been taken by the public in the pitable and foolish youth whose vanity and ignorance have placed him in so prominent a position, that since his committal to Newgate, the newspapers, with scarcely an exception, have been quite silent on the subject. The treatment of him by the Government has been exceedingly wise. By committing him for the misdemeanor, the fascinating grandeur of the crime of high treason has been at once knocked on the head, the bait of some chance of obtaining notoriety, which the treatment of Oxford and life-pardoned Francis held out to the vain, the wicked and the idle, will not tempt any one of them to follow the example of the third culprit. Such solitary and stupid fellows should not meet with the identical treatment that is accorded to similar offences of the leaders of large political parties. Two years imprisonment and hard labor, one week of each quarter to be passed in solitary confinement, with a public flogging on the first day of their incarceration, and another on the day their term of punishment expired—that is the reward we would give to such truly wretched and contemptible ruffians.

Our beloved Queen, whose kindness of heart alone, setting aside her sovereignty and her womanhood, might stop the hand of any but the most stupid as well as the most heartless has wisely not debarred herself, since this third attack upon her, from the pleasure of appearing among her loyal subjects to receive their hearty expressions of devotion and allegiance.

Far off be the day when we shall have to blacken our pages by recording another such piece of dastardly violence. Be it as far off as we wish it, and as we think it will be, now that the Government have acted so wisely; and the public as evidently and cordially agree with them as they partake in their feelings of loyalty and attachment.

We shall conclude this notice by recording the Queen’s gracious kindness in sparing the life of Francis, tho’ sending him for life, by way of painful example, to one of the most penal of her Majesty’s settlements.
THE CHINESE EXHIBITION.

A novel and interesting object has lately made its appearance at Knightsbridge in the shape of a Chinese summer-house, glittering with its gold, green and red, and with a turned-up roof after the common fashion of the oriental architecture with which our dinner-plates have made us sufficiently acquainted. This structure is the entrance-hall to a saloon fifty feet in width and 225 in length, which is filled with the products of Chinese ingenuity, so admirably arranged as to offer at one view an epitome of Chinese life and character, arts and manufactures, scenery and natural productions. A superb screen of carved work, richly colored and gilt, and adorned with paintings, covers one end of the room; the other is occupied by a spacious apartment in the summer residence of a wealthy Chinese, elegantly furnished with every luxury, and in which the owner is entertaining his guests with pipes and tea; the figures are the size of life, and habited in their real costume, and the pavilion has an oval opening serving the office of door and window, and shewing the country beyond. On the left of the room, as you enter, is a silk-mercer's house and shop, such as you would see in the streets of Canton, the owner casting a reckoning on the "calculating dish," a customer handling some silk, the clerk making an entry, and a lounging enjoying the pipe and tea that are placed for the use of droppings in. In the room a servant is arranging the tea-table for the master, who is taking his meals in the shop, and a blind beggar at the door is waiting for the dole, which he is sure of receiving when he has wearied out the patience of the charitable by beating together his bamboo-sticks. Next door is a china-shop with a display of wares that the mercers do not boast, the silks in the latter being neatly packed up on the shelves. On your right hand three colossal figures of gold, seated under the superb canopy of a joss-house or temple, and representing the Trinity of Buddha, the past, present, and future deities of the world, arrest the attention. Adjoining the temple, a mandarin of the first class, his head uncovered as a mark of superiority, and attended by his secretary, is seated receiving a visit from two mandarins of the lower class in state robes, who stand and wear their caps in token of respect. The next glass-case encloses several varieties of full mourning apparel, literally clothed in sack-cloth, and shewing the traces of sorrow and mortification in his face, attended by his servant bearing "the mourning lamp," stands between two priests of different sects, contending, we may sup-

pose, who shall best console the mourner: the spiritual powers are flanked by representatives of the temporal in the shape of a Chinese soldier with his match-lock and a Tartar archer. There are also a group of literati, enjoying a version of Æsop's Fables, a party of ladies in full dress, with flowers in their hair, smoking, playing the guitar, and taking tea, (what we took at first for their reticule being their tobacco-pouches). A Chinese tragedian, and two boys to represent women, display the gorgeous quaintness of the costumes of the ancien regime, which are always worn by the actors. An itinerant barber, cobbler, and blacksmith, pursuing their several avocations, in company with a couple of boat-women, one of whom carries her child on her back, and holds the gourd that is fastened to the little creature to buoy it up should it chance to fall into the water, as often happens among the boat-lodged population; and a sedan-chair, which having only two bearers, instead of four or eight, (the Emperor's dignity requires sixteen), proves its occupant to be only a private gentleman. By the width of the sedan with its attendants, the visitor may estimate the length of the streets of Canton, which just allow the pedestrian room to squeeze up to the wall and let the chair pass. Lanterns in infinite variety of decoration and size, from the balloon-shaped ones in common use, to the "imperial state lantern," ten feet high, covered with bead-work and colored silk tassels, are suspended from the ceiling. Pictures to the number of three hundred and forty, including some exquisitely-colored miniatures on rice-paper, paintings in water-colors and oils, with portraits and large landscapes, with pictorial effect equal to European art, are hung round the walls. But to give the reader anything like an idea of the variety of curiosities which are so admirably and tastefully laid out at this Exhibition, it would be necessary for us to write a volume, and that, too, of no mean dimensions. As Mr. Dunn, its enterprising proprietor, avows, that he seeks to make no profit from the undertaking, but only to cover the current expenses, we beg to suggest to him that he would, we think, find it far easier to obtain that object by making the admission fee one shilling, than by charging what is to the many so large a sum as half-a-crown. The decrease in the amount would be more than counterbalanced by the increase in the number of his visitors. We suggest this quite as much from a desire that Mr. Dunn shall do more than pay his current expenses, as that as large a portion of the intellectual public shall be admitted as possible; for our three hours' lounge in his Museum has afforded us a treat such as we have not enjoyed for many years, and we are always anxious that the means of such enjoyment should be extended, as far as it is possible, to the poor as well as to the rich.
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Births.

Arnott, lady of A., esq., M.D., of a daughter; on board the Edinburgh, March 14.
Barrett, lady of G., esq., of a daughter; Morwick-hall, July 8.
Campbell, lady of John Archibald, esq., of Inverawe, North Britain, of a son; at the Lodge, Farnham, Surrey, July 7.
Cooper, Mrs. Lovick, of a daughter; Enpingham Vicarage, County Rutland, July 2.
Custance, lady of M. H., esq., of a daughter; at Bruges, May 30.
Deacon, lady of R. J., jun., esq., of a son and heir; at Hardington Park, July 4.
 Faulconer, lady of Thomas, esq., of a daughter; York, July 10.
Gray, lady of Russell, esq., of a son; Brighton, July 7.
Harford, lady of Frederick, esq., of a daughter; Down Place, Berks, July 8.
Herbert, Mrs., of Muckross, of a son; Grosvenor-crescent, Belgrave-square, July 8.
Hodgson, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; Provost Lodge, Eton College, June 29.
Horne, lady of James, esq., of a son; Wilton Crescent, July 8.
Houstoun, Mrs., of a son; Cavendish-square, July 12.
Jackson, lady of Ed. James, esq., of a son; at Rassio-house, near Edinburgh, July 14.
Lane, lady of John, esq., of Goldsmith's Hall, of a son, July 3.
Law, Hon. Mrs. S., of a daughter; Southam House, seat of Lord Ellenborough, July 8.
Longe, lady of the Rev. Browne, of a daughter; at the Rectory, Easton, near Wickham, Suffolk, July 7.
Longley, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; at the Palace, Ripon, July 18.
Martin, lady of Chas. W., esq., M.P., of a son; Leeds Castle, Maidstone.
Morton, lady of Thomas, esq., of a son; Torrington-square.
Morris, Mrs. Frederick John, of a son; Calcutta, April 25.
Newborough, lady of Lord, of a daughter; Glynnismon Park, July 6.
Pickering, lady of W. B., esq., of a son; Hammersmith, July 3.
Pigot, wife of the Rev. S. Botney, of a daughter; Rectory, Upton Gray, Hants, July 1.
Redchild, Miss, Lionel De, of a son; Piccadilly, July 23.
Rougemont, lady of D. A., of a son; Kensing-
ton-square, July 5.
Sanderson, Hon. Mrs., of a son; Belgrave-
square, July 7.
Saunders, lady of Erasmus, esq., of a daughter; Montgomeryshire, July 6.
Shatto, Mrs. Robert Duncombe, of a son; July 7.
Smith, lady of Chas. S., esq., of a daughter; Farleigh-park, Hants, July 19.
St. Clair, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; Shabden, Surrey, July 10.

Stourton, lady of the Hon. Phillip, of a son and heir; at Holne, July 21.
Tancred, wife of T., esq., of a daughter; Tur-
sett-house, Northumberland, July 21.
Wilshead, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; Llwyb-
brain, Landoverry, South Wales, June 1.

Marriages.

Adkins, Anne, only daughter of the late T. Adkins, esq., of Smethwick, to Wm. Williams, esq., of West Bromwich, by the Rev. T. G. M. Luckcock, A.M.; at Edgbaston, July 6.
Ashby, Ellen, 3d daughter of W. D. Ashby, esq., of Hounslow, Middlesex, to the Rev. C. Fox Vardy, A.M., Minister of Hope Chapel, Hanley and Shelton; Staffordshire, June 30.
Barclay, Maria, eldest daughter of G. P. Barclay, esq., of Epsom, to Richard Fuller, esq., of the Rookery, near Dorking, by the Hon. and Rev. J. E. Boscowan; at Epsom, July 4.
Blunett, Georgiana, eldest daughter of Geo. Blunett, esq., to Francis Lambert, esq., by the Rev. R. Covett, vicar; at Staines, June 29.
Briggs, Jane, only daughter of the late Gilbert Briggs, esq., of the Madras Medical Estab-
lishment, to Major George Lee, late H.E.L.S., by the Rev. the Dean of Exeter; Littleham, Devon, July 19.
Brown, Louisa Georgianna, eldest daughter of the late W. E. Brown, esq., of Falmouth, Cornwall, to Lieut. C. Boulderston, R.N.; at the Cathedral, Bombay, April 4.
Campbell, Lady Elizabeth Luery, 3d daugh-
ter of the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, to the Earl of Disart, M.P., for Ipswich; at St. George's, Hanover-square, June 28.
Carew, Mima Caroline, only child of Joseph Pole Carew, esq., to Count de Sausin, late Captain in the Guards of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia; at Brompton, and afterwards at the church of the Russian Embassy, July 12.
Cecil, Lady Mildred A. C. H. G., eldest daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, to Alex. J. Buresford Hope, esq., M.P., by special li-
cense, by the Lord Primare of all Ireland; at the Chapel, Hatfield-house, July 7.
Champernowne, Caroline, daughter of the late Arthur Champernowne, esq., of Devong-
ton, Devon, to the Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, by the Rev. Sir George Prevost, Bart.; at Bishley, Gloucestersh, July 22.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Clifton, Mary Ann, only daughter of Sir Jukes Grenvill Jukes Clifton, Bart. of Clifton Hall, Nottingham, and Puxydon Hall, Montgomeryshire, to Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, Bart. of Devon Hill, Loudonerry, at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square; after the ceremony a grand déjeuner was given by Sir Jukes and Lady Clifton, to a numerous circle of friends; July 12.

Clerk, Anne, daughter of John Clerk, esq., of Southampton, to Wm. Devonys Bedford, esq., Prince Albert's Hussars; Falford, Yorkshire, July 12.

Daniel, Jane Rose, eldest daughter of the late M. Daniel, esq., St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, to St. Lochiel Cameron, esq., Bombay Medical Establishment, third son of the late Colonel Hector Cameron, 9th Regiment, by the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, M.A.; at Byculla Church, April 25.


De Reede, Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Athlone, to the Hon. Frederick Wm. Child Villiers, third son of the Earl of Jersey, by the Rev. John Johnston, chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; at St. George's,Hanover-square, July 12.

Dickson, Harriet Maria, widow of Major General Sir Alex. Dickson, K.C.B., to Sir John Campbell, K.C.M.G., at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 12.


Erlington, Frances, daughter of Major E. Irvington, resident Governor of the Tower, to Captain Hudson, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Horrington Hudson, esq., and Lady Ann, of Bessingby, Yorkshire; at the Tower, June 29.

Firminger, Catharine Jane, only daughter of Dr. Firminger, of Edmonton, to Wm. Thistlethwaite, esq., by the Rev. Thomas Tate; at Edmonton, July 12.

Frere, Francis, daughter of T. Frere, esq., to Thomas Paine, esq., of Whitechurch; at Odham, July 11.

Gee, Harriett Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Garfit, esq., of Boston, to F. T. White, esq., of Boston; Boston, June 2.

Gilligan, Laura, only child of Francis E. Gilligan, esq., of Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, to G. Wythe Daniel, esq., only son of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Daniel, of her Majesty's 63rd Regiment; at Hanwell, June 28.

Green, Harriett Susannah, eldest daughter of Geo. Green, esq., of Upper Harley-street, to Henry, 2d son of John Henry Defil, esq., of the same place; at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, July 21.

Hankey, Frederica, daughter of Col. Sir F. Hankey, to Captain G. J. Johnston, Coldstream Guards; at Hove, Brighton, July 5.

Hall, Mary, 2d daughter of Joseph Hall, esq., of Castletown, Derbyshire, to the Rev. Edward Cole Sheddon, esq., youngest son of George Sheddon, esq., by the Rev. John Waig-


Rattray, Marianne Janetta, second daughter of the late Charles Rattray, M.D., of Daventry, to the Rev. Archer Thompson, M.A., Rector of Ashby Cum-Pembury, Lincolnshire; at Daventry, July 12.


Sparrow, Ellen, daughter of J. E. Sparrow, esq., solicitor, Ipswich, to Thomas Hasings, esq., of Bengal Medical Establishment, by the Rev. J. C. Attridge; Ipswich, July 5.

Stevens, Eliza Ann, daughter of the late Thomas Stevens, esq. of Blackheath-park, Kent, to Thomas Hume, esq., M.D., of University College, Oxford, and Brent End, Hanwell, Middlesex, by the Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Derry; July 12.


Sutton, Harriet, daughter of W. H. Sutton, esq., of Hertfordbury, Herts, to John Ernie Money, esq., Capt. 32nd regiment, and nephew of Major-General Sir J. K. Merry, Bart.; Hertfordbury, July 16.


Telfair, Margaret, daughter of the late Ed. Telfair, esq., of the State of Georgia, to Wm. B. Hodgson, esq., of the State of Virginia, by the Rev. R. Hodgson, dean of Carlisle; at St. George's, Hanover Square, July 11.

Thompson, Amelia, only child of W. Thompson, esq., M.P., county Westmorland, to the Earl of Beevic, eldest son of the Marquess of Headfort. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. After the performance, an elegant dejeuner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, at their residence, Whitehall-place. At three o'clock, the bride and bridegroom started in an elegant chariot and four, for Tonbridge Wells, to spend the honeymoon, followed by the ardent hopes and wishes of numerous and distinguished friends for their future happiness; July 20.

Travers, Isabella, daughter of Captain Sir Easton Standen Travers, R.N., to C. Norfolk Smithies, esq., of Colchester; at Yarmouth, July 9.


Warden, Mary Anne Franklin, only daughter of the late Colonel George Warden, of the Bengal Army, to George, 2d son of Wm. Winsor Saunders, esq., of Hunthill, Somerset; at St. Pancras, New Church, July 12.


Williams, Jane, eldest daughter of R. Williams, esq., of Tavistock, to Henry Pollard, esq., son of the late W. N. Pollard, esq., of Demerara; St. Pancras, July 13.


DEATHS.

Allen, Jane, daughter of Mr. J. Allen, Shoemakers-row, St. Paul's, aged 9 months, July 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Allen, George, son of Mr. Job Allen, Shoemakers-row, St. Paul's, aged 1 year and 9 months, July 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Alexander, Right Hon. Sir Wm., N. B., formerly Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, at Grosvenor-square, aged 87; June 29.

Arber, Frederick Webb, son of Thomas Arber, esq., of George street, Hanover-square; July 12.

Arnott, Janet Knok, eldest daughter of the late John Arnott, esq., of Kirkconnell-hall, Dumfries-shire; at Bombay, April 17.

Bayles, George, son of the late Mr. John Bayles, Newington Causeway, aged 4 weeks, June 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Becher, Robert James, esq., only surviving son of the late Robert Becher, esq., of Chancellor-house, Tonbridge Wells; at Inhurst, Newbery, July 7.

Benett, Charles Bowles, commanding the Government armed schooner Orissa, at that place, eldest son of Captain C. C. Benett, R.N. of Lyme Regis, Dorset; March 27.

Bennett, Eleanor, wife of the Rev. Edward Lee Bennett, and daughter of the late Wm. Coldrington, esq., of Wroughton-house, Wilts; at Lechlade Gloucestershire, aged 48, July 2.

Black, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Black, esq.; at Aberdeen, July 1.


Burgass, Archibald Lincoln, esq.; at St. Heliers, Jersey, June 20.
Bullivant, Rev. Henry, L.L.B., 33 years Rector of Marston Impell, Northamptonshire, and 30 years officiating minister of Lubemham, Leicestershire, aged 57; July 5.

Butler, Alfred, son of John Butler, esq., Old Kent Road, aged 17 years, June 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cuff, Makphill, aged 30, wife of John, esq., of Inverawe; Lodge, Great Malvern, July 11.

Caporn, Henry, 2d son of the late Rev. James Caporn, Vicar of Takeley, Essex; at Annetts Crescent, deeply lamented, aged 21, July 7.

Carroll, Lieut.-General Sir William Parker, K.C.B. This gallant veteran expired at his residence, Tullagh-house, near Nenagh, county Tipperary, after a short illness. In the attack upon the Lines of Aughrim, he was distinguished for storming the town at the head of his company, 88th regiment, in which he was then serving. He was sent to Spain as a military commissioner in the Peninsular war, and was present at no less than 28 battles. He has left two sons in the army, J. G. Carroll, esq., 46th, and Lieut. W. H. Carroll, Inniskillen dragoons; July 7.

Caton, Signor, in the prime of lite. His death is much regretted in the musical world; at Marseilles, July 1.

Chad, Edward Henry, only son of Sir Chas. Chad, Bart.; at the seat of his father, in Nor-folk, July 3.

Charles, John, esq., Denmark-hill, aged 42, July 21; at South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Chatterton, George Latham, youngest son of J. B. Chatterton, esq.; Manchester-square, aged 62, July 11; at South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cossar, Walter, son of Mr. Andrew Cossar, York Road, aged 1 year and 11 months, June 22; at South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Coke, Thomas William, first Earl of Leicester of that line, expired at his seat, Landford-hall, Derbyshire, at 5 o'clock on Thursday morning, June 23, in the 91st year of his age. In whatever period he may be septuagenarian, he must at least be reckoned amongst the most remarkable members of the Upper House. He was the oldest Whig in either House of Parliament, not even excepting the member for Middlesex; he was one of the most consistent Whigs; he accepted a peerage in the 86th year of his age; and, he espoused a lady young enough to be his granddaughter, by whom he had five children. For nearly half a century he was the first commissioner in England, and when he chose to become the junior earl, he took a title which of right belongs to another family, for the Marquis of Townshend is also Earl of Leicester, and the member for Bodmin, who claims to be the eldest son of the noble Marquis, assumes that title, which confessedly belongs to the Townshend family; but setting aside circumstances of this nature, the deceased peer possessed large claims upon the respect of the public, and though his life was prolonged far beyond the average duration of human existence, yet his death will be deeply regretted by a numerous tenantry, an attached family, and a large circle of friends. The late Earl of Leicester was born on the 4th of May, 1732, and was married in the 23rd year of his age, on the 5th of October, 1775, to his cousin Jane, youngest daughter of James Dutton, Esq. His first wife was, therefore, aunt to the second Lord Sherborne and sister to the first. By that marriage he leaves no male issue. Mrs Coke, who, had she lived would have been Countess of Leicester, died, on the 2d of June, 1800; and after remaining 22 years a widower, the subject of this notice was married on the 26th of February, 1822, to the Lady Anne Amelia Keppel, who is third daughter of the fourth and present Earl of Albemarle, her ladyship being then but 19, and his Lordship 70. The surviving issue of his first marriage are daughters, viz., Lady Andover, who was afterwards married to Sir Henry Digby, by whom, with other issue, she had a daughter, who married the present Lord Ellenborough, from whom she was divorced in 1830; Lady Angela and Lady Anson (mother of the present Earl of Lichfield) was also the daughter of the deceased Peer. The issue of the noble Earl by his second marriage, are Thomas William, now second Earl of Leicester of that line, who was born in the year 1822; the Hon. Henry Keppel, born in 1824; the Hon. Henry Coke, born in 1827; the Hon. William Clarence Walpole, who was born in 1828, and the Lady Margaret Sophia, who is only ten years of age. At the early age of 22 the late Earl of Leicester, then Mr. Coke, was returned for the county of Norfolk, which he represented in 14 Parliaments, and occupying a place in the representative branch of the Legislature for more than half a century, he was for many years "Father of the House of Commons." He opposed the American war, the war against revolutionary France, the policy of Pitt, and everything Conservative. He supported the Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill, and every measure of the Whigs; but in other respects he was a staunch adherent of the landed interest. As a practical agriculturist, he was unsurpassed—as a patron of farmers, he was unequalled. The annual festivals at Holk-ham given by this munificent nobleman will long be remembered. The deceased peer's father was Wennam Roberts, Esq., who assumed the name of Coke on inheriting the estate of that family; he was only son of Anne the sister of the Earl of Leicester, who erected Holkham. The earldom of that peer became extinct at his own death, and the nobleman just deceased was his grandnephew. Though the grandnecle's peerage became extinct in 1759, yet, as is well known, the title was not revived till 1837, although in 1783 an earldom of Leicester, as already stated, was conferred upon George Townshend, who afterwards became the Marquis Townshend, and this title is still vested in the present Marquess and constitutes the courtesy title of the eldest sons of the Marquises Townshend. Neither the Coke nor the Townshend family, however, can claim any direct descent from the well-known Earl of Leicester of Queen Elizabeth's time; but the deceased peer derived his birth from an ancestor of whom he might well be proud,—the celebrated Chief Justice Coke.

Amongst the families connected with the noble Earl, are those of the Earl of Suffolk and Berks, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Lichfield, Sir Henry Digby, Lord Sherborne, the Stanhope family, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Waterpark, the Tenison family, &c.
Cowie, John, esq., Manor Park, Streatham, aged 72, July 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Cramer, Henry, son of Mr. George Cramer, Borough, aged 1 year and 8 months, July 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Coulman, Captian, Barrack-master at Hamilton. He served his country faithfully for 32 years; June 23.

Crompton, Mrs., relict of Samuel Crompton, esq. of Wood End, Yorkshire; at the residence of her son, Sir Samuel Crompton, Bart., aged 50, July 18.

Coxon, Joseph, esq. ; at Reading, formerly of Sheberhour Priory, Hants, July 8.

De Clermont Tonnerre, Lieut. General the Duke, Grandcross of the order of St. Louis, at the Bath College of Glassoles (64). He was brother of the Cardinal of the same name, and father of M. de Clermont Tonnerre, ex-minister of the war department and of the marine, aged 89; July 12.

Davies, Elizabeth, relict of the late Samuel Davies, esq., of Market Drayton, and eldest daughter of the late Charles Pigot, esq., of Peploe Hall, County Salop; at Pello-wall-house, at a very advanced age, July 11.

Dobri, Jacobus, esq., aged 72; at Lower Clapton, July 17.

Donovan, James Townsend, esq., of Sourabaya, in the island of Java; at sea, on his passage from Java to Falmouth, son of the late D. Donovan, esq., of the 11th Regiment, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Salamanca, March 6.

Doubloday, Mr., William, Hunter-street, Kent-road, aged 76, July 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Drummond, Margaret, wife of Gen. Sir G. Drummond; Norfolk-street, Park-lane, July 22.

Durham, Rev. Philip, M.A., at his residence in the College, Ely, aged 60. (63.)

Edenborough, Fanny, daughter of Jallard Jennings Edenborough, esq., Cheapside, aged 3, July 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Evans, George, esq., M.P., suddenly; at his residence, Pont, near Dublin, supposed from gout in the stomach. He is succeeded in his estates by his brother, Commissioner Evans, July 9.

Ferguson, Mrs., relict of G. Ferguson, esq.; Houghton-hall, Carlisle, July 8.

Farnham, Isabella, widow of the late Wm. Farnham, esq., of Newark, Notts, aged 73; at her residence, Kensingtown-square, July 13.


Grant, Constan-tce, eldest daughter of the late Sir R. Grant; at Albano, near Rome, July 5.

Gregson, Isabella, the beloved wife of Har-wood, and daughter of the late Rev. Frances Reed, Rector of Hazlebury, Brian, Dorset; at Seaton Carew, Durham, July 1.

Groves, Jane, Sarah, relict of the late John Groves, esq., and eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Chapman, of Tankfield-house, County Somerset; Calverleigh Court, near Tiverton, July 6.

Hains, Sarah Ann, wife of Mr. Hains, Windsor-place, Old Kent-road, aged 26, July 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hack, Mary, wife of Mr. Hack, Cambervell, aged 70, July 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Halley, Eliza, the beloved wife of Alexander Halley, esq., Sardinian Consul, at Madeira; June 10.

Hammersley, Mrs., widow of the late Hugh Hammersley, esq., of Pall-Mall, aged 61; Brompton, June 28.

Hawley, Charles, esq., aged 49; Park-square, East Regent's Park, July 20.

Head, Thomas, esq., at his residence, An-dover, many years banker in that city, aged 61; July 18.

Headley, Rowland W. A., son of Lord and Lady Headley; Naples, June 20.

Helps, Thomas, esq., Treasurer of St. Bartho-lomew's Hospital; June 4.

Hippisley, Ann, wife of John, esq., aged 29; Bath, June 15.

Holland, Margaret, relict of Thomas, esq., of Pershore, Worcestershire, aged 78; Chichester, July 14.

Home, Major-General, C. B., Madras Es-tablishment, Commanding the Nagpoor division of the army at Kambel; May 21.


Jameson, lady of T. L., esq., third regiment Native Infantry; Ahmedabad, April 4.

Kelso, James, esq., late of Dunkenhag, Lancashire, aged 30; Smoakley, near Manchester, July 3.

Kemp, Rev. George, Vicar of St. Allan, Falmouth, after a very short illness, aged 42; July 9.

King, Rev. James, M.A., fifty years Rector of St. Peter-le-Poore, Old Broad-street, aged 73; Stanston-park, Hereford, July 13.

Ker, John Bellenden, esq., Ramridge Cottage, aged 77; Southampton, July 12.

Koe, Bentham D., esq., of Lincoln's Inn, aged 25; July 2.

Lane, Catherine Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Wm. Lance, Rector of Faccobon-Cunn-Tangerley, county Hants, aged 82; Netherton Parsonage, July 1.

Littledale, Sir Joseph.—The late Mr. Justtices Littledale, who died at his house in Bedford-square on Sunday, June 26, filled the important judicial office of one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench for a period of seventeen years. He was born in 1767, and had, therefore, attained the advanced age of seventy-five years. He went early to college, for we find that in 1787 he was Senior Wrangler, and first Smith's Prize-man. For some years he practised as a special pleader, and was not, therefore, called to the bar till 1798, being then in the thirty-second year of his age. After a professional career marked by considerable success, he was, in April 1824, raised to the bench, and received the honor of knighthood. Being an eminent lawyer he enjoyed the entire respect of the profession; an upright, laborious and impartial judge, he possessed the confidence of his brethren and the public; an amiable and kind-hearted man, he was
beloved by all who knew him at the bar, on the bench, or in his private circle. In the month of February, 1844, his health so evidently declined, and the infirmities of old age appeared to give such a warning as should not be disregarded, he, therefore, wisely resigned his seat on the bench. He was soon after sworn in a member of the Privy Council, partly, we presume, as a mark of the Royal approbation of his long and valuable services, and partly in conformity with the practice which has recently prevailed of adding as many distinguished lawyers as possible to the judicial committee of the Privy Council. Sir Joseph Littledale was the son of Henry Littledale esq., of Eaton-house, Lancastershire, and the grandson of a merchant resident at Whithaven: his remains, attended by Sir Nicholas Tindal Lord Chief Justice, and other eminent legal friends, were deposited in a vault under St. George’s Bloomsbury.

Lumsden, Lieut., 27th N. I. son of the late Col. Lumsden of the Bengal service; and Rose-mond Harriet, his wife, and daughter of the Rev. G. H. Deane, of Leamington. It appears by private letters they were in their quarters with the company to which he belonged, when they were suddenly attacked by the Ghazees, and fell with the rest of the company; March 18.

Mackerness, Sophia, wife of Mr. Thomas Mackerness, West-square, aged 36, June 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Makellere, Judith, wife of Mr. J. Israel, aged 62; Kingsland, June 4.

Nettlefield, John, esq. South Ville, Wansdworth Road, aged 53, June 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Nicholson, Cecilia Innes, wife of Alexander Nicholson, esq., formerly of East Court, Charlton-Kings, Gloucestershire, after a long and painful illness, aged 52; July 4.

Onslow, Vincent Eyre, son of Richard Onsley, esq., Surry Lodge, aged 9 months, July 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Patrick, George, son of Mr. Alex. Patrick, Lambeth Walk, aged 12 years and 8 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Parry, Emma Gertrude, eldest daughter of Dr. Parry, Summer-hill, Bath, July 8.

Pepper, Mrs., relict of the late M. Pepper, esq., of Bigods, Essex, and Tramshott, county Cork; Southampton, July 16.

Phillips, Maria, daughter of the late W. Phillips, esq., of the Priory, aged 75; Lewisham, July 8.

Pole, Margaretta, the beloved wife of John Pole, eldest son of Sir Wm. Temple Pole, Bart. of Shute-house, County Devon, after a long illness, endured with religious fortitude, aged 34; June 28.

Potter, Richard, esq., late M.P., for Wigan, and brother to Sir Thomas Potter, of Manchester, aged 64; Penzance, July 14.

Price, Julia Harriet, widow of the late Henry Habberly Price, civil engineer; Jersey, June 12.

Ramsay, Lady, of Banff; at Inveresk Lodge, Scotland, June 8.

Rawlings, James, only surviving son of Philip, esq., formerly of Waltham-place, County Berks, aged 36; Richards, David, esq., Acre Lane, Brixton, aged 50, June 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Roberts, Ann, wife of Thomas Roberts, esq., Clapham Rise, aged 30, July 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Ricketts, W. George, esq., late Receiver-General for Hampshire, aged 81; Nascot-house, near Walford, July 17.

Robison, John, esq., aged 66; Kew Green, July 15.


Strachan, Mrs. Arthur, Friday-street, Cheapside, aged 36, June 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sayer, Charles, esq., Lime-street, aged 67, June 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Small, Mrs., widow of the late Rev. Dr. Small, of Stirling; at Glasgow, July 7.

Smith, Mary, relict of the late Sir Charles Joshua, of Sutton, Essex, Bart.; Roehampton Grove, July 3.

Sterry, Wasey, esq., aged 41, of an apoplectic fit; Upminster, Essex, July 15.

Stone, Lieut. Thomas E., Bombay Native Infantry, grandson of the late Sir Thomas B. Plestow, aged 21; June 8.

Stott, Wm., esq., solicitor, aged 72; Lewisham, July 7.

Taylor, Wm., esq., Admiral of the Red, only surviving officer who accompanied Captain Cook round the world in his third voyage, and was present at his death; most sincerely respected and beloved, and deeply regretted by a numerous circle of friends, aged 81; Maizehill, Greenwich, July 19.

Thomas, Mr. at 39, Old Change, aged 63, June 16.


Vardy, Elizabeth, daughter of Joshua Lambert Vardy, esq., Stamford-street, aged 2, July 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wane, Thomas, esq., of Cumberland Terrace, Regent’s Park, aged 36; Exmouth, July 8.

Warde, Hon. Mrs. Warde, relict of John Warde, esq., of Squerries, aged 88; May 30.

Watts, Mrs., Hannah, Southwark; aged 71, June 23; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wibby, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wibby, Buckingham-square, Southwark, aged 3 years and 3 months, July 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


White, Captain James, formerly of the 22d Regiment; Bayswater Terrace, June 3.

Wood, Captain S., aged 82; Totten, Southhampton, July 7.

Wood, Mary, the beloved wife of the Rev. R. M. Wood, suddenly, aged 31; Latimer Rectory, Bucks, July 5.

Young, Sir William, bart., M. P. for the county of Bucks, on Monday, June 27, at his seat, Hughenden-house, Bucks, in his 36th year. He inherited the title on the demise of his father, the fourth baronet, on the 3d of November, 1824, and married, in 1832, Caroline, fifth daughter of Mr. J. B. Borens, by whom he has left an infant family.
The Earthquake at St. Domingo.

We refer our readers to the last month's account; the following further particulars are from a private correspondent of a morning journal:

"The earthquake consisted of a quick succession of lateral or horizontal movements. I am certain that I likewise felt one powerful vertical or up-and-down movement. The shocks succeed each other so quickly that the earth appeared to be in a continued agitation, of such violence that I could with difficulty keep my legs. There was no prelude, no sub or superterrenean noises, no slight symptoms to warn us of the approaching convulsion. The duration of the several shocks that laid the town prostrate was not above forty seconds at the utmost. The houses commenced falling on the instant; a thick cloud of dust arose, accompanied by a quick rolling or heavy motion, with an unbroken fierce roar and suffocating heat. It was indeed an awful moment. I was standing in the balcony of an upper story house, and quick as thought took my position under the archway of the door leading into the salon. The wall over my head split to the very top; showers of lime, dust, and stones poured down upon me. The greater part of the house had already fallen, the earth still reeled, and I believed my last moment had arrived, when the movement ceased, and I jumped from the ruins, and escaped to the Place d'Eglise. The church, which was of vast dimensions and noble architecture, and all the fine houses surrounding the square, were flat on the ground.

"It was the first shock, or rather quick succession of shocks, not occupying above forty seconds, that did all the havoc. For the next eight hours we had shocks every five or ten minutes, but none at all approaching the primary ones in force or duration. Their direction was from east to west, or nearly so. The earth was rent and split in very many places. The Bord de la Mer street runs nearly north and south, and fissures are still visible in its entire length, nearly three quarters of a mile.

"About five minutes after the great shock, the earth rose from five to six feet, and rushed to the shore, retired and rose again, and so on four or five times. It was knee-deep on the Bord-de-la-Mer street. The vessels in the harbor felt the effects severely. The captains told me that they expected to see their masts every moment fall over the sides; yet none suffered no injury.

"Happening on Saturday, the market day, when great numbers of the country people were in town, the mortality was proportionally augmented. The population of the town was about 10,000, half of whom are supposed to have perished. Another calculation states three-fourths. In my opinion, 6,000, including the country people, would be nearer the truth.

"Fires broke out immediately after the convulsion, and ranged for ten days, adding to the distress and horror of the survivors; and numbers of the poor creatures buried alive under the ruins met a shockingly painful death. Many who were seen badly wounded and incapable of moving, on the evening of the catastrophe, were burnt during the night, a few bones merely remaining next morning.

"The survivors fled for refuge to the Tossette, a large open green to the south of the town, carrying with them such of the wounded and the dying as could be extricated from the ruins. What a sight of horror, doubt, and dread! The mingled cries of the wounded and of the children—the wailings and shrieks of the women—the subterranean thunders, the almost uninterrupted quaking of the earth, produced an effect which no pen can describe, nor imagination conceive. A slight rain fell for two or three hours, and added to our misery. I lay on the bare ground, and, with my ear applied to the short grass, heard with great distinctness the subterranean noises, exactly resembling the ordinary thunders in the atmosphere, except that they were of shorter duration. Each shaking of the surface was preceded by an interior noise. In one instance my ear received a sensation as if an immense globe or globular mass or volume was being forced from the centre towards the crust of the earth, immediately after which we had a very short but severe up and down movement. To the S. E. the sky during the night was intensely black. Clouds of smoke rolled over our heads. The limestone rocks that crown the mountain to the rear of the town shone so brightly by reflection of the light of the burning town that many supposed a volcano was there breaking out.

"It was only next morning that persons comprehended the extent of their losses. The buried alive were then extricated from the ruins, though an incalculable number must have died from suffocation. There is scarcely a family that has not lost many members, and here and there whole households have been swept away. The plunder that was committed was lamentable. I am convinced that no one regrets more than his Excellency the President the outrages committed. I, moreover, believe that he would gladly punish the offenders, if he could convict them, but unhappily he cannot. A commission has been appointed to investigate and punish: but how can penal measures be taken against an entire people? With the exception of the wounded, I do not believe that forty persons, males, could be found in the Cape who did not participate in the plunder.

"I know a marchand who has lost from
10,000 to 12,000 dollars in goods. He knew well who are the chief pillagers of his house: he mentioned their names publicly, yet now, while the commission is sitting, he dares not denounce them. National honor—public morals call for a salutary severity, but the call will be in vain. If ever there was a clear case for compensation to be enforced in favor of foreigners by their respective Governments it is this—a town given up for ten days to plunder; and officers and soldiers, who should be the protectors of the community, the very plunderers!

‘Persons who had been buried under the ruins eight, ten, or twelve days, were dug out, and many recovered, and are now alive. One was thirteen days in that situation, and is now well. It is astonishing how they could support, I will not say the pangs of hunger, but those of thirst, for such lengths of time. Yet such is undoubtedly the fact.’

Romance of Real Life.—There resides in the Chausée d’Antin a young lion, bearing the title of Count, who among his other fashionable peccadilloes has much to answer for in the way of inconstancy to the fair sex. Having gained the affections of a certain damsel named Rosita, and suddenly put an end to the liaison, he ordered her porter, in the event of her calling, to deny her. The lady did call, and received from that functionary the prescribed reply of ‘Not at home.’ Resolved, however, upon seeing the Count, she sent the following note to him the next day:—‘Monsieur Le Comte, I was informed yesterday that you were not at home. Be so good as to wait within for me this evening at eight o’clock.—Rosita.’

The Count, not exactly liking the dry tenour of this billet-doux, determined on making himself scarce for a few days, and actually went off to Fontainebleau, leaving his valet, Lambinet, in charge of the apartment, and giving strict orders to say he was gone into the country to any person who should call. As soon as his master had disappeared, Lambinet prepared, as most valets do, in the absence of their lords, to satisfy his curiosity by examining the Count’s boudoir. Amongst the papers which met his view was the letter of Rosita. An ingenious device struck him, and he went down to the porter and gave orders to admit her when she came. This idea was to personate his master, and receive the belle. Accordingly, in due time, he was perfumed and dressed in his master’s finest linen and gayest attire. As the clock struck eight, a ring was heard, and Lambinet, with palpitating heart, hurried to open it. There stood Rosita, not with ideas of soft dalliance, but filled with anger and a desire of revenge. The valet had managed to have a sort of system preserved of the vital points of Rosita’s body, and being seen that he was not the Count, but the precaution was unnecessary, for the visitor was in too great a passion to look him in the face. She commenced at once laying a riding-whip, which she had brought with her, on the shoulders and face of the astonished valet, supposing, of course, that she was wreaking her vengeance on the Count. Lambinet shouted out for help, and on the porter running up, the angry damsel perceived her mistake. She therefore turned her anger in another direction, and commenced smashing the mirrors and china vases of the apartment. When her fury had subsided, or rather when there was nothing left upon which it could be vented, she withdrew. On the return of the Count great was his anger at the demolition of his property, and the cause which led to it, and which could not be concealed, for the porter, who had become acquainted with the facts, communicated them all to the indignant lion, who immediately turned his double, M. Lambinet, out of the house. In the hope of obtaining some compensation for the loss of his place, the valet commenced proceedings against Rosita, whose address he had learned from his master. He laid his damages at a good round sum, but the Tribunal, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, only fined the fair delinquent 25 francs, and sentenced her to pay 25 francs as damages to the unfortunate Lambinet.

Bee Swarming.—During the present forcing weather it may not be amiss to relate an anecdote just furnished by a respectable individual, who vouches for its truth. An old gentleman in Ayrshire, while standing in his garden, waiting for the casting of a hive, had the misfortune to attract the swarm, as it, rather unexpectedly, came off, and the bees, thick and clustering, settled over his throat, his face, mouth and nostrils. In a moment after, his eyes were blinded by the clinging buzzing throng. Expecting the infliction of instant agony from a thousand stings, he dreaded to make the slightest movement by a voice or limb, and there was no person present. A minute or two passed—the heat was intolerable, and the sensation unnerving; at this dire extremity of no less than probable pain and death, reason at length suggested a remedy—and the old gentleman cautiously raised his hands to his hat, moved it gently, imperceptibly lifting it a few inches above his head, and then steadied the hat in that position. The queen bee must have approved of this novel hive, for the old man began to breathe freely, and in a short time the whole swarm took up their abode in the hat, which he subsequently displayed to his friends in triumph and thankfulness, without having received so much as a single sting.

Crystallization of Railway Axles.—It is said that experiments are about being made on the Eastern Counties Railway, for the purpose of enquiring into the cause and phenomena of this singular matter.
Antiquities.—Some antique remains, says Galigiana’s Messenger, have lately been discovered at Hérouval, in Normandy. A few years ago five tombs were discovered in the same neighbourhood, and the owner of the land ordered excavations to be made, which have brought to light these discoveries. Nine sarcophagi have been found within two feet of the surface, all of stone, and placed east and west. Only one remained entire, and, on being opened carefully, it was found to contain the remains of two bodies, supposed by the skull to be those of a male and female. Bracelets of beads of various colors were found near the woman’s arm, strung on brass wire, all of very rude workmanship. Near the remains of the male, which there is reason to believe are those of a Roman warrior, were some rings and ornaments in bronze, a sword, a stiletto, and buckles of the same metal perfectly well executed. The rings would lead one to suppose that he was of the equestrian order, and the stiletto denotes a man of letters. One of the rings is almost of modern form, with a square plate under where the stone is usually fixed, into which hair may be put. The tomb also contained a bronze ornament set with small stones, in the form of a brooch, to hold a dress or shawl. The warrior’s skull is fractured as if with the stroke of a weapon. Some iron ornaments, eaten with rust, were found near it, but their use cannot be imagined. An urn of red earth, covered with slight designs, was placed near these bones. The neighbouring tombs contained two other urns of blue earth of elegant forms. A medal of Faustina Augusta, found not far off, may indicate the period to which these tombs belong.

Immense Guns.—The largest gun ever made in this country, was landed at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, on the 20th ult. It has been cast and tried for the Pasha of Egypt. It is about 12 feet long, and the weight of solid shot which it will be fired is 445 lbs., and shells of 330 lbs., and it is expected that two solid shot of that weight and four shells in the same proportion will be used when it is proved at the butt. Two other large guns, 130 pounders, for the same sovereign, were landed at the same time. On the 22d ult. the proving took place and was found perfect. The charge of powder with which it was fired was 63 lbs., and the shell 330 lbs. The second was 45 lbs. for the solid ball of 445 lbs. weight. The report was not so loud as might have been expected, but the effect of the shell and ball was tremendous. One or two experienced officers expressed a doubt as to the inventions being an advantage, as lodging from the breech, during the heaving of a vessel, or the inclination of the gun, at certain times, from the same cause, might allow the shot to get too far forward, leaving too great a space between the powder and ball, which cannot occur when the charge is rammed home from the mouth of the gun.

Miscellaneous.

The Drama.

There has been but little novelty during the past month at Her Majesty’s Theatre, for the indispositions on indispositions of foreign songsters and songstresses are things one as regularly anticipates as the Opera season, and their jealousies and bickerings and apologetic letters to newspaper editors part and parcel of the obstacles which the lessee of the Theatre has to encounter in his management. The Theatre has been well and very fashionably attended, and Mr. Lumley’s selection of operas made with that gentleman’s distinguished taste and anxious liberality as a minister to the taste of his patrons. Cerito, the happy child of imaginative grace, took her benefit on the 21st ult., and gave us the Lucia di Lammermoor, the new ballet of Alma, or La Fille de Feu. In the opera, Rubini, (whom we once heard a lady, intending to compliment him, style the Templeton of Italy!) was as great as ever, making us regret, especially by the triumph he achieved in that master-piece of the opera, “Tu par, tu par dementina,” that this is his last season. Great is Rubini, throwing his heart and soul and intellect into his voice, and pouring them out, as it were, in a strain of liquid melody, that might have charmed even the perfect ear of the divine Apollo. Ronconi was supposed to be hoarse, but in a letter to The Times, at the date of a few days after, that gentleman states that his failure in the part of Enrico was to be attributed to his compass of voice, which was wholly und适应ed to the part he had forced upon him by the management. The house was crammed in every part.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean have left the Haymarket, and gone up the Rhine. During their engagement they have drawn full houses, and since their secession the attraction of Farren and Mrs. Glover has almost made amends for their loss.

A one act farce by Mr. Charles Dance, called Lucky Stars, or the Cobbler of Cripplegate, has been produced at the New Strand Theatre. It is a pleasant piece of satire and fun, and by the help of the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, may have a run for the next week or two.

At the English Opera House scarcely anything has been produced that calls for emphatic mention, with the exception of a melo drama, entitled The Lone Hut; or, A Legend of Mont Blanc. Its success was entirely owing to the admirable acting of Mesdames Faucit, Crisp, and Murray, and Messrs. O. Smith, and Frank Mathews. Harley had a wretched part in the piece,—that of an utterer of all the worst jokes in Joe Miller. The house has been well attended, but the admissions, we hear, have been more by paper than money, owing, probably, to the light sovereigns!
THE SCHEME OF EXURBAN BURIAL,

(now about to be generally adopted by Act of Parliament)


All our readers have well known, that we have unceasingly, for years past, set forth the great public advantage of such a measure as the above-mentioned, and we are truly happy to see that with concurrence of the legislature, Mr. Mackinnon, M.P., has leave to present a Bill for the purpose of preventing burials from taking place in towns, and under churches, on the 4th instant. It is now, if we are rightly informed, four and twenty years since, that seeing Pere la Chaise, (Mr. Carden’s account of which was published in this Magazine some ten years ago), that gentleman thought a similar purpose might be welcomed by the public. But, at that period, the cemeteries of France were but little known to the English public, and so good a purpose remained in his own breast, until the year 1824, when, by public announcement and examinations of the condition of the London church-yards and burial places, he found that the change was positively required. By sanction of the Government in 1822, (eight years after) Mr. Carden succeeded in establishing the most-of-all admired cemetery of “Kensal Green,” on the Harrow-road, (in which, now, repose—apart even from their ancestral resting-places—the honored remains of many a once proud lord of extensive domains;) and the example was wisely followed, and, indeed, too closely, in extravagance, imitated by the other establishments—the South-Metropolitan or Norwood—the Highgate and Nunhead Companies—the Brompton Cemetery—the Abbey Park, and one by the late J. B. Barber Beaumont esq., a director at one time in the original scheme, so that in truth, the Hydra-headed monster seems not unwilling to steal a march upon us.

Mr. Mackinnon is not ignorant of the contents of this publication; he is Chairman, too, of the Board appointed to the great task, and we trust that his name, and the power of the Parliament will prevent any jobbing, favoritism or extravagance, and as salus populi suprema lex, was Mr. Carden’s starting motto, so we trust pro bono publico, will, in the end, animate all hearts, for there is endless labor of kind considerations duly to carry out a purpose which goes so home to the feelings of all mankind. We have heard Mr. Carden say, that he never yet had the perfect freedom, from the selfishness of others, of fully carrying out his measure, which, with perhaps Utopian thoughts, he yet thinks might be made satisfactory to all those who have permanent interests in metropolitan places of sepulture, from which sentiment not altogether disagreeing, we conclude our remarks by trusting that Sir James Graham and Mr. Mackinnon, and shall we at once say, the Parliament, will at least take counsel with Mr. Carden on the subject, who, though long may he have his limbs above ground, yet heartily embraces the subject, which, in truth, is at his finger-ends. There is also a very meritorious engineer and writer on the same subject, Mr. Walker, surgeon, of Drury-lane, whose valuable aid might save much expense, toil and trouble.

WATTS' WRITING INK.—We are known carefully to abstain from inserting puff-paragraphs, but invited by Mr. Watts, (chemist), to express our opinion of his ink, we cordially do so, stating that we have used his for many years) that it is particularly adapted for steel pens, is of such gravity that it does not fall in blots upon our paper, nor like many, indeed all other, inks, even the excellent ink of the British Museum, clog our pens and consume itself by dryness.

THE DRAGON, LARGEST STEAM-VESSEL IN THE WORLD.—Orders have been given to build a war-steam-vessel of very large dimensions, to bear this name. She will be immediately commenced at Sheerness or Chatham, most probably at the latter port. The engines of this stupendous vessel, are to be of the immense power of 800 horses. The devastation, and other first-class steamers at present in the service, have only engines of 400 horse power.

BARNARD CAVANAGH, THE FASTING MAN.—The following recent piece of information will lead the reader to believe that the public will hear no more of him. Barnard returned to his father’s house, near Swinford, County Mayo, in the earlier part of last month, and on the Sunday after his arrival there made his appearance in the chapel of the town. He is what is called “in good condition,” having, no doubt, fully made up for the restraints under which he put himself to engage in the singular imposition he had selected as a means of livelihood, and for which practices he was very deservedly punished.
DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.*

The intelligence of the melancholy accident to the Duke of Orleans in the Bois de Boulogne was soon communicated to the English public by an extraordinary express published at eleven o'clock p.m., Thursday, July 14, in a second edition of The Times.

The late Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of the King of the French, and of her present Majesty the Queen of the French, who is daughter of Ferdinand, King of the two Sicilies. The deceased was a native of Palermo, having been born in that city on the 2d of September, 1810. On the restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne of their ancestors, the Orleans branch of the family immediately returned to their native country, where the young Prince, who has so unhappily lost his life, commenced his education as a pupil of the public Lyceums in Paris; for his father, whose early life had been spent under the guidance of Madame de Genlis, was resolved that his son should not be brought up in what Dr. Johnson calls the "ignorance of princely education," and, thus, for the first time a French Prince entered an academic class, exposed himself to the fellowship of schoolboys, and contended with the sons of the nobility and gentry of France in the rivalry peculiar to a place of public education. He has, however, been less distinguished in literature than in arms, having served with considerable reputation in the African war.

When the news of that revolution which placed his father on a throne reached him, he was at Leigny with his regiment. Of course he lost no time in attempting to join his relatives; he was, however, detained by the mayor of Montronge, but being speedily liberated by an order from Lafayette, he thought it expedient to return to his regiment, instead of proceeding to Neuilly, where his father then was. On his return he met the Duchess d'Angoulême, who expressed a hope that he would support the cause of that portion of the family to which she belonged. His characteristic reply was, that under all circumstances he would do his duty, regardless of consequences.

Louis Philippe, I., the King of the French, has now a family of six children, (exclusive of the late lamented Duke of Orleans,) four of whom are sons, viz., the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Aumale, and the Duke de Montpensier. The present heir apparent to the throne of France is the young Comte de Paris, the eldest child of the late Duke of Orleans, who was born in August, 1838, and is consequently in his fourth year. His younger brother, the infant Duke de Chartres, was born on the 9th of November, 1840.

The late Duke of Orleans married, in June, 1837, the Princess Helena of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, by whom he had the two sons above-mentioned. He always entertained a marked predilection for military employment, and was understood to be much beloved by the soldiers under his command, many of whom—sturdy veterans of the Napoleon armies—shed tears as his lifeless body was carried from the fatal spot.

It is curious to remark the hapless fate which has been attendant upon so many of the youthful scions of royalty in France.

In the first place, there was the unfortunate Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., who, after undergoing the most horrible sufferings, perished in the prison of the Temple, at the age of about eight years. Although, however, he never came to the throne, the title of Louis the Seventeenth has been nevertheless assigned him.

The next youthful heir to the French Crown was the Duke de Reichstadt, or, as he was called, "the King of Rome," whom Napoleon wished to place on the throne when he abdicated in 1814 and 1815. This, however, the conquerors of France would never listen to, and the young prince was consequently compelled to retire with his imperial mother to Austria, where he lived for some years, under the protection of his maternal grandfather, the late Emperor Francis I. He finally died of pulmonary consumption, in the year 1832, aged 21 years.

Louis XVIII. having died in 1824 without issue, he was succeeded by his brother, Charles X., who, as all our readers are aware, was compelled to abdicate his throne in July, 1830. His eldest son the Dauphin (entitled the Duke d'Angou-

* A full-length Authentic Portrait of the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is being now executed at Paris for our September number.
The King, his father, is indeed now strong and healthful, but his years are increasing, and the hopes of the nation are fixed upon the King's grandson (a mere infant) whom, by a Providential interposition, the King may be spared to educate, and render equally popular. Others again look forward with still deeper concern to the prospect of a long regency, and this opinion for a few days disadvantageously impressed the minds of holders of French stock.

To ourselves, lovers of history, and embracing as our labors do so great a survey of that of France, from very early times down almost to the present day, we cannot but admit that there is much for serious consideration in the slender stems which are to prop up or to maintain a mighty dynasty such as that of our neighbours, and long may we have to call them friends. But the hand that can lay low can also raise up, and in Hw let nations trust.

To those who have not read the editorial comments of the editor of The Times, the following article will be particularly acceptable, and even those who, in the hurry of a newspaper glance, have but skimmed over the remarks, will admit the appropriateness of our selection and addition of the following:

"Amidst the terrible and fatal series of calamities which have stricken the Royal House of France, none have fallen more suddenly on that devoted family, none have flung a deeper gloom over the future destinies of that country, than the accident which has cost the life of Ferdinand of Orleans, the heir apparent to the throne. How irregular, how mysterious, how severe, are those dispensations of Providence, which appear to leave within the reach of common chance lives which have been so often and so wonderfully preserved from the designs of conspirators, and the menaces of anarchy! The dagger of Louvois proved fatal to the elder branch of the Bourbons, in spite of the infant scion which sprang from the Duke de Berri's grave; and it is impossible to view without the deepest anxiety the recurrence of a state of things so pregnant with danger to the French monarchy and to the institutions of that country. An aged King and an infant heir seem to belong to the most trying periods of French history—periods indeed infinitely less trying than that which awaits the country now, for even amidst the disturbances and the excesses of former regencies, the person of the Sovereign was sacred, and the traditional principles of the Royal

From our numerous Memoirs, and also Historical Sketches of France, French Chronicles and Tales.

See also the Portrait and Memoir of the Duchess of Berri, and her narrow escape from being burnt to death when concealed behind the chimney. No. for March, 1833.
authority were inviolate. At the present time it is needless to enlarge on the importance of the highest personal qualities, the resolution of manhood, the experience of life, and the authority of a mature reason, in the ruler of France. The history of the last twelve years, and the character of the present King, sufficiently prove that no weaker Prince could have surmounted the frightful difficulties of his position.

"If it be embarrassing to select any topics fit to alleviate at the present moment the dismay which this event has spread abroad, still more impossible is it to find any expressions which may convey consolation to those who are personally afflicted by this dreadful event. The King will, indeed, on this occasion, meet with the warmest and truest expression of the confidence and regard entertained in France and throughout Europe for his family, and for the institutions which he has consolidated. The depth and the extent of the sympathy with this occurrence will call forth must prove how deep and how extensive is the reliance of Europe on the maintenance of the present reigning family; and it must strengthen the general feeling that the dangers and chances which have already marked in such frightful characters the history of the House of Bourbon, have rendered the lives of the survivors of that race more essential to the peace of the world and to the prosperity of France.

"Whichever way we turn our thoughts, some fresh coincidence suggests itself to the mind, some fresh manifestation of extraordinary and incomprehensible power appears to rise out of every vicissitude in the fate of these august and unfortunate families. Of the three young men, almost contemporaries in age, who were born heirs to that throne, or raised to that condition, and who, in the ordinary course of human life, seemed destined at least to live through the greater part of this century, and to play no obscure or ordinary part in the course of human affairs, the sole survivor is the exiled heir of the elder branch. The Duke de Reichstadt dies at Vienna, stripped of the royal ornaments thrown by fortune on his cradle. The Duke de Bordeaux leads the objectless and uncertain existence of a pretender. The Duke d'Orleans suddenly perishes in the streets of Paris at the very moment when his life seemed of most importance to his family and his country.

It is of course premature to speculate on the arrangements which may be hereafter contemplated by the French Government. We alluded the other day to the peculiar gravity and importance of the duties which probably await the newly-elected Chamber of Deputies, but assuredly no man foresaw that a Regency Bill would be the first act to be submitted to that body. The Royal Family is happily not wanting in members of an age and character to support the dynasty; but the Heir Apparent is an infant, and in all human probability the supreme power must pass into the hands of a Regent upon the demise of the present King. The Duke de Nemours is obviously the Prince whose position, as eldest uncle of the Heir Apparent, points him out as the fittest person to act, in case of a minority, although the unbroken health and unabated vigor of the King lead us to hope that the present reign may yet be prolonged for many years. But, under all the circumstances which may arise out of this distressing and unexpected crisis, there is no one personage to whom France will look with more hope and trust than to the widowed Duchess of Orleans. That Princess, more illustrious for her virtues and her character than for her birth and station, has won, to a remarkable degree, the confidence of Louis Philippe, and the respect of the nation. As the mother of the infant heir, she cannot but exercise a most important influence over his future destinies; and to whomever the Legislature may confide the political power of the guardian of that Prince, she is naturally called, as the surviving parent of the future King of the French, to duties of no common magnitude. Even amidst the gloom and grief of her affliction, she appears to be marked out by this potentious event to maintain the rights of her son, and to prepare a Sovereign for his people; and if we are not mistaken, she is eminently qualified to discharge the high, though melancholy, duties which may devolve upon her."

(From Galignani's Messenger.)

The details of the calamity are as follows:—Yesterday (July 13), at 12 o'clock, the Duke of Orleans was to leave Paris for St. Omer, where he was to inspect several regiments intended for the corps of operation on the Meuse. His equipages were ordered, and his attendants in readiness. Every preparation was made at the Pavillon Marsan for the journey, after which his Royal Highness was to join the Duchess of Orleans at Flombieres. At 11 the Prince got into a carriage, intending to go to Neuilly to take leave of the King and Queen and the Royal Family. This carriage was a four-wheeled cabriolet, or calche, drawn by two horses à la demi-Daumont—that is, driven by a postillion. It was the conveyance usually taken by the Prince when going short distances round Paris. He was quite alone, not having suffered one of his officers to accompany him. On arriving near the Porte Maillot, the horse rode by the postillion took fright, and broke into a gallop. The carriage was soon taken with great velocity up the Chemin de la Revolte. The Prince, seeing that the postillion was unable to master the horses, put his foot on the step, which is very near the ground, and jumped down on the road, when about half-way along the road which runs direct from the Porte Maillot. The Prince touched the road witn

* See the contrary before.
both feet, but the impulse was so great that he staggered, and fell with his head on the pavement. The effect of the fall was terrible, for his Royal Highness remained senseless on the spot. Persons instantly ran to his assistance and carried him into a grocer's by the way-side, a short distance off, opposite Lord Seymour's stables. In the mean time the postillion succeeded in getting command over his horses, turned the carriage round, and came to the door of the house where the Prince was lying. His Royal Highness never recovered his senses. He was placed on a bed in a room on the ground floor, and surgical assistance was sent for. Dr. Bauny, a physician in the neighbourhood, was the first who came. He bled the royal sufferer, but this produced no good effect. The news of the accident was conveyed to Neulilly. The Ministers and Marshals assembled, threw themselves at her feet, and endeavored to offer her consolation. Her Majesty exclaimed, "What a dreadful misfortune has fallen upon our family, but how much greater is it for France!" Her voice was then stopped by her sobs and tears. The King, seeing Marshal Gerard absorbed in grief, took his hand, pressed it with an expression showing his sense of his bereavement, but, at the same time, a firmness and magnanimity truly royal. The mortal remains of the Prince were placed on a litter covered with a white sheet. The Queen refused to get into the carriage, declaring her resolution to follow the corpse of her son to the chapel at Neulilly, where she wished it to be carried. Consequently, a company of the 17th Light Infantry was hastily marched down from Courbevoie to line the procession on each side, and those brave men who had shared with the Prince Royal in all the dangers of the passage of the Iron Gates and the heights of Mouzaia, in Africa, served as the escort of his now lifeless body. Several of the men wept, and called back to their minds the brilliant valour with which the Duke of Orleans had assailed the enemy, and, at the same time, the mild and delicate benevolence with which he had ever tempered the necessary rigour of command. At five o'clock the mournful procession moved towards the chapel at Neulilly. General Athalin walked at the head of the bier, which was carried by four non-commissioned officers. Behind followed the King, Queen, Princess Adelaida, Duchess of Nemours, Princess Clementine, Duke d'Aumale, and Duke de Montpensier. Then came Marshals Soult and Gerard, the Ministers, the General Officers, the household of the King and Princess, and an immense number of other persons. The sad and solemn procession moved along the Avenue de Sablonville, and crossing the old Neulilly road entered the royal park, and traversed its whole length to the chapel. There their Majesties, the King and Princesses, after prostrating themselves before the altar, left their beloved child and brother under the guardianship of God. In the evening the Royal family remained in seclusion, except that the King conferred with his Ministers. At seven o'clock M. Bertin de Vaux, one of the deceased Prince's orderly officers, and M. Chomel, who was his Royal Highness's first physician, set out for Plombières, where
the Duchess of Orleans is taking the waters. Amidst all their own affliction, during this disastrous day, the thought of the deprivation sustained by this unfortunate Princess was never out of the minds of her Royal relations, and her name was repeatedly invoked in their lamentations. At length it was resolved that the Duchesse de Nemours and the Princess Clementine should go to her with letters from the King and Queen. Their Royal Highnesses commenced their journey at nine o'clock, attended by Mademoiselle Angelet and General de Rimigny. At ten o'clock the Duke d'Aumale, accompanied by the Count de Montguyon, who was one of the Prince Royal’s aides-de-camp, went to the Pavilion Marsan, and, in obedience to an order from the King, put seals upon all the deceased’s papers. Commandant Lorne, one of his Majesty’s orderly officers, was sent off to the Château d’Eu, to bring back the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, who had been sent there for the bathing season. At 11 o’clock last night the Duke d’Aumale returned to the palace at Neuvilly, and there remains, as well as the Duke de Montpensier. One courier was despatched to the Duke de Nemours, and another to Toulon, with orders for a steamer to be despatched to the coast of Sicily, where it is believed the squadron of Admiral Hugon now is, and consequently the Prince de Joinville will be found.

After the above full and minute details, little more remains to be said at present on this astounding occurrence; and, indeed, from other sources, we have only been able to glean the following: When the Prince Royal first perceived that the postillion had lost all command over the horses, he stood up in the carriage, and looked with earnest attention along the road before him; seeing the road clear, he sat quietly down again; but, rising once more, after running about 150 yards, and observing that his valet, who was in the seat behind, had disappeared, and probably fearing that the man had been thrown off by the violence of the motion, his Royal Highness took the resolution of getting out. When taken up, the Royal Duke was found to have a severe contusion on the left temple, and several wounds on his legs. The blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, and even from his eyes. When examined by the surgeons and other medical men called in, a fracture in the skull was discovered, and left little or no hope. The words which the Prince uttered in German, and which are alluded to above, are said to have been—— "Shut the door, there is a fire."

The following letter from Plombières of July 11, giving an account of the calm and tranquil manner in which the Duchess of Orleans passes her time, is interesting, from the strong contrast it presents to the agony which must have taken possession of the mind of the unhappy Duchess on receiving the intelligence, dreadful in itself, but awfully terrible from its suddenness, of her beloved husband’s death—— "Her Royal Highness says the letter has already derived benefit on the baths of Plombières. She walks out daily, and the inhabitants, though delighted to see her without attendants or guard quietly

passing through the streets, have the delicacy to allow her to pass without indulging in unbecoming curiosity. She has visited the principal shops of the place, and made several purchases of the polished steel goods, for the manufacture of which the town is deservedly famous. Her Royal Highness has also been to see the Stauishaus Hospital, founded by the good King whose name it bears, and expressed her satisfaction at the state in which it is kept. There is every reason to hope that her Royal Highness’s health will soon be perfectly restored. Her affability and charity make her nearly adored here."

In consequence of the melancholy accident which has thrown so much gloom over the capital, orders were given to suspend the preparations in the Champs Elysées for the customary fêtes of July.

As a more than customary token of respect, it will be seen in the following notice that the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert will continue in mourning longer than usual. It is said, too, that the Queen with her own hand, wrote a most touching letter of condolence.

COURT MOURNING.—The Court went into mourning for his late Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans on the 21st ult. the Ladies wearing black-silk, fringed or plain linen; white gloves, necklaces and ear-rings; black or white shoes, fans and tippets; and the Gentlemen wearing black, full-trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles. On Thursday the 28th ult., the court changed mourning, the Ladies wearing black-silk or velvet, colored-ribbons, fans and tippets, or plain white or white and gold, or white and silver stuff, with black-ribbons; and the Gentlemen wearing black coats, and black, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waiscoats, full trimmed, colored swords and buckles. On Thursday, the 4th inst. the Court will go out of mourning. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, however, will wear mourning from the 21st ult., to the 18th instant, being a full month.

Here we terminate for the present this painful record, purposing to add the closing scenes of the prince’s earthly presence in our next, merely stating that the King, with great firmness of mind, for the good of the nation, opened the Chambers in person, and that every thing wore a tranquil and favorable appearance.

[COURT MAGAZINE]
DESCRIPTION

OF THE

FULL-LENGTH, COLORED, AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT

OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

(Which appeared in the Court Magazine for September 1842, No. 112, of this Series; together with a brief Memoir, upon the occasion of the melancholy and sudden death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, from a picture painted by Winterhalter, at the earlier period of the Union of the illustrious pair.

Alas! Alas! that there should be such a thing as sorrow in the world, to cast a shade over the exquisitely sweet and placid brow before us.

This costume of the Duchess of Orléans only differ from that worn by ladies at the present time, in the costliness of its materials. Her dress is of the richest white-satin, and is made with a point or stomacher body, and the Sévigné folds. A double fall of rich lace goes round the bust, and gives considerable grace to the figure. The sleeves are short, and of the fashion called Séduisantes, and the full bows of blue-velvet, taking off from the plainness of the upper part, render them infinitely becoming. A smaller bow of the same material is in the centre of the body, behind which peeps a pretty chemisette. The skirt of the dress is long and very full; two magnificent lace flounces, (one being of extreme breadth) are its only ornament. The hair is simply braided in front, and the plait, behind, just visible on the crown of the head. A Coiffure composed of lace and blue-velvet, takes off from the otherwise extreme simplicity of this headdress. Her Royal Highness wears no ornament save one gold bracelet on the right arm, and a ring, (doubtless her Anneau de Mariage) on the middle finger. A pink and gold fan is held in the right hand, whilst the left arm is supported on a pedestal, behind which, a crimson-velvet shawl, trimmed with bullion, appears carelessly thrown. The shoes are of white-satin.

[The hasty particulars of the Duke's Death cannot be called a memoir, yet the pages are so printed that they may be detached, and form part of the Book of Memoirs, by those who desire to do so.]
HÉLÈNE LOUISE ELISABETH DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.


Full length from an original portrait painted by Winterhalter.
N. 112 of the series of full length authentic colonial portraits.

Court Magazine, No. 46, Mary street Lincoln's Inn, London.
HER MOST SERENE AND AUGUST HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS ELEONOR, Consort of BOUDEH III.

Empress of Germany, Hungary and Bohemia, Duchess of Mantua, etc.

Died January 20, 1612.

Dobbs and Co Court Magazine, II Carey street. No. 113, of the series, after an engraving by Wolf Kibian. 1622.
HIS LATE ROYAL HIGENESS THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

WITH A FULL-LENGTH AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT

OF

HER ROYAL HIGENESS THE DUCHESS OR ORLEANS,

(THE BEREAVED WIDOW OF THE LATE LAMENTED DUKE.)

(No. 112 of this series of full-length authentic Portraits, executed at Paris.)

When our last number went to press, we were not certain that we could so soon have obtained an authentic likeness of a Princess, whose sad domestic calamity must ever, in history, awaken the reader's deepest sympathy: of one, too, who, not only as the mother of the infant heir apparent to the throne, must greatly influence the character of the future king, (should Providence destine him for a throne) but moreover of one, who, had she been chosen Regent, in case of the sudden demise of His Majesty Louis Philippe before her son should have arrived at the age of eighteen years, would have held so prominent a post in the affairs of France, and, probably, over the destinies of other European nations. Contrary to our usual custom, therefore, we presented the particulars to our readers, in the shape not indeed of a biography, but as an article of intelligence, in which form we are, thus, in some measure, forced to continue the subsequent portion, commencing our account from the first indirect communication to the Royal Duchess; then of the funeral ceremony; the address to the Chambers by the King of the French; the touching address of that exalted body, and concluding our narrative with a record of the election of the Duke de Nemours as Regent, during the minority of the before mentioned infant son of the late Duke of Orleans—the Count de Paris.

The news of the death of his late Royal Highness reached Plommières in the course of Thursday, July 14, and the Journal des Débats gave the following highly interesting but truly painful particulars:

(Continued from the preceding account in the Court Magazine for August.)

The Duke de Nemours, before he quitted Nancy, forwarded a dispatch to General Baudrand, containing these words, "The Duke of Orleans is dead at Paris." When the General received this news, the Duchess had returned from a long walk, and was preparing for dinner, to which several persons had been invited. The General hastened to the Prefect and returned with a new despatch composed for the occasion, in which it was stated that the Prince Royal was grievously indisposed. The Princess was much affected when this communication was made her. She determined to return to Paris immediately, and in two hours she was on the road. "The Duke of Orleans will scold me," she said, "but, no matter, my resolution is taken." At some distance from Epinal, during the night, the Duchess met the carriage conveying M. Bertin de Vaux and Dr. Chomel. The latter approached the door of the Princess's carriage. "What news?" said her Royal Highness, much agitated. M. Chomel had not the courage to say "He..."
is dead." "I understand you," said the Princess, with a piercing scream. The crisis was long and terrible. "No, it is not possible," she exclaimed; "you are deceiving me; he is not dead. I shall see him again!" This melancholy scene, which the darkness of the night rendered more solemn, lasted a long time. The Princess desired the postillions to use the utmost despatch. "I wish," said she, "to arrive in time to see him, though dead, whom Heaven denied that I should see living." The Duchess arrived at Neuilly at half-past nine o'clock on Saturday morning, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess de Nemours and the Princess Clementine. The King and Queen received the Duchess of Orleans on the external porch of the palace of Neuilly. After this painful interview, her Royal Highness was introduced to the chapel in which repose the remains of the Duke. After having knelt and prayed, the Duchess asked that the coffin should be opened, that she might once more contemplate the precious remains of the royal deceased. Her Royal Highness was then conducted to her apartments.

Touching the mournful event itself, we have little to add to the accounts contained in our previous numbers. We now proceed with details of the final ceremony. The coffin containing the remains of the Duke was exposed in the chapel of Neuilly until the 30th of July. They were then exposed in state in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the funeral service was celebrated on the 3d.; but Dreux was destined to witness the presence of a Monarch weeping over a beloved son, once the pride of his earthly hopes, where the grave was to close over its victim, the King himself assisting at the depositing the Prince's remains in the family vault.

The Town of Dreux is small, but venerable in aspect. It is situate at eight leagues from Chartres, and about twenty from Paris. In the 11th and 12th centuries, the Counts of Dreux erected a fortress there, and there still remain vestiges both of the castle, and the strength of the former town. The chapel itself, placed within the precincts of the ancient fortress, was erected by his present Majesty previous to his accession to the throne, and contains a mausoleum for the family of Orleans, whose present head has already had to deplore the death of a highly talented daughter, and of a son, in memory of whose lamented exit from this transitory scene, this town will long be celebrated.

The day appointed for the funeral was Thursday, the 4th of August, and even the day before some thousands of visitors had arrived in order to witness the sad ceremony; so great, indeed, were the numbers, that very many could not find shelter even for the night. During the next morning the multitude of arrivals was every moment increasing, and at the sad hour when the mournful procession was about to advance, the assemblage was surprisingly great, yet not greater than the tokens of condolence and respect exhibited by all classes, and by the inhabitants in particular.

CEREMONY OF THE FUNERAL OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

At the entrance of Dreux, from the Paris road, two obelisk columns were erected, one on each side, in imitation of black and white marble, each surmounted by a star, from which hung suspended large wreaths of laurel, intermingled with cypress. On the front of the columns were medallions, containing the initials of his Royal Highness, and the names of the different places at which the Prince had been in action. Across the road, from the top of those funereal pillars, was suspended a deep black drapery, thickly studded with silver stars, festooned up in the centre by a large escutcheon, bearing the initials of the deceased, and surrounded by military trophies veiled with crape. From this point the whole length of the street through which the cortège passed, to the Church of St. Pierre, and thence to the Royal Chapel, was hung on both sides with a drapery of black cloth,
ornamented with stars, medallions, and wreaths of laurel, presenting a coup d'œil of the most striking, but, at the same time, melancholy character. Every shop throughout the town, whether in the line of march of the procession or not, was closed; and from the general aspect of sadness, and the almost universal adoption of mourning, a stranger arriving in the town would have imagined that every family had been bereaved of some loved member.

The Church of St. Pierre, throughout the whole extent of the nave and transept, was hung with black, ornamented at alternate intervals with medallions, bearing the initials of the deceased Prince, military trophies veiled with crape, and escutcheons, with the words Honneur et Patrie! This sable drapery extended to the height of the cornices of the windows, but not so as to prevent their throwing a faint light into the building. Innumerable wreaths covered all sides, and in the centre of the nave was erected a splendid catafalque, covered with black velvet, thickly studded with silver stars, and richly trimmed with ermine. Over the catafalque was suspended a canopy of the same material, surmounted by a dome, the corner of the canopy descended an ample drapery, similarly ornamented, and likewise trimmed with ermine. At the four corners of the catafalque were suspended massive silver chandeliers, each containing a great number of wax lights. The service in the Church of St. Pierre was but of short duration, consisting of the ordinary burial service, the entrance of the body into this church being only a necessary formality in order that the demise of the Royal deceased might be duly enregistered in its archives. The external front of the church, at the grand portal, was hung with black, with silver stars and escutcheons, and long streamers, veiled with crape, were suspended from each corner of the tower.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Aumale, and the Duke de Montpensier, with their suites, having arrived, were received at the entrance of the town by the authorities appointed for the occasion. From this point, where, as we have before stated, the two columns were erected, a line of National Guards and regular troops was formed extending to the entrance of the chapel, previously reaching the church of St. Pierre, the Princes descended from their carriage, and fell into the line of the procession, following the car on foot as chief mourners. The cortège was headed by a squadron of hussars and followed in succession by detachments of gendarmerie, artillery, infantry, Orletat Chasseur, and National Guards—the latter force having marshaled in large numbers from every part of the department. The clergy, among whom were the Bishops of Chartres, Evreux, Meaux, and Versailles, came next in procession, all attired in their high canonicals, and headed by the officers of the church bearing different religious emblems, the choristers chanting the De profundis. Immediately after the clergy came the urn, containing the heart of the deceased Prince. It was borne on a mourning-bier, carried by four of the Royal household in deep mourning, and covered with a pall of black velvet, richly studded, the corners of which were held by Generals Marbot and Baudrand. The funeral car, which was the same as that used in the transport of the body from Neuilly to Notre Dame, next followed in the procession, and immediately behind it were three orderly officers of the late Duke’s staff, bearing on cushions a crown and the insignia of his different orders. The corners of the pall were held by two Marshals and two General Officers. Then followed their Royal Highnesses the Princes. They were dressed in the uniforms of their respective services, and wearing black mourning cloaks. Immediately after them followed a brilliant staff of general officers, and all the high civil and military authorities of the department, the members of the bar, and a large number of the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, all clad in deep mourning. The rear of the procession was brought up by detachments of military, corresponding to those in advance, the whole closed by a brigade of artillery.

On arriving at the church of St. Pierre, the body was removed from the car, and placed on the catafalque while the service was performed. During this period their Royal Highnesses, who were placed opposite the body, appeared absorbed in grief, but evidently struggled to subdue their feelings. At the conclusion of this service, which lasted little more than half an hour, the cortège again formed in the same order as that above described, and proceeded towards the chateau, where the chapel is situate.

The fitting up of the Royal chapel was at once chaste and solemnly grand. The whole of the interior was hung with black; even the cupola window at the top was veiled, thus excluding all light, except that communicated by countless numbers of wax tapers placed in rich candelabra round the walls, and in massive silver lamp stands hanging from the roof at the four corners of the catafalque, which was erected in the centre, ornamented with black velvet, studded with silver stars, and trimmed with ermine. Here, as in the church, a number of small medallions were placed at intervals round the walls, bearing the initials of the deceased Prince, interspersed with military trophies, and over the grand entrance was a large escutcheon similarly ornamented. On arriving at the outer gate the military filed off on each side,
allowing the clergy to form the head of the procession, and when the car had entered, His Majesty, who had arrived during the night, joined the procession, placing himself before the Royal Dukes. His Majesty, who assumed all the firmness he could command, looked sadly worn and pale from intense mental suffering. On reaching the chapel the body was removed and placed on the catafalque—His Majesty and the Royal Dukes taking their seats in front of it. All seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and the fortitude of the King, though for some time nobly sustained, at length yielded to his emotions—the aged monarch mingled his tears with those of his children, and the uncontrollable agony of the Royal sufferer found its way to every heart. The sorrow of the Princes was also most affecting to witness, and altogether a scene more painfully affecting, it is impossible to describe or to imagine. The ceremony of high mass was performed by the Archbishop of Paris amid the tears of all who were admitted to the chapel, which number was chiefly confined to the royal suite and chief authorities, by reason of its smallness. After the body had been removed to the vault, the King and the Princes were left with it almost alone, and here the affection of the family is described as of the most heart-rending and agonizing description. They sobbed aloud, and in some time before they could tear themselves away from the spot. As the clock struck four, a salute of artillery announced that the mortal remains of the lamented Prince had been deposited in their last long home, by the side of a sister, only less beloved—the Princess Marie, Duchess of Wurtemburg.

The mournful ceremony being concluded, His Majesty and the Princes retired, and shortly after quitted the town, greeted by “Vive le Roi!” and saluted by the National Guards of Dreuze, who were drawn up on each side of the street. His Majesty, who appeared somewhat to have recovered his firmness, bowed most graciously in return for these kindred demonstrations, which appeared to affect him by their fervency. The immense crowds, whose conduct and demeanor throughout the day had been most exemplary, then slowly dispersed. Here it may be remarked that a strong contrast was visible between the effect of the funeral ceremonies at Paris and at Dreuze. In the capital the princely rank of the deceased necessarily gave his obsequies the pomp and magnificence of a public pageant; at Dreuze, although with sufficient display to indicate the exalted station of the Prince, the solemnity had more of the sacredness of private sorrow. The grief of the princely mourners, subdued at Paris by the pomp and publicity which surrounded them, at Dreuze found vent in their unrestrained tears, in which thousands joined, and in which all the multitudes assembled appeared to sympathize. If the grief of the bereaved parents and the unhappy widow was capable of receiving consolation at a moment like the present, the royal mourners would find a solace in the unaffected sympathy displayed in every quarter for their irreparable loss, and in the testimonies of affectionate respect universally borne to the noble character of a Prince whose talents and virtues, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him, would have shed lustre upon his crown and glory upon his kingdom.

FRENCH REGENCY BILL.—The President of the Chamber of Deputies took his seat on the 9th of August, when the President of the Council ascended the tribune amidst deep silence, and delivered the following address:

“Messieurs,—By order of the King we come to submit to your deliberation a bill for laying down a fixed principle relative to the King’s majority, and to provide during his minority for the exercise and maintenance of the royal authority. The constitutional charter contains no enactment on this grave subject. In presence of the most brilliant family that was ever ranged round a throne, France appeared entitled to hope that she could not have for a long time to pay attention to the point. Of all the misfortunes that could reach us, we have experienced the most unexpected, and no trial will have been spared us in our labors for the establishment of a free government and a national dynasty. Let us accomplish, Messieurs, the duties which this mournful situation imposes on us. God, who has preserved the days of the King by so manifest a protection, will long continue this life, so precious to his country. The King himself, whilst bending humbly under the decree of Providence, has examined with a firm and steady gaze the changes of the future. He has hastened to assemble you around him, and you have seen him struggle against his grief in order to ask you to restore confidence to France. Let us respond, Messieurs, to this noble appeal; let us show the world that the rudest strokes could not shake the edifice which has resisted so many trials. The bill which we have the honor of presenting to you fixes, in the first instance, the King’s majority. We have adopted the views of the Constitutive Assembly and the empire, and have fixed it at 18 years of age. At 14 the exercise of the Royal power would only be nominal in the King’s hands, but at 18, enlightened and supported by the assistance of the Chambers, the King will be able to fulfil the great duties which the constitution of the country imposes on him. As to the Regency, which is destined to exercise temporarily the action of Royalty in our constitutional order, it ought to be constituted after the same principle, and to draw from them the force which they assure to Royalty itself. Royalty is one,
hereditary, passing from male to male in the order of primogeniture, and the same must be the case with respect to the Regency. The Regent ought to be invested with the Regency at the same time that the King, who is under age, is with the crown, and with the same certainty; for otherwise the spirit of our government, which ordains that there should not be a moment’s cessation in the Royal authority, would be deeply altered. Since females are not permitted to exercise the Royal power, they ought not to be called on to exercise it by delegation. The variety of examples in our history cannot prevail over the constitutive principles of the powers which, and the great interests of the country. The security of the state, the nature of our institutions, the energetic development of public liberties, demand that the Royal power should be placed in male hands. Other rights and interests will not on that account be overlooked. If the temporary exercise of the Royal authority recurs to the nearest relation in the order of succession to the throne established by the Charter of 1830, the safe keeping and guardianship of the King whilst under age are reserved by the bill to the Queen or Princess his mother, or in default thereof to the Queen or Princess his paternal grandmother. In this way the Royal infant will grow up surrounded with his mother’s tenderness and vigilance, whilst the rights of the Crown shall be confined to hands more interested in defending, and more capable of exercising them. The person of the Regent being thus determined, no doubt can arise respecting the nature of the powers which are intrusted to him. He will exercise the Royal authority in all its plenitude; his person will be inviolable, like that of the King; he will take the oath of allegiance in the presence of the Chambers; and he will not be responsible for the acts of his Government. Such, Messieurs, are the enactments of the law. Which the King has ordered us to lay before you. We hope that one only and similar thought will animate all,—the desire of fixing the security of our country on an immoveable basis, by testifying by our acts our fidelity to the tutelary principles of the constitutional monarchy. We that is done, Messieurs, we shall cast an assured glance on the future, and our misfortune will have tightened the bonds which constitute our force. This is the only hope that can soothe the affliction of France, and administer some consolation to the wounded heart of the King.

"Louis Philippe, &c. greeting.

"Art. 1. The King is to be of age when he shall have completed his 18th year.

"Art. 2. From the moment of the King’s death, should his successor be under age, the Prince nearest to the throne, in the order of succession established by the charter of 1830, and of 21 years of age, is to be investi
ed with the Regency during the whole period of the minority.

"Art. 3. The full and entire exercise of the Royal authority, in the name of the King under age, is to belong to the Regent.

"Art. 4. Article 12 of the charter, and all the legislative enactments which protect the person and constitutional rights of the King, are to be applicable to the Regent.

"Art. 5. The Regent is to swear before the Chambers to be faithful to the King of the French, to obey the constitutional charter and the laws of the kingdom, and to act in all things in the sole view of the interest the happiness, and the glory of the French people. If the Chambers should not be sitting, the Regent will convocate them within the space of three months.

"Art. 6. The safe-keeping and guardianship of the King whilst under age, shall belong to the Queen or Princess his mother, if not married again, and in default thereof to the Queen or Princess his grandmother, equally not married again.

"Given at Neuilly, August 9, 1842."

The proceedings upon the Bill were deferred to a subsequent day.

ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO LOUIS PHILIPPE’S SPEECH FROM THE THRONUS, communicated to the Chamber by the President, Aug. 10:—

"Sire,—When the Chamber of Deputies saw you overcome the grief which overwhelmed you to come amidst us to seek consolation as a father, and accomplish a duty as a King, it felt that you gave it a great example. The emotion of heart and strength of mind which prompted you on that day to come amidst the people, lead to-day the representatives of the people round you.

"You have lost a son, and France has lost a reign. Providence compels you to bless it still, in showing to you the sons which it has left to you. The entire qualities of the Prince wrested from the throne require from us no other praise than the feeling of that gap left by his death between two reigns. History keeps an account of hopes; it has its justice independent of fate. This Prince will occupy in it a place marked by the tears of a whole nation. Yes, the entire nation has united in the mourning of the father, the thoughts of the King. It bows to the mother which it does not strive to console; it adopts that princess whose widowhood leaves to her for a throne and a country the tomb of her husband, and the future destines of her children.

"But, if we sum up in our sentiments the grief of a people which joins in the grief of a family, do we not also represent that imperishable nation which does not bend under any catastrophe, and which sees all human affairs with an eye to perpetuity? We shall then resume our easy fraud and calmness, in order to examine as deputes
the necessary measures for the continuous and regular exercise of the Royal authority during the minority of the heir to the throne.

"Sire,—The people have a soul, and feel affluence like kings, but these trials, however severe they may be, will never take France by surprise, nor deprive her of prudence, patriotism, and firmness. She lives by her institutions, and great national sentiments are her strength. France wills it to be free, strong, and eternal. At every crisis which shakes her or threatens her, she becomes greater and stronger."

"It is fine to see this people bow thus religiously under the hand of God, and after having been in mourning and closed with you the tomb open so near the throne, resume her task interrupted by death, and preserve her faith in the future prospects of her institutions."

On the 11th the grand deputation of the Chamber of Deputies presented the Address of that Assembly to the King. A considerable number of members of all parties had joined the deputation. The President of the Chamber having read the address, the King replied:

"I receive this address with a lively emotion. I find in it the renewed expression of the sentiments with which you surrounded me with so much energy, when, overcoming the grief which pressed on me, I repaired among you to accomplish a great duty. This duty, gentlemen, we shall accomplish in all its extent, and with the aid of God, France, resting on her institutions, and strong by the perfect accord which unites as one body all the powers of the State, will continue to be every day more secure from the many dangers from which I had the good fortune, in conjunction with you, to preserve her for the last 12 years."

His Majesty (whose speech was received with the loudest acclamations) then descended from his throne, and mixing with the Deputies, he again addressed them, as follows:

"I am exceedingly affected at seeing the deputies so numerous around me, and I again thank them as a father, as a man, and as a king, for the sentiments they have just expressed. I would wish to thank every member of the Chamber individually. Those acknowledgments would be a consolation for me, if anything could console me for the loss of such a son."

A grand funeral service was celebrated on the 26th ult. for the reposé of the soul of the Duke of Orleans in the Royal church of St. Denis. The mass was chanted by the Bishop of Morocco, assisted by the Bishops of Beauvais and Verdun, and all the civil and military authorities, the officers of the National Guard and regiments of the garrison; a number of deputies and persons attached to the Royal household assisted at the ceremony. The latest advices state that Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans was severely indisposed owing to the excess of her grief.

"The adoption of the Regency Bill by an overwhelming majority of 163 to 14 in the French Chamber of Peers was to be expected from a body so cordially devoted to the interests of the throne. We trust, however, that it may be long before the provisions of this act are called into operation, and that the life of the King may be protracted to the utmost limits of human activity; for his prudence and strength are still the best defences of his grandchild's rights, his foresight the best guarantee of the future tranquility of France." —Times.

The report on the bill, which was drawn and brought up by the Duke de Broglie, deserves to be mentioned as by far the most eloquent, dignified, and comprehensive discourse which has been delivered in either chamber upon this momentous subject.

The discussions upon this bill were most animated and interesting. A party, apparently strong, seemed at first to be anxious if possible to secure to the Duchess-mother the important office, now at length the measure was carried in the Chamber of Deputies, as originally proposed by the King, and by a large majority. There is much that is curious, much that is historically valuable, in the arguments at home and debates abroad on the subject, and had not the question so branched itself out as it has, we purposed embodying the whole into a peep of the past, which might have been valuable at some period when the least expected. Long, however, say we with the Editor, whose intelligence we have copied respecting the final choice, may his present Majesty continue to be the ministering head of his family and country.

The late Earthquake.—The Haytian accounts are of the most deplorable description, the work of plunder was going on by the rabble, and nothing but a general bankruptcy, expected to be followed by a civil commotion, was looked forward to. To restore the buildings of the island, the inhabitants know not which way to turn, the Treasury and all other sources in the republic being closed to them, in consequence of the general desolation.

Temperature at Paris.—The heat was oppressive, when the rain fortunately brought down the temperature from 95 to 77 degrees, (Fahrenheit) but was again on the 24, as high as 87 deg. in the shade at 3 p.m. [In London it was almost equally hot; but on the 31st cold enough to make a fire agreeable.]

Fever in Paris.—During the middle of last month the typhus fever was raging fearfully at Paris. The hospitals were full, and the number of cases sadly on the increase.
EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN MINES AND COLLIERIES.

Consideration upon the condition of women of every class is necessarily the province of Lady's Magazine; whilst elevating her, in every walk in life, we feel confident tends greatly to improve mankind in general. With such views we gladly present our readers with the following sketch of the recent amendment in the working woman's condition, and the causes which produced the change.

House of Commons, Aug. 6th, 1842.

Lord Ashley—The amendments made by the Lords with regard to females and female children would, he repeated, tend to nullify the object of the Bill. They were to be admitted into the Pits—though not for the purpose of labor, but when once admitted it would be impossible to ascertain how they were engaged, and thus, he apprehended, a supply of female labor would be kept up. It had been said, continued his Lordship, "thank God there is a House of Lords." He was disposed to concur in that sentiment, but he said with equal emphasis, "thank God, there is a House of Commons," for without it, there would have been not only no previous enquiry into those enormities which had been exposed to the world, but no attempt to apply a remedy by which to extinguish them for the future.

Lord Palmerston said, it was with great pain he observed the amendments made by the House of Lords, (to which there could be no objection on political grounds) because they indicated a spirit of prejudice and a reluctance to give effect to improvements "the necessity of which was almost universally recognized."

Lord Ashley said that finding he could not get the whole Bill he consented to sacrifice the children, that the women might be saved.

Mr. Buller objected to the admission of females into mines; and considered the best safeguard against their employment was their entire exclusion.

Mr. Peel said, it was impossible for a minister of the crown to prevent alterations from being made in the provisions of a bill, the general principles of which he might approve. The heaviest blow had been struck at this Bill, by a Noble Lord who was much in the confidence of the late government, and who, but a few weeks before their resignation was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. (Hear.) An hon. member said, "it was Lord Hatherton." Lord Hatherton made the suggestion, but the proposition was made by Lord Campbell. He thought his noble friend ought to have used his influence with the Noble Lord, to have prevented him from originating such a proposition.

Mr. Brotherton observed, that a strong feeling existed against the employment of females in mines.

Mr. B. Wood said, that in the county of Cornwall women were never allowed to work in the mines. If a man was wounded in a mine, he was conveyed with all speed to the surface, and there was, therefore, no necessity for his wife to go into the mine to visit him. In fact, the object of allowing women to go into the mines, on any ground, was a mere pretence; for if they were permitted to enter the mines, they would not be prevented from engaging in labor. He thought that the bill of the Noble Lord, would not, in its present form, accomplish the object it was designed to effect.

The Attorney General said, he considered that the original provisions of this bill, excluding women entirely from the mines, were too severe.

Mr. M. Philips thought it was carrying the prohibition too far, to say that under no circumstances should women or children be admitted into the mines, even to carry provisions to their relatives who were employed.

The amendments were then agreed to.

FEMALE LABOUR IN COLLIERIES.

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Fielden, M. P., by one of the commissioners sent to inquire into the state of the labourers employed in the collieries:—

"16, Foxley-rd, Cumberwell New-road, July 22.

"Sir,—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton stated that the labor in coal mines was "sweet to the poor females employed therein.

"If his Grace were privately to visit the various collieries in his estate in the counties of Stirling, Linlithgow, and Lanark, he would arrive at very different conclusions. For a man of sane mind to declare that women think the work sweet, and prefer it, appears to me so monstrous an absurdity, that a reply is scarcely worthy such a declaration. The fact is, that females by the employment get so much injured, physically and morally, that no other labor is open to them.

"The Redding Mines, near Falkirk, are wrought by the Duke's own people, and the low state of their customs, habits, and practices scarcely come up to that of African savages; and the same evils exist in other mines wrought under lease or tack from his Grace. In the Bowness Mine, on the borders of Linlithgow, nearly 100 females labor, and the want of personal cleanliness and attention to their homes is extreme. On the Redding Mines, under his Grace's charge, more than 120 females are returned as employed; and I was assured by Mrs. M. Walker, a 'coal wife' on the estate, that women labor below ground during pregnancy, and that 'a vast number of women draw with ropes and chains.'

"By reference to the evidence you will find the testimony of an interesting girl, Catherine Thomson, eleven years old, who, though maimed, is compelled to work twelve hours daily, to draw six and seven cwt. of coal in a heavy waggon full 1,000 yards, the distance increasing daily. This is not a solitary instance to incite compassion; it is the report of one child out of hundreds employed in his Grace's mines. But few years have passed since the colliers in one
of his properties fired the coal wall, and it was necessary to drown the mines, which have not been worked since. The mine was destroyed.

"His Grace can have no real sympathy for the degraded slaves under his charge, or he would long since have seconded the efforts of some working colliers in his own county, who refused to labor where women were allowed to work.

"The opposition is a mere question of money; the coal-masters must employ brute labor if that of females is prohibited; and it is a singular fact, that where females are worked in mines there is a want of domestic servants.

"I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,
Robert Franks."

"To John Fielden, Esq., M.P."

We perceive with pleasure says The Times, a report which has gained some circulation of late, that the mines and Collieries Bill was to be yet further tempered with in the House of Lords. It was said that the one great point for which the bill was still valuable—the prohibition of female labor—was to have been assailed, and the introduction of women above 18 years of age to be permitted. This would have been to make the bill absolutely worthless. Indeed, when we look at the Commissioner's report, and observe the peculiar reasons which render the present application of female labor an object of disgust and horror, it may be questioned whether it would not be less entirely irreconcilable with the spirit of the amendment to allow the employment of women before than after the age of 18. While mere children, the cases of girls and boys are not far from resting upon the same ground. It is as they grow up that women ought more especially, to be protected from the debasing influence of this savage life—it is then that their presence becomes a source of demoralization both to themselves and to those with whom they are brought into contact. It is then, too, that their ordinary ill-treatment incurs some of its most cruel aggravations. The mode in which they are found to work on almost till the moment of child-birth, is one of the most disgusting features of this most disgusting system. In Scotland especially, where the Duke of Hamilton would have us believe that this labor is so "sweet to them"—a boon of which it would be cruelty to deprive them—the evidence is most clear and revolting as of physical injury in general arising from the manner of work, so particularly of this most cruel peculiarity. "I have four daughters married," says one woman, "and all work below till they bear their bairns; one is very badly now from working while pregnant, which brought on a miscarriage, from which she is not expected to recover." And so on of other cases. It would, indeed, have been a mockery of legislation to meet these evils by excluding from their operations females only under 18 years of age.

But further, this evasion of the spirit of the bill would have been peculiarly scandalous, inasmuch as Lord Ashley and his fellow-workers have already been prevailed on to sacrifice much which they consider most important, on the understanding that they should at least be allowed to rescue these unfortunate women from their degradation. It is by no wish of the promoters of the bill that boys should be admitted to work at the early age of ten—to work, we say, 12, 14, sometimes 16 hours a day—to be debared often from their natural nightly rest, and the means of improvement. It is with no good will of theirs that boys now apprenticed are to continue up to the age of twenty-one in that unprofitable slavery to which the avowal of parents or overseers has condemned them. It is not at their desire that these apprenticeships are still to continue from the age of ten to that of eighteen in an almost unmodified form. But it was only by these concessions—concessions, let us hope, that future Parliaments will think it their duty to annul—that the bill could be preserved from being smothered in a committee of the Lords. It was only by yielding to every plausible objection which could be taken to its details by the coal-owning interest, that a second inquiry was avoided, which, opening its labors in the middle of July, would have stood such chance as our readers may imagine of arriving at any effectual conclusion of its labors before the now approaching prorogation. In order to get any thing,—in order to save at least the women, finally and at once, from their present situation,—the mutilations embodied in Lord Devon's amended bill were unwillingly agreed to. It may be supposed with what feelings it would have been heard that the enactment was now to be shrorn of that one feature which still made it valuable—that that result for which so much had been peaceably conceded was also to be sacrificed, and the relief promised to females more effectually nullified than that which it has been attempted, with partial success, to extend to children.

We are unfeignedly happy that this has not taken place. Happy on all accounts; primarily and chiefly, of course, for the sake of those whose well-being is in question, but also for the sake of the House of Peers themselves, whom we shall have seen, with grief and apprehension, sacrificing their own high character in defence of interests which little deserve such consideration—intercepting the relief which justice and mercy demand for a class, surpassing, in the oppressions which it suffers, anything which the records of modern England present. Every firmness and caution of that noble body has often proved—may it still continue to prove—a blessing to the country; but we should not envy the firmness or caution which could withhold its cordial co-operation from a measure founded on such facts as are detailed in the harrowing report of the Commissioners.
Suicide of Lord Congleton.

The deceased peer was born July 3, 1776, and was therefore in the 66th year of his age. Having passed through the usual routine of school and university education, he was married on the 4th of February, 1801, to the Lady Caroline Elizabeth Dawson; eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Portarlington. Her Ladyship, who survives, was born on the 21st of March, 1782, and at the time of her marriage she had not completed her 19th year; his Lordship was then just 21; of this marriage six children were the issue.

The subject of this notice was the second son of the Right Hon. Sir J. Parnell (second baronet). Lord Congleton's eldest brother, John Augustus Parnell, succeeded his father in the baronetcy, but dying without issue in 1812, the title devolved upon his Lordship, then Henry Isbord Parnell, esq., member of Parliament for Queen's County, who, from an early age, was regarded as the head of the family, for his industry and application to his studies, which were at times remarkable, and his talents, though not shining, were confessedly respectable.

In 1803, being then in the 27th year of his age, he was elected for Queen's County, and was again returned for the same place at the general election in 1806, again in 1807, and in 1812, an election which turned upon the Whig and Roman Catholic interest. The Conservative party, or as they were then called, the Tories, returned as his colleague Mr. Wellesley Pole, now Lord Maryborough, for the first time, in 1812, he having shortly before the general election succeeded to the estates of his cousin in that county. Mr. Wellesley Pole continued to be the colleague of Sir Henry Parnell in the representation of the county till he was raised to the peerage, in 1820. At the election of 1818 the election of Queen's County was very sharply contested, Sir Charles Coote and General Fox, both members of the Whig party, who added to his own family interest the influence of the house of Portarlington. The general election of 1820 was marked by a contest between the same candidates, in which Sir Henry Parnell only succeeded in retaining his seat by a majority of 500 out of the large constituency of Queen's County. In the year 1821, when Mr. Wellesley Pole became Lord Maryborough, Sir Henry Parnell's colleague was Sir Charles Coote, the premier baronet of Ireland, who had been next on the poll at the general election of the previous year. The representation of this county continued thus divided between a Conservative and a Whig till the passing of the Reform Act, when Sir Charles Coote succeeded in retaining his seat on the Conservative interest, but Sir Henry Parnell was replaced by Mr. Lalor, in consequence of refusing to pledge himself in favor of a repeal of the Irish union. Being thus uneconomic

...
norable Finance Committee, on the merits or demerits of which it would here be out of place to enlarge. The results of its labors have long been before the public, and are no doubt by this time duly appreciated.

We next come to the breaking up of the Wellington Administration. The Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day (Nov. 12, 1830), the same gentleman who now fills that office, having submitted to the house certain resolutions for the settlement of the civil list, Sir Henry Parnell complained of its want of economy and the confusion of its details, and gave notice of a motion that it be referred to a select committee. On the 15th of the same month he rose in pursuance of his notice and addressed the house in a speech of much length and considerable ability, which was of course followed by an animated and protracted debate, in the course of which the declared opinions of the Duke of Wellington (then First Lord of the Treasury) were frequently referred to. The result was that Ministers were left in a minority of 29, there being 437 members in the house when the division took place. The Government of Earl Grey was immediately formed; but no office was conferred on Sir Henry Parnell till the spring of the following year, though his motion was the proximate cause of the accession of the party to power. From this time forward his activity as a member of Parliament seemed evidently to abate, and his health gradually to decline, at least his appearance showed very clearly the effects of advancing years.

The official career of Lord Congleton may thus be briefly stated. In 1828 he was appointed chairman of the Finance Committee, and on the resignation of the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, in April, 1831, he became Secretary at War; on this occasion he was sworn in a member of the Privy Council. He was compelled, however, to resign the office in January, 1832, because the Ministry of which he was a member refused to concur in the annual estimates which he proposed, and because he voted against them on the Russian-Dutch Loan question. He was replaced as Secretary at War by Sir John Cam Hobhouse; but on the accession of the Melbourne Ministry to power, in April, 1835, he succeeded Lord Lowther in the office of Treasurer of the Navy, with which had been consolidated the duties of Paymaster-General of the Forces and Treasurer of the Ordnance. This combined office he continued to hold till the dissolution of Parliament in June, 1841, when he resigned it just previous to the general election, and the Right Hon. Edward John Stanley succeeded him, being one of those many useless changes of office which preceded the expulsion of the Melbourne Ministry, and which only manifested the convulsive efforts of a party on the eve of dissolution.

The devotion of Lord Congleton to the service of his party was not confined merely to standing election contests, the toils of office, or the making of speeches, but, as already stated, he "rushed into print," and by a series of works on finance, banking, the currency, &c., turned his business talents to a purpose highly useful to his political friends, and of which they were always well disposed to take the best advantage. He furnished them with the best possible foundations for the erection of some specious sophisms, and having by considerable industry accumulated together much unquestionable data, and combined these, perhaps unintentionally, with considerations not a little tinctured by party misrepresentations, he at once flattered the vanity of those reasoners who are always appealing to facts, while he furnished the more knowing and less scrupulous of his party with the materials for that particular line of argument in which it is their interest so frequently to indulge. The titles of his more important works have been:—The Principles of Currency and Exchange illustrated. A Historical Apology for the Roman Catholics. A History of the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics. A Treatise on the Corn Trade and Agriculture. Considerations on Financial Reform. Pamphlets on Banking, and A Treatise on Road-making.

The title descends to the eldest son, the Hon. John Parnell, now second Baron Congleton. The other issue are two sons, the elder of whom is the Hon. Henry William Parnell, married to the daughter of the Hon. William Bligh; and the younger, the Hon. George Damer Parnell; together with three daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Longley, wife of the Bishop of Ripon, and the Countess of Darlley, widow of the fifth Earl, who died suddenly in 1835. Lord Congleton's other daughter married, first, Lord Henry Seymour Moore, by whom she became mother of the present Marquis of Drogheda, and secondly, Edward H. Cole, esq., of Twickenham.

The following are the melancholy particulars of this act of self-destruction:—

Isaac Manning, being sworn, gave the following evidence:—I reside in the house, and held the situation of valet to the deceased. Lord Congleton, I have heard, was 66 or 67 years of age. I found his Lordship hanging in his bedroom to the bedpost, by his cravat, yesterday morning, at a few minutes past 12 o'clock; and I went up to his room because he was unusually long in coming down to his breakfast after having had the hairdresser, and I was afraid something was the matter. I immediately on seeing him ran down stairs and called Mr. Parnell, his Lordship's eldest son, who was in the dining-room. He went up at once with me. We cut his Lordship down as well as we could; the neckerchief was broken. I ran for a surgeon immediately, and found one in about ten minutes. The surgeon attempted to bleed him in the arm, but no blood would flow; he was quite dead.
Miscellaneous.

He was partly dressed, with his stockings, drawers, and trousers on; he had not taken off his nightshirt. I saw him alive that morning at about five minutes after nine o’clock, in bed. He spoke to me as I was leaving the room, and asked me if the barber was come. I then left the room and went down stairs. The hairdresser saw him alive after that, and left him about half-past nine o’clock, after having shaved his Lordship. I did not hear the barber make any remark as he was leaving.

By the Coroner.—His Lordship had been ill since the 1st of April, and under medical treatment. He did not complain of his head; he made no complaint at all. I never heard him complain of his head. I have been living in his service nearly 10 years. I have not observed any difference in his Lordship’s conduct within the last few weeks, any further than his being more low in the mornings, and depressed in his spirits. He appeared as usual to me, except that I saw he was rather low and dejected since his illness. I never heard him wish to destroy himself or wish himself dead. His Lordship was not so much in society as he used to be. He said very little to me. Mr. Parnell saw most of him; he was constantly with him, and was with him the night before his decease. He slept in the next room to him. I had not been directed to ask him with regard to him—to put away his razors or any thing of that kind. Mr. Bolton, the medical attendant, when his Lordship was first taken ill, told me he was not to be left, but he did not give any reason. In consequence of this direction we kept strictly in attendance in his room for about three weeks or a month, and after that, when his Lordship got better, it was his wish that we should not be in constant attendance upon him. I thought his dejectedness arose from his taking so much medicine, which had brought him rather low. He has done nothing at all of late that I thought strange or queer, and has not been at all different from his usual habits.

By Captain Harcourt.—He appeared quite dead when I went into the room. He seldom communicated with me. He was a very reserved and distant man. He never spoke to a servant except to give his orders. Mr.Dickenson, the surgeon, was the next person who saw him dead. His Lordship gave his own orders; he was well enough to do that. He paid me my wages and settled his household accounts on Saturday.

Edward Henry Cole sworn.—I reside generally in Ireland; at present I am residing with my mother, Lady Elizabeth Cole, in Chester-street. I am son-in-law to the deceased. I last saw his Lordship alive on Tuesday evening in this house. I have been in the habit of daily calling on him to chat with him. He was very low from weakness, having taken a vast quantity of medicine. The first disease he laboured under was bilious fever, which made him very low. He was under the medical treatment of Mr. Bolton and Dr. Chambers I never heard him complain of his head. He was perfectly sane. He was low from extreme weakness and debility, the result of the original malady, which reduced him. He was much reduced in person. He was naturally a large stout man, and he was reduced to a skeleton. I have heard from Mr. Parnell that he put out of his (Lord Congleton’s) reach his razors and dress sword. He was at first taken ill at the time that Lord Munster destroyed himself, and he remarked to Mr. Bolton that he (Lord Congleton) had been attempting to do the same, and desired him to put everything out of his reach which could induce him to commit suicide. Mr. Bolton, in consequence of his Lordship telling him of this feeling—this impulse—ordered every dangerous article to be removed, and that he should never be left; nor was he left as long as the fever continued. But for the last five or six weeks he has been perfectly himself, and it was supposed that this attendance upon was no longer necessary. He desired Mr. Bolton to request his second son, Mr. H. Parnell, to remove everything which could possibly be dangerous. He never said anything to me to induce me to think that he would destroy himself; he was completely enfeebled. The evident impression on his mind was that he had the impulse to destroy himself, which he feared he might not be able to resist. No one else besides his eldest son and the coachman, who did not often see him, can give any account of him.

The Coroner.—We should like to see Mr. Bolton.

Mr. Cole.—He was sent for, though he has not yet come.

Lord Congleton, the eldest son of the deceased nobleman, who had conscientious objections to give his evidence on oath, was next examined, having made his declaration as to the truth of his evidence “up n his honor.”—I have resided with my father for the last eight weeks. I was sent for in consequence of his illness. I found him much better, and Mr. Bolton and Dr. Chalmers attending him. My father was taken ill on the 1st of April, and I arrived here on the 7th. As soon as I came here I found that a strict watch was required in his room, and that he was not to be left to himself. If I went away the servant was to be there, or my brother—some one was to be in the room continually. I did not, for several days, understand why this was. But in a few days, when my father got better, he wished to be left alone by himself. When Mr. Bolton found that this was the case, he told my father that he could not allow it at all. This caused my father to make an explanation with my brother, and my brother explained to me why this close watch was observed. From Mr. Henry Parnell’s account of the matter it appeared that, at the commencement of the attack, my father had presented to his mind the thought of self-destruction. He communicated this to Mr. Bolton, his medical attendant, and the result was that Mr. Bolton took with him my father’s razors from the house, and gave injunctions that he should not be left by himself at all. This information I did not receive until my father was getting better, and Mr. Bolton was surprised that my father was left, and ordered that his room should not be left. It was about a week after my arrival in...
London that my father wished to be left alone, and not to have a person always in his room; but Mr. Bolton ordering close attention upon him afresh, caused my father to feel very anxious about himself, and produced this explanation to me from my brother. My father told me to lock up his razors, and my brother was sent to collect everything in the house with which he could commit suicide, and everything of the kind was given into my care. After this matter contined much the same. My father seemed to have got over the attack, but in consequence of not regaining his sleep the physicians still attended him. About a week or ten days after this he told the medical man that I must have those impulses of self-destruction, though he had still a lowness of spirits, and he begged that he might be left to himself; and the result was, that he was left to himself as much as ever he had been before. My father was not thinking at all of restoring his health, and he was not interested in the statement of his bodily health and mental feelings to me, and I know as a fact that for nineteen days out of the last thirty-six he had been in a low and desponding state of mind from morning to night; but he never, from first to last, said anything to me about those thoughts of self-destruction. I observed that everything was taken out of the way. One of the bell-ropes, even, was taken down, coiled up, and hung upon a peg. My father wanted to know why it was there, and what it could be? I told him it should be put in its place. He begged it might be taken and put out of the way. This was on the 29th of May. The bell-ropes was a thick rope, folded in a coil, and it was quite clear that my father was afraid he might make use of it. On the day before his death, finding him rather low, I offered to sit in the room with him, but he declined it. He preferred being in the room by himself.

By the Coroner.—Were all means of destruction put out of the way?—Yes; nothing at all was in his way. He was himself so much on his guard that everything was, by his own desire, put out of the way. I should say, if anything crossed his mind at all, it was the desire to avoid self-destruction. It was clear he was labouring under an impulse which he thought he could not control. On one occasion he gave me up to me a large packing-needle, with an injunction to keep it out of his way.

By a Juror.—How long is that ago?—I think it must be three weeks. Mr. Bolton then gave strict orders that he should not be left to himself. Lately there has been no thought on the matter, because, whenever my father has been asked about his feelings, he said "he felt low." The medical man has invariably asked, "Have you the same feelings which you first had?" My father said, "No, not the same feelings; I only feel low."

By the Coroner.—In fact, reliance was placed on his own revived caution and judgment. His first attack was a very serious attack of fever. He was delirious, and told the medical man that he had thoughts of self-destruction presented to his mind. He betrayed no peculiarity of mind on any other subject. He was quite himself. He used to find his interest in subjects gone. He tried to read the newspapers and the Edinburgh Review, but could not amuse himself with them. I offered to read to him, but he declined it. He said it required a long habit to get accustomed to another reading to you. He occupied his time in walking about. He was a very reserved person. No one slept in his rooms.

By a Juror.—On days when he felt himself low he would make effort to read, and get up, and sit on the sofa. Having lost his sleep, the medical man tried to re-establish it, and in consequence of want of sleep he was falling away in person very much.

By the Coroner.—Did he complain of any peculiar sensation in the head?—Yes; he complained of confusion in his head—giddiness?—Yes; giddiness, and a rolling in his head from ear to ear; there was one occasion when he seemed to swoon away. My father had the entire management of the house at the time of his death. It was under my charge, but I delivered up everything in consequence of his apparent restoration to health, excepting his want of sleep. I gave up the accounts which I had kept, and he took full charge of every thing himself.

The Coroner having asked the jury if they wished to have Mr. Henry Parnell called, or Mr. Bolton, as if they did he would adjourn the inquest till their arrival:

The jury expressed themselves satisfied without their evidence; and the Coroner having summed up, they retired for a short time. When on their return, the foreman delivered the following verdict:—"That on the 8th of June, 1842, Henry Brooke, Baron Congleton, was found dead in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, and hanging by means of a certain kerchief which was fastened around his neck, and attached to a certain bedpost, and that he so hung and so strangled himself, he being at the time in a state of temporary derangement."

SIR ALEXANDER BURNS.

The subjoined melancholy narrative, (says the Bombay Times), the only trustworthy one, very probably, we shall ever have, of the murder of Sir A. Burns, is furnished by a native servant, who witnessed in person the matter he professes to describe. It has every appearance of truthfulness; and, for our own part, we have no hesitation in attaching to it the fullest credence. It is melancholy to think that Sir Alexander and his brother perished from treachery such as this, and that they might have been saved had they retired in time to the cantonments, and not pressed it too strictly to be their duty to remain where they were:

DEPOSITION OF ROWEH SINGH.

"Sir Alexander Burns was duly informed by his Afghan servants, on the day previous to his murder, that there was a stir in the city, and that, if he remained in it, his life would be in danger; they told him he had better go to the cantonments: this he declined doing, giving as his reason that the Afghans had never received an injury from him, but on
the contrary that he had done much for them, and that he was quite sure they would never injure him.

" ‘On the day of the murder, as early as 3 o’clock in the morning, a cossid (Wullee Mahomed) came to me; I was on duty outside. He said, go and inform your master immediately that there is a tumult in the city, and that the merchants are removing their goods and valuables from the shops.’ I knew what master had said on this subject the day before, so did not like awaking him, but put on my chupras and went into the char chouk; here I met the Wuzeeer Nuza- mut Dowlah going towards my master’s house; I returned with him, and on arrival woke him, when my master dressed quickly and went to the Wuzeeer and talked with him some time; the Wuzeeer endeavored to induce him to go immediately into the cantonments, assuring him it was not safe to remain in the city; notwithstanding he persisted in remaining, saying, ‘If I go, the Affghans will say I was afraid, and ran away.’ He however sent a note to Sir W. McNaghten by Wullee Mahomed. A chobdar came from the king to call the Wuzeeer, who asked and obtained permission to go. At the door the Wuzeeer said to Sir Alexander Burns, ‘who you are that some of Ameer Olah Khan’s people have collected to attack you; if you will allow me, I shall disperse them.’ He (Sir A. Burns) said, ‘no, the king has sent for you, go to him without delay.’ The Wuzeeer accordingly mounted his horse, and went away. The house gates were then closed, and in a little while surrounded by Ameer Olah Khan and his people. Hyder Khan, the late Kotwal of the city, whom Sir A. Burns had turned out of office, brought fuel from the hamam on the opposite side of the street, and set fire to the gates. The Wuzeeer shortly returned from the Balar Hissar with one of the king’s pultures; on seeing the gates on fire, and the immense crowd about, he took it apparently for granted that Sir A. Burns had either escaped or been destroyed, and withdrew the regiment. At this time the whole mob of the city was collected and the house in flames. The Jomadar of Chupras- sees told Sir A. Burns that there was a report of a regiment having come to assist him; he was going up to the top of the house to look, and had got halfway, when he met an Affghan who said he had been looking about, and that that there was not the least sign of a regiment; my master then turned back, and remarked there was no chance of assistance coming either from the cantonments or the king. A Mussulman, a Cashmereer, came forward and said, ‘If your brother and chupras cease firing on the mob, I swear by the Koran that I will take you safe through the kirkee of the garden to the chaulou, the fort of the Kuzelibahs;’ the firing ceased, and Sir A. Burns agreed to accompany him, and for sake of disguise put on a chogha and loongee. The moment he came out of the door a few paces with the Cashmerence this wretch called out, ‘this is Sikundur Burns!’ He was rushed upon by hundreds and cut to pieces with their knives. His brother, Captain Burns, went out with him, and was killed before Sir Alexander; Captain Broadfoot was shot some time before in the house, and expired in half an hour. There was a guard of 1 Havildar, 1 Naik, 12 Sepahies; they were all killed early in the affair; all the Hindoostanes, except myself, were killed; his Sirdar-bearer, who is now with me, escaped, as he was at home; I got away having on an Afghan dress; all the Afghan ser- vants deserted; I got into cantonments after being hid two days in a shop. Sir Alexander forbade the Sepoys and others firing on the people until they set fire to the gates.”

Confession of Walter Wheeleran, executed for murdering his wife, on Tuesday, May 31st last.* The awful sentence of the law was carried into effect in front of Tullamore gaol, Ireland. A short time previous to his execution he requested that an acknowledgment of his guilt might be taken down in writing, and that he would sign it, which was in substance as follows:—They were about nine months married. During that period something unaccountable had caused him to take a dislike to her, and they consequently led a very unhappy life. Two months before he committed the deed he determined on her murder. On Monday, the 30th, he dug the ground in order to loosen it, and he killed her on Tuesday night, but not having time to bury her he removed the body to the barn, where he covered it with straw, and on Wednesday night he carried it to the grave, and ran a few scraps of a plough over it to disguise it, as he intended immediately to sow down the land. There were at the time in his house, his father, aged 94, two servants, a boy and a girl, and a child about eleven years of age, all of whom, he declares, had no knowledge of, nor did they take any part in, the murder. He stated that he told his niece, who lived occasionally with him, his intention, but acquits her in like manner, she having revised him against it. He never spoke after leaving his cell but in prayer, and ascended the gallows with as much firmness and fortitude as if nothing was to happen.

* The sentence of this man was to have been carried into effect on the 31st of July last, but owing to the clerk of the court having made the entry July 31st next, instead of July instant, the execution was delayed, until the opinion of the Judges at Dublin had been taken on the point; meanwhile, the reprieve gave false, but alas! short hopes to the culprit, that through legal error he had escaped punishment. He was executed Friday, Aug. 5.
China.—The accounts dated April 12th state, that some conflicts had taken place nigh Ningpo, in consequence of the Chinese obstructing the supply of provisions, for which purpose a body of Chinese had encamped at Tsee-kee, about eleven miles westward thereof, a rather strong position. About 1,100 British was accordingly embarked on the 15th of March in vessels towed by two steamers, and conveyed nigh their encampment. Having easily scaled the walls, they met with a good deal of resistance at the camp, which was located in a most favorable situation. Three British lost their lives, and forty men were wounded, but the Chinese, whose force amounted to 6,000 men, lost from 500 to 700, and many wounded. After burning the enemy’s camp, several mandarin and other official houses, the British the next day advanced upon another encampment five miles distant, which however they found deserted, and accordingly on the 17th of March returned to Ningpo and Chinghae. Large reinforcements were soon after collected together by the Mandarins, near the city of Chou-hing, to the north of Yu-yaou, whence Sir Hugh Gough resolved to drive them, whilst the enemy, said to be 30,000 strong, were equally resolved to repel the invaders by at once attacking them in their new quarters (Ningpo). Sir Hugh then determined to shew a bold front, by at once advancing on Hunge-chou-fou, the capital of the province of Che-keang, and probably abandoning the position of Ningpo. The Sesosistris steamer was busily engaged conveying 300 Royal Irish from Amoy to the latter place.

It is stated that the Chinese were willing to come to almost any terms of “indemnity,” rather than suffer further invasion, which resolve seems to have been accelerated not little by the continual arrival of reinforcements from England, so that decisive measures must almost immediately follow. The most stringent measures have been adopted by that country to suppress piracy in the Canton river; in one day 100 offenders were taken, and 44 of them decapitated in Canton.

In communicating the Indian intelligence relating to China, The Times remarks:—

="It is with no pleasure that we report these sickening successes; such news may, of course, be periodically expected, so long as our disciplined troops are employed against this helpless and unwarlike enemy, and can afford little subject for pride or satisfaction. War is bad enough in itself. It is always sufficiently shocking to destroy armies and chastise people for the alleged fault of their governors, and only bearable from its absolute necessity: but, with such a cause and such an enemy as we have here to deal with, it becomes a subject for unmixed and bitter shame. The principal head, however, of our intelligence from China was more important if true. ‘It was said that Yang, an Imperial Commissioner, was en route to offer 40,000,000 rupees as compensation to the British for the expenses of the war and the surrendered opium; also the cession of Hongkong as the price of peace.’ Our feelings respecting such news as this are, we confess, of a mixed, perhaps, inconsistent character. Infamously as we have used the Chinese, we are glad to hear that they have given in, because, if they do not, it is unhappily certain that we shall use them worse. We and our country are implicated in the discredit, in the guilt of these transactions; and we feel, while that is the case, somewhat as a well-meaning traveller might, whom some strange freak of fortune had compelled to cast in his lot with a company of footpads—earnestly disposed to deprecate any desperate resistance on the part of the objects of his companions’ cupidity, and to pray for their speedy victory, not, certainly, from any favor towards their unholy vocation, or anxiety to enrich himself by any share in the plunder, but from a knowledge of his companions’ determination, and a consequent fear of finding himself involved as accessory to a murder as well as robbery. We have little hope that under any Ministry, Whig or Tory, our entangled Eastern policy will be settled on principles of true honor and justice, and, little as we should have to be proud of in the appropriation of the 40,000,000 rupees of which Yang is said to be the bearer, we cannot but rejoice at the prospect of any approaching settlement, and are content to limit our aspirations to the hope that we may as soon, and with as little noise as possible, get quit of this most ugly affair. With regard to the cession of Hongkong, we must express our earnest hope that that standing disgrace, for such it would be, may at least be spared us, and that our negotiators will satisfy themselves with the receipt of that treasure which is to remunerate us and our protégés, the opium smugglers, for our actual diaburse-
MISCELLANEOUS.

Without saddling the nation with a permanent record of its own disgrace, in an unjustifiable acquisition of territory. Having forced ourselves on their shores, and our commerce into their ports, for our own, and strictly for our own advantage—having encouraged the violation of their laws by our subjects, and that on no point of formal or ceremonial enactment, but in a matter affecting closely and deeply the well-being of the people—we proceed to take advantage of the mismanagement of our own people, and their rude way of enforcing substantial justice, to carry on, not so much a war, as a slaughter against this harmless people. We insist on placing ourselves under their law—we quarrel with them because that law, which is thus of our seeking, not their imposing, is not correspondent with European notions of fairness, and we are now, it seems, about to exact from the comparatively innocent party, not only the expenses of the quarrel, not only compensation for the arbitrary though substantially just punishment to which our merchants have been subjected, but a locus standi within their dominions, from which, if the analogy of our past Indian policy has any significance, we can and probably shall extend, first our influence, and then our empire, over all such parts of his Celestial Majesty’s present dominions as may from time to time appear convenient. We earnestly trust, that in spite of the theories of shameless conquest avowed by some of those who have lately directed our Indian policy, the present Government, if they do not immediately abandon, will yet shrink from such an unscrupulous development of a system of mere selfish aggrandizement."

In speaking of the calamity, that is, the absence of risk or mercantile default in our trade with China, The Times says, "No market has ever exhibited a more sustained character, the only alteration being its gradual and genuine expansion. It is a curious fact, that only from the commencement of this century to the present time, the revenue paid into the British Exchequer from the duties on tea alone amounts to one hundred and fifty millions pounds sterling. We hear much of the financial burdens of England, and continental economists of late have been apt to speculate on our ultimate inability to contend with them. It will give them some idea of the resources of this country, to learn that a tax, and not a grievous one, on one article of the breakfasts of the English people, for only forty years, has supplied an amount equal to one-fifth of the National Debt. This extraordinary branch of trade in an aromatic leaf grown on the mountains of a distant continent is still capable of great extension.

"In attempting to impress upon our countrymen the importance of Eastern commerce, we have not in our minds the worn-out and limited markets of the Levant. It is to India we look under a wiser system of intercourse than we have yet pursued, but especially to those portions of the eastern hemisphere which offer a new field for the maritime energy of England—China, Japan, Corea, Siam, Cochin China, Tonquin, Cambogia, Pegu, and the rich and numerous islands of the Oriental Archipelago.

"In extending our commercial relations with these regions, we appeal to the necessities and the tastes of illimitable populations. 100,000,000 British subjects in India consume annually 6d. per head of British manufactures. Our late slave population consume 5l. per head; our new colonial population 12l. per head. If the 100,000,000 of our fellow subjects in Hindostan were to consume per head one-tenth of the quantity required by one of our late slaves, India alone would take 50,000,000l. sterling of goods annually from Manchester and Sheffield and Birmingham. Extend this market to the native principalities, to the empire of China and its contiguous kingdoms, even at a much reduced ratio, and the results baffle the most lively imagination and the most extensive faculty of account. Yet, are such results impossible? No grosser error than to suppose that the populations of these countries are deficient in taste for our productions. The fact, as regards the Indian nations, is precisely the reverse; and the Chinese are a people so essentially commercial, so ingenious, and so flexible in character, that from all that we know of their tastes and habits we have no reason to presume the contrary.

"Yet these are the countries which we have selected for the theatre of war; tran-
plied on by our invading hosts; their cities stormed; their coasts ravaged.

"The Prime Minister of England at the commencement of the session, when analysing the causes of public distress, alleged as one reason, the disturbance of our commercial relations with China. The great "anti-commercial" diplomatist listened to the statement of Sir Robert Peel in guilty silence. The reason itself was accepted by the country as valid, especially as the published return of our exports to China showed that they had decreased since the commencement of the war more than a moiety. But some nights after, a member of the Opposition connected with the China trade took occasion to controvert the statement of the Minister, and maintained that though our direct exports to China had diminished, this loss was compensated by an indirect trade which had sprung up. From this moment Lord Palmerston, whenever reproached with the state of our Eastern markets, has lost no opportunity of boasting of the indirect trade he had created with China, until, at length, emboldened by the impunity which has so long accompanied his assertions, he finally declared, that instead of being disturbed or decreased by his triple wars in Syria, India, and China, our Asiatic commerce had eminently flourished under their benignant influence.

"For our own part (continues the Editor) we are ever somewhat suspicious of what is daintily described as 'indirect trade.' If it means smuggling on a great scale, it often leads to wars, as in the case of China itself, involving expenditure which materially diminishes, if not destroys, the illegitimate profit. Deduct, for example, the million sterling per annum which the Chinese war is now costing us, from the profits of the opium speculations, and what remains of the gain of these equivocal adventures? But if 'indirect trade' mean merely a roundabout method of arriving at a lawful market, it is, in the first place, a far more expensive system of commerce than a scheme of direct consignment; and, secondly, it fails to establish those lasting and reputable connexions in the country with which we traffic, which are the best basis of a sustained and equable interchange."

After further mention of the indirect trade, the article concludes—"Such is the state of our Indian and Chinese commerce, and this at the very moment when India and China offered the fairest prospects to British enterprise, and the most legitimate compensation for the loss of those European markets which, from the necessity of things, are closing against our staples. If instead of yelping over Swiss cottons and Saxon hosiery, the hardware of Germany, and the machinery of Belgium, the 'Anti-Corn Law League' had devoted their energies to check the 'anti-commercial' diplomacy which for ten years has exercised its withering influence over the industry of England, our factories might now be full of stir and bustle, our ports crowded with shipping, and distress a word unintelligible and unknown."

**The Lady Prisoners—Shah Soojah, &c.**—

The intelligence from Afghanistan is rather satisfactory. The want of comforts, was, however, considerably felt, and the heat of May was nearly intolerable. The acts of Akhbar Khan were more tyrannical than ever, and for the liberation of his prisoners he had demanded eight lacs of rupees, and personal indemnity, and his being placed and supported on the musnad of Cabul as Ameer, with the gift of two lacs of rupees annually. The British not assenting to these conditions, he removed all his prisoners into the mountains north-west of Cabul, whilst with his adherents he carried on a conflict of murders and intrigues against the partisans of one of Shah Soojah's sons, who was in possession of Bala Hissar, where there was a large treasure. Major Pottinger was forced to follow the ruthless Afghans in these his movements. Captain Mackenzie's mission to Jellalabad to treat for the liberation of the prisoners had been ineffectual. He returned to Jellalabad on the 9th of May from Lughman with new terms for their release. It is said Lady M'Naughten had been plundered of her jewels, a circumstance which can be little wondered at. Reports, unluckily ill-founded, were at one time prevalent, that Captain Mackenzie himself had been liberated, in consequence of his having so faithfully returned twice into the hands of his captives, the Afghans. However, the whole matter of the prisoners continued to be the subject of most painful discussion. Colonel Palmer and several other officers were stated to be in custody at Ghuznee.

When Captain Mackenzie departs on his negotiations he disguises himself as an

*See a Tale, entitled, "Some Passages in the Life of Shab Soojah," in this Magazine for November and December, 1841.*
Afghan, and is attended by four or five men from the Tezien camp, since, if discovered, he would be murdered by the country people. Once, his attendants were obliged, when some of the natives came up with him, to say that he was their brother, and very ill, and were taking him to the provinces. Their suspicions were carried to such an extent, that he feigned to be very ill—slipped from his horse, and covered his face with part of his dress.

It is understood that orders have been given for rendering Jellalabad a strong position, and that both divisions of the army, viz., from the latter and Candahar would march forward to Cabul the first week in June, when the harvest would be ripe and provisions plentiful; and further, the brave General Sale (who had in October last fought his way from Cabul to Jellalabad), has declared that if General Pollock would give him another brigade in addition to his own, a squadron of the 8th Dragoons and four guns, he would march from Jellalabad back to Cabul, which shew of resolute bravery has in some measure redeemed British reputation for valor among the Afghans.

The difficulty of settling Afghanistan seems to be with what authority the British have to treat. Dost Mahomed had been an usurper, and never held any greater power than that of Ameer of Cabul, and his son is now an outlaw from all civilized society. In order to obviate this evidently great obstacle, the Phil-Afghan party attempted to gain credit for a report raised by themselves that Sir W. H. M'Naughten had been justly slain by Akbar Khan, because, whilst acting as an envoy, he had contemplated an act of treason against the cause he espoused against the British, so that it appeared to be unavoidable advancing against Cabul, whilst the prisoners were unreleased and terms could not be made to influence or bind Akbar Khan, who had failed in his attempt to possess Bala Hisar, where Putteh Jung kept a large possession near his capital. He would next have excited the people in a "holy war" against the invading "infidels," as he is pleased to term us; but the money expended in Cabul by the said strangers had made the inhabitants by no means anxious to drive them from their city. On the 21st of May a victory was gained over the Afghans under Suffer Jung. They had attacked the fortified post of Khelat-e-Ghilzee, and even placed scaling-ladders against the walls, when they were repulsed and routed with upwards of 100 men killed and many prisoners, who, having attempted to escape, were cut to pieces by the garrison.

The Delhi Gazette of May 14th mentions that General Elphinstone's remains had been interred on the 30th of April within the walls of Jellalabad. Akbar Khan had demanded 10,000 rupees for delivering them up, and further claims that Dost Mahomed be sent back, that we evacuate the country, and leave an agent in exchange for the prisoners.

The news comes down to May 29th. The Khyber Pass was being re-occupied by the Atreedebs, and the whole road to Cabul stockaded and defended by every possible obstruction.

The climate is cool compared with India; fine fruits are produced there—apricots, mulberries, prunes, olives, oranges, lemons, cherries, almonds, walnuts, and a fruit very like red currents, and at Cabul grapes and pomegranates. The whole garrison are to have silver medals, six months' battle, and "Jellalabad" on their colors. English articles are, however, very dear—a quire of letter-paper 2 rupees, brandy 4 rupees a bottle.

The King of Oude.—Recent accounts announce the death of the King of Oude, whose rightful heir, in consequence of the good arrangements made by the British resident, quietly succeeded to the throne.

Indian storms.—On the 23rd of June a frightful storm is stated to have taken place at Calcutta, which did much damage to the shipping.

A Knighted Parsee.—Her Majesty having been pleased to grant the dignity of knighthood to one of this body—fire-worshippers—of Bombay, they were extremely delighted, and the new knight, Sir Jemsetjee Dejecby, had commemorated the event by presenting his co-religionists with three lacs of rupees, to be vested in trustees to promote education amongst them.

Scinde.—A large army, said to be 25,000 strong, was advancing from Mushed to Kerat, and very suspicious conferences are being held at Hyderabad between the Ameer and others, to which Major Outram must needs turn, his most vigilant attention. The Seiks are said to be in force on the Muree territory without any known object.

 Abyssinia.—The Egyptians invaded this country in March last near Madana, and advancing to Woekin, sabred 400 Abyssinian soldiers, and sent 200 prisoners to Semnaar, subsequently, it is said, advancing to Gandar. Mr. Bell, the English traveller, arrived at Adowa in April, where Shemper, the German naturalist, was.


It is probable that this important point will be shortly settled. The commissioners of Maine have so far assented to the arrangement concluded between the arbitrators as to agree that the question shall go before the senate, though Maine may still be unwilling to ratify the treaty; but the National Intelligencer speaks more favorably, asserting that every requisite to a satisfactory adjustment is now secured, so that the ministers
movement took place in the lower end of the Divan, and the Ararat was found in a trice and duly bastinadoed for his insolence.

**Burning of the Vansittart and Cornwallis.** These two ships were burnt (supposed to be the work of incendiaries) in June last in Bombay harbour. They were laden with cotton, and the loss is said to amount to £50,000. The Vansittart was one of the largest ships trading to Bombay, 1800 tons burden. She was bound to China having a rich cargo on board. On Friday evening June 9th, she was lying in the centre of the harbour. At the time of the outbreak of the flames, which took place simultaneously from all parts of the ship, there were upwards of 100 persons on board, and several females are stated to have been amongst them. The rush to the ship’s boats to escape were desperate in the extreme. No sooner were they lowered, which was in a few seconds effected, than they were instantaneously filled, and in the struggle several got overboard and were drowned. The boats being insufficient to take all the crew, about 40 were left on board, and they, on account of the dreadful heat, were compelled to get over her bows and hold on the anchors and chain cable until assistance came up, which was not until some time after. In the meanwhile the fire had made frightful ravages: it had reached the rigging, and she appeared in one mighty mass of flame, producing the greatest excitement in the harbour, which contained a vast quantity of shipping and other craft. Upon the alarm being raised every ship sent assistance to the spot for the purpose of getting the burning vessel near the shore, so as to scuttle her, but she remained immovable, owing to the thickness of the deck and her bulwarks. Attempts were made to cut it, but it was found impossible. Directly on the authorities of the harbour hearing of this circumstance, the war steamer Semiramis was ordered to proceed to where she was lying, for the purpose of firing some heavy shots into her, in case of her breaking away from the moorings and drifting amongst the shipping, so as to sink her. By the time the steamer arrived, her masts, four in number, had fallen overboard, and the fire was raging with awful violence. There were several ship engines playing on to her deck, but without producing the least effect. During the whole night and morning the harbour presented a most imposing appearance; every ship was as distinctly seen as at noonday, and the shore was crowded with spectators. At 7 o’clock a portion of the magazine blew up, and subsequently several other explosions of gunpowder took place, but they occasioned little effect in hastening the destruction of the vessel. The officers in command of the Semiramis then determined to fire into the ship so as to sink her, and as soon as the boat got clear, several 68-pounders were thrown into her; these, however, and many others that were fired, proved of no avail, for she continued to float, and the fire raged as fiercely as at its commencement. At about 4 o’clock on Saturday afternoon the steamer gave way, and she drifted up the river with the tide, followed by the Semiramis steamer, which still kept firing. On the return of the tide, the burning wreck came with it, and at about 3 o’clock on Sunday morning she went down within a short distance of the shore on Butcher’s Islands. The fire burnt to the water’s edge, and all that remains of her is supposed to be the lower part of her hull and keel. She is said to have cost £10,000 in building, and with her cargo was valued at £60,000.

The Cornwallis was burnt under almost similar circumstances nine days after, June 12th. She, it appears, was lying in the harbour, just abreast of the East India Company’s receiving-ship the Hastings, and upon the fire being discovered, which was between 9 and 10 o’clock at night, most part of the cargo was found to be in flames. Within two hours afterward every part of the vessel was enveloped, and from that time until 2 o’clock the following day the conflagration raged with terrific grandeur. Upon the powder in the magazine igniting, which happened soon after 7 o’clock on Sunday morning, a frightful explosion ensued, followed by a dense cloud of smoke and burning fragments, which rose to an immense height, and was scattered to a great distance. A gunboat arrived off the vessel when the fire had reached its full height, and fired many shots into her stern to sink the wreck, but with no more success than with the former. After burning 19 hours the vessel sank in 18 fathoms water, a complete wreck. She was 800 tons burden, and was deeply laden with bales of cotton. Her loss is given out at about £25,000.

**Murder of Robert Mucklejohn, Master of the British Queen,** a trading vessel to the coast of Africa. The greatest apparent good will existed between the culprit George Lorimer and the deceased, who came from the same place as himself; and the latter was a mild and inoffensive young man. There is no doubt, however, that the murder was premeditated, although there had been nothing to excite his ill-will. The manner in which he committed the murder was most extraordinary. The mate’s conduct was somewhat odd during the day; at night, while taking coffee with the captain, he told him it would be the last cup of coffee he would ever drink, a prediction which was awfully verified by his own act in less than three hours afterwards. The mate, after making use of this remarkable expression, read his prayer-book, knelt down in the cabin, and was heard to exclaim aloud “God forgive me.” After the captain had gone to bed upon deck he
of Great Britain and the United States, and the commissioners of Massachusetts will shortly shake hands in perpetual amity.

The line agreed upon is that which the King of Holland recommended, as far as the small Lake near the rise of the river St. Francis. Thence it runs down to the southwest branch of St. John's river, leaving out a strip of our territory about 100 miles long and twelve broad. This belt of land is what we give up, though the King of Holland gave it to us in his arbitration. But in lieu of that, we are to get the free navigation of the St. John's river, but without access to it, except above the great Falls. We also get Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, a place to which some importance has been attached in a military point of view.

It was further agreed that the general Government would reimburse Maine her expenses in defending the disputed territory, and that Massachusetts was to receive 150,000 dollars for her portion of the ceded territory.

**The Vintage and Crops of Portugal**—It is now certain, the vintage will be the most splendid that has been seen for many a year. Luxuriant grapes abound in the market. As in England, there, also, there has scarcely been any rain. The wheat crops are also excellent, but the crop of maize, the great support of the people, is wholly deficient in the province of Tras-os-Montes.

**Mexico**—The President's Birthday.—All the prisoners who had been taken in the expedition to Santa Fé, were on the commemoration of Santa Anna's birth liberated from prison—with this stern proviso—that if afterwards surprised with arms in their hands they should suffer death.

**The Communication between Europe and Asia, across the Isthmus of Panama**.—The French are, it seems, making a settlement on the Marquesas Islands situate in the Pacific Ocean, in 11 degrees latitude.

**Rapid Intercourse between the Old and New World**—Transatlantic Steamers.—The Belgian steam-ship British Queen, Lieutenant Eyckoldt, which left Antwerp on the 7th and Southampton on the 10th ult., arrived at New York on the evening of the 27th, having made the passage in the face of strong gales, in 17 days. The Great Western, Lieutenant Hoskin, sailed from Kingsport, Bristol, on the 16th, and reached New York on the morning of the 28th ult., after a passage of 13 days and 12 hours. The British and North American royal mail steamer Columbia, Captain Judkins, which sailed from this port on the evening of the 19th ult., arrived at her berth, East Boston, at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst., after an uncommonly quick passage, including a stoppage of 5 hours at Halifax, of 12 days and 10 hours.—Liverpool Albion.

**Conflagration—Camenz, in Germany.**—The Observateur of Brussels, announces on the authority of a letter from Camenz, dated August 5th, 7 a.m.—"The town is in flames. Of 500 houses, scarcely 100 remain standing. The Town-hall, the Gothic church, all the hotels, &c., are already burnt to the ground. Several persons are missing. The bodies of a woman and a child have been found burnt to death. The fire broke out last night, at half-past 10 o'clock, and is said to have arisen from the negligence of a female."

The town of Knittelfeld, in Styria, was on July 26th, so dreadful a conflagration that 56 houses and 60 farm buildings were entirely consumed, and six persons lost their lives.

A fire took place at Lugos, in Hungary, July 21st, which destroyed the town-hall, the church, and more than 300 houses.

**The Doo Smugglers.**—The coast band trade carried on by dogs on the frontier of France next to Belgium, says the Constitutionnel, continues to increase in extent and activity. The number of dogs thus employed is estimated at 80,000. A premium is given for the destruction of each of the quadruped smugglers, and immense numbers have fallen victims to the douaniers, but they are immediately replaced by others, Their homes are in France, where they are well fed and kindly treated, and their education consists in sending them from time to time into Belgium, where they are nearly starved, and severely flogged by men dressed as French Custom-house officers; so that they have the uniform in horror, and in the course homeward carefully avoid it, taking a circuitous route as soon as they catch sight of it. When they are let loose to return home, laden with a burden of from five to six kilogrammes of merchandise, they proceed with rapidity, and they are sure of good treatment on their arrival.

**No Ceremony.**—Count Zichy, of the well-known Hungarian family of that name, was a few days ago in Sidon, and had his beard plucked by an Arnant in the public street, although he (the Count) turned aside to allow the man sufficient room to pass; on which the other Arnants set up a horse laugh. The Count was unarmed, and frantick with rage, and had no resource but to complain to the Bey in command of the troops. The Bey tried to appease him, and said that it was only in fun or friendship. "Then," said Count Zichy, "will you allow me to pluck your beard as a mark of my friendship for you?" The Bey frowned, taken rather aback at the readiness with which the Christian applied the test of "do unto others as you wish that others should do unto you," whispered to an attendant, and said the man should be brought. The Count waited some time, and at last the excuse was given that the man could not be found. "If you cannot give me satisfaction," said the Count, "I will take it, by shooting the first Arnant I meet in the street." No sooner was this interpreted than a general
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raised a false alarm that he had gone overboard; and when the crew had ascertained this to be incorrect, he remained by the captain for some time, and when all was still, and while asleep, he lifted him out of his bed and plunged him into the sea, where he must have immediately become a prey to the sharks, which abound on the coast. The subsequent conduct of the mate and his exclamations to the men who heard the splash in the water and accused him of having thrown the captain overboard, which he at once admitted, lead to the supposition that he was labouring under temporary insanity or delirium when he assaulted the captain and friend, and afterwards relapsed into a state of forgetfulness. It appears that the mate’s head was seriously affected by the heat of the climate in Africa, and a virulent disease which he contracted before he left London broke out afresh. He still labour under an abscess of the head, which was wrapped up in flannel and bandages when he underwent his examination at the police court. The prisoner when removed from the vessel upon its arrival in London, conversed upon every subject except the murder, of which he had not the slightest recollection. He will be tried at the Central Criminal Court.

The Royal Mint and New Gold and Silver Coinage.—During the month of July every department in the Royal Mint has been in the utmost activity, not merely for home use, but in providing coin for exportation to India, China, and the Continent. Since the proclamation of June 3rd, nearly five million sterling (sovereigns and half-sovereigns of George III. and IV., and William IV.) have been received from the Bank for recoining, and eight steam-presses have been constantly at work to supply this deficiency. Each of these strike about 80 a minute, and could, if supplied fast enough, strike off 120 a minute. About 400,000½ has been received weekly, in bags of 1,000 ounces each. The run upon silver is now at an end, from 10,000£ to 12,000£ worth has been struck off weekly. In addition to the previous great demand to pay our troops in India and China, a large extra supply of the precious metals was sent to the Mint to be coined with all speed in anticipation of news by the overland mail. The following is the amount of the July coinage:—Sovereigns, 695,550; half-sovvs., 880,000; half crowns, 125,000; and 750,000 shillings, besides 40,000 sixpences. Exportations of the precious metals:—Calcutta, 280 ounces of gold; 270,720 ounces of silver coinage, and 177,000 ounces in bars. Bombay, 4,500 ounces silver coinage, and 2,700 in bars. Mauritius, 1,280 ounces in gold, 40,000 ounces silver, and 23,632 ounces in bars. Ceylon, 900 ounces in silver. Hongkong, 145,900 ounces in silver. Launceston, Van Diemen’s Land, 400 ounces. Hamburch, 3,000 ounces silver, and 6,000 ounces in bars. From the 21st of July to the 28th there was exported as follows:—Hamburch, 1,500 ounces of silver in bars; Rotterdam, 28,000 ounces; Calais, 60,000 ounces; Hongkong, 137,054 ounces; Mauritius, 23,632 ounces; in gold, 1,150 ounces; Calcutta, 114,400 ounces in bars, and 136,920 in bullion. Capt. Hope and Wellington, New Zealand, 32 ounces. There is still a great scarcity of silver on the continent in consequence of France and Prussia having a new coinage about to be struck, but gold is cheaper than in this country, although they chiefly receive their precious metals from the bankers and bullion dealers in the city. In consequence of the request for the gold and silver new coinage, the half-farthings, it is expected, will not be issued to the public from the Mint before Christmas. All of the old silver coinage of George III. and George IV. paid into the Bank is not reissued for circulation, but will be recoincl, being so very deficient in weight and so much defaced by wear and tear. The transfer books of Bank stock at the Bank of England will be shut from the 1st of September next till Friday, the 14th of October following. By a recent order from the Bank, bags of 50l. down to 10l. light gold are receivable in the Rotunda for the purpose of being exchanged for full-weight pieces.

Cure of a Toad-Bite.—The Perth Advertiser mentions that a house-cat having fixed its teeth in the back of a common toad, she suddenly fell sick, tumbled over, and foamed at the mouth. An eye witness, thereupon, instantly procured some sweet milk, and immersing poor puss’ head in the liquid, she was soon restored to her previous good health.

Hydrophobia of a Horse.—A fine saddle mare belonging to a gentleman of Dublin, lately died of this frightful malady. She was exercised the day before, but the groom observing her to be sulky and attempting to tie down, he rode her home directly. In the stall she was uneasy, tottering, snapping, and shortly fell down. Mr. Watts, veterinary surgeon, pronounced that she had been bitten by a mad-dog, and could not survive that day. Her mouth was tied up to prevent her biting (the way of all others to render her more furious). At length, breaking loose into a timber yard, she so cut herself that death ended her sufferings. On the closest examination there was no sign of a cut or bite; and the only evidence of ailment was a slight lameness in one foot.

Monuments to Naval Heroes.—The House of Commons, upon the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, before its rising, moved that an address be presented to Her Majesty to erect monuments to Lord Exmouth, Lord de Saumarez, and Viscount Sidmouth, which was agreed to.
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The dome and interior of this splendid edifice is undergoing complete repair. Divine service is at present discontinued.

SURPRISING MUSHROOMS.—In the month of March some pavement laid down through Circus-place, Edinburgh, was observed to be raised upwards of an inch from its bed, and upon examination was found to be resting upon three large fungi, two of which were each upwards of three feet six inches in circumference, or about fourteen inches in diameter. The stone which was thus raised by the protrusion from the earth of these enormous mushrooms measured three feet nine inches in length, one foot eight inches in breadth, and four and a half inches in thickness, and we are informed could not be less than two and a half cw.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.—The anniversary of the foundation of Queen's College was on the 15th ult. This college was founded by Robert Phillip, of the blood of Philip II., King of Spain, Queen of Edward III., (from whom it takes its name) in 1340, for a provost and 12 fellows (since increased to 16), for natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.—A scholarship on the foundation of this college will be open on the occasion of Corpus Christi, Friday, Oct. 28. The candidates must be natives of the county, under nineteen years of age on the day of election, and present themselves to the President, Saturday, Oct. 23rd, at eleven p.m., having certificates of their parents' marriage, their own baptism; evidence of the time and place of their birth, testimonials from the college or school where they have been educated, and Latin epistles to the electors.

"MORROW," OR IRISH SPIRIT.—Our readers will remember The Rinbecco, or Coriscian Revenge, a Tale in this Magazine; here is a tale of a different sort; we call it, in the present civilized age:—A most terrific affray occurred last month at the back gate of Sonna, on Mr. Evers' land, where a cock fight of ten matches aside took place between a man of the name of Martin Quin, on the part of Bunrussa, and a man of the name of John Kiney, on the part of Balnacreigha, when the Balnacreigha losing five out of the first six battles, a quarrel ensued, more through a party spirit than anything else, as a number of Legan boys (Longford) and Rathoven attended, who had sticks bored about six or eight inches with an auger, and again one cross bore; through the main bore melted lead was poured, which took hold in the cross bore, and the weapon was used with a most deadly effect; the password made use of by the victimiser to the victim, in presence of the assassins, was "morrow," when shortly after, an eye being on the victim, he was at once brought to the ground, and his scalp cut off. A great number were made to know the word "morrow" by the weight of the leaded sticks and alpines used on the occasion. We understand the Legan boys were borrowed for "swap." It is considered that the party who suffered on the occasion do not mean to seek any redress at law, but to retaliate in like manner. A couple of respectable young men, in attempting to rescue some of the parties, came in for their share of the weight of the leaded.

FLIGHT OF PIGEONS.—Pigeon flights form now an ordinary article of news, but they are, nevertheless, very interesting records. The Birmingham Advertiser furnishes us with the following:—"We mentioned some weeks since that on Tuesday, July 12, about 220 pigeons, or, as other accounts say, 300, belonging to parties at Antwerp, were started by Mr. P. H. Muntz, from his residence at Handsworth, at six o'clock in the morning. After making a few gyrations in the air, they took their flight eastward, and were soon out of sight. Mr. Muntz has since received intelligence of the safe arrival of the greater part of the flock, the first bird having reached Antwerp at half-past nine o'clock the same morning, the others following in fives and tens in rapid succession, and the last pigeon of those which returned reaching its destination at half-past ten o'clock. Estimating the distance from Birmingham to Antwerp at 360 miles, measured in a straight line, and allowing for the difference between the time of the two places, the first bird would appear to have travelled at the surprising rate of above ninety miles an hour. A few of the birds, however, did not return, though statements to the contrary have appeared in the papers. Two of them we ourselves have seen, one of which was caught near the Asylum the Wednesday after they were let loose, the other near the Railway Station, on Friday. The latter is an old bird, and was evidently suffering through want of food when taken from the ground of a house. On its wings the following is inscribed:—A.H.B.—192—Société—L'Union fait la force. Anvers—A.H. H. —Some of the feathers in the midst of the inscription had been shed, which may account for a want of connexions in the words."

STARING.—The Manchester Advertiser of Aug. 6, in speaking of the improvement in trade on the one hand, the great reduction in the wages paid to the hand-loom weavers, adds,—"It was only last week two stout men, having nothing to do, and in a starving state, broke some windows, in order that they might get into prison and obtain some food, and the workhouse is full of paupers."

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—The Manchester Courier of Aug. 6, says, in announcing the improvement of trade, "All ground of complaint is now fairly cut from under the feet of the grumbling deputies of the league, who have broken up in despair only to return happily to chew the bitter end of disappointment. Bountiful and luxuriant crops, with a con-
current renewal of commercial prosperity, meet their view at every point, on their return, and mock the factious crew to scorn in their northern homes. Heaven mend their hearts to enjoy the prospect.'

The first Times Scholarship was, last month, gained by Mr. William Romanis, at a court of the Governors of Christ's Hospital. At the same court, the president (Mr. Alderman Thompson, M. P. for Westmorland), delivered the two gold medals, which are now annually given, in consequence of his own munificent donation, as the rewards of distinct and separate proficiency in the classics and in mathematics. The former was presented to Mr. W. H. Brown, the latter to Mr. Augustus S. Harrison. The president, after feelingly expressing upon those young men the duty and benefit of combining rectitude of principle and conduct with sound learning and scientific acquirements, made a happy allusion to the recent success of one of their immediate predecessors in the school, Mr. H. J. S. Maine, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, to whom he had had the pleasure of presenting the gold medal for classical proficiency on the very same occasion two years ago, and who had this year obtained three of the annual medals (those for the English Poem, the Latin Hymn, and the Alcaic Ode) in the above University.

New Mode of Filtration and Supply of Pure Water.—A Russian merchant, son of English parents, has invented a system of filtration, which, by one machine of five feet square cleft, filters no less than two millions and a half gallons per day, so thoroughly and effectually, as to have astonished Lord Brougham and the numerous scientific gentlemen who have witnessed the experiment. He has been waiting in England since last January, in expectation that the Marquis of Westminster was to bring forward the notion of which he had given notice last session, to revive the select committee on the supply of water for London. Professor Phillips has tested and certified the purity of the water filtered by Mr. Starkey, and the invention is now, we believe, to be offered (most praiseworthy) to parliament for the public benefit.

Witchcraft.—The Lieutenant-Governor has been present at Fort Beaufort to counteract any disturbances which might occur from the chief Tyali, but the tribe of which he was the head were conducting themselves in a peaceable manner. The Aborigines had captured the mother of the chief Sandilla, on the charge of causing the death of Tyali by witchcraft, but no inconvenience can thus result to the farmers on the frontier, as any trial which may arise from the circumstance, must, to avoid the interference of the British, take place on the Caffre side of the boundary.

Substantial Benefit by Early Rising.—In the will of the late Mr. James Serjeant, of the borough of Leicester, is the following singular clause:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employ themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 till 8 o'clock every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from 7 till 9 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning: this to be done for some years, during the first seven years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion."

Arabian Mare Presented to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—A very beautiful mare, the only one which has been permitted to leave the country for many years past, and which arrived in England a few days since, has just been presented to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, at Windsor, from the English Consul at Morocco. The mare, which for symmetry may almost be said to be unexcelled, is of a dark gray color, standing fifteen hands high, and not more than two years old, and of the purest Arab blood. It reached Windsor by the Great Western Railway from town a day or two since, and immediately upon its arrival it was taken to the quadrangle, where it was seen by the Queen and the Prince, and several of the members of the Royal household, by whom it was greatly admired. Its mane had been cut previously to its leaving Morocco (a plan adopted in that country with respect to all mares bred there), and the only "drawback" to its beauty and general appearance is that of a "hog-mane;" but it is expected that in a few months, with the care and attention which will be bestowed upon it, this will be remedied by means of the usual training which it will be subjected to. The mare, which is now at the Royal Mews, Windsor, will ultimately be placed in the paddocks at Cumberland-lodge, under the care of Mr. Quarton, His Royal Highness's stud-groom, for the purpose of raising a stock in this country of the purest blood of Arabia.

"The Wheatar," or English Oatmeal. These delicious little birds, which are the same as the highly prized "becafica" of Italy, have been lately very abundant in the neighbourhood of Lewes. The shepherds have turned the opportunity of their capture to a profitable account, and realized 1s. 6d. and upwards per dozen, when they were afterwards sold in Brighton market.
GREAT TUMULT ABOUT ENCLOSURES.

At this time (anno 1549) a sort of contagion of rage and violence ran over all the Commons of England. The nobility and gentry finding more advantage by the trade of wool than by their corn, did generally enclose their ground and turn them to pasture, and so kept but few servants, and took large portions of their estates into their own hands. Yet still the numbers of the people increased, since marriage was allowed to all; and the abrogation of Holy-days, and the putting down of pilgrimages, gave them more time to work. By these means the Commons were under great apprehension, and feared to be reduced to great misery. Some proposed a sort of Agrarian law for regulating this threatening inconvenience, and the King (Edward VI.) wrote a discourse about it, that there might be some equality in the division of the soil among the tenants. The Protector being naturally just and compassionate, was a great friend to the Commons, and much complained of the oppression of the landlords. There was, therefore, a commission issued out, to enquire concerning inclosures and farms, and whether those who purchased the Abbey lands, and were obliged to keep up hospitality, performed it or not, and what encouragement they gave to husbandry. This having but little effect, the Commons rose in most parts of the nation, but chiefly in the inland counties, but they were easily dispersed, with a promise that their grievances should be redressed. The Protector, contrary to the Council’s opinion, set out a Proclamation against all new enclosures, and for indemnifying the people for what was past. Commissioners were sent also into most counties to hear and determine all complaints; but the power that was given them was so arbitrary, that the landlords called it an invasion of property, when their rights were thus subjected to the pleasure of such men. The Commons understanding that the Protector was so favorable to them, (which favor greatly provoked the gentry) soon fell into greater outrages than ever, insomuch that it was afterwards objected to him, that the convulsions of England were chiefly owing to his ill-conduct, in which he was the more blamed, because he acted against the opinion of the majority of the Council.

ANTI-MARRIAGE EDICT.

"WORSLEY, JULY 30, 1842. The evils which an over-crowded population entails upon the poorer classes of society make it necessary to consider in what manner this may, with the most ease, and with the least interference with their comforts, be diminished gradually, and finally removed altogether. There can be no doubt that early and ill-considered marriages between very young persons is one great cause of these evils. Marriages contracted without forethought, and without any consideration as to the means of future support and maintenance of children. Such marriages should be discouraged for the sake of the individuals themselves, as well as for that of their parents and neighbours. Such marriages receive great encouragement upon the Bridgewater estate, from the parties being permitted to reside in their parents’ dwellings after marriage thereby producing other serious evils and inconvenience. It is, therefore, hereby intimated, that after the 1st day of October next no cottage tenant shall permit any newly-married son or daughter to take up their residence in their house, without leave in writing from Mr. Feredy Smith or Mr. Robert Lansdale, as the case may be, or the tenant himself will be put under notice. Mr. Lansdale will fill up any cottage now vacant from those cottages which contain more than one family, taking great care that the vacancy thus made shall not be filled up by an extra family or lodger.

"JAMES LOCH."

Let, however, his Lordship’s agent read the following hard fate of bachelors, thus forced to remain unexcited, to say nothing of the lot of no-single-house-portionless maidens; and against whom would an action for breach of marriage contract lie, the parties being already engaged and the day fixed, because the marriage was not concluded from the want of a house wherein to dwell; and now for the case of the bachelors.

Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, has noted the following (anno 1842):—

"The mortality of bachelors from the ages of 30 to 45 is twenty-seven per cent. of married men, of the same ages, eighteen per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40 there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60 there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70 years 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men."

What a sad depopulation, then, of the Bridgewater estate in the course of a few years!
Numerous Persons Missing.—For some time past the police have been daily applied to by the friends of persons who, under circumstances of great suspicion, have suddenly been missing from their homes, without any clue being obtained to their retreat or ultimate fate. During the space of two days information of the following cases of persons missing has been received at the different metropolitan and city police stations:

"Missing since the night of the 8th inst., William Brockopp, 47 years of age, 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, dark complexion, grey eyes, scar across the nose, and a mark down the forehead, extending to the nose, dressed in a green kerseymere coat, thick olive trousers, low shoes, worsted stockings, no hat, and supposed to have a valuable ring on one of his little fingers. Information to M division.—Missing since Sunday evening, Aug. 7th, William Blackenborough, 18 years of age, 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, fair complexion, slightly freckled, dressed in a brown frock-coat, light waistcoat, mixed cloth trousers, black silk stock, and breast pin—an anchor. Was last seen on Sunday evening in Bird-cage-walk, St. James's-park. Information to Mr. Walker, grocer, Mill-pond-bridge, Bermondsey.—Missing since 10 o'clock on the 10th ult., a youth named Edward Anber, 5 feet 6 inches high, black eyes and hair, very thin, dressed in a very dark green or black suit, and wears a jacket and blucher boots. Information to Mr. G. Anber, 28, Greek-street, Soho.—Missing from No. 11, Frances-street, Waterloo-road, since the 10th inst., a young woman, about 16 years of age, dressed in a mouseline de laine gown, trimmed with green velvet, and tussue bonnet with black veil.—Missing from William-street, Kennington, a lad named John Hogg, aged 10 years, of fair complexion, slightly marked with the small-pox, dressed in a blouse, a cap with a peak, plaid trousers, and lace-up boots. The above lad left home on the 11th ult. for the purpose of going to Battersea to fish, and has not been heard of since.

Diminutive Java Horse Presented to Her Majesty.—A most extraordinary horse (perhaps the smallest in the world) arrived at the Royal Mews, in Sheet-street, August 1st, by the Great Western Railway, from town, as a present to Her Majesty from Java (in which island it was foaled), of the diminutive size of only twenty-seven and a half inches in height—indeed, not near as tall as many of the Newfoundland and other dogs belonging to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. This extraordinary little animal, which is rising five years old, is of a dark-brown color, well formed, and extremely quiet and playful. It appeared to be suffering from being out of condition, but, with the necessary care which will be bestowed upon it in the Royal stables, it will, in the course of a very short time, recover from the effects of its voyage. Shortly after its arrival at Windsor it was taken to the Quadrangle, where it was seen by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, their Serene Highnesses the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and the visitors, at the Castle, and put through its different paces. In the morning it was taken upon the New Terrace, for the purpose of its also being seen by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and several of the Court.

The Arrival of His Serene Highness, the Reigning Duke of Saxe Gotha.—The Black Eagle steam- vessel, Mr. J. B. Cook (acting), arrived at half-past ten o'clock, p.m., Aug. 12th, at Woolwich from Ostend, with His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha on board, having made a special voyage to Ostend to bring over His Serene Highness to this country. His Serene Highness was expected at an earlier hour, and preparations were made to receive him with due honor. At half-past three o'clock, Lieut.-Gen. Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and G.C.H., attended by Major Sandilands, arrived at the Woolwich dockyard, and shortly afterwards Colonel James Frederick Love, K.H., commanding officer of the 73d Regiment, Brigade-Major Cuppage of the Royal Artillery, and the heads of the various departments of the dockyard, attended to receive His Serene Highness. Captain Sir F. Collier being absent, Commander A. S. Hamond of the Salamander steam- vessel, the senior officer, assumed the duties connected with the reception of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha. Commander A. Murray, of the Hydra, Lieutenant-Commander G. Snell, of the Lightning, Lieutenant-Commander George Butler, of the Meteor steam-vessel, and the mate, with the pinnace of the William and Mary yacht, attended to receive and bring His Serene Highness on shore, the tide having been at such an ebb as to prevent the Black Eagle coming alongside the wharf or landing-place. Captain Pinckney and the Grenadier company of the 73d Regiment attended to form a Guard of Honour, and were accompanied by the band. The honour of firing a Royal salute devolved upon Major Raynes, and a field battery under his command of four light 6-pounders of the Royal Artillery. After waiting from half-past three o'clock until half-past eight o'clock, it was ascertained that His Serene Highness would not arrive before half-past ten o'clock, and, consequently, the field battery and Guard of Honour were marched to their barracks. Two orderlies were left to communicate the approach of the illustrious visitor; and at precisely half-past ten o'clock the Black Eagle arrived, and His Serene Highness was received by the officers of the dockyard and garrison previously named; and, immediately after landing, entered one of the Royal carriages, accompanied by Captain Francis Seymour, who had been in waiting so early as twelve o'clock at noon, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where His Serene Highness arrived at midnight, his time to witness the presentation of a British Parliament by Her Majesty.
BIRTHS.

Aldersey, Mrs. J. Stephens, of a son; Gower-street, Bedford-square, Aug. 9.

Anstruther, Lady, of Baleaskie, of a son, Aug. 16.

Blake, lady of Joseph, jun., esq., of a son; at Worthing, Aug. 11.

Bourne, the lady of James, esq., of a son; at Heathfield-house, near Liverpool, July 29.

Carrarvon, Countess, of a daughter; at Milford, Higcelere-park, Aug. 18.

Capes, lady of George, esq., of a daughter; in Woburn-square, Aug. 17.

Chatfield, lady of Charles, esq., of a daughter; at Croydon, Aug. 13.

Cleminson, lady of Wm. Henry, esq., of Upminster Hall, Essex, of a daughter; Aug. 15.

Coventry, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Earlscoom, August 1.

De Tabley, Right Hon. Lady, of a son; Harlington-street, Aug. 7.

Drumlanrig, Viscountess, of a daughter; Clewer-house, near Windsor, Aug. 21.

Evans, lady of John, esq., one of her Majesty's counsel, of a daughter; at Haversford-west, August 1.

Flood, lady of Luke Trapp, esq., of a son; at Datchet, Aug. 16.

Forrester, Hon. Mrs. Orlando, of a son; at Broseley Rectory, Solop, August 3.

Holland, the lady of the Rev. Edmund, of a daughter; in Hyde-park-gardens, Aug. 7.

Hodgson, wife of Richard, esq., M.P., of a daughter; Upper Brook-street, Aug. 21.

Huntley, the lady of Sir Henry Vere, of a son; at the Government-house, Prince Edward's Island, July 5.

Lescher, the lady of Joseph Samuel, of Boyles, Brentwood, of a son; Aug. 6.

Lewin, the lady of Sir Gregory, of a daughter; at Upper Harley-street, Aug. 6.

McCutcheon, the lady of John, esq., of a daughter; Harley-street, Aug. 6.

Le Marchant, lady of Sir Gaspard, Lieut.-Col. commanding the 9th Regiment, of a daughter; at Rochester, August 2.

Murray, the wife of C. K., esq., of a son; in Notting-hill-square, Aug. 1.

Pollock, lady of a hill-squire, of a son; at Hatton, Middlesex, Aug. 10.

Roxton, lady of L., esq., of Penwortham Hall, of a son and heir; Aug. 7.

Russe, lady of Compton, esq., of a son; Tavistock-square, August 5.

Robett, Lady Louisa, of a son; East Villa Lodge-place, Regent's-park, August 10.

Rydley, Lady of Sir White, Bart., of a son and heir; Aug. 6.

Sandwich, Countess of, of a son; Dover-street, August 11.

Shaw, Mrs. Alfred, of a son; Bond-street, Aug. 23.

Stern, the lady of David, esq., of a son; in Gloucester-place, Aug. 8.

Uxbridge, Countess of, of a daughter; in Portland-place, Aug. 18.

Vivian, lady of George, esq., of a daughter; at Claverton Manor, Aug. 20.


Wylde, lady of George, esq., of a daughter; Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, Aug. 2.

MARRIAGES.

Bacon, Julia, 4th daughter of Thomas Bacon, esq., of Redlands, Herts, to the Right Hon. Earl Cornwallis, by special license, by the Rev. S. Clayton; at All Saints, District Church of Croydon, August 4.

Bacon, Fanny Horatia S., widow of the late Francis Bacon, esq., and daughter of Horace Twiss, esq. Q. C., to John De Lane, esq., B.A., University of Oxford, and 2d son of W. F. A. De Lane, esq.; at St. George's, Hanover-square, August 9.


Bayly, Louisa, eldest daughter of Phillip Ed. Bayly, esq., Portland Place, to Charles Francis Yates, esq., only son of the late Major Watson Yates, 26th Native Madras Regiment; Aug. 23.

Beauchler, Henrietta, daughter of Lord F. Beauchler, to Major Gage, Scots Fusilier Guards; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 2.

Beresford, Georgiana, 2d daughter of Sir John Beresford, Bart., at the seat of her aunt, Miss Peirse, Bedale, Yorkshire, to the Rev. Reginald Courtenay, rector of Thornton Watlass, in the same county, son of the late Right Hon. Thomas Peregine Courtenay, by the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson; July 23.

Burrowes, Ann Mary, to James Figgins, esq., of West-street, Smithfield, and Barnsbury-p-rk, Islington; at Trinity Church, Clonshesley-square, Aug. 6.

Carrick, Lucy, Countess, to the Hon. H. B. C. Wandersforde, by the Rev. J. Prior; at the Parish Church, Dunmore East, County Waterford, Aug. 10.


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Clarke, Catherine, eldest unmarrried daughter of Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Bart., of Dunham Lodge, Norfolk, to the Rev. Charles Roe, of Newtown, near Newbury; Aug. 9.

Clarke, Maria Agnes, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Bart., to the Rev. Walter John Partridge, of Caston, Norfolk; at Durham, Norfolk, Aug. 9.

Dobree, Amelia, widow of the late H. H. Dobree, esq., and daughter of the late John Locke, esq., of Walsingham, Essex, to E. S. Ellis, esq., of the East India Company's Service, by the Rev. R. Gumbrecht, esq.; at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Aug. 3.

Edwards, Jane, daughter of the late Colonel Wilbraham Tollemache Edwards, 14th Foot, to Theodoric Vumbrecht, esq.; at Cheltenham, Aug. 16.

Elwyn, Ellen, relic of the late W. B. Elwyn, esq., D.C.L., of York-terrace, Regent's-park, to Lieut.-Colonel Fitch; at St. James's Church, Aug. 1.


Fullford, Eleanor, daughter of Baldwin Fulford, esq., county Devon, to the Rev. Herbert George Adams, vicar of Dunford, by the Rev. D. Adams, vicar of Brampton, Oxon; at Dunford, Aug. 3.

Graham, Mary, only child of Chas. James Graham, esq., of Ann's Hill, near Carlisle, to John Lane, esq., of Carlisle; by the Rev. T. Wilkinson; at St. Michael Church, Stanwick, Aug. 10.


Grosvener, Lady Eleanor, eldest daughter of Earl Grosvenor and grand-daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, to the Right Hon. Lord Prudhoe, brother of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, at St. George's, Hanover-square; August 25.

Harvey, Frances, daughter of Henry Harvey, esq., of Hill-house, Streatham, to Francis Scott, esq., Commander of the Royal Navy; at Streatham, Aug. 2.


Hasilrige, Hon. Lady Maynard, widow of the late Sir Thomas M. Hasilrige, Bart., and daughter of the late Lord Woodhouse, to Frederick Fielding, esq., by the Rev. P. Schofield, M.A.; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 15.

Hillier, Charlotte Teresa, only daughter of the late Col. George Hillier, of the 66th regiment, to Capt. John Donatti, of Camberrwell, by the Rev. A. Baker, B.A.; at St John's, Paddington, Aug. 20.


Hulbert, Emma, daughter of Henry Hulbert, esq., of St. James's, Eaton-square, to Wm. Tillotson, esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-Law, by the Rev. W. B. Otter, vicar of Cowlief, Sussex; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 6.


Lechmere, Miss, daughter of A. H. Lechmere, esq., and grand-daughter of Sir Anthony Lechmere, to Evelyn P. Shirley, esq., M.P. for Monaghan; at Hanley Church, Worcestershire. The village presented an unusually gay scene from the children of the parochial schools being liberally regaled and the poor villagers of the neighbourhood being relieved on the happy occasion; August 4.

Leite, Madame, widow of S. Marcelino, a wealthy proprietor of the capital of Rio de Janeiro, to the Conseiller de Montezuma, late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Brazil; June 4.

Livesey, Maria, only daughter of Joseph Livesey, esq., of Stanton-hall, Lincolnshire, to Captain W. E. Sivelyen, of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, by the Rev. T. Livesey; at Baumber, August 2.

Mahon, Fanny Charlotte, daughter of the late Rev. James Mahon, Dean of Dromore, to Alexander N. de Potter. Esq.


McCulhan, Christiana Anne, 2d daughter of Capt. M'Culhan, of Windsor, late of the 47th Regiment of Foot, to the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, B.A., only son of the Poet Laureat; at Kiswick, Aug. 10.


Murray, Maria, daughter of Patrick Murray, esq., of Limprin, Forfarshire, to James Talbot, esq., eldest son of the Hon. James Talbot, of
Everechch-house, Somersetshire: at Arthurston, Pentline, Aug. 11.
McQuire, Anna, daughter of the late Rev. W. M. McQuire, of Liverpool, to Henry John, second son of Major-General Greenstreet; at Northampton, August 2.

Neville, Adela Madeline Agnes, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. FitzRoy Neville, to Frederick Marchmont Brandon Grevelle, of Grevelle Castle, Northumberland, by the Rev. Marchmont Grevelle, M.A.; at the residence of Phillip de Brooke St. Clair, esq., Grosvenorsquare, Aug. 10.


Parker, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of the late Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., and Lady Elizabeth Reynell, to John William Hamilton Anson, eldest son of General Sir W. Anson, Bart., by his Grace the Archbishop of Argyll; at St. Marylebone, July 27.

Parget, Miss, daughter of Lady Augusta and the late General Sir Arthur Parget, and niece of the Marquis of Angus, to the Right Hon. Lord Tempiemore, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 9.

Parke, Mary, 2d daughter of the Right Hon. Baron Parke, to the Hon. Charles G. Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle, and M. P. for East Cumberland; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 9.

Partridge, Mary Thetis, only daughter of the late Capt. Partridge, of the Hon. E. I. C.'s service, to Edward James Smith, esq., of the General Post-office; at St. Mary-le-Bow, Aug. 17.

Philips, Molyneaux, Henrietta Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Bart, of Middlehill, Worcestershire, to James Orchard Halliwell, esq., youngest son of Thomas Halliwell, esq., of Alfred Place; at Broadway, Worcestershire, Aug. 8.

Riley, Frances, daughter of the late Capt. Riley, to Charles Daniel O'Connell, esq., nephew to the Lord Mayor of Dublin; at Sydney, New South Wales, June 20.

Rixon, Henrietta Maria, only daughter of the late Henry Rixon, esq., of Camberwell, to Gay Shute, esq., of Bexley-house, Greenwich; at St. Pancras New Church, Aug. 16.

Ryle, Clara, eldest daughter of the late Joshua Ryle, esq., of Carshalton, Surry, to Sarah Parker, esq., of Woodthorpe, Yorkshire; at St. Pancras, Aug. 18.

Russell, Miss Augusta Louisa, eldest daughter of Robert F. Russell, Bart., to Lord Walsingham; at St. George's, Hanover-square, in the presence of a select circle of friends of both families. The Hon. and Rev. F. de Grey officiated at the ceremony. A déjeuner was given to a small party, by Sir Robert and Lady Russell at their mansion in Cavendish-square; after which, the noble bride and bridegroom, left for the respected baronet's seat, Chequers, Bucks, for the honeymoon; Aug. 6.

Somerset, Matilda Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Edward Somerset, to Horace Maryatt, esq., by the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Wm. Somerset; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 9.

Shelley, Cecilia, youngest daughter of Sir John Shelley, Bart., to Thomas Rossett Kent, esq.; at Fulham Church, Aug. 9.

Stephens, Sarah Maria, 2d daughter of the late Joseph Stephens, esq., of Mexico, to Edwin Holdsworth, esq., of Mexico; at Dilwyn, county Hereford, Aug. 9.

Steward, Sarah, daughter of James Steward, esq., formerly of Lewisham, Kent, to Captain Cyrus Trepaud, (late 8th King's Regiment), eldest son of F. P. Trepaud, esq., and grand nephew of the late General Cyrus Trepaud, esq.; at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, August 13.

Thorne, Caroline Catherine, youngest daughter of Peter Thorne, esq., of Gunnersbury, Middlesex, to John Grove, esq., of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, and Penn, Bucks; at St. Marylebone church, Aug. 2.

Tooker, Caroline, only daughter of H. S. W. Tooker, esq., of Norton Hall, and Wincombe Court, Somersetshire, and Horton Lodge, Hants, to Henry Pearson, esq., Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; at St. Mary's, Bryant-square, August 20.


Vanstittart, Charlotte Eleanor, 2d daughter of the late — Vanstittart, esq., of Shottesham, Herts, Berks, to the Rev. Edward Scrood Pearce Scrocol, only son of the late Dean of Ely, by the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 4.

Wauchope, Hersey Susan, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Wauchope, of Niddere Marischal, Mid Lothian, and niece of Sir David Baird, bart., of Newbury, to Capt. Elliot, R.N., son of the Hon. Rear Admiral Elliot; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 1.

Wright, Helen, daughter of the late William Burt Wright, esq., of Jamaica, to the Rev. George Hill Clifton, rector of Ripple and Queen-hill, Worcestershire; at Paddington, Aug. 16.

Wright, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Wright, esq., of Kelvedon Hall, Essex, and sister of Sir William Lawson, to the Marquis de la Belinaye; in the private chapel of Brough Hall, Yorkshire, the seat of Sir William Lawson, bart., Aug. 18.

DEATHS.

Anderson, Col. Sir Alex., C.B., at an advanced age. He was one of the veterans of the Peninsula war, entered the army in 1801, received decorations for his services at Badajos, Salamanca, Vitoria, Pyrenees, Nivell, Orthes,

Bainin, Mr. John, after a protracted illness, at his residence near Kilkenny, Friday, July 20. This gentleman distinguished himself in the literary world as the author of Tales of the O'Hara Family and other popular works of fiction. He had for some time past almost wholly withdrawn himself from the pursuits in which he had gained no small distinction in his own as well as in the sister country. In early life he followed the profession of a miniature painter, but the success of his first dramatic piece, Damon and Pythias, was decisive of his future fate, and the pencil, at which he was no mean proficient, was abandoned for the pen. The lamented gentleman enjoyed a pension of 150l. per annum from the civil list. This was subsequently increased by the addition of 40l. a year for the education of his only child, a daughter.

Becher, Charles, esq., late of the East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal, deeply regretted, aged 66; July 16. Belfour, Margaret, relievé of the late Okay Belfour, esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, in her 81st year; Aug. 1.

Bennett, Mrs. Martha, Manor Cottage, Mitcham, Surrey, aged 32, Aug. 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Berwick, Lord, the Right Hon. William Noel; at Attingham-hall. This lamented event took place on Thursday Aug. 4th, at his Lordship's estate in Hampshire. His Lordship was the second son of Noel the first Lord Berwick, by Anne, daughter of Mr. Henry Vernon, of Hilton, in the county of Stafford. He was born about 1773, in London, educated at Cambridge, and succeeded his eldest brother, the Right Hon. Thomas Noel, Lord Berwick, in the peerage, November 3, 1832. The late Lord Berwick was elected one of the representatives for the town of Shrewsbury on the 12th of July, 1796, having sustained a contest against his relative, Mr. John Hill, of Prees, a brother to Sir Richard Hill, bart., of Hawkstone, which stands perhaps unparalleled in the annals of electioneering for spirit and expenditure, having, it is supposed, cost the parties little short of 100,000l. and is still mentioned as the memorable 96 election. He was subsequently re-elected on the 16th of November, 1802—December 15, 1809—and again, June 22, 1807. He was afterwards chosen Envoy at Naples, and was a member of the corporation at Shrewsbury until the passing of the Municipal Act, in 1855. Soon after the decease of his brother he returned to his ancestral mansion at Attingham Hall, near Shrewsbury, where he had continued since to reside. In politics his Lordship was not particularly active, but his principles were those of the Conservative party. He had latterly purchased much property in the vicinity of Shrewsbury, and had contemplated many important improvements connected therewith, had circumstances permitted. He was generally respected among the inhabitants of the town, though his unobtrusive manners did not induce him to mix much in society. He was from early life attached to antiquities, particularly those connected with Shropshire, and had formed a large collection of manuscripts, drawings, and other works relating to its topography. His Lordship was unmarried, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his youngest brother, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Noel Hill, M.A., rector of Berrington, and, it may be mentioned, as a somewhat uncommon occurrence for three brothers in succession to take the title of their father. The deceased was interred in the family vault at Atcham, near Shrewsbury.

Bienowe, Robert Wiliam, of Hayes, Middlesex, at Dawlish, in the 77th year of his age; July 30.

Box, Mr. Wm. John, Deveril-street, New- ington, aged 37, Aug. 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Blunett, Georgianna Esther, eld. dau. of the late George Wright, esq., of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.

Carter, Miss Dolly, daughter of the late Sir John Carter, and sister to the present Bonham Carter, esq.; at Portsmouth, Aug. 20.


Clarke, John Calvert, esq., at the Gothic-house, Richmond, aged 82; Aug. 9.

Crofton, Mirian, wife of Frederick Lowther Crofton, esq., at Maizehill, Greenwich, Aug. 6.

Davidson, Margaret, daughter of Cochran Davidson, esq., Woodlille Terrace, Gravesend, aged 16, Aug. 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Donaldson, Mary Ann, daughter of John Donaldson, esq., Forest-hill, aged 26, July 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Digby, Admiral Sir Henry, G.C.B.; at his seat, Minterh, aged 72, Aug. 19.

Dyson, Ann Sophia, relievé of the late James Dyson, esq.; at Bedford, aged 66, Aug. 6.


Eales, Henry Travers, youngest son of the Rev. W. Eales, of Ide, near Exeter, an assistant-surgeon on the Bengal Establishment, in the Bay of Bengal; on board the Gernec, March 16.

Edge, John Dallas, esq. barrister-at-law, and seneschal of Castlecomer, where he had left his lady and two children, on a visit to his father. “In the course of the same evening (Thursday, August 11th), says a Dublin paper, between 7 and 8 o’clock, he was walking in company with his brother-in-law and a friend, Mr. McMullen, when they met Mr. Hamilton, of James’s-street, who had a small rowing-boat on the mill-pond of Mount Brown Distillery. The entire party resolved to amuse themselves for a while rowing. The boat was moored towards the centre, and a line with a grappling-iron was used by Mr. Hamilton to bring her to land. The line slipped out of his hand, and Mr. Mau-
sell stripped and went in after it. He recovered it, and fastening it to the boat was swimming to the shore, when his feet became entangled in the weeds. He called for assistance, and the lamedent deceased in an instant divested himself of his coat, and went to the assistance of Mr. Maunsell, and pushed him out of the weeds to free him from his danger. The boat being near them, both caught hold of it, and it immediately capsized. Mr. Maunsell held on, and Mr. Edge resumed his swimming to the shore, when, on reaching the same body of weeds from which he had extricated his friend, his legs became entangled. On seeing the situation of Mr. Edge, Mr. M'Cullough rushed into the water with an oar, but before he could reach him with assistance he had unfortunately sunk to rise no more. In the meantime Mr. Maunsell held on the boat, and some persons passing succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation. Drags were then procured, and the body of Mr. Edge was not recovered for more than 40 minutes. The circumstance are truly affecting. [The water element seems to be particularly fatal to those bearing this name. Not many years ago the only son of Mr. Edge, (attorney, Essex-street, also a good swimmer), was drowned, at a great distance from the shore of Boulogne (while bathing) and in the sight of a vast number of persons who saw evidently that he could not reach the land alive. We do not, however, know whether the parties are in any wise related.]

Elliot, Capt. George, 8th Light Cavalry, and Military Paymaster in the Caled districts, 2d son of the late John Elliot, esq., Finmico Lodge; at Bellary, Madras, May 20; Follett, Laura, wife of John, esq.; at Dawlish, Devon, Aug. 18; Forsath, Elizabeth, wife of James Forsath, esq., Albany Road, Camberwell, aged 47, July 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery; Freeing, Francis Charles, only son of Charles Rivers Freeing, esq., and grandson of the late Sir Francis Freeing, bart.; in Westminster-street, Aug. 6.

Gay, John, esq., formerly of the house of Hopkins, Gray, and Glover, of London; at his residence, New Steyne, Brighton, aged 87, Aug. 9.

Gray, Mrs. relict of R. W. Grey, of Backworth, Norhamberland, and mother of Sir C. E. Grey, of Barbadoes; at Chettenham, Aug. 20; Grummont, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Grummont, esq., Villa Place, Walworth, aged 2 years and 6 months, July 22; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hamner, Capt. Thomas Job Syer, R.N.; at his seat, Holbrook Hall, Suffolk, Aug. 18; Hawke, John Frederick, son of Mr. John Hawke, King William-street, City, aged 4 months, Aug. 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Headfort, Marchioness Dowager, of Headfort; at Northbrook Lodge, near Exeter, aged 84, Aug. 21; Heath, Anne Raymond, wife of John, esq., Sergeant-at-Law; Aug. 21; Hitchins, Charles Foster, New Kent Road, aged 22, July 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Holmes, John, esq., High Bailiff of Southwark, Retreat, South Lambeth, aged 78, July 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Homer, Thomas, esq., of Upton-place, West Ham, aged 80; July 30.

Hunt, Mary Ann Sophia, the affectionate wife of Henry Hunt, esq.; at Highbury-place, in the 31st year of her age, of consumption, July 29.

Jaqes, Robert, esq., of Easby-hall, North Riding, county York, very suddenly; Aug. 10; Jameson, Charles, son of Wm. Kingsbury, esq., Grove, Camberwell, aged 3 months, Aug. 22; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

King, Henry Robert, esq., son of the late Hon. General Sir Henry King, K.C.B., of Small-Pox, after a short illness; Aug. 16; Kelleway, Elizabeth, wife of James Kelleway, esq., Walcot Place, Lambeth, aged 60, July 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lepine, George, esq., New Kent Road, aged 64, Aug. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Longly, George, esq., of Brockville, Upper Canada; off Gravesend, on board the Pency Hall, Aug. 19; Lowdon, Wm., esq., Blackfriars Road, aged 49, Aug. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

MacDurmott, Hubert, Rev., Manor Place, Walworth, aged 28, Aug. 1 1 South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Manners, Anna, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. H. H. Manners, late of the 37th regiment, from rupture of a vessel in her lungs, to the insensible grief of her parents, aged 20; August 10.

Manley, Robert Kenrick, esq.; at Tivoli Lodge, Cheltenham, aged 79, Aug. 3; Martin, Philidelphia, 3d dau. of William Martin, esq., of Hemingford Hall, Suffolk, Aug. 14.

Musters, J. G., esq., eldest son of J. Musters, esq., of Colwick-hall, Notts, of inflammation; Aug. 2.

Morrison, Mrs. Margaret, relict of the late Peter Morrison, esq., Berwick-upon-Tweed, aged 49, July 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mostaud, Mary, the dearly beloved and only daughter of John Mostaud, esq., of Hackney; Aug. 8; Nesseau, Eleanor, daughter of Sir Molynesau Hyde Nesseau, bart., Loders-court, Dorset, in Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged 14; Aug. 9; Patrickson, Col., Wm. Gould, late of the E. I. C. S.; in Burlington-street, Aug. 21; Paul, Helen, daughter of Mr. Paul, Prospect Place, Bermondsey, aged 15 months, Aug. 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Peach, John, son of Mr. John Peach, Alfred Place, Southwark, aged 26, July 23; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Peel, William Henry, youngest son of Wm. Henry Peel, esq., of Aylesmore-house, Gloucestershire; at Clifton, aged 4 years, Aug. 15.

Pollard, Lucy, wife of Mr. W. H. Pollard, late of Freni-place, Peckham, and of Avranches, Normandy; at North-crescent, Bedford-square, after a protracted illness, borne with the greatest resignation, Aug. 6.

Potter, Joseph, esq., architect, surveyor of the public works of the city of Lichfield, forty-five years, aged 86; Aug. 20.

Proctor, Col., private secretary to Sir George Answer; new Governor of Bombay, of brain fever; on his passage out, May 31.

Raby, George, esq.; at Calais, aged 85, July 29.

Ricardo, Henrietta, daughter of Ralph Ricardo, esq., Champion Hill, Camberwell, aged 21; Feb. 4.

Rutherford, Mary, the beloved and affectionate wife of James Rutherford, esq., of Nottingham-place, Regent's-park, deeply regretted; Aug. 4.

Sheffield, Humphry, esq., of Nether-hall, Cumberland; at Leamington, August 9.

Singleton, John, esq., County of Louth, and Haigley Heath, Hants; in Gloucester Place, Portman-square, August 12.

Smith, Georgiana Blanche, daughter of C. Sergison Smith, esq.; at Fartleigh-park, Hants, Aug. 3.

Spry, James Hume, esq., Clapham, aged 68, July 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Springett, Louisa, wife of Thomas Brook Springett, esq.; at Moor-house, Hawkhurst, aged 26, Aug. 9.

Stuart, Lord James Evelyn, aged 69, August 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stuart, James Athenost, son of Mr. James Stuart, Newtoning Causeway, aged 19, August 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Taylor, Matilda, wife of W. Taylor, esq., and granddaughter of A. Parkin, esq., late Solicitor of the Post Office, aged 34; Aug. 20.

Thoms, John Alexander, esq., Merton, Surry, aged 72, July 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tijou, Camilla, daughter of Mr. Tijou, Clapham, Surry, aged 6, July 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tynson, Susanna, 2d daughter of H. T. Timson, esq.; at Tatchbury, near Southampton, Aug. 15.

Turquand, Lucy, wife of Samuel James Turquand, esq., Camberwell, aged 37, July 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Vivian, Lieutenant-General Lord, G.C.B. and G.C.H., late Master-General of the Ordnance. Intelligence was received Aug. 25th, which caused the deepest regret in the garrison at Woolwich, that this much respected officer had died in Germany. This brave and gallant officer, on being appointed Master-General of the Ordnance on the 9th May, 1855, performed the duties of his office with great zeal and ability, and by his urbanity, kindness, and attention to all was universally looked upon as the officers' and soldiers' friend. His Lordship continued Master-General until the accession of the present Government to power in September, 1841, when he retired, having previously been raised to the peerage by the Government of which he was a member. Lord Vivian was born on the 24th of July, 1773, and entered the army as an ensign on the 31st of July, 1793, promoted to Lieutenant on the 20th of October, 1793, Captain on the 7th of May, 1794, Major on the 9th of March, 1803, Lieutenant-Colonel on the 28th of September, 1804, Colonel on the 20th of February, 1812, Major-General on the 4th of June, 1814, and Lieutenant-General on the 22nd of July, 1830. His Lordship served in Flanders and Holland under the Duke of York from June, 1794, until the return of the army in 1795. He was present in the sortie from Nimeguen, and was left with a picket of the 28th Regiment, in conjunction with other pickets, to hold it after the retreat of the army. He was present in the affair of Geldermans, in which his regiment (the 28th) suffered severely, and in other skirmishes. His Lordship was also present in all the different battles which took place during the expedition of the holder, excepting in the landing. Commanded the 7th Hussars in the campaign under Sir John Moore in 1808 and 1809. Commanded a brigade of cavalry in the Peninsula from Sept., 1813, until the return of the army, including the battles of Orthes, Nive, and Toulouse. He was severely wounded in carrying the bridge of Croix d'Orade, near Toulouse, and served at the battle of Waterloo. Lord Vivian received a medal and one clasps for Saligny and Benevento and Orthes. His Lordship's death causes a vacancy in the 1st Dragoons, of which regiment he was colonel.


Waring, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late Francis Waring, esq., Stockwell Common, aged 90, Aug. 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Wilcox, Arthur, esq., of Cumberwell, aged 88; Aug. 19.

Wilson, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Capt. Wilson, and eldest daughter of Sir Joseph Lock, of Oxford; at Southsea after three days' illness, July 28.

Wyatt, Miss Emma Sophia, Springfield Terrace, Camberwell Grove, aged 32, August 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Yates, Mr. Frederick.—This popular performer and manager of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, took place on Tuesday afternoon, June 21, at 20 minutes past 3 o'clock, at the Euston Hotel. It is within the recollection of the public, that Mr. Yates, while performing at the Adelphi Theatre last winter, in the play of Agnes St. Aubin, had the misfortune to rupture a blood-vessel, and for some time his life was in consequence despaired of, but he recovered sufficiently to resume his professional duties, and continued performing throughout the remainder of the season. At the close of his own theatre, he visited several provincial theatres, and, while playing in Dublin about three months since, ruptured another vessel nearer the heart than the former, from the effects of which injury his medical advisers at first en-
tained very sanguine hopes of his recovery, until eight days back, when symptoms of a very alarming character were visible, and he was advised to be immediately removed to London, to try whether the change of air would be of any service. No sooner, however, had he arrived by the Birmingham Railway in town, than he was seized with cramp in the heart, and was carried into the above hotel, as being nearer than his own residence at Brompton-square, and several surgeons were instantly in attendance, and remained with him for nearly a week, when he expired, being to the last perfectly sensible.

DEATH OF LORD GRAY.

Gray, Lord Francis, of Gray, county of Forfar, in the peerage of Scotland, was 4th son of John, twelfth Lord Gray. His Lordship was born on the 1st Sept., 1765, and was, consequently, within a few days of completing his 77th year. On the death of his brother, William John, 14th Lord Gray, in Dec., 1807, he succeeded to the family honors and estates. In Feb., 1794, he married Miss Mary Anne Johnston, daughter of Major Johnston, by whom, who survives his Lordship, he leaves issue, the Hon. John Oray, born on the 12th of May, 1798, (now Lord Gray), who married on the 23d of July, 1830, Miss Mary Anne Ainslie, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. C. P. Ainslie; the Hon. Madelina Gray, born on the 11th of Nov. 1799; and the Hon. Jane Anne, born on the 24th of July, 1806, and married on the 17th of April, 1834, to Captain C. P. Ainslie, Royal Dragoons. The deceased Lord was for many years one of the Scotch Representative Peers, but at the last election of Peers his Lordship retired in favor of Lord Rollo. His Lordship was a Fellow of the Royal Society.

POISONOUS HERBS.—Two boys belonging to the Foundling School, Cork, (whose companion recovered under medical treatment) died in consequence of eating the Ethusa Cynapium, (Fool's parsley, or Lesser hemlock) taken from a field above the Weirs, on the river Lee: while returning home they were seized with convulsions, which were the first symptoms of illness.

LIGHTNING AT S.R.A.—The British brig Mary, arrived at Quebec, from London, was struck by lightning on her passage to the former port, on the night of the 16th of July, in lat. 46 30, long. 57, at 11 p.m. It commenced blowing a gale, accompanied by a heavy torrent of rain, which was attended by vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder. The vessel was literally encompassed and illumined by the electric fluid, playing, as it were, in gartons and broad ribands all around, and with one simultaneous shock, at almost the same moment, struck the topgallant and foremasts, splintering each; it then alighted on the chain cable, 99 fathoms long, which was pulled up in the middle of the deck, close to the windlass, and every object seemed as if it were bespangled with large sparks of glowing fire; its effect was so powerful, as to throw the mate and three of the crew prostrate, a few feet from where the last explosion took place; it then ran along the chain cable, and passed into the sea.

THE HARVEST OF THE UNITED STATES—is the largest ever grown, and of a superior quality, but in America as in England the number of the unemployed is very considerable.

DONNA MARIA.—Her Majesty has just been officially recognized by the Court of Russia.

HOMES CHARTER.—John Bull facetiously mentions that, the corn laws will be incidentally mentioned at the meeting.

THE AMERICAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.—We have at p. 58 given the terms of the arrangement between America and Great Britain. Thus speaks a pacific “leader” on the subject:—“We confess that on the whole we regard it rather with satisfaction than otherwise. We will go further:—if it is to be considered as the price of peace, we say we regard it with unmixed satisfaction. True, we have conceded a large portion of the territory in dispute: true, we have yielded what we have hitherto maintained, and as we think, justly, to be our only true and legitimate rights; true, we have given up positions and granted privileges which were indisputably ours, and which were therefore pure and absolute gifts; but in return, we have got, so far as the disputed territory is concerned, all for which we wanted that territory, all that could make it valuable to us or any one else—viz., so much of that territory as is sufficient to secure the communication between Fredericktown and Quebec; we have got sufficient space secured to us along the whole right bank of the St. Lawrence; we have, in short, substantially got the disputed territory, for we have got all that we could use of it; and we have got, besides, we believe we may say, the blessing of peace—honorable and, we hope, a firm and lasting peace.

“The present concession, certainly, as far as appears, is dishonorable to neither party. The substantial benefit of both countries has been secured by it; and if either party may be thought to have sacrificed more of mere temporal and material advantage than the other, in order to secure the adjustment of the question, we unhesitatingly affirm that to that party the greater honor belongs; and if England shall be deemed to be the party which has done so, for her we gladly claim that honor.”
MONTHLY CRITIC.


Four parts of this extremely interesting publication are already before the public. In part 3, we find the following remark, which strictly coinciding with our opinions of 'Church Music,' we adopt as the ground-work of our future criticism. "'Church Music" says Dr. Crotch, in his lectures, (page 83) "should contain nothing which recommends itself for its novelty) or reminds us of what is heard at the parade, the concert and the theatre."

The composer's merit consists, therefore, in producing something which shall awaken Heavenly sentiments, and we will not venture hastily to define, in words; what kind of composition will most effectively accomplish that object. In our present number we will, than, content ourselves with allowing the talented author the benefit of our pages for an exposition of his intentions, by an extract from the earlier Nos. of the work; and whilst we shall watch with great interest the progress of his exertions, which are to be terminated in 20 numbers, we do meanwhile heartily urge our own subscribers to give him that early encouragement which his endeavors evidently deserve.

Hymnology is more ancient than metrical psalmody. In the earliest centuries of the Church, hymns were composed in metrical stanzas, but Psalms were invariably sung, or rather chanted, in prose. Metrical psalmody can hardly be dated farther back than the dawn of the great Reformation. Although the Lollards, or followers of Wyclif, in the fourteenth century, and the Albigenese before them, were accustomed to sing versified psalms, yet they did not sing them in the set and stated manner which characterized the adherents of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, in the succeeding age. Luther, however, may be regarded as the father of the best kind of metrical psalmody. He engaged scholars to versify the Psalms, and musicians to compose tunes for them. Himself, indeed, lent by far the ablest assistance in both departments of the undertaking. Melanchthon co-operated with him. They even framed a choral service, as splendid and elaborate as they thought the times would endure. Zuingle, also, who was a good musician, promoted psalmody with great earnestness and success. Shortly after Luther's death in 1546, the High Dutch version of the Psalms was made by some of the Dutch clergy. Calvin was less favorable than Luther to the higher style of Church music. He banished the impressive chorus for unisonous singing, and rich harmony for rather meagre melody. The version of psalms adopted by Calvin was begun, in the French language, by Marot, and finished by the eminent and excellent Baron. At one period it was in superlative repute among the courtiers of France. Calvin employed Guillaume Frangois to set this version of the Psalms to the plainest music possible. The tunes were published at Strasburg in 1545, and shortly after were harmonized by Bourgavisse and Claude Gondimel. They became extremely popular; but, saving only a few exceptions, they are not worthy to be compared with either the melodies or the harmonies of the German Reformers. The early German tunes, while beautifully simple, are remarkably graceful and flowing in their melody. They admit, also, of the richest harmonical arrangement. The Tunes usually, and with good reason, attributed to Luther, are models of psalmody composition. There is a freshness, a vigor, and a masculine beauty about them, which will secure their popular use in even the worst times of musical taste.

On the rise of the blessed Reformation in England, the singing of metrical psalms rapidly spread among the people. It was eagerly adopted by persons of devout minds; though abused to factious purposes by intemperate individuals. While an auxiliary of the Reformation, it became a mark of attachment to it. "A Psalm Singer" was a synonyme for an anti-papist, or a spiritual reformer. According to the testimony of Bishop Jewell, there were often, during the short reign of Edward the Sixth, not less than six thousand people singing psalms by the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. In 1549, Sternhold's version of fifty Psalms was published after his death by Whitchurch. They were reprinted in 1552. For want of more appropriate compositions, these psalms were sung in religious assemblies, to the popular song tunes of the day. Indeed it is said that Sternhold, who had been Groom of the Robes to Henry the Eighth, and subsequently was Groom of the Bedchamber to Edward the Sixth, being shocked by the ungodly ballads of the Court, and desirous of substituting...
something better, actually arranged his versification of the Psalms to such secular melodies as were most in vogue. This act of Sternhold, however, cannot be fairly pleaded as a precedent for modern adaptations; because the ballads of his day were, in their style and structure, more like our best psalm-tunes than our best songs.

On the accession of Mary, in 1553, the "singing-psalms," as metrical versions were called, were speedily banished, and psalm-singing was speedily silenced. During the cruel scenes of Mary's reign, psalmody flourished on the continent. Many of the faithful English who fled thither, increased their acquaintance with the art of congregational singing. They brought back with them an enlarged fondness for the practice, as well as many of the tunes used by the reformed churches. These facts account for the foreign origin of nearly all our oldest and best psalm-tunes. Accordingly, in 1562, when, under the auspices of Elizabeth, a complete version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, was published by Day, about forty of these foreign tunes were printed with them. They all were set in diamond-shaped breves and minimis, for only one voice, and chiefly in the tenor clef. About the same period, Archbishop Parker, who, during his exile on the continent, had finished his version of the Psalms, engaged the memorable Tallis to compose eight tunes to them. In style they are precisely the same as that of the imported tunes. They are syllabic, mostly in a minor key, and strictly plain in harmony. The well-known melody to Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is an outrageous corruption of one of them. The Archbishop suppressed his versions of his own tunes, and composed a number of singing-psalms abused by fanaticism, and made a handle against the national worship. Not that the good Archbishop was averse to psalmody; for he had favored it in Edward's reign, and still was favorable to it under proper regulations. Amidst, however, the facetiousness of the anti-musical efforts of puritanical partizans, Queen Elizabeth acted with great wisdom and moderation. The opponent party were loud in their outcry against instrumental music, and against such decent art in singing as is worthy of the devoutest Christians. Carrying the exercise of their zeal beyond reason and good sense, they repudiated not only all that was purely Roman, but much that was truly Christian, simply because it had been used in the Romish church. Elizabeth refused compliance with unreasonable demands, but took energetic measures to avoid the over-curios and complex music of the papal choirs. She coincided with the pious sagacity of the English Reformers, who invariably endeavored to retain all that was really excellent in ancient usages; and eventually "reduced" (as stated in an official report) the choral music of cathedrals and collegiate churches "to that state of purity from which it had departed."

She, also, authorized the use of "a hymn or such like song, at the beginning or end of common prayer." In 1572, a new edition of the psalms, as published thirteen years before, came out, and began to be bound up with Bibles and Prayer Books. In 1579, William Damon published the tunes of that version in four parts: but, as those parts were not well received, he published other parts to them, twelve years after. In the interim, John Cosyn or Cosyns, published sixty psalm-tunes in five and six parts, in plain counterpoint. The melodies were the same as Day had published before. In 1594, John Mundy, Mus. Bac., and one of the organists of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, published "Songs and Psalms composed into three, four, and five parts, for the use and delight of all such as either love or learn musicke." In the same year appeared the most complete collection of psalm-tunes which hitherto had been published. It was entitled "The whole Book of Psalms with their wonted tunes, as they are sung in churches, composed into four parts, by nine sundry authors." This work contained a tune to every psalm. The authors were some of the best musicians of the day. Dowland, Allison, and Farnaby were among them. The principal melody, or the tune itself, was assigned, according to the continental fashion, to the tenor voice. The harmony was of the most correct and excellent character. But a still more elaborate work came out in 1599. It was a folio volume, containing the tunes of the earlier editions of Sternhold and Hopkins, with other compositions, arranged for both instruments and voices; and so disposed that four persons, sitting round a table, might perform from one copy. The editor was "Richard Allison, Gent., Practitioner in the Arte of Musick." The work, however, which surpassed all others was that of Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Music. He was educated in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was well versed in both the theory and practice of music. In 1621, and again in 1633, he published an octavo volume, containing not only a tune, in four parts, for each of the hundred and fifty Psalms, but other tunes in use among the reformed churches on the continent. This volume may be justly regarded as the foundation and standard of English psalmody. Many of the tunes were composed by Ravenscroft himself, and are still deservedly esteemed. Windsor, St. Davi's, and Southwell, are among that number. Twenty-one English musicians are named as authors of tunes or composers of parts. They were generally men of great skill and high repute. The volume presents the first instance of church tunes being called by provincial names. The adoption of the names of sundry Scotch towns is said to have been a conciliatory expedient towards the members of the Kirk. Ravenscroft had
something to say of almost every tune in his book. He defined either its national origin, its author, or the person who set the parts to it. But there is reason to apprehend that his statements are not always accurate, nor his conjectures well grounded. In proof of this surmise, it may be remarked that he classes the Old Hundredth Tune among the French tunes; "perhaps (as Dr. Burney suggests) from having seen it among the melodies that were set to the French version of Clement Marot, and Theodore Beza's psalms, by Gondimel and Claude Le Jeune."

In the reign of the first Charles, Henry Lawes composed a series of melodies to a new and superior version of the Psalms by Mr. George Sandys. The melodies were afterwards harmonized; but their worth was not sufficient to gain for them any general estimation.

"Ranke's History of the Popes, their Church and State in the 16 and 17 Centuries. From the German, by Walter K. Kelly, Esq., B. A. Part I. containing the Ist. vol. of the original. Whittaker & Co. London.

This is another issue of the popular library of modern authors. At the commencement is a very useful list, for reference, of Popes, from the year 1492, (Alexander VI.) to 1700, when Clement XII. was called to the Papal See. The author's preface is judicious, he confesses at once:—

An Italian, a Roman, or a Catholic, would enter upon the execution of the task in a totally different manner from that I have pursued. He would, by the expression of personal veneration, or perhaps, as matters stand at present, of personal hatred, give his work a peculiar and, I doubt not, more brilliant colouring; in many things too he would be more copious in detail, more ecclesiastical, more local. A Protestant and a native of Northern Germany cannot compete with him in these respects. The latter's feelings with regard to the papal power are much more those of indifference: he must, therefore, from the outset renounce that warmth of tone and colouring which springs from partial or hostile prejudice, and which might perhaps produce a considerable impression in Europe. In reality we feel but little interest in mere matter of ecclesiastical and canonical detail, whereas on the other hand our position affords no other, and, if I am not mistaken, more just points of view, from which we may contemplate history. For what is it in this our day that can make the history of the papal power of impor-
tance to us? Certainly not its special bearing upon ourselves, seeing that it no longer exercises any real influence over us; nor is it any solicitude it excites in us: the times when we had anything to fear are gone by;— (at least in the superintending grace of a benign Providence we trust they are—though bold must have been the man who three years, even three years ago! (and we are writing anno 1842) who would have so boldly said they were;) we are too fully secure to harbour any apprehension. It can be nothing else than its development and range of action on the great scene of the world's history. The papal power was not after all so fixed and inflexible as is commonly supposed. If we put out of consideration those principles in which its very existence is essentially involved, and which it cannot abandon without consigning itself to certain ruin, we shall find that in other respects it has been effected to its very core, no less than the other powers, by every fate that has been dealt out to the European family. With every vicissitude in the history of the world, with each successive rise of nation after nation to pre-eminence over the rest, with every fluctuation of the general tide of society, essential metamorphoses befell the papal power, its maxims, tendencies, and pretensions; and, above all, its influence underwent the most important changes. If indeed we cast a glance over the long catalogue of oft-repeated names through the many centuries from Pius I. in the second, to our contemporaries Pius VII. and VIII. in the nineteenth, we are readily impressed with the idea of an uninterrupted stability; but let us not be misled by appearances: in point of fact, there is much the same difference between the popes of the several ages as between the various dynasties of a kingdom. For us, who stand aloof, the observation of these mutations is precisely matter of the highest interest. We read in them a portion of universal history, of the general progress of man. We read this not exclusively in the periods of Rome's undisputed sovereignty, but perhaps still more legibly in times of clashing action and counter-action, such as those which this work proposes to embrace, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; times in which we see the popedom threatened and rudely shaken, yet standing its ground with head erect, nay extending its influence anew, advancing vigorously for awhile, then lastly
halting in its course, and once more bending to its fall; times in which the mind of the western nations was chiefly engrossed with ecclesiastical questions, and when that power, which deserted and assailed by the one party, was steadfastly adhered to and defended with fresh zeal by the other, was necessarily an object of high and general interest. Such is the point of view from which our natural position demands that we should regard the power, and from which (says the translator) I will now essay to portray it.

And now for the (German) author. The first chapter commences with a very brief general survey of the world in the earliest times, advancing to the period of Christ's appearance on earth, the assaults upon the Roman power, the Papal power in connexion with the Frankish Empire. Pope Gregory the Great happening to see some Anglo-Saxons in the slave-market at Rome, they attracted his attention, and he was prompted to cause the promulgation of the Gospel amongst the people to whom they belonged: thence arose a spirit of veneration for Rome and the holy see, and the papal supremacy fully established itself in Germany and Britain. The Anglo-Saxons began to make pilgrimages to Rome; youths were sent there for instruction, and the aged desired to die there, as if their departing spirits were nearer the Heavenly mansions of eternity. King Offa established Peter's pence for the benefit of poor pilgrims and the maintenance of the clergy, and Rome was, then, as she deserved to be, the accepted head of the Christian Church. Celibacy being introduced, the entire of the secular clergy were converted into a kind of monkish order. Then come we to a period of Church History when the "Holy Crusades" were undertaken with a zeal fully corroborative of the opinion entertained by the crusaders, that their cause was aided by the visible presence of saints and angels—but when, also, thousands of Saracens were mercilessly massacred, and the devoted Jews were burned within their temples.

The author next draws a contrast between the 14 and 15 centuries, in which Edward III. refusing the payment of the customary tribute, and supported by his parliament, openly opposed the encroachments of the papal power. This measure was only a precursor of downfall, and nations combining, dared even to depose the assumed descendants of St. Peter; and here the author reminds the reader of the fact, that before the Reformation several states had appropriated to themselves those interests which had before belonged exclusively to the clergy.

In speaking of the intellectual tendency of all those changes, "how rapidly," says the author "men disencumbered themselves of all the fantastic notions which filled the world, and the prejudices which had enthralled the mind"—elsewhere adding, "how often do we behold life issuing out of death." It was a narrow horizon that necessarily limited the intellectual reason of those ages. Then Germany took a prominent lead in opposing the papal see, and the writings of Luther filled Germany and the world. With, then, the efforts for secular aggrandisement, and the opposition of nations to such control and interference, the revolt, which had begun, contained within it an immense futurity, and from out of these political complications, arose the reformation; and though Adrian XI. desired to heal the diseased condition of Christendom, when, too late, the disease had spread from head to foot, from the pope to the prelates, from the clergy to the people; when in deep humility he acknowledged that all had gone astray; when he promised all that became a good pope, to promote the virtuous and the learned, to suppress abuses, gradually at least, if not at once, and held out the hope of a Reformation both of the head and the members—the Reformation had begun; the remembrance of the monstrous abuse of indugences and Marriage, dispensations, together with an impoverished exchequer, and general dissatisfaction, the work of the Reformation begun in Germany, was steadily advancing, and after awhile spread itself over the whole of Lower Germany. Henry VIII. was at this period opposed to Luther and in connection with the church of Rome, and in gratitude for his zeal was even styled "Defender of the Faith," but when the papal see pronounced its definitive sentence in the matter of his wife, anno 1534, Henry, no longer wavering, pronounced the total separation of his kingdom from the Pope's authority.

But we are forgetting our province, and becoming abstracting caterers, in-
stead of reviewers. As reviewers, we repeat the opinion we have formerly given of the value and interest of this publication. Every line of this number deserves attention—every page contains an instructive lesson. We have alluded to the attempts to make a reconciliation with the Protestants, and if not effectual with Protestants themselves, yet to a certain degree were they with many members of Protestant states.

But we must not pass over in silence the establishment of the Inquisition,—that horrible school of torture,—wherein men were to be racked into obedience to the Church. In strict alliance with that formidable power arose the order of Jesuists, which increased so rapidly in its numbers, that they were spread like locusts over every land; they acted under one head or general, who himself was subject to the supervision of a committee of professed members, and in like manner all personal relations between the members merged in subordination and mutual supervision.

Thus, again, in opposition to Protestant movements which every moment spread more widely, a new tendency had arisen in the midst of Catholicism in Rome around the Pope; and thus might we briefly cull from these interesting pages matter after matter until we made a little treasury book for ourselves: we shall now, however, conclude our comments. The following pages are devoted more immediately to the affairs of those centuries which profess to be the subject-matter of the book: this first part of the learned author’s and editor’s valuable labors concludes at that period of time when Philip II. * of Spain before his marriage with our Mary * was contemplating the invasion of England.

The following is one very interesting portion of very available extract:—

_Estirpation of the Banditti by Sixtus V._

Gregory’s memory was repugnant to him, he had no inclination to follow out the measures of that pope. He dismissed the greater part of the troops, and reduced the number of the sbirri by one-half. On the other hand, he resolved on an unsparing punishment of the guilty who should fall into his hands.

The carrying short weapons, especially a kind of gun, had long been prohibited. Four young men of Cora, nearly related to each other, were taken with such weapons upon them. The following day was fixed for the coronation, and the auspicious opportunity was taken to intercede for the young men’s pardon. Sixtus replied, “While I live, criminals must die.” That very day all the four were seen hanging on one gallows, by the bridge of St. Angelo.

A young Transesterine was condemned to death for having resisted the sbirri who attempted to take away his ass. Every one was filled with pity for the poor lad as he was led weeping to the place of execution for so small an offence: his youth was represented to the pope, who is said to have answered, “I will add a few years of my life to his,” and he caused the sentence to be executed.

These first acts of Sixtus V. struck terror into every one, and gave great force to the orders he now issued.

Barons and communes were commanded to clear their castles and towns of bandits:—the losses sustained at the hands of the bandits were to be made good by the lord or the commune in whose jurisdiction they occurred.

It had been usual to set a price on the head of a bandit. Sixtus enacted that this should no longer be paid by the treasury, but the bandit’s relations, or, if they were insolvent, by the commune in which he was born.

Besides thus obviously engaging the interests of the lords of the soil, the communes, and the kindred, in favour of his purpose, he likewise sought to avail himself of the banditti’s own interests. He promised every one who should deliver up a comrade alive or dead, pardon not only for himself, but also for some friends whom he might name, and a gratuity besides in money.

When these regulations had been adopted, and a few examples exhibited of their strict enforcement, the pursuit of the banditti presently assumed another appearance.

It was fortunate that at the very first he was successful with respect to certain captains of bands.

The pope could not rest for thinking that the priest Guercino, who called himself king of Campagna, and who had once forbidden the subjects of the bishop of Viterbo to obey their lord, was still carrying on his practices, and had just committed new acts of plunder. Sixtus prayed, says Galesius, that God would free the states of the church from that robber: on the following morning news arrived that Guercino was captured. His head was stuck upon the bridge of St. Angelo, decked with a gilded crown; the man who brought it received his reward, two thousand scudi; the people applauded his holiness’s excellent administration of justice.

Della Fara, for all that, another of these banditti, dared one night to call up the
watchmen at the Porta Salara, and desired them to give his respects to the pope and the governor. Thereupon Sextus commanded his kinsmen, on pain of death, to deliver him up. Before a month was passed, Della Farra’s head was brought in.

At times it was something else than justice that was exercised against the banditti.

Thirty of them had ensconced themselves on a hill near Urbino; the duke had mules laden with provisions driven by the place, which the robbers failed not to plunder. But the provisions were poisoned, every man of the thirty died. On being informed of this, says a historian of Sextus V., the pope was greatly delighted.

A father and son were led to death in Rome, although they persevered in asserting the innocence. The mother placed herself in the way; she begged only for a short respite, when she could prove that her husband and her son were guiltless. The senator denied her request. “Since then you thirst for blood,” she cried, “you shall have your fill of it,” and she threw herself out of a window of the capitol. Meanwhile, the two victims reached the place of execution; each wished to be the first to die; the father could not bear to see the death of the son, the son that of the father; the people shrieked for pity; the savage executioner stormed at the useless delay.

No respect of persons was observed. The Count Giovanni Pepoli, descended from one of the first families of Bologna, but who was deeply implicated in the deeds of the banditti, was strangled in prison: all his money and estates were confiscated to the treasury. Not a day passed without executions; every where in the woods and in the open fields, staked on posts to be seen with the heads of banditti impaled on them. Those legates and governors alone received the pope’s encomiums, who satisfied him in this respect, and sent him plenty of heads. There was something of oriental barbarism in this kind of justice.

If there were robbers unredded by it, they fell by the hands of their own comrades. The pope’s promises had sown disunion among their bands; no one trusted a comrade; they murdered each other.

Thus, before a year had passed, the troubles of the Ecclesiastical States were suppressed in their open manifestation, if not stifled at their source. In 1586 it was announced that the best leaders, Montefrandano and Arara, had been put to death.

It was a source of great delight to the pope when ambassadors, as they now arrived at his court, remarked to him, that in every part of his territory they had passed through they had beheld a country blessed with peace and security.

The artificial ice.—This ingenious invention has stood the test of a long-continued trial. Whether, indeed, it answers the expectations of the professed skater is a question we have not an opportunity of declaring, but the surface of ‘Ice’ seems to be fully available for the purpose of agreeable recreation. The plan is now opened as an exhibition, and certainly, whether to those who would participate in the sport, or for those who are fond of seeing the beauties of nature more than pictorially displayed, in grand elevations, snow scenery, beautiful arrangement, we can confidently say an inspection of the splendid model of the intended laying-out of the whole design would exceedingly gratify them. Admittance at the Colosseum from ten to dusk.

Darby’s Map of London, with all the Railway and Steam-boat Stations, &c., with a complete Index. DARTON & CLARK.

The Index renders this Map particularly useful to strangers. The idea is good, and no doubt when known this pocket companion will find ready purchasers.


Many larger works have been lately published upon this subject, to which we have called the reader’s attention. This is one of humbler, but not less useful pretension, and its directions will, we doubt not, be duly appreciated by the young persons for whose instruction it is especially intended.

The Church-builders; or Days of Yore and Days that are. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

This pamphlet of 44 pages octavo, whatever might have been thought of it in days of yore, will in “days that are,” (price 2s.), be thought a very dear book. We fear Erasmus Yorick, B.A., Oxon. will have the greater number of copies for himself or his publishers. At page 24 he says:—

“Met to enrich the sparkling board,
Would argue, sift, expound explain,
And make profoundest mysteries plain.”

To which might be added—
That Yorick works alone for gain.
Which echo answers—
In days that are is very plain.

The Plague in Egypt.—A board of twelve Physicians has been appointed to devise measures against the Plague; at Alexandria only two or three cases occurred daily.

The Ephesians Expedition, undertaken by the English to open a communication, it is feared, is likely to be a failure.

The Rising of the Nile.—The waters by the latest advices, up to the 7th ultimo, continued to rise very slowly in consequence of which great anxiety was felt for the crops.
Aug. 2.—This being the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim (fought in 1704,) the annual tributary banner from the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the Castle, and was deposited in the Guard Chamber, over the bust of “Queen Anne’s hero.”

Aug. 5. Mr. Brown, of Slough, was permitted the honor of presenting to Her Majesty a plant of the “Illicium lanceolifolium punctatum,” admitted to be the finest specimen ever produced in this country, having upwards of 50 blooms of great size and extraordinary beauty, with which Her Majesty was pleased to express herself highly gratified.

11. (Windsor). Her Majesty departed from the Castle at 1 o’clock in an open carriage and four, escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, for the Slough Station of the Great Western Railway, accompanied by H. R. H. Prince Albert, and their Serene Highnesses the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha. The Lord and Lady in Waiting, Lord Byron and the Viscountess Jocelyn, and Her Majesty’s and Prince Albert’s Equerries, Col. Buckley and Col. Wylde, followed in another carriage and four. The Hon. Misses Murray and Matilda Paget (Maids of Honor), the Hon. Captain Nelson Hood, and Mr. G. E. and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, left the Castle for the station a short time before Her Majesty.

Extensive preparations had been made at the Station. The platform leading from the elegantly furnished apartment (appropriated exclusively to the use of the Royal family) to the state carriage, was covered with crimson carpet, on each side of which was tastefully arranged a beautiful selection of plants and flowering shrubs.

The Queen, upon her arrival, was handed into the centre compartment of the said carriage by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who immediately followed Her Majesty. Their Serene Highnesses the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Viscountess Jocelyn, and the Hon. Mrs. Anson also rode in the same division of the state carriage with the Queen.

The royal train left the station at 7 minutes past 1 o’clock, and arrived at Paddington at 35 minutes past, performing the distance in 28 minutes.

The engine — the Proserpine — was decorated with four union jacks, and on each side of the engine were displayed the Royal arms, of a large size, most elaborately finished in burnished brass, and richly gilt. The engine was conducted by Mr. Brunel, the engineer in chief to the company, with whom was Mr. Gooch, the chief superintendent of the carriage department.

Mr. Russell, M.P. Chairman of the Board of Directors, and Mr. Saunders, Secretary to the Company, were in attendance at Slough to receive Her Majesty, and travelled, in attendance upon the Queen, to Paddington.

Her Majesty’s intentions of coming to London by the Great Western Railway having been known the day before, to hold a Privy Council preparatory to proroguing both Houses of Parliament, the neighbourhood of the railway terminus at Paddington presented by the porters and other persons assembled, an animated appearance, and before 1 o’clock London-street, leading from Oxford and Cambridge terraces to the gates of the terminus, was lined on both sides by respectfully-dressed persons, on foot and in carriages, as were the roads above terraces to their junction with the Edgeware-road. Within the gate at the terminus the crowd was very great, and the road over the company’s offices, with the bridge, and in fact every point from which a view of Her Majesty’s arrival could be obtained, was densely crowded. Within the quadrangle appointed for the in-coming train the platform was covered with crimson cloth, over the centre of which was a superb carpet of the same color, for the Royal and illustrious party to pass over to their carriages. On the platform were temporary barriers erected, the families and friends of the directors and officers of the company being admitted to those in front, and such of the public who had sufficient interest to procure tickets were admitted to the second, and upon neither of the two previous occasions of the Queen’s travelling by railway had been witnessed so numerous an assemblage of beautiful and elegantly dressed females. At 1 o’clock a troop of the 8th Royal Hussars, under the command of Lieutenant Rowles, from Kensington-barracks, entered the quadrangle, and awaited the arrival of the Royal train, for the purpose of escorting Her Majesty, &c., to Buckingham Palace; and about the same time three of the Royal carriages, drawn by four horses, with two outriders preceding them, arrived from the Royal news at Pinmell.

Precisely at half-past 1 o’clock the approach of the train was telegraphed, and at 25 minutes to 2 o’clock it entered the terminus. The train presented a very imposing appearance as it drew up at the platform for the purpose of the illustrious travellers alighting. It consisted of the “Proserpine” engine, which for the first time was decorated. Following the engine was a second-class carriage for the Queen’s servants, &c.; then the magnificent Royal saloon carriage, in which was Her Majesty, &c.; and, lastly, two first class carriages, in which were the attendants. The Royal cortege immediately started for Buckingham Palace, where they arrived at ten minutes to 3 o’clock.
A strong body of the company's police under general-superintendent Collard, with a party of the D division under inspector-general Wiggins, were on duty within the terminus to preserve order.

Aug. 11.—The Queen, Prince Albert, and suite inspected at Buckingham Palace for three-quarters of an hour, Austin's exhibition of caged animals. The Queen, in particular, was much delighted. The frequenters of Waterloo and Southwark bridges (south side) have for some years been familiar with this highly interesting spectacle of domestic harmony amongst animals, cats and mice, and such like, with birds, rabbits, &c., having (it is generally supposed) a natural aversion from and destructive longing for each other. A nobleman of the household having accidentally seen the exhibition, desired Austin to attend at seven o'clock.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

Her Majesty in person prorogued the Houses of Parliament on the 12th ult. The Queen came purposely to town: the public were assembled in vast numbers to greet her Majesty with demonstrations of loyalty and attachment. The following was the order of procession:

A carriage drawn by six bays, conveying three Gentlemen Ushers, and the Exxon in Waiting, Captain Sudler.

A carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying Captain Hugh Seymour, Groom of the Robes; Colonel Richardson, Silver Stick; Captain Francis Seymour, Groom in Waiting to the Prince; Captain Hood, Groom in Waiting; and Mr. Wilson, Page of Honour.

A carriage drawn by a set of bays, containing the Right Hon. G. Dawson Damer, Controller of the Household; Colonel Wyld, Equerry in Waiting on the Prince; Colonel Buckley, Equerry in Waiting, and Mr. Wemyss, Page of Honour.

A carriage drawn by six bays, conveying the Earl of Beverley, Captain of the Yeoman Guard; Lord Byron, Lord in Waiting; Earl Jermy, Treasurer of the Household; and Lord George Lennox, Lord in Waiting to the Prince.

A carriage drawn by six black horses, conveying Viscountess Jocelyn, Lady in Waiting; Earl of Liverpool, Lord Steward; Viscount Combermere, G. C. B., Gold Stick; and Marquis of Exeter, K. G., Groom of the Stole to the Prince.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert descended the Grand Staircase to their carriage at twenty minutes before two o'clock. Her Majesty wearing a state robe, and the Prince habited in a Field Marshal's uniform, and wearing the triple collar of the most noble Order of the Garter, the most ancient Order of the Thistle, and the most hon. military Order of the Bath. Earl Delawarr, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Ernest Bruce, Vice-Chamberlain, conducted the Queen and his Royal Highness to the entrance, the guard of honour of Grenadier Guards and the band of that regiment receiving Her Majesty with the usual honours.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, and the Earl of Jersey, G.C.H., Master of the Horse, sat opposite Her Majesty and the Prince. The state coach was drawn by eight cream-colored horses, and was preceded by marshalmen, footmen in state liveries, and a party of the Yeomen of the Guard. The escort was composed of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

Their Serene Highnesses the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, attended by Baron de Gruben and Baron de Brandenstein, went to the House of Lords to witness the ceremony.

The crown was conveyed to the House of Lords by Sir W. Martin, Gentleman Usher.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge attended by Baron Knesebeck, went from Cambridge House to attend the prorogation.

Her Majesty having been conducted into the House of Lords, delivered the following most Gracious Speech from the throne:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The state of public business enables me to release you from further attendance in Parliament.

"I cannot take leave of you without expressing my grateful thanks for the assiduity and zeal with which you have applied yourself to the discharge of your public duties during the whole course of a long and most laborious session.

"You have had under your consideration measures of the greatest importance connected with the financial and commercial interests of the country, calculated to maintain the public credit, to improve the national resources, and, by extending trade and stimulating the demand for labour, to promote the general and permanent welfare of all classes of my subjects.

"Although measures of this description have necessarily occupied much of your attention, you have at the same time effected great improvements in several branches of jurisprudence, and in laws connected with the administration of domestic affairs.

"I return you my special acknowledgments for the renewed proof which you afforded me of your loyalty and affectionate attachment by your ready and unanimous concurrence in an act for the increased security and protection of my person.

"I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

"Although I have had deeply to lament the reverses which have befallen a division of the army to the westward of the Indus, yet I have the satisfaction of reflecting that the gallant
The Queen's Gazette.

defence of the city of Jellalabad, crowned by a
decisive victory in the field, has eminently
proved the courage and discipline of the Euro-
popan and native troops, and the skill and forti-
tude of their distinguished commander.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The liberality with which you have granted
the supplies to meet the exigencies of the public
service demands my warm acknowledgments.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"You will concur with me in the expression
of humble gratitude to Almighty God for the
favourable season which His bounty has vouch-
safed to us, and for the prospects of a harvest
more abundant than those of recent years.

"There are, I trust, indications of gradual
recovery from that depression which has affect-
ated many branches of manufacturing industry,
and has exposed large classes of my people to
privations and sufferings which have caused me
the deepest concern.

"You will, I am confident, be actuated on
your return to your several counties by the
same enlightened zeal for the public interests
which you have manifested during the discharge
of your parliamentary duties, and will do your
utmost to encourage, by your example and
active exertions, that spirit of order and sub-
mision to the law which is essential to the
public happiness, and without which there can
be no enjoyment of the fruits of peaceful
industry, and no advance in the career of social
improvement."

Then the Lord Chancellor, by Her Majesty's
command, said—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is Her Majesty's Royal will and pleasure
that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday,
the 6th day of October, to be then here holden;
and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued
to Thursday, the 6th day of October next."

It having been understood that the pro-
rogation would take place at twelve o'clock,
the members of the House of Commons had
two vacant hours for skirmishing under
their several leaders.

Further argument was however cut short
by the entrance of the Usher of the Black Rod,
just as Sir Robert Peel had concluded the
following remarks:—

"On the whole, it is my belief that the
promises which I held out in consequence of
the alterations which have been made in the
law will be ultimately fulfilled, and that the
three per cent, upon income which was re-
quired for the necessities of the state, and
to equalize the income with the expenditure,
will be fully made up by the provisions of the
late tariff. I wish not to be misunder-
stood, or be supposed to state that the tariff
will make up the amount upon any one par-
ticular article. It will not make it up upon
bread or meat alone, but its combined opera-
tion as respects the whole of the articles will
produce a reduction in the cost of living
equal to the amount of the tax. (Hear, hear.)
The measures which I have intro-
duced will produce more benefit to the
shipping trade than any which have been
passed for the last fifty years. I admit that
there are modes by which a temporary pro-
spertity might be created. I might create a
temporary prosperity by the issue of my
notes, and by encouraging the Bank to
make large issues of paper; but such a pros-
perity would be wholly delusive. It is
much wiser, in my opinion, to abstain from
the application of any temporary stimulus."

"Mr. Speaker," said the Gentleman
Usher of the Black Rod, "the Queen com-
mands the attendance of this hon. House in
the House of Peers."

The Speaker, attended by a considerable
number of members, obeyed the summons,
and at half-past two, having returned, Her
Majesty's gracious Speech was read from
the chair, and the House was prorogued
accordingly.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the
Royal suite returned in procession to the
Palace at a quarter past three o'clock, and
were received by the Lord Chamberlain and
the Vice-Chamberlain.

The Duke and the Prince and Princesses
of Saxe Coburg and suite returned in two of
the Royal carriages.

The Yeoman Guard lined the Grand Hall,
Mr. G. P. Lee, the Lieutenant, and Mr.
Ellerthorp, Clerk of the Check of the Corps,
were present.

At twenty minutes before six p.m. Her
Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by
the Duke of Saxe Gotha, left the Palace in
an open carriage and four, escorted by a
party of Hussars, for the terminus of the
Great Western railway, and departed by a
special train for the terminus at Slough.

Her Majesty and the Prince were con-
ducted to their carriage by Earl Jersey, Lord
Ernest Bruce, Lord George Lennox, Sir Henry Wheatley, and
Captain Francis Seymour.

Their Serene Highnesses the Hereditary
Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha,
the Viscountess Jocelyn, Lady in Waiting,
and Lord Byron, Lord in Waiting, occupied
the next carriage; and Colonel Buckley,
Equerry in Waiting, and Colonel Wyde,
Equerry to the Prince, followed in another
open carriage.

The Hon. Miss Murray and the Hon.
Miss Paget, Maids of Honour in Waiting; Captain Hood, Groom in Waiting; Baron de Gruben, and Baron de Brandenstein, had previously left for the Paddington station. At the terminus a temporary platform had been placed on the side of the line for the outgoing trains, which was covered with crimson cloth, &c. For some time before Her Majesty's arrival at the terminus a special train, consisting of the engine decorated with union jacks, &c., and four carriages, including the Royal saloon, was prepared for their arrival, and the attendance of elegantly dressed ladies within the quadrangle, and of the public generally at every point whence a view could be obtained, exceeded that of Her Majesty's arrival on the previous day. The Queen, on alighting from her carriage, exhibited symptoms of fatigue, the result of the important duty she had been performing. Her Majesty was received by Mr. C. Russell, M.P., the chairman; Mr. C. Saunders, the secretary; and Mr. S. Clark, the superintendent of the line; and conducted with the other illustrious travellers to the saloon carriage; after which the engine was immediately put in motion, and the train was accompanied by those gentlemen to Slough.

13. Dispatches arrived at the Home-Office early in the morning; a Cabinet Council was immediately summoned, which sat two hours. Half-past four Sir Robert Peel accompanied by the Duke of Buccleugh, left town for Windsor Castle. Sir James Graham also took his departure.

The Queen was riding in the Great Park (Saturday Aug. 13), when the Ministers arrived from town. Directly after Her Majesty's return to the Castle with Prince Albert and their illustrious relatives, attended by the Royal suite, a Privy Council was immediately held, which occupied only a few minutes, and the whole of the Ministers, and the Clerk of the Council, took their departure, returning to town about 9 o'clock the same evening.

At the Council the following proclamation was ordered to be issued. It appeared in a Supplement to the London Gazette.

"BY THE QUEEN. A Proclamation."

"The Queen, her town, in divers parts of Great Britain, great multitudes of lawless and disorderly persons have lately assembled themselves together in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and have, with force, and violence, entered into certain mines, mills, and manufactories, and other places, and have, by threats and intimidation, prevented our good subjects therein employed from following their usual occupations and earning their livelihood. We, therefore, being duly sensible of the mischievous consequences which must inevitably ensue, as well to the peace of the kingdom as to the lives and properties of our subjects, from such wicked and illegal practices, if they go unpunished; and being firmly resolved to cause the laws to be put in execution for the punishment of such offenders, have thought fit, by the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this proclamation, hereby strictly commanding all justices of the peace, sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and all other civil officers whatsoever, within the said United Kingdom, that they do use their utmost endeavour to discover, apprehend, and bring to justice, the persons concerned in the riotous proceedings above mentioned."

"And as a further inducement to discover the said offenders, we do hereby promise and declare, that any person or persons who shall discover and apprehend, or cause to be discovered and apprehended, the authors, abettors, or perpetrators of any of the outrages above mentioned, so that they, or any of them, may be duly convicted thereof, shall be entitled to the sum of fifty pounds for each and every person who shall be so convicted, and shall also receive our most gracious pardon for the said offence, in case the person making such discovery as aforesaid shall be liable to be prosecuted for the same,"

"Given at our Court at Windsor, this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1842, and in the 6th year of our reign."

"God save the Queen."

Birth Day of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.—Saturday August 13th, was the anniversary of this auspicious event, which was celebrated at Gopsall-hall, Leicestershire, where Her Majesty was staying on a visit to Earl Howe. His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar arrived from town, to join his august and royal relative.

Aug. 14, (Sunday). This morning Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess, with Viscountess Jocelyn, Colonel Buckley, and Colonel Wyllie, rode in pony phaetons to Cumberland-lodge, and attended divine service in the beautiful little chapel. The Rev. Mr. Atkins officiated, and preached an eloquent sermon from the 13th verse of the fifth chapter of the Second Book of Kings.

25. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and the Duchess of Norfolk, left the Castle in the afternoon for Cliveden House, the seat of Sir George Warren- der, in a carriage and four, followed by the Maids of Honor in a pony phaeton, and the Equerries in waiting on horseback.

A vast crowd was collected on Thursday, Aug. 25, at Brunswick-wharf, to witness the shipment of the 40 horses, several carriages, &c., from the Royal stud, the whole of which were placed on the capacious deck of the Monarch, a noble steam-ship, belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company. This vessel has lately been lengthened, and now made her first passage since her alterations. She is expected to prove one of the fastest among the fleet of the company. A number of the Queen's grooms, &c. were on board, as was Herr Myer, the Queen's riding-master, who accompanied the carriages of their Royal mistress, and from the state of the weather they may be expected to make a quick passage."

The Lord Mayor feeling anxious to pay
every dutiful respect to her Majesty in her progress to Scotland by water, made an early application to the Secretary of State, requesting to be favored with an intimation from what place and when her Majesty would be pleased to embark, that he might be in attendance to escort her Majesty throughout his jurisdiction, as Conservator of the river Thames, and adopt measures to make suitable preparations for that purpose, in accordance with the proceedings which took place in the majority of Mr. Alderman Magnay, in the year 1824, when his late Majesty King George IV. went to and returned from Scotland; and in the majority of Mr. Alderman Farebrother, in the year 1834, when her Majesty the Queen Dowager proceeded to the continent upon a visit to her relations, and upon her return; and his Lordship was subsequently favored with a communication from Sir J. Graham, conveying her Majesty’s command to his Lordship, that the time of her Majesty’s departure was not yet definitely fixed; that her Majesty would embark from the Royal Dockyards at Woolwich, and that it was her pleasure that all ceremonies connected with the conservancy of the river Thames should be dispensed with. The Lord Mayor had given directions to Captain Fisher, the principal harbour-master of the port of London, to be in attendance at Woolwich during her Majesty’s embarkation, and to afford every facility for the same.

Aug. 29.—Her Majesty’s Visit to Scotland.—Her Majesty, her Royal consort, and suite, quitted Windsor Castle as early as five a.m. for embarkation, coming to town in almost the customary state by the Great Western Railway, starting at twenty minutes past five, reaching the terminus in twenty-eight minutes, and a few minutes before six departed from the Prince Albert in the first Royal carriage. Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk and the Hon. Miss Matilda Paget, ladies in waiting on the Queen, were in the second carriage, and in the third, the Hon. G. E. Anson, treasurer to Prince Albert, Colonel Wylde and Capt. Meynell, squires in waiting. Lord Augustus Beauchamp attended in command of the detachment of the 8th Hussars from Kensington, and had the honor of escorting the Royal party direct to Woolwich. There were but few persons abroad, owing to the state of the weather and the early hour. Sir George Colborne was in command of the naval department. Two Alderney cows had been provided to supply Her Majesty with milk; the one was put on board the Rhadamanthus, the other the Royal George; but symptoms of disease having been discovered another was speedily procured from Bromton common. The greatest strictness prevailed in excluding all but officers in uniform and those connected with the dockyard, and no person was allowed to go on board after Saturday. Owing to the early hour of embarkation the inhabitants of Woolwich were taken by surprise, as well as those who had intended using the river, and there was neither a large display of boats nor a great number of people; the Thames Police were, however, in powerful number. At six o’clock the steps of the passage-embarkation-pier were covered with canvas, and all things were now ready for Her Majesty’s embarkation.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge dressed in a Field-Marshall’s uniform, arrived at half-past six to pay his respects to Her Majesty.

Whilst, however, we thus quietly trace the proceedings of the Royal party, let us for a moment ponder over the mighty notes of preparation in the garrison, all the troops being in review-order, equipped, about four o’clock in the morning. Up even to midnight the night before the garrison had received no official intimation of the precise hour at which Her Majesty would embark. As early, therefore, as four in the morning, the Marines left their barracks on the common for the dockyard.

Sir George Cockburn G.C.B first naval Lord of the Admiralty, Captain Sir Francis A. Collier, knight, K.C.H. and C.B., superintendent of Her Majesty’s dockyard, and Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence G.C.H. arrived, and being satisfied with the arrangements, the latter hailed his boat and proceeded on board the Royal George yacht.

Shortly after the arrival of the Royal carriages drawn by post-horses, gave the first intimation of the approach of Royalty.

When Her Majesty’s carriage appeared, at ten minutes before seven, the magnificently dressed officers in every variety of uniform, amongst whom was his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the cadets in their neat costume, congregated around the spot for embarkation, the band of the Royal Marines playing the National Anthem.

Prince Albert alighted first from the carriage, and Her Majesty was handed down the steps by his Royal Highness on one side, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on the other. Her Majesty affectionately kissed her uncle when bidding him farewell, and then descended the steps, which were covered with canvas and cloth, into the Admiralty barge, his Royal Highness Prince Albert having previously entered to hand Her Majesty into the boat. Captain Sir Francis Collier, who had the honor of acting as coxswain, then gave the order to proceed, and within a few minutes the Admiralty barge was alongside the Royal yacht. Her Majesty mounted the steps or accommodation ladder with the greatest liveliness, and was handed on board by Prince Albert and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. At the moment the first gun was fired from a battery of four 6-pounder guns, stationed in the
dockyard. The firing continued at Royal salute time until the Royal yacht, towed by the Monkey steam vessel, arrived opposite the Royal Arsenal, where the whole of the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery, under the command of Colonel Turner, C.B. and the Royal Sappers and Miners were assembled and presented arms. The scene at this moment must have been highly gratifying to Her Majesty and Prince Albert; the number of troops being so great as to extend nearly the whole length of the river side of the Arsenal. A battery of 9-pounder guns at the upper part of the wharf wall took up the time on the firing at the dockyard ceasing, and continued until the Royal yacht passed the convict ship, when the battery at the eastern extremity near the canal commenced, and continued firing until the Royal squadron had passed; the bands of the Royal Artillery and Royal Sappers and Miners playing "God save the Queen" during the whole time.

The William and Mary yacht decked for in her bunting, decorations, the numerous vessels manned opposite the Dockyard when Royalty was approaching, the hoisting of the Royal standard on the flagsstaff when her Majesty was actually present, the lowering it again, and hoisting another in the Admiralty barge, and ultimately a splendid Royal Standard being hoisted on the topmast of the Royal Yacht as her Majesty stepped on board, the whole being performed with the greatest promptitude and exactness that it could scarcely be regarded as simply the effect of human art. Five Royal carriages accompanied her Majesty; three were put early on board the Rhadamanthus steam vessel; whilst on board the Royal George, one of the finest vessels of her class, in the capacious state apartments, neither labor, ingenuity nor expense had been spared to render them in every way convenient and comfortable. There was a select and well-stocked library, various pianofortes, and other elegancies to be adverted to in the cabin of the voyage, or render the passage pleasurable, and even, perhaps, delightful to her Majesty. The Salamander steam vessel, unfortunately, in dropping round from her moorings to take her position to assist as a towing-vessel, in addition to the monkey, ran athwart one of the hulks and injured part of the gear of her paddle-wheel, but the defect was soon remedied, and she was enabled to sail at a quarter past eight o'clock.

The Royal squadron was seen off Gravesend soon after 9 o'clock, two vessels towing the Royal Yacht. At Tilbury-fort the garriisons present on Gravesend sent forth its shouts of welcome, and ardent hopes for her Majesty's safe and prosperous voyage, whilst the Gravesend steamers displayed their flags, God save the Queen being played as long as the Royal Yacht was in sight. At eleven the Royal Squadron was off the Nore, and at half-past twelve reached Herne Bay. When some six or seven miles beyond the Nore, the fame belonging to the General-Steams-Navigation Company was passing, and the hearty demonstrations of loyalty of the crew and passengers were most graciously acknowledged by her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the distinguished guests and crew.

We have most gratifying accounts from Ipswich of the safe passage of our beloved Queen and her Royal Consort. Moreover, notwithstanding the storms which have visited the metropolis—and perhaps those of Monday were as abundant in rain, as any which can of late be remembered, besides thunder, &c., the sun, in that quarter of the kingdom broke out in magnificent splendor, and the sea was calm as an island lake, whilst the majestic steamer which conveyed the Royal Pair plowed the soft waters with royal majesty. The Orion, whence the messenger of these glad tidings, bore in her timbers the Mayor of Ipswich and his friends who had gone forth to do honor to the truly interesting occasion, having at a distance of fifteen miles beheld the Royal Standard floating.

The Orion came up nearly abreast the headmast of the two steamers which were towing the yacht near the Whitaker Buoy, and then put about and lay to for the squadron to pass her. Her Majesty and the Prince were first seen at the cabin windows in the larboard quarter, and the splendid band of the 13th Light Dragoons, under Herr Frisich, struck up "God save the Queen," in their well-known admirable style. Her Majesty and the Prince then came upon deck, on which three hearty English cheers from the crew of the Orion, in which the latter most rapturously joined, were given. The Orion accompanied the yacht for some time on her larboard quarter—the Queen and Prince being all the time on deck—and then fell astern and came up on the starboard side of the yacht, the band playing "Rule Britannia." The company again saluted Her Majesty with three hearty cheers, and Her Majesty and the Prince most graciously acknowledged them by repeated bows, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence and all the other officers standing uncovered on deck.

On entering the East Swin Channel, the sailing-master unfolded a chart of the coast before her Majesty, who appeared attentively engaged in examining it. The superior speed of the Orion seemed to attract the attention of the numerous naval officers, who watched her with much attention; and, covered as she was with flags and signals, and her decks thronged with elegantly dressed ladies, she appeared well fitted to offer a welcome to the Queen of the Isles.
The Queen's Gazette, &c.

It seems settled that Granton Pier will be Her Majesty's place of landing, and in the whole line of route to Princes-street, Edinburgh, scaffolds have been already erected, and very large sums paid for settings and windows commanding a good view, and extensive and open enough is that quarter of "modern Athens" to gratify the eager desire of all who may be anxious to pour forth their tributes of loyalty and devotion. And here we must take our present leave, trusting that our amiable and merciful Queen, after the enjoyments of the north; a visit to Dalkeith, the beautiful and picturesque; and Blair and Athol, the magnificent, nay, almost, sublime, will yet return to England, her more immediate home, cheered and gladdened by the recollections of the hospitals, sympathies, and devotions of a people not all bred in courts, who are apt to convey to the hearer the genuine sentiments of their hearts, whether in dispair or in commendation, and that the Royal offspring, now under the influence of a Lady Lyttleton at the Palace of Windsor, may be in an improved state of growth, beauty and loveliness, still closer to win their fond, anxious and Royal parents to rear them in affection and regard for a people devotedly attached to the House of Brunswick, yet having of late been in an unsettle state of higher powers at home and abroad, suffered much, doubtless from the derangement of commercial operations, and their diminished means of gaining even their daily bread.

The rains of the south have, it appears, been vapouring themselves over the city of Edinburgh and suburbs, enveloping the whole in a dense fog, so that not even the Calton-hill could be seen from the North Bridge in the evening; and it was thought that it might be necessary to defer the intended bonfires till another more favorable evening.

Commemoration Gift of His Majesty the King of Prussia's Visit.—A magnificent piece of plate is about to be sent to Berlin, as a present from Her Majesty. It consists of a splendid group of figures in frosted silver; the elevation upwards of 3 feet. The whole represents an equestrian figure of St. George attacking the dragon, &c., all proportionate in height, on a base, also of silver, richly sculptured, and bearing shields; the first representing the imperial arms of Prussia; the next those of the Queen Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales; the fourth is the inscription, "To commemorate the occasion of the visit of His Majesty to this country, the 23rd of January, 1842."

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia, departed Aug. 20, at 4 p.m. by the iron railway to Magdeburg, on their journey to the Rhenish provinces; and were expected on the 28th at Dusseldorf, where they will remain till the 5th of September, to be present at the review of the 7th corps of the Prussian army. On 4th Sept. they will come to Cologne, where the first of the dedication to the Cathedral will be laid. On the 12th there will be a grand review of the 8th corps of the army assembled at Brühl. On account of the great heat and drought, the King stopped the grand review of the Guards in the vicinity of Berlin. The troops assembled on the Rhine likewise suffer from the heat.

Messrs. Roper and Sons Patent Plate-warmer.—It is not long since, in reviewing a work upon chemistry, that we spoke of the daily operations of this character which were every moment in progress in the regions below of our dwellings, alluding to the circumstance as a useful medium for practice in the minor departments of the science, with perhaps additional benefit to the young visitants, who might thereby gain useful knowledge of the ordinary processes of the palatendors—the cooks. Very shortly afterwards we were glad to see that public lectures were announced at Exeter Hall by that very purpose. Think then, reader, what is now our province; to investigate a patent for warming plates, which comes to us highly recommended; and foremost amongst the names on the list, after those of the first nobility, is that of an acknowledged man of science, taste, and judgment, the proprietor of Mivart's Hotel. We have had the merits of Dr. Arnott's stoves discussed in every quarter: why not then Roper's Patent-plate-warmer, which following out the principle and adapting itself to every family requirement, heats (without chance of actually scorching the fingers, as in ordinary cases), whilst the crafty footman turns the almost red-hot side of the plate to the company, heat, we say, gradually and effectually, without fear, too, of cracking the china, and without nasty smoke and dust covering every plate, and soiling the footmen's hands, or, rather, their white-cloths or kid, and such a treasure to cost only one farthing an hour?

Sagacious Thief-Finding Cat.—The wife of Dugald Campbell, Green Well-street, Calton, Glasgow, was sitting in the rear of her shop, when she observed the cat, with bristling back, and very uneasy at something, apparently, under the bed. Supposing it only arose from the presence of a strange cat, Mrs. Campbell used a thick stick, and was soon conscious of some other presence. Raising an alarm, a woman named Catherine McKinnon, a well-known thief, was taken into custody. How she got in no one can tell. She was sentenced to sixty days' confinement in Bridewell. It appeared that she had been convicted five times for theft.

There died lately, says a German paper, in the village of Felsoe Foerock, in Transylvania, a farmer named Terebisi, in the 135th year of his age. He always enjoyed good health, and worked in the field until just before his death.
CELEBRATION OF THE COMING OF AGE OF LORD SEAHAM, ELDEST SON OF THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador to this country, arrived at Stockton-on-Tees on Monday, August 22, at 1 o'clock, by a special train from Darlington, en route to Wynyard, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, for the purpose of being present at the festivities to be given by the noble Marquis and Marchioness to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Seaham.

As soon as the intimation of his Royal Highness to visit this part of the country became known, preparations were contemplated for giving his Royal Highness a reception worthy of his illustrious family and many noble virtues. The Corporation of Stockton-on-Tees, always distinguished for its generosity and liberality on such occasions, invited his Royal Highness to a déjeuner à la fourchette on his arrival in that town; and his Royal Highness was graciously pleased to accept the invitation. The arrangements were intrusted to a committee of management, and it is but justice to say that they executed their task in a manner highly satisfactory to the distinguished company, and creditable to themselves and to the loyal and devoted feelings of the inhabitants of the town, for whom they acted. In order to afford as much accommodation as possible, the Town-hall was fitted up expressly for the occasion, and a space was railed off in front of the principal entrance, and a platform erected for the presentation of addresses.

The influx of visitors was observable from an early hour in the morning, and long before the arrival of his Royal Highness the greatest bustle and animation prevailed. All places of business were closed and the High-street presented an unusually gay appearance from the numerous flags displayed from the windows, and the immense concourse of individuals assembled. Indeed, every one seemed to enjoy the scene, connected as it was with an event which afforded gratification to the house of Wynyard, and awakened recollections of its illustrious Lord, the late Sir Harry Vane Tempest, than whom no one was ever more respected and beloved by all around him.

Shortly before one o'clock the Marchioness of Londonderry, with her daughters, Lady Frances and Lady Alexandra Vane, the Marquis of Blandford, and Captain Fitzroy, entered the town from Wynyard, and were received with loud and enthusiastic cheering from the numerous and respectable groups of individuals assembled in the vicinity of the Town-hall and along the High-street. Her Ladyship and family alighted at the Town-hall, and were conducted to an apartment, the window of which commanded a full view of the platform and the High-street.

The noble Marquis, accompanied by Lord Seaham, the Mayor of Stockton, and a numerous body of his Lordship's countrymen, on horseback, proceeded to the terminus of the Darlington and Stockton Railway, and there awaited the arrival of their illustrious visitors. Precisely at 1 o'clock the shrill sound of the "gong" announced the proximity of the train, which approached at a rapid rate, the "Union Jack of England" being in the air, at once indicating the presence of his Royal Highness. The platform where his Royal Highness alighted was covered with cloth, and Mr. Pease, jun., the chairman of the directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, accompanied his Royal Highness the whole distance from Darlington. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador.

After the usual interchange of compliments, the procession was re-formed, and his Royal Highness walked from the Railway-station to the Town-hall, having declined the use of the carriage provided for his use. As his Royal Highness passed along the High-street, he was enthusiastically cheered. The procession was headed by a band of music, conducted by Mr. Liddell, of the town, who had been honoured with the sole direction of the music at Wynyard during the festivities. On the arrival of his Royal Highness at the Town-hall, he was received by the Municipal Council, the aldermen wearing their official robes, on the platform in front of the principal entrance to the hall, where an address was presented by the Mayor, Mr. William Skinner, jun., and by Mr. L. Raisbeck, from the landed proprietors of the county, to each of which his Royal Highness returned most gracious answers.

The Mayor then conducted his Royal Highness into the banqueting-room, where his Royal Highness was entertained at a déjeuner à la fourchette by the corporation in a style of princely hospitality.

The spacious apartment in the Town-hall, expressly fitted up for the occasion, is capable of accommodating about 150 persons comfortably, and rather more than that number sat down. The room was tastefully ornamented with flowers and evergreens, hung in festoons and wrought into curious devices, with appropriate drapery; and at one end an elevated cross bench with a canopy was placed for the worshipful the Mayor, who presided, and the principal guests. The Union Jack was profusely displayed. The vice-chairs were filled by Mr. M. Fowler, Mr. L. Raisbeck, and Mr. J. R. Grey. On the right of the chairman sat the Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with Lady F. Vane, the Marquis of Blandford, Lady A.
Vane, and Captain Fitzroy. On the other side were the most noble the Marchioness of Londonderry, Baron Brunow, the Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. M’Donnell, and Lord Seaham. The general company comprised many gentlemen and ladies connected with the county, and most of the principal inhabitants of Stockton-on-Tees.

The usual loyal and constitutional toasts were drunk, and a number of complimentary speeches delivered, after which the Royal and distinguished party set out for Wynyard.

That was a dinner party at Wynyard on Tuesday, and a grand ball in the evening, to which a numerous company of the principal gentry of the county were invited. On Wednesday the Duke of Cambridge and a distinguished party from Wynyard intended to pay a visit to the noble Marquis’s collieries at Rainton and Pensher, and open two new pits at the Grange. At Pensher the noble Marquis was to dine nearly 2,000 of his workmen, and have the Royal and distinguished party to lunch. The party were also to visit the Victoria-bridge, and thence proceed to Sunderland, where a public entertainment was to be given to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. There was to be a grand ball on the evening of the same day. On Thursday the distinguished party were to visit Stockton races, where a grand stand had been erected for the occasion. These festivities being to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Seaham, are conducted on a scale of princely splendor, and will be long remembered in the county of Durham.

**Romance of Real Life.**—An occurrence, says the (Dublin) Freeman’s Journal, having many of the characteristics of the above title has within these few days past been brought to the notice of the public, at least as far as regards the chief parties concerned; and though in the following narrative there may be some inaccuracies in the least important of the details, yet its main incidents it will be found that our story is correct.

Some three or four years ago there resided in a western county of Ireland the widowed lady of a dignitary in the church, and with her, a daughter, then of tender age, of high accomplishments, great beauty, and possessing in her own right an ample fortune. Amongst the persons employed in the young lady’s education was a musical professor, a young gentleman, rejoicing in a foreign name, though, we believe, a native of Ireland, possessing in appearance, and of winning manners. His stay in that country was rather prolonged, and in attuning his fair pupil’s fingers to the creation of sweet sounds it would seem that he touched a chord to which her susceptible heart vibrated; in a word, an attachment was formed between them, which the circumstances of each day during his sojourn there tended rapidly to strengthen. At length it reached her mother’s ears, and something like a proposition for an union, as we are told, was made to her, and her acquiescence solicited, which she, with prudent maternal caution, withheld, professing on the plea that this attachment was too recent, and that it required the test of time to prove its sincerity, but perhaps, really on the ground that the disparity of their worldly fortune rendered such an union unadvisable. However that may have been, the matter was then, apparently, at least, put an end to, and the parties parted. The lady remained in her seclusion in the country; and the gentleman disappointed, but not subdued, and loth to spend a life of indolence at home, determined to push his fortune in the world. The Mediterranean seas were traversed by him, and he at length established himself in a lucrative employment on a distant shore, in a line different from his former pursuits. He applied himself with assiduity in the attainment of his design, which was to realize an independence, and the arid deserts of Egypt were frequent witnesses of his industry and toils. Fortune proved favorable, and smiled kindly on his exertions, and he had recently been enabled to return to Ireland for a short period, when the first and warmest impulse of his soul, as may readily be supposed, was to seek his “true and constant love,” and again press his suit with her unwilling mother. We pass over, of course, as being better conceived than described, the particulars of the lovers’ interview. The hand of the lady was now formally demanded, and inexorably refused by her parent, and all means were immediately resorted to by her and the immediate relatives to check the renewal of this affaire, and to prevent correspondence between the parties, and the lady was placed under a strict surveillance—but quis falleret posit amandum? By some trusty agent a communication by letter was effected, a license obtained, (the lady being then of mature age, and legally competent to act for herself,) and a time and place of meeting in town agreed upon. She arrived late in the evening of a day last week, and was received by the married sister of her best beloved, with whom she remained; and on the following day all three departed, as we understand, for England, where no doubt our hero and his fair inamorata have been by this time united in the holy bonds of matrimony. A hot pursuit after her from the country was set on foot by her next male relatives, who, on their arrival in the metropolis, had the dissatisfaction of learning that “the bird had flown.”

The young lady, as we stated, is the daughter of a deceased clergyman high in the church, and the cousin-german of a deceased clergyman high in the church, and the cousin-german of a distinguished young baronet; and it is but right to add that the
the happy person with whom she has united her fortunes is well calculated to contribute to her felicity by the amiability of his disposition, pleasing accomplishments, good sense, and industry. (As the matter is finally arranged, and further secrecy is unnecessary, we may relieve public anxiety by stating that the lady is the daughter of the late Dean Mahon, and cousin of the late Sir Ross Mahon; and the gentleman the son of Mons. Pothonier, of Gloucester-street.)

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD PRUDHOE AND LADY ELEANOR GROSEVOIR.—Festivities at Isleworth and New Brentford.—Grand Regatta.

On the occasion of the nuptials of the Right Hon. Lord Prudhoe, brother of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, with Lady Eleanor Grosvenor, eldest daughter of Earl Grosvenor, and granddaughter of the Marquis of Westminster, on Thursday, Aug. 25th, the village of Isleworth, within the precincts of which his Grace's domain of Sion is situate, as well as the adjoining township of New Brentford, presented from an early hour of the morning a scene of joyous excitement in consequence of the happy and auspicious event. Soon after daybreak a large union jack was hoisted on the steeple of Isleworth church, and on the top of the parochial schools in Isleworth-square, and the parochial standard on the flag-post in the centre of the square. Early in the morning the church bells struck up a merry peal, and the village presented quite the appearance of a holiday. At eleven o'clock a large number of the principal inhabitants assembled in the Parochial school-room, and at a quarter to twelve o'clock proceeded thence in procession to Sion-house in the following order:—

The parish beadle, in full costume, with white rosette and baton decorated with white ribands.

A splendid white banner bearing the inscription "Happiness to the House of Percy."

The band of the 8th Royal Hussars (from Hounslow barracks), playing favorite airs.

A large number of the principal inhabitants of the parish of Isleworth, preceded by the vicar and curate, the churchwardens, and other parochial officers, each wearing a white rosette on the left breast, and walking two and two, followed by the boys and girls of the parochial schools two and two.

The procession was attended by a numerous assemblage of ladies; and on reaching the grand entrance of Sion-house, was received at the gates by the servants in state livories. On reaching the splendid lawn in front of the magnificent edifice, the procession drew up to await the arrival of the noble bride and bridegroom, who, having been united at the parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, were expected to reach Sion-house at half-past十二 o'clock. At ten minutes to one o'clock his Lordship's carriage, drawn by four horses, and preceded by two outriders, entered the lodge-gate of Sion-park, when the band immediately struck up—"Haste to the wedding." The noble pair were received by cheering, the most heartfelt and enthusiastic we ever remember to have heard, and having alighted the noble bridegroom appeared with his beautiful bride at one of the front windows, and both with much feeling acknowledged the reiterated cheers which burst from the assembled persons.

The procession was then re-formed, and proceeded by the band, playing "The Girl I left behind me," proceeded back to the school-room, where the school-children were regaled with a plentiful dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding and ale, and after its conclusion the Rev. Mr. Glossop, the vicar, in an appropriate address, proposed—"Long life and happiness to the Bride and Bridegroom," which was pledged by each of the children in a glass of wine, and was responded to by loud cheers.

At one o'clock the whole of the workpeople and laborers employed by his Grace in Sion-park were provided with a substantial dinner of old English fare in the celebrated riding-school adjoining the offices, by whom the health of Lord and Lady Prudhoe was drunk with enthusiasm in three barrels of ale.

From two o'clock till long after seven o'clock that portion of the river Thames adjacent to Sion-park presented the greatest animation, in consequence of two rowing matches taking place; one for a prize-wherry, given by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, on the occasion of the marriage of his noble relative; and the other for a purse of twenty sovereigns, to be rowed for by watermen belonging to Isleworth, Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, Brentford, and Kew. The Eclipse and Richmond steam-vessels were moored off the noble Duke's pavilion, for the accommodation of the friends and families of the committee of inhabitants appointed to conduct the proceedings.

After the conclusion of the regatta, a punch-cock of strong ale was distributed amongst the populace in Isleworth-square.

At seven o'clock the leading inhabitants sat down to a sumptuous dinner (the venison and champagne having been kindly presented by Lord Prudhoe) at the Northumberland-arms Tavern, and the convivialities of the evening were maintained until a late hour.

At New Brentford flags were also exhibited from the steeple of the church, the Castle Tavern, and other buildings in the town, and the bells rang a merry peal. The children of the parochial schools lined both sides of the road, headed by the Rev. Dr. Stoddart, vicar, and other officers, and cheered the noble bride and bridegroom as they passed through. The children afterwards dined together at the school room, Brentford Butts, and in the evening the inhabitants dined at the Castle Inn.

The labourers on his Lordship's estate in Yorkshire were likewise provided with a dinner, and had in addition one week's wages presented to them.

A congratulatory address from the inhabitants of Isleworth, and one also from New Brentford, were laid on his Lordship's table previous to his arrival; and similar addresses were likewise forwarded to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.
TRIAL OF JAMES BEAN FOR ASSAULTING HER MAJESTY.

John William Bean, late of Westminster, labourer, (as set forth in the indictment) but in reality hostler, was tried at the Central Criminal Court, on the 24th of August, for discharging a loaded pistol at Her Majesty on Sunday July 3d, whilst passing through St. James's Park to Church. There can be little question, that how abominably selfish the real intention, whether to gain notoriety or from want, nothing destructive was intended. The prisoner was found guilty upon one of the Counts and sentenced to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for 18 months.

The most pointed question was put by a Jurymen. But the greatest peculiarity in the case was that Mr. Danvers took the prisoner to Heems 56 A, and afterwards to Blackstone, 134 A, yet could not induce them to receive the charge; and that after the prisoner had escaped, he should himself have been taken into custody, about five minutes after the Queen had passed by James Torrington Partridge, A 134, merely because he saw him with a pistol in his hand, and conveyed him to the Horse Guards.

Lord Abinger most justly condemned the criminal liberty with which the policemen refused to take the charge, and we wish every man would follow the instructions of his Lordship and the Attorney-General, in not shrinking from the performance of a duty, as well to the Queen, as to the humblest man, to whom personal liberty and life are equally dear: but let my Lord Abinger and Mr. Attorney-General improve first the minor administration of justice, particularly at Bow-street, and go there and learn from the sage lips of Mr. Jardine, when a similar duty to one in humble station, was performed, in aiding in the discovery of the truth—how he dared put forth his magisterial opinion “you have brought this entirely upon yourself,” said the tyrannical magistrate—and so Mr. Danvers brought this incarceration upon himself by performing the duty of an honest citizen. And in what situation would Mr. Danvers himself have been, owing to the neglect of the policemen in taking the charge, had he not most fortunately have discovered the real offender. He would have been an endless object of suspicion to the police, and his life would have been miserable. Perhaps, however, we might be able to solve the hidden mystery. Are there not sometimes considerable rewards offered to discover offenders? And further, it is neither proved nor disproved; that the policeman who took Mr. Danvers into custody had not his eyes directed towards the real offender by the anti-custody policeman. This reminds us of the case of the Wandsworth murderer—the coachman—whom the policeman even allowed to lock him in the stable, whilst he was his prisoner. Innocent man—very fit for a policeman, truly. However, to cure such unaccountable neglect, we would henceforth prohibit the police from receiving pecuniary rewards. There never, indeed, was a nicer way to render them odious to the people—as they certainly are in many cases, and we say it with the deepest regret—than the permitting them to make a fund from fines, imposed in certain cases, for no very grievous offences.

By the new act, Lord Abinger explained to the prisoner, that for such an offence the culprit might be publicly flogged through any one street: now, though we so strongly urged the non-execution of Francis; yet, think we, any offender greatly deceives himself, if he thinks the public in pity would save him from one single lash. Ere we quit this subject, we advise all heartless, thoughtless, foolish fellows to read and learn by heart the following:

The Frankfort Gazette of the 26th ult. states, under date St. Petersburg, 16th, that a gamekeeper, named Rheimann, had shot with a pistol Prince Gagarin, Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Court, and Vice-President of the Cabinet. The assassin waited for the Prince in the antechamber of the Palace, where he perpetrated the crime. It was supposed to be an act of private revenge for the Prince enjoyed universal esteem. A court-martial was immediately assembled to try the offender, who was sentenced to receive 6,000 lashes, inflicted by 500 men. He had already undergone his punishment, and was removed to the hospital, and when cured will suffer the remainder. Should he survive, he is to be transported to Siberia, and employed to work in the mines during life.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
LOSS OF THE LEOPOLDINA ROSA.—The following particulars, by a person on board, appeared in the "Journal du Havre"—"This vessel left Bayonne early in May for Montevideo, having on board, besides her captain and crew, 300 men, women, and children, nearly all industrious emigrants from the Basque country, who were on their way to the plains of Uruguay. After a long passage, and when approaching her destination, the vessel was assailed by a severe storm, and during the night was thrown on one of the reefs off the eastern coast of Uruguay, at a distance of 40 leagues from Montevideo. At daylight, when Captain Frappaz, the commander of the Leopoldina, could clearly perceive his situation, it was evident to him that no hope could be entertained of saving the vessel. His attention was, therefore, exclusively directed to the crew and passengers. He first despatched a boat with a rope for the shore, but the breakers were so high that it founded immediately. The men who were in it, however, were able to regained the vessel. He then desired a sailor, who was a good swimmer, to take a small cutter to the shore tied to his body, with the intention, when landed, of drawing to him a cable attached to the other end, but the man refused, as did all the other sailors who were applied to, although the lives of more than 300 persons were placed in jeopardy from this want of courage. At length the crew, with the exception of only thirty men, made arrangements for their own safety by means of spars, &c., leaving the captain, the lieutenant, the doctor, the steward, and all the passengers to their fate. Thus abandoned, and taking counsel only from despair, the most vigorous threw themselves into the sea, but they were nearly finished against the breakers and drowned. Most of those who remained on board were either deterred from following the example of those who had plunged into the sea, by seeing assembled there an immense number of those wretches, the Gauchos, who watch the wrecks on the coast for the purposes of pillage, and massacre those who offer resistance; or they were parents whose feelings would not allow them to abandon their offspring. As the day wore, the tempest increased in violence, and the waves swept the deck with fury. All who remained on board sought refuge on the poop or in the cookhouse, huddled up awaiting death, and having for consolation only the cheering words of the captain, who from time to time visited them, and bade them hope for a change in their favor. Captain Frappaz never abandoned the hope of saving the vessel; and, watching the horizon, predicted that the storm would subside with the setting of the sun, as it really did; but, unfortunately, although the sea in the offing became comparatively calm, the breakers at the same time became much more violent. During the whole of this terrible day the Leopoldina resisted the fury of the waves, but towards five o'clock in the afternoon the stern gave way, and was separated from the body of the vessel. The scene now became dreadful. More than 60 persons of the crew who were standing on the poop when the calamity occurred were in a moment cast into the sea, and nearly all of them, men, women, and children, were drowned. Night now came on, and the waves from time to time swept away several of the poor wretches who were on the portion of the vessel which remained above water. The longboat, which had up to this time been preserved, and which had offered a last chance of escape, was carried away and dashed to pieces. This was followed almost immediately by the separation of the remaining part of the hull of the Leopoldina, and all who were on it had no other chance of avoiding death than grasping the planks and sustaining themselves for a time upon them. Only the most robust, however, were able to avail themselves of this succour. Those poor creatures who were denied this chance sank almost immediately, and of the number who had profited by it several were forced off by the waves and drowned; others expired from exhaustion or injury as they touched the shore. 231 passengers perished, 72 escaped as by miracle. These were protected from the brutality of the Gauchos by the firmness of Don Vicente Acosta and Don Natalio Molina, who were on the spot to render assistance. The survivors were subsequently taken on board the French schooner L’Éclair, where they were treated with great kindness. Amongst the sufferers was the Captain of the Leopoldina, who remained with his vessel until she went entirely to pieces, when, seizing a plank, he endeavored to reach the shore, but was dashed against the rocks and killed."

SHIP GEORGE FOUNDED AT SEA, AND SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRIG SEABIRD.—The schooner George, of London, Thomas Bowser, master, bound from Marseilleilles, with wheat, for Glasgow, became so leaky when crossing the Bay of Biscay, that on the 8th Sept., being in a sinking state, she was obliged to hoist the usual signal of distress—the Jack with the union down. In the evening they were observed by a brig, which made sail towards the George, but darkness approaching, they lost sight of her. Captain Bowser, however, kept a light burning on deck all night, and in the morning of the 9th the north country brig Seabird, bound to Falmouth for orders, came within hail. The captain of the brig was informed that the George was sinking (in fact, her lee gunwale was under water at the time), and was also told that the crew wished to come on board. He inquired the longitude, and having shown his own longitude, a difference of three degrees was observed. He promised to stay by the sinking vessel,
but as soon as he got the longitude, he made sail and abandoned her in her distress.* This cruelty was the more heart-rending from the fact of Captain Bowser's sister, her husband, and three little children, together with a disabled seaman, being passengers on board the George. Fortunately, about three hours after, the American bark Byron, Commander Robert H. Piersen, from Savannah, bound to London, hove in sight, under double-reefed topsails, and having ascertained the state of the George, rendezvoused on the Byron, Henry Waldo, and two black men, part of her crew, nobly volunteered to rescue their fellow-creatures from their desperate situation. The sea was running very high, and at the commencement the Byron's boat half filled with water. By perseverance, however, the three trips which accomplished their laudable purpose, and, under Divine Providence, conveyed safely on board the Byron, which vessel arrived in the Channel on the 11th, and when about five leagues south of the Eddystone, passed Captain Bowser and his unfortunate companions into King's pilot-boat Pallis, of Cowes, from which they were safely landed at Plymouth on the morning of the 12th, without fee or reward. They are, of course, in a very distressed condition, but the officers of the Plymouth branch of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society very kindly undertook to provide them with every necessary, and have them conveyed to their respective homes. Captain Bowser desires to express his heartfelt thanks to the captain, mate, and crew of the bark Byron, on board which vessel the relieved party were treated very hospitably, and to the hands of the pilot-boat Pallis, who lost two days by bringing the crew and passengers ashore.

* The only excuse which can be made for this total neglect of the claims of humanity is, that the worldly-wise and heartless captain, may have been sometime at Bow-street, and heard how respectable persons are sometimes incarcerated all night in cold, foul out-houses, even in the depth of winter, merely because they have come forward to help a fellow-creature in distress—and may have remembered, perhaps, the startling Christian data of — Jardine, Esq., upon non-interference—and bringing the trouble upon themselves.

Preservation of Life at Sea.—A letter has been addressed to E. Jennings, Lieutenant, R.N., suggesting the general adoption, in rough weather, of lifelines being led fore and aft, both to windward and leeward, so that the men may have something to lay hold of in passing from one end of the vessel to the other. In addition to this he advises that each man be furnished with a belt, made gasket-fashion, about a fathom and a half long. The utility of this is shown by the wearer when in an exposed situation, such as on the forecastle, conning, steering, &c., taking two half-hitches with it, to either the life-line, or any of the standing rigging, &c. He observes that such a belt could not interfere with the wearer's duty aloft, as at such times the end might be wound round his waist and tucked in. He concludes by impressing the necessity of captains of merchant vessels being supplied with a good barometer, as a great deal of wear and tear of spars and canvas might be avoided, and the loss of shipping also be prevented: "for this we would add the means of conserving a rope to shore in boisterous weather by means of a kite, or a ball duly charged with gas; as the hazard of the vessel being from the driving on shore towards land, any lightly atmospheric floating body would be sure to take a direction towards, and thus, we think, sometimes at least, especially when high winds blow the locality, afford great facilities for securing communication with the perilous ship.

The Sarah and Mary Schooner.—August 31st, about 12 at night, the schooner Sarah and Mary, of Barmouth, from Sligo, burden 80 tons, with a cargo of oats, butter, and preserved salmon and lobsters, bound to London, from some damny in her compass and hazziness of weather, struck on the rocks at the south-east angle of the bold promontory of Malinbeg (Malinbeg is at the angle of a coast formed by Donegal Bay and the western coast of Donegal county). Panic-struck at the suddenness of the shock, on so iron-bound a coast, with the stupendous cliffs of an unknown shore hanging over their heads, and blinded by the denseness of the fog, the crew instantly took to the boat, without waiting even to throw a biscuit into her, and beat about at sea till 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, nothing deterred by the breakers from attempting a landing; but at length they effected one on Rathfury brow, an uninhabited island about two miles from the rock on which she had at first struck, and came upon the rocks a little more within the boat port—a narrow and romantic, but very exposed inlet of the sea. There she was observed by the country people at day-break, who manned their little fishing-boats and brought her safely within their fairy estuary, and had not her rudder been rendered for the time unserviceable, they would have taken her to the more secure harbour of Killybegs; they kept the pumps going, and everything on board safe, till the coast-guards, some three or four hours afterwards, came to the spot. Nothing was rifled. Contrast this with scenes on more favored coasts, and let none malign the good people of Malinbeg. They had a wrecked vessel in their undisturbed possession for hours—they placed her in comparative safety, moored and anchored her, toiled to keep her afloat, and preserved in fact the entire of her cargo. The men (six in number), after being on the Island without food till Friday morning, were brought safely into Malinbeg at the instiga-
tion of the Rev. Edward Labatt, who had proposed, under the possibility of their having got into Rathbun burn, to go for them the night before, could he have got any man to venture with him. To him also much praise is due for exertions in keeping the vessel from sinking (as she filled very fast), and in getting the cargo ashore and safely housed.

**EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A SHIP.**
—On Saturday, Sept. 17, the Priscilla timber ship was towed up to Deptford from the Downs, having made her passage across the Atlantic under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. She had been engaged in the timber trade for some time past. It appears that in shipping her last freight at Quebec, great want of caution must have existed, for during the voyage, while under sail on the larder tack, her cargo shifted, and threw the vessel completely on her beam-ends. The weather was fortunately calm, or the ship must inevitably have been lost. Much credit is due to the captain for his skill in navigating her home, as the result of making any sail after the accident occurred, except under circumstances of the greatest caution, must have resulted in total loss. Her appearance in passing up the river attracted much attention, the masts, instead of being perpendicular, formed an angle of about 45 degrees, and she is still an object of much observation to all persons passing up and down the Pool. An accident of this nature with a similar result is of rare occurrence; though the loss of timber-ships under similar circumstances is notorious, and calls for legislative interference as to the mode of loading vessels in the colonies.

**NARROW ESCAPE FROM FOUNDERING OF THE LAUREL TIMBER SHIP.**—The Laurel, Captain McBride, on her recent passage from Quebec to Liverpool, while in longitude 39 55, and latitude 37 35, on the 26th of August, at eleven at night, came in contact (while running free, and consequently at considerable speed) with an enormous iceberg, an uncommon obstacle to meet with in so southern a latitude at that advanced season of the year. The rain and haze were so dense at the time that, to use the mate’s expression, “it was as thick as a hedge,” it being impossible to distinguish from the quarter-deck any of the crew who were on the forecastle. She struck almost right on end, the concussion taking effect rather more on the starboard than the larboard side, and the crash was doubtless tremendous and most alarming. The bows of the vessel were completely smashed and flattened in; the planks on the starboard side, in particular, gaped many inches apart; the stern, crushed almost to matchwood, thrust out of its perpendicular; the top-gallant forecastle broken up; the whole of the head-gear (in the first instance, of course,) carried away, including the bowsprit and the foretopgallant mast, which last was broken off a few feet above the topmast cap, and the whole nose of the vessel skewed and distorted, chiefly to the larboard side. This damage was for a great part under water. Luckily she had on board an exclusively timber cargo, and the tops of a floatable description—balks and planks of American deal, lathwood, and staves—otherwise she would inevitably have sunk before a boat could have been hoisted out. All hands were set immediately to clear the wreck, and as soon as possible a jury bowsprit was rigged fast, formed of a rough square balk of timber, to which the forecastle and the foretopmast stay were attached in the best manner possible under the circumstances, for the security of the foremost. In an hour after the disaster, the vessel (as might be expected) became waterlogged to the height of the lower deck, and the pumps were consequently useless. She, however, held on her way, though she could be considered little more than a raft, until she reached her destination (Liverpool) on the 30th of August, where she has already nearly unloaded in the Brunswick dock. All the timber, as was inevitable, is saturated with water. What we saw landed (from nearly the bottom) was as wet and as slimy as if it had been extracted from the bottom of the dock, after being held down for a month. Great praise is due to the captain, his officers and crew, for their manful exertions in saving the ship, and bringing her to her destined port. Happily the weather after the disaster was for the most part moderate, she would certainly have gone otherwise to pieces, and there is every probability that all hands would have perished with her. Amongst the damage done forward was the breaking of one of the anchor stocks, and the starboard capstan. The Laurel appears to be a strongly built vessel for the class to which she belongs.

**WRECK OF A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR.**—The Gipsy, of Belfast, says the Ulster Times, Butler master, arrived here on Wednesday evening, September 21, from St. Petersburg with tallow. On the 13th of September, at 4 o’clock p.m., she fell in with a Russian man-of-war, sailing to St. Petersburg, forty miles to the westward of the coast of Norway. The Russian vessel was waterlogged, mast gone by the board, and was manned by a crew of six hundred men. She unfortunately struck on a rock, off Christiansand, on Sunday night, the 11th instant, and became a complete wreck. The Gipsy rescued ten of her crew from a watery grave, and a Danish man-of-war steam-boat took ninety on board, which, with the ten saved by the Gipsy, made one hundred souls saved. It seems, from the accounts of those saved, that six hundred men being on board, no less than five hundred persons must have been lost.
LOSS OF THE MONTAGUE, OF PERTH.—Accounts have arrived from Macao, dated May 10th, of the total loss of the Montague. She was coming on from Bombay, principally laden with cotton, and was classified as a fine vessel and a fast sailer; but week after week, however, passed after she became quite due, and no Montagu made her appearance. At length, a few days ago, a letter arrived from the captain, dated Manilla, at which place he and all the crew had arrived in safety. It seems he had got through Dampier’s Straits, and in the Jilolo Passage had very thick weather and calms, with strong currents running. On the morning of the 27th, where they had arrived at daylight, they found themselves within three miles of a reef, with the current setting them right down upon it. They got all the boats to try and tow her off, but without effect. About 3 p.m. she struck, and at four o’clock had entirely disappeared; the crew being in the boats. As to him who escaped, he is without clothes of any kind or provision. They got inside the reef to a small island with three coconut-nut trees, where they remained for 15 days, subsisting on fish, birds, &c.; and after repairing their boats, which had been damaged in crossing the reef, they set out to look for vessels with a blank chart, or many things to guide them by. They were picked up by a London vessel bound for the coast of Japan, which supplied them in all their wants; and they again set sail in their boats to reach the Dutch settlement of Farwate, if possible. After being about 15 days at sea, they were picked up by a vessel bound for Manila, in safety the end of last month. She was a fine vessel, and owned by Thomas Graham and Sons of the fair city. The captain, I believe has sailed for England. Helen’s Shoe is the name of the reef on which she was lost.—Pertshire Courier of September.

ARTESIAN WELL AT PARIS.—This well is now completed. The following were the important causes which led to its construction:—In the month of February, 1841, after 8 years’ persevering labor, the spring at Grenelle began to pour forth a volume of water of not less than 200 litres a minute. But, although the source was as pure as that of the Seine, it had as dark a color as the waters in the gutters of the streets. A pipe of joints, 1,800 feet in length, copper turned, made as a telescope, was placed in the excavation; but not being strong enough to resist the force of the ascending waters, it was soon flattened and destroyed. M. Mulot, thereupon, had a new tube of beaten iron, each joint of which was thick enough to resist a pressure equal to 70 atmospheres. On the 20th of Sept., after only four days labor, the tube was properly fixed, and the water now flows abundantly. M. M. Pelletan and M. Guetgier has the crystal, and at a milk-warm heat. The old workmen from the middle of which the current flowed is already almost destroyed, and on its site the carpenters are erecting a scaffolding of strong pine boards, 100 feet high, which will direct and form a channel for the waters rising to this height. Paris will now possess an inexhaustible supply of excellent water, rushing from such an elevation as to be easily distributed to the loftiest situations in the city.

FIRE.—Although we are not advocates for paying extra money to the police for performance of their duty, yet we highly approve of the recent order by Mr. Braidwood, head of the London fire-brigade, allowing 10s. where no human lives are lost, to the first policeman, who, without being called to it by any one, first discovers a fire. We also like the instructions, “that to prevent the flames from spreading, the doors and windows of premises after the escape of the inmates, should be closed”—but we wish that the order had been carried beyond this—yet slow is the better course; and that the plan proposed by G. F. Carden, Esq., (see our previously printed notice) were carried into effect, of cementing the doors and windows of houses, and particularly of the lower parts, a somewhat similar plan of closing doors and windows by means of blankets, are constantly wetted below and upon the chimney where the flames and embers were issuing having been successfully tried by that gentleman, when alone, and almost unaided, in extinguishing a fire at No. 118, Chancery-lane. We hope, then, ere long to see Mr. Carden’s further suggestions for extinguishing fires followed up in the metropolis. It is an expensive a plan as pulling down edifices, be worthy of adoption, surely this of externally casing the crevices of doors and windows is at least worthy of a trial.

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED ROMAN VILLA.—Considerable excavations have been lately made in a field called Chesshut-field, immediately opposite to Mr. Woodward’s house, on the Maldon-road from Colchester, and about a quarter of a mile from the Leather Bottle, in Laxden parish, the foundations of a building, supposed to be a Roman villa, have been laid bare; the extent is of such magnitude that it is questioned if the remains of any Roman villa in this kingdom are of equal extent. A small portion only has been traced at present. Three sides of a square have been discovered, with a double wall of considerable thickness, leaving a clear space between them of 14 feet. The measurement of the exterior wall in length is 285 feet, and of the inner 265. Numerous coins have been thrown up during the excavations; amongst these a “Titius,” 2d., brass; reverse, “Judaea Capta.” “Helena,” 3d., brass; and a “Caranbosis,” 3d., brass, in fine preservation, struck upon the treaty made by that usurper with Diocletianus and Maximus. The fragments thrown up are mostly
of Roman antiquity—broken urns, bricks, tiles, boars' teeth, bones of animals, mortar, &c. It appears from a hasty survey, that this superstructure has been removed for purposes that may be hereafter explained. The ground will be ploughed up in about a fortnight for the purpose of cultivation. To antiquarians this discovery offers a very extensive field for investigation. — Ipswich paper.

Exhumation of a Remarkable Human Skeleton.—It may be known to many that Lord Clifford, of Ugbrook, has ordered a new canal to be cut from a point of the new road between the village of Kingsteignton and the town of Newton Abbot. In the course of excavation on the last day of August, a workman at the depth of 6 feet and a half below the present surface came in contact with the leg bones of a human skeleton, which with a little care was completely exhumed, and ultimately found nearly perfect. The skeleton presented itself bending forward in a sitting posture, the arm bones extended, and on lifting up the latter with the ribs a metallic band or armllet shining in full refleunce was thrown out, "hanging upon the arm bone or bones." The band on being tested was found to be of gold with some alloy; the workmanship was rude, and seemed to show it was not formed by, and did not emanate from, a people highly civilized. It had neither clasps nor mark of being soldered, but possessed of elasticity to open, yet rigid enough to keep close to the arm when the squared ends were brought together. Its breadth is three-eighths of an inch, oval without and flat within, and both within and without it appeared to have some design "chipped" or cut upon it; but what it is intended to represent, the writer thinks cannot be deciphered. To superficial observation the "jewelled arm" might lead to the supposition that the remains were those of a lady of rank; professional examination and the more accurate extraction of characters from the bones, has proved it to be a male skeleton of the middle size, but evidence was also shown of great muscular power. He appeared to have fallen in conflict, or soon after some skirmish; the ulna, or elbow bone of the left fore arm being broken obliquely, and the lower jaw also on the same side showed fractures in two places about an inch and a half apart, and the central piece of bone between the fractured parts had been forced in and was gone. What is remarkable, the articulating possessors of the jaw on that side were perfect, while those on the otherwise sound or right side of the lower jaw were broken off and gone, having been apparently fractured in their sockets by some ponderous blow which had been inflicted on one side, and had acted with great force in an opposite direction. Until within the last half century the grounds wherein this skeleton was found were uncouned, and were called the Common. Here the Teign once flowed openly, and the sea flowed in that space which alluvial deposit has long since occupied. Below granitic sand and gravel is a clay bed, and beneath, the black mud containing marine shells; and in the latter accumulation the bones were found, not rudely cast into a mere pit, but surrounded and roofed over with alder wood in parallel pieces or rather fragments, as from the great lapse of time the whole was reduced to a soft consistence, and could be easily separated into the smallest fragments, and above these a few rude oblong stones, water-worn, were removed. The common grass of the field, which was a bright olive-green color, invested the body, and to show the extreme care of that investiture, it had all been laid smooth and longitudinally as it had been cut, the fibres parallel with each other. The front of the skull and ends of the thigh bones pointed to the rising sun, or a point or two to the southward of the east, and there, with outstretched arms, the remains sat like a fire-worshipper of the East, welcoming or invoking the sun's orient beams. Whether the ancient Briton, Phenician, or pagan Dane, let antiquaries decide; certain it is that in the line of the landing-place of the cruel Danes at Teignmouth these remains were interred, as those of a chief, with consummate art and care. The teeth were will set, and most of them remained, until pulled out by the spectator, one by one, to be kept as charms to prevent tooth-ache in the possessor of such precious relics! The whole of the teeth were much worn down, and prove their owner to have attained the age of 50 or 60 years.

Unrolling of an Egyptian Mummy.—On Thursday the 22d of August a female mummy, presented to the Natural History Society of Shrewsbury, by the late Dr. Butler, was unrolled in the presence of about 200 highly respectable spectators, many of whom were ladies, it having been stated that there would be nothing whatever indecent in the interesting operation. Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, superintended the unrolling of the mummy, previous to which he described the process of embalming among the Egyptians. The outer coffin in which the present remains were deposited announced that it contained the body of "Tennor-en-Rhons, Priestess of Amon," who was "determined to Osiris, Presiding in the West, Lord of Abydos, that he would give Offerings for the sake of the Deceased." The lecturer began at the feet of the corpse to untie the linen bandages which enveloped it. These consisted of several hundred pieces, of the hue of wash-leather, butcapitally woven cloth, and in some parts not much discolored, and pretty strong. On one of the pieces was an inscription stating the age of the mummy to be 21 years. On untying the bandages round the neck, the head fell off, and was found quite perfect, several of the teeth in front being still fixed in their sockets,
one of them loose. The cartilages of the ears were perfect, the dried flesh having the semblance of dried gingerbread. The body was disclosed with a vast deal more difficulty than the head, the embalmers having dipped it into the hot bitumen so long and so frequently as to destroy the flesh and render the skin and its envelope one mass. Gradually, however, the toes appeared, all perfect, except the nails, the feet being small and very attenuated. The muscles and the skin of the legs, and the cap of the knee, next became visible, and the hands, crossed on the abdomen, were traced after great labor. The hip bones, the shoulders, and the ribs, were exposed one after another, till at last the fully developed frame of a human being, 3,000 years old, lay exposed to the gaze of the company. Upwards of three hours were occupied in the process.

**Natural History.**—Frankfort, Aug. 22.

The latest intelligence from Rio de Janeiro mentions the following remarkable circumstance:—Dr. Land has discovered in the vicinity of the cliffs formations in Minas Gerais, some petrifications of human bones, among relics of Phytomyx Bucklandii, Chlamydotherium Humboldtii, C. majus, Dasyopus salutarius, Hydrochaerus sulcidentis, &c. Dr. Lund explored nearly 200 of the pits, and among the mammalia he collected 115 species, though only 88 species now inhabit those regions. The human bones are partly petrified and partly intersected by particles of iron, and on being broken they have a metallic lustre. The skulls that have been found are singularly flat, so much so that the backward inclination of the forehead corresponds immediately above the sockets of the eyes. From this peculiarity Dr. Lund infers that Brazil must have possessed a very ancient population, whose existence may be dated to at least 3,000 years ago, and that to all appearance the natives were a race with flat skulls, but otherwise of natural form, though it may have been ascribed to their habits in Mexican monuments. In as far as regards the natural structure of the flat skulls above alluded to, Dr. Lund appears to have fallen into a mistake. He probably forgot that in the earliest periods of the discovery of America, the shores of the Upper Amazonia were inhabited by a race of men (Cambeda) whose skulls were completely flattened by artificial means. The operation was performed immediately after birth by pressing the skull of the infant between two boards, so as to impart to it a form corresponding with the idea of beauty entertained by that people. In the *Tesorao Descoberto no Rio dos Amazonas*, the Cambeda tribe is particularly mentioned, and in the 17th century they inhabited a locality not far distant from the then Spanish province, Los Mainas. Possibly this race was very numerous and widely scattered, for we find even to this day that the custom of boring the lips and ears as practised by the Botocudas, prevails among various tribes from Santa Catharina to Amazonas. But a form of skull quite the reverse is found to exist among the North American tribes in the neighbourhood of Columbia. There the heads of infants are, by means of boards and bandages, pressed into a high pyramidal shape. The missionary Jason Lee found the skulls of the Cloughbewallah tribe on the Multnomah so shaped, that from ear to ear they measured more than from the forehead to the back part of the head. Mr. Combe, who recently delivered some phrenological lectures in Heidelberg, offers in his work entitled *Notes on the United States of America*, some philosophical observations on the singular form of the skull. No people on the face of the earth have ventured on such capricious disfigurements of the human body as the American aborigines, and there can be no doubt that the customs practised by them have existed since the remotest antiquity.

**Subterranean Caverns.**—Arbroath.

Considerable interest has been manifested during the past week by many of the inhabitants of this place, in consequence of the discovery of another of those many subterranean caverns which are so abundant along the sea coast of St. Vigeans. This cave was discovered by the workmen employed about two miles to the east of the town in quarrying stones from the cliffs for the erection of a new harbour at Arbroath; it has hitherto been unobserved in consequence of the sea always occupying the deep and narrow gully which communicated with its mouth, and which has now, by the operations of the quarriers, been filled up, and the sea barred out from entering into the cave. The broad setting sun was pouring a flood of slanting rays from the top of the high land in the west end of the parish, distant about six miles, when we entered the cavern by a somewhat precarious path, but although he had been in his noon day gloom, the light would not have lent us any assistance in exploring the recesses of this gloomy vault. By the aid of torch light we very minutely examined its interior. We passed along it for several hundred yards, until we arrived at an opening into a semicircular bay to the north-east of where we entered, and where we again obtained a view of that dark green sea whose moaning we had heard during our passage along the cave. At the bottom, the cave is several yards broad, but at a considerable altitude its two sides meet in a dark and very acute angle, which has the appearance of being formed by the falling together of the sides; from these are suspended vast masses of that earth known in chemistry and mineralogy by the name of sulphate of barytes crystallized into the most fantastic forms, "which earth," says Mr. Meiler, who described this coast in the *Wturesse more than 12 months ago, "is so abundant that it was
at one time intended to erect a work in the neighbourhood for preparing it for the purpose of the linen."

**Skeleton Found.**—(Brighton).—As the workmen employed in forming of the grand approach to the railway terminus at Brighton were excavating in the soil Sept. 28th, they discovered a human skeleton, the bones of which, although many of them were perfect, crumbled to pieces on being touched, they being of about the consistancy of dried clay. Mr. Rugg, surgeon, who happened to be at the place, examining the bones, expressed an opinion that they were those of a male subject. The skeleton was resting on the chalk, and was covered by about ten feet of soil, which bore no appearance of ever having been removed. The soil consists of vegetable earth, imbedded with minute fragments of chalk, and is evidently the result of successive abrasions of the upper part of the hill by violent rains. No vestige of a coffin, or of buttons, or anything indicating the time of death; but, from the circumstances which we have mentioned, it is conjectured that the bones had remained where they were found for several hundred years. They were removed to the churchyard of St. Nicholas's church and there interred.

[About twenty years ago we found a very curiously formed human skull, (the forehead greatly retracted) imbedded in the cliff, at Beachy-head, under similar circumstances, about a similar depth in the chalk.] A FOSSIL ELK.—The Marchioness of Ormonde having lately understood that skeletons of those once stately animals commonly called the red deer, were found a few years since in Poulacapple bog, made known the circumstance to Lord Walter Butler shortly after his arrival. There were no time lost in making a diligent search, and a party of Poulacapple boys were very soon sent thither with scoops and other utensils. In a few minutes they had the pleasure of beholdin on the turf-bank Lord Walter, accompanied by his noble sister, who evinces an equal anxiety for these beautiful relics of antiquity. The men worked hard until a late hour. About five o'clock, those hardy and dexterous fellows had the gratification of seeing their exertions crowned with success. They dug up, at a considerable depth, a gigantic skeleton which had lain there for centuries, stoned to a height, and a stricture of the creature whose species are long since extinct. The air was rent with huzzas and shouts of gladness as the social group proceeded to Garrick, surrounded by crowds of spectators. They were met on their way by Lord Walter and Lady Elizabeth, who, amazed and delighted, stopped to view the great prize borne in triumph on the shoulders of the foremost of the party, while in a kish the smaller bones were safely carried by others. Lady Ormonde was overjoyed when all was laid out before her on the lawn, and her noble son handed out a handsome sum of money, which was equally divided between the Poulacapple boys and a group of Mr. Stevens's tenants, who kindly assisted their neighbours. Lady Ormonde intends sending for an anatomist to arrange the skeleton.

**Masses for the Repose of the Souls of the Dead.**—This means of producing church revenue, contrary to "our purposal" of that Scripture, that no man can do too much to save his own soul, much less that of another being, still bears with it a fearful power over the minds of the ignorant, which was thus, recently, exemplified:—A man, Langlais, had been sentenced to hard labor for life by the Assize Court of the Seine Inferieure, for attempting the life of his father, and employed one Godefroy to lie in ambush for him with a loaded gun. The sentence being afterwards quashed by the Assize Court of l'Eure, Langlais was sentenced to decapitation, and the latter to be publicly exposed for two hours. On the evening of his execution, Langlais sent him a letter, written in another hand, but signed in his own, begging him to endeavour to obtain from his family the means of having a weekly mass at his birthplace—Thil—for the repose of his soul. His conscience then doubtless satisfied, he walked to the scaffold with a firm step (though almost in the last stage of weakness, apparently scarcely able to bear the weight of his almost doubled body), with more composure than had been expected of him—(satisfied, perhaps, of the efficacy of the masses to be said for his soul)—the spectators were greatly interested in his behalf.

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**A Band of Wolves**—says the Mémorial de Rouen, have taken up their haunt in the forest of Mauny, and have lately committed dreadful ravages in the communes of Yville, Anneville, and Berville. A few days back, a forest keeper was taking his rounds, when a wolf rushed out of a thicket, and carried off his dog before his eyes. He fired at him, but as the gun was only loaded with small shot, the animal got off with his prey. A day or two afterwards a shepherd named Perdrix was driving his sheep home to Yville, when a wolf fell suddenly on the flock, and seized on a wether. The man immediately ran after the animal, and soon overtook it, the weight of its prey not allowing it to run very fast, caught hold of the sheep. A struggle ensued which ended in the wolf’s being frightened by the man’s shouts, and quitting its prey. On Thursday night the flock of M. the Mauger, of Anneville, was attacked, and 9 sheep were killed, and 18 others badly wounded.
NOTIONS OF CLEANLINESS.—The Globe newspaper remarks:—“In order to enjoy good health it is as necessary to clean the skin of every part of the body as well as the hands and the face. If you once begin to make a rule to wash the body at least once a week, either by bathing or otherwise, in cold water, the vigor and bility of feeling you will experience, will amply repay you for the labor. Try it a few weeks, it will cost next to nothing?” We wish every one would try the effect of daily washing the whole frame with cold water, commencing with the face and forehead upwards—then the arms, chest, shoulders, back, body—and, (except at particular times, such as when there exists chilliness of the frame,) with rapid friction, the legs, particularly about the feet; else we would not recommend it, for the ablation should be rather grateful than repellent to the feelings. In this manner, the water, coming in contact with the external atmosphere, the frame is fortified against the effects of external cold, and while others feel the chilly blast, such persons are nearly unconscious of cold. But in this, as in every other case, great care and caution are to be used. And as respects the matter of washing the hands, we have our doubts, whether, covered as it is, at least abroad, with a hat, such washing can be rendered acceptable to every constitution. We, therefore, leave that ablation to individual judgment. Great care should also be used by persons anxious to commence the trial of whole ablation of the frame as to the period of doing so. As winter is approaching, let them content themselves with warm water at night times—then, with the arrival of more congenial weather, let them try and continue the cold ablations at rising. There is, however, another subject to which we would fain call the reader’s attention, viz.:

THE SHUTTING OF ROOM DOORS.—In England, more, perhaps, than in any other country this habit, is carried to a faulty excess:—for ourselves, neither in summer nor in winter, do we ever close our sitting, dining, or bed-room doors—thus the temperature of the whole house being nearly similar—with such a system of cold water ablation as we have spoken of, we never feel ourselves incommode by having our room-doors open, but, on the contrary, in entering chambers which are closed, like the shut-up railway boxes and heated club-rooms, we are conscious of the presence of an atmosphere of oppression, most injurious to the health. Let our readers, then, as soon as they perceive this, recall the usual order to their servants “never leave the room door open,” and enjoy as long as possible a more general and they will find it a far more beneficial atmosphere.” Suggestions on the Public Health by G. G. Leq, founder of the Kensal-green or Harrow-road Cemetery, and suburban burial in England.

CONTRAST—LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY AND THE RAILWAY TO COLOGNE.—Monday, 12th Sept. I wished to see the Review, or at least be present at the camp, and accordingly pressed all sail to get there in time. In consequence, however, of waiting for a single train, we were detained some three hours, because there was only one railway, and it never occurred to the otherwise obliging and able managers to let the company change carriages. We beg therefore to present them with the following expeditious and easy mode of doing business in England:

In consequence of a slip, about fifty yards in length, which occurred on the down side of the Bugbrook excavation of the London and Birmingham railway, half-way between the Bishworth and Weedon stations, about four o’clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th Sept., several thousand cubic yards of earth covered both the rails and parts constructed for a time the regular passage of the trains. By extraordinary exertions, however, the up line was cleared before eight o’clock the same evening; and the up as well as down trains have since continued to pass uninterruptedly over it. Both lines would it is expected be clear in the course of the following week. The only practical inconvenience which resulted from this occurrence (for it was happily unmarked by casualty) was the exchanging of passengers between the carriages of the York up train and the 1h. 30n. p.m. down train on the opposite ends of the slip, and the delay of rather less than two hours in the arrival of two of the other trains.

BOOK-SHELVES.—To give some idea of the extent of the new portion of the library of the British Museum, it has, as a point of useful information, or, perhaps, also a matter of curiosity, been ascertained that the whole length of the shelves, which hold 260,000 volumes, is 42,240 feet, or eight miles. The length of the shelves in the library at Munich, containing 500,000 volumes, taking the same proportion, will be 15 miles and 2-6ths. The King’s library in Paris, of 650,000 volumes, must, by the same calculation, have not less than 20 miles of shelf.

HAZARDS OF LIFE.—Pisa. Some two hundred persons were assembled, September 5, in the Amphitheatre near one of the gates of the town, looking on, or engaged in a game of ball, when a wall suddenly sunk under them, and brought down other parts of the building buried them in its ruins. Fifty-six persons were injured seriously, and very many otherwise hurt.

The celebrated violinist Baillot died a few days ago in Paris, and was interred in the cemetery of Montmartre. The funeral was attended by most of the members of the Academie Royale de Musique, and by several distinguished literary and scientific men. [COURT MAGAZINE.]
CONTRAST, OR THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

We would that the considerate reader before perusing the following article should direct his attention to last month's "Queen's Gazette," that portion, in particular, which relates to her Majesty's last journey by the Great Western Railway.

All, indeed, that could gratify the eye, or satisfy the wishes of the most absolute monarch upon earth was then done to please Her Majesty, and well may writers have said, "that it is hard for princes to govern well, seeing of every thing is changed, that they live in an artificial world, and good, indeed, must their hearts be if possessed of even one generous feeling towards the rest of mankind; they know no wants, and all around them is loyal, or, may be, servile acquiescence; while the term never is more applicable than with respect to some of the officials of this company, who verify at the stations treat the third class company worse than dogs, yea, as badly as if they were swine; not only is there no civility shown towards them, but the most arbitrary insolence, and though the third class of passengers immediately after their bread, yet are they obliged to be at some of the stations one hour before the time, to ensure the getting tickets, and to be kept upon the road as long as the company please; and when in the carriages, owing to their proximity to the engine, and being uncovered, the dust from the coal, and from the stoking of the fires, is perpetually falling into the vehicles, creating a painful irritation of the poor people's eyes; and that even the second class carriages, in the carriages next the engine, are as badly off, besides having a long current of air from carriage to carriage, for the purpose, it is meanly composed, nor having any toilet provided, to select dearer carriages.

Such treatment is the mode of breeding discontent, and such petty tyrants are the great bane of good governments. We heard it jocularly told that no persons who rode in omnibuses up to the station were to be permitted to ride in first-class railway carriages. This, however, we should think was merely a pleasantry; but, at one station, we heard that quite a gentleman, whose occasion had caused him to ride in a third class, after having paid 3s. 6d., for his breakfast, (nearly twice the sum charged at Birmingham for a later one,) and being very civilly invited to return and see the splendid new room fitted up for first-class passengers! was stopped by a policeman, and insolently told he could not let any third class passenger enter that room! So that not only the railways, but the eating-houses on the road-side cannot be controlled by the police in this, not as regards conduct, but the carriage in which the traveller rides! This was at the new grand station on the Bath line.

When we commented upon the treatment of third class passengers, we were unaware of the following case which was tried at York, August the 27th. The action was to recover damages for wilful negligence. The learned counsel showed that the third class carriage had no seats, and that those who were riding were compelled to hold by the sides of the vehicle to save themselves, when the carriages stopped, from being bumped against each other. The plaintiff, Mr. Edward S. Whetman was an engineer, then travelling by the Leeds and Manchester Railway to Leeds. He and his friends took their places. First was the engine, then a baggage train, and next the third class carriage. The plaintiff smoked a cigar, but desisted as soon as desired; he had been in the centre of the carriage, his friend whom he had addressed was standing with his back at one side of the waggons, the plaintiff was then reclining against the door.

Suddenly and without any notice, without anything in the world occurring to gain the attention of the plaintiff or his friends, the door of the waggan flew open, and the plaintiff was thrown out, and fell with one leg upon the line. Immediately the whole train of carriages behind passed over his leg, and it is superfluous to state, that the leg, foot, and calf were mixed in one mass together, and that the leg was irrecoverably lost. The attention of the guard was called to the circumstance, the position of the plaintiff was pointed out to him, he was implored immediately to get the train stopped, and see what could be done to the sufferer. The guard in answer said, that the man must be dead, that there was no use stopping the train, and that a fall like that must kill any man. The train went on, and the man was left where he had fallen. He was thrown with his head and breast on the other line of railway, so that if a train had come up from Leeds he must have been killed, as there was a bend on the line at that part and they could not have seen him, or, at all events, they could not have stopped the train. If the train had been stopped the plaintiff might have been carried to Leeds in 10 minutes, and there received the best surgical assistance; but as it was, 40 minutes elapsed before a train reached him from Leeds. The plaintiff was taken care of by some laborers on the line, and afterwards conveyed back to Wakefield, where, on the same evening, his leg was amputated a little below the knee. The learned counsel charged the company with negligence in reference to the formation of the carriage, the door of which latter was not properly fastened.

The defence was such as might have been expected from men, who had exhibited such total disregard of the fate of a poor fellow creature; exculpating themselves, generally, they said that the accident was attributable to the misconduct and imprudence of the plaintiff himself. The plaintiff and his friends
were conducting themselves in an improper and riotous manner before they got into the carriage at all,* and while they were in the carriage they behaved in a frolicsome manner. Gray gave the plaintiff a push which forced him up to the end of the carriage, the door gave way, and he fell out. The guard made a signal to the engineer to stop the train, but as the engineer did not see the accident, but only saw a hat fall out of one of the carriages, he thought that the object for stopping the train was to pick up the hat, and, knowing that that was against the regulations of the company, he did not stop the train. There was no pretence for casting an imputation of harshness upon the company, for every thing had been done for the plaintiff after the accident that could be.

The case was fully proved, though no satisfactory motive was given why the carriage was not stopped.

The learned counsel having replied, Lord Denman summed up to the jury (special). After a short retirement, they returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £1000.

Can the Great Western Railway calculate what would be allowed for a new pair of eye-glasses in the case of an innocent accident as the loss of sight being caused by the falling of cinders, to which we have alluded to?

In conclusion, we would ask the directors of the said company whether, after perusal of the Queen's royal Speech, they are not only mocking the kindness of the royal intentions, but actually breeding discontent.

King Charles II.—On Saturday, the 27th August, was erected at Black Dub, between Crosby Ravensworth and Shap Wells, a rustic obelisk to commemorate the circumstance of King Charles II., with his Scottish army, having dined there, and drunk of the waters of the spring, on their march southward, previous to the battle of Worcester. This place is one of the most solitary and dreary that can well be imagined, surrounded on all sides by unenclosed heath; and, since the formation of the road over Shap Fells, is seldom seen, except by the shepherd or the sportsman. However, it must be recollected, that now so silent and deserted, it was once the great thoroughfare from Scotland through Lancashire, to the great metropolis of England. To the solitary passer by, who now can only hear the sighing of the breeze among the heather, or the bleating of sheep, it may not be uninteresting to reflect on the noise and clamour that must have prevailed there on the day in question, when the neighing of horses, the clang of arms, and the shouting of men, on a hasty march (for Cromwell and his victorious army were not far behind), must have made a medley of sounds that can be better imagined than described. The obelisk is the following inscription, carved by Mr. Thomas Bland, of Reagill:—"Here, at Black Dub, the source of the Lyvennet, Charles II. regaled his army on their march from Scotland, August 3, A.D. 1651.

The Serpent of the Desert.—Sidi Ben Arach, former Minister of Achmet Bey, the last Bey of Constantina, passed through Ax, on the 17th, on his way to Nogent-le-Rotrou which has been assigned to him as a residence by the French Government. He had been sentenced to twenty years hard labor for having issued false coin, and to be confined in the fortress of the island of St. Marguerie, on the coast of Provence. Having been lately pardoned by the King, at the intercession of his son, he was liberated on the 16th by the Perfect of the Var, and intrusted to the keeping of an officer of the staff and a brigadier of Gendarmerie, who were to conduct him to Nogent.

Dominican Friars in Russia.—It seems by the Univers that the Emperor Nicholas and the Pope are more than ever at variance, so that the former had determined to recall his Ambassador from Rome, and cease all intercourse with the Pontifical See. Meanwhile his Majesty perceives in the system of persecution towards his Roman Catholic subjects. He had lately enjoined the Dominican friars throughout his empire to give in to the authorities a list of all their penitents, threatening, in case they should refuse to comply with the injunction, to have them arrested, and conveyed under a military escort to the frontiers of the empire. The Emperor knows well that the Dominicans cannot, without violating their consciences, conform to his decrees, and has accordingly devised this expedient for banishing that religious order from his dominions, rather than recur to a brutal and unjustifiable decree of exclusion.

Dent du Midi.—Six persons it seems attempted this passage on the 19th of August, starting from Sallenches, and after great difficulties, at length reached the summit of the mountain, a plain slightly inclined, about thirty feet long and twenty broad, the elevation being one of 1,500 feet above the glacier of Planèvé.

Art Union of London.—No less than 85,000 persons have visited the exhibition of pictures selected by the prizeholders of 1842; and it is a gratifying circumstance to record, that notwithstanding the great pressure occasioned by so large a body of visitors, not the slightest accident has happened to any of the pictures.

Extraordinary Railway-Train.—Preston and Wyre. 2,361 persons (of whom 2,164 were scholars) were conveyed by Engine No. 1, in twenty-seven carriages, on Friday, September 9; it being the great week of the scholars of the different Sunday-schools were treated by their teachers with a ride to Fleetwood on Wyre.

* This is very much like the base exculatory falsehoods so readily credited by Mr. Jardine at Bow-street.
THE BLESSED TERMINATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE—
RIGHT OF SEARCH-QUESTION.

The †accursed trafficking in human beings,† to use the emphatic language of modern times, is now approaching the gates of death. At first, some individuals more daring, or more virtuous than the rest, raised their voices loud in the cause of suffering humanity, and strange to say that although the most interesting of tales which could be given to pure and spotless infancy was some one comprehending †the sufferings and cruelties towards Englishmen in the hands of Barbary pirates, a strange, and to us, now-a-days, an almost incomprehensible State Policy permitted the existence of a nest of pirates in the Mediterranean—to preserve, it was said, the balance of power in Europe—and from the hands of those barbarians their wretched captives experienced the most cruel treatment—and led in chains they were sold as slaves. All Europe, in particular, shuddered at these inflictions upon their white fellow-creatures, and it is but a few years since Lord Exmouth's noble valor made Algiers subservient to British prowess, until at last all Europe signed the consenting warrant for the final extirpation or subjection of the states of Barbary. Thus for their own sakes the white population put an end to slavery.

Next, there arose a strong, free-sugar-labor anti-slavery party, with a view of bringing about the extirpation of slavery. This was, we believe, projected, or at least most warmly and conscientiously espoused by the Society of Friends, and well do we remember visiting a family of that persuasion, some more than twenty years ago, where the use of every thing produced by slave-labor was religiously avoided.

From individuals, then, to whole communities, the cause spread, and was daily more and more favored by a humane and virtuous people; but the grand impediment to some solid enactment for the extinction of the traffic was the amount of property embarked in the cause, which blinded many a sensible man's reason, and rendered his heart callous. On this point, the owners of slaves, and the public who possessed none, were bitterly at variance, and the real question at issue was most sadly distorted. Many affected not to see the difference between extinguishing the traffic and interference for those who were already slaves. The measure for extinguishing the traffic was, however, opposed with the greatest rancour, though surely those who advocated their right to their own slaves, and non-interference with another's property, upon the same grounds should have advocated the non-interference with those who were free; but such a view of the case did not suit their perverted judgment; yet had they taken a dispassionate view of the subject, they must have seen the means by which original possession was acquired of their black victims, viz., by bloody wars carried on purposely to gain prisoners; by foul kidnappings (only a more extended and cruel imitation of our own war system of recruiting for the navy), and by every means that craft, cunning, cruelty, and gold could devise to secure victims for the various European slave-marts.

But it was evident to the more keen-sighted, that when the traffic ceased under legal enactments, the probability was that freedom would next be secured to those who were in slavery, and particularly to their offspring; hence, perhaps, their otherwise unaccountably ungenerous, nay, cruel opposition, by which they had nigh lost all consideration of pecuniary compensation for manumitted slaves. The result has been as might have been reasonably expected—a general emancipation—in which we rejoice as much as if we had been the slaves of some cruel master—rejoice, because we are now free—though if our master were kind, and many, very many, were kind, thoughtfiil, and considerate, we should still rejoice at being the free servants of a kind master.

But to glance only hastily at the progress of events, it having been boldly, nobly, and most generously determined by the British Legislature, at the urgent request of the people themselves, at any cost to extinguish not merely the horrible traffic, but also to give to all slaves their freedom, that blessed result, whatever light
and temporary inconveniences may have resulted to commerce, has attracted other
countries to imitate our example, and now, at last, shamed almost every nation into a
discontinuance of the traffic.

True, indeed, many nations wished rather to assume the garb of virtuous ab-
horrence, than really to effect the object in view; and the most serious national
dilemmas have nearly arisen on that head—under the 'condemned' right of search—
without which all laws of suppression were wholly useless, but which, indeed, to our
thinking is simply this—that a commander having every reason to believe from the
unusual fittings up of a vessel, or from information received that a particular vessel
is a slaver, demands a right of search, and surely without some such mutual right,
an end cannot be put to the traffic all profess to abhor. And cannot, we ask, this
right be exercised honestly, honorably and without offence? Assuredly it can if
the intentions of the parties are pure—and on whose side is there most likelihood of
wrong?—on the searcher's—what gains he? We would willingly let him lose, and
for the exercise of the right have him even pay a positive sum, if incorrect in his
judgment, to prevent the too careless use, may be, the abuse of the right—and this
we think would settle the question—though base would be that government, the cap-
tain and ship's crew, who took or sanctioned such a quietus. Or the plan adopted
might be thus arranged—impose a fixed fine—giving leave of appeal to a court
composed of a jury of half of each nation—if the appellant failed to establish good
ground for the search, let the fine be doubled, if otherwise, wholly remitted.

But we fear the real matter is, that some mercenary parties would for ever traffic
in this way, and that these are the men behind the scenes who raise this endless
eclamor. We have, however, forgot one thing, and we long ago recommended such
a law to be passed, that the captain of a slave-ship, being so of his own free will,
and found with slaves on board, should be left to the tender mercies of the thus
liberated blacks, themselves, and hung up at their pleasure at the yard-arm in the
first harbour into which the ship should be carried captive. With this our well-
understood means of legal redress, and severity of punishment—even the right of
search would not need, we opine, to be exercised once in a twelvemonth. It has
been our delight from time to time to make mention of our several treaties with
different nations to terminate this terrible traffic, but of late years, during the mild
and blessed reign of Victoria, (and also of the humane, kind-hearted, and generous
sailor-king, her Majesty's late revered uncle William IV.) the treaties and arrange-
ments have been so numerous and frequent that they surpassed our ability to record
them all individually.

Now, however, the tables are completely turned; instead of favorers, all
nations, all people seem to be approaching to expressions of open abhorrence of the
system—and this great change has, under God's favor, been wrought by the un-
ceasing and talented exertions of our countrymen in much less than two quarters of
a century. God grant that all nations, all people may strenuously pursue the good
work!—the contrary of which is so distant from the Holy commandment 'to do
unto others as you would have them do unto you,' and call to mind, O reader! the
nursery tales of your earliest youth, what slavery was represented to be.

These observations have at this moment been forced upon us as a sort of quietus
to the subject, which we have ever had near our hearts*—since we cannot permit one
at least of the many events of the last session to pass over without special notice, and
that is the speech in particular of a noble, zealous Lord, whose emancipation scheme
we applauded, though we differ from his politics, on this interesting subject—we
give it entire, and have only omitted the speeches of several royal and noble Dukes
who followed, because their hearts beat in unison with the speaker's; willing as
they expressed themselves, and particularly his Grace the Duke of Wellington to
aid to the utmost his Lordship's views, as far as in his and their humble judgment,
to use their Lordship's words) the further scheme about to be laid next session before
Parliament was practicable.

* See a paper entitled "A Creole's Love," in this Magazine for July, 1840, dedicated by
G. F. Carden, Esq., to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Society for the Suppression of
Slavery.
Lord Brougham, rose, pursuant to the notice he had given on this subject. The noble and learned lord began by observing, that half a century had now elapsed since Parliament, acting as the great agent, for this country alone but for all mankind, had adopted a measure to mar that execrable traffic which for 300 years had been the scourge of Africa and the disgrace of the civilized world. To that great act, counselled by all the genius of the age, sustained by all its virtue, and animates by all its zeal, there had succeeded a long delay, for which he must say Parliament alone was to blame. Though denounced by law it was still protected and continued to flourish. At length sentence was passed, and the enormity was totally prohibited, but he must say that it was the laws of no very stringent force. The slave trade, it was true, was prohibited, but it was not effectually prevented; but in the course of time it became an easy matter to obtain from Parliament and the country at large an assurance that the question should be no longer trifled with, and that those who engaged in the attentions trading should be regarded and punished as criminals, as others had been who were far less guilty. These were important steps towards the effective suppression of slave trading; but how, then, let him ask, had it come to pass, that 30 years after that great concession he was there calling on their lordships to take measures to put slave trading down? How had it come to pass, that after our exertions, successful in a great degree, not only with those nations over which we had some control, but also over some over which we had no control, he was standing there to complain that by those over whom we ought to be supposed to have some control, by the dominions of the British Crown, the law for putting an end to slave trading was still evaded? He should be able to show, and it would take no long time to do so, that by the aid of British speculation, by the accession of British agents, and the employment of British capital, the slave trade still existed, and was still perpetrated in foreign countries. He would go at once to the island of Cuba, because, as appeared by the papers laid before Parliament, and the correspondence with agents abroad, in that island the slave trade was most flourishing. He would, therefore, confine himself to Cuba and the Brazils. The increase of the general trade of the former place was in itself a proof of the sort of agency which was at work. In the short period of four years (as we understood) there had been an increase of from 161,000,000 to 370,000,000 of pounds of sugar annually exported. It also could be proved that in the four years from 1837 to 1841 there had been an increase of 32,000 slaves in the island, besides 91,000 which had been required and introduced to fill up the vacancies created by death, thus making an importation of slaves in those four years of 123,000. That was more than an average of 30,000 in each year. By the returns of the trade of Havannah it appeared that at that port 142 vessels had arrived with 52,000 negroes on board in the course of two years. He took a very low estimate indeed when he said the yearly importation into the island of Cuba had been of late years 50,000 slaves. The price of those slaves had increased from 60l. to 80l., so that not less than 4,000,000l. had been expended in this traffic during two years. The exports of Cuba during the same time amounted to the value of 3,000,000l. In the Brazils, during the three years ending 1839, 214 vessels were known to have imported 109,000 slaves; the total importation being, on the same low estimate, in which he had proceeded in the case of Cuba, no less than 70,000 slaves a year. The cost of a slave in that country being 80l.,—as he found from the very able, distinct, and useful work on the subject published by Mr. Bantinell, a gentleman connected with the Foreign-office, than whom there could not be a more useful public servant,—the total expense of the negroes imported will be 5,500,000l., and 17,000,000l. must have been expended in three years. It was needless to ask whether Cuba and Brazil could furnish those millions of money. It was utterly impossible they could; it was perfectly evident that they must have had foreign assistance, and, looking to the quarters from which such foreign aid could come, it was painful to be obliged to confess that from this country alone could supplies to that amount have been furnished. He did not mean to rest on general presumption alone as warranting this remark, but he would presently show, by specific evidence, that there was no escaping from the conclusion to which that presumption led. He prayed their lordships to consider whether persons engaged in such speculations must not, of necessity, know in what way the new negroes were supplied to those countries. In the first place, there was the public declaration made in the Senate of Rio, by one of the senators in the discharge of his public duty, that the law had fallen into disuse which pretended to abolish the slave trade in the year 1834. * They asked this, as they said, that "a transgression so immoral and deceitful may thus be obviated"—that was to say, the law prohibiting the slave trade was openly violated by the slave trader, and therefore the
Assembly petitioned for the repeal of the law, because its continuance loaded the head of the planter and slave trader with the guilt of transgressing it. They proposed, in their own language, to repeal the law and leave the parties who infringed it to repentance and the punishment of the community. The Assembly of Minas Geraes, also, after stating the various dangers to which the agriculture of the country was subjected from the want of slaves, and the inconveniences to which their operations were exposed from the trade in slaves having been made contraband, begged the Senate to consider the needless immorality resulting from the citizens being accustomed to violate the laws under the very eyes of the Administration. He questioned whether the whole history of audacity and effrontery could match this fact of two Brazilian provincial assemblies calling, on behalf of persons who were pirates by the law, and their officers, who benefitted by their piracy, for the repeal of the law which condemned that trade on the ground that the planters and their accomplices were determined to set their feet a down, and add to their guilt the immorality of outraging that law under the eyes of the judges appointed to determine it. All of this was known to those who had invested their capital in lands, the cultivation of which could only be kept up by the importation of new negroes. It might naturally be supposed that he was wrong in imagining that British capital could be so employed, but he had not only the general authority to which he had referred—he had the evidence of the commissioners settled at Rio to the same effect. They stated, under date the 14th of July, 1838, “The various undertakings going on in this country, and every day multiplying, are for the most part the result of British enterprise, and it is only right to mention the evidence of a less vague character. A year or two ago a vessel under Russian colors was seized as a slave-trader, and released on the ground of an objection taken to the jurisdiction of the court at Sierra Leone; released, as it appeared to him, and he had a very confident opinion on the subject, in error. The jurisdiction of the court, he thought, extended to this case, and condemnation ought to have ensued. The vessel, however, being released, was sold, her name was changed, and she was purchased. Where? In the city. By whom? A merchant established for twenty years in the city, naturalized, he believed, in this country, and to all intents and purposes a British trader. She was purchased for a Spaniard, a notorious slave trader. With what capital? He cared not whether with the slave trader’s own capital, of which the merchant established

such a mode of treating the subject shews evidently any thing but a desire really to put an end to the traffic.—Ed.
honor and probity, though his trade of slave dealing was as well known in Rio Janeiro as his name. Some of these firms, composed of British subjects, were known to be themselves engaged in this traffic, and three of them had lost above 12,000£ among them by captures of slave-trading vessels. Well, therefore, might the commissioners make this observation, that "British capital has suffered severely in that city (Rio) from the recent slave captures." Observe, again, the language of panegyric with which the Brazilian authorities eulogized our merchants in return for the certificates they had granted of the probity and honor of Gilmaraes (we believe that was the name). This was taken from a journal of a celebrated Brazilian Minister not now in office: "We have a great respect for the British merchants, principally for the way in which they contribute to the ransom of the captured ships in Africa, whether by sending goods, not being employed in this work of humanity, whether by lending money to the adventurers, or whether, as it is said, by insuring vessels destined for that coast. Not only contributing to the ransom of captured slave ships, but sending goods freely employed in this work of humanity — whether muskets bought for 16£, and known to burst the second time they were fired, or stores for vessels to be employed in this work of British humanity. Then there is, lending money to the adventurers, or insuring the vessels destined for the coast of Africa: that is, such vessels as Captain Denman had seized in the war the immovable, and he rejoiced to add, the successful war, which he had waged against the felons on the coast. Captain Denman had stopped one vessel, of only 74 tons, with 370 negroes on board, being far more than our Slave Regulation Act permitted, which, if it did not encourage, at least cannot condone the traffic. It was not necessary, it was not even useful, to exaggerate the abuses of this trade; the effect of attempts at exaggeration was to diminish these horrors, like object glasses in unskilful hands, which, instead of enlarging, lessened what you looked at. But, if it were otherwise, there was no necessity for it. He defied the imagination of man to conceive anything worse than the bare statement of the fact he had mentioned, of 370 unhappy wretches crowded into a space no larger than that of a Thames barge. He did not throw upon British subjects connected with this trade the whole mass of the guilt of conveying these men from Africa to the West Indies; but if they were at all accessory, if they made any profit by it, and it was so clear that they must be cognizant of the fact, that he almost felt it necessary to apologize to their lordships for doubting it,—if they were not on the same plane of the fact and accessories, but benefited by it, they could not be disconnected from the transaction. In the mining concerns, the operations in which were carried on largely by English capital, he had heard that at the meeting of one of the companies a call was made upon the shareholders, on the ground that the company had been put to very great expense in their operations in the mines, 5,000£ having been expended in the purchase of slaves. In the last year they had purchased 62 slaves; in the year preceding 73. No person in the country could doubt whether these were Creoles or slaves newly imported. If there was any doubt to the eye, there could be none to the ear, for the moment a question was asked of one of these unhappy creatures it would be apparent that they had been brought from Africa. The purchase of 73 slaves for 4,000£ or 5,000£ made it not consistent with possibility that they could be Creole negroes, for Creole negroes could not be purchased for less than 120£, or 150£, or even 140£ whereas these negroes had been purchased for less than half that sum. Let him (Lord Brougham) see a man purchase a jewel for less than half its value, and if he were not a suspicious character, he should be very suspicious of him; but should the purchase be made of a suspicious character, he should have no doubt in considering one as the receiver and the other as the thief. Therefore, in almost all the instances, or in a large majority of the instances, they must be new negroes by whom the mines and plantations were carried on. Now for what reason, or on what plea, could such a traffic be fostered and encouraged? The parties he alluded to had agents on the spot, who were undoubtedly more guilty than themselves; who knew more of the facts, that is, who had more specific knowledge of them; they it was who put the traffic in motion. Some of these agents, he lamented to say, bore Her Majesty's commission,—and he mentioned the fact in order to call the attention of his noble friend opposite to it,—though they were only on half-pay. Some of these agents had been known openly to declare that they bought, and were prepared to buy, new negroes; they admitted the fact at once that they were accessories to the slave trade; but, whether they confessed it or not, he knew the fact, and the manner in which the purchases were made. A vessel arrived; she durst not land her cargo in the harbour of Rio, not so much through fear of the authorities of the country, as because the British commissioners were there. She, therefore, remained outside the bar. The unhappy creatures composing her cargo were taken on shore and carried up the country, a very short distance, about two or three miles from the city of Rio de Janeiro, and were cooped up in barracks, called barracoons. He (Lord Brougham) had asked his informant, a person of great respectability, who had been generally in the service of the Brazilian authorities, how it had happened that so many as 700 or 800
slaves could be landed from a vessel and carried along with hardly any garb, without any precaution to prevent escape or resistance. He had been told that if he had ever seen such an operation carried on, and the state of the slaves themselves, he would not have asked whether any precautions were taken on these accounts, since the plight of the poor creatures was such as to render either escape or resistance absolutely or physically impossible. At the barracoons agents came, as he said, prepared to buy; or if any declined to appear there, they were waited upon in the city. The parties who came were well known; it was known who they were, where their freights had been landed, and where they were stowed; and with all these facts before their eyes they made themselves accessories after the fact. But he was far from holding guiltless those whose capital set the traffic in motion—they who employed the ships, who speculated on the results of the trade, who derived a profit from the advantages of their speculations;—those whose speculations, and employments, and transactions led to all the crimes committed by the perpetrators of these acts of felony, if not accessories, were at least the encouragers and promoters of them—he could not hold them guiltless. Let them be accessory, will let them in; and their capital was as much the main spring of the whole machinery he was describing—that they put the whole in motion as much as the main spring of their lordships' clock moved the hands which reminded him how much longer he had detained them than he intended in detailing it. All these persons professed to the world that they knew nothing of all this; and there were men who thought that, if they did not do the act itself they were absolved from all guilt,—though it was done for them and for their own profit. There was an Eastern tale which illustrates this, that a certain tyrant had a mind to put two persons of his own family to death; but, shrinking from the actual sight of their blood, he had recourse to an agent to perform the deed, who had not the same scruples or delicacy. But he, not liking to be the actual perpetrator, took another person, ignorant of what he was about to do, into a cave, in which was a rope fastened to the ground; and, placing an axe in his hand, told him to cut the rope asunder, which he did, and the rope parted with great force, having supported a marble canopy suspended over the two individuals who were sleeping in an adjoining palace, and whom it crushed to death. Though the tyrant and his immediate agent had recoiled from the sight of the slaughter, he doubted whether any one would rashly acquit either of the guilt. But he had heard it whispered often when this subject was mentioned out of doors, that this was not a time, when our commerce was laboring, for throwing obstacles in its way. He could not listen to such an argument, nor would their lordships listen to it. How had they been lately employed? How had they been employed but yesterday? Regardless of the plea that our trade was laboring, when the plain interests of decorum and of morals required it, their lordships did not hesitate to add something to that labor. If they disallowed the plea of commercial distress when morality was counter-pleaded, would they not do so when the counter-plea was almost a crime? When a tendency to immorality led them to disregard the plea, would they listen to it when no tendency was alleged, but actual guilt was seen, the guilt of felony and murder? The noble and learned lord proceeded in a very serious and earnest manner to urge the subject upon the house, but in so low and subdued a tone that it was extremely difficult to catch his words. He called upon them to cease to protect the slavemonger, and to determine to extirpate this evil as they had others; and he concluded: "This ill will be greater than Greek or Roman virtue, and your lordships will draw a blessing from Heaven upon those you protect from guilt, as well as upon yourselves, by taking the course which, with all humility and with all earnestness, I urge you to pursue; you will add to your fame, nothing will affront the highest consolation I ever desire to enjoy by helping me to discharge a sacred and public duty."

**Sugar.**—M. Germain, a botanist of Algiers, has just published an account of a curious discovery lately made by Gen. Larmorciere, which may prove import in a commercial point of view to the colony. It appears that the General, seeing a quantity of fig-peelings thrown about the streets of Mascara, thought they might prove prejudicial to the public health, and ordered them to be collected together and sent all the town. Some days afterwards, in passing by chance the same way, he perceived some white substance lying on the heap. On examining this he found it was a sort of sugar, which the fig-peelings had produced, from the heat of the sun causing a certain fermentation in the heap. These figs are of such slight value that a pound of the sugar can, it is calculated, be produced for four sous. All, in fact, that is required is to divide the fruit in two, and expose it to the rays of the sun, and then take off the efflorescence with a soft brush. The Governor General, the letter states, has taken with him a pound of this sugar, which he intends exhibiting at a banquet he is about to offer to the principal colonists of Algeria. It is said also that he has given orders to the colonists to plant the cactus, or Barbary fig-tree, wherever they can, and that soldiers are to be sent out to cover a part of the plain of the Metidja with cacti. This operation
will be easy of execution, as it is quite sufficient to let one of the shoots enter the ground to have vigorous roots immediately sent out. The vegetation is possible in the most arid ground. The saccharine matter of this fig is described as identical with that of the sugar cane—namely, purely crystallizable.

A Characteristic Relic of the Grand Army.—There is still in existence an extraordinary woman, whose maiden name was Thérèse Figueur, but who was afterwards married to, and is now the widow of, a man named Sutter. At an early age she was induced by circumstances to enter as a soldier in the Allobroge Legion. This was in 1793, and she took part at the siege of Toulon. The next year she was removed to the 15th Dragoons, and made the campaign of Catalonia with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees. When the Convention interdicted women from serving, the Generals of this army obtained a special exception in her favor. She was in Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy. After the battle of the road of the 9th Dragoons, in which regiment she followed the war in Piedmont. The First Consul granted her a pension of 200 f. for her distinguished conduct as a dragoon during eight years. In 1802 she again enrolled in the 9th Dragoons, was at the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and continued her career until the capture of Berlin. In 1810 she went into Spain as one of the Imperial Guard, and in 1812 was made prisoner near Burgos by one of the Curé Merino's guerilla parties, and sent into England. She returned into France in 1814, and on the eve of the Emperor's departure for Waterloo was presented to him in her uniform, as a chasseur of the Imperial Guard. Certificates signed by several marshals and generals attest that she received a gun-shot wound at Toulon, four sabre wounds at Piedmont, had four horses killed under her, and saved the lives of General Mognez and several other officers. She is now 87 years of age, and continues to enjoy her pension. M. St. Germain Leduc, a friend of this female warrior, has from her dictation written a history of her strange eventful life, which forms one of the most interesting books that has been published for many years.

Royal Speech: The King of the French.

—The repast being ended on board the Licorne, the Minister of Marine gave the health of His Majesty the King, which was welcomed with enthusiastic shouts by the assembly. His Majesty then arose, and the profound silence reigned around. With a voice exhibiting the deepest emotion,—“My dear countrymen and young aspirants!” said the King, “before this moment of deep affliction I had purposed calling you around me, and notwithstanding my great domestic calamity, I could not deprive myself of the satisfaction which I had intended for myself. First, then, warmly congratulating you upon your good conduct, your domestic discipline, your zeal for the service of the state, and in the pursuit of your studies; in you is centered the future existence of the navy of this kingdom, and it should be your study to out-rival those who have preceded you, and to emulate our brave admirals. I earnestly desire to have registered the names of all those who have this day dined with me, in order that the progress and future career of each may be accurately recorded. You will, I feel assured, show yourselves worthy of the French name, and will sustain the honor of our flag and the glory of the Royal Marine; but never forget that this glory cannot be fully maintained without the utmost reverence for the laws and internal government. It is only by guaranteeing to their fullest extent existing institutions that France can maintain its liberty, and that beneficial employment of its resources which will assure its grandeur, maintain its power, and secure the prosperity of the nation. Unceasing shouts now thundered over the head of the King inaudible; at length His Majesty resumed:—“I deeply regret that my dear son, the Prince de Joinville, is at this moment absent, in whom have been realized my fondest hopes since he entered into this service. I know, too, that his regret will fully equal my own, for he is proud of being in the navy, of having fought under our banners, and of having gained the esteem and affection of the corps to which he has the honor to belong. Believe with me that he will ever have at heart, and you will ever find him impressed with the greatest earnestness to unite his efforts with yours to maintain the honor and glory of the French marine.” The air was filled with cries of, “Vive le Prince de Joinville!” and “Vive la Roî!”

* It was not, however, long before the Prince was on his return to Paris: on the 21st of September he performed a generous domestic exploit at the hill of Beauvais, near Calais, of which the following are the particulars.—About eleven p.m. the Calais estafette mail going down the hill from Beauvais at its usual pace, came in contact with a cart, which it overturned, breaking one man’s arm, another man’s leg, and greatly injuring a child. At the cries of the sufferers the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses came out, and were so violent against the courier, that he was on the point of taking his pistols in his own defence, when a post carriage came up with two gentlemen, to whom the courier appealed for protection. They both alighted, and by their judicious interference appeased the enraged people until the proper magistrate could be sent for. He having come and made an investigation, the courier was allowed to proceed on his journey. As he was resuming his seat, one of the bystanders, to his utter astonishment, informed him that the gentlemen who had so efficaciously interposed on his behalf were no less personages than the Prince de Joinville and one of his aides-de-camp, on their way to En.
BIRTHS.

Aitchison, lady of Lieut.-Colonel, of a daughter; at Innis Hill, near Frome, Aug. 30.
Baskerville, lady of Henry, esq., late of the Madras Civil Service, of a daughter; at Farley-house, Somerseshire, Aug. 30.
Beeching, wife of Stephen, esq., of a son; at Tounbridge-wells, Aug. 28.
Benedict, lady of Jules, esq., of a daughter; at Queen-street, Mayfair, Sept. 3.
Bland, lady of R. Maximilian, esq., of a son; at Chirk Castle, Sept. 25.
Blount, lady of a son; at Mawley, Shropshire, Sept. 4.
Buchanan, wife of Andrew, esq., Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Tuscany, of a daughter; at Florence, Sept. 8.
Bulley, lady of Arthur Charles, esq., of a son; at Bernard-street, Russell-square, Sept. 2.
Burgoyne, lady of John Charles, esq., of a daughter; at Wymple-street, Sept. 6.
Burton, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Marines, of a son; at Woolwich, Sept. 4.
Caunter, lady of the Rev. R. MacMold, of a daughter; at High-clee Rectory, Sept. 3.
Dawson, lady of Edward, esq., of a daughter; at Wharton-house, Leicestershire, Aug. 30.
East, Mrs. William E., St. Dunstan's-hill, of a daughter; Sept. 20.
Edmonds, Mrs. T., of a daughter; Moorgate-street, Bank, Sept. 12.
Elderton, the lady of Edward M., esq., of a son; at Queen-square, Bloomsbury, Sept. 14.
Foord, lady of Captain Edward, H.C.S., of a daughter; at Warwick Villas, Harrow-road, Sept. 10.
Forrester, Hon. Mrs. Orlando, of a son; at Broseley Rectory, Salop, Aug. 3.
Foster, lady of Peter Le Neve, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Champion-grove, Camberwell, Sept. 12.
Fotheringham, lady of Major R. H., of a son; Kingsbridge, near Southampton, Sept. 11.
Gower, lady of Wm. Leveson, esq., of a daughter; at Tissey Place, Sept. 2.
Gurney, Mrs. Henry, of a daughter; at Woolwich Common, Sept. 23.
Green, wife of Robert Righton, esq., of a son; at Tounbridge-wells, Sept. 3.
Haward, lady of Rev. J. P., of a son; at Sopley Vicarage, Hants, Aug. 10.
Harrison, the lady of Edmund S., esq., of a son; at St. George's-terrace, Gloucester-road, Kensington, Sept. 15.
Hill, lady of Lieut.-Colonel, of a daughter; at Tuckhill, Sept. 6.
Holliday, the lady of John, esq., of a son; at John-street, Berkeley-square, Sept. 15.
Holmes, lady of the Hon. William a'Court M.P., of a daughter; at Westover, Isle of Wight, Sept. 14.
Kenny, lady of Captain, of her Majesty's 73d Regiment, of a son; at Westhorpe, Sothwell, Sept. 14.
Kentington, lady of Arthur, esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, of a son; at Leghorn, Sept. 4.
King, the wife of Robert Duncan, esq., Her Majesty's Vice-Consul in Hayti, of a son; in Albany-street, Regent's-park, Sept. 13.
Landelle, Mrs. Marmaduke, jun., of a son; at Harpshead, Sept. 8.
Mackinlay, Mrs., of a daughter; at Soho-square, Sept. 11.
Marzili, lady of Charles H. A., esq., of a son; at Upper Berkeley-street, Sept. 5.
Maxwell, lady of Wm. Constable, of a daughter; Aug. 23.
Mullens, lady of James Duncan, esq., of a son; at Calcutta, June 9.
O'Brien, lady of John, esq., M.P., of a son; at Carmely, Aug. 30.
Olley, Mrs. Charles H., of a son; Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Sept. 14.
Parker, lady of James, esq., of Lincoln's-inn, of a son; at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Sept. 8.
Prescott, lady of Frederick J., esq., of a daughter; Oxford-square, Hyde-park, Sept. 3.
Pullin, lady of Samuel John, esq., of a daughter; at Park-road, Regent's-park, Aug. 30.
Rington, Mrs. William, of a daughter; at Kentish-town, Sept. 2.
Rudge, lady of Edward John, esq., of a son; in Upper Hatley-street, Aug. 30.
Symons, lady of T. G., esq., of Mynde Park, Herefordshire, of a son and heir; at Baker-street, Portman-square, Aug. 30.
Tattersall, wife of George, esq., of Pall Mall, of a son, Sept. 25.
Trencherer, lady of Charles, esq., of a son; at Cheltenham, Aug. 27.
Tyndale, the lady of John Nash, esq., of Blandford-square, London, of a son; at Florence, Sept. 5.
Tyssen, Mrs. Daniel, of a son; at Foulund, Norfolk, Sept. 24.
Wall, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; at the Priory, near Bishop Stortford, Sept. 37.
Whitmore, Lady Louisa, of a son; Aug. 21.
Wilmut, lady of Montagu, esq., of a daughter; at Boulourge-sur-Mer, Aug. 22.
MARRIAGES.

Alven, Amelia Seymouer, eldest daughter of Francis Alven, esq., of Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, to Philip Burrowes, esq., surgeon, 2d son of the late Thomas Fraser Burrowes, esq., of Demerara, by the Rev. G. H. Steventon; at Paddington Old Church, Sept. 21.

Amburst, Lady Sarah, only daughter of Earl Amburst, to Sir John Hay Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan, County Flint, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Sept. 8.

Anderdon, Lucy Olivia Hobert, only surviving child of Oliver Anderdon, esq., Queen's Council, and grand-daughter of J. P. Anderdon, esq., of Farley Hall, Berks, to t Rev. W. E. Patridge, vicar of Imer, Bucks, chaplain to the Earl of Buckingham, and only son of C. A. Patridge, esq., of Coatham Lodge, Gloucestershire, by the Venerable Archdeacon Manning; at Swallowfield, Berks, Sept. 15.


Baker, Sarah Eleanor, only child of James Baker, esq., of Claremont-Place, Bath, to T. W. Goodwin, esq., of the Madras Civil Service, by the Rev. Charles Goodwin; at St. Saviour's Church, Bath, Aug. 27.

Barton, Ellen, 2d daughter of the late Joseph Baron, esq., of Bambousey, to David Reynolds Davies, esq., of Withington, Lancashire; at F. anfleto-on-the-Maine, Sept. 13.

Barton, Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of George Gray Barton, esq., of Raleigh-lodge, Brixton-hill, to J. Radhille Burnett, esq., of Copthall-court; at St. Matthew's, Brixton, Sept. 20.


Burdett, Ann, 2d daughter of the late Arthur Burdett, esq., formerly of North Great George-street, in the city of Dublin, to Edward John Collingwood, esq., of Liburn-tower and Chirton-house, Northumberland, by the Rev. C. Reed, vicar of Tyneham; at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, Aug. 23.


Curate of St. Mary's, to Frederick Deacon, esq., of Bridgewater, by the Rev. W. H. Charlton, M.A., rector of St. George's, Stamford; at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, Sept. 13.


Court, Emily Frances, eldest daughter of Major Court, Castlemans, Berks, to John Walter, esq., of Exeter College, Oxford, eldest son of John Walter, esq., M.P., of Bearwood, Berks; at Wargrave, Berks, Sept. 27.

Cresswell, Catherine Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Rev. E. Cresswell, esq., of Pinckney-park, Wilt., to G. T. Ellison, esq., of Lincoln's-inn, by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, M.A., incumbent of All Soul's, Brighton; at St. James's Church, Aug. 31.

Crookenden, Louisa, daughter of the late Thomas Crookenden, esq., of Rushford Lodge, Suffolk, to the Rev. George Lowe, Vicar of Upottery, Devon; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Sept. 3.


De Toustant, Maudsart Louise Josephine, only child of the late Marquis de Toustant, to D French Duft, esq.; by license, by the Rev. J. Isaacson, and subsequently according to the Roman Catholic ritual; at Clifton, Aug. 26.

Duppia, Sarah Charlotte, 3d daughter of Baldwin Duppia, esq., of Hollingbourne-house, to John Savage, of Jennings, in the county of Kent, esq., late Master of Her Majesty's Supreme Court at Madras; at the parish church of Hollingbourne, Sept. 15.

Evans, Caroline, youngest daughter of John Evans, esq., of Stony Down, Walthamstow, Essex, to Albert Thomas Cresay, esq.; at the church of the united parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Gregory by St. Paul's, Sept. 20.

Field, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Field, esq., of Hatfield Herts, to Peoples Piene, esq., of Devereux Chambers, Temple, and of Piccadilly, by the Rev. Thomas Heathcote, of Shaw-hill, Melsham; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Sept. 16.

Franklin, Catherine Anne, only daughter of the late Sir Willingham Franklin, knight, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, Madras, to the Rev. R. D. B. Rawnsley,
Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon, by the Rev. Edward Rawnsley, M.A.; at Horncastle, Sept. 15.

Fraser, Dora Loraine, eldest daughter of the late James Fraser, esq., of Achnagairn, Inverness-shire, North Britain, to Robert, youngest son of the late Andrew Reid, esq., of Lions Down, East Barnet, Herts, by the Rev. A. Boyd, M.A.; at St. Mary's, Cheltenham, Aug. 30.


Grey, Constantinia, youngest daughter of Robert Grey, esq., of Shorestone, Bamburgh, Northumberland, to the Rev. Dr. Hatherell, Rector of Charmouth, Dorset; at St. Paul's Church, York Place, Edinburgh, Aug. 29.


Hall, Eleanor, daughter of the late James Hall, esq., of New Boswell Court, to John Charles Wiswall, esq., of Gray's Inn; at Willesden, Sept. 3.

Harris, Jessie, only daughter of the late Captain George Harris, R.N., C.B., member for Great Grimsby in several Parliaments, to Frederic Mansel Reynolds, esq., by the Rev. R. Worsley; at Finchley, Middlesex, Aug. 29.


McDonald, Clara Sarah, eldest daughter of his Excliency Colonel M'Donald, Governor of Sierra Leone, to Captain Thomas Smale, of the 3d West India Regiment, by the Rev. J. Weeks; at St. George's Church, Free Town, Sierra Leone, June 8.

Marsh, Mary Anne, only daughter of James Marsh, esq., of Alphington Villa, near Exeter, Devon, to Edward Wardroper, esq., Captain Madras Army; at Wellington, Somersetshire, Sept. 17.


M'Neil, Isabella, sixth daughter of the late Robert M'Neil, esq., of Liverpool, to Stafford Henry, eldest son of Stafford N. rhineote, esq., of John-street, Bed ford-row; at St. Bride's, Liverpool, Aug. 27.

Oakford, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Oakford, esq., solicitor, Salisbury, to William, son of William Mercius Baskerville, esq., of Monksbury-house, Cauterbury; at St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, Sept. 17.

Osborne, Maria Dorinda, third daughter of the late George Osborne, esq., of Limerick, to John C. Chappell, esq., of George-street, Hanover-square, by the Rev. R. Lovett; at the British Embassy, Paris, Sept. 1.

Parker, Margaret Caroline, youngest daughter of Hugh Parker, esq., of Woodthorpe, near Sheffield, Yorkshire, to Charles Jackson, esq., of Doncaster, by the Rev. J. Hand, rector; at Handsworth, Sept. 6.

Ricket, Sarah, daughter of John Urpeth Rastricks, esq., of Eaton-square, to Charles Edward Jennett, esq., of Kingston-on-Thames; at Hanover-square, Sept. 23.

Reeves, Mary, eldest daughter of T. Reeves, esq., of St. Stephen's-green, Dublin, and Linden Stillorgan, to Charles Haig, esq., of Gardiner-street, Dublin, barrister-at-law, and third son of Robert Haig, esq., and nephew of Sir Charles Wolsey, bart.; at Stillorgan Church, county of Dublin.

Rhodes, Hannah, 2d daughter of John Rhodes, esq., of Shipton, to Wills Kitson, only son of George Kitson, esq., of Brixton-hill, Surry; at Bethel Chapel, Shipton, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Sept. 2.

Richardson, Anne, daughter of Major Richardson, to the Rev. James Monro Sandham, by the Rev. J. Sikes; at Coblum, Kent, Sept. 14.

Rose, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of James Rose, esq., of Islington, to Henry Barraud, esq., of Park-street, Grosvenor-square; at St. Mary's, Islington, Sept. 14.


Stevens, Anne, only daughter of William Stevens, esq., of Ives place, Maidenhead,
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Deaths.

Acton, Elizabeth, wife of George Acton, esq., Walworth Terrace, aged 73, Sept. 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Alexander, James, esq., banker, at Dalkeith, North Britain, Sept. 6.

Barrett, Emma, wife of Daniel Barrett, esq., Trinity-square, Southwark, aged 25, Aug. 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bell, Alexander, esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, and a Member of Council on the Bombay Establishment; at Pan, Basses Pyrenees, aged 71, Sept. 7.

Birkinshaw, John, esq., Sydenham, Kent, aged 66, Sept. 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Blyth, Samuel, Lieut.-Col., South Lambeth, aged 54, Sept. 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bold, Theodosia Frances, the belles sister of the Rev. Hugh Bold, very suddenly; at Brecon, Aug. 29.

Bowes, Andrew Robinson Stoney, esq., Kennington Cross, aged 39, Sept. 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bower, George Edmund, esq., late of the Ordnance Department, Tower, aged 61; August 31.

Bradford, Mary, relict of Francis Bradford, esq., late of Great Westwood, Herts; at Hampstead, aged 82, Aug. 23.

Breffit, Ann, wife of George Breffit, esq.; at Stamford Hill, aged 41, Sept. 6.

Butterworth, Thomas Stock, esq., of Westbury on Trym; at Henbury Court, aged 25; Sept. 5.

Chapman, James, esq., late one of the Commissioners of the Audit-office; at Brixton, aged 80, Sept. 6.

Clarkson, Richard Vowell, eldest son of the late Richard Clarkson, esq., of Fairwater house, Taunton; at Kingston, Sept. 16.

Clarke, Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late Col. Clarke, C.B., of the Bengal Cavalry, aged 71; in Blandford-square, Sept. 8.

Clark, Peter, esq., of Earl's terrace, Kensington, and late of Mineing-lane; at St. Leonard's, in his 77th year, Sept. 16.

Cooper, Mrs., deeply lamented by a numerous circle of relatives and friends; in Isleworth-square, Isleworth, aged 76, Sept. 17.

Currey, Lieut.-Col. Sir Edmund, K.C.H., formerly in the Horse Artillery, son-in-law to Lord Abinger, and Controller of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester's Household; at Edwood, near Bagshot, aged 64, Aug. 27.

Darley, Major, after two days illness of fever, deeply lamented by his relatives, and brother officers of the 77th Foot; at Alden, July 11.

Davis, Miss, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, the elder sister of Thomas John Davis, esq., of Bloomsbury-place, Bloomsbury-square, aged 47, deeply regretted by her relatives and friends; at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Sept. 12. She was attacked by a fit of apoplexy immediately after bathing, and survived in an unconscious state but two hours.

Dickson, Miss Jane, Stockwell, aged 9, Sept. 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Dobie, Sophia, daughter of Alexander Dobie, esq., of Lancaster-place, London, after a few days' illness, of fever; at the residence of her uncle, Major Barker, Cheltenham, Sept. 16. Dymock, Mr. Francis, Brick-lane, St. Luke's; at Ramsgate, aged 64, Sept. 14. Edridge, Abraham Lloyd, esq., of Pockeridge-house, Wilts, aged 81; at Bath, Aug. 29. Edwards, William, Member of the French Academy; at Versailles, Aug. 23. Ewart, Peter, esq., Chief Engineer and Inspector of Machinery to Her Majesty's Government; at the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, aged 75, Sept. 15. Eigre, wife of Captain Thomas, of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, and daughter of John Evans, esq., of Stoney-down, Walthamstow; at Poonah, July 8. Farran, Major-General, of Native Infantry; at Perumbore, Jooore, Aug. 29. Ferguson, Cecilia, wife of Robert, M. D., of Queen-street, May-fair; at Richmond, Sept. 6. Finucane, Maria, widow of the late Michael Francis Finucane, esq., an only surviving niece of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, formerly of Boly-hill, Rochester, and of Percy-street, Bedford-square; at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Marney, Holland-place, Kensington, Sept. 13. Fisher, Mr, father of the celebrated Clara Fisher; at New York, June 22. Froud, Edward, esq.; at his house in Essex-street, Strand, aged 59, Aug. 31. Gainford, Edward Barnwell Elliot, esq., of Vassal-road, Brixton, aged 51, Sept. 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Gibbs, George Henry, esq., of Bedford-square; at Venice, Aug. 21. Gile, Mr. William, for upwards of 25 years clerk to Messrs Martinez and Melton, solicitors, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, aged 54, Sept. 11. Goodwin, Thomas, esq., of Stockwell Common, aged 78, Aug. 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Gosset, Matthew, esq.; in Connought-square, aged 78, Sept. 6. Goulston, Mr. James, Old Kent Road, aged 21, Sept. 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Hall, Francis, T., eldest son of G. C. Hall, at the Manor-house, Hays, Middlesex, aged 15; Sept. 24. Hancock, Captain W. J., formerly of the 2d West India Regiment, and late of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; at Gratton Cottage, Lymington, Hants, Sept. 7. Harvey, Archibald, esq., of Killellan; at Glasgow, Sept. 12. Hine, Captain, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service; at his house in Somerset-street, Portman-square, aged 60, Sept. 13. Hogg, Mary Anne, 2d daughter of the Rev. James Hogg, vicar of Geddington, Northamptonshire; at Kettering, in the same county, Sept. 5. Hungerford, Mrs., relict of the late John, esq., solicitor to the East India Company, Bombay; at Selby-lodge, Brighton, Sept. 1. Huskisson, Colonel John, of Her Majesty's Forces of East Bore, Hants, brother of the late Right Hon. William Huskisson; at Southampton, aged 61, Aug. 24. The deceased had served his country 45 years, and performed his different offices with great zeal and attention. James, William Rhode, esq., of Alderburgh Suffolk, and of Haughton Tower, in the island of Jamaica; at Dorset-square, Sept. 15. Jones, R., esq., late of the 32d Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. R. Jones, Royal Engineers; at St. Omer, Sept. 1. Johnson, Robert Goswell, esq., Cutcherry Friers, aged 79, Sept. 13; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Jones, John, esq., South Island Place, Clapham Road, aged 32, Aug. 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Kenny, Mrs., relict of Mr. Kenny, of Killeghers, Galway; sole representative of Gerald Fitzgerald, esq., last male of the branches of Ratborne and Ticeborough, Meath, lineally descended from Thomas, seventh Earl of Kilbourn; Sept. 7. Keene, William, eldest son of W. C. L. Keene, esq., of Gowert, Bedfor-square, and Lincoln's Inn; at Dent Le Lion, Thanet, aged 21; Sept. 3. Kent, Julia, the infant daughter of Samuel Savil Kent, esq.; at Sidmouth, Devon, aged five months, Sept., 16. Kirby, Augusta Jane Caroline, in the 17th year of her age, after long suffering, borne with Christian patience; at the residence of her father, the Rev. John Kirby, incumbent of Mayfield, Sept. 16. Langdon, Mr. Joseph, late clerk of St. Mary's, Bryan's on-square, highly esteemed; at Mr. Colborne's, Hackney-road, aged 68, Sept. 12. Laurie, Georgina, 2d daughter of the late Patrick Laurie, esq., of Urral, and wife of John Kerr, esq., banker, Stranraer; at Stranraer, North Britain, aged 49, Sept. 10. Leach, Elizabeth, relict of the late Timothy Leach, esq., formerly of Clapham, and of Court, Gracechurch-street; at her residence at Clapham, aged 84, Sept. 19. Maxwell, Dorothy, relict of the late John Waring Maxwell, esq., of Finebrough, Downshire; at Coleraine, aged 79, Sept. 1. Mcllroy, Jane Young Farquhar, the beloved wife of John Michel, esq., of Forchtell, Yorkshire, and Glassake, Kincardineshire, N. B., and only daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Athur Farquhar, K. C. B.; at Aberdeen, Sept. 22. Morris, John, Mr., Monmouth-street, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, aged 46, Aug. 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery. Morgan, Georgina, Charlotte, 2d daughter of Francis Morgan, esq.; at Catherington-house, Hants, aged 18, Sept. 2. Morrice, William, esq., merchant, formerly captain of the Royal Marines; at his house in Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park, after a few days' illness, aged 65, Sept. 2. Morson, Cecilia Rebecca, sister of John C. Constable, esq., Oak-house, Battersea, aged 74, Sept. 17. Napier, Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Lord Napier; at Kew Green, aged 10, Jan. 12. Nash, Mr. James, of Herefordshire, formerly a solicitor at Lincoln, a direct descendant of James Nash, M. P. for Herefordshire in 1377-99, branches of which family settled in Worscanteshire and Ireland, and up to a late period filled distinguished positions there, in Bristol, and London, and in their country's service. Of this family were Captain Nash of the Parliamentary Army, and General Nash, who fell in
the American war, 1777. By his first wife, a
tiece of Sir Brooke Watson, he has left numer-
ous descendants, aged 92.
Newton, Major-Gen. Thomas, of the Hon.
E.I.C.S.; at Mussoorie, Bengal, aged 59, June 23.
Osborn, Archib, son of Mr. Osborn, Kings
Road, Gray's-Inn-Lane, aged 12, August 31; 
South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Paxton, C. F., esq.; Sherwood Villa, De-
von, aged 46, Sept. 6.
Pennrose, Lidia, daughter of the late Rev.
John Penrose, rector of Fledborough, Notting-
ham; at Coleby, near Lincoln, aged 54, Aug. 26.
Pinkus, Hon. Algernon, Edward Tolle-
maache, youngest son of Lord and Lady Louth;
at Louth Hall, Ireland, of water on the brain,
Sept. 22.
Podmore, Rev. R. B.; Palton-house, War-
wickshire, aged 81, Sept. 4.
Poole, Joan, esq., Brixton-hill, aged 74, Aug.
31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Pugh, Richard, esq., Gracechurch-street,
aged 59, Aug. 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Raine, Eliza, relict of Jonathan, esq., bencher
of Lincoln's Inn; at Tonbridge Wells, Sept. 24.
Ramsey, Sir John, Bart., to the house
of the late Lieut.-Gen. Ramsay, Governor
of Antigua, aged 75, Aug. 29; South Me-
ropolis Cemetery.
Ratcliffe, Eleanor, widow of William, esq.,
of Wolverton Park, Bucks; at Stoney Stratford,
aged 87, Sept. 25.
Rebow, Lady Ormsby, wife of John G.
Rebow, esq., and only child of General Slater
Rebow, of Vewearne park, Essex; in Great
Cumberlard-place, in her 28th year, Sept. 17.
Roberts, Marianne, widow of the late Col.
Roberts, Upper George-street, Bryanstown-
square, Sept. 21.
Rogers, Sophia Amelia, wife of William
Thomas, esq.; at Earlton, aged 32, Sept. 18.
Rose, Henry, Mr., Norwood, Surry, aged 29,
Sept. 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Rolfe, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Rolfe,
est. Cheapside, aged 27, Sept. 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Russell, John, son of the late Sir William
Ollnall Russell, Chief Justice of Bengal; at
Liverpool, of typhus fever, aged 17, Sept. 22.
Silverwood, Mrs. P., Surry, Bucks, and Berks; was
most highly valued for professional skill and
experience, as well as for the most unflinching integrity, and
warmly beloved and esteemed by a large circle
of relatives and friends.
Somerset, Lord Edward.—When, says the
United Service Gazette, in our last we paid a
passing tribute to the bravery and distinguished
professional merits of the late Lord Vivian,
we did not anticipate that a similar task
would so soon be imposed on us by the
death of General Lord Edward Somerset,
brother to the Military Secretary to the Com-
mander-in-Chief. Such, however, we regret
to say, is the case, his Lordship having died on
Saturday, Sept. 3. Although the state of his
health had, for some time past, been delicate,
apprehensions of a serious nature were not
entertained until a few days previous to his death,
when the symptoms suddenly assumed a char-
acter which foreshadowed a speedy and fatal re-
result. The extent and nature of Lord Edward
Somerset's services must be well known to our
military readers. He was a gallant and zealous
officer, who fought his country's battles with
honor and credit in Holland and France, in the
Peninsula and at Waterloo, at which last-men-
tioned memorable struggle he led the House-
hold Brigade of Cavalry. For his gallantry at
Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, and
Toulouse, he was presented with a cross and
one clasp, in addition to which he was early re-
warded with the Star of the Bath, and subse-
quently promoted to the first class of that dis-
tinguished order. His foreign decorations con-
sisted of the Third Class of Maria Thersea of
Austria, of the Tower and Sword of Portugal,
and of St. Wladimir in March, 1836, he was removed from the colonelcy of the
Royal Dragoons to his old regiment, the 4th
Dragoons, which he had commanded in the
earlier part of his career in Spain and Por-
tugal. Lord Edward was frequently employed
upon the staff. The last appointment which
he held was that of Inspecting General of Ca-
vality, which the rules of the service compelled
him to relinquish upon his promotion to the
rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His commissions
bear date as follows:—Cornet, Feb. 4, 1793;
Lieutenant, Dec. 4, 1793; Captain, Aug. 28,
1794; Major, Nov. 21, 1799; Lieutenant-Colonel,
Dec. 25, 1800; Colonel, July 22, 1810; Major-General, June 4, 1813;
Lieutenant-General, May 27, 1825; General, Nov. 23, 1811. His Lordship was uncle to the present, and
brother of the late, Duke of Beaufort, and was in
his 68th year.
Smith, C., esq.; at Blackheath, and formerly
of the Adelphi, aged 83, Sept. 3.
Steiger, lady of Colonel, late Prefect of In-
terlaken; at Berne, in Switzerland.
Swin, Henry, Mr., Great Dover-street, South-
wark, aged 49, Aug. 27; South Metropolitan
Cemetery.
Swiff, Sarah, widow of Mr. Henry Swift,
Great Dover-street, Southwark, aged 59, Sept.
6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Thomas, Henrietta, relict of the late General;
at the residence of her son-in-law, Baron
Brownie Mill, Sept. 5.
Tothill, William, esq., a member of the So-
ciety of Friends, aged 83; at Eggham Hith,
Surrey, Aug. 4. He had passed sixty years in
the exercise of the medical profession in the
district surrounding Staines, in Middlesex,
Much attention to, the sick, the poor, and the
afflicted, was most highly valued for professional skill and experience, as
well as for the most unflinching integrity, and
warmly beloved and esteemed by a large circle
of relatives and friends.
Trotter, Alexander, esq., of Dregborn; at
Tricoupi, Aglaia, daughter of his Excellency
Shiridon Tricoupi, Greek Ambassador, Park-
square, St. Marylebone, aged 12, Sept. 13;
South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Tucker, Rev. James Justas, Chaplain on the
Bengal establishment, a clergyman distinguished
for his piety and charity, and for his useful
labor in promoting the objects of his sacred
profession: at sea, on board the Scotia, July 1.
Turner, Charles Hampden, jun., esq., of Lee-
place, Godstone, by the accidental explosion
of his gun, aged 39, Sept. 23.
Tynagle, Jane, widow of the late Colonel,
formerly of the 1st Life Guards; in Sloane-
street, aged 72, Sept. 25.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Vane, Rev. Robert Morgan, rector of Lowick and Isip, Northamptonshire, and chaplain to the Duke of Dorset; at Margate, aged 57, universally lamented, Aug. 27.

Vernon, John William, of Charing-cross, occasional by a fall from his horse; at Bexley, Sept. 15.

Wakley, Henry, esq., father of the Member for Finsbury, and a great agriculturist; at Menbury, Devon, aged 91, Aug. 26.


Way, Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Lewis Way; at Spencer-farm, Great Yeldham, Essex aged 20, Sept. 7.

Weston, Jessie, wife of Wm. Weston, esq., Trinity-square, Southwark, aged 22, Sept. 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Williams, Ellen Ridley, daughter of John Williams, esq., Fountain Court, Cheap side, a red 1 year and 12 days, Sept. 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Widdows, John, esq., of Copthall-court, London; at Stoke Newington, aged 31, Aug. 29.

Wilmut, Lucy, wife of W., esq., solicitor, Coventry, Sept. 4.

Wilson, Sophia, the dear wife of Major Thomas, of Titchfield, Hants, after a severe illness, Aug. 25.

Wilson, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Wilson, esq., of Islington Green; at Headingly, near Leeds, Sept. 26.

**Funeral of the Very Rev. Dr. Ireland.**

---The remains of the Very Rev. and Venerable Dr. Ireland, late Dean of Westminster, were consigned, Sept. 8th, to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The procession moved from the Doctor’s chambers in the cloisters precisely at ten o’clock, the moment of the conclusion of the morning service, and advanced slowly to Poets’ Corner, where the grave was prepared. The officiating clergyman was Lord John Thynne, sub-dean of the Abbey, who was attended by the Rev. Dr. Causton, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, the Rev. Mr. Jennings, and the Rev. Mr. Repton, canons, and by six minor canons, all in their canonicals. These were flanked by Mr. Gell, receiver, and by Mr. Vincent, chapter-clerk, of the Abbey, and followed by twelve singing-men, twelve choristers, with extra choristers from other churches. The remains were also accompanied by 12 alms-men, and by the numerous officers, beadle, vergers, &c., of the abbey, making a procession which stretched the entire length of the beautifully chaste and lofty aisle parallel with Henry the Seventh’s chapel. At the request of the venerable deceased, his remains were interred in the same grave with those of his lamented friend, the highly-gifted and celebrated Mr. Gifford, who, it is understood, expressed a dying wish to the same effect. During the chanting of the requiem, the appearance of Poets’ Corner was strikingly impressive, sinking deeply into the hearts of the spectators, who were numerous, respectable, and attentive. The following is the inscription on the coffin, which was plain and unadorned:—"The Very Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Dean of Westminster, died 23 September, 1842, aged 81 years." In a word, "He was a man, and take him for all in all, we shall seldom look upon his like again."

The Dean was evidently no ordinary character, and like that of his friend, Mr. Gifford, his early life was a chequered one, struggling with difficulties. Let others speak of him as a scholar, learned divine, and philanthropist, as he was in the true sense of the word. His benevolent actions while living were only known within the precincts of Westminster Abbey, as were his charitable donations at Isip, Ashburnton, and Oxford; and the disposition of the inward man may be collected from the following bequests in his will:—£1,000. for the Western Dispensary, after a life interest therein in Isip; £2,000. Westminster Hospital, after a life interest therein in Westminster; £5,000 for a chapel in Westminster; £2,000. King’s College, for promotion of religious education; £1,000. for society now forming in London for the education of the sons of clergymen; £1,000. trustees for poor persons in Ashburnton; £10,000. University of Oxford, for a professor of theology; £2,000. Oriel College, for an exhibition.

A plan of a printed alphabetical registration of marriages, births and deaths was proposed some years back to the 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, namely 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 somewhere 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 ——— in a recent number. — His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. Likewise also with persons marrying away 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 plain, even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life assurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual’s age.
MEMOIR OF THE LATE MOST NOBLE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the noble Marquis. The melancholy event took place at his Lordship's residence, Kingston-house, Brompton, between 3 and 4 o'clock a.m. September 26th. From the alarming symptoms of the last few days it was not unexpected.

An express was immediately sent off to the Duke of Wellington, who was on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The noble Duke immediately repaired to Apsley-house, and after staying a few minutes proceeded direct to convey the melancholy intelligence to his brother, the Earl of Maryborough, who is at Walmer Castle. A messenger was also sent to Sir R. Peel informing him of the occurrence.

Many years have elapsed since there was occasion to record the death of any man who enjoyed a more brilliant reputation than the Marquis Wellesley. Of noble birth, of eminent classical attainments he was justly admired as an elegant writer, and still more distinguished as an orator of acknowledged ability; but his genius as a statesman is known to have produced results the remote consequence of which it would be presumptuous to calculate, though its more immediate effects have been felt in every quarter of the world.

Richard Colley Wellesley, first (and last) Marquis Wellesley, was the eldest child of Garrett, first Earl of Mornington, and of Anne, Countess of Mornington, who was daughter of Sir replacement. The noble Marquis was born at the town residence of the family, in Grafton-street, Dublin, on the 20th of June, 1760; he was therefore in the 83d year of his age, and had been the subject of five successive sovereigns—namely, George II., George III., William IV., and Victoria. His Lordship's father died in 1781, but his mother survived her husband during the long period of half a century. Her Ladyship's death took place in 1831, at the advanced age of 89 years. She lived to see four of her sons attain to seats in the House of Lords by means of their own unaided merits, and in reward of public services never surpassed by any set of men, and certainly never equalled by the members of an individual family.

The late Lord Mornington, who was a man of great general abilities, and well remembered as a musical composer, devoted more than ordinary attention to the education of his numerous offspring, in which he was skilfully and efficiently seconded by Lady Mornington, whose life affords another confirmation of a remark often made, that men of genius are frequently indebted for a successful career to the beneficial influence of maternal superintendence and instruction.

The Marquis Wellesley, then by courtesy Viscount Wellesley, was at an early age placed at the most celebrated of English schools, Eton College, and in due time transferred to the University of Oxford. At both those great seats of learning the embryo statesman was eminently distinguished. His brothers (afterwards Lord Maryborough, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Cowley, and the Rev. Gerald Wellesley) attained to some honors in the course of their school and university education, but the eldest member of this celebrated family not only surpassed his relatives, but even stood high amongst the great body of his contemporaries at a period when classical attainments were in the highest repute, and when they were to many men objects of an ambition beyond which they indulged no higher aspiration.

His studies at the University being concluded, Viscount Wellesley returned to his native country, but had the misfortune to lose his father before he attained his majority. His first act on becoming of age was to assume the numerous pecuniary obligations of his father, and to place his estates under the prudent and upright management of his mother; it is, however, to be regretted, that though the first earl's debts were paid, his son was not able eventually to preserve the family estates. Like Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, and other distinguished statesmen, and like most men of genius, he proved an unsuccessful manager of pecuniary affairs.

Immediately on attaining his majority the Earl of Mornington took his seat in the Irish House of Peers, of which body he of course continued to be a member for the 19 years which preceded the Union. It was a theatre of operations, however, which did not prove too circumscribed for his abilities; and there is no reason to suppose that he was a frequent speaker in that assembly. The most remarkable proceeding in which he took any part as an Irish peer was the Regency question in 1789. It will be recollected that the British Houses of Parliament, on the illness of George III., proposed that the Prince of Wales, should assume the Royal authority, subject to certain restrictions, while the Irish Legislature proposed that his powers should be unrestricted. The Earl of Mornington was a strenuous supporter of the views taken in this country by the Regency question, contending that the full powers of the Crown should not be assumed by any one during what was hoped would prove but a temporary indisposition of the Sovereign. On the recovery of George III., his Majesty's attention was naturally called to the stand made.
by minorities in the Irish Houses of Parliament against that which was held to be unconstitutional in doctrine, as it was likely to prove dangerous in practice, to the sort of connexion which at that time subsisted between the two countries. The young Irish Earl frequently visited London, having been returned in 1784 to the British House of Commons, as member for Beveralston, and, owing to the part which he took in the Regency debates, as well as on account of the general evidences of brilliant talent which his Lordship found many occasions of displaying, the King appeared to take a warm interest in the rising fortunes of the young and ambitious statesman, who would not be content with less than the enjoyment of seats in both Houses of Parliament. At the next general election he was returned for the King’s borough of Windsor, sworn in a member of the Irish Privy Council, and elected one of the Knights of St. Patrick, which latter distinction, however, he resigned in 1810, on being elected Knight of the Garter.

Lord Mornington, soon after his entrance into the House of Commons, was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, and in 1793 sworn in a member of the British Privy Council. His Lordship made such rapid progress in the favor of the King and the confidence of the Minister, that even the post of Governor-General of India, was not deemed a situation too arduous for his powers, or too extended in the nature of its duties for the grasp of his comprehensive and vigorous intellect.

In the year 1797 he succeeded Lord Cornwallis in the Government of India, having been at the same time raised to the British Peerage by the title of Baron Wellesley, in right of which he continued to sit in the House of Lords. The Marquisate which he subsequently received was in the Irish Peerage; but as a British Peer he never attained to a higher rank that of Baron.

In the month of May the noble Marquis accompanied by his illustrious brother Col. Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, arrived in the mouth of the Ganges. The moment was critical; symptoms of rising commotion had become apparent. Bonaparte had accomplished the conquest of Egypt, and was supposed to mediate an attack upon our Indian possessions. The spirit of Tipu Saib, Sovereign of the Mysore, rankled under his losses; and emissaries from the French Government, encouraged him in his secret plans for the recovery of the district of Coimbatore and the hill fortresses which he had been compelled to surrender. The first step taken by Lord Mornington was to secure and fortify the island of Perim, which commands the entrance to the Straits of Babelmangeld; the next was to negotiate with Tipu for the purpose of inducing him to abstain from intercourse with the French. The Sultan, however, entertained a strong conviction that his true interests would be promoted by an alliance with the Directory of France. This being evident to the Governor General, he determined to strike an immediate blow, and the army, under General (afterwards Lord) Harris, was ordered to invest Seringapatam. The siege lasted a month—the town was taken by assault—the Sultan slain, and his dominions partitioned. The Governor-General was immediately raised a step in the Irish Peerage, when he received the title of Marquis Wellesley.

It need hardly be stated that these memorable results could never have been accomplished if prodigious exertions had not been made by the Indian Government in organizing native and improving British troops. The Capture of Seringapatam, which had been preceded by the victory achieved at Mallavelly, added at once to the renown of the army, and the anxieties of the Governor-General; but the wisdom of his policy has been as fully recognized as the influence of his success has been extensively experienced. After some deliberation, he justly determined upon restoring the ancient Hindoo race of Sovereigns, the representative of whom was then a child of five years old. A partition of the territory being made, the capital with the districts on the coast, including the port of Mangalore, was assigned to the East India Company. Compensation was made to some natives allies, and the remaining portion of Tipu’s territory was granted to the native Rajah with nominal sovereignty over the whole. So complete was this series of victories, that General Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) in one of his despatches, written at that period, and recently published by Col. Gurwood, says, that he “only waits to know what countries they are which the Governor-General wishes to take possession of,” as if all Asia had quailed under his triumphant dominion.

The efforts of the noble Marquis were directed to the important objects of enlarging our commercial intercourse between India and Europe; in this, however, the naturally jealous spirit of the East India Company opposed itself to his liberal designs, and the attempt was but partially successful. In no respect cooled by this disappointment, he applied himself with untiring energy to the duties of his station, making a viceregal progress through the northern provinces of India, visiting the Nabobs and native Princes in the full splendor of Asiatic magnificence, redressing grievances, creating friends and allies, repulsing open or concealed enemies, and laying upon a broad basis the foundations of an empire which the potentates of Europe regard with envy, and to which our remotest posterity will look back with astonishment and admiration.

In 1801 the Governor-General despatched a considerable force up the Red Sea to assist in wresting Egypt from the power of the
French. He next turned the British arms against the Mahrattas, and after a sharp struggle the whole country between the Jumna and the Ganges, compelling Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to make peace. On these events followed the splendid victory obtained by Major-Gen. Wellesley and the troops under his command at Assaye, and, finally, the battle of Lasswari, which terminated a war not less remarkable for the prudence and wisdom with which it was directed, than for the military achievements by which it was brought to a successful issue.

After six or seven years of service in the East, Lord Wellesley naturally became desirous of returning to England; but his services were of such importance in India, that even a change in the administration at home was not followed by his recall. In consequence of his financial plan, the revenue of the company had been raised from seven millions to upwards of 15 millions annually, with advantage to commerce, and without injustice to the inhabitants.

In the year 1806 he was, at his own request, re-called from the Government of India, and, as might be expected, everything was done in this country by the East India Company, and by the Ministers of the Crown, to mark the deep sense which they entertained of his splendid services. Nevertheless there those who thought that his administration had been enormously expensive, not to say extravagant, and that he was guilty of great injustice to the native powers, particularly to the Nabob of Oude. By his accusers, it was forgotten that the critical circumstances of the time compelled a vast expenditure, and that his conduct towards the Indian princes was justified by their persevering hostility; yet in those days there was a member of the House of Commons, a Mr. Paul, who presented articles of impeachment against him, but they were soon withdrawn, and a vote was obtained in his favor.

The Marquis Wellesley had long been separated from his wife, and her Ladyship did not accompany him to India. He was married on the 1st of November, 1794, to Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland, only daughter of Mons. Pierre Roland. They had had several children, but separated very soon after marriage, without any further issue, and were not afterwards reconciled. Her Ladyship died in 1816, and Lord Wellesley, on the 29th of October, 1825, a second time contracted matrimony, being then at the advanced age of 63. On that occasion he was married to Marianne, daughter of Mr. Richard Caton, and widow of Mr. Robert Patterson. The present Marchioness, who had no family by the Marquis, is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen Dowager.

The Marquis on his return from India, again took part in the proceedings of Parliament, and though he cordially supported the war against Bonaparte, he was by no means a strenuous partisan of all the measures of Mr. Perceval’s, or even of Lord Liverpool’s Government, and gradually evinced that leaning towards what are called Liberal politics, which, at a later period of his life, led to his connexion with the Ministry of Lord Grey, and probably prevented his having any share in the conduct of public affairs when his illustrious brother was at the head of the Government.

In the year 1807, the Duke of Portland being Minister, the King wished Lord Wellesley to be appointed one of the Secretaries of State; but he did not then accept office. In 1809 he took rather a prominent part in vindicating the expedition to Copenhagen, in which, as usual, he eminently distinguished himself. He was soon afterwards appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Spain, but was prevented by the discordant opinions upon Spanish affairs in the State councils from embarking soon enough to excite the Spanish Junta to the requisite efforts for opening the campaign. It required but a short residence in Spain to convince him how much the success of any resistance to Bonaparte must depend upon British exertions; his Lordship accordingly insisted on the recall of Cuesta; advised the immediate appointment of a Regency, and a convocation of the Cortes, as the only means of giving the weight of nationality to their proceedings.

Dissensions in the British Cabinet, and the fact that in the Peninsula military services were more required than diplomatic negotiations, caused the speedy return of the noble Marquis. On the death of the Duke of Portland, the Perceval Government was formed, and the Marquis Wellesley, after considerable negotiation, was prevailed upon to accept the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This he held from the month of December, 1809, till January, 1812, but differing from his colleagues on the Roman Catholic claims, and on other material points, he withdrew from the Government.

On the assassination of Mr. Perceval, which took place in the month of May following, the Prince Regent was evidently anxious that Lord Wellesley should form a part of the new Government then about to be constructed. The noble Marquis was immediately commissioned to form an Administration, but did not succeed in accomplishing that object, and it was not until the 6th of June that Lord Liverpool could announce in Parliament the fact that he was himself at the head of the Government. Shortly after the formation of the new Ministry, Mr. Canning carried in the House of Commons a motion favorable to Roman Catholic claims; a similar motion was made in the Upper House by the Marquis Wellesley on the 1st of July, which was lost by a na-
iority of one, and that one a proxy. His Lordship then remained in the opposition for about ten years, in the early part of which period he frequently called the attention of Parliament to the situation in which his illustrious brother was placed in the Peninsula. For want of sufficient co-operation on the part of the Spanish Government, as well as on account of being frequently disappointed respecting the reinforcements which he was taught to look for from this country, the noble Duke struggled rather to maintain a glorious existence by a series of surprising victories than to effect the expulsion of the French. Lord Wellesley described the conduct of the Spanish Government as feeble, irregular, and ill-directed; while he depicted the system adopted by the British Ministers as "timid without prudence, and narrow without economy—profuse without the fruits of expenditure, and slow without the benefits of caution." Early in the spring of the ensuing year he demanded a Parliamentary committee to enquire into the circumstances and result of the last campaign in the Spanish Peninsula; the motion was, however, negatived by a majority of 96.

The next occasion upon which Lord Wellesley took an active part in the business of Parliament was in the year 1815, when he condemned in unqualified terms the disregard to commercial interests that prevailed in the treaties by which the peace of Europe was then consolidated. The transition from war to peace, and the consequent want of employment, led to much discontent and tumult throughout the country; this was followed by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and drastic measures. On these occasions the Ministers of the day found in the Marquis an active and formidable opponent.

Lord Wellesley once more came into power as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1822, Sir Robert Peel being the Home Secretary. The "shaping" of his Lordship upon the subject of Catholic claims made his appointment to the Vice-regal government of Ireland extremely unpopular with the Protestant party in that country. The expectations of the Roman Catholics were proportionably raised, and his arrival was converted into a signal for the renewed jealousy and rancour of both parties. The noble Marquis pursued what was called a conciliatory policy, but this did not protect him from very evident manifestations of public odium, and a daring personal attack made upon him on his visit to the theatre in Dublin. This led to judicial proceedings, in which the Orange party considered that they obtained a signal triumph; and the reader need hardly be reminded that these events gave rise to several long discussions in Parliament, which were carried on with much heat and animosity.

His Lordship's government of Ireland commenced with disturbances, insurrections, and conflagrations in the southern counties, which almost reached the suburbs of the capital itself, and these were necessarily followed by the operation of the Insurrection Act and other coercive measures. There never was a period of his life in which Lord Wellesley had greater difficulties to overcome than while governing his native country; and though his Irish Administration was not attended with the same brilliant success which marked his Indian career, yet it cannot be denied that on most occasions during this period he evinced great wisdom, discretion, and impartiality.

The illness and consequent retirement from public life of the Earl of Liverpool had no effect upon the position of the noble Marquis as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for neither Mr. Canning nor Lord Goderich (now Earl of Ripon) were adverse to the claims of the Roman Catholics. The Duke of Wellington was the next Prime Minister. Whatever might be the hopes and intentions of his Grace, he certainly did not think it expedient to begin his administration by making an announcement which he knew must be unpalatable to the King, which he afterwards found the utmost difficulty in prevailing on His Majesty to adopt, and which at that moment he might have found it impossible to render acceptable to the country. The noble Marquis was then withdrawn from the vice-regal Government, and continued out of office till the accession to power of Earl Grey, when a second time he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, having previously for a short period filled the office of Lord Steward. The Administration of Sir Robert Peel, 1834-5, Lord Wellesley was of course out of office; but on the formation of the second Melbourne Ministry, in April, 1835, he accepted the appointment of Lord Chamberlain. His Lordship, however, resigned it in the course of the same year, and never after held any public employment. He had, at that period, attained the very advanced age of 77; his health began to decline; with the exception of his brothers, the friends of his early years had withdrawn into retirement, or sunk into the grave; and the venerable statesman who had devoted half a century to the service of three successive Sovereigns—who had lived to see the wisdom of his Indian Government gratefully acknowledged not only by his early contemporaries, but confirmed by subsequent events, and ratified by a succeeding generation—though the time had at length arrived for that season of repose which it is so desirable should intervene between the cessation of active pursuits and the close of human existence.

Although occasionally differing from his brother, the Duke of Wellington, on political matters, no interruption of fraternal affection
ever took place between those distinguished members of a distinguished family, and his Grace is well known to have been a frequent visitor at Kingston-house, where the noble Marquis resided for many years previous to his decease.

His Lordship is the author of Substance of a Speech in the House of Commons on the Address, 1794; Notes relative to the Peace concluded with the Mahattas, in which he has given a succinct history of Indian affairs; Letters to the Government of Fort St. George related to the new seat of the East India Company established there; Letters to the Directors of the East India Company on the India trade, &c.

As his policy led him to lay great stress on the influence of the public press, he is believed to be author of many other publications of a temporary political character. A collection of his despatches has also been recently published.

Although the title and the surname of the deceased Marquis was Wellesley, yet the family, from which he was paternally descended was the ancient house of Cowley or Cooley, a member of which was Walter Cowley, Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1537. The first Baron Mornington, on succeeding to the estates of his cousin, Garret Wellesley, Esq., assumed the name of that family, which has ever since been borne by his successors in the peerage. The Wellesleys, or, as it was formerly spelt, the Wesleyes, were of Anglo-Saxon origin, but the Irish branch was founded by a person who was standard beater to Henry II., and who accompanied that monarch to Ireland in 1172. He there obtained for his military services large grants of land in the countries of Meath and Kildare, a considerable portion of which his descendants enjoyed up to a recent period. And, with the title of earl of Mornington, the Earls of Mornington, the Viscount Wellesley, and the Barony of Mornington, in the peerage of Ireland, descend to his next brother, Lord Maryborough, because these were honors which their ancestors had enjoyed. Lord Maryborough, now Earl of Mornington, is in his 70th year. He assumed the name of Pole on inheriting the estates of his cousin, William Pole, of Ballyfin. His Lordship's eldest son, the Hon. William Pole Tynney Long Wellesley, married, as is well known, the daughter and heiress of Sir James Tynney Long, bart.; this lady died in 1825, and Mr. Wellesley married, in 1828, the third daughter of Col. Paterson and relict of Edward Bligh, Esq. Mr. Long Wellesley will now enjoy the courtesy title of Viscount Wellesley, or that of Lord Maryborough, whichever he may choose.

The number of families put into mourning by the event is of course considerable, including those of Lord Maryborough, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Cowley, the Hon. and Rev. Gerald V. Wellesley, the Earl of Westmorland, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Cadogan, Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Robert Grosvenor, the Earl of Winchelsea, &c.

By the death of the Marquis, a stall in the Order of the Garter falls to the patronage of Ministers, and the office of custos rotulorum of the county of Meath also becomes vacant. The Marquis was a Knight of the Turkish order of the Crescent, and of the Persian order of the Lion and Sun.

The following is a brief statement in chronological order of the offices held by the noble Marquis, the public proceedings in which he participated, and the chief events of his Parliamentary and private life:

Born, June 20, 1760.—Succeeded his father in the Irish honors, May 29, 1774.—Elected a Knight of St. Patrick, 1783.—Sworn of the Irish Privy Council, 1793.—Returned to the British House of Commons for Beeralent, 1783.—Returned for New Windsor subsequently; created a British Privy Councillor, 1793.—Married his first wife, November 29, 1794.—Appointed Governor-General of India, 1797.—Created a British Peer as Baron Wellesley, Oct. 20, 1797.—Created Marquis Wellesley, Dec. 2, 1799.—Returned from India, 1805.—Appointed Ambassador to the Supreme Central Junta of Spain, July, 28, 1809.—Returned, Dec., 1809.—Appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Dec., 1809.—Elected a Knight of the Garter, and resigned the Order of St. Patrick, 1810.—Resigned the office of Foreign Secretary, June, 1812.—Appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the first time, Dec. 1821.—Married his second wife, Oct., 1825.—Resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy, March, 1829.—Appointed Lord Steward, 1831.—Re-elected, 1833.—Appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time, Sept. 1833.—Resigned a second time, Dec., 1834.—Appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Household, April, 1835.—Resigned the Lord-Chamberlainship the same year—Died, Sept. 26th 1842.

On the 2nd of November, 1837, the East India Company came to a resolution to the effect that they had reason to believe that the Marquis Wellesley was involved in pecuniary difficulties, and that, therefore, they deemed it to be their duty to offer him some further acknowledgment of his distinguished services. The resolution proceeded to state that, on the fall of Seringapatam, the sum of 100,000l. was set apart for the Marquis of Wellesley—a grant which, on his suggestion, was abandoned to the army. It was afterwards determined to vote him an annuity of 5,000l., which had ever since been paid; but the Court of Proprietors believed that the noble Marquis derived very little benefit from the grant, and under those circumstances it was resolved that the sum of
20,000l. be placed in the hands of the chairman, the deputy-chairman, and two other persons as trustees, to be applied for the use and benefit of the Marquis of Wellesley, in such manner as they may think fit.

This grant was accepted and acknowledged by his Lordship in a letter addressed to the chairman.

The Marquis enjoyed a pension of 2,693l. as Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer in Ireland.—Times.

GOLD LOCK.—Messrs. Chubb and Son have lately made a most minute piece of workmanship. It consists of an extremely small detector padlock made of gold, and weighing only 17½ grains, but containing all the ordinary mechanism, and even the detecting apparatus of a complete lock. This miniature specimen of the locksmith’s art is set in a ring not larger than those in ordinary use, and the proportions are so minute that, except upon close inspection, the skill which has been expended upon it would escape observation. It seems only a subject of regret that so much ingenuity should have been expended in producing a perfectly useless toy.

FINES.—News from St. Petersburg of Sept. 16, states that the greater part of the city of Kazan had been destroyed by fire; 1,300 houses had been burnt down (400 of which were of stone), and twelve churches. No English insurance companies are mentioned as sufferers. Whilst on the subject of Insurances, we cannot but bear our personal testimony to the great credit obtained by our countrymen abroad in a late continental conflagration, in consequence of the highly honorable conduct of the “Sun” Insurance Company, whilst the French Insurance Offices will probably never again receive one farthing from those who formerly supposed them to be in their mean spirit of litigation in the same matter—Hamburg. Nor ought we to omit to enumerate the Globe and Phoenix Assurance Companies, which establishments we are told sent over directors with bags of gold, nobly to liquidate their losses.

Custom-House Frauds.—We have often had to crave our readers’ indulgence on account of delays at the Custom-house, London. We have also made loud and frequent complaints against the system of fraud, favoritism, and carelessness practised there, and the truth is now proclaimed abroad, that, as elsewhere, there have been gross frauds practised. We wish the Chancellor of the Exchequer would honor us with a visit, then we would shew him how nicely, how cleverly, how certainly, we could pilfer the dues, as we have been pilfered.

APPROACHES OF THE MOON TO JUPITER.—Near midnight, October 10, the conjunction will be very beautiful, should the night be unclouded. November 7th the planet will emerge from the western limb of the moon; in the evening between five and six o’clock; but the emersion happening before the sun is set will not be observable in England. Jupiter has been occulted by the moon every time she has passed him during the present year, excepting in January and February, and there will be no occultation in Dec. next. The large solar spot which was near the sun’s eastern limb, reached the centre of that body September 10. A row of new spots then appeared to the westward of the large spot, and also a small one below, or to the south.

LONGEVITY.—A woman named Tanglai, lately died in Paris, aged 103 years, whose youngest child is 78 years of age.

ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The marriage of S. A. R. Madn. the Princess Sophia will, it is said, take place this day, the 1st of October. The newly-married couple intend passing a few days at Weimar. S. M. the Comte de Nassau will assist at the ceremony.

Isabella II., Queen of Spain, will on the 12th of this month complete the 12th year of her age. This is the age at which, according to the text of the ancient Spanish law, the minority ceases. The Spanish constitution not having modified those laws, Queen Isabella will therefore be at the end of her minority next month, and on the day on which she attains that age the functions of M. Arguelles will cease, as well as those of Queen Christina.

INVENTING THE KING OF SAXONY WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.—The Lightning steam-vessel Lieutenant-Commander George Snell, left Woolwich on Monday Sept. 26 for Hamburg, with the Earl of Wilton, Lord Charles Wellesley, Sir W. Young, and several members attached to the British Court on board, having full powers to invest the King of Saxony with the Most Noble Order of the Garter—the object of their mission to the Continent.

HER MAJESTY’S BANQUET.—This splendid entertainment took place on Monday the 26th Sept., at Windsor Castle; covers were laid for thirty-five persons. The Royal and illustrious party included Her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, His Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick of Austria, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Sterlitz, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, their Royal Highnesses Prince George and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, his Highness Prince Esterhazy, the Countess of Mount-Edgcumbe, Lady Charlotte Dundas, the Hon. Misses Stanley and Paget, the Lady in Waiting on the Duchess of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess of Jersey and Lady Clementina Villiers, the Earl of Aberdeen, Baron Holler. Baron de Lebzeltern, Chevalier de Marinovich, Chevalier
de Kœchell, le Capitaine Dumont, Comte de Karoly, Baron Stockmar, Sir George and Lady Couper, the Earl of Hardwicke, Mr. Ormesby Gore, Major-General and Lady Isabella Wemyss, Colonel Arbuthnott, Colonel Bouvier, Dr. Primoris, and the Hon. C. A. Murray. In the evening a special messenger arrived to announce to his Grace the Duke of Wellington the death of his brother; the noble Duke immediately proceeded to town.

PRESENT TO THE QUEEN.—We have great pleasure in recording the following pleasing instance of Her Majesty's considerate regard to a class of her subjects who, although denied the gratification which so many thousands of people enjoyed, of seeing Her Majesty in her Royal progress in Scotland, and of witnessing the splendor and magnificence of Her Majesty's reception, are nevertheless animated by a devoted loyalty to their beloved Queen, and have felt as cordial an interest in all that they have heard of Her Majesty's visit to Scotland, as any of the subjects of the realm. The inmates of the Glasgow Asylum for the Blind, on hearing of Her Majesty's intention to visit Scotland, prepared, in their own quiet way, under the direction of the matron and her assistant, an offering for Her Majesty, which was transmitted by Mr. Alston, the honorary treasurer, to Lady Belhaven, who takes an active and benevolent interest in the institution, and was presented by her to the Queen when her Majesty was at Taymouth Castle. The present consisted of a beautiful hassock, knitted with silk and worsted, gracefully fringed, and lined with satin, and intended for a sofa pillow. The hassock was ornamented with several other ingenious specimens of the work of the blind, including a pretty play-ball for the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept the present, and expressed her admiration of the taste displayed in the workmanship, by commissioning four more hassocks of the same description to be made for Her Majesty; and we are delighted to add, that Her Majesty, by way of marking her sense of the feeling which prompted this offering on the part of the blind, was graciously pleased to transmit, through Lady Belhaven, the sum of 10l. for the Glasgow Asylum for the Blind. At the same time Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland requested Lady Belhaven to order three hassocks, of exactly the same kind as had been presented to Her Majesty, to be made for her Grace. We are also informed that Lady Campbell, the amiable lady of the Lord Provost, has commissioned two of the Queen's hassocks.

TARTANS.—The determination expressed by Her Majesty since her return from Scotland of honoring by her patronage this national manufacture, and thereby setting a fashion which her fair subjects will not be slow to follow, has excited much disappointment in the clothing trade, the principal houses of which have already entered into engagements with the manufacturers for the supply of their winter stock. In anticipation of the demand for woollen fabrics, which the cold season naturally occasions, the supply is by this time provided; and as plaids and tartans a month since were apparently destined to comparative oblivion, the present change in the public taste will have the effect only of checking the consumption of the ordinary fancy articles, without materially benefitting the particular branch it would seem to encourage.

THE QUEEN AND THE LAIRD OF BALLEN-GERICH.—When Her Majesty visited Stirling Castle, the Governor, Sir Archibald Christie, directed the Queen's attention to an old chair which was placed on the top of the flight of steps leading to his house, which had been attached to it, printed upon a piece of white satin, the following: — "The identical chair on which James V. sat, when the following circumstance, narrated in the Statistical Account, happened: —Being once benighted when out a hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor, at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gudeman (i.e. landlord, farmer,) desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that rosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the castle and inquire for the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich.' Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich,' when his astonishment at finding that the King had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers, and to carry on the pleasantry he was henceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine (now Earl) of Mar, till very lately." The last King of the Moors, John Donaldson, died at Ballochleam, in Stirlingshire, 28 years ago, aged 93. He would not allow the chair to be tossed, or even moved, affirming that while he lived no harm should come to it. Her Majesty smiled to Sir Archibald, and bore off the printed cloth. The chair above-mentioned was brought to Stirling by Mr. Hamilton of the Falkirk toddy. It belongs to his wife's relatives at Denny. She herself is grand-daughter of the last King of the Moors; and their anxious wish was that Her Majesty should have placed herself in it. This the Queen did not do; but to gratify all
parties she touched it, and carried off the anecdote as narrated; the printed piece of satin was bound round by Her Majesty's embroidery for Scotland, Mrs. Wright of Edinburgh.

While Prince Albert and the Marquis of Breadalbane were enjoying the sports of the hills one morning early, Her Majesty and the Marchioness had a private walk through part of the extensive grounds. In the course of their excursion they paid a visit to the dairy, which is fitted up in a style every way becoming the princely mansion to which it is attached. After several minute inquiries of the principal dairymaid regarding the different varieties of cheese made within the premises, her Majesty asked whether any porridge had been made that morning, significantly enough letting it be understood that she would have no objection to partake of our homely fare. The dairymaid not being aware of the exalted rank of the lady who was addressing her, after politely stating that the dairy was not the usual place where such a dish was manufactured, presented her Majesty with as near a substitute as she could—some oat cakes and cream. Her Majesty partook heartily of the homely fare, and on going away forgot not to present a small portrait of herself to the dairymaid, to remind her in after years of the Royal visit to Taymouth.

The Right Hon. Fox Maule's Brooch presented to Her Majesty.—This Right Hon. individual when at Taymouth Castle as the guest of the Marquis of Breadalbane, during the Queen's visit to that magnificent seat, wore on the first evening at dinner a superb brooch of considerable value to confine his plaid on the shoulder. Her Majesty was pleased to admire it, and on the succeeding morning the Right Hon. gentleman presented it to Her Majesty, by whom it was graciously accepted, and both at Taymouth and Drummond Castle the brooch was used by the Queen in the velvet plaid of the Royal Stuart tartan, worn every evening during dinner by Her Majesty.

Hereditary Great Constable of Scotland.—The Earl of Erroll did not proceed to Edinburgh during Her Majesty's visit there, as in consequence of the almost unlimited power possessed by the Hereditary Great Constable of Scotland, his Lordship's presence there in virtue of this high office would to a certain degree interfere with the Royal wish that the Queen's visit should be as strictly private as was compatible with the Royal dignity. This distinguished office was conferred on Lord Erroll's ancestor by Robert Bruce in the year 1315, in right of which Lord Erroll ranks as the first subject in Scotland, and in all public processions and ceremonies is stationed at the right hand of the Sovereign.

The inconvenience experienced by Her Majesty during the recent voyage to Scotland, on account of the comparatively slow progress of the Royal yacht, has induced the Board of Admiralty to order a steam-vessel to be constructed forthwith, with every possible convenience for her Majesty's accommodation, whenever she may indulge the wish to take a trip to sea. Royal progresses are always rapid, relays being provided, and the pace great in land travelling; and the Queen's predilections in this respect are similar to those of her august ancestors, for her Majesty not only makes all her journeys as quickly as possible, but avails herself of the railway to travel from Windsor to London. It becomes then most desirable that the most expeditious mode of conveyance from point to point should be secured at sea; not only on account of the time saved, but that the confinement on board a vessel for successive days, under any circumstances, is not very agreeable. It is by some considered a reflection on our steam navy that a vessel should have been hired from a private company to convey her Majesty from Edinburgh to London, whilst several Government steam-vessels were on the spot; but persons who indulge such cavilling propensities forget that to alter the fittings of one of these vessels, so as to make her equal in accommodation to others expressly intended for the conveyance of passengers, would have required more time than could be appropriated to the purpose; and as steam-vessels of war carrying heavy guns are of stouter scantling than passage vessels, it follows that they cannot be propelled with equal velocity, without increased power. For all these reasons we are gratified to learn that their Lordships have resolved in future that nothing shall be wanting in this respect, and when the Royal steam yacht is available, we trust her Majesty may be induced to take repeated trips to sea, to visit other parts of her dominions, not forgetting the splendid ships of her fleet, and bestow the light of her countenance occasionally on those brave and loyal tars who form the bulwark of her kingdom. The recent hiring of the steam vessels, we have heard, was to the tune of 7,000l.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

In our Magazine for September, we left Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert on the high seas. After a short sojourn in the North, marked with peculiar delight by the good people of "the Land o' Cakes," Her Majesty returned to England in good health, with a mind most gratefully impressed towards that honest people. Such is the brief outline with which we must this month content ourselves, but we feel that in our next we must make the account of this pleasure trip, the subject of an enlarged historical record.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
VERSUS
WRITTEN BY THE LATE MARQUIS WELLESLEY, * K.G., AND PRESENTED BY HIS LORDSHIP TO
R. M. S. MARTIN, ON MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1842.

S O D A.


O Fons Salutis! Vita! Fides mea!
Tumultuos qui mala pectoris
Compescis, et morbi furores
Attenuas, saliente lymphâ;

Musis sodali sub Camerario †
Praestes novellam Castaliam mihi;
Salvumque dilectis amicis
Restitues, animosque reddes;

Sparsim remotas condis origines
Arcana rerum subter, et abditus
Nascentis ad terræ recessus,
Primigenique elementa mundi:

Unde ausa in auras te trahere, et leves
Miscere doctâ particulas manu
Cohors medentâm, ut rivus orbi
Mirificâ fluctuat austus arte.

Agnosce Patris munera! Quem Deum
Agnoscit, omni parte operis Sui,
Ad Solis occasus et ortus,
Terra, Mare, ætherumque Cœlum.

Fountain of health! and hope! and faith! and life!
That quell st my tortured bosom's restless strive;
And, to relieve my agonizing dreams,
Pour st forth thy crystal, cool, bright, salient streams.
Under the hand of classic Chambers placed,
A new Castalia freshens to my taste;
Inspires new life, and spirit, and again
Leads me revived to the gay haunts of men.
In nature's secrets hid, thy birth-place lies,
Far scattered, deep, remote from human eyes,
Amid the germs that first gave nature birth,
And the primeval elements of earth;
Whence dared to draw Thee to earth's airs, and blend
Thy lightsome texture in one glorious end,
Machæon's race; and spread thy wholesome streams
Where'er the sun extends his living beams.
Acknowledge God's good gifts; whose bounteous hand
His works acknowledge all through main and land,
Where'er the sun sinks low, or rises high,
The earth, the sea, and the æthereal sky.

Aug. 22, 1842.

* See Memoir of the Marquis of Wellesley, page 113, in our last. † Dr. Chambers.
ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

It was at the end of the month of September in the year 1842, that Bristol became the open scene of one of the most romantic incidents in real life—romantic indeed and extraordinary beyond compare, with anything which for ages has met our notice—and the more extraordinary, since there seems not to be any rational reason, or probable cause for the trick, which, nevertheless, makes the whole a more agreeable absurdity.

The victim of the hoax or plot was a highly respectable merchant of that city—named Wookey; the fair enchantress—a Miss Bryers—Wookey Bryers—soft thorns on which to rack his gold-susceptible heart, and the real name of the willingly victimized bride, a name which, in this early stage, we will refrain from mentioning, since it would in some degree destroy the full measure of romance, a ——— of birth, parentage and education such as will in our subsequent pages fully develop themselves.

But the strangest of all strange things is, that not merely was the unfortunate dupe tricked with heartless thoughtlessness into a false marriage, but that the circumstances should be brought to the knowledge of the public, under so very serious a charge before the magistrates of that city, against Mr. Wookey for having conspired to defraud a goldsmith of a lady's gold watch and chain; independently, of an anxious wish to amuse our readers with this cruel history of love's torturings and cupid's shafts on the one hand, we think we are performing something of a public duty in exposing this gilded system of entrapping matrimonial-fortunewishers.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Wookey has been, it appears, for the last five years a widower, and Miss Bryers, who is now about 22 years of age, and whom he has brought up and educated from the early age of eight years, resided with him in the New Cut. About six months since, Miss Bryers intimated to him that a lady whom she knew, and whose property was worth £47,000., had accidentally seen him, and had on the instant fallen in love with him; that she had striven long to conquer her passion, but in vain; that her declining health bore testimony to the intensity of the struggle; and that, as a last resource, she had communicated her passion to her (Miss Bryers), with a view to her sounding her brother-in-law as to the state of his heart, with much more sufficiently noetical absurdity. Hearing this tale, Mr. Wookey, being of course most anxious to know who the lady was, pressed Miss Bryers to inform him who the fair inamorata might be, and was at length told by her that she was Miss ———, a lady of the first family and respectability. Mr. Wookey, who had satisfied himself the lady whose name was mentioned to him, oddly enough agreed to reciprocate the alleged affection, and pressed anxiously for an interview. To this, Miss Bryers replied, that such a course was entirely out of the question, for should the relations of the lady arrive at the knowledge that such an acquaintance existed, they would immediately have her removed, her peace of mind would be ruined for ever, and Mr. Wookey's chance of the £47,000 would be destroyed. To mitigate the rigor of this sentence, however, a tender correspondence was fabricated and carried on in the lady's name (who was all the while unconscious of even Mr. Wookey's existence) through Miss Bryers, and in answer to one of those tender billets, Mr. Wookey pledged his honor and not to seek an interview with the lady until it could be safely granted. The matter having been mentioned to some confidential friend by Mr. Wookey, it was suggested to him that he ought to be better assured of the truth of the affair, and that it might be a hoax. This insinuation was, however, indignantly met by Mr. Wookey with the reply, "could they suppose that she whom he had brought up as his own child from the early age of eight years, whom he had ever treated in the most kind and indulgent manner, would attempt or be a party to the playing off of any trick upon him who might be considered as her father?" His friend still remaining incredulous, Mr. Wookey said he would write a letter to Miss ———, which should be taken by Miss Bryers, and that to satisfy himself of her truth, a female, the wife of a person in his employment, should see whether she went with it to the house where the lady resided. This was done, and Miss Bryers was watched by the female to the door of Miss—-'.s house. Shortly afterwards, some circumstances transpired from which he was again led to think that a trick was being
played him; and, determined to make assurance doubly sure, he mentioned his suspicions to Miss Bryers, wrote a letter to Miss ——, and proposed himself to accompany Miss Bryers to the door of the lady's house, and to wait outside for an answer. Miss Bryers, nothing daunted, reproached him for entertaining the slightest suspicion, and said that she should be most happy to convince him, and that he had better at once write the letter, and they would walk together with it to the house in which the lady resided. This was accordingly done, and on reaching the house, Miss Bryers knocked at the door, and having ascertained that the lady was at home, sent in her card (both being personally wholly unknown), and desired Mr. Wooley to wait for her. She then went with unparalleled effrontery introduced herself into the presence of the lady. Being requested to be seated, she apologized for her intrusion, but that being informed that Miss —— was very kind in administering relief and religious consolation to the poor, she had presumed to solicit her to visit a poor woman at a place in Cathay, which she named, to administer some relief to her mind. That the poor woman did not need pecuniary assistance, as she (Miss Bryers) had procured for her everything which was necessary. The lady replied, that it was true she was ever so happy to contribute to the relief of suffering, if possible, but that with respect to religious consolation, she thought the clergyman of the parish was the proper person to be applied to. Miss Bryers immediately acknowledged that this was the proper course, and having apologized for troubling Miss ——, requested to be allowed to write a note to the gentleman soliciting his aid. This was, of course, acceded to, and Miss Bryers sat down to write the note, but instead of writing to the clergyman, she penned an amorous answer to Mr. Wooley's letter, in the name of the lady in whose house and presence she was, in which she recommended him to finish, and used a wafer instead of a seal, she wished the lady good morning, and having rejoined Mr. Wooley in the street, she triumphantly produced the note, still wet, told him Miss —— was much annoyed at his suspicions, and, in fact, completely convinced the too credulous Mr. Wooley that all things were proceeding rightly for his marriage with the lady. The correspondence continued uninterruptedly between the parties, and at length Miss Bryers, producing a very handsome ring, with the initials of the lady engraved upon it, told him that she had sent it with the request that he would wear it for her sake. Things being in this state, it was arranged, on this semi-fictional correspondence, that £20,000 of the lady's property should be settled on herself, while the other portion should be at her husband's disposal. A request was also made that they should exchange watches, and Miss Bryers produced a neat lady's gold watch and chain, which the police reports show that, together with the ring, she had procured from Mr. Jones. Mr. Wooley was, of course, delighted, and immediately handed Miss Bryers a very valuable gold watch, &c., which he wore. Mr. Wooley then became most anxious for the lady to name the happy day, but Miss Bryers told him that before he married, as he had been a widower for some time, he ought to refurbish certain portions of his house in a style befitting the reception of a lady. This was, of course agreed to. Miss Bryers was directed to select the necessary furniture, and on her handing in the various bills cash was given her to discharge them. At this period this artful young lady, in order to still further blind her too-credulous relative to her machinations, requested him to accompany her to make a morning call upon the lady of one of the first merchants, at her residence at Clifton, and told him that this lady was most intimate with Miss ——, and would no doubt induce her to immediately name the day. Mr. Wooley, accordingly, accompanied her in the carriage to Clifton to the house of Mrs. ——. When they arrived there, Miss Bryers persuaded him not to enter the house, but to remain in the carriage while she went in and spoke to Mrs. —— upon the subject, as they should not be able to converse freely in his presence. Miss Bryers then went into the house, and on being introduced to Mrs. ——, whom she had not at all known previously, informed her that she had been taken suddenly ill at her door, &c. It is needless to say that the lady, of course, sympathized with her for her illness, and persuaded her to take a little glass of wine, which might recover her. The artful girl did so, and took care to spill a portion of the wine on her cambic handkerchief; she then assured the lady of the house that she felt better, and having returned to the carriage told Mr. Wooley that she was sorry to have detained him so long, but that Mrs. —— had promised to go immediately to Miss ——, and that she would make her have a glass of wine, and, "bless me," added she, "I declare I have spilt some of the wine over my handkerchief." If any doubts whatever had remained in Mr. Wooley's mind he must have been more incredulous than the generality of men if he had any longer entertained the slightest suspicion, and accordingly he procured the license for their marriage in Redcliff church. Bridal dresses and presents were prepared, bride-cake ordered, and every arrangement made for the performance of the ceremony; on the day preceding which, however, a strange series of events took place. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Wooley sent to the house of the Reverend Marcus D'Arcy Irvine, to request that gentleman to perform the ceremony on the ensuing morning. The
Rev. gentleman was, however, gone out to a dinner-party, and Mr. Wooley, the anxious bridegroom, sent again and again, at six o'clock, at eight o'clock, and at ten o'clock at night, before Mr. Irvine returned home, who then stated that he would perform the ceremony in the morning, but that it was a strange time of night to come to a clergyman about such an affair. In the meantime, the confectioner, who had orders to make the bridecake, happening to see one of the brothers of Miss ——, the circumstance was mentioned, to the utter astonishment of that gentleman, who immediately communicated the intelligence to his brother and Miss ——; and, as was to be expected, finding that their sister had never seen Miss Wooley nor knew aught of the matter, they determined that a respectable man like Mr. Wooley should not be made the victim of so cruel a hoax. They, in the evening of the same day, went to his house, sent in their card, and desired him to speak with them. Mr. Wooley was at home, but, being persuaded by Miss Briers that they had found it out and were only come to stop the marriage, he had himself denied, and would not see them. These gentlemen, however, in the most praiseworthy manner, made another effort to undeceive him, and wrote him two notes, desiring to see him at their counting-house on business of the utmost importance, at the earliest hour in the morning, and before he went anywhere else. These notes, however, together with their call, and the answer of the Rev. Mr. Irvine, only strengthened him in the opinion that their object was to prevent the marriage, and at the persuasion of Miss Briers he felt convinced that they should be interrupted if they attempted to get married at St. Mary Redcliff Church, and that they had better get married near London. With this view the sister-in-law was directed to Mr. Wooley’s house before they were married. In order to favor this deception, Miss Briers had procured the daughter of a neighbour who was kept upstairs by her, and requested to frequently walk about. “There,” said Miss Briers, “don’t you hear her over head walking about, how agitated she must be? With Wooley’s own eye on her.” This was very hard to be allowed to see her, but this was still refused, and tender billets were passed by the hands of Miss Briers, upstairs and down, almost every half hour; and at length, in compliance with his tender entreaties, the lady above-stairs agreed that on his retiring to rest at night he might shake hands with her, but that he must not attempt to force his way into the room. Accordingly on going to bed at night a hand was put out through the door, and tenderly kissed by him, which hand it now turns out was that of his sister-in-law, Miss Briers’. On the fourth morning it was arranged that they should start for London, and the supposed Miss —— descended to the carriage thickly veiled, and accompanied by Mr. Wooley. Mr. Wooley, and a male friend of Mr. Wooley’s, they proceeded to Bath, where they dined at an hotel. Miss Briers and the lady in one room, and Mr. Wooley and his male friend in another. The male friend then returned to Bristol, and the other parties proceeded to London, where a licence was procured, and after the fourteen days had transpired which by law they were compelled to remain, they were married, Miss Briers officiating as bridesmaid. After the marriage, they drove to the country, and visited the Isle of Wight, Southampton, &c., driving everywhere with four horses, and living in the first style to pass away the honeymoon, and on Sept. 29th, Mr. Wooley and his bride returned to Bristol. On the day after their arrival at home, friends called, as is usual, to offer their congratulations. Amongst them was Mr. ——, who, on seeing the lady, said, “Why, my dear Wooley, I thought you had told me that you had married Miss ——, sister to the Messrs. ——, African merchants?” “So I have,” replied Mr. Wooley, “this lady was Miss ——, she is now Mrs. Wooley.” “That lady!” exclaimed the friend; “she is no more Miss —— than I am.” The friend then departed, and Mr. Wooley immediately ran to his wife, and told her all that he had said. “Indeed,” said the lady, “I’ll convince you and all the world in the morning that I am Miss ——, for your sister-in-law and myself will go to my brothers and bring away my deeds of my property, &c.” Upon hearing this Mr. Wooley was reassured, and everything passed off well until the morning, when the bride and Miss Briers went out for the purpose as stated by her the preceding evening. It is needless to say that they absconded, and were not for a long time heard of; and Mr. Wooley discovered, that instead of having married the rich Miss ——, with £47,000, besides expectations, he was, through the contrivance of Miss Briers, married to a person bearing, indeed, the same name, but not worth 47 pence. How the affair might have ended, we know not; but abundant occupation might have been furnished to the children of the lady, pressing, for, supposing the wife to be a party to the fraud, as he knew neither lady there would be much doubtwhe-
ther such a marriage would or not be valid. What were the reasons inducing Miss Briers to play her brother-in-law such a trick remain a profound secret. It is right to state that the lady whose name was so unwarrantably made use of to deceive Mr. Wooley not only knew nothing of the transaction, but was a perfect stranger to both Mr. Wooley and Miss Briers.

On the 30th ult., this extraordinary case was brought before Mr. Traill at Union-hall police office, London, who was occupied several hours in the investigation. Mr. Woolley had preferred a charge against the two young women—Ann Briers and Mary Ann Morgan, with the latter of whom he had been recently inveigled into a marriage under the almost unheard-of circumstances detailed above.

Mr. Woolley attended on the part of the complainant, and having stated the charge against the accused parties, which he characterised as one of the most strange description, then called:

Mr. John Wooley, who stated that he was a timber-merchant, and lived at N. 5, Cumberland-terrace, Bristol. Mr. Woolley not only of the prisoners (Ann Briers) was the sister of his wife, who died in the year 1838, and that since her decease, Ann Briers had resided with him for the greater portion of the time up to the transaction which he was about to detail. In the month of June last, Briers made a representation to him relative to a Miss Louisa Poole King, of Radcliffe-parade, Bristol; she told him, that the young lady had taken a great fancy to him, and that she knew him by her passing his house frequently; that she expressed a strong inclination to become acquainted with him, and that her hopes of happiness were fixed upon him. Briers then gave him his promise topoduct that cultivation of the acquaintanceship of such an amiable and accomplished young lady as Miss King, and as he was aware of the respectability of her family, he intimated a desire to acquiesce in her wishes. Soon after this conversation occurred, Briers brought him a note, purporting to be written by Miss King, in which the writer expressed a desire to have a personal interview with him, in order to divulge the secrets of her heart to him, and adding that she trusted he would accede to her proposition. Briers, who was the bearer of this note, urged him to write a satisfactory answer, to which he consented, and having penned a letter to the young lady, gave it to Briers, who was to have put it into the post-office, addressed there to “L. P. K.,” in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of any of Miss King’s family, who were opposed to her contracting a marriage without her sanction. He received several other letters from the supposed Miss King, with whom he carried on a correspondence for some time, and he invariably received the letters through the hands of Briers, and upon one occasion gave the latter £20 to give Miss King, as he was informed she wanted that sum for a particular purpose. When the correspondence had been going on for some time, Briers asked him if he had any objection to elope with Miss King, and he replied that he had not; although he had not seen her, yet if she was willing to accompany him, he would take her away. It was then arranged between Briers and him that she was to proceed to Miss King’s house on Radcliffe-parade, in order to bring her away, that the young lady was to remain an inmate of his dwelling, but must not be seen by him until the day they were going to get married. Briers then said she should go and fetch her away from Radcliffe-parade. This was on a Sunday. She returned soon after, saying that when she got to the house, Miss King and two brothers came up to the door in their carriage, and that prevented their sister from leaving home. The same evening, Briers said that she had succeeded in her object, and that Miss King was then under the roof of complainant’s house, but that she had expressed a determination not to see him until the day was fixed for their nuptials.

Mr. Traill.—Have you ever seen the lady named Louisa Poole King?

Complainant.—I don’t remember having seen her, but I have some slight acquaintance with one or two members of the family, who are highly respectable, and I knew that they resided on Radcliffe-parade. The supposed Miss King remained at his house from Sunday until Wednesday, on which day it was arranged that they should come off to London and be married by licence. On the morning of the day, when he got up, he found Briers prepared for the journey, and on meeting her in the passage of the house, when he came down stairs, she then told him that Miss King was also ready, and was anxious to be introduced to him. He of course assented, and for the first time he saw the supposed Miss King, who was no other than Mary Ann Morgan, but now, unfortunately for him, Mrs. Mary Ann Woolley. Having procured a vehicle, they started from Bristol, and having discharged the carriage at Chippenham, they came the rest of the way by railroad to London. On their arrival in town they put up at the St. Paul’s Coffeehouse, whence they removed to the Bridgehouse hotel, where the supposed Miss King informed him that she had a fortune of £17,000, £27,000 of which she should make over to him, the remainder to be settled on her for life. He acquiesced in the latter proposition, and having procured a licence at Doctors’ Commons, they were accordingly married at St. John’s Church in the Borough, on the evening of the 12th of September. After the ceremony, they went into private lodgings in Thomas-street, where they remained until they set out on their return to
Bristol. (The certificate of the marriage was here produced, and a witness, who was present, proved, that she saw Mary Ann Morgan attach the signature of "Louisa Poole King" to the document (her hand being guided by Bryers, while writing, on account of her stating that she was unable to write her name from nervous feelings). They remained in St. Thomas-street a week after the nuptials; at the expiration of which time they went to Bristol; and on their arrival proceeded to Radcliffe-square, and Bryers went to Mr. King's house, as she said, to apprize Mrs. Wooley's lady's maid that her mistress was desirous of seeing her next day at her husband's house. They then went to the house, and the next day Bryers told him that she and Mrs. Wooley were going to Radcliffe-terrace, to prepare the house for his reception, as it was intended they were to live there. The prisoners then gave him a kiss each, and departed, saying they should be back in half an hour. They then went away, taking with them (without his knowledge) two large trunks and a box belonging to him, containing various articles, his property, and he had seen neither of the "ladies!" until the day he met them in the city, and gave them into custody. In Bryers' possession was found a gold watch belonging to him. He knew a woman, named Allen, in Bristol, whom he had every reason to believe was concerned in the conspiracy, and had, he had every reason since to believe, written the letters addressed to him, purporting to have been written by Miss Louisa Poole King. He did not know to what family the woman to whom he was married belonged, but from what he had since learned, he believed she was of low origin,—that she had been a servant, but she could not write, and that she had a brother, a sailor, who lived in Radcliffe-street, Bristol.

Mr. Clarkson said, that as the case was not yet matured against the prisoners, he should request that they might be remanded, in order to give time to take a third party into custody, when other facts relating to this extraordinary case would be brought to light. His intention was to prefer a charge of forgery at common law against Mary Ann Morgan, and one of felony against the other prisoner.

The prisoners were then remanded, Morgan saying that she was led into it by her fellow-prisoner.

Guildhall, Oct. 1st. — Mary Ann Wooley, otherwise Morgan, and Ann Bryer, were this day brought up in custody, having been given in charge at the Post-office by Mr. Wooley.

The officer stated, that Mr. Wooley had gone to Union-hall to fetch Mr. Clarkson, whom he had retained to prosecute the prisoners. He knew nothing of the charge, except that they were accused of robbing Mr. Wooley of about £60.

Mr. Alderman Farncombe asked, which of the young ladies had been married to Mr. Wooley?

The elder one, who had given the name of Morgan, said she was the person.

She seemed a little disconcerted at her position, and turned her head away, but Miss Bryer put a bold face on the matter, as if she was quite at her ease.

Mr. Alderman Farncombe said, he could not detain them without evidence, and as no offence seemed to have been committed in the city the officer might as well take them to Mr. Clarkson at Union hall.

They were removed accordingly to Union-hall in a cab.
and applicant's niece left the house, saying that they were going to the inn where they alighted from Bristol, for the purpose of getting their luggage. They soon afterwards returned, bringing with them two trunks and a small box, and they both remained at her house until the day before yesterday, living entirely at her expense. On that day they left the house together, in order, as they said, to take a walk, adding that they should be back to dinner. During their absence, however, a gentleman knocked at the door, and inquired if two young ladies were there, one of whose names was Miss Bryers? Applicant told him that a Mrs. Bryers was there; and he then asked if a lady calling herself Mrs. Woolley was not in the house? She replied that she knew no person of that name; and that the only other individual in the place beside herself was her niece, Mary Ann Morgan, a young girl, servant to Mrs. Bryers. The money in marrying an elderly gentleman he started with astonishment, said that he was the victim of as foul a conspiracy as ever was concocted, and that he was inveigled into a marriage with one of the females, and that it must be with the young woman his niece. She (applicant) was thunderstruck on being made acquainted with the fact, and informed the gentleman that her niece was a poor servant girl, and her father was a sailor, and not in circumstances to contribute to her support. This piece of information seemed to astonish the gentleman more than ever, and he then inquired if they brought any luggage with them from Bristol? She (the aunt) immediately answered that they had two trunks and a box up stairs in the room where they slept, and he expressed his determination to examine their contents, saying that he had been robbed in a shame ul manner, and that he had strong grounds for believing that some of the stolen property was concealed in the trunks and box. He then proceeded up into the room, on entering which he exclaimed that the trunks were his own, and that he should use no ceremony in forcing them open to search for his property. He then forced the trunks open, tossed out their contents on the floor, which chiefly consisted of old dresses and soiled linen, and after the examination he appeared to be very much disappointed that he had not found articles there of a more valuable description. After rummaging the place well all over, he then took his departure, as he said, for the purpose of seeking after the two females to give them into custody. The applicant added, that she was never more surprised in her life than when the gentleman informed her that he was married to Mary Ann Morgan, and thought at the time that her niece had acted with great folly in marrying an elderly gentleman old enough to be her grandfather. While her niece and Mrs. Bryers were inmates of her house they never gave her any reason to imagine that she was to be married to a young man as already described; that they had never given her the least notion of what had taken place at Bristol, and that she was not made aware of the extraordinary conduct of Miss Bryers and her niece to bring about a marriage with the brother-in-law of the former until she read the account of their examination at this court; that she (the aunt) had that opinion of her niece, that she never would have acted in the manner represented, unless she was encouraged to do so by other parties, by whom the plan must have been laid to hoax Mr. Woolley, as her niece was an ignorant young girl and quite incapable of writing her own name; which accounted for the fact of Miss Bryers guiding her hand, when she put her signature to the marriage certificate in St. Thomas's Church. It was only a matter of surprise to her (the aunt) how any man possessing experience of the world could have been so completely duped as the gentleman who had called at her house under the circumstances already described. The applicant then quitted the court, after having given her address, in the event of her being required.

Union-hall, Oct. 11.—In the course of the day a brown paper parcel, containing two New Testaments, was received by Mr. Traill, accompanied by an anonymous note, of which the following is a copy:—

"Sir,—May I beg the favor of you to have the enclosed books sent to those poor deluded young women, Bryers and Morgan, who have acted so foolishly with Mr. Woolley, the Bristol timber-merchant? The books are transmitted by one who feels for the unfortunate situation in which all the parties are placed, in the expectation that the perusal of them may enable them to repent of the falsehoods they must have been guilty of in the strange affair at Bristol; not thinking or knowing how soon they may have to give an account for every word and thought on the last day."

In each of the Testaments were a few lines addressed to the persons for whom they were intended, which ran thus,—"Pray read and practise the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and repent your sins whilst you have time for all the deception and hypocrisy you have so recently practised."

The Testaments were forwarded to the parties agreeably to the wishes of the individual who sent them to the court.

Since the above prisoners were remanded to the county gaol they have been visited by a few of their friends, the interviews always taking place in the presence of some officers of the gaol.

Here we pursue this mysterious affair to its apparent termination.

On Wednesday the 13th Oct. the night charges having been disposed of, a most anxious crowd, amongst whom were many respectably attired females awaited at Union Hall to hear the proceedings. Mr. Traill, the magistrate, presided. Shortly after 12 o'clock the friends of the prisoner arrived at the County Gaol, and at a quarter to one o'clock Mary Bryers was removed in a cab, accompanied by Mr. Keane, the Governor, and her sister, a married lady, residing in Cheshire, who had come to town in consequence of the extraordinary nature of the charge against her sister. The other prisoner, Morgan, was also removed in a cab, accompanied by her aunt, who lives in Islington, and in custody of another officer of the gaol. Precisely at one o'clock the
soners were placed in the felons’ dock, and all eyes were anxiously directed towards them. The prisoners, since their former examination, had received from their friends an improved change of dress, and were then attired in fashionable style. Mr. Trail (the magistrate) having desired them to stand forward, a professional gentleman, addressing the magistrate, said, that he had been instructed to appear on behalf of the prosecutor, Mr. Woolley, of Bristol, and he had to inform the magistrate that it was not the intention of his client to proceed any further in the case.

Mr. Trail—“Then he is not prepared to go on with the evidence to enable me to send these parties for trial?”

The prosecutor replied in the negative.

Mr. Trail—“Are there any other parties here against them? In whose custody are they?”

Mr. Kane, the Governor of the county jail, stepped forward and said they were in his custody.

Mr. Trail—“Have you any other detainee against them?”

Mr. Kane answered that he had not.

Mr. Woolley’s solicitor—“A gold watch was taken from Miss Bryers, and it is now in the possession of the officers who apprehended her. It is the property of Mr. Woolley, and is there any objection to its being given up?”

Mr. Crisp, who attended professionally for the prisoners, said there was no objection to the watch being delivered to Mr. Woolley himself.

The prosecutor’s solicitor—“Is there any objection to its being delivered to me on the part of Mr. Woolley?”

Mr. Trail—“The only question in my mind is, whether or not I have the power to interfere in this matter.”

Mr. Crisp (to the opposite solicitor)—“I think there can be no objection to your receiving the watch. I suppose you are a professional gentleman from Bristol?”

The prosecutor’s solicitor—“No, not from Bristol: but from Lincoln’s-inn-fields. My name is Metcalf.”

Mr. Trail (to City policeman, No. 102)—“I believe you have a gold watch and chain which were taken from Miss Bryers, and which Mr. Woolley has identified as his property. I am considering whether I have authority, under the provisions of the New Police Act, to order the property to be given up.”

Policeman 102—“I have got a chain and a number of pawnbrokers’ duplicates, besides a sovereign, which were likewise taken from Bryers.”

Mr. Metcalf—“I have no instructions to ask for any thing else but the gold watch and chain: probably you will tell me, Miss Bryers, whether this is Mr. Woolley’s watch or not?”

The watch was here handed to the prisoner, who said that it was.

Mr. Crisp to (Miss Bryers)—“Perhaps you will tell us at the same time if this is the watch you had from Mr. Jones?”

Miss Bryers—“No, it is not; it is Mr. Woolley’s watch. He gave it to me, and I wore it several times.”

Mr. Trail—“I think the constable had better detain all the articles; as they have been obtained by fraudulent means, it would be a much safer course for him not to give up the watch and chain until he has had the opportunity of communicating with Mr. Woolley, and satisfying himself what steps that person and other parties intend to take. This is the only way in which he may be indemnified, and therefore I shall make no order for the articles to be given up.”

Mr. Metcalf—“But Miss Bryers has said that this is Mr. Woolley’s watch.”

Mr. Trail—“I know she has; but after the conduct she has pursued, what reliance can be placed on her? My advice to the officer is to detain the property for a fortnight, and then, if he consults with his superior officer or with me, I will decide whether he will be justified in parting with them.”

Mr. Metcalf—“But surely, Sir, you do not feel any difficulty with respect to the watch and chain? Whatever doubts you may have with regard to the other property, the watch has been admitted to belong to Mr. Woolley.”

Mr. Trail—“Yes, I am aware of that; but I think it had better not be given up, as the prosecution has not been gone on with.”

Mr. Metcalf—“Will you state the grounds why it should not be given up?”

Mr. Trail—“I have already done so. You do not pretend to say this is Mr. Woolley’s watch, because you withdraw your charge of felony, and I think the constable will act quite right in keeping the articles in his possession.”

The constable said he had two boxes which belonged to Mr. Woolley, and in which Miss Bryers used to keep her clothes when residing with that gentleman.

Mr. Trail—“You had better detain all the things.”

The Magistrate then addressed the prisoner as follows:—“I understand there is no prosecutor now, and therefore it becomes my duty to discharge you, as I cannot compel him to attend to prosecute. I believe his absence is in consequence of the imputations that have been thrown out against him for his having acted with so much weakness throughout the matter, and which the more easily rendered him the dupe of your wicked designs and evil machinations. Your conduct, Bryers, has been very disgraceful, and characterized by wanton ingratitude that most fortunately is seldom to be met with. What could have been your motive in retreating in so base a manner towards your own brother-in-law it is difficult to understand.
You have placed him, who lived in a respectable sphere of life, in a humiliating position, and your conduct is very likely to ruin his happiness for the remainder of his days! So far as the other prisoner is concerned, she attributes her guilt to the system of deception laid upon her, and her conduct is altogether to be excused. I do not say this is any vindication of the part she has taken, but the course you pursued, of imposing a low, ignorant person upon your brother-in-law to be his wife, is a piece of baseness and treachery that stands almost unparalleled. It is not, however, for me to make any further observations upon your case, and you are therefore discharged from here." The prisoners then left the dock.

City policeman 169 stated that he had 1s. 10d. in money, two thimbles, a needle, and a bunch of keys, which he had taken from Morgan, and heard Morgan say, knowing him to be a man to whom they should return them. Mr. Traill had no objection, and they were accordingly handed to her. A sovereign, also, taken from Miss Bryers, was restored to that person, as well as a mosaic necklace. After leaving the dock, Bryers and Morgan were taken into an anteroom, and Sir Edwin the chief clerk, by direction of the magistrates, handed them two Testaments and a religious tract, which had been sent to the Court anonymously. Mr. Edwin, addressing the females, said that he was desired by the magistrates to give them the books in question, and to convey to them his hope that they would profit by their perusal, and take warning from the narrow escape they had just had. Bryers and Morgan took the books, but evinced no remorse of conscience at what had occurred; the former, accompanied by her sister, and a lady at whose house it was said Mr. Woolley was staying in the evening, was heard to protest under the jeering of the crowd assembled outside the Court. Morgan left with her aunt and some other acquaintances in a similar vehicle. During the incarceration of the prisoners in the county jail they had been kept apart, and throughout the examination they neither recognised nor spoke to each other.

On Tuesday, Oct. 14th, a messenger from Doctor's Commons served a citation on Mary Ann Morgan, the commencement of proceedings instituted in the ecclesiastical courts by Mr. Woolley, with whom she has so recently contracted a marriage, whereby they have incurred the extraordinary circumstances already so well known. That gentleman, it appears, is now desirous of obtaining a divorce as speedily as possible; and when the process was placed in his wife's hands, and she was informed that she had better transmit it to the solicitor or practiser whom she intended to employ, her reply was, that she had no money to go to law, and that she must, therefore, let the law take its course.

The Artesian Well at Paris.—In our last we made mention of this extraordinary power by which all Paris, at whatever height, could be supplied abundantly with water—here are some later particulars:—

Doubts are now expressed by several of the French journals whether, after all the enormous expense that has been incurred relative to the artesian well in Paris, it can be made of any practical use. About a month back the water was said to be as clear as crystal, but it is now stated that a good deal of sand is mixed with it. The following account of the operations at the well will perhaps be found interesting:—

It was towards the end of 1833 that the contract for boring as deep as 1,200 feet in search of water was made by M. Mulot, sen., of Epinay-sur-Seine; and on the 1st of January, 1834, the work was commenced. By December 31, 1836, the boring instrument had penetrated to three hundred and eighty-three metres in depth, passing through strata of alluvial earth, the sands, and successive beds of flint and chalk. In June, 1841, a trench had been made and the pipe drawn up, and this gave rise to the supposition that the boring instrument was near the water. At length, about 2 o'clock on that day, the pipe gave passage to a little thread of water; but soon after the fluid, bursting out with force, broke through the brick and tilework which surrounded the pipe to a depth of about ten feet. Thus had M. Mulot the happiness, after seven years and two months operations, to see his efforts crowned with success. The sand which the water threw up for a few days was greenish, and to that succeeded some of a yellowish color. The temperature of the tube itself was twenty-eight degrees of the centigrade scale, or eighty-three and a half Fahrenheit. Several times did the boring instrument break and fall in during these arduous operations; once, in May, 1837, when the length of the bar united was 107 metres, or 1,355 feet. It took incessant labor from that time till August of the following year, a period of 11 months, to recover it. The immensity of the labor in forming the well may be conceived, when it is stated that the boring instrument had to act on a depth of 548 metres, or upwards of 1,750 feet, being the total depth of the tube itself, which is lined with copper till within about 20 feet of the surface. The water rises 20 metres, or 65 feet, and falls into the conduits placed to receive it. At that point of the well, on a level with the ground, it yields 2,290 litres, or 851 gallons, per minute. At an elevation of 20 metres it gives 1,800 litres, and at 32 metres from 1,100 to 1,600 litres. Water from the well at Grenelle will rise to the highest story of any house in Paris. It has been
ascertained that throughout the basin of the Seine and adjoining departments artesian wells can be formed wherever the elevation of the soil does not exceed by 40 metres, or 131 feet, that of the Abattoir de Grenelle.

**Wreck of the Brigand—a First Class Iron Steamer—Oct. 12th.**—The first news of this disastrous event was received by letter on the morning of the 15th at the commercial-room, at Bristol, and created considerable excitement in the mercantile world. The Brigand was built to trade between Bristol and Liverpool, calling at Wexford, in which trade she had been engaged for two years past, and had left the station only a fortnight before for the purpose of proceeding from London to St. Petersburgh, for which port she was intended to sail from the St. Katherine's dock on Thursday the 20th of October.

This steamer was one of the largest and most beautiful iron-steamers ever yet built, being of 600 tons burden, and 200 horse power, and was remarkable for the beauty of her workmanship, the splendid fittings of her saloon, and her extraordinary speed. She cost in building £32,000. Not long after the fatal news, the Cornish steamer 'Herald,' Sampson Hawes, commander, from Hayle, arrived, bringing the crew of the unfortunate steamer twenty-seven in number, giving full confirmation of her total wreck on the Bishop rock, part of the Scilly Isles; the following are the particulars:

It appears that the Brigand having taken in upwards of 200 tons of coal, and a large quantity of patent fuel for her consumption on the voyage to St. Petersburgh, sailed from Liverpool to London at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, the 10th Sept., and proceeded safely on her voyage until five o'clock on Wednesday morning, when they saw the St. Agnes' light, which, from the refraction of light, the weather being very hazy, they conceived to be at a considerable distance—there was then十二 knot an hour: suddenly the man on the look-out at the bow sang out, 'Breakers ahead!' which they distinctly saw, but too late, unfortunately; for the rate at which they were going was such that they could not stop her; and although they put the helm hard a-port to endeavour to shave the rock, the vessel immediately afterwards struck most violently, and two plates of the bluff of her bow were driven in. She rebounded from the rock, but in an instant afterwards she struck again, broadside on, the force of which blow may be in some measure conceived from the fact, that it actually drove a great portion of her paddle-wheel through her side into the engine-room. The vessel was built in four compartments, the plan adopted in iron ships, or she would have gone down instantly, two of her compartments being now burst, and the water rushing into them at a most fearful rate. By the two shocks four and a half plates were destroyed, and four angle-irons were gone in the engine-room. The two compartments aft being however still tight, she continued to float, and every exertion was made by her commander, Captain Hunt, for upwards of two hours to save her, when the crew took to the boats, and shortly afterwards she went down, about seven miles from the rock, in about forty-five fathoms of water. The mate attributes the loss to the strong current setting then upon the rock, and to the haze having deceived them as to the distance of the St. Agnes' light. The men connected with the engineering department have given the following highly interesting narrative of the occurrence. They say, that having left Liverpool on the Monday afternoon, every thing proceeded well until a few minutes before five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the vessel then going at full speed, her engines making upwards of twenty revolutions in the minute, being then, as they have since learned, close on St. Agnes. They were at work below in the engine-room, when suddenly there was a tremendous shock, accompanied with a report like the roar of cannon, and almost instantaneously a second shock, and the water rushed in in a fearful manner. They immediately ran on deck, and found that the vessel had struck the rock as before described. One of them was then ordered by the captain to go to the carpenter in endeavoring to stop the leak, for which purpose he went down into the engine-room, where they were still trying to work the engines, but the paddle-wheel being driven in had torn the injection-pipes, so that they would not work, but at slow motion, the engines being kept working, the captain, as that man imagines, not thinking the leak so bad, and that they could get the better of it, or that, as the weather was so moderate, they might reach some port. On examining the leak in the engine-room, they found a rent of at least five feet in length, the rivets being torn out, and the head of the water broken, through which water rushed in a truly fearful manner. They immediately procured a plank, and having fixed it against the leak by means of stays to the cylinder, they got a quantity of waste tow and grease, which they stuffed in and endeavored to keep out the water, and partially succeeded in doing so; but the other leak in the forehold being out of reach, rendered all their efforts ineffectual, and the water continuing to pour in soon put the fires out, after which, there being more than four feet of water in the engine-room, they were compelled to quit it. In the mean time another portion of the crew had been ordered by the captain to go into the hold and throw the coals and patent fuel overboard, in order to lighten her, and blue lights were burnt and other signals of distress made. The men went to work steadily in the hold, getting out the coals, &c., until the water having gained very much
upon them, they rushed on deck. The captain, having addressed and encouraged them, they returned to the hold, and continued their exertions for about a quarter of an hour longer, when the water having risen over the hatches of the lower deck they were compelled to quit the hold. The captain then called all aft on the quarter-deck, and finding that no further exertion could be made to save the ship, and that she was then fast sinking forward, the sea at that time breaking over her bow, ordered them to make preparations for saving themselves, and the two boats belonging to the Brigand (both jolly-boats) were got out, and the crew, twenty-seven in number, placed in them. The captain and mate remained on the quarter-deck of the unfortunate vessel until the last. The boats, which were completely crowded, then shoved off, without having any provisions on board, except a small quantity of bread, and in a few minutes the Brigand disappeared, sinking head foremost about seven miles from where she struck, and in deep water.

The weather, fortunately, was at this moment particularly moderate, or the boats in their crowded state could not have lived on the sea, and not a soul most probably would have been left to tell the tale. Having rowed to the northward, where the rocks had landed, to survey the coast, they shaped their course for St. Agnes’ Bay, where, to their inexpressible joy, they saw two boats, well-manned, coming to their relief, by whom (the men in the Brigand’s boats being much exhausted from their exertions on board) they were taken in tow. Some of the hands were placed on board the other boats to lighten their own and render them less crowded, and at about two or three o’clock in the afternoon they fortunately landed at St. Mary’s Scilly, without the loss of a single life. From St. Agnes they proceeded in a pilot-boat to Penzance, and that the shipwrecked crew were kindly conveyed, passage free, to Bristol in the Herald. The rocks upon which the Brigand was lost have proved peculiarly fatal; no longer ago than 1841 the Thomas steamer was wrecked within three miles of the same spot, and 70 or 80 lives lost. Various suggestions have been made by nautical men there as to the cause of the wreck, some saying that the steamer ought not to have gone within many miles of the Scilly Islands; and that the weather being moderate, she was not driven there; while, on the other hand, it is urged, that from the haziness of the weather it was not aware that she was so near until too late, the refraction of light deceiving them as to the distance of the St. Agnes’ light; and the current, which is very strong there, and runs for nine hours in the one direction, and only three hours in the other, having set them down on the rock. Unless, indeed, there has been the accident has been, it has decidedly proved the advantage of iron vessels built in compartments, for had the leak affected only one compartment she would undoubtedly have been saved, and even although, by the extraordinary fact of her rebounding and striking a second time, two compartments were burst, yet it is seen that she floated for more than two hours and a half, enabling the crew to save themselves, while, if she had been built of wood, she must with such injuries have gone down in less than ten minutes, and all hands would have perished.

SHIPWRECK.—RUSSIAN LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIP INGERMANNLAND.—By a letter from Hamburg we learn the fullest particulars:—The shocking reports of the misfortune which occurred to this ill-fated ship is, alas! true to its fullest extent, and it is now ascertained to a certainty that the number of those who have perished, and which was stated to be 453, was not exaggerated. Unfortunately, it would appear that the captain of the ship thought of nothing but his own personal safety, and he who should have been the last man to have left the ship, escaped in one of the boats, leaving the rest of the unfortunate crew to their fate. The Ingermannland, a 74-gun ship, commanded by Captain T. M. Terschin, and, with a crew of 206 men, was on her voyage from Alnwick to Cronstadt. On the night of the 12th of Sept. she got on shore on the sunk rocks to the eastward of the Oroe Light, and continued beating on them for some time. The sea, which at the time she struck was running very high, broke over her, and strained her so much that she became leaky, and it was found necessary to cut away the masts, and to heave the guns overboard. The noise of her signal guns having been heard, the steam-boat North Cape, Lieutenant Sigholt, then lying in the harbour of Christiansand, was ordered to sea, for the purpose of rendering assistance, but owing to the thickness of the weather, she was unable to discover the position of the wreck, although the signal guns denoting her distress were distinctly heard. On the following morning another attempt was made, which was equally unsuccessful. In the meantime the wreck had got off the rocks, and was drifting at no great distance from the high land at Mandalh, when the bodies of nine men and a woman were washed ashore. Of the ship, nothing but the bowsprit and fore bulwark could be seen, the latter of which appeared crowded with people clinging to it. Accounts were instantly sent off to Mandalh and to Christiansand, and every effort was made, without loss of time, for the delivery of the crew. Two small vessels from Mandalh and the steam-boat North Cape were instantly despatched to their relief. The latter vessel, after a search of ten hours, came up with the wreck, then drifting about ten miles from the Lister Light. On running along-
side, 150 people were found alive on the wreck, but suffering, and frightfully numbed with cold, and two of them died on being brought in. Among those unfortunate, however, no officer of any sort was to be found. The sufferers were immediately taken off the wreck and brought into Christiansand. Many dead bodies, as well as of women as of men, were scattered round the wreck; but though endeavours were made to get them in, they were fruitless, and the steam-boat was compelled to leave them where they were. Report says, that the whole of the people saved at this time, who belonged to the crew of this unfortunate ship, were 304 men, 2 women, and one child, the whole of whom were received and tended by all classes in the kindest manner. The captain and 19 others had already got ashore in the ship's long-boat, in the neighbourhood of Farsund; so that out of the whole crew, altogether 493 people have been saved, and only the ship have found a watery grave. The wreck was still visible at the date of the letter from the heights at Egersund, drifting about in the sea as chance might direct, to the great danger of vessels navigating thereabouts.

A STORM IN LONDONDERRY.—Tuesday 27th Sept., that city and the neighbourhood experienced a severe visitation of storm. On Monday morning and forenoon the rain descended without intermission in torrents, and on Tuesday it fell the whole day. On that day some remarkable phenomena were observed in Ennishowen. About two o'clock, on the north side of Glackmoo, in the parish of Templemoor, there fell a shower of hailstones, which covered the ground a foot deep, which was accompanied with intense cold; while, on the south side, two immense waterspouts broke, and their contents were seen to descend in the form of mountain-like avalanches of snow, and sweep away a crop of oats in the valley beneath. At Drangan, below Qugley's Point, there was a combination of both waterspouts and hail showers, and the swollen stream, which there winds through the glen, swept away two of the bridges by which it was spanned. Shortly after ten o'clock in the evening, at which time there was much sultriness, the clouds gathered in huge masses and completely obscured the sky. Then commenced the thunderstorm, which attained its greatest violence, we should think, about midnight, and ceased in the morning. The lightning was both sheeted and forked, each of the flashes, which came at short intervals, made all things visible as the broadest daylight. The bellowing of the thunder was truly awful; and during its pauses there was the plashing of the rain, which sounded like a rushing torrent. What is rather strange, a history of the year in which the warre came to an end, and immediately preceeded some of the peaks, and this after their precursor—a flash of lightning—had been engulfed in the darkness. It seems that at Coleraine, where the storm raged with great fury, the lightning carried away the southwest corner of the belfry of the town church, and broke one large stone into two, and drove another to a distance of about 100 feet. It also shattered one of the windows of the church. In the townland of Cl EOFIN, near Coleraine, there were two stocks of corn, standing in separate fields, burnt by the fluid, and the same occurred in the townland of Cavan, near to Bushmills. In that town some houses, in the course of erection, were much injured; and the lightning descended the chimney of a house, occupied by one Boyle, and destroyed the window, having in its course partially melted the tongs and a pair of scissors and metal snuff-box which were in a bag. Between Ballymone and Ballymena, in the townland of Craig, it killed a cow, the property of a small farmer, and did damage to a house of a weaver. Near to Newtowncunningham a man was rendered insensible by one of its strokes, but he has since recovered.

EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE CENTRAL REGIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA.—(Encouraged by the late Duke of Orleans.)—The expedition of M. de Castelnau to the central regions of South America, under the sanction of the French Government, being decided upon, it may be interesting and useful to give some idea of this vast undertaking. It embraces nothing less than an exploring journey across this continent at its greatest width, from Rio Janeiro to Lima, a line of no less than 1,000 leagues, one-half of which has never yet been visited by any European. The return is to be made along the Maranon or Amazon river, and the interior of Guiana. This wide tour will excite public curiosity in the highest degree, as it embraces a country of fabulous history, but told with so many circumstances and incidents as almost to create in some minds a doubt as to whether it were fabulous. Our traveller will have to cross the country of the warlike Amazons, in whose existence La Condamine, the great astronomer and traveller, who visited the Maranon in the middle of the last century, believed. He will also have to visit the emire of the Grand Wapisi, who plays so great a part in the thousand Spanish chronicles, and also the mysterious Eldorado, in search of which so many brave men, including Sir W. Raleigh, faced appalling difficulties and dangers. Independently of these interesting, or at best apocryphal objects, the scientific explorer will have an ample field for the exertion of his talents and observations. The study of the monuments of the imperial race of the Incas, whose civilization was the wonder of far remote ages, and whose history is still closed book, seems likely to be exposed to us, with the migrations of the people of the
earlier ages. To these add the fixing of the magnetic equator, the study of the beneficial products of those regions, particularly that invaluable medicinal bark, observations on the various races of men, on the brute animals and plants, and the atmospheric phenomena of those wild regions. Those subjects must all attract the attention and researches of M. de Colbert, who is qualified for his great task by having passed five years in the least known parts of North America among the red men of the deserts, and by his numerous works on natural history. This great enterprise was planned under the auspices of the late Duke of Orleans, and is now advertised and patronised by the Duke de Ne-
Western Railway, propelled by two powerful engines, and containing between 700 and 800 of the inhabitants of Bristol and its vicinity, who had availed themselves of the opportunity furnished by the directors of the railway of making a trip at half the usual fares to London, to pass Michaelmas-day among their friends and see the sights of the great metropolis. The train left Bristol at 7 o'clock a.m., and arrived at the Paddington terminus, at a quarter to 12, half an hour beyond the usual time, the delay being caused by the high wind which prevailed, and the loss of time occasioned by the train stopping to take up an additional number of passengers at the Bath, Chippenham, and Swindon stations. The party, who were encumbered with little in the shape of luggage beyond a few goody geese for presentation among their friends, left town, on their return to Bristol again, by a special train at five o'clock the same evening.

**The Dover Railway, New Cross Station.** — Prince George of Cambridge, accompanied by Prince Frederick of Mecklenburg, left town on a visit to Earl Delawarr, by the Dover Railway, from the New Cross station, Oct. 5th. The Prince, we believe, is the first of the Royal Family to honor this railway with his patronage. The convenience of the New Cross station for the west-end traffic, with the easy means of approach, is becoming daily better known. During the Croydon Fair no less than 6,000 persons travelled on the railway from this point, and the station is daily patronized by numbers of the nobility travelling by the railways connected with this station.

**Largest Chimney in England.** — At Mr. Blinkhern’s chemical works, Little Bolton, Lancashire, a chimney of the following dimensions has just been completed, viz. — 122½ yards high, 127 feet 6 inches base; 108 feet inside, 24 feet on the top; and it has contained 900,000 bricks, and 120 tons of stone.

**Cruelty to Animals.** — *Look at home.* — Application was made the other day to the City magistrate, upon an alleged cruelty in picking poultry, after the birds’ necks were wrung, whilst the body yet exhibited signs of vitality; the case was, however, dismissed, evidence having been given that the necks had really been wrung.

**Sports of the Field.** — The number of sporting clergymen, as now exhibited in the published game lists, is, happily, greatly diminishing.

**Build Fights** have ended, though the baiting of bulls was supposed to render the meat more tender.

**Boxing matches** are rarely heard of, but surely we have yet to remove this stain from our fashionable records, viz. —

**Torturing Beasts, for the sake of amusement.** — It is, indeed, a savage remnant of by-gone days that a noble animal is uncartered, in the presence of the élite of the land, and made to run for its life, or be torn in pieces by a yelping crew; we are led to these remarks by perusing the following, no very unusual account:—

Her Majesty’s Buck-Hounds, under the able superintendence of the Royal huntsman, at the Kennel at Ascot, will be ready to take the field at the latter half of October (last year) or the beginning of November, when the regular hunting-season will commence. The pack had a private day on Friday last, in the neighbourhood of the Kennel, for the purpose of testing the speed, scent, and general merits of the young hounds, who went over the ground and performed their part in the hunt in capital style. The stag, after being uncartered upon the race-course at Ascot, made way towards Warfield, on to Binfield, where it was taken, after a very pretty little run of thirty-five minutes, over about six miles of good open country. The young hounds will be taken out for similar exercises and experience several times during this (next) month, and up to the period for commencing the regular season.

Some equally invigorating, and not so-by-example-mind-debasing-pastime, could surely be devised to draw a congregation of cavaliers into the field.

**Roman Heathy Antiquities.** — The workmen employed last month (says Galganioli’s Messenger), digging for the foundation of some new buildings in the Place des Casernes, at Besançon, turned up two statuettes of the God Mercury. One is no more than two and half inches high. The figure is invested with the tunic, which descends to its feet, and holds a purse in the right hand. It is somewhat deteriorated by its long interment, and has lost the left hand. The other is nearly five inches in height, and in perfect preservation. It represents the god in a state of nudity. It stands firm on the left leg, the right being slightly bent, touching the ground with the sole of the foot. The head is slightly turned towards the right. From the left shoulder falls drapery, or a mantle, which touches the same arm, and descends to the calf of the leg. This statuette has a purse in the right hand, the fingers of which, however, are incorrectly moulded, and out of harmony with the rest of the work, which appears to have been of the best era of the ancient arts. The fingers of the left hand are gone, but this is the only injury sustained by this figure, which, with its fellow, has probably been lying in the earth for eighteen centuries.

**Acting to the Life.** — M. Darboville, who twenty years ago delighted the frequenter of the Opéra Comique in Paris, in the parts which to use a French term had been created by the celebrated Martin, died in the month of October at Marseilles. Whilst rehearsing at the Gymnase theatre in that town, he exclaimed suddenly, “Je me sens mal, mes enfans,” and fell into the arms of the stage-
manager. Medical attendance was immediately procured, but, in a few moments, he was dead. Darboville was compelled, by a severe affection of the throat, to retire from the stage about 18 years ago, and on his recovery, as his voice had lost some of its sweetness and power, he judiciously turned to account his great comic talent, and, on resuming his profession, became as a comic actor and singer almost as effective as he had been in the peculiar parts previously assigned to him. At the time of his death he had been attached to the theatre of Marseilles for 13 years.

The Afghan Captives.—A correspondent of the Englishman, writing from Jalalababad, on the 29th of June says "some eighty or a hundred Hindoostaneees, principally women, came in yesterday from Cabul under an escort, and said that had been very well treated. We hope (adds the Hurkaru Indian paper of July 22) that this lesson will not be thrown away. The Afghans, monsters though they are said to be, appear to have one redeeming virtue—they do not visit the offences of their enemies upon the helpless women who fall into their hands—they do not carry out their schemes of retribution by ravishing the wives and daughters of their enemies. We deeply grieve to think that, in this important respect, our army—an army which ought to command the respect of the world, as much for its humanity as for its valor—should require to be taught a lesson of forbearance by its barbarian foes. We hope that we shall hear no more of such excesses as those perpetrated at Ali-Baghah; for that which is in itself disgraceful, becomes doubly disgraceful when contrasted with the very different conduct of those, who, though less is expected from them, have set us an example, which we shall do well to imitate. Admitting even the virtue of retribution, we can find no excuse for the ferocity which works upon the sins of the guilty upon the guiltless, and would drag down destruction upon all, without regard to sex or age, or a single thought of the probable connexion of our victims, with those who have injured us so much. We trust that General Pollock will make a severe example of some of the men who have disgraced their colors and their country by their excesses at Ali-Baghah. Wellington would have done so; and in the present case it is most imperative upon those in command, not only with reference to our national character, but to the policy of such an act, to testify, in the strongest possible manner, their abhorrence of the excesses which have stained the lustre of our arms. Let it not be said that crimes which the Afghan shrinks from, find acceptance amongst us.

Runaways to America.—By a recent treaty one very great commercial advantage has been secured. As this is the first arrest, the sooner such gentry know how they will be treated the better. A man named Nathan McKinsey, who arrived at New York from Scotland, was arrested by an officer named Swete, and safely lodged in prison, as soon as he could be landed on terra firma. He is charged with obtaining upwards of 1,000 dollars worth of merchandise, consisting of silver watches, gold chains, prints, &c., from Charles Brison and Thomas Lowrie, of Scotland, under false pretences, and shipping himself and goods to America in the first vessel. Under the new treaty he will be delivered up, as it provides especially for the return of all such violators of the law.

The Vine-acre.—(A good example).—The Rev. Henry Vigne, vicar of Sunbury, Middlesex, has made over, gratuitously and in perpetuity, to the inhabitants of that place in trust, one acre of land to be kept solely as a playground for the children of the national schools. This record is one of the most gratifying of our monthly paragraphs would that the excellent example were generally followed.

The Private Terrace at Windsor Castle.—The public, for the future, will be admitted upon the eastern terrace at Windsor Castle, which is opposite to the private apartments of the Sovereign, on the afternoons of every Saturday and Sunday, from two o'clock until sunset. This new regulation took effect from Saturday, Oct. 6th, and will be continued throughout the winter. The north terrace, which is open to the public daily, is also closed at sunset.

Quail ing with Fear.—This is an every day expression, but the following unheard of instance of singular courage, stated in the Western Times, to have taken place a short time since at Wilton, in the parish of South Poul, near Kingsbridge, the seat of Mr. Roger Edwards, may render its application in the same sense a little less than suitable. His servant-men Samuel Bickford and William Browne, hearing a sad clamor in the court-yard among the poultry, immediately proceeded thither to ascertain the cause when they found a quail engaged in a desperate fight with a powerful hen. The unequal contest was maintained without intermission for at least six minutes, during which time the combatants fought twelve rounds, the hen having the advantage by repeatedly prostrating her diminutive opponent; notwithstanding, the little quail, not the least daunted, returned to the charge with increased valor, until at last a severe blow stunned the poor bird, so that it could not come again to the scratch; it was taken up by the persons who witnessed this extraordinary occurrence, soon restored to its senses, and preserved in a cage until the return of Mr. Edwards, who, feeling a just consideration for its courage, spared its life, and restored it to liberty.
ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—MR. RICHARD HOWLEY.—An inquest was held in Birmingham, on Tuesday the 27th Sept., on the body of a gentleman named Richard Howley, of rather eccentric character, who died suddenly at hislodgings in Gough-street, on the morning of the 26th.

It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was 54 years of age, son of Mr. Richard Howley, of Grome, Leicestershire, and cousin of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At an early age he went to America, where he continued to reside, making occasional visits to England every three or four years. In the month of July last, he arrived in Birmingham by railway, and having travelled in the same carriage with Mrs. Lord, the landlady of a tavern near the Birmingham railway station, and a young friend of hers, a Miss Hunt, he put up at the house of the former, dining with other travellers in the public room. After his arrival at the tavern the deceased made particular inquiries respecting Miss Hunt, with whose personal attractions and manners he appeared to be struck, and informed Mrs. Lord, in the course of conversation, that he thought of getting married as soon as he had settled his affairs in London, and would be happy if she could procure him an interview with her young friend, observing that he had never seen any lady whom he considered better calculated to render him happy. On the day following Miss Hunt happened to call, and, on being informed of the impression which her charms had made on the gentleman, she consented to an interview, which took place a few days afterwards, at Mrs. Lord's when the deceased made a tender of his hand. Up to that time, according to the testimony of Mrs. Lord, the deceased appeared to be in good health, although he occasionally complained of a tightness in his chest and difficulty of breathing. He, however, ate heartily, and his complaint did not appear to affect his spirits. The only person whom he knew in Birmingham was an elderly gentleman of the name of Jones, who appeared to be well acquainted with the circumstances and family of the deceased, to whom he appeared to be distantly related.

Miss Phoebe Hunt, a young woman of prepossessing appearance and pleasing address, gave an account of the manner in which she became acquainted with the deceased. She said that she held the situation of lady's maid in the family of Mr. R. Latham, of Whittington, near Oxford, and travelled from London to Birmingham on the 30th of July last with Mrs. Lord and the deceased, but during the journey she did not exchange a single word with the latter. On her subsequent introduction to the deceased, he made a formal proposal of marriage, accompanied with an assurance that he had ample means to support her. To this offer, she made no objection, and it was arranged that she should return to Oxford and acquaint her friends with the circumstance, who were to accompany her to London, where the deceased appointed to meet her at the latter end of August. On the day preceding the time named, however, she received a letter from the deceased, informing her that he was very ill, and requesting her to lose no time in going to Birmingham. She accordingly set out for that place, and found the deceased suffering from some internal complaint. He experienced much difficulty in breathing when he attempted to walk, but he was not confined to bed. In order to be near him, and to render him the best assistance, she took apartments in the neighbourhood, and visited the deceased daily, walking out with him when he felt able to take exercise. On the preceding Saturday, while walking in the town, the deceased was taken suddenly ill and she was obliged to call a cab, and rush to his lodgings, where she wished him to remain until she procured medical assistance. To this he strongly objected, she believed on account of the expense; and after remaining with him until twelve o'clock she returned to her lodgings. He appeared much better next day, being able to sit up in his room, and at his request she sat up with him during the night. About six o'clock on Monday morning (26th) the deceased partook of some cold chicken with his tea, and seemed to be much better, but expressed a wish to lie down. He accordingly retired to bed, and she went to her lodgings to breakfast. On her return, in about two hours, she was told that the deceased was still in bed, and on proceeding to his room he appeared to be asleep, but on observing him more closely, and finding that he did not breathe, she became alarmed, and sent for a surgeon, who shortly afterwards arrived, and pronounced him to be dead. She opened the key of his portmanteau and travelling bag, in which he placed his gold watch and purse, and had them taken to the house of Mr. Jones, his relative, to whom she sent to apprise him of the melancholy event, but she did not again return to the lodgings of the deceased.

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the Inquest was held, until claimed by the relatives of the deceased. A verdict in accordance with the evidence of the medical gentleman was returned by the jury, accompanied by an expression of their approbation of the kindness and attention manifested by Miss Hunt towards the deceased during the trying and melancholy circumstances under which she had been placed.

The deceased is said to have died possessed of property to a large amount, in America as well as in England.

The unfortunate gentleman's remains were consigned to their last earthly resting-place, in the Birmingham cemetery, on Tuesday the 4th of October. The body had lain from the time of his death, Monday week, at the house of Mr. Price Powell, Upper Gough-street. Miss Hunt remained at her lodgings, nearly opposite, determined, as she stated upon the inquest, that, as he was a gentleman in life, she would see that he was buried like one. Nothing could have been more markedly decorous than the conduct of Miss Hunt throughout the, to her, particularly delicate and unfortunate affair. It would appear that some of the relations of the deceased who resided in Birmingham wished to have the body interred in a manner inimical to Miss Hunt's feelings; and such an unpalatable object was a prominent feature in the spot a police constable was placed on the spot to prevent the body being forcibly removed. The grave which had been dug in St. Thomas's church-yard, for some days remained open. Miss Hunt still continued firm, declaring her intention to have him respectfully buried at her own charge, provided none of his friends came from a distance to take the affair into their own hands. However, her anxiety was in a measure removed by the arrival of a legal agent from London, sent down (it was said) by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the deceased stood in the relation of second cousin, from Leicester-shire. Orders were immediately given for the interment, with every regard to Miss Hunt's feelings, and in accordance with the respectable station in life of the deceased. The funeral accordingly took place as above related at the cemetery on Tuesday, Miss Hunt and the relative from Leicester-shire attending as chief mourners.

Several of the Birmingham relations were at the cemetery in deep mourning, but they refused all communication with those who followed the corpse. It is stated, and we believe truly, that the deceased has left property in England alone amounting to £10,000 or £12,000. To whom that property descends is not exactly known, but we feel a pleasure in the knowledge that the excellent and distinguished prelate to whom we have alluded, has expressed a determination, in the event of his having any power over its control, to make a liberal compensation to Miss Hunt, to whom the Coroner at the close of the inquiry said, "not the slightest stain could be attached. Throughout the melancholy transaction she had behaved discreetly, whilst, at the same time, she had evinced all the affectionate kindness of a woman." The jury, as before said, unanimously coincided in the worthy Coroner's opinion.—Birmingham Paper.

Look on this picture.

Possession.—Romance of Real Life.—The Rev. Mr. Wetherall, resident in Eaton-place, Pimlico, accompanied by his solicitor and Mr. Cooke, a young gentleman dressed in the pink of fashion, who also styled himself professional, came before the sitting magistrate, Mr. Paynter, on Saturday, October 8, under the following extraordinary circumstances:

The Rev. Mr. Wetherall's solicitor remarked, that the duty he had to perform was an extremely distressing one. Mr. Cooke, who had accompanied them, had eloped with his client's (Mr. Wetherall's) daughter, and afterwards, taking advantage of the Rev. gentleman's absence from town, had taken possession of his mansion in Eaton-place, together with the effects therein, and refused to give either up.

Mr. Paynter expressed his surprise at such a proceeding.

The solicitor said, it was no less strange than true, and that Mr. Cooke had refused to give up possession of the house.

Mr. Paynter asked Mr. Cooke what explanation of the affair he had to offer?

Mr. Cooke said, he had a right to the house and the furniture in it, which were certainly his.

Mr. Paynter.—How do you prove your title to the house?

Mr. Cooke.—Why, my money bought it.

Mr. Wetherall's solicitor produced a lease, being an assignment of the house to that gentleman, and said that the property had been purchased by him.

Mr. Cooke said he could prove that the property had been purchased with the money of his wife, to whom the Rev. Mr. Wetherall was only trustee.

Mr. Paynter said, it did not matter on the present occasion with what money the property had been purchased. It was sufficient in law that the applicant was in legal possession of the lease and assignment of the premises, and if he (Mr. Cooke) was a professional man, he must be aware that, by his own showing, he was out of court; he had admitted that the complainant was trustee to his daughter, and who could with more propriety have possession of the property than the trustee? He did not like to advise in such cases, but if he were in the situation of Mr. Wetherall he would take a blacksmith, and a policeman to keep the peace, and forcibly effect an entrance into the house, either at the

M.—(COURT MAGAZINE)—NOVEMBER, 1812.
door or window, and would eject any person endeavoring to retain possession.

The Rev. Mr. Wetherall said the attempt would be dangerous, for a servant of Mr. Cooke had sworn he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter the house.

Mr. Paynter said if he did he would be guilty of murder.

The parties then retired.

It was rumored in court, that the lady whom Mr. Cooke has married is heiress in her own right to £20,000.

And on this.

QUEEN-SQUARE, Friday, October 27th.—Colonel Francis Holme appeared on a summons charging him with assaulting Elizabeth Rumble, an old and somewhat infirm woman.

Complainant stated that in May, 1811, she was put into a house to mind it by Lady Hawke, and remained there until a few days before. On the 15th of September Colonel Holme came to the house and desired her to leave it, and on her refusal laid hold of her by the throat, and violently dragged her upstairs. He then went out, locking the door after him, and threatening that if she was not ready to go out on his return at five o'clock he would give her into custody. She had been so much hurt by his violence, and was so alarmed, that she got a ladder, and succeeded in escaping from the house.

The Colonel, in reply to this statement, said, the house was his, and on going there he desired the complainant to leave, but she refused. He then took her by the arm and insisted on her going, when she threw herself down and screamed violently. He assured her that he should return at five, when he should expect her to be in readiness to depart, and went away. To his surprise, on coming again, he found a ladder at the kitchen window and missed complainant, who must have taken away with her between £20. and £50. worth of property, which had been safe on the premises before.

Mr. Burrell asked defendant if he denied having laid hold of her by the throat as described?

The Colonel declared most positively that he had not touched her throat. His object in going to the house was to request her to leave it, and he certainly took her by the arm to the stairs.* It was not likely that a gentleman and an officer would do so disgraceful an act as to ill use a poor old woman.

Mr. Burrell thought the Colonel might have been irritated, and laid hold of her roughly, enough so, perhaps, to alarm her. Under the circumstances, he should fine defendant 10s.

The Colonel seemed astonished, and was about to speak, when Mr. Burrell observed— Had I believed the whole of her statement, † and felt that you had been guilty of the violence imputed to you, I should have considered it my duty to inflict the heaviest penalty in my power instead of the mitigated one of 10s.

The Colonel bowed and paid the fine.

Look at this:—

ABOLITION OF PUBLIC OFFICES. — On the 28th October an act came into operation, under which a number of offices in the Court of Chancery were then abolished. The offices are the clerks of enrolment and their deputies, controllers of the hanaper, six clerks, sworn clerks, and waiting clerks, except as to the recovery of bygone fees and to certain rights. The duties hitherto performed in the offices mentioned are, after the day stated, to be transferred to other persons. The Lord Chancellor is to fix the compensation allowance to persons whose offices are abolished. Orders are to be made with the sanction of the other equity judges, or any two of them, and the Lord Chancellor, with such consent, can stay the operation of the act for a period not exceeding six months. The expenses of the act are directed to be paid out of the interest arising on the money in the Bank of England. Another act was passed, which will come into operation on the 1st of January next, abolishing certain officers on the revenue side of the Court of Exchequer. The offices are those of the first and second secondaries, of sworn and side clerks, of registrars, and of bag-bearer in the Remembrancer’s-office. The parties are to be awarded compensation, to be fixed by the Lords of the Treasury; the Court of Exchequer to make certain fees, and from the act coming into force, attorneys of the superior courts to practise on the revenue side of the Exchequer.

The report says the Colonel was about to speak when Mr. Burrell not only stopped explanation, but offered him a gross insult, had I believed, he exclaims. We say, then, if the Colonel deserved to be fined 10s. Mr. Burrell ought to be re-fined, which must be self-evident to every gentleman.

† See the previous case and the method in which another magistrate, evidently a business-like straight-forward man, suggests clearing a house of idle occupants.
SWEEPS—HUMANITY WITH A VENGEANCE.—

Two chimney-sweeps, boys, were recently charged at Marlborough-street with having stolen the lead from off Lord Brougham's house in Grafton-street.

Mr. Hardwick, having received a letter from the noble lord to the effect that he would not prosecute, after lecturing the prisoners sentenced them to two months each with hard labour. In reply to a question put to Martin, a master chimney-sweeper, as to what had since the alteration become of the juvenile sweepers, he said that every one of them had been sent into the Workhouse, they being fit for no other trade.*

* Amongst those who desired the change, we were earnest in the matter, and we have not put this forth by way of condemnation of any one, since the want of provision for the orphans was clearly an oversight; but we do so in the hope that Parliament or some humane persons will consider that the friends of these boys paid money—money out of pocket, to apprentice them to that trade, in which the same Parliament forbids them to work. There is great evident cruelty and wrong in this. Now the masters of the foreign blacks—the slaves—had compensation awarded to them, where the traffic was, as all now allow, abominable; but we do seriously say, that whilst Chancery compensations are afloat, (no doubt well thought of in the house beforehand), that had the masters of these youthful English black-faced orphans been "in Parliament," there is no question they would have obtained life annuities, or something of that sort for the poor children.

Might we then suggest a "Chimney-sweeps Society," and a fund to be raised, an appropriate dress to be worn, brooms furnished, and a locale in black uniform, appointed them to clean certain streets, they being paid out of some charitable to-be-raised fund, until some chance or good fortune had provided for them; and particularly that some instruction before they went on duty should be given them—a race who perhaps know only 'thank you sir, or madam,'—the poor child's simple and secret utterance when the kind-hearted master, mistress or servants, have given 'Jack' a few pence for himself—a secret emphasis being laid on the latter words. We say thus much because we have had our enquiries answered in like manner. We should be glad to form such a society.

TAKING THE VEIL.—This interesting ceremony took place on the 21st of October, in the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, at Bermondsey. At twelve o'clock the nave and galleries of the sacred edifice were crowded with respectable individuals, chiefly ladies, anxious to witness a spectacle almost as rare in this country as a suttee is now in India. The fair object of this self-immolation is a Miss Buxton, a cousin, she understand, of the eminent brewer. She is apparently thirty years of age, with a good figure and prepossessing countenance. The community into which the young lady has entered contains about twelve or fourteen nuns, conforming to the rules of the "Order of Mercy." Their services are dedicated, like those of the far-famed "Sisters of Charity," to the spiritual and temporal relief of the sick, whom they visit at their own abodes, and to the exercise of other "works of mercy." At noon precisely, the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith, vicar apostolic of the London district, approached the high altar preceded by two acolytes, and attended by a numerous body of clergy, among whom were present the Rev. Messrs. Butler and Coleridge, resident ministers, the very Rev. Mr. Norris, Messrs. Horabin, North, Long, Siddons, &c. The nuns next entered the sanctuary, from an opposite door of the church, clothed in their full habits, and holding lighted tapers. In the midst of these was the fair devotee, the observed of all observers, wearing a splendid white satin dress, and a veil of rich Brussels lace. A chaplet of white roses encircled her brow. The choir now opened with the beautiful hymn, "O gloria Virgini..." at the close of which and a few prayers the bishop read a discourse suitable to the occasion. After this, the postulant was conducted by the superior of the nuns to the altar, where the bishop loudly interrogated her whether she entered this state of life by her own free will? to which she replied in the affirmative. She was then, having previously retired to exchange her secular for a monastic dress, covered with a veil which had been blest for the occasion. Sister Monica (for that is her new professional name) then prostrated herself at full length before the steps of the altar. During this ceremony the choir and the clergy sang the "Veni Creator," and chanted the psalm "Ex in exitu Israel..." &c. A beautiful antiphon was next sung alternately by the recipient and the choir, the effect of which was extremely thrilling. At the close of the service the young lady, smiling through her tears, kissed and embraced, one by one, the superior and nuns who are to be her companions in the state which she had chosen. The hymn, "Oh Salutaris Hostis..." with the bishop's benediction, closed the sacred drama.
LORD ABINGER’S ADDRESS TO THE CHESHIRE GRAND JURY

AT THE

HOOLDING OF THE RECENT SPECIAL COMMISSION.

There is so much of the milk of human kindness; so much of the matter-of-fact knowledge, and beneficial use of recent circumstances; so evident a desire to promote the best interests of the suffering multitude, that we are sure our readers will give this, his Lordship’s speech, a hearty welcome:—

Gentlemen of the grand jury, you are assembled at this unusual season to discuss a very painful, but a very important duty. A due regard for the public safety makes it essential that all tumultuous and unlawful assemblies of the people should be put down by force, if necessary, and punished with the utmost rigor of the law. At the same time we cannot reflect on the occurrences which have recently taken place in the manufacturing districts without mixed emotions of compassion, and, if I may say so, indignation—compassion at the weakness and ignorance of those deluded multitudes, who imagined they could effect the purposes they had in view by force and violence, and who, as they never fail to do, became the victims of their own delusion, and suffer misery and privation and many of them punishment—indignation at the atrocity contrivances of those who, to serve their own private objects and their own political ends, had promoted and excited the delusion of the industrious classes by addressing the same deceitful arguments, unfounded in reason or in sense, and had then endeavored to take advantage of the delusion they had caused, in order that they might thereby carry into effect their own objects. I need hardly remind you that it is one of the evils incident to a nation of great manufacturing and commercial prosperity, that the country which was flourishing, from that prosperity should occasionally be subject to great reverses. It is the nature and habit of industry and enterprise to keep full the channels of supply, sometimes to overflowing, and whenever a check to the demand occurs there must follow for a while a suspension of employment, a diminution in the price of manufactured produce and in the wages of labor, and very often, unhappily, distress and misery of the manufacturing classes. The history of our own country furnishes examples of this kind. A bad harvest either at home or abroad; the blockade of foreign ports with which we are accustomed to traffic; a war with a nation which takes a large quantity of our manufactured goods; the disturbance of friendly relations between this and other nations with which we have commercial intercourse; the uncertainty of the laws which affect trade and commerce; sometimes, the public agitation of the great questions or principles on which commerce depends; sometimes, even the opinion that the Government is not wise enough to propose, nor strong enough to carry important measures through the maintenance and advancement of the public weal,—all these are circumstances which tend to paralyse industry and the enterprise of commercial men; and at the same time to suspend all those advantages which the country was before gaining from a prosperous condition of trade and commerce. It was not easy, if necessary, to trace many, if not all, of these causes which have in succession or combination produced that distress we have lately witnessed. I stated just now that we cannot view without emotions of compassion the situation of the industrious classes, who, not having a competent knowledge to form a judgment of their own rights as to the principles or the rights of property, or upon the questions on which their own prosperity is involved, imagine that they can by force and violence dictate terms to their masters, and thereby rescue themselves from a degree of privation and discomfort, against which no Government, however, it might be formed, and no law, whatever might be its intentions, could effectually secure them. Nevertheless you will find many, in that situation of life to which I have just alluded, and with that infirmity of judgment which I have just described, whose passions are most easily influenced, when subjects are touched on relating to their own means of existence and their state of discomfort, induced by crafty persons who excite and mislead them, to imagine that they are the fittest persons to govern themselves, and that they ought to have an equal share, if not a superior share, in the conduct of government and in the making of laws. I am afraid that the manufacturing classes have been of late the dupes of this sort of persuasion; and you will find in the occurrences which have called you together sundry examples of this delusion. You will find that there is a society of persons, who go by the name of Chartists, and who, if they have not excited or fo-
mented those outrages which will be brought under your notice, have, nevertheless, taken advantage of them for their own purposes, have endeavored to prevent the unfortunate people from returning to their work, and sought so to direct them that they might be conducive to the attainment of political objects. And what is the object of the Charter, which these men are seeking? What are the points of the Charter? Annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot. Yet, gentlemen, you will find by the evidence which will be produced before you, that it has been inculcated upon many misguided persons that the sovereign remedy for all abuses, and the only means of putting themselves in possession of such a share of power as would enable them to vindicate their own rights and secure themselves against oppression, is by the enactment of what they call the People's Charter. In what a strange situation this country would be placed if those who have no property were to possess a preponderating vote in the making of the laws! These unhappy men do not consider that the first object of civilized society is the protection and preservation of property and the security of person. What, then, would be the state of any country if multitudes were to make the laws for regulating property, or were permitted to employ physical force to restrain individuals from employing their own labor according to their own judgment, or preventing their subsistence? The foundation of civilized society may be considered to consist in the protection of property and the security of person; and if these two objects were removed, society must be dissolved. What a strange effect, then, would the establishment of a system of universal suffrage produce; for, under it, every man, though possessing no property, would have a voice in the choice of the representation of the people. The necessary consequences of this system would be, that those who have no property would make laws for those who have property, and the destruction of the monarchy and aristocracy must necessarily ensue. I do not pretend to judge the motives of those individuals who entertain such views as I have been alluding to, but they seem to forget that it is impossible to establish a perfectly democratic representative assembly, in the formation of which every man in the country should have a voice, without eventually destroying the monarchy and the influence of property, and leading to the creation of a form of government which would become in the end an odious tyranny. Such is the history of all attempts to establish a democracy in countries where a government consisting of mixed elements formerly existed. There is a country which cannot be spoken of without respect and attachment, as emanating from ourselves—I allude to America, from which you may collect what security for property is afforded by a pure republic. In the different states of

* We know not that annual Parliaments would be more destructive to the peace of the country than annual changes in commercial laws are destructive of all confidence in extensive dealings. If a Legislator cannot bring his measures to bear in the short period of one year, neither can the merchant with advantage employ his capital under unceasing changes: both are bad—radically bad—and the sooner triennial Parliaments, or at least, triennial laws are passed the better. Vote by ballot is objectionable, because it is debasing to the English character; but, in itself, abstractedly, there is surely nothing objectionable. We would render it penal for any man to demand a vote, for certain reasons: a man who has voted, else a man votes not according to his conscience, but according to compulsion, and if voting by proxy were excessively bad, why is it adopted at all? We once knew and instance, recorded by the founder of the Harrow-road Cemetery, where (voting by proxy and ballot being contrary to rule) that gentleman's vote and his friends' were pledged to a party, the opposite party equally pledging themselves; Mr. Carden and his party gave their votes as promised, the other gentlemen, noblemen and others did otherwise, and by that fraudulent and infamous system of ballot-voting, Sir John Dean Paul, Chart., and his friends, dispossessed the founder; another gentleman (whom Colonel Henry Angsley Purchas knows) gained also his object thereby, and those not in the secret wondered how they had so gained the apparent confidence of the country. Thus, voting by ballot may be objectionable and not desirable, yet could we never see any positive objection to that mode of voting. If a man has the right, let him use it freely. Only this day a ruined man called, and said that owing to voting in a particular way, the ruin of some in his town (Worcester) led to his involvment.
government have taken advantage of an occasional depression of the commerce and manufactures of the country, and the privations which the laboring classes are suffering, for the purpose of encouraging them to resist their masters, and to abstain from labor, telling them that this was the only means within their reach by which they could obtain the accomplishment of their favorite Charter. I am glad to be informed, gentlemen, that on some portions of the multitudes to whom such topics were addressed they failed to have an effect. There was a certain feeling of fear on the part of the people, a remaining attachment to the institutions of the country, which forbade many to listen to the voice of these Chartists. Nevertheless, gentlemen, you will find by the evidence which will be produced before you, that great pains were taken to inculcate these doctrines on the minds of the people, and to encourage them by the force which belongs to assembled multitudes to carry them into effect.

In the cases which will come before you, gentlemen, you may find persons entertaining these doctrines. I am desirous not to be understood as stating that the mere holding of any abstract opinion on political subjects is an offence; but if those persons who entertain such doctrines as I have alluded to endeavor to enforce them by popular tumult, they must be guilty of a grave offence. If you should find, too, cases satisfactorily proved, where persons have used efforts to prevail on the laboring people not to return to work, or have resorted to measures of tumult and disorder in order to carry into effect their favorite objects, there can be no doubt that such persons are justly liable to punishment; and you, gentlemen, will doubtless feel it due to your country to bring them before this Court. There is another class of offenders who will be brought before you—namely, those who joined in assemblies of the people, the object of which was by force to turn others out of employment, or prevent them from continuing at work. This is a species of tyranny quite intolerable. What right has any man to dictate to another at what price he should labor? If the party who labors, or the party

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* This is exactly what we have so often told Mr. Thompson, Secretary for the starved printers, who, by way of helping them, supports himself out of the men's miserable contributions. Perhaps the 'Society' will now be kind enough not to interfere with quiet establishments—such as ours now is—which was not so when the all-powerful—powerless Union would dare to summon the men, even at busy time, from their work. However, Lord Abinger's sage words were hardly wanted to set the seal-stone upon the grave Society and their doings, and as far as we know they have, of late, been quiet. Men are becoming wiser than they were, and ought to tell them one thing, that whilst the Society was wilfully starving them—leaving them about their

very men, in most cases, who now administer the laws—and to others like them: but were we to be asked on whom they would confer the office of magistrate, we might perhaps say, that your Jardine is a candidate, and a host of others might be requested to retire—without a pension. Would any judge believe that a respectable witness because he was not sworn, but was ready to be, should have been denied at Bow-street the benefit of his assertion? That is not the policeman with whom the event happened, and then, except at the cost and trouble of taking out a summons, be denied the benefit of his own respectability and knowledge, against a willfully perjured policeman; and although the policeman's testimony was not acted upon, yet binding over the party personally to appear some months afterwards at the sessions, in case, we presume, some other similarly lying policeman, under a false magistrate (could such another weak-judging or unjust magistrate be found upon the Bench), to trump up a charge against the party. What interference with the liberty of the subject! compelling a gentleman to be in England, and even in Westminster at a given time—alias to add to the fees of Bow-street and elsewhere—a most disgraceful species of robbery—and all this because a policeman swears falsely, and the magistrate shuts up his judgment as to the veracity of the charge. But the public in such matters are not fairly dealt by; they should be able to know whence came the policeman, his name, his previous employment, his previous wages, and by whose appointment; it might further be well that in the original appointment the marriage of each man's parents should be duly certified and known, for surely when such favor, outraging decency and justice, is shown to mere servants in livery against respectable men—respectable householders—there might arise a question that such favor is not without good reason. Circumstances, indeed, every day show the absence of sufficient magisterial and public control of, at last, well-clothed men, and their huge revenue.
employing, is dissatisfied with the terms of the contract, they have nothing to do but to put an end to the contract. I am afraid, for I believe the law has been altered in this respect, that even the combination of a number of workmen for the purpose of dictating terms to masters has ceased to be an indictable offence in itself. But, though this is not an indictable offence, so long as the combination be conducted in a peaceful and quiet manner, yet if they attempt to force others to join them by terror or intimidation, they are guilty of one of the most daring and outrageous acts of tyranny. What would be said, of a government differently constituted from our own, and acting by direct force on the people, if the powers of such a government were exercised in a similar manner, in order that the workmen might not continue at their labor? Would it not be described as an insupportable tyranny, and as forming a just ground for insurrection? Yet you will find that these doors so thin that it could see into their very hearts, it was cunning enough, is it not true Mr. Secretary Thompson? that you at least, bodily, were lined with several good coats (of fat), so that until, as now, the film had been removed from the men's eyes, they thought your letter-writing was really very serviceable—but we say one good stout Magazine is better far than all your M.S. spells; and those about us find it. We can truly say that, and your committee did all they could—withstanding the public appeals, advertisements, &c., &c., to starve the men without rhyme or reason, but, query, do new members pay any entrance fees upon being admitted into the blessed 'Union'?

Your men certainly did not pull down our printing-office, but, by every foul play possible, our work was jeopardized, and we have seen them three days' correcting a sheet, which our present more honest and better disciplined workmen correct and put to press in as many hours. But we will add a word of advice to you; independently of your own, worse than useless, office—for the men have to support you, how much valuable time attending you, in the days of your prosperity, when there was a common fund for the idle and remiss, it encouraged them to be, if possible, more thoughtless of taking care of their monies—the prudent paying for the improvident.—Ed.

* Worship-street, Oct. 6.—Fifteen men, inmates of the Union Workhouse, Bethnal-green, were marched to the court by a party of the K division of police, and placed at the bar before Mr. Combe, the magistrate, upon a charge of insubordination, and refusing to perform the work required of them.

The workhouse is a new one, built expressly for the union, under the control of the Poor Law Commissioners, and the arrangements and discipline are much more stringent than at the old Bethnal-green house, to which the poor inmates had been very recently removed.

Mr. Fairfield, the new master of the workhouse, stated that on Wednesday, Oct. 6, he called over the list of names of the men to go to work, and of those who were to be employed at the pump, from which all the upper portions of the building are supplied with water; but the men now before the magistrate one and all refused, assigning as their reason that their liberty and their comforts had been greatly abridged since their removal. They had previously been allowed to go out at stated times, and to go out to church on Sundays, and also to see their friends in the house once a week, but of all those indulgences they had been deprived, and they insisted on having them restored, as the condition of their going to work. On the following morning the witness endeavored again to persuade them to work, without compelling him to resort to harsh measures and to get them punished; but they all resolutely informed him that they would only do so conditionally upon the understanding that their liberty days should be restored, that they should be allowed to see their friends as before, and to go to church on Sundays, and they said it was their wish to go before a magistrate for inquir into the matter.

The master said, in reply to the questions put to him by the magistrate, that he had not required anything from them or subjected them to any regulations but such as were enjoined by the board of guardians, whose orders he was bound to enforce; he had no alternative.

Mr. Combe.—And if they had anything to complain of, have they an opportunity of doing so?

The master said, yes; upon their stating that they had any complaint to make, he was bound to enter it in a book* kept for the purpose, to be laid before the guardians, who would then have the complaining party before them, and inquire into the matter.

The magistrate then asked the defendants what they had to say.

The first man said, their condition had been made much worse than it was in the workhouse. They had been allowed to go out for a day once a fortnight, and to see their friends once a week at the house; and on Sundays they had been allowed to go to church; but all these privilages had now been denied to them, and they had in consequence refused to work CONDITIONALLY in order that they might come before a magistrate. (See remark at the end of this.)

The master said they had been in the habit of going out on Sundays to go to church, but the guardians had received some information that the indulgence was abused, and had therefore given an order against it.

All the other defendants made similar complaints, but they all conducted themselves respectfully during the proceedings. Some of them added that their allowance of food was worse than it used to be.

The master said, their allowance of food was in accordance with a diet-table which he now had with him, and he much wished the magistrate to inspect it.

Mr. Combe asked it was quite needless for him to do so, for he had no power to interfere with that or with the other regulations which the

* Query, has any such entry been made? The question should at least have been asked, and whether the men were informed of this means of gaining a hearing.
unhappy men were not content with exercising the privileges which the law allowed guardians laid down for the government of the workhouse.

One of the defendants said that some of the regulations were contrary to Holy Writ, upon which the law of the land was founded, for it was written, “Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder,” but, in spite of that, men and their wives were separated and not allowed to meet.

Mr. Combe observed, that the defendant who had just spoken was evidently a man of understanding, who, if he applied his mind properly to the subject, would find and acknowledge that it was not contrary to the law of the land, but conformable to it, and proper, that men and women who live in workhouses should be kept separate.

The man said, he did not expect that man and wife could live entirely together in a workhouse, but they ought not to be so entirely put asunder as to prevent their meeting sometimes. Under the new workhouse regulation, however, although allowed to see each other and to speak occasionally, it was at a distance from each other, and with officers present to hear all that was said.

The magistrate having heard what the different defendants had to say, told them all, that while they continued inmates of the workhouse they must submit to the rules that were laid down for its government, and if they could not do that, and could find any other means of support, they would be gladly permitted to quit it; but all those before him were young men well able to work and earn a living, and must not expect to be supported without work and altogether at their ease out of the rates, which were with difficulty paid by numbers of poor parishioners.

He sentenced the defendants to 21 days' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

One of the defendants, as they were passing from the bar to the lock-up place, said, “I thank you, Sir; it is only going from one prison to another.”

[We would lay hold chiefly of that part of the men's conduct, “their desire to have their case brought before a superior power,” which course, in the inability, perhaps, of laying a written memorial before his worship, they thought exhibited no defiance of the law; and the very cruel and oppressive sentence is enough to kindle insurrection from one end of the land to the other; yet would we could give an able contemporary full space to echo his sound sayings in the hope of better governance in future.]

Again: a magistrate cannot punish for refusing to obey directions.

William Pepper, a journeyman, was charged before Sir Claudius Hunter with refusing to do some work when directed by his employer, Mr. Higgs, of Upper Thames-street; he had given him into custody for refusing to shoe some horses. The prisoner insisted, however, upon being set to make shoes, grossly abusing him, and shaking his fist in his face.

Sir Claudius said, if the man would not shoe a horse, he knew no law to compel him.

Mr. Higgs replied, as a weekly servant he was bound to do as he was bid, and could not

them, of agreeing among themselves not to work without a certain rate of remuneration, but they attempted by force to compel others to quit their labor.” His Lordship after analysing the different classes of offences, thus terminated his address:—“I cannot conclude without repeating my expressions of compassion for the unhappy people who have acted under the delusion I have referred to.

But, gentlemen, the law takes no account of such delusions; and if a man commits guilty acts, he must be prepared to submit to the consequences of his conduct. It is true that the poorer classes of the country have been suffering from great privations; and I may add, to this subject, as it is matter of notoriety, and has formed matter of public discussion; but it is very singular that the time chosen to break out was a period when a more settled commercial policy had been adopted, when every person expected a revival of manufacturing prosperity, and when, I believe, every person felt there was existing a salient point from which commercial prosperity might take its start. It is singular that this should be the moment chosen to foment those disturbances; and the country has suffered in consequence a suspension of that prosperity which might confidently have been anticipated, and of which, I trust, it is not too late to hope for the return.”

Mr. Baron Parke.—The learned judge (Stafford, October 8), said he would take that opportunity of declaring what was the law with regard to combinations. Workmen had a clear right to meet and combine together and determine at what rate of wages they would or would not be employed; and masters had equally as clear a right to combine and determine what amount of remuneration for labor they would pay. But no body of workmen had a right to molest other men who were inclined to work at the prices offered to them. The right they claimed for themselves they were bound by law to extend to others.

• Still stronger, Mr. Thompson! and we would say a word or two more, but the men are beginning to see through vou—no society funds, eh?

pick his work. Prisoner was not to be man and master too.

Sir Claudius said, if his man would not obey his orders, the remedy was to discharge him. There were plenty of farriers to be found in this great town. A magistrate could not punish for the refusal to obey directions.

Mr. Higgs said good hands were scarce, though bunglers, who would fill the shop with lame horses, were plentiful. It was idle to talk of discharging men when there was a shopful of horses to be shod. If a man might do what sort of work he pleased, the master became a mere cypher, who had nothing to do but to pay the wages on Saturday night.

Sir Claudius asked him to point out by what law the man could be punished.
The prisoner said there was a custom in the trade to make shoes one day, and shoe horses the next. He claimed to work according to the custom.

Mr. Higgs said it was nonsense for men to dictate in this way to their masters. He did not want more shoes, but he did want some horses shod. If Sir Claudius would become a master farrier he would find things wanted to be put straight."

Mr. Higgs, not content with Sir Claudius' decision, that the way to punish a journeyman who refused to obey his master's orders was to turn him away, and not to send him to the treadmill, applied on the following day to Mr. Alderman Gibbs, saying that the case had been decided contrary to justice and common sense, to which Alderman Gibbs replied, that he furnished the answer to his application. He said Sir Claudius had decided the case. If so, it would be unbecoming to hear it again!

Mr. Higgs said the superior courts were not ashamed to grant new trials.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs replied that that practice did not obtain amongst magistrates!!

Mr. Higgs asked if he could not appeal against Sir Claudius's decision.

Mr. Alderman Gibbs said he could not!!!

Mr. Higgs retired, intimating that he should do himself justice the next time he was aggrieved.

The Alderman warned him to beware of taking that course.

**The Royal Visit to Hawthornden.**—The Royal pair had expected that their visit to this romantic spot would be entirely private. But the mere possibility that the Queen and Prince Albert might drive to this lovely place had brought together a great concourse of people of all classes in the neighbourhood. On the arrival of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, they seemed astonished at the number of persons who were assembled; and when the Queen looked down from the elevated ground near the old family mansion-house, on the mass of people below, she became evidently very anxious; and the cause of this anxiety was explained when, after her converging with the Prince and the Duchess of Buccleuch, Colonel Bouverie intimated that the Queen could not visit the caves, in consequence of the probable risk of injury to herself and others, if the people followed down the descent. The Rev. M. C. Mackenzie, the clergyman of the parish in which Hawthornden is situated, whose advice was asked by Prince Albert, and to whom the Queen addressed a few words, said that the people would form themselves on each side of the path which leads through the garden to the caves, and remain firm as a wall. On this assurance, the Royal party, consisting of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Colonel Bouverie, proceeded to the caves between the two lines of people, who, without a single exception, stood steady in their places. It was, indeed, a pleasant and gratifying sight to behold the greatest Monarch in the world, with the husband of her affections, walking with implicit confidence, unattended, in the midst of a great concourse of her subjects, in one of the fairest corners of her dominions; and it was creditable to the people assembled that they evinced the discretion and good sense to act as they did. The Royal party, when they left, were greeted with a cheer that made the woods re-echo the feeling of joyfulness that animated every one who had the good fortune to be a witness of the agreeable visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to classic Hawthornden.

**Presents from Egypt to King Louis Philippe.**—The Nile steamer (one of the finest vessels of the Egyptian fleet) entered Marseilles on the 4th of Sept.; she had on board eight splendid Arabian horses, and several shawls of great value, which Mehemet Ali sent as presents to King Louis Philippe and his family.

**Honorable Treatment of Lady Sale and other Female Captives.**—Letters from natives of Cabul of July 5th, all breathe the open feeling of gratitude towards Akhbar Khan for his treatment of the prisoners. "From first to last," say they, "the Sirdar's treatment of us has been most kind. No European power could have treated prisoners of war better; there is a feeling abroad that we have been ill-treated, but it is very erroneous, and Akhbar has enough to answer for without this being added to his sins." We are very willing, as we have always been, to allow the full credit for the actual good treatment of the prisoners, and have never doubted the fact, but not so the motive. The prisoners are all allowed to walk in a spacious garden, and bathe in the river or canal, though attended by a guard, and the following is the daily bill of fare—10 ladies, 19 children, 15 officers and two soldiers:—Two sheep, 72 seers atta (this is for servants all), six seers ghee, three seers oil, six seers rice, six seers milk, firewood, and last, not least, tea and sugar as required. The conduct of all the ladies is spoken of as beyond all praise, and such as to make every Englishman proud still of his countrywomen. Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt continue to afford examples of magnanimity and patient suffering to those of weaker mould."

**Cameleopards and Antelopes.**—The Memnon lately brought from Alexandria to Marseilles, two cameleopards, two antelopes, and a sheep.

**Meeting of Parliament.**—There seems to be a very general opinion at the west end of the town, that Parliament will assemble for the despatch of business early in January. Of course nothing definite can be known until after the next Privy Council, which will be held at Windsor Castle on Wednesday, the 2nd of November.
MONTHLY CRITIC.


We took up these volumes (and since the new law of copyright we rarely take up any work for review which is not specially transmitted for that purpose by the author, editor, or publisher—we took up these volumes, we repeat, with the full resolve to like them. The range of action is congenial with our present inclination, and, moreover, we like to see that inclination to communicate as much as one knows, which is truly characteristic of his Lordship’s writings. Thousands there are, even in fair summer, who staggerize as well their minds as their bodies, passing their days without acquiring the least particle of information, so that, without the ability of affording the slightest delight to their fellow-creatures, they pass their lives in a state of painful listlessness which renders the brief space of their waking hours a dreadful burthen to them; others again traverse sea and sea, seeing every thing, yet recording nothing; others again transport the reader at once to the apex of their adventure, and bringing him by a short cut homewards, by a route which he can never afterwards discover, leave his mind both unsatisfied and full of perplexity, and such story, if he take the pains to tell one, lacks in interest in proportion to the absence of detail to make the ways and the means intelligible.

The title-page exhibits a touch of feeling, almost epithetical—

"To her unto whom I owe more than I can repay, although not more than I feel; to the partner of my joys, my sorrows, and my fate, I dedicate these pages. V. L." words which must strike home to every conjugal breast, and secure for his Lordship’s efforts the patronage of, at least, the fair-wedded daughters of our own happy land. We are further won to be pleased with this effort, and, if needed, to grant it indulgence, since, whilst we might be disposed to pass over some of the details of persons and societies, which are ever varying and variable, and, perhaps, more dwelt on than valuable, we shall, in common with many of our readers, have many a scene, not long since gazed on, agreeably recalled to memory. In a word, the reader who most enjoys a book of travels is he who has travelled the same route; in such cases, minute description is rarely objectionable, for, surely, none but the most capious traveller, after expending his money and devoting his time, probably months, in a similar pleasure-journey, would reckon a day or two lost in so expeditious and quiet a mode of reviving full recollections of his trip; whilst, to his surrounding friends or family connections he can, as we are now doing, add as much as he pleases to the general stock of information. We must, however, quarrel with his Lordship at starting: a separate cabin is a fitting comfort as a sleeping apartment, but for the journalizing traveller surely the salon is his appropriate sphere of action; nor have we often observed on board these vessels the admixture of so motley a group as seems to have presented itself to his Lordship’s imagination as a writer, for such a host is not spoken of as present in reality. Generally speaking, the middle class is studious to put on the best external appearance—even on board of ship—whilst the genteeler are at that time rather careless than otherwise of their looks, and the motley crew on board the large steamers surely confine themselves chiefly to the second cabin, whilst we were lately fortunate enough to enjoy the society of a noble lord and his lady, of whose several virtues and amiable qualities ‘had they hid their light under a bushel,’ we should have been wholly ignorant.

His Lordship, wisely, in a few words lands us at Rotterdam, and shortly arrives at Antwerp by steam, when the second centenary of Reubens was being celebrated. If it were, then, an absurd exhibition, the carrying the large plater
figure of that genius in triumph through the city, and the citizens expending some 5,000 francs in illuminations, it is now, a cruel spectacle to behold the same night the great waters on the banks of the Quai in a small crazy shed, such as we beheld it a few weeks back: sic transit gloria mundi.

As the recent continental reviews have excited so great a general interest, we do not differ from, but are inclined to confirm his Lordship's opinion that King Leopold's Belgian army is not likely to become a formidable or well disciplined force, but not for the reasons mentioned—there is a visible nous ne savons quoi (if such an expression convey truly that of the singular a Je ne sais quoi): whether because it is half French, half Dutch or from whatever cause, but their appearance, which is very diminutive; their build, which is very ungraceful, particularly their walk and march, but, as troops they struck us to be unlike anything we had ever seen: and we say this, whether as cavalry or infantry. Now, in speaking of the influence of France and of England, and to which power, by way of league he would give the preference, we say that, at length King Leopold seems to have made or to be making an election, which may probably differ from that which his Lordship thinks advisable and prudent, or we think right for England. We agree, also, that the Hotel de Bellevue,* at Brussels, without demerits, need not be overlooked; but the truth is, most all the domestics speak English, which, to many a new comer is a convenience; and the table d'hôte is not open to the citizens, and the house is quiet and well conducted. The carriages on the railroad are, also, differently ordered now, the 3d class being the open or seated car, the 2d class little differing from the first. The priests spoken of at Malines, do, indeed, look much like ravens. But fancy the Noble author who had so little prepared himself on his voyage out for such a campaign, with his family now travelling from Antwerp to Leige in an omnibus with twenty or thirty railway passengers, close, hot-pressed, a few leaves of every sort, aristocratical, democratical, fanatical—our English Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, five and twenty years ago, surely here there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. We, however, think these medleys, if not exactly agreeable, at least the truest means of arriving at a fair knowledge of general character.

If our author comment upon the Bellevue at Brussels, surely he might in naming the Hôtel du Geant at Coblenz have mentioned its surprising accommodations and its table which is very good. But, why will our author again dwell upon comfort; the 'Pavillon' of the Rhine steamers to himself and party! even the King and Queen of Prussia in their recent journeyings never indulged in such an idea—they went to see and to be seen, and so, apparently, did the noble relator. The country skirting the Rhine is, we agree, Rhine, Hottenheimer, 5f., Forst, 8f., Rodesheimer, 5f., Markohrumer, 8f., Do. Ausbruch, 10f., Cabinet Rothenberger, 12f., Ausbruch Graefenberger, 15f., Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet, 1st q., 15f., 2nd, 16f., 3rd, 12f., Liebfrumlich, 8f., Steinwein, 12f.—Wines from the south of Spain: De la Nerthe, 4f.; Côte Rôtie, 5f., Red Hermitage, 6f., White, 8f., Riveselte, 8f., Château Grille, 8f., Paille, 12f., Madeira, 8f., Sherry, 7f., Port, 6f., Malaga, 6f., Chypre, 10f., Calabre, 8f.—Moussaeux: Rhine, 10f., Moselle, 8f., Revesalte, 12f., St. Peres, 6f., Champagne Sillery, 8f., do. Red, 8f., half do., 4f., Burgundy, 8f., Clos de Vougeot, 10f., half bottle Burgundy, 4f., Red Champagne Bouzy non Moussaeux, 4f.—Limonade Gazeuse, 1f.—Eau de Selz, 1f.—Soda, 1f.—Liqueurs: one bottle old Cognac, 1st, 10f.; 2d, 5f., Genièvre, 3f.—Marasquino, little glass, 15c.—Curageau, from Holland, Anisette, Kersch, Rum, Rafraîchi de Grenoble, Cognac, 1st, 5c., small cup.—Small cup of coffee, 40c.—Two horses to Waterloo, 34c.; day, in town, 18f.; half day, 15c.—Icing champagne, 1f.—Servants per day, 1f.
unattractive until beyond Cologne, where it ever and anon presents itself in new and fascinating forms, until, at length, further onwards we behold ruined castles on lofty pinnacles, vine-clad hills and pretty towns, and noble churches, some of which, of large dimensions, in course of erection, present most extraordinary coup d’œils, with the various attractive windings of the wide-flowing Rhine. Omission, too, should not have been made the far-famed Johannisberg, which, on board the steam vessels, is sold at 25 francs a bottle, a price fit only for Pavillon in tastes and pockets: but we should much have liked to have known whether it had any pretence of being genuine, that is, the best. The great beauty of the Rhine-Banks is lost to the traveller in the steam boats; he is removed to too great a distance to mark the beauty of the cultivation; the grape is not visible, its leaves form one green mass, and a spectacle which would be beyond measure gratifying to a pedestrian, in the heights of the eminences—depths of the ravines loses all its beauty by a necessarily cursory and distant gaze. Had his Lordship pedestrianized, such considerations might have furnished matter for another chapter. But we must remember that we have too volumes to review, and also to let our noble author speak a good deal for himself where we think he can most efficaciously do so, on points more agreeable to the general reader.

Well may his Lordship contrast our miserable edifices with some of those at Wisbaden. We follow his Lordship with pleasure; he is now at Langelfels, “and here,” says the Marquess, “as happens, often, in our mode of travelling, when the landlords are civil and give up their kitchen-fire to us, we fared the best. Carrying our cook, provisions, our canteens and batterie. In the larger hotels, they will not consent to travellers cooking, (how is it possible! so large a retinue may think themselves lucky to have a house over all their heads, (with board and beds), and they send up a multitude of dishes, by gourmands styled cochenerie, which really are not eatable.” If simple cookery be the aim, we will not quarrel with this gastronomic account, but we began it, thinking his Lordship was forced to have only that chamber for use, and if such were the case the noble marquess has fared better than we have on some of the lone mountain tracks. We really feel, however, for his Lordship’s deprivation of not gaining an audience with the King of Bavaria, because he had not his uniform, at the time the camp was held there (the same having been sent onwards to Munich), but the rule being laid down, however unkind, individually, (after expressions of friendship from the then Crown Prince), the disappointment had better not have been harshly spoken of. The following presents a more fitting and agreeable subject for record:—

“‘The steam passages both along the Rhine and the Danube afford to those who delight in the picturesque ample opportunities for gratification. There may be a difference of opinion as to which river presents the more sublime scenery. I, however, infinitely prefer the Danube. The Rhine, with its hanging woods and multitudinous inhabited castles, affords a higher dressed and more cultivated picture. But, in the steep and craggy mountains of the Danube, in its wild outline and more dilapidated castles, the imagination embraces a broader range: at one time, the river is confined within its narrowest limits, and proceeds through a defile of considerable altitude, with overhanging rocks menacing destruction; at another, it offers a wide, open archipelago of islands: the mountains have disappeared, and a long plain bounds, on each side of the river, its barren banks.

This rapid metamorphosis is astonishing: and, really, the passage from Lintz to Vienna, with views of the Benedictine convent at Molk, and the castles of Duremberg and Greifenstein afford specimens of romantic scenery that set a writer’s power of delineation at defiance. The steam-boats do not go nearer Vienna than Neudorf, which is a German mile from thence, and where the station has its bureau and establishment.”

Whilst Lady M. W. Montague’s suggested Union (in 1716) of the capital of Vienna and the suburbs, to form a fine city, has been carried into effect, we rejoice equally with his Lordship that there is no longer trace, if ever it were so, of that laxity of decorum which must have been almost unequalled anywhere else; so much so that our author now declares “that there are attached husbands and delightful families,” and that the Court is a model of religious and exemplary morality!

The portrait of Prince Metternich embellishes the first volume of this work: in the third chapter is an account of the
manner in which his Lordship was received and entertained by his former friend. A curious reminiscence is mentioned that, in the days of Lady M. Montague—those corrupt days just spoken of—women did not, as now, act on the stage.

At a soirée given by the Princess Metternich to enable his Lordship to hear Thalberg, the writer says—

I enjoyed another long conversation with Metternich relative to an old and common friend of ours—alas, for his country and the world, now no more!—I mean the celebrated Chevalier Von Genz. No one, who has turned his attention to the political state of Europe for the last twenty years, can be ignorant of the great card this famous compiler and writer has played in the allied councils and in the cabinet of all the cabinets.

Eleven years ambassador at Vienna had made me intimately acquainted with his singular abilities; and Metternich repeated to me, once again, what I had often heard him say before, that he never knew a man, and believed none ever existed, who possessed such intellectual powers, and such facility and felicity in giving expression to them.

It is not, then, passing strange that this profound genius, this subtle politician, this phoenix of literature and composition, should have died actually from an overwhelming excess of the passion of love!—and this, too, at an age, when nature cools down the passions, and bids them subside? for he was near fourscore: yet so the case stands. He imbied a maddening attachment for Fanny Ellsler, the Vienna danseuse, then more partially known, but of late conspicuous both in England and America. Her early charms and fanciedHonors turned the philosopher’s brain: His habits of business wholly ceased: and, on Prince Metternich’s observing and reasoning with him upon this change, Genz assigned, as his formal excuse, “that he had been thunderstruck with the result of the days of July, that from that moment he had given up Europe for lost, and was convinced that no effort could save the world from anarchy and confusion, and therefore he ceased to occupy himself with state affairs.” Metternich argued with him, “that, in proportion as greater dangers arose, so ought men of capacity to rise more energetically to the combat.” But Genz then more candidly avowed, “that he had abandoned himself entirely to one engrossing feeling; he proclamed it, he gloried in it; he was fondly, passionately, desperately, eternally in love, and had only that existence and that deity.

On this opera-girl poor Genz lavished large sums of money, and, whilst exhibiting his partiality, contracted debts, and ultimately died in penury and wretchedness. It is due, however, to this enchanting creature, Fanny Ellsler, to say that she behaved very kindly to him, and seemed vain at having subdued and attached a person of such high and undoubted genius. Prince Metternich related also that he was with his friend a few hours before he breathed his last, and that this individual, who was proverbially known to be so timorous, that he dreaded his own shadow, nevertheless, by the force of the one predominant feeling, died with the greatest calmness and courage, declaring he embraced death as a relief from the devouring passion that consumed him. He thus departed, at the ripe age of fourscore, a victim to the affections.

Genz left behind him some beautiful sentimental letters in manuscript, addressed to his fair dulcinea, breathing feelings stronger, perhaps, than ever were penned before. I could not obtain copies.

Speaking of the Opera, that the ballet d’enfans had been put a stop to by the Emperor Francis, on the ground of immorality, his Lordship adds—“there may be wisdom and virtue in the decision, but still the loss in pleasure and amusement at the theatres is extreme.”

The Marquess, unable to master his feelings at bidding, in person perhaps, a final adieu in this life, addresses a note to Prince Metternich, and receives the following earnest reply:

"Ce 15 Obre, 1840.

"Mon cher Marquis.—C’est avec bien des regrets que je ne vous ai plus vu: conservez moi votre amitié et revenez nous voir, car je n’ai guère de chance d’aller vous chercher; mon existence ressemble à celle des coraux fixés sur un roc, et qui ne se déplacent qu’avec la base sur laquelle ils sont attachés. J’accepte ainsi avec satisfaction votre bon augure, car je ne voudrais également point mourir sans vous avoir revu.

Notre connaissance et amitié datent d’une époque qui aujourd’hui à la valeur de ces temps que l’histoire même qualifie d’héroïque. Tous les souvenirs qui s’attachent à des temps pareils ont un charme égal pour l’esprit et pour le cœur.

Je vous recommande au Lieutenent Colonel Philippoville, qui fera le voyage avec vous à Constantinople. C’est un officier très distingué, et que nous envoyons en Turquie pour le mettre aux ordres de la Porte.

Il pourra vous servir de Dragoman, car il saisit le Turc, aussi bien que nous deux ne le savons pas."
Vous trouverez ce inclus la lettre à l'Internonce."

Mille hommages à Madame la marquise, et que le bon Dieu vous protège dans votre voyage.

Conservez moi souvenir et amitié."

"METTERNICH."

Had we not been so lengthy in our early progress, we would gladly have commenced our reviewing here, when his Lordship is proceeding with Lady Londonderry to Constantinople, leaving their family for safety at Vienna, and intending to reach Naples on New-year's Day. The voyage and its numerous disasters and inconveniences must, then, be left, for the reasons stated, to the enquiring reader. Arrived at Constantinople, the Marquess seeks an interview with the Pacha at the hands of Lord Ponsonby, to whom he has "special official" letters of introduction. That functionary, however, "declines the task," and a long and spirited correspondence takes place, in which the former abroad and Lord Palmerston at home are both severely condemned, and with apparent good reason, we should be inclined to say. However, by the kindness of the Austrian ambassador, an introduction is readily sought and granted, of which the following are the particulars. The hour was fixed for eight in the evening :

"Reschid Pacha had, upon my arrival, sent two of the keevches (Turkish personal guards) to attend on me. These were mounted on hired horses; two attendants followed with flamebeaux, and I rode, accompanied by my friends, to Tophana, where boats were waiting; on crossing the water, a new relay of horses was ready at the other side, and we proceeded up the almost impracticable byeways to Reschid's palace.

Dismounting, I was surrounded by his followers, guards &c., and conducted through low ante-rooms to a staircase, at the top of which Reschid Pacha received me; this was a marked honor, as Mussulmen generally think themselves humiliated by shewing much courtesy to Christians. The pacha led me through two rooms to a cabinet, in the middle of which was a brass brazier; and four large wax candles, in tall candlesticks, stood on the floor, as is usual in all Turkish apartments. I was then motioned to sit down, and, waiting due time, according to eastern usage, and to produce an imposing effect, I proceeded, as I had been instructed, to ask after his excellency's health; this being always the preface in every Turkish con-
ference. Another great point is, to be extremely slow, and allow great intervals to elapse, not only between every thing you hear and your rejoinder, but also between every subject that is started and the succeeding. His excellency having replied as to his health, and inquired after mine, we discoursed much at length on common topics, Constantinople, England, the alliance, the war, &c. In about twenty minutes, ten or twelve slaves entered, bearing very long pipes, with yellow tops, and placed before each of us a small box with lighted tinder, in which the end of the pipe reposed. Each of the visitors was offered the pipes in succession. I declined on the plea of my health—a sufficient excuse—direct refusal being considered an affront; such, too, would have been an affront, in the omission, on their part, of this attention to my presumed wants.

When the cabinet was so full of smoke that one could hardly see, the attendants returned, and carried away the pipes; conversation was resumed, and then more servants entered, bearing in very small cups, placed in an ornamented and costly holder, a few spoonfuls of excellent coffee, already sugared, without cream or milk. The company, just sipping these, returned them, and the servants vanished; shortly afterwards, they again advanced with large cut glasses, some filled with red sweetmeat or clear water, and others full of sherbet, perfumed with an altar of rose. The latter was particularly good and refreshing; and I considered an ample indulgence in it the most agreeable part of the ceremonial. After an hour's visit I rose, and, saying every thing I really felt of graciousness and kindness to this very agreeable minister, who speaks French admirably, and with whom I wanted an interpreter, I took my leave, being followed out through the rooms by his excellency. We returned on horseback to our quarters in the same order as we had arrived; but nothing could be more disagreeable and fatiguing than this going about and paying nocturnal visits à cheral.

I should here mention that I requested Reschid Pacha to allow Lady Londonderry the advantage of being presented to his wife, and seeing his harem; he kindly acquiesced, and fixed the following Thursday, the twelfth, for the ceremony. I having had my interview on the sixth, this long period was probably taken to have the harem in the highest order."

"On a subsequent day, while my own time was occupied in audiences and visits as narrated, Lady Londonderry was appointed by Reschid Pacha to visit his lady and his harem, and on a subsequent day, she was not only presented to the wife of the Serakier and all his ladies, but it was also proposed to her to partake of a Turkish dinner. All the great Pachas have their separate harems, but they have generally a declared wife, who
takes precedence; and there is certain decorum preserved towards this chosen female, though otherwise there may be many indiscretions. It is a rule that the favorites in the seraglio should be concealed from the wife, they being nominally, at least, her slaves. And when the pachas visit the harem accidentally, they fly from him as if from a scourge. Some pachas are also more particular than others, as to their wives. Reshid Pacha and the seraskier had no scruple in introducing theirs, but Achmet and others refused; the former ladies, however, I must add, being notorious as not possessing much beauty, whereas the latter were said to be quite divine creatures.

Of the Turkish women his Lordship says:

"As far as I could pronounce on the general beauty of the Turkish women, although but partially seen, I should say, though not generally handsome, they are all well built, and well grown, strong, and apparently healthy. Their eyes and eyebrows are invariably fine and expressive; and their hair is beyond measure superior to that of other nations. The thickness of its braiding and plaids, and the masses that are occasionally to be seen as by stealth, leave no doubts of this. Their eyelids are painted, and, I believe, in many cases, the eyebrows also; throwing a shade over the orb, which is thus softened into a more luxurious expression. The tincture for the eyelids is of a black hue; and the nails of the hands, which are singularly small and delicate, are generally dyed red.

As to feet and legs, one can scarcely pronounce upon them, the former being always hidden by large high yellow slippers, or half buskins, and the latter covered by such long drapery and petticoats, that no eye can pierce the enclosure.

The Armenian women are distinguished by red slippers: many of these, and also the Cicassians and Georgians, however rarely met with, are very beautiful, and their wild head-dresses, of all colors, and winding their fine hair in folds of gauze, variegated as the rainbow, and decked with all sorts of flowers, gives their appearance a singularly romantic effect.

The strictest propriety of conduct is always observed in all the public promenades and streets by day; and after seven o'clock in the evening no person at Constantinople is seen out of doors, and the women are totally invisible.

The Marquess (although with less of truth than courtesy elsewhere declares his satisfaction) differs not a little from Miss Pardoe in his opinions about Constantinople, the latter speaking of its loveliness, the former its desolate and uninviting aspect.

"As I really believe," says his Lordship, "a true description has never been given, by any of the various writers, of the whole ceremony of the bath, I shall endeavour to detail it accurately.

In mentioning his first and only visit to the Turkish baths, after due preparation, immersion, &c., when the effects were exhibiting themselves freely, the noble sufferer, "growing annoyed, made all signs he could to get out of the bath. The following are the correct particulars:

"It was the Galata bath I entered from the street, with my dragoman, who was stopped and separated from me at the door. The spacious arched room, or hall, was surrounded with several compartments, resembling large boxes at the theatre. On each side was a high staircase, leading to the second range of these separate enclosures. The floor was of stone, or marble. A hot vapor issued from the room, but it was not overpowering.

I was conducted by an attendant up to a corner box. This person helped me to undress, stripping me to the waist, and baring my legs; then, making me stand up, he placed a double-folded napkin on the top of my head. He next led me forth down the steps, and, on the threshold, delivered me over to two men, the bathers I may call them, whose appearance was perfectly disgusting, they being naked to the middle, with bare legs and feet; their beards were shaved, but the large mustachios and black tufts of hair left at the top of their heads, their skins of a perfect olive color, and their large brawny arms and sprawling hands, made me shudder and shrink back from their grasp. But it was vain.

They thrust my feet into two large wooden sabots, or clogs, but, if meant to prevent slipping on the pavement, it had not this effect to those unaccustomed to their use, for they evidently occasioned them to slip much more. Held up by my unwelcome supporters, I was forced forward through three successive rooms, the first having a temperature of about 80, the second 100, and the third 120 or 130. In the last square bath-room, as these I believe are denominated, there are four marble cisterns for hot water, with a turn-cock to each. The vault and floor of this place are of marble, and so managed that the waters, flowing in, run off immediately. There is a low stone seat round the room, and upon this I shortly found myself squatted down, with my two persecutors in front, gazing on their victim.

In a few minutes I began to perspire in so unusual, and to me alarming a manner, that I became faint, and felt most uncomtable. We continued, however, until I felt as if I had been completely immersed in water, and, growing annoyed, I made all the
signs I could be led out of the bath. Such, however, alas! was not my fate. One of my keepers disappeared; and the other coming up, seized my neck and shoulders, and commenced inflicting heavy pinches, which he dexterously continued all over my body; and when I flinched on one side, he sprang to the other, got round me, and pinioned my elbows so as to make them meet, cracking the bones of my back, squeezing my hands, and pulling my fingers simultaneously."

Enough, surely, to make the noble Marquess vow he would never enter a Turkish bath again.

Here we arrive at a new scene—the Slave-market:—

The next revolting, but curious place I saw, and it comes well under review after the bath, was the slave-market. Although Great Britain has given twenty millions in the West Indies to abolish this abominable traffic, it continues and rages in full force on the northern coasts of Africa as elsewhere. The Algerines bring in numbers of slaves to Turkey, and unless Her Majesty's ships of war are constantly on the station to seize and confiscate every ship of all nations that has slaves on board, our twenty millions and example will go for nothing in the Mediterranean, and the traffic there will proceed as freely as ever.

At the door of the great court, near the mosque bazaar, stands the head slave-master, by whom you are admitted. Around the court are cells, in which the negroes and negroresses, as well as all white slaves, are deposited; and where they eat, drink, sleep, and cook. Before each miserable abode is a square or oblong-raised wooden platform; on which, in the day, the slaves are ranged and seated. It is impossible to imagine so ugly a race of human beings as the negroes: they are divided from the men, and each section or division is under the superintendence of the proprietor, Algerine, Moor, or Jew, sits on benches below and surrounding the cells—the dirt, filth, and abominable stench of this place savour of the abodes of beasts rather than of the human species.

Yet, with all this painful, and loathsome, and demoralizing exterior, travellers agree that slavery in Turkey appears in its mildest form, and is by no means the fearful thing avarice and cruelty have rendered it among Europeans and Americans.* The women of

* On the subject of the Harems and morality in Turkey, the following official correspondence not long after his Lordship's visit is not a little interesting:—

"VISCOUNT PONSONBY TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON."

Therapiss, Dec. 27, 1840.

"My Lord,—I have paid the greatest attention to your Lordship's several instructions on

Georgia and Circassia exult in the hopes that afforded them of an improved condition, and an advancement in life which could never be anticipated for them in their native soil. The subject of slavery in Turkey, with the hopes of arriving at some result that would afford a chance of obtaining in any degree the object your Lordship so earnestly desires to accomplish. I have mentioned the subject, and I have been heard with extreme astonishment, accompanied with a smile, at a proposition for destroying an institution closely interwoven with the frame of society in this country, and intimately connected with the law and with the habits, and even the religion, of all classes of the people, from the Sultan himself down to the lowest peasant.

The Sultans, for some centuries past, have never married, and the imperial race is perpetuated by mothers who are slaves.

In all other families slaves may be, and often are, the mothers of legitimised children, who are in all respects as much esteemed as those of legal wives.

The admirals, the generals, the ministers of state, in great part, have been originally slaves. In most families a slave enjoys the highest degree of confidence and influence with the head of the house.

To carry what your Lordship desires into execution it will be necessary to limit the law of succession to the Crown and alter the policy that has so long guided the Sultans in that respect, and also to change fundamentally the political and civil institutions and laws and the domestic arrangements of the people. Universal confusion would perhaps be the consequence of such violent changes, and probably those persons intended to be most benefited by them would be the greatest sufferers.

The slaves are generally well protected against ill treatment, by custom and the habits of the Turks, and by the interests of masters and their religious duty, and, perhaps, slaves in Turkey are not to be considered worse off than men everywhere else who are placed by circumstances in a dependent situation; whilst, on the other hand, they may attain, and constantly do enjoy, the highest dignities, the greatest power, and largest share of wealth of any persons in the empire.

I think that all attempts to effect your Lordship's purpose will fail, and I fear they might give offence if urged forward with importunity. I was asked, "what would the English Government think of the Sublime Porte if it was to call upon the Sovereign of England and the people of England to alter the fundamental law of their country, and change its domestic habits and customs in order to please the taste of the Turks?"

I could perceive, in spite of the good humoured politeness with which this question was asked, that there was something like wounded feeling in the speaker.

The Turks may believe us to be their superiors in the sciences, in arts, and in arms; but they are very far from thinking our wisdom or our morality greater than their own."

I have, &c.

POISONBY.


[COURT MAGAZINE.]
last Sultana Valdé, the mother of Mahmoud, was said to be a Frenchwoman, taken by a Barbary corsair, and sold at Constantinople. The wives of the Sultan and his officers, and, indeed, of most Turks of wealth and station, are thus obtained.

One of the grounds of complaint against the Russian domination in Circassia is said to be the loss which the natives sustain in having the market at Constantinople closed thus to the importation of their daughters; and they lose a double advantage, since the sale enriches the parents at home, and opens a door of advancement for the children abroad. They are considered by their purchasers as the children of the house; and, in Turkey, the house, that is, all down to the lowest slave, have but one interest, one feeling. The males are brought up to offices of trust, and act as the men of business, confidentials, and secretaries of their master: the females are his wives, and, treated as such, become the mothers of men who often achieve distinction. Kosrew Pacha, of Halieh, with a crowd of others (including Reschid), are the offspring of the white slaves.

The black slaves, chiefly from Abyssinia, are, in point of appearance and features, a very fine race. They, too, are kindly treated, fed, clothed, paid and trusted as domestics. Their right to be thus transferred by open sale in the market, is dissatisfied with their actual condition; and this is said to impose a check upon the behaviour of their masters towards them, which is therefore seldom violent, but, on the contrary, generally mild and paternal. Instances of violence doubtless occur, and death is inflicted for some faults; but this is the condition of society in every barbarous age and country, and is not confined to the slave alone. Life in the East is, or at least was until lately, deemed of little account in society. All this, however, its best advocates must confess, while it mitigates the horrors of slavery, does not by any means abolish them, especially in Barbary regencies, Egypt, and other parts of Africa, still less known or watched over by civilization at present. And nothing, of course, can reconcile such a system with humanity or religion.

We must, we fear, in the equal performance of our editorial duties, follow, almost, the noble Marquess' plan, and hastily perform the rest of our tour. In his Lordship's visit to Greece, Sir Howard Douglas pays every mark of respecteful (and duly appreciated) courtesy. The situation and the inhabitants of Malta furnish food for the following sensible observations:

"The society at Malta consists generally of the garrison, naval officers and their wives, and occasional visitors. The Maltese associate little or not at all with the English; and, after forty years' possession of this island by the British, I do not think there have been more than two or three intermarriages. Indeed, I am of opinion that the islanders do not yet believe Great Britain means to keep permanent possession of their country, although Queen Adelaide's late visit, her endowment of a bishopric, and foundation of a magnificent church, should now lead them to consider that these measures have not the appearance of a mere temporary possession.

Occasional visitors and persons of note, especially since the great steam-conveyance has been so successfully and splendidly established with Malta, add much to the society of the place. Since the royal visit, Malta has been brought far more into repute, as beneficial, from its climate, for English invalids; and as being more quiet, and cheaper as to living, than Italy; but with even this acquisition, it is impossible not to pronounce it a dull and dreary residence. A scorching sun, dust and white stone walls on all sides, rocks above, rocks below, stone walls around; without a tree to shade, or a hedge-row to shelter, make the climate unbearable in summer, out of doors: and, in winter, although there is neither frost nor snow, the general dreariness, pavement appearance of this calcareous rock would make it intolerable to dwell in, were it not for its most perfect and unequalled orange-trees, with fruit of such size and flavor as are not to be excelled in any clime in the world, unless it is to be found in the Bahamas. This luxury is the greatest in the island, which Lord Byron so aptly describes as the little military hotbed of the Mediterranean.

Malta is increasing in wealth and prosperity; a free press is filled with radical tirades, that seem designed for the natives of this and similar dependencies, to disgorge their spleen in froth and salaver. They are worth little or no attention; but it was a mistake in our Secretary of the Colonies, not to have established the English language as the current tongue of the place: it had more claim than the Italian, which is as foreign to the Maltese as to the English. Had this been otherwise, the natives would have more easily amalgamated with the English.

The Portuguese legend of Dona Inez and Peter the Cruel (whose Memoir was published in this Magazine) is exceedingly interesting; but the account of the dancing girls, in this age, is more curious:

As early as ten o'clock in the morning, we once more visited the cathedral, to see the interior chapels. The five Murillos that adorn them require from artists the longest and most attentive examination; they are generally hung high; and this is the more to be lamented, as the painter's style is dark.
The composition that pleased me most was, that of an archbishop giving aims to a miserable present; but others have described all the paintings so accurately, that there is no occasion for me to add more on the subject.

The remaining extraordinary curiosities of this gothic edifice are, the silver temple, and the jewels and relics belonging to the chapter, together with various other rare and valuable property. The temple, composed of solid silver, may be by weight estimated at not more than three or four thousand pounds; but its workmanship surpasses all description. The figures and subjects upon it are allegorical, and extracted from the bible. It stands thirty or thirty-five high, is enclosed in a recess, and below are various candelabra, and other rich and ancient articles, preserved from the time of the Moors. When Soult commanded at Seville, his soldiers wanted to carry off the temple, but, to his honor, he would not allow it.

There is an especial privilege in this cathedral, and connected with this temple, which is placed expressly for the ceremony on the social picture of the altar; namely, that dancing before it is permitted and even enjoined, as a mode of divine worship; and it is performed accordingly on certain solemn and particular days.

This custom is almost obsolete in the Christian church, and seems more pagan than Christian; as in the whirling dervises of Persia and Turkey, and the Pagoda dancing girls, who exhibited in England and Europe some few years ago.

Thence the party proceeded to the inspection of the nunnery of St. Agnes, where, though gentlemen are seldom suffered to enter, his Lordship and family were received most cordially. That nunnery was the domicile of poor Dona Inez.

And now (not altogether forgetting the social picture of the youthful king and queen, we must hastily close these interesting pages, leaving much to be gathered, whilst we proceed with our Journal of observation and his Lordship is called hastily to London by Lord Seabham’s sudden and severe illness.

The Parent’s Hand-Book, or the Guide to the Choice of Professions, Employments and Situations, containing useful and practical information on the subject of placing out young men and of educating them, with a view to particular employments. By J. C. Hudson, Esq. Longman & Co: 1842.

It is not long since we reviewed Mr. Hudson’s ‘plain directions for making wills’; now we are called upon to pass judgment upon the various means published by him to gain that competency and fortune which will put an individual in the situation of one having wherewith to use or will. The title, above, sets forth the author’s numerous intentions, and he has set about his severe task most usefully. Instead, then, of a parent being influenced by ‘private’ statement, which, too often, is founded on self-interest, he can at once gain for himself the certain knowledge and information he requires. In selecting the following extracts from the work we have done so, because the youth rather than his parents has a partiality for that life, which in a few years changes the man so completely that he belongs to an almost different genus of humanity: yet all the world likes the light-hearted, cheerful, English sailor. It is rather a singular thing, but generally speaking, parents do not like to bring up their sons to the same pursuit or business which they themselves have followed, and children are equally averse from following their father’s calling. This fact will speak volumes for the utility of such a work as this; and whilst we briefly dismiss the book, saying only that the Church, the army, the royal navy, the merchant service, the medical profession in all its branches, the law, the public civil service in all its grades, the East India Company, the Insurance Offices, the departments of music and singing, hackney writers, traders, come individually under review, and that the whole is wound up with an appendix of Endowed Schools having University advantages, we have to conclude with this one very useful hint on the value of time and the best use of it; and this particularly with regard to giving lessons. Our author says, ‘Perhaps it is not prudent for one who aims at very high honors to sacrifice, (ah, great, indeed, is often the sacrifice), any portion of his time for the comparatively small advantages of the remuneration for such services.

Here is the extract promised:—

THE ROYAL NAVY.

The profession of a sailor is one to which those who make choice of it are driven by some unaccountable and irresistible impulse. From the moment that a boy has conceived a passion for the sea, all other schemes of life are distasteful to him. It is not gallantry alone which occasions a bias in favor of a seafaring life, for the same boy who fondly
cherishes the wish to be a sailor would loathe the proposal of his being made a marine. It is the sea itself, and for its own sake, the sea
propter se, which possesses, in the imaginations of a certain description of boys, such a bewitching charm that neither its terrors, nor its hardships, nor its unfruitfulness, will deter them from the prosecution of their suit. There is no profession whatever which becomes such a passion as that of a sailor. Boys can talk rationally on all other modes of life, and be induced to compare their several advantages. But a boy who has once been seized with the love of going to sea has too much ardor to make any such comparisons. Romantic attachments are not always the surest foundation of happiness in life; and it frequently happens that young men who have become enamored of a sailor’s profession, such as it has appeared to their heated fancies, have been thoroughly dissatisfied with the reality.

At the same time it must be confessed that with a vast many the passion endures through life; and that to this peculiarity in the nautical character is owing much of the renown of the merchant service. It is certain, at least, that the emoluments of the profession do not constitute a very powerful attraction.

The patronage of the royal navy is lodged solely with the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, and principally with the first lord. Neither commissions nor promotions are to be purchased, as in the army; and the patronage, like that of the civil service, is chiefly bartered for parliamentary support. A young man must enter the service as a midshipman, and after six years’ service in this rank, he is made a mate. At this point he passes his examination, due to his qualification to be made a lieutenant: the examination embraces, among other things, seamanship, gunnery, and trigonometry.

If found qualified, he is “passed,” and then he must wait until his friends can beg a commission for him at the Admiralty. Beyond this point his principal dependence is on what is called “interest,” unless it should happen to him (a rare case) to be placed in a situation where he is able to distinguish himself by extraordinary bravery and good conduct. The greatest difficulty in time of peace is to get employed, until which time an officer receives but half-pay. Once employed and afloat, opportunities of earning promotion by merit may happen to him, which opportunities, if he have interest, he is under no such necessity to seek. A single glance at any two Court Calendars of periods about four or five years distant will prove this fact. To take a single example, (not selected invidiously, for the examples are much too numerous,) Lord Edward Russell appears in the Court Calendar of 1829, as being made a commander in 1828, at which time there were more than 700 commanders his seniors in the service, some of whom had been commanders since 1787.

In the Court Calendar of 1834, the name of Lord Edward Russell appears as having been made a post captain in 1833, over the heads of at least 500 of such of the 700 as were then left alive.”

THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

To enter the merchant service, a boy is usually apprenticed for three years. He should not be more than fifteen years of age, and fourteen is better than fifteen. To become a thorough good seaman, able, in nautical phrases, to hand, reef, and steer, he cannot have a better school than a ship of 300 to 500 tons in the West India trade.

There is no difficulty in finding owners and captains of West Indianmen willing to take a strong, active, and respectable boy as an apprentice without any premium, and the expense of his outfit is not more than from £20 to £30. It is usual for the owners to make their apprentices an allowance after every voyage, in case they have behaved well, and such allowances amount to about £50 in the three years. As they board at the owner’s expense, they are allowed ten shillings a week to provide themselves with living while in harbour, because at that time no cooking is allowed in the ship.

The theoretical and scientific education of a boy on board of one of these vessels is certainly less complete than in some others, but no situation will afford him the means of acquiring more practical knowledge. The boy whose passion for the sea is associated with the image of a clean and interesting young gentleman in a cap banded with gold lace, a superfine blue cloth jacket and cross-boned rows of gilt buttons, laid open to expose a white kerseymere waistcoat and still whiter linen collar, scarcely held in bondage by the silken folds of a black neckerchief, a snowy and well-fitting pair of trousers, white stockings and pumps, must be taught that all this is illusory, and has no more to do with going to sea for a living than the buckram skirts, bag wig, and sword of a state page. If he be desirous of going to sea to learn his profession thoroughly and practically, he should imagine himself in a blue woollen shirt and a pair of canvas trousers, without shoes or stockings, his hands for ever at the tar bucket, and his head covered, if at all, by a worsted nightcap in dry weather, or, when the tropical rain is descending in pulvis, by a thing called a “son-wester,” painted white, and resembling in shape a coal-heaver’s hat. The pupils of this rough school have preference, however, to all others in obtaining employment when out of their time. They are then generally eligible to serve as mates, in which capacity they earn about £30 per voyage besides their living. Their subsequent career depends, as in all other stations in life, upon industry, prudence, intelligence, and good fortune. They may sink into common sailors, and, by contriving evil habits, degenerate into vag-
bonds and paupers, or get pressed into the public service, and lose every chance of independence: on the other hand, they may become captains, shipowners, merchants, aldermen, and lord mayors.

Some persons, who sink from the idea of their children or protégés encountering the hardships of such a life as a boy leads who serves his apprenticeship in a West Indianman, prefer a vessel employed in the East India and China trade. Each of these large vessels usually takes out from ten to fifteen "young gentlemen" as midshipmen: they are bound for three years, and the premium paid with each is commonly £600. The expense for outfit is much greater than for a boy bound to a West Indianman. After learning their profession in this capacity, they are eligible to be employed, first as mates of the lowest class, 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the case may be, and so to proceed by degrees to the situation of captain. Doubtless there is more scope for enterprise and speculation in this trade than in the trade to the West Indies; but to the young man who has acquired a perfect knowledge of his profession as a sailor, both theoretically and practically, the whole world is open as a market for his services, and the only question therefore is, in what school he will acquire this knowledge at the least expense of time and money. If his constitution be strong, and his mind so much bent upon getting forward in his profession as to be indifferent to present hardships and privations (the dangers of the sea are much the same everywhere), a young man will find the West India trade the best school to which he could have been put.

The particulars and regulations relative to the Indian navy will be found under the head of the East India Company's Service."


We wander in our garden whilst "choosing" a profession for some dear object, and are soon attracted by the busy hum of the honey-bearing insect tribe. How good a lesson of industry for man! But know ye, reader, much of their curious history, and the treatment of them? or would you make this addition to your family? if so, listen to our author. Where to fix their habitation:

"I have no hesitation in saying, that a South aspect is decisively preferable to any other situation for an Apiary. I have tried various aspects, but the Bees in the South I have always found to be the healthiest, and to collect the largest quantity of honey. It is very important that the hives be sheltered from the wind by trees or houses, and that they are not placed in the vicinity of ponds or large rivers, for high winds will dash them into the water, where numbers will perish."

We said "habitation," for again hear our author, and be careful not to use mortar in its structure, neither to place the fabrics too close, and better upon boards than in the usual way:—

"I am a decided enemy to Bee-houses of all kinds, for they are the means of causing the ruin of a great number of hives. By affording a home to their worst enemies, viz. mice, moths, spiders, earwigs, and various other insects; thousands die from imprisonment, and many hives are destroyed by humidity. The method of placing several hives upon the same bench is also very injurious; it very much facilitates pilfering, and renders it impossible to operate upon one hive, without disturbing the others.

"The hives should be placed upon separate boards, supported by single pedestals four or five inches in diameter, firmly placed in the ground, and standing about fifteen inches from the surface."

"On no account use clay or mortar, as is usually done, to secure the hive to the board, the Bees of themselves will do it more effectually; clay or mortar tends very much to decay the hives, and to harbour moths and other insects; each hive should be covered with a large milkpan, and be well painted every year, for hives managed upon the depriving system, are expected to stand from fifteen to twenty years.

"The hives should be placed about three feet apart from each other, and in a right line, but should the number be too great to allow of this arrangement, and render two rows necessary, they must not be less than fifteen feet asunder, and those in the front row intersecting the line formed by the hinder one.

"The boards on which the hives are placed, should be cleaned about four times in the year, January, March, April, and November: much time and trouble will be saved the Bees thereby."

The author particularly points out the baneful insect-bearing influence of lofty shrubs contiguous to hives, and tells you what roots to plant:

"Plants which rise in height equal to or exceeding the entrance of the hives, should not be suffered to grow in their immediate vicinity."

* This fact, though it has been denied by those who profess to have had much experience in the management of Bees, is known to every novice in Apiarian science, for he does not suffer much time to pass, after having purchased a swarm of bees, without endeavoring to ascertain how much honey they have collected, and finds the difficulty of separating the hive from the board upon which it was placed.—Author.
vicinity, and every facility should be removed by which the enemies of the bees can ascend into the hives."

"I have always found the advantage of planting, in the vicinity of my hives, a large quantity of the common kinds of crocus, single blue hipatica, helborus niger, and tussilago petasites, all of which flower very early, and are rich in honey and farina: salvia nemorosa (of Dr. Smith) which flowers very early in June and lasts all the summer, is in an extraordinary manner sought after by the Bees, and when room is not an object, twenty or thirty square yards of it may be grown with advantage: origanum humile, origanum rubescens (of Havorth, and mignonette may also be grown, cultivation beyond this, exclusively for Bees, I believe answers very little purpose.

On the renewing or purchasing stock, he says:—

"The best time to establish an Apiary is from the middle of February to the middle of March, the stocks will have passed in safety through the winter, the combs are then empty of brood, light of honey, and the removal safe and easy.

"It is very important to observe, that when a swarm of Bees is purchased it must be moved to the place in which it is to remain, upon the evening of the day it is swarmed, for should the removal be delayed even till the next day, the combs will in all probability be broken and the stock destroyed.

"I should recommend the purchaser to send his own hive to the person of whom he intends to buy a swarm, and to desire him not to put any sticks across the interior of the hive, as is the usual custom, for they cause much trouble to the Bees in forming their combs, and render their extraction almost impossible. The prosperity of the hive will much (perhaps entirely) depend upon its being finally placed upon the evening of the day it is swarmed.

"It has always been my practice to paint my Hives, both wood and straw, at least once in the year, and I would strongly recommend all persons to do the same. April I think is the best time, and if done after six o'clock in the evening, not the least inconvenience will arise either to the painter or to the Bees.

The care during winter, and the several seasons, with the peculiar food for them are thus mentioned:—

"Although I have recommended Bees to be confined to their hives so long as snow remains upon the ground, it would, however, be very prejudicial to them if carried on beyond that time, for I never saw Bees healthy and strong after being shut up through the winter.

"They are always in good health as long as they are at liberty, when they are warm enough, and have plenty of food. All their pretended diseases are the result of cold, hunger, or the infection produced by a too close and long confinement during winter.

"Autumn and Spring are the most proper seasons for supplying weak stocks with food. Bees ought never to be fed during the winter, as food given at that time not only causes disease, but induces them to go out of their hives, when many of them perish from cold.

"Food should be administered only at night, and the sooner after sunset the better; the vessel in which it is given ought to be carefully removed the next morning, or robbers will be attracted to the hive by the smell of the honey, and far more injury be sustained from them than the benefit arising to the Bees from the food given. In feeding, therefore, it will be necessary to observe the greatest neatness. In autumn—Bees should be fed copiously: eight pounds of honey, six pounds of water, a bottle of white wine, and a pound of sugar, boiled and skimmed, to be bottled for use.

"In the Spring—Bees should be fed sparingly, three or four ounces of honey twice in the week will be found amply sufficient.

"A very good Spring food may be made with honey and sweet wort, or with raw sugar and sweet wort, boiled and skimmed: one pound of sugar, or half a pound of honey, to two pints of strong wort.

Quietude necessary:—

"All operations, except joining swarms or stocks, should be performed upon a fine day, about noon: they may then be done with much less annoyance to the Bees, as well as with less chance of danger to the operator. Dr. Bevan says, "quietness is the surest protection against being stung.

Not merely for those approaching Bees, but also to many others would we recommend the direction not to breathe upon the Bees: it is equally offensive to the Bee as to those of refined habits:—

"It is recommended to persons during the operations on Bees, to carefully avoid breathing upon them, as nothing is more offensive, or more irritating to them than the human breath; this, however, is partially obviated by closing the mouth, and suffering the breath to pass gently through the nose, by which means a full current is not allowed to fall upon them.

He thus emphatically impresses upon his readers the infinite importance of having a strong stock; also of casts or colls:—

"When two Casts or Colts come off upon the same day, hive them separately, and leave them till an hour and a half after sun-
set, then spread a cloth upon the ground, upon which by a smart and sudden movement shake all the Bees out of one of the hives, and immediately take the other and place it gently over the Bees that are heaped together upon the cloth, and they will instantly ascend into it, and join those, which not having been disturbed, are quiet in their new abode; next morning, before sunrise, remove this newly-united hive to the place in which it is to remain: this doubled population will work with double success, and in the most perfect harmony, and generally become a strong stock, from which much profit may be derived.

"Two Casts or weak Swarms may be joined in the same manner, although one of them may have swarmed some days or even weeks later than the other, taking care, however, not to make the first one enter the second, but the second the first; a third and a fourth parcel of Bees may be joined to them at different times till the stock becomes strong.

"It is almost impossible sufficiently to impress upon the mind of every person who keeps Bees the necessity of having his stocks all strong, for weak stocks are very troublesome, very expensive, and seldom, if ever, afford any profit.

"Mr. Taylor says, 'the stronger the colony at the outset, the better the Bees will work, and the more prosperous it will become. I never knew a weak one do well long: and a little extra expense and trouble at first are amply rewarded by succeeding years of prosperity and ultimate profit:' and again, 'thus, strength in one year, begets it in succeeding ones, and this principle ought to be borne in mind by those who imagine that the deficient population of one season will be made up in the next, and that the loss of Bees in the winter is of secondary consequence, forgetting how indissolubly is their warmth to the earlier and increased productive powers of the Queen, and how important it is in the opening spring to be able to spare from the home duties of the hive a number of collectors, to add to the stores, which would not otherwise keep pace with the cravings of the rising generation.'

"If a stock of Bees containing fifteen or twenty pounds of honey in September, be carefully managed during the winter, which consists in narrowing the entrance to exclude robbers, carefully covering the hive with a milk-pan, and raising it from the board every month or six weeks to clean it, no doubt can be entertained to its affording a good box of honey.

We conclude these remarks with the author's own efficacious remedy against a sting:

"The sooner the sting is extracted, the less venom is ejected, and consequently less inflammation induced. The most effective remedy appears to be, Aq. Ammon., or Spirit of Hartshorn; nor is this surprising, when we consider that the venom of the Bee is evidently acid.

"During the last three years I have used for myself and those about me, who might chance to meet with a sting, a still more effectual remedy than the above, and as its application is more simple, it is certainly to be preferred. It consists in applying the least possible quantity of Liquor potassae immediately upon removing the sting, either with a fine camel's hair pencil, a sharp pen, or even with the point of a needle. The venom of the Bee being an acid, this very powerful alkali consequently neutralizes it; the pain is instantly removed, and neither swelling nor inflammation follow. Should too large a quantity of this alkali be used (as from the hurry in which it is usually sought after frequently happens) the part should be plunged into cold water, or a scar will be the consequence, which will last for some days. I have found the quicker the application, the more effectual the cure."


Perhaps of late years there have been more works published on coloring than on any other subject (religion excepted), yet all for some inexplicable reason seem to have forgotten that it is as necessary to learn the alphabet of this as of any other art; hence, then, we have here a little work, one of small pretensions, a book of considerable utility, for, strange as it may appear, this seems the first work that has descended to give the rudiments of the art, all others assuming a proficiency not often attained by a young man's experience. Amongst the principal subjects treated on are two directions for preparing canvas and panels, the first, that usually considered the best, we present to our readers.

"Having procured a stretcher or frame of wood of the size of your intended picture, strain over it a piece of canvas, (Russia duck or ticking is the best,) taking special care that the tension is perfectly equal in every part, and fasten the canvas on to the frame with small tacks as the straining is carried on. This done, take whiting, ground and finely sifted, and enough clean size to make it of the consistence of putty, place them in a pippin and set them over a fire, keeping them stirred till thoroughly mixed—they should not be suffered to boil—take it off, and when of the warmth of new milk, spread it with your palette knife evenly over the surface of the canvas; this will dry speedily; thence
thence the roughness or irregularities should
be rubbed down with a smooth-faced pumice
stone; after this lay on another coat of the
whiting and size, which, while yet moist, rub
with the hand occasionally moistened with
cold water, and when the entire surface is
dry, the canvas or panel (for the process is
applicable to both) is fit for use.

There are also instructions for portrait
and landscape painting; and the whole is
wound up with Sir Joshua Reynolds's
valuable observations and instructions,
which cannot but enhance its worth, and
gain it a place in the studios of youth-
ful artists and amateurs.

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The Life of St. Ignatius.
Clark and Co., 66, Old Bailey.

This is the first number of a valuable
little series—lives of the fathers, saints,
and martyrs—which we willingly recom-
 mend for perusal. It is most judiciously
compiled, and is written in language par-
 ticularly adapted to youth. As the best
recommendation to our readers we quote
the following passage, 'the last days of
the pious Christian,' which may be con-
sidered a fair specimen of the work:

Sentence having been already passed by
the Emperor, he was led without delay to
execution, whither he was attended by a
number of the brethren, who must have con-
templated him with a strange mixture of
joy and sorrow,—with joy, at the sight of so
holy and so celebrated a man, who had been
like their lately lost Clement, a disciple of
the Apostles;—with sorrow, that such a man
would now be lost to them and to the church.
After having embraced them all, and asked
from them that which was true charity,
(namely, to let him die) and having exhorted
them, they all knelt down, and he in the
midst of them, besought the Son of God in
behalf of the Churches, that he would put a
stop to the persecution, and continue the love
of the brethren towards each other. He was
then hurried off to the Amphitheatre, and
speedily thrown in, the end of the spectacle
being at hand. ‘For it was then a very
solemn day, called in the Roman tongue the
thirteenth of the calends of January; upon
which the people were more than ordinarily
wont to be gathered together.’ There, ob-
serves Evans, insolent with revelling, and
maddened to cruelty by the sight of the
blood of dying gladiators, the people of
Rome were expecting the appearance of the
old man, and raised, no doubt, a shout, when
he was produced before them. For the first
time in his life he beheld the interior of an
Amphitheatre—a sight forbidden to the eyes
of the Christian. He beheld the assembled
majesty of the lords of this world; their

senate, their magistrates, and, oh strange
and impious spectacle! their women and
consecrated virgins, looking upon death's
shocking and varied agonies, with composed
countenances, and almost drinking in the
streams of blood with their eyes, amid savage
delight. It was truly the temple of the Prince
of this world. Can we wonder, that in such
a place, generally, began the first cry for
persecution; that there resided its peculiar
inspiration; that there the sight of a helpless
and venerable old man, of blameless life,
and yet brought to suffer the death of the
worst malefactors, moved no pity, but rather
provoked rage? How little did the mighty
ones of the day imagine, that the obscure
sufferer, who stood before them, would leave
behind him an everlasting name, to their
shame, and to his Master's glory; and that
the blood of the saints, with which they were
now drunken, should be the means of mak-
ing many like him, until their whole empire
should be full of them! The vast multitude,
with shouts, beheld the preacher of love and
peace placed upon the spot which was
assigned to assassins and murderers, and
cheered the beasts as they were loosed upon
him.

The agony of this blessed Martyr was short.
The beasts quickly dispatched him, and so
ravenously, that only the larger bones were
left. Thus was fulfilled his desire, that the
beasts might be his tomb, and leave nothing
of his body.

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The Ladies' Hand-Book; or knitting, netting,
and crocheting, containing plain directions by
which to become proficient in those branches
of useful and ornamental employment. By

We recognize our pleasant old in-
stuctor, the author of 'The Ladies' Hand-
Book of fancy needlework and
embroidery;' and we are beginning to think
our lady-working library will soon be full!

The book opens with an essay upon
ancient needlework, and proceeds shortly
afterwards to business, laying down its
clear principles for the reader's thorough
comprehension of all sorts of stitchery,
and concludes with such an essay upon
the proper use of time, that it is just the
present a parent or schoolmistress would
be glad to place in the hands of a favorite
child.

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A Love Gift for 1843. George Bell, Fleet-
street.

This pretty little book of Poetry, se-
lected from good authors, will be found
a truly acceptable 'Love-gift,' whether
from Papa or Mama, or as a mutual-ex-
change-gift from young persons essaying
to knit their juvenile hearts together.
The English Maiden, her Moral and Domestic Duties, 2nd Edition,—Talboys, Clark, & Wilson, 66, Old Bailey.

So many works assimilating with the adjunct title of this excellent book, have lately appeared, that one would think little of novelty could be presented either in the mode of expressing thoughts, or in the subject—matter. The English Maiden has a strong aim to inculcate sound principles of virtue, in intimate connection with all the domestic duties.

The author enters upon a preliminary discussion respecting the capabilities of woman, and her earlier liberty under the Romans. Besides a Christian disposition, he would require that:

"Intelligence, wisdom, disinterested affection; a mind to advise, a heart rich with sympathies, and a hand to aid,—these should find in her their chosen resting-place.

And what Mother can fill the sphere ordained for her sex, if she be not a devoted parent? Possessed of this trait, no woman can fail of honor and usefulness. She who looks on her race with a maternal interest, who feels that God hath made of one blood all the children of the earth, and who lives not for herself but for her neighbour, she is of the genuine female nobility. There is in her character a grandeur—before which the admired of all admirers, the gay butterfly, whose wings open and close with the sun of adulation, shrinks into an object of pity."

In the exercise of the domestic virtues she then depicts an amiable woman when visited by a long-absent and dear friend.

Hospitality is a virtue which shines preeminently bright in the female character. Sometimes enduring friendships are formed in the season of girlhood, which bloom with undiminished freshness in subsequent years. Such instances of unshaken constancy cannot be too highly prized. How cheering is it, after years of separation, to find yourself located in the house of her who once shared every thought of your heart. Yet even this renewal of long interrupted intercourse may be materially influenced in its character by the manners of her who comes forward to receive her guest. Let one who has taken, perhaps, a long journey to visit the companion of her youth, find her harassed with household cares, nothing in its place, and evidently no preparation for her reception, although the precise hour of her arrival was announced a month before; a chill will fall upon the heart, and she will regret her visit as soon as she enters the doors, because she cannot help feeling that she is putting her already over-burdened friend to extra trouble and annoyance on her account. But how vastly different is it with her, who having established habits of strict order and regularity in her family, can never be taken by surprise. The moment the guest enters, she feels that she was both expected and desired. The "well built-up fire" speaks the undiminished warmth of her friend's heart; her luggage has been removed to the chamber selected for her, by unseen hands; and when conducted thither, she finds that the room is just the one, for which she had often in her friend's hearing expressed her preference twenty years before. Nor is this all; on the toilet-table is the cushion presented by a mutual friend; the mantelpiece exhibits the token of remembrance presented when last she and her visitor parted; and the walls are adorned with pictures she had a thousand times admired; while in a corner is placed a small but choice selection from the works of those authors, from whom, in the days of their young affection, they drank large draughts of instruction and delight. Then comes that luxury to a newly-arrived traveller, an early tea; and so far from any wish to retire early being either felt or expressed, old times are recollected, old friends spoken of, scenes of mutual joys recounted, or of mutual sorrows commiserated, till hours seem converted into moments, and they a rich fare of the eternal re-union of commingling spirits in the world to come.

Besides exhibiting every amiable quality, in the most enviable light, the author thus in conclusion addresses the reader—

"You are now in the prime of your being. Commence to-day the life of the soul, and you will enter on that sacred course which leads to an immortal virtue. Time is short: why should you give to it your noblest energies? This world is but a passing shadow, Oh, do not consent to build your dwelling-as if the suns that scorch and blast the soul could not strike you. That Being, in whose hand is your breath, has placed you, for a few swift winged years, on a vessel propelled by fearful elements. In an hour you least imagine, that which now bears you brightly onward, may burst its confines, and scatter on the wild waves the black fragments of all that is mortal. Yet fear not death; fear life. Live as you ought; leave the rest with God. Calmly may you then lean on him: peacefully will you pass the strange ongoings of earth. Through tears and through smiles, live as you ought, and Heaven is gained. Wait upon the Lord, and while worldlings—live to earth's pleasures—child while they live—shall faint and be weary, and many shall utterly fail, you shall renew your strength; you shall mount up with wings as eagles; you shall run and not be weary, and you shall walk and not faint."

In a word, then, we cannot help thinking that in time this will be a family manual in most extensive use.

[Court Magazine.]
I asked thee not for Ring or Vow.

The music of this song is rather above the general productions of the day, and is written in the E key.

We may recommend it to our musical friends, as a song not unworthy a place in their portfolios. The words by Laura Quaries, which are simple and pretty, are the following:

"I ask thee not for ring or vow,
I never wish'd for pledge or token;
I only know I lov'd thee well,
I only feel my heart is broken,
I only feel my heart is broken.

Our time of joy soon pass'd away;
Ah! 'twas a day of sunny weather;
But one that set in darkest night,
We pass'd thro' life, but not together,
We pass'd thro' life, but not together.

Over my hopes, I've worldly wept,
Ah! it is hard such bonds to sever;
When hearts are touch'd, and lips have met,
Can they be parted—never, never!
Can they be parted—never, never!

Banke's History of the Popes in the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries, from the German. By Walter F. Kelly, Esq. Part II. Whittaker & Co.

We can only now do justice to this number (which, by the bye, runs current with the period of our present Memoirs) by stating that Part III. will complete the work, and will contain a most valuable and interesting portion of the work, viz., the author's Appendix, consisting chiefly of extracts from the unpublished Latin and Italian MSS., of which an account was given in the Preface, many of which are of great length.

The National Psalmist, by Charles Danvers Hackett, parts 5, 6, 7, 8, consisting of Original Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Responses, Anthems, &c., composed expressly for the work by celebrated authors, (See the list advertised in the last Number.)

We have already had the gratification of giving some little publicity to Mr. Hackett's design, which, carried out to the full, will be an effort deserving no ordinary consideration. Eight parts out of the promised ten are now before the world; it is evident, therefore, that the talented Editor and composer keeps good time, and as to his matter, it is as we have just said of Mr. Hudson's guide to the choice of a profession very difficult to gain a disinterested organist's opinion, so many of the fraternity, either directly as composers for the work or in some other way are mixed up in it. The reading matter alone must make it highly acceptable everywhere, for great care has been bestowed in its selection and use, and were we called upon to give a friendly opinion, we should say that much unnecessary expense has been incurred—that the proprietor has been too liberal, à la Devonshire, if his grace will pardon the freedom of our pen. Would that all the people would join in the psalms, that very winning and excellent portion of church service which, at St. Pancras, new church, in particular, is so very attractive:

The Old Hundredth tune is made a dirge in our days, but then it was a joyous and an animating canticle. "All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!" In like manner, York tune which is shelved among the dull and the obsolete, was, little more than a century ago, the liveliest and most popular tune of the entire kingdom. But, to hear old tunes to advantage, they must be sung in old style. Not only must they be sung with decent gravity and cheerful sanctity, but by masses of people, by a multitude of voices, "by all the people together," as the original directions state. Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Cross; and "three or four thousand singing at a time in a church of this city is but a trifle," said the excellent Roger Ascham in a letter from Augsburg, dated 14th May, 1551. When psalm-tunes are sung after this fashion, an intelligent organist and a well disciplined choir will find enough to do. But in what they thus may find to do, there will be an energy and an interest with which few are now familiar. Without long and incongruous interludes, or operatic whinings of select voices, or conventicle vociferations of the great congregational choir, our churches, when such psalmody returns to them, will present as much of "Heaven below" as our sinful state will admit.

We trust that the nobility, gentry, and clergy in particular, are giving their names as subscribers, and their patronage to this laborious and praiseworthy undertaking, which if it make not must mar the fortunes and overthrow the undertaker.

O—(COURT MAGAZINE)—NOVEMBER, 1842.
Well may the publishers say, that only a large circulation can repay them for this reprint of author Stow, who literally beggared himself notwithstanding King James' gave-nothing-but-words-charter. The present 8vo. embraces then a huge folio, besides being enriched with a number of editorial notes and selections, by the intelligent and erudite secretary of the Camden Society—William J. Thoms, Esq.

Forget-me-not, for 1843.
Ackermann & Co.

We have this year more than usual difficulty in selecting appropriate extracts since there are several of good style and story. However, as some like one thing and some another, we will endeavor, fairly and faithfully to perform our office of reviewers, and, first, of the plates. The title-page engraved by G. B. Taylor, representing the national emblems, Rose, Shamrock and Thistle, surmounted by the Prince of Wales' Feathers, deserves close examination, and will be found worthy of unusual praise; and if that gentleman both delineated and engraved, he will please accept our praise, and hear what pleasure his artistic effort has afforded us.

The Indian necklace, a contemplative beauty by J. Cochran, is also fresh and good, though, to our liking, we admire the soldier-like uprightness of figure which would have given a totally different form (now almost a semi-circle) to the young lady's shoulders. The descriptive tale by the author of 'the lion,' roars forth a little at the opening, but proceeding, afterwards, in a more subdued and agreeable tone, turns upon the following awe-striking tale, told in the hours of weary sleeplessness—while the heroine of the tale, a baronne, is waiting at a sea-shore inn for the sailing of a certain vessel. “Could you not sleep a little,” said her male friend, “if you were to lie down.”

“A strange pagan necklace you have got,” said the man, prying infinitely nearer than would have been endurable, had we been in a humour to stand upon niceties—’ Indian, I perceive. I know the oddest story about a set of beads precisely the fellow to that. Hark, rising higher, the wind! Shall I tell you the tale to pass time? Don't snuff the candles, sir, if you are thinking of sitting up all the night again. You heard them say these were the last till the diligence comes by, and that's not till noon to-morrow.' We will let him talk on, said the Baronne keeping up a cold mechanical smile. How she endured what she was enduring, the Almighty only knows; but I had yet to learn the extent of her fortitude.

To this poor creature they had administered poison, that she might not fall into Christian hands:—

The beads were Indian. It is now long ago since an officer, more daring than his fellows, made his way into one of the most ancient and holiest of the pagodas at the sack of Delhi. The alarm had been spread, and the priests and fanatics, and dancing girls who belong to such shrines had all escaped, taking much of their treasure with them; so that when Captain von Aelmont rushed in, sword in hand to have the first rifling to himself, before any one could follow him—lo and behold you! he found nobody to bar his way; all silent, all dark, save for a few lamps just burning in their sockets, and, at the feet of the grim statue a female dead cold. To this necklace there hung a quaintly-shaped ornament; it was of filigree, pomegranate-shaped, proved to be hollow, and was found to contain some day fragments of palm-leaf, traced with ancient characters. The only one which oriental scholars have been ever able to read contained these words:—

The Sword—the Poison—
The Shadow—
TO HIM WHO TOUCHES ME.

Passing over other details, we are next introduced to a splendid masked entertainment, where all is mirth and revelry, yet intermixed with much of mysterious movement. The story proceeds:—

The dance went on gaily, when, on a sudden, in the most involved part of the figure, a piercing shriek from one of the ladies silenced the music, and arrested the dancers; and the crowd parted this way and that, leaving an open space round the unfortunate officer, who tottered one step forward—tried vainly to recover himself, and then fell heavily on the floor, stabbed to the heart with a poniard!
This was the fate of the first owner
The fate of the second is thus ushered in:—

"I declare," exclaimed another of the conclave, dropping a huge piece of cake from her mouth in the fullness of her credulity,
"the beads absolutely flashed fire. I wonder whether it means any thing?"

What else was intended, we must leave to Mr. Ackermann’s friends to discover; suffice it to say that all the predictions were awfully verified, and, unluckily for us, the Marquess of Londonderry and other great travellers, the inn is not mentioned where the beads of this mysterious necklace are stated to have fallen through the crevices of the chamber, ‘lost to human view,’ where, by some equally strange accident they became self-unstrung.

Our space is now too limited for further review so that for the present, besides its aptness to our purpose, we give a preference to the following poetical piece, by a former contributor to our own pages.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

"Della Memoria vivo, che della Speranza."
Gilding along the current of Life’s river,
Whose waters heave in storms for evermore
Two heaven-sent spirits watch beside us ever,
Nor leave us ‘till we reach the eternal shore,
One with pale cheek, sad brow, and raven tresses,
Still glancing backward at the shadowy Past;
The other, smiling as if man’s distresses,
Like dew on flowers, were never made to last.

Memory is one, and sadly brings before us
The fading records of departed years;
The other, bright-eyed Hope, who scatters o’er us
Those sunny heart-beams which disperse our tears.

And ever, ‘mid Life’s varying joy and sorrow,
Those guardian angels cling to us on earth,
Hope gives glad promise of a smiling morrow,
And saddened Memory mourns our vanished mirth.

And, in the hushed and silent midnight bower,
When weary Nature sinks to placid sleep,
Memory and Hope still exercise their power,
And, linked with Fancy, vigil o’er us keep.
With shapes and glimpses of immortal seeming,
They people many a vision of the night,
And bring back to us, ‘mid that happy dream-
ing,
The loved and lost long vanished from our sight.

Oh, may I deem that ye were sent, fair spirits—
Who join the eternal Future with the Past,
Blending the joys and griefs which Life inherits—
By those whose course is now all heavenward cast?
Yet, while I speak, methinks there hath descended
A change upon each bright immortal brow,
The Hope of yesterday to day has ended,
And voiceful Memory sadly greets me now.


Our readers are already acquainted with the talented author, part of whose literary labors on the authors of France were some time ago laid before them. The amiable professor will also be remembered by a large auditory who attended his lectures on Dante at Willis’s rooms.

We cannot enter very fully into Professor Arbîtès’ rules how to determine the usually considered very knotty point of the gender of French nouns, but from his explanation, it would almost seem to be settled by the definite and indefinite; thus, for casual example:—

Hymne, hymn of the church, is f.
Hymne, hymn not of the church, is m.

2. Pourpre, purple, dignity, is f.
Pourpre, purple, color is m.

Personne, person, is f., even applied to men.
Personne, anybody, is m.

As we must confess he is likely to be master of his subject, we doubt not students would much benefit by studying his rules; we, therefore, have much pleasure in thus giving further publicity to his little book.

A GUIDE TO WATERING-PLACES;
Whittaker & Co.

This is a neat travelling pocket companion, embracing Gravesend, Southampton, Cheltenham, Dover, Tonbridge Wells, Isle of Wight, Margate, Ramsgate, Herne Bay, Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, and an account of the objects best worthy attention at each place.
BIRTHS.

Barr, the lady of Higford, esq., of a son; in Devonshire-place, Sept. 25.
Baynes, the lady of C. R., esq., of the Madras Civil service, of a son; at Charley Wood, Hertfordshire, Oct. 5.
Beres, the lady of Henry H., esq., of a daughter; in Chester-street, Belgrave-square, Sept. 24.
Campbell, Mrs., of Blythwood, of a son; September 23.
Connor, lady of Dr., of a son; at Battersea, Oct. 11.
Dallas, Hon. lady Frances, of a son; Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Oct. 9.
Dyke, the lady of Francis Hart, esq., of a son; at Tilney-street, Park-Jane, Sept. 27.
Folkestone, Viscountess, of a son; at Longford Castle, near Salisbury, Oct. 10.
Francklin, lady of John, esq., of a son and heir; at Gosalston, Oct. 16.
Freemantle, Mrs., of a son; Tilney-street, Mayfair, Oct. 7.
Gibb, lady of Hugh, esq., Bombay Medical Establishment, of a daughter; at Norland Place, Nottingham, Oct. 16.
Golden, lady of John, esq., of a son; at Caenby-hall, Oct. 3.
Hammond, wife of Robert, esq., of a daughter; Oct. 12.
Hetherington, Mrs. Wilson, of a son; Hyde Park-square, Oct. 15.
Ince, lady of Townsend, esq., of Chistleton, Cheshire, of a daughter; at the house of her father, A. E. Fuller, esq., Clifford-street, Oct. 9.
Kenble, lady of Thomas, esq., of a son; at Leggatt, Oct. 17.
Layard, the wife of Captain Bernard Granville, of her Majesty’s 39th Regiment, of a daughter; at Melton Mowbray, Oct. 4.
Nash, wife of Richard, esq., of a son; at Peckham Lodge, Surrey, Oct. 17.
O’Hamilton, Mrs., of a son; Chester-place, Hyde-park-square, Oct. 17.
Parker, lady of K. S., esq., of Lincoln’s-inn, Queen’s Counsel, of a son; in Gower-street, Bedford-square, Oct. 11.
Robinson, the lady of John Stephen, esq., of a son and heir; at Thorpe-house, Surry, Oct. 3.
Rose, the lady of the Rev. J., of a son; at the Rectory, Honington-Conquest, Beds, Oct. 4.
Stokeport, Viscountess, of a son, of a daughter, in Russell-square, Sept. 28.
Smith, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Beabeg, Oct. 10.
Swain, lady of the Rev. Henry Hutchison, of a daughter; Bowden-hall, Oxfordshire, October 15.
Tatham, the wife of John L., esq., of Lincoln’s-inn, of a son; at Highgate-hill, Oct. 5.
Tickell, the lady of Major-General, C.B., of a daughter; at Reading, Oct. 11.
Whateley, wife of J. W., esq., of a son; at the Laurels, Edgbaston, near Birmingham, October 15.

MARRIED.

Acres, Elizabeth, only daughter of John Acres, esq., of Bath, to Edmund Lloyd Bagshaw, son of the late Sir Wm. Bagshawe, of the Oakes, Derbyshire, and Bath, by the Rev. J. Acres; at Trinity Church, Bath, Oct. 8.
Alder, Margaret Elizabeth Louisa, 3d daughter of Major T. G. Alder, Bengal Army, to Thos. Walter, eldest son of Benjamin Alder, esq., by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of St. Peter’s, Mile-end; at St. Mark’s, Middle-square, Pentonville, Oct. 15.
Bolton, Emily, only daughter of Peter Bolton, esq., to William Henry, eldest son of Mr. Osborn, of St. James’s-street, by the Rev. W. H. Dickenson; at St. George’s Church, Hanover-square, Oct. 20.
Bouch, Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Bouch, esq., to Thomas Brooks, second son of the late Rev. J. Penfold, vicar of Steyning, Sussex; at St. George’s Hanover-square, Oct. 22.
Bullock, Alice Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Wm. H. Bullock, esq., of Jamaica, to Henry Battey, esq., of Gray’s-inn; at Highgate, Oct. 15.


Chantry, Julia, only daughter of J. Chantry, esq., of Upper Stanford-street, to Thomas John Birey, esq.,


Cox, Louisa Frances, the only daughter of John Cox, esq., of Hyde-park-street, to James Markham, County Lancaster, to George Barrister, by law; at St. John’s Church, Oct. 20.

Clutterbuck, Sarah Frances, only daughter of the late Lewis Clutterbuck, esq., of Newark-park, Gloucestershire, and widow of Henry Elton, esq., Thomas Davis Bayley, esq., of Rodwell-villa, Weymouth, barrister-at-law, by the Rev. W. Brasey, M.A.; at St. Mary’s Church, Weymouth, Sept. 28.

Curgenwen, Clara, third daughter of the late S. W. Curgenwen, esq., many years naval Storekeeper at Tricombele, to Ed. Hume Smedley, esq., of H.M.C.S., son of the late Rev. E. Smedley, of Dulwich; at Columbia, Ceylon, July 20.

Dawson, Charlotte, 4th daughter of the late William Dawson, esq., of St. Leonard’s-hill, in Berkshire, and of No. 25, Manchester-square, London, to Stanislaus Gnowowski, esq., at the parish church of St. Marylebone, and at the Spanish-place Chapel, Oct. 22. Lord Dudley Couts Stuart, Count V. Krasinski, &c., were present at the ceremony.


Davis, Elenore Melanie, relict of the late James Morris Davis, of Kimber-house, Wiltshire, to John Salmon, esq., of St. James’s-square; at St. James Church, Oct. 15.


De Trafford, Jane Seymour, 3d daughter of Sir Thomas J. De Trafford, Bart. of Trafford Hall, County Lancaster, to George Archer Shee, esq., eldest son of Sir Archer Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, by the Rev. James Crook; at All Saints, Barton, Lancashire, Oct. 17.


Farnham, Mary Eliza, daughter of the late Edward Farnham, esq. of Querndon-house, in the county of Leicester, and sister to Edward Basil Farnham, esq., M.P. for the northern division of that county, to the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Chay Henniker, brother of the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, by the Rev. W. Chafy, D.D., Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Chapel in Ordinary to the Queen; at St. George, Hanover-square, Sept. 28.


Gash, Sophia, only daughter of Mr. John Gash, of the New-road, to Francis Simpson, jun. esq., of Stamford, Lincolnshire, by the Rev. J. Ketley, B.A.; at St. Mark’s Church, Kennington, Sept. 28.

Gregory, Caroline Anne, widow of the late J. J. Gregory, esq., R.N., to F. Liardet, esq., Captain R.N.; at Paddington, Oct. 11.

Greig, Mary Anne Isabel, 2d daughter of John Grey, esq. of Diston House, Northumberland, to Edgar Garston, esq. K.S., of Liverpool; at Corbridge, Sept. 21.

Hale, Theodosia Eleanor, only daughter of Robert Hale Blagden Hale, esq., and the Lady Theodosia Hale, of Alderley, and Cotteshouse, Wiltshire, to Thomas George Wills, esq., of Castlerea, county Roscommon, eldest son of Wm. Robert Wills, esq., of Wills Grove, Gloucestershire, by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Osney, brother to the Earl of Mayo, and uncle to the bride; at Alderley, Gloucestershire, Sept. 27.

Hays, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Hays, of Stoke, Staffordshire, and sister of E. Dale, esq., Holborn, to Mr. Lockington St. L. Bunn, only son of the late Captain Benjamin Bunn, R.N.; at St. Andrew’s, Holborn, Oct. 20.

Holmes, Sarah, daughter of the late Richard Holmes, esq., to Charles J. Longcroft, esq., of Havant; at All Soul’s Church, Southamptton, Oct. 10.

Hylton, Margaret, 2d daughter of S. Hylton esq., Member of the Assembly of Jamaica, to Wm. Campbell, esq., of Salthouse estate, Jamaica, by special licence, by the Rev. R. Panton, B.D.; at the Church of St. Andrew’s, Jamaica, Aug. 30.

Langstaff, Julia Jane, youngest daughter of Joseph Langstaff, esq., of Paisgton, Devon, late President of the Medical Board of Calcutta, to James Bennet, esq., House Physician to the Hospital, St. Louis, Paris, at St. Peters, Holborn, Oct. 15.
Maclean, Jean Bibolla, 2d daughter of Don- 
ald Maclean, esq., of Brunswick-square, to 
Valentine Byrom, youngest son of Edgar Corrie, 
esq., by the Rev. H. Brown, A.M.; at St. 
George's, Bloomsbury, Oct. 14.

Madden, Caroline Dickson, only daughter of the
late Lewis Ryse Madden, esq., of Clifton, to 
the Rev. John Vincent, of Jacobstow, Devon; 
at Bristol, by the Rev. A. Ludlow, Oct. 18.

Maitland, Isabella Ann, widow of Col. James 
Maitland, late of the 84th Regiment, to John 
Leigh Goldie, esq., youngest son of the late 
Lieutenant-General Goldie, of Goldie Liegh, 
in the county of Galloway, North Britain, by 
the Rev. David Lloyd, M.A.; at St. John's 
Paddington, Oct. 22.

Matthews, Mary, daughter of the late Henry 
Matthews, Puissante Justice of the Supreme 
Court of Judicature in Ceylon, to Jules de la 
Chere, Advocate of the King's Counsel; at 
Paris, Sept. 28.

Milliken, Alicia, 10th daughter of the late 
Richard Milliken, esq., of Dublin, to George 
Cheyne, esq., M.D., son of the late Sir C. Cheyne, 
esq., of Edinburgh, by the Rev. J. Milliken; 

Mooreby, Ellen Mary, eldest daughter of 
Captain Fairfax Mooreby, R.N., C.B. &c., to 
Lieutenant J. C. Prevost, R.N., eldest son of 
Captain James Prevost, R.N., by the Rev. Sir 
George Prevost, Bart.; at Newton Ferrers, De-
von, Oct. 18.

Nicol, Sophia Dorothea, youngest daughter of 
W. Nicol, esq., Pail-mall, to C. S. Cauther-
ley, esq., of Abington Pigotts, Cambridgeshire, 
by the Rev. G. G. G. F. Pigott, M.A.; at St. 
James's, Westminster, Sept. 29.

Power, Mary Moody, youngest daughter of 
John Power, esq., of Bellevue, county Cork, 
to James Farrell, esq., of Gloucester-place, 
Portman-square, by the Rev. P. W. Drew; at 
St. Mary's Church, Youghal, Sept. 24.

Pryor, Lucy, 2d daughter of the late Joseph 
Pryor, esq., of Tottenham, to Godfrey E. Beane, 
esq., of Great St. Helen's, son of the late Wm. 
Beane, esq., of York, by the Rev. David Hood, 
M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; at St. 
Pancras, Oct. 18.

Preston, Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony 
Preston, esq., of Musgrove Hall, Cumberland, 
to John Wm. Provost, esq., Barrister-at-Law, eld-
est son of Wm. Provost, M.D., of Sacville-square, 
by the Rev. J. T. Clerk; at Penrith, Cumber-

Pugh, Mary, daughter of Edward Pugh, esq., 
of Bryntirion, \[\text{sic}\], to John Edmunds, esq., 
of Edderton, Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. W. 
Clive; at Welshpool, Oct. 24.

Sharp, Amelia Eliza, youngest daughter of the 
late Major James Sharp, of Kinkarethy, 
Perth, to Francis, eldest son of the late William 
Jones Burdett, esq., and Captain in Her Ma-
jesty's 17th Lancers, by the Rev. W. L. Darel, 
M.A.; at Richmond, Surry, Oct. 27.

Shaw, Tomazin, youngest daughter of John 
Shaw, of Jersey, esq., and niece of Sir Robert 
Shaw, of Bushy Park, county of Dublin, Bart. 
to the Rev. Frederic William Vaux, of Magde-
len Hall, OXFORD, B.A. by the Very Rev. the 
Dean of Jersey; at St. Heller's Church, Oct. 18.

Slater, Jane, youngest daughter of the late 
John Slater, esq., of Fittleworth, Sussex, to 
Thomas Whiteley, esq., surgeon, of Great Berk-
hampsted, Herts, second son of the late Thomas 
Whitely, surgeon, of Grafton-street, New Bond-
street, and Isleworth, in the county of Middle-
set, Oct. 20.

Skottowe, Eliza Barnard, youngest daughter of 
the late Augustus Frederick Skottowe, R.N. 
to L. Bevillé Dryden, Esq., youngest son of the 
late Sir John Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in the 
county of Northampton, Bart., by the Rev. L. 
Erasmus Dryden, Rector of Whitnash, in the 
county of Warwick; at St. George's, Hanover-
square, Oct. 25.

Toplis, Mary, 2d daughter of James Toplis, 
esq., of New Bridge-street, to Mr. Henry Che-
flina, of Easton-manor, Essex, by the Rev. J. 
Harding; at St. Ann's Blackfriars, Oct. 28.

Tennison, Cecilia, youngest daughter of the 
late Dr. Tennison, of Somerby, Lancashire, to 
Edmund Law Lushington, of Parr-house, Esq., 

Weguelin, Fanny, 2d daughter of W. A. 
Weguelin, esq., of Mortlake, to J. B. Kirby, 
M.A., of the Middle Temple, and Devonshire-
street, Portland-place, esq., Barrister-at-Law, 
by the Rev. W. A. Weguelin, M.A., Rector of 
Stoke Sube, Essex; at Mortlake Church, Sur-
ry, Sept. 28.

Wyndham, Fanny, eldest daughter of Colonel 
Wyndham, of Petworth-house, Sussex, to 
Alfred Montgomery, esq., eldest son of the late 
Sir Henry G. Montgomery, Bart., by the Rev. 

DEATHS.

Atkinson, Martin, esq., Westminster Road, 
Lambeth, aged 87, Oct. 16; South Metropolitan 
Cemetery.

Baker, William, esq., Montpelier, South 
Lambeth, aged 55, Oct. 6; South Metropolitan 
Cemetery.

Balfour, John, esq., of Trenaby; at Curzon-
street, Mayfair, deeply and sincerely regretted 
by all who were acquainted with his sincere and 
upright character, aged 92, Oct. 15.

Batrull, Rev. Wm.; at Bath, aged 84, Oc-
tober 10.

Berry, Mrs. Sarah, Norwood, Surry, aged 52, 
Oct. 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bennett, Sarah, wife of the Rev. Nicholas 
Bennett, Brixton Hill, Surry, aged 82, Oct. 18; 
South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bishop, Samuel, esq.; at Knowsley, Lancas-
tershire, formerly of Camberwell, aged 68, Oct. 10.

Blythe, Captain Joseph; Curzon-street, May-
fair, aged 65, Oct. 2.

Bradford, Georgia, Countess of, after an 
Illness of 14 days; at Norwood, Oct. 12.

Boucher, Mary, relic of the Rev. Richard 
Boucher; at Braywick Grove, Maidenhead, 

Bush, Augusta, wife of Mr. Alfred Bush, 
London Road, Southwark, aged 36, Oct. 5; 
South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Campbell, Edna Friscilla, daughter of the 
Rev. Wm. Campbell, Croydon, Surry, aged 16, 
Oct. 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Carew, George Henry, esq., of Crows-Come-
Court, Somerset, descended from the ancient 
family of Broughton, and by marriage with 
Miss Carew, lineal descendant of Sir Coventry 
Carew, of Anthony-house, Cornwall, he became 
possessed of the Somersetshire property, and 
also Carew Castle, Pembrokehire. He is suc-
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Hedges, Frederick Richard, son of William Hedges, esq., Streatham Hill, Surry, aged 22, Sept. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Holyoake, Robert Orlando, infant son of George Holyoake, esq., of Neachley, in the county of Stafford; Sept. 23.

Hopper, Catherine, wife of Thomas Hopper, esq., of Shannon Lodge, Yorkshire; at Scarborough, Oct. 8.

Howell, wife of T. J., esq.; at Prinknash Park, Gloucestershire, Oct. 16.

Hullett, John, esq.; Sloane-street, Chelsea, aged 64, Oct. 13.

Ivy, James, esq., L.L.D., and Member of the Institute of France; at Hampstead, October 2.

Kilgour, Patrick, esq., aged 41; at Mas de Peller, near Avignon, Sept. 19.

King, Mrs. Ellen Whiteway, Brixton-hill, Surry, aged 44, Oct. 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Lynam, Henry James, esq., Chichester-place, Wandsworth Road, aged 48, Oct. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

McCaskill, Lieut. Charles, 9th Regiment of Foot, younger son of Major G. McCaskill, of the same regiment; at Jellalabad, July 10.


Molyneux, George Stuart, eldest son of the Hon. Mrs. B. Molyneux, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Berkeley Molyneux, 8th Hussars; at Calcutta, ten days after his arrival, July 23.

Mundy, Louisa, wife of the Rev. George; at Chinsurah, Bengal, deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends, July 7.

Ottley, Frederick, esq., Barrister-at-Law, 2d son of Warner Ottley, esq., of St. Vincent's, West Indies, of York Terrace, Regent's Park, and Stanwell-house, Middlesex, deeply regretted by all his friends; at St. Vincent's, Aug. 27.


Price, Fanny, wife of Mr. John Price, Stockwell, aged 65, Oct. 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Parker, Frances, youngest daughter of James Parker, esq.; at Dalston, aged 22, Oct. 10.

Payne, Mary Ann, relict of the late, M.D., of Kensingham-square, aged 94; Oct. 18.

Place, Rev. Harry Jordan, Rector of Murnhall, Dorset, eldest son of the late Rev. John C. Place, of Mainhull, aged 39; Oct. 10.

Raw, Wm., son of Joseph Raw, esq., Little Eastcheap, Sept. 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Roots, Mary, wife of Wm. Roots, M.D.; at Kingston-on-Thames, Oct. 11.

Rosalie, Madame Antoinette, Air-street, Piccadilly, aged 42, Oct. 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Rothenburg, Frances, wife of Mr. Rothenburg, Weston Hill, Norwood, Surry, aged 55, Sept. 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Saker, Dacey Louisa, daughter of John Jaa. Saker, George-street, Bermondsey, aged 4 months, Sept. 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Smith, Ellen Ann, daughter of Mr. Joshua Smith, Castle School, Norwood, Surry, aged 18, Oct. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Stein, Mary, daughter of James Stein, esq., Mornington-place, Camberwell New Road, aged 17, Oct. 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Selway, Letitia Frances, wife of Wm., esq., Queen's Counsel; at Pagoda-house, Richmond, Surry, aged 67; Oct. 17.
Todd, Joseph, esq.; at Hackney, aged 68, Oct. 5.
Towse, John David, esq., Streatham-common, Surry, aged 82, Oct. 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Turner, Mr. Robert, Friars-street, Blackfriars-road, aged 51, Sept. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Turquand, Lucy Ellen, daughter of Mr. Samuel James Turquand, Church-street, Camberwell, aged 3 months, Oct. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Tyler, Mrs., lady of the President of the United States, in September last. At such a moment when a long-pending dispute was just terminating, when the connection between America and England, in particular, was about to be knit closer than ever, when the admirable partner of one so much esteemed and respected might still further have cemented the bond of union between the female portion of the community of both kingdoms by a visit to the "old" world, and have added to her husband's and her nation's joy, the President's loss is, indeed, irreparable. Whilst then we venture so far upon her public course, in speaking more immediately of herself, no ordinary panegyric would do justice to the merits of Mrs. Tyler. She was a devout Christian, without ostentatious parade; she was an affectionate wife and a tender mother; she was a sincere and enduring friend; she was a kind neighbour; in short, she was well calculated to add dignity to the station she occupied in society.
Vardy, James Provis, son of Joshua Lambert Vardy, esq., Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, aged 8 months, Oct. 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Wakefield, lady of Daniel, esq., suddenly of apoplexy; at Bourne-bridge Lodge, aged 55, Oct. 17.
Westoby, Mary Frances, wife of Wm. A. S. Westoby, of Lincoln's-inn, esq., and only daughter of Mr. E. H. Baldock, of Hanway-street; Hyde-park-place, Sept. 28.
Whelpdale, Wm. Walter, esq., 19th Regiment N. I., son of the late Andrew Whelpdale, of Battersea, universally regretted by his friends and brother officers, of liver consumption; at Paumberd, East Indies, aged 27, July 8.
Worthing, Hale, esq., Upper Stamford-street, Lambeth, aged 47, Sept. 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Wright, Mr. Thomas, Norwood, Surry, aged 55, Sept. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Wright, Ann, 3d daughter of the late Matthew Wright, esq., of Stamford Bridge, County York; at the residence of R. P. Boyd, esq., Clevedon, Somersetshire, Oct. 8.
Wright, Mary Atkyns, relief of the late John of Crowley-park, County Oxford, and of Compton Beauchamp, Berks, many years M.P. for the City of Oxford, and Chairman of the County Sessions, aged 86, Oct. 15.
Young, Mr. Thomas, Blucher-street, Newington, aged 70, Oct. 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

We refer our readers (as an article of news) to the list in our advertising pages of the times of departure of the General Steam Navigation Company's Ships, and also acquaint them that that highly respectable and influential body, on board of one of whose unrivalled steam-ships her Majesty the queen, by consent of the honorable the Lords of the Privy Council lately visited Scotland, have again made arrangements with us for the regular publication, monthly, in advance, of said list, so that Travellers, by referring to this Magazine will, at any distance, be enabled, without delay or the trouble of correspondence to make arrangements for proceeding, in due time to any of the Company's numerous stations.

We also announce to Travellers, and Ladies in particular, by the Company's steam-ships, that our periodical has been subscribed for, for the service of their several splendid vessels, on board of which it can be regularly obtained, and also that by permission of the said Company, their agents can supply subscription copies, which to persons in distant parts, and particularly abroad, will, we know be appreciated as a favor.

The publishers have further to announce that, for the general convenience of the fashionable world, and also to benefit such establishments, they are willing to print the names and addresses of places of general resort, where this Magazine can be regularly available for public inspection.
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Archer, the lady of W. Archer, esq., of a son; at 1, Montague-square, Portman-square, November 15.
Burgoyne, lady of Thomas, esq., of a daughter; at Welbeck-street, Oct. 31.
Burrows, the lady of George, esq., M. D., of a son; Queen Ann-square, Cavendish-square, November 16.
Campbell, the lady of Major John, 41st Regiment, Madras Native Infantry, of a daughter; at Kensington-square, Nov. 14.
Carr, Lady William, esq., of Blackheath, of a daughter; Nov. 20.
Corkfoot, the lady of Henry, esq., of the Old Palace, Richmond, of a son; Bedford-square, Nov. 6.
Dawes, wife of George, esq., of a son; at the Grove, Camberwell, Oct. 31.
Dinwiddie, the lady of Assistant-Commissary General, of a daughter; at Willow-walk, Kentish-town, Nov. 23.
Driver, lady of Samuel, esq., of a son; at Hanover-park, Peckham, Nov. 9.
Byre, the lady of G. E., esq., of a daughter; at Warrens, Wilts, Oct. 30.
Galloway, Countess, of a daughter; Grosvenor-square, Nov. 14.
Graham, the lady of Joseph, esq., of a daughter; Portland-place, Clapham-road.
Harrison, lady of Richard, esq., of a daughter; at Wolverton House, Nov. 17.
Hillsborough, Countess, of a daughter; Upper Grosvenor-square, Nov. 7.
Hopkinson, Mrs. N., of a son; Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, Nov. 12.
Jones, lady of George, esq., of a son; at Hamburgh, Nov. 13.
Lane, Mrs. William, of a son; Bedford-place, Russell-square, Nov. 5.
Law, Hon. Mrs. Towny, of a son; at the Vicarage-house, East Brent, Somersetshire, Nov. 20.
Lyttleton, lady of a son and heir; at Hagley-park, Worcestershire, Oct. 30.
Macmillan, lady Mary, of a son; at Boxley-house, Kent, July 29.
Parkinson, the lady of John, esq., of Kinnersley Castle, Herefordshire; at Cheltenham, Nov. 15.
Robinson, the lady of H. J., esq., of a daughter; at Upper Montague-square, Montague-square, Nov. 15.
Ross, lady of Captain Sir Thomas, R. N., of a son; Nov. 8.
Sliegh, the lady of Lieut.-General, C.B., of a son; Nov. 3.

MARRIAGES.

Tanquary, Mrs. W. H., of a daughter; at Royan, France, Nov. 3.
Tritton, lady of Henry Tritton, esq., of a son; Portland-place, Nov. 22.
Trotter, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Dyram-park, Barnet, Nov. 6.
Wetherall, the lady of Captain, of her Majesty's 41st Regiment, of a son; at Bombay, Aug. 31.

Addison, Jane, relict of J. S. Addison, esq., Offham, Kent, to Andrew, eldest son of Patrick Johnson, esq., of Tottenham; at Camberwell, N. Square, Nov. 1.
Bailey, Mary, youngest daughter of the late C. R. H. Bailey, esq., of Swallow-field, Berks, to William Shaw, esq., surgeon, Hampstead; by the Rev. J. Ayre, at St. John's, Hampstead, Nov. 15.
Blackhouse, Maria, daughter of the late Mr. E. Blackhouse, to James, eldest son of Mr. Robert Scarlett, of Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, by the Rev. J. W. Kennedy; at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Oct. 23.
Boyes, Mary Kennards, youngest daughter of the late William Boyes, esq., of Raleigh-house, Brixton, to Frederick Mount, M. D.; by the Ven. Archdeacon Daltry, at the Old Church, Calcutta, Sept. 15.
Burbridge, Elizabeth, only daughter of John Burbridge, esq., of Emsworth, Hants, to Mr. Henry Dowton Pulford, Surbiton-hill, Kingston, Nov. 8.

P—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1842.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Chamber, Mary Paterson, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. W. Chambers, rector of South Kilburn, county Leicester, and one of the Magistrates of that county, to F. L. Beaufort, esq., Bengal C. S., son of Capt. Beaufort, R. N.; at Berkhamsted, Sept. 8.


Coley, Bertha, eldest daughter of J. M. Coley, esq., of Bridgemorton, to Edward James, 3d son of the late Capt. Francis Parry, of Shrewsbury; by the Rev. H. J. Stevenson, at St. Martin's, Birmingham, Nov. 3.


Cooper, Georgiana, 2d daughter of J. Cooper, esq., of Brantwood-house, Westmoreland, to Henny Thomas Ryall, esq., her Majesty's portrait and historical engraver; at St. Margaret's, Westminster, lately.


Dallas, Catherine Harriett, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Dalal, to Edmund William Wilton Pasey, esq., Capt. in H.M.'s 56th Reg.; at St. Mary's, Lancaster, Nov. 5.

Dingle, Anne, daughter of the late Major Goodwin Dingle, county Kerry, to Capt. Wm. Davidson; at Dublin, Nov. 11.

Durnford, Elizabeth, daughter of Major-General Durnford, R. E., to the Rev. Edward Willoughby Sewell, 2d son of the late Chief Justice Sewell; at Montreal, Canada, Oct. 2.


Francis, Emma, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. P. Francis, and niece of the Bishop of Australia, to T. H. Frazer, esq., only son of the late Lieut. Frazer, R. N.; by the Rev. C. B. Smith, at St. Peter's, Canterbury, Nov. 3.

Franklin, Ellen, 2d daughter of W. Franklin, esq., of the Kent-road, to George Michael Glass, esq., of Inund-house, Walworth; by the Rev. George Ainlay, M.A., at St. Peter's, Walworth, Oct. 29.

Frost, Jane, only daughter of Mr. Henry Frost, of York-street, St. James' square, to Francis Norton, jun., of Farm-street, Berkeley-square; by the Rev. G. Ward, at St. James' church, Nov. 1.


Harriss, Octavia Maria, daughter of the late Quaries Harris, esq., of Bourne-grove, Southgate, to Frederick Baron Von Neydeck, son of Baron von Neydeck, of Bamberg, in the kingdom of Bavaria; at Munden, Oct. 27.

Hicks, Frances Alice, 2d daughter of Mr. Deputay Hicks, of Stockwell, Surrey, to Richard Barnard, esq., of Eglinton, county Tyrone; by the Rev. C. L. Cane, M.A.; at St. Mark's, Kennington, Nov. 10.


Kynner, Sophia, eldest daughter of J. Kynner, esq., to D. Wilson, esq., of Coleman, Ceylon; at Trinity Church, Regent's-park, Nov. 8.

Land, Margaretta Mary Ann, only dau. of W. Land, esq., of Sidwell's, Exeter, to Thomas C. Land, esq., of Demerara, at Exeter; by the Rev. J. D. Lloyd.

Lefebre, Carmen, daughter of the late Capt. Lefebre, of Cadiz, to James Thropp, esq.; at Gibraltar, Oct. 18.

Leigh, Miss, to Mr. F. Carson, of Elm Cottage, West Ham, by the Rev. Mr. Johnstone; at Milton-on-Thames, Nov. 9.

Lewin, Eliza, only surviving daughter of the late R. Lewin, esq., to Dr. Roberts, of New Bridge-street, by the Rev. R. H. Barham; at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, Nov. 12.

Little, Emma, daughter of the late G. Little, esq., of Pencaire-court, Hereford, to Charles Reginald Builer, esq., of H. M.'s civil service, Ceylon; by the Rev. R. Builer, of Lanreath, Cornwall, at Lanvair Kilgeddine Church, Monmouthshire, Nov. 9.


Marsham, Amelia Charlotte, widow of Stratton B. I. Marsham, esq., of Stratton Strawless, Norfolk, to W. H. Duff, esq., eldest son of
Births, Marriages, and Deaths. 171.

Alexander Duff, esq.; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Nov. 15.


Montenach, Mary Ann Jessy, 3d daughter of the late Monsieur de Montenach, Patrician of Fribourg, Switzerland, to Lieut.-Col. Whyte, 7th Queen's Own Hussars; by the Rev. Monsieur de Montenach. MSherif, and afterwards by the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, at Montreal, Oct. 19.

Maulc, Caroline, 2d daughter of the late Col. Maulc, to Capt. P. S. Hambley, R.N.; at St. George's Chapel, Stonehouse, Nov. 17.

Munn, Jane Cooper, youngest daughter of Richard Munn, esq., to John Withers Gill, esq., of Tethford; at St. Mary's Church, Tethford, Norfolk, Nov. 8.


Oak, S., Harriett, youngest daughter of W. Oak, esq., London, to Charles Rhind, esq., of Belfast; by the Rev. W. Curling, M.A., at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Nov. 16.

O'Driscoll, Dorinda, eldest dau. of the late Hon. John O'Driscoll, Chief Justice of Dominica, and author of a history of Ireland and other works, to Edwin Wing, M.B., of Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire; at St. James's, Taunton, by the Rev. E. S. Bernard, Nov. 24.

Passmore, Maria, daughter of the Rev. James Ogle, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Chaloner Ogle, bart., at the Marquis Gentile, Nov. 10.

O'Grady, Eliza, eldest daughter of Thomas O'Grady, esq., to H. W. Knox, esq., of Netley Park, Mayo; at Monkstown, Cork, Nov. 8.

Pattmore, Mary, only daughter of Henry Pattmore, esq., late Her Majesty's consul for Arequipa, Peru, to Francis Carr Cobb, esq., eldest son of W. Cobb, esq., of Margate; at St. Paul's, Deptford, Nov. 1.

Pellatt, Sarah Ann, 4th daughter of Francis Pellatt, esq., of Thorne house, late storekeeper of H.M.'s Ordnance, Weedon, to John Sutthery, esq., of Mill Hall; by the Rev. J. H. Talbot; at Chesham, Bucks, Nov. 5.

Phillips, Elizabeth, 8th daughter of M. Phillips, esq., of Bath, to Mr. S. Moss, of Jamaica; by the Rev. Mr. Barnett, Oct. 12.

Rickett, Louisa Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Rickett, esq., of Oundle, to Charles Linton, esq., surgeon, youngest son of the late Rev. Robert Linton, vicar of Fotheringhay, of Oundle; at Cotterstock, Nov. 17.


Robinson, Sarah, 2d daughter of W. Sanders Robinson, esq., of Fairfield-house, Croydon, to George Drummond, esq., of Croydon, by the Rev. H. Lindsay; at Croydon, Nov. 15.

Schulze, Alphonse Susannah Mary, 3d daughter of Gottlieb Schuze, of Poland-street, to Lieut. Frederick Decastro Jones, son of the late S. Jones, 46 years Postmaster-General at Calcutta; at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, Nov. 10.

Slack, Margaretta, eldest daughter of the late John Slack, esq., to John Dobede Taylor, esq., of Bishop Storford, Herts, solicitor; by the Rev. Henry Parker, at Loham, Cambridgeshire, Nov. 9.

Stanbridge, Caroline, 3d daughter of Charles Stanbridge, esq., of St. Paul's terrace, Islington, to John Temperley, 2d son of the late Nicholas Temperley, esq., of Wanstead, Essex, and Elybaugh, Northumberland; at St. Mary's, Islington, Nov. 2.

Stewart, Anne, daughter of the late J. Stewart, esq., of Newton Stewart, county of Tyrone, Ireland, to the Rev. T. W. Robson, M.A., eldest son of Thomas Robson, esq., of Holton Hall, in York; by the Rev. R. H. Miller, at Scarborough, Nov. 9.

Strachey, Jane, daughter of the late Edward Strachey, esq., of the Bengal civil service, and niece of Sir Henry Strachey, bart., of Sunning Court, Somerset, to John Bowles Hare, esq., of Berkeley-square, Bristol; by the Rev. Charles Lushington, at the British Embassy, Naples, Oct. 15.

Stronge, Pauline, second daughter of Sir James M. Stronge, bart., of Tynan Abbey, to Capt. William Bunbury M'Clintock, R.N., 2d son of John M'Clintock, esq., of Drumcor, county of Louth; by his Grace the Lord Primate, at Tynan Church, county of Armagh.

Stuart, Agnes Jane, youngest daughter of the late John Stuart, esq., to Dr. Frederick Cumming, of Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square; by the Rev. C. C. Christie, at St. Alphage, Greenw. Nov. 3.


Tapper, Harrietta, 2d daughter of the late R. Tapper, esq., of Titchfield, Hants, to William Robinson, esq., of Henrietta street, Cavendish-square, by special licence; by the Rev. the Dean of Chichester, at All Soul's, Langham-place, Nov. 13.

Tennent, Jane Dillon, only surviving child of R. D. Tennent, of Edingreagh, county of Tyrone, Ireland, to Robert Allison, esq., of Berrners-street; at St. Marylebone Church, Nov. 15.

Thomas, Julia Charlotte, widow of the late James Thomas, esq., to Charles Maitland, esq., M.D., by the Rev. C. D. Maitland; at Brighton, Nov. 5.

Towers, Ann Isabella Jane, daughter of John Towers, esq., of Pinkney's green, Berks, to Fredericke Houre, esq.; at Cookham, Berks, Nov. 10.

Tunnard, Jane, daughter of the late Charles K. Tunnard, esq., of Franklin House, to C. D. Francis, M.A., of Brayfield Green, county Northampton; at Frampton, Lincoln, Nov. 29.

Turowsky, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Turowsky, of Vienna, to Edward Kenyon, esq., of Gray's Inn; by the Rev. Dr. Bauer, at Vienna, Oct. 17.

Watson, Josephine Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of John Watson, esq., of St. Julian's, to George Griffin, esq., captain R. M. forces of H.M.'s ship Impregnable; by the Rev. Mr. Thomson, at the Government Palace Chapel in La Valetta.
West, Sarah, only daughter of the late W. H. West, esq., of the island of Jamaica, to John Campbell, esq., of Colesberg, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, son of the late Major-General Charles Colin Campbell, at St. Pancras Church, Nov. 1.

White, Sarah, 4th daughter of the late Rev. Samuel White, D.D., incumbent of Hampstead, to the Rev. W. Plucknett, rector of Horsted Keynes, Sussex; by the Rev. T. A. Maherly, at All Soul's Church, St. Marylebone, Nov. 15.

Widgen, Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of Captain William Widgen, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to William Rollling, esq., at St. Mary's, Islington, Nov. 10.


Woolridge, Mary, only daughter of S. Woolridge, esq., of Chichester to J. Lilburn, M.D., H.C.B.M.C. for the Island of Cyprus; at the English Church, Alexandria, Oct. 23.

Zimelli, Jane, youngest daughter of the late Hector Zimelli, esq., Swedish and Norwegian Consul at Malta, to S. Rose, esq.; at Malta, Oct. 10.

DEATHS.

Allen, Dr. Alexander, at Madras-house grammar-school, Hackney, aged 29; Nov. 6.

Alford, P., esq., of Newington Grove Lodge, Merton-road, aged 46, Nov. 4.

Atterbury, Mrs.; Twickenham Green, aged 93, Nov. 3.

Atwood, Susannah, wife of Matthias Atwood, esq., M.P., Streatham, Surrey, aged 68, Oct. 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Atkins, Lieut., H. M., 53d Regiment, of small pox, aged 24; in Edinburgh Castle, Nov. 5.

Back, J., esq., formerly of Norwich; Willington, Middlesex, aged 75, Nov. 2.

Baker, Charlotte Anne, the beloved wife of John Richard Baker, esq., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, and Aldenham Cottage; after a short illness, Nov. 17.

Barber, Mrs., of Pall Mall, aged 50; Nov. 8.

Barker, Catherine, relict of R. Barker, esq., the inventor of the Panorama, aged 98; at Bitton, Gloucestershire.

Barlow, Mary, relict of the late Samuel F. Barlow, esq., of Middleton-horsey, aged 91; Bootham, York, Nov. 13.

Bartholomew, J. T. W., esq., of Bardney, in the county of Lincoln, aged 39; at Belairs-house, near Plymouth, 20th. 6.

Basey, Mrs., aged 94; at Norwich, Nov. 12.

Bourdon, James Temple, esq., aged 66; at Fulwell Lodge, Twickenham, the residence of his brother-in-law, Wm. Clay, bart., Oct. 31.

Brumett, Anne, wife of the Rev. J. H. Broome, aged 37; at Goring, Oxon, Nov. 11.

Bruner, John Elphinstone, esq., Captain of the 13th Bengal Infantry, son of the late James Bruner, of Stanwell; Nisseretabad, Oct. 5.

Burnett, Mrs. E., Kensington, Nov. 17.

Burnie, James, esq., at the residence of Mr. M'Culloch, in her Majesty's Stationary Office, James-street, Westminster, aged 55, Nov. 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Burton, Ann, Mrs., Warner-street, Kent-road, aged 79, Nov. 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Burton, Septimus, esq., of apollony; at Chiswick Grove, Nov. 20.

Canning, Captain George R.N., aged 65; at Gravesend, Nov. 9.

Causton, the Rev. Dr., prebendary of Westminster, and rector of Turweston, aged 84; at Bournemouth, Nov. 5.

Chapman, William Henry, son of Mr. William Henry Chapman, Tooley-street, Southwark, aged 18 months, Nov. 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Clark, J., esq.; at Southampton, aged 82, Nov. 3.

Clements, Henry, esq., M.D.; at Hemet-terrace, Chelsea, Nov. 15.

Close, Thomas, youngest son of the late E. C.S., after a short illness, aged 72; at Kensington, Nov. 22.

Clowes, Thomas Croker, esq., Harben-terrace, Camberwell, Surrey, aged 21, Nov. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cooper, Daniel, esq., assistant surgeon of H.M.'s 17th Lancers, Nov. 24.

Corballis, James, esq., of Rattoath Manor, Meath, and Dublin, aged 69; at Leamington, Oct. 30.

Cowan, Sir John, Bart., Forrest-hill, Lewisham, aged 68, Oct. 22; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Crockford, the Rev. John, Rector of Ripley, Yorkshire, aged 58; at Newe, in Germany, Sept. 21.

Cross, Sir John, knigh, Judge of the Court of Review, aged 74; in Whitehall Place, November 5.

Culland, Emily Florence, only child of Augustus Percival Culland, esq.; Florence, aged 1, Nov. 7.


Dawson, Charles, esq., aged 34; at Torquay, Nov. 10.

Dillon, lady Isabella; at Burton Crescent, Nov. 12.


Dodson, Dorothy, wife of the Rev William Dodson, at Claxby, Nov. 17.

Doughall, Captain Robert; at Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, Oct. 31.


Eisdell, N., esq., late of Chelsea; at his residence at Romsey, Hants, aged 35, Nov. 4.

Finlaison, S., youngest son of J. Finlaison, esq., actuary of the National Debt, at Loughton, Essex, Nov. 2.

Ferris, Henry Hugh, 4th son of the Rev. J. Ferris, of Dallington, Sussex, aged 26; at Lodzapore, Bengal, (his boat being lost in a storm), Sept. 5.

Forescue, Hon. Matthew; at his residence, Devonshire-place, Nov. 19.
Fox, Hannah, youngest daughter of Wm. Fox, esq.; at Chester Terrace, Regent’s Park, July 26.


Goode, Rev. Francis, lecturer at Clapham, and at the Female Orphan Asylum, Lambeth, and late Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge; at Clapham, aged 44.

Golding, Augustus, Minier Ibbetson, 3d son of Dr. Golding, aged 11; Nov. 4.

Giants, Frederick, esq., of Mount Cyrus, near Montrose, aged 63; Nov. 1.

Grady, Thomas, esq., of Belmont, County Limerick, aged 83; Nov. 1.

Haig, Lieut. Alex. James, 24th N. I., son of the late Alex. Haig, esq., of Marlborough-baths, Bath; at Ferozepore, Aug. 12.

Haller, — wife of J. Hall, esq., Barrister; at Denbigh, Nov. 1.

Hallett, Wm., esq., formerly of Dunford-house, near Hungerford, Berks; at Candas, near Southampton, aged 78; Nov. 21.

Hambro’, C. A., only dau. of C. J. Hambro’, esq., of Brassbury House, Willesden, aged 4; Nov. 2.


Hatchard, Hannah Plumtree, 2d daughter of the Rev. John Hatchard, Vicar of St. Andrew’s, Plymouth; Nov. 6.

Hellatt, Mrs. Ann, sister to the late S. Hellatt, esq., of Clapham Rise, Surrey; at Bushhey, Herts, much respected, aged 86; Nov. 4.

Herschell, the Rev. Solomon, aged 31; forty years chief Rabbi, during that long period beloved and respected by all classes of persons, without reference to religious opinions; Oct. 31.


Hope, Miss Margaret, only surviving daughter of the late Hon. Charles Hope, of Craigie Hall, North Britain, and sister of the late Admiral Sir George Hope, of Carredden, North Britain, Oct. 31.

Hoste, the Rev. James, aged 51; at Stanhope Parsonage, Nov. 10.

Hudson, Captain C. A., of the Hon. E.I.C.’s Navy, of inflammation of the liver, aged 46; at Calcutta, Sept. 4.

Hughes, Edward, esq., of Lincoln’s Inn, Barrister-at-Law; at Hastings, Nov. 18.

Hull, Capt. John Watson, of the E. I. C. S. at Mount Ida Dromore, aged 50; Nov. 19.


Hunter, Rev. Ralph Bates, Rector of Whalton, Northumberland; at the Rectory, after a short illness, aged 54; Nov. 15.

Irving, Jane, niece to John Irving, esq., M.P.; in Richmond Terrace, Nov. 17.

Jackson, Susannah, wife of Mr. Wm. Jackson, Elder-road, Norwood, Surry, aged 84; Oct. 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Johnson, Edward Lewes, esq., of the Report Office (Court of Chancery), aged 39; at Somers Place, Hyde-park-square, Nov. 15.

Johnstone, Janet, wife of George Johnstone, esq., of Taviestock-square; at St. Leonard’s, Nov. 8.


Knowles, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Knowles, esq.; at Norbiton House, Kingston, aged 77; Nov. 19.

Laurie, Georgianna, daughter of Mr. James Laurie, Gracechurch-street, aged 10 months, Oct. 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Leese, Edward, esq., aged 68; Baker-street, Portman-square, Oct. 30.

Leighton, Capt., T. R., 44th Regiment, son of the late T. Leighton, esq., of Richmond, Yorkshire, killed in action on the retreat from Cabul, having been previously wounded on the 8th; at the Koord Cabul Pass, Jan. 10.

Lister, Lieut. Lyttleton, R.N., of Newland, aged 21; at Clifton, Nov. 5.

Livingston, Harford, eldest son of Col. Livingston, aged 19; at York-street, Portman-square, Oct. 30.

Lloyd, Sarah Margaretta, youngest daughter of the late Richard Hughes Lloyd, esq., of Pymoz, County of Denbigh, Gweire, County Merioneth, and Basil Hall, County York; at her residence, Bold-square, Chester, July 17.

Longman, Mary, widow of the late T. N. Longman, esq.; at Mount-grove, Hampstead, Nov. 5.

Lopez, Joshua, esq., Southampton-street, Cumberwell, Surry, aged 65, Nov. 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lucy, Clementina, wife of Alfred Luck, esq., 2d daughter of John Golding, esq., of Ditton-place, county Kent; at Spring Grove, Peckham, aged 19, Nov. 16.

Lyon, S., esq.; at his residence, Keppel-street, Russell-square, Nov. 3.

McCabe, Mrs. Mary, aged 105; at Bohernabine, County Dublin, Nov. 6.

Mackie, Mrs. Ann, Long Lane, Bermondsey, aged 41, Oct. 29; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

M’William, Charlotte, the beloved wife of Robert M’William, esq.; in Torrington-square, Nov. 21.

Madden, Edward, esq., late of the 1st Royal Dragoons, of typhus fever, aged 25; at Berne Oct. 23.

Magendie, the Rev. G. J., B.D., Rector of Headington, Wilts, and prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, aged 74; Nov. 2.

Malcolm, Robert, esq., surgeon, Moore-place, Lambeth, aged 50, Oct. 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

M’Lenan, Henry Alexander, of Belige, Honduras, aged 13, Nov. 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Marshall, Capt. George, of H. M.’s 31st Regiment, eldest son of Colonel Marshall, of Bath, aged 33; in Afghanistan, on the march to Cabul, Aug. 24.

Martin Catherine, daughter of Capt. F. W. Martin, R.N.; at Abbotts-ann, Hanis, aged 16, Nov. 13.

Marett, Frances, wife of Charles Marett, esq., and youngest daughter of Benjamin Rouse, esq.; at Southampton, Nov. 11.

Mostyn, Lady Elizabeth, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Mostyn, and 3d daughter of the late C. Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn, county Flint; in Lower Seymour-street, aged 69, Nov. 25.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Newell, Alexander, esq., of Wimpole-street; at his seat, Netheridge, Craven, aged 81, Nov. 19.
Nightingale, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Sir E. Nightingale, Bart.; at Park-street, Grosvenor-square.
Osborne, William, esq., Mawby-place, South Lambeth, aged 79, Nov. 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Packe, Chas. Hussey, only son of George H. Packe, esq., of Caythorpe, Lincolnshire, of scarlet fever, aged 16; at Eton, Oct. 28.
Parker, Mrs., wife of W. Parker, esq., a magistrate of Stafford, whose residence, Albion House, in the Potteries, was destroyed by the rioters, and deeply affected the lamented lady; Marine View, Egremont, near Liverpool, aged 60, Nov. 1.
Pears, Brice, esq., of Mankham Woodford, Essex; at Fairlight, Hastings, aged 72, Nov. 10.
Pettet, Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Captain Pettet, R.N., aged 74; Nov. 1.
Perry, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. John Perry, High-street, Camberwell, Surry, aged 44, Nov. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Platt, John, esq., Larkhall-place, Clapham, Surry, aged 83, Oct. 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Ralston, Isabella, wife of Gerard Ralston, esq., of Caversham, aged 54, N. v. 16.
Rashleigh, Caroline, wife of Wm. Rashleigh, esq., of Menabury, Cornwall; Cumberland-tapere, Regent's-park, Nov. 3.
Rayne, John, esq., of Brunswick-tapere, Southampton, formerly of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, aged 66; Nov. 11.
Roberts, Henry E., jun., esq., of complaint of the heart, aged 35; at Cork, Nov. 11.
Roworth, Thomas, esq.; at Coombe-lodge, Somersey, aged 80, Aug. 9.
Sawbridge, Captain Wanley Elias, of Her Majesty's 28th regiment, of cholera; at Manoora Point, Bombay, in Sept.
Shaw, James, esq., aged 42; on board the ship Abilene, on her return from Arracan to Calcutta, whither he had gone for his recovery of his health. He was in the civil service, and acting Judge of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut: few men have left the world with a higher reputation, being beloved by all who knew him, and the smile that was always upon his countenance was only an index of the feelings passing in his breast:— "duty to God, charity to all men." As a judge he was clear and independent, and in his official capacity few stood higher in the estimation of the Government; September 1.
Sherman, Selina Selina, daughter of the Rev. J. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, London; at Freiwalden; Oct. 29.
Skelton, Mr. William, Golden Lane, St. Luke's, aged 70, Oct. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Sleath, Rev. W. B., D.D., F.R.S.A., 10 years Master of Etwell Hospital, and Vicar of Wilsington, 32 years Head Master of Repton School, Nov. 4.
Smith, Anne, wife of Robert Smith, esq.; at Southampton, aged 30, Nov. 15.
Spankie, Robert, esq., one of her Majesty's Sergeants-at-Law, aged 68; Russell-square, Nov. 2.
Spedding, Charlotte Ellen, wife of W. J. Spedding, esq., of Harwell; aged 44, Nov. 4.
Spry, H.H., M.D., F.R.S., &c., assistant surgeon and secretary to the Agri-horticultural Society of India; at Calcutta, occasioned by a fall from his gig, aged 38, Oct. 18.
Stanley, Jane Eliza, wife of Mr. Joseph Stanley, St. Ann's-road, North Brixton, aged 24; Nov. 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Stevens, Henry, esq., Portland-place North, Clapham-road, aged 70, Oct. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Still, Catherine, daughter of T. Still, esq., aged 20; at Thames Ditton, Nov. 11.
Taylor, Mrs., of Cambridge-heath, aged 70; at Glosester-tapere, Nov. 15.
Templeman, Jane, daughter of the late T. Templeman, esq.; at Conquhan-house, Ramsgate, Nov. 10.
Travers, Lieut., H. M.'s 8th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, aged 20; at Ferozepore, Aug. 16.
Wade, A., esq., 4th son of the late G. Wade, esq., of Dunmow, Essex, aged 33; Nov. 2.
Waite, the Rev. Thomas, D.L., of Great Chart, Kent, many years chaplain to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, aged 69; Nov. 8.
Ward, the Rev. James, D.D., formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Senior Chaplain to the Presidency of Bengal, aged 76; at Colitshall, in the county of Norfolk, Nov. 8.
Weekes, John, esq., Dobson-tapere, Kennington, aged 77, Oct. 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Winsloe, Rev. R. M.A., Rector of Minstrel, and Forrabury, Corwall, and Curate of Rashion, Somerset, at Mount-ulto-house, near Taunton, Nov. 10.
Willis, Flora, relict of J. Willis, esq., aged 67; at Hampton Court Palace, July 25.
Wise, Jane Hannah, widow of the late J. R. Wise, esq., of Highfield House, Exmouth, and only daughter of the late Colonel Ellison, M.P., of Sudbrook-house, and Houltham-hall, county Lincoln; after long suffering, aged 40.
Wittenoom, Charles Direk, esq., the first appointed officer under the convention with the French, for conducting the overland East India Mails through France, aged 53; Euston-square, Nov. 8.
Yearwood, Margaret Martha, daughter of Mr. Henry Yearwood, High-street, Southwark, aged 1 year and 9 months, Nov. 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

This most splendid Engraving, whether for workmanship, effect, or size, we know not how sufficiently to praise it. To Mr. Paris is due the first of our un-called-for commendations, since his picture is not submitted for editorial criticism; but we must praise the depth, light, and shadow, the clearness of conception and arrangement, the well grouping of all. Those figures which we wish to see prominent are well brought out, yet is the Queen herself chastely conspicuous (we speak artistically) before every other person in that holy concourse.

Duly to appreciate its merits, we should at the time of inspection peruse the sacred Coronation Service, and some persons not familiar with the Court might do well to hold in their hands a list of the assembled nobility, whose likenesses are admirable.

This print will remain a permanent favorite with the public, increasing rather than diminishing in value, provided the plates are carefully published; and if we are to believe that marks of favor, granted, are signs of Royal satisfaction, the recent presentation which Mr. Moon had the honor of receiving for his son from His Royal Highness Prince Albert to King's College, must be highly appreciated in the double sense of favor and approval, in which latter we most heartily join. Would that we might be allowed both to examine and report upon each Portrait separately.

The size of the plate is 34 inches wide, by 23 inches in height.

An historical sketch, by Charles Ollier, of the memorable trial of Earl Strafford in Westminster Hall (1641), illustrative of Mr. James Scott's Engraving from the original picture by William Fish, Esq., dedicated by special permission to The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart, &c.

Also the Engraving of the same. Boys.

To the publisher, Mr. Boys, we may have appeared more than ordinarily negligent for so long omitting to notice his spirited Proof engraving of this memorable trial; but everything in season. We have ourselves now arrived at that period of our memoirs which fits in exactly with this notice. Charles has just ascended the throne upon the death of his father, when the kingdom was rather tranquil than otherwise, but foreign wars drained the Exchequer, and every means, just and unjust, were resorted to, whereby the needful supplies could be raised. It was in such a season that the Earl of Strafford was the favorite of his sovereign, whose minister of state he was. Whilst with haughty councils and high resolves the cabinet was legislating for the multitude, over whom they held the iron hand of power, how little thought the chief actors that their days were numbered, and that they would themselves come to an untimely end. But these lessons of history keep the state in order, and if, at the present time, we run not such peril as in times past, yet are there many grinding oppressions in the heavy cost of judicial procedures—the exercise of the office of public magistrate, and in combinations and companies which bring ruin upon thousands of suitors on the one hand, and, on the other, create the most pinching wrong, and breed the utmost hatred for men in authority. Yet, if this period of our history, in particular, serve (which we trust it may) as a useful lesson in our times, in no part is it more conspicuously beneficial than to the more excited ranks, whose lives too often fell a sacrifice to their own heartless ambition and jealousies. But we must pity, while we will not condemn the Earl's conduct; for he seems to have been sacrificed to popular indignation for his supposed delinquencies, and Charles had the weakness to yield to the pressing cries of his council to affix his sign manual for Strafford's execution. The people, chiefly, it seems, desired to free themselves from episcopal sway, and, for awhile, at least, he might have warded off, if not escaped his dire end, had he promised to second such a purpose, with which view he was visited by a member of great influence in the house of commons.
To continue this melancholy narrative our compiler says, that being condemned to death:

"The night before his execution, he sent for the lieutenant of the Tower, and asked him whether it was possible for him to speak with the Archbishop of Canterbury; and being answered that he could not permit it without order from the parliament, 'Mr. Lieutenant,' said he, 'you shall hear what passes between us; it is not time for me to plot treason, or for him to plot heresy.' To which the lieutenant replied, he was limited; and desired that he would petition the parliament for that favour. 'No,' replied he, 'I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more; I am now petitioning a higher court, where neither partiality can be expected nor error feared. But, my lord,' said he, turning to the primacy of Ireland, then with him, 'what I would have spoken with his grace of Canterbury is this: you shall desire the archbishop to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I go out to-morrow; and to be at his window, that, by my last farewell, I may give him thanks for this and all his former favours.' The Lord Primate immediately performed his message, and returned with this answer from the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'that in conscience he was bound to do the first, and in duty and obligation to do the last; but he feared his weakness and passion would scarce lend him eyes to behold his last departure.'

And now we come to bring this prepared victim to the last scene of his tragedy, which was completed on Wednesday, the 12th of May. Having prepared his soul for this last conflict, he cheerfully came out of his chamber, attended by the Lord Primate of Ireland, and several gentlemen and persons of quality, together with the lieutenant and wardens of the Tower. When he drew near the archbishop's lodgings, he said to the lieutenant, 'Sir, though I do not see the archbishop, pray give me leave to pay my last observance towards his rooms?' But the archbishop being advised of his approach, immediately came to the window, upon which the Earl, making a profound bow, cried, 'My lord, your prayers and your blessing!' The archbishop lifted up his hands, and bestowed both; but, unable to support this sudden effort, caused by the tenderest emotions of friendship and pity, he sunk down to the ground, as if his soul would have forced a way to join the Earl's in its passage to eternity. The Earl, bowing a second time, cried, 'Farewell, my lord; God protect your innocence!' Thus, with a countenance serene and august, the Earl marched towards the scaffold, more like a general to a triumph than a criminal to his execution."

Calling down, in his prayers, the forgiveness of God upon his enemies, he solemnly invoked that God to witness 'that he was not guilty, so far as he could understand, of the great crimes laid to his charge,'—and he further declared to the people, that he had never intended anything but for the joint and individual prosperity of the kingdom, and with great Christian magnanimity he submitted his neck to the axe:

Ill-fated stroke, alas, to thee, King Charles! As Strafford's soul flew on the winds to heaven, And angels met it on its homeward course, Then War rushed forth, and spread her black-plumed wings, And mounted high in air, and blew a blast Which summon'd England's sons to bloody strife; And Death, clad in her pale white panoply, Strode o'er the land, and shrieked! This—this—King Charles, Is thy retributive for Strafford's doom— The axe—the block—the shame—the untimely tomb!

Had not the queen, fearful for her own safety and that of her children urged the king to yield, he might not, perhaps, have signed the warrant for his favorite's execution; but, alas! so was it ordered; he fell, the first of the several exalted victims!

But now for the picture.

The subject is soul-stirring, exciting, touching the inmost chords of human sympathy. We are again in Westminster Hall:

There, mounted on the benches, groups were seen In earnest converse; and beside the desk Were those whose looks betray'd the thoughts they nursed, Like slumbering vipers, in their plotting breasts,— For Pym, St. John, and Hampden, each was there." • • • • •

"Slowly advancing to the fatal bar: He (Strafford) mounts the platform, pale and wan, yet firm; He casts an eye of sorrow round the hall, It seemed to dwell a moment on the king; And did the monarch gaze with untouched heart? Were his emotions calm, and robed in peace? They were as poison in the honey-draught;"
For Fear had mixed with Hope her subtle dew,
And poured its drains, pregnant with cares and woes,
Deep in th' unconscious monarch's breast,
And all was doubt, perplexity, and grief."

Pym's closing words fell heavy on the ear,
And death-like silence reigned within the hall.

Why the deep silence that pervaded there?
Why the quick whisper round the hall of—
"Hush!"

"Twas the defence of him whom they'd foredoomed,
The man 'gainst whom sweet mercy's door was shut,
And ghastly death stood with relentless arms,
Clad in the horrors of the axe and block!"

Surrounded by her children:—
The prisoner's heart forgot the prisoner's woes,

And some who hated Strafford pitied him.

Next we behold the Lady Strafford,
his eldest daughter, and his youthful son: there, too:—
His little daughter, with her downbent head,
Stands, scarcely conscious of the passing scene,
In happy ignorance; and, in her hand
She grasps a faded, sickened, dying flower,
Which in its curling leaves and withered stem
Tells a sad tale!

The size of the engraving is 24 inches
by 19, a noble picture, wherein, after
our due mention of the rest, the artist
has admirably shown the cold, heartless,
nonchalance of his judges and auditory,
resolved before-hand what is to be, contemners of all justice, turning a deaf ear to facts, against the protestation of their (his) victim, like a certain self-sufficient magistrate of Bow-street, surrounded by his myrmidons whose name, for loving declared falsehood rather than truth, whereby he encouraged the basest, most wilful lying of his own officers, we shall never cease from bringing perpetually forward. Thus viewing history for instruction-sake, wash, we say, the Augæan stable of every public department, for it is incredible what wrongs are daily perpetrated, even though so many malpractices have been lately discovered; give ready ear to each grievance, which, for aught known, may not merely oppress, bear down, dis-

hearten, enrage, but even destroy the in-
jured. In our own case, that very Cus-
tom House of London, of which, month
after month in this our publication we
had but too just cause to complain (see
the contents' pages of our several maga-
azines) has, at length, astonished the public;
had we lived by our labors, they would
have ruined us, and chiefly by a systematic
(apparently) system of annoyance when-
ever we were absent from London, to say
little of the payment occasionally of
heavy duties, wrongfully, under protest,
which sums we are much inclined to
think never found their way into the
Treasury (or, noble was their zeal for the
public); and, but for the greatest favor
and indulgence on the part of all inter-
rested, this periodical, which has stood
the test of 86 years' monthly issue, would have died an (un)natural death.

Guide to Hayling Island. Royal Victoria
Library and Reading Rooms. Hayling
Spencer, London.

We are almost ashamed to declare that
so interesting a spot as Hayling is here
represented to be, should never before
have arrested our attention. We feel,
therefore, indebted to the publishers of
this guide,—the proprietors of the Vic-
toria Reading-Rooms—for the knowledge
impacted, having almost made up our
minds to visit Hayling during the coming
Christmas recess, where we should be
glad to find ourselves, provided we have
no pressing family engagement), sur-
rounded by a circle of our literary friends.
The little manual of some sixty pages,
contains, besides thirty-seven engravings,
a map of the country about, from Chi-
chester to Southampton, with the Isle of
Wight, and the various routes by railway.

"Hayling likewise possesses the rapid
communication with London, Southampton,
&c. in consequence of a branch of the South
Western Railway, which runs through Fare-
ham, to Gosport. But should they prefer
the usual mode of travelling, a coach now
runs to London through Chichester, or by
the Portsmouth road through Horndean
&c. &c.

The Island is four miles in length from
north to south, five miles in breadth from
east to west, (at the northernmost part
only, however, half-a-mile broad) and
contains an area of eight-and-a-half square

* Alexander Jardine, Esq.

Q: (Monthly Critic)—December, 1842.
miles. It has an elegant reading-room, a capital hotel, baths, &c. &c.

Its attractions are thus spoken of:—

Anciently, the monks of the diocese of Winchester claimed this manor*, "because the Queen Emma gave it to the Churches of St. Peter and St. Swithin, and at the same time put the monks in possession of one half; the other half she gave to Ulward, on these conditions,—that he should hold it during his life and for the expenses of his funeral, and afterwards it should return to the monastery: and thus part of the manor was held of Ulward by the monks till he died, which happened in the reign of King William.

Besides well executed wood-cuts of the antiquities, a large portion of the book, (25 pages) is devoted to the classified natural history of the Island and the vicinity which is admirably illustrated with wood-cuts, thereby affording to the visitors a very agreeable means of instruction, (at the cost of 1s.) during their rambles.

The editor sums up the benefits of a residence or trip to Hayling in these words:—

Hayling Island, which was a few years since the property of the Duke of Norfolk, has passed into other hands; and the enterprise of capitalists has converted a barren beach into a little Paradise, which promises to become a fashionable and well-frequented watering-place, where families who prefer quietude and health and wishing to avoid those crowds which throng Margate, Brighton, Herne Bay, and other watering-places, now made so common by steam-vessels and railroads in discharging their freights, inundate those places with a class of persons who would otherwise have been contented with their usual steam-trip (yclept) Gravesend.

It is particularly adapted for children, who may here run wild on nature’s carpet facing the sea, free from all interruption and danger, with little or no care to those who may have them in charge.

There are many excellent farms in the island, the farmers being a very respectable body, who cultivate highly the crops in the season, looking here most magnificent. The farm-yards have an air of comfort, being always well littered with clean straw. Hayling is famous for its mutton and lamb, the pasturage being particularly adapted for the fattening of such stock; the south down being the only kind of sheep kept here.

* The abbey of Jumiges hold Helingay: Ulward, the frier, held it of Queen Eddid, abrodially.

Poultry is particularly cheap, indeed almost every article of consumption is not only cheaper but considered of better quality than in most places. Among the advantages of Hayling, the climate should not be omitted, which is warm and dry. It is peculiarly adapted to the growth of fruits and flowers, which attain here a perfection truly astonishing. The quality and abundance of the fruit is only equalled by the size and beauty of the flowers: greenhouse plants flourish here without the aid of glass."

The reader will perceive that we have treated this emanation from the press, with all the good-will of brotherhood, and as a something deserving more notice than the ordinary prospectus of a watering-place.

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So many works, assimilating with the adjunct title of this excellent book, have lately appeared, that one would think little of novelty could be presented either in the mode of expressing thoughts, or in the subject-matter. The English maiden has a strong aim to inculcate the soundest principles of virtue, in intimate connection with all the domestic duties.

The author enters upon a preliminary discussion respecting the capabilities of woman, and her earlier liberty under the Romans. Besides the requisites of a christian disposition:—

"Intelligence, wisdom, disinterested affection; a mind to advise, a heart rich with sympathies, and a hand to aid.—these should find in her their chosen resting-place.

"And what Mother can fill the sphere ordained for her sex, if she be not a devoted parent? Possessed of this trait, no woman can fail of honor and usefulness. She who looks on her race, with a maternal interest, who feels that God hath made of one blood all the children of the earth, and who lives not for herself but for her neighbour, she is of the genuine female nobility. There is in her character a grandeur—before which the admired of all admirers, the pay butterfly, whose wings open and close with the sun of adulation, shrinks into an object of pity."

In the exercise of the domestic virtues an amiable woman is thus depicted when visited by a long-absent and dear friend:

"Hospitality is a virtue which shines pre-eminently bright in the female character. Sometimes enduring friendships are
formed in the season of girlhood, which bloom with undiminished freshness in subsequent years. Such instances of unshaken constancy cannot be too highly prized. How pleasing is it, then, to have the assurance that the heart, that once shared every thought of your love, can come forward to receive her guest. Let one who has taken, perhaps, a long journey to Her heart, she will regret her visit as soon as she enters the door, because she cannot help feeling that the mind is put on her account. But how vastly different is it with her, who having established habits of strict order and regularity in her family, can never be taken by surprise. The moment the guest enters, she feels that she was both expected and desired. The "well-built-up fire" speaks the undiminished warmth of her friend's heart; her luggage has been removed to the chamber selected for her by unseen hands; and when conducted thither, she finds the room just as she left it, with the clothes where she was expected and desired. It is this all; on the toilet-table is the cushion presented by a mutual friend; the mantel-piece exhibits the token of remembrance presented when last she and her visitor parted; and the walls are adorned with pictures she had a thousand times admired; while in a corner is placed a small but choice selection from the works of those authors, from whom, in the days of their young affection, they drank large draughts of instruction and delight. Then comes that luxury to a newly-arrived traveller, an early tea; and so far from any wish to retire early being either felt or expressed, old times are recollected, old friends spoken of, scenes of mutual joys recounted, or of mutual sorrows commiserated, till hours seem converted into moments, and they enjoy a rich foretaste of the eternal re-union of commingling spirits in the world to come."

Besides exhibiting every amiable quality, in every, the most enviable light, the author thus in conclusion addresses the reader:—

"You are now in the prime of your being. Commence to-day the life of the soul, and you will enter on that sacred course which leads to an immortal virtue. Time is short; why should you give to it your noblest energies? This world is but a passing shadow. Oh, do not consent to build your dwelling, as if the suns that scorched and blast the soul could not strike you. That Being, in whose hand is your breath, has placed you, for a few swift-winged years, on a vessel propelled by fearful elements. In an hour you least imagine, that which now bears you brightly onward, may burst its confines, and scatter on the wild waves the black fragments of all that is mortal. Yet fear not death; fear life. Live as you ought, leave the rest with God. Calmly may you then lean on him: peacefully will you pass the strange ongoings of earth. Through tears and through smiles, live as you ought, and Heaven is gained. Wait upon the Lord, and while worldlings—living to earth's pleasure—dead while they live—shall faint and be weary, and many shall utterly fail, you shall renew your strength; you shall mount up with wings as eagles; you shall run and not be weary, and you shall walk and not be faint."

In a word, then, we cannot help thinking that in time this will be a family manual in most extensive use. Would that we had had a share in the intellectual catering for this book; it will assuredly reach many editions, and every one who reads it, will gratefully thank us for this introduction of it to their notice.

CHASE & BLACKWELL'S NEW SOLO LAMP.—Inventions—works of the head and hands—whether in literature or in the arts, enter alike our critical arena. This lamp, then, externally, presents the usual appearance; but a curious, simple and effective mechanism directs its interior operations. Remove the external column, and within behold a snake-like wire entwined from head to foot a small metal tube, within which is a moveable column, which is acted upon by a crew at the external base of the lamp. Take a wick (the cotton is apart from the candle and doubled), and you can observe a small tube and ring, by which latter it is hooked to the inner tube; next take a prepared candle (hollowed in the centre); pass it over the wick and column; press it down; the wire yields; screw on the top, and the wick presents itself ready for burning; attach the new patent neck-pinched glass, the outer shade, and the whole is finished. At pleasure elevate the wick to give a stronger or a weaker light, but it must be kept at a certain height to absorb the composition as it liquefies, it will overrun the sides, and, for the same reason attention must be paid, when moving the lamp to keep it level. This candle-lamp does not require snuffing—the candles are made to last five hours; the wicks are more durable. The lamp presents an elegant appearance, and, for those who like lamps but dislike oil, may be regarded as a very convenient article.
PERUVIAN GRAVITATING INKSTAND.—The elite selectors of drawing-room, birth-day, or Next-year’s gifts, must have marked the patent, which preserved, like the present, the ink from dust. Then, however, a top shut down like the lid of a box, and when opened, by reason of atmospheric pressure, the ink arose for use, retreating in like manner, more or less, as the top was closed. In the present case, the reverse takes place; the top is fixed, and the dipping cup, attached to the barrel, rises at pleasure, the whole of the ink being returned each time it is closed, into the barrel. Nor must the slide under the latter be forgotten, by which the quantity of ink suffered to run into the cup is duly regulated, until, when nearly withdrawn, the last drop of ink may, apparently, be received into it for use. In hot climates where, too, the ink is of an extremely bad quality, and the evaporation great, this article would soon do the reverse of eating its head off, viz.:—save the cost of purchase in a very short time. In order to render their work perfect, Messrs. Perry and Co. have likewise manufactured their own ink for steel pens, of a superior quality, which is stated not to corrode the pen. The whole when put into its box does not occupy more than three inches and a half square.

BENTLEY’S SEXTANGULAR METROPOLITAN PILLAR.—This species of column is intended by the proprietor to serve as a street guide wherever erected, having removable letters affixed on the sides, whilst the more important duty is to be served of guiding the public to the nearest post-office, police-station, &c. &c. But the column, within, is to be made available for the discharge of rockets, to give notice of fires, and other such purposes. There is also attached, a powerful alarm-bell to awake the inhabitants in cases of danger. Such are its uses. Pumps might be well added; and we would suggest for the country that it should be used at the end of each assize to show the names of the prisoners condemned, and their sentences; also, on all have a side capable of being lit up, where the wayfarer might learn the nearest union or residence of the relieving officer; in fact, to make it generally useful, and were one erected, we feel confident many others would soon appear.

WEDGWOOD’S NOCTOGRAPH.—This is an easy and simple method adapted for the blind to continue secretly, if needed, a correspondence with their friends, whereby they can also retain copies of their letters without the intervention of a secretary. Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia is amongst the honoring Patrons of this invention, highly appreciating its advantages.

To explain the principle, imagine a Manifold with flexible bars of metal, from right to left, (flexible to permit the easy execution of the up and down strokes of the long-tailed letters) to keep the writing even; and a flat piece of ivory attached to a string to mark where the writer has left off, like marking the takings on a cribbage-board, and the plan is almost clearly explained. There is, however, another sort, with a turning screw, like Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell’s Soho lamp, by which the paper underneath is made to move upwards, the space of an inch, as each line is finished. This apparatus is fitted up like a desk, and is in every respect complete. The pen is a metal or agate style. The experience of the noble sufferer to whom we have ventured to allude, has given a preference, however, to the former method, as less complex. How invaluable a gift to a blind friend—who would thus be enabled at a distance to know, unknown to any one else, his afflicted friends most secret wishes!

THE RE-OPENING OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

The Temple Church, respecting whose earlier history we are about to say a few words, was re-opened for divine service on Sunday, Nov. 27th, and the concourse of members and visitors was immense. A few days, may, even a few hours before the close of the previous week, none would have thought it possible that public service could have been so soon performed there—and an anecdote is current of an unlucky caterer for the public press who gained an entrance a night or two before the Sunday in question, and expressing his doubts on the subject to an ancient in authority—more zealous evidently for the finishing of his task than knightly in his bearing—too hasty in his reply,—"certainly not, if you interrupt the workmen," was the answer.

The truth is, we believe, that some of the pious fraternity—their consciences wounded at the great delay in opening the sacred fane, had signed a request to the benchers, and, in consequence perhaps, the completion of the work had been urged over-much at the last. The greater the wonder, therefore, that on Sunday nearly every arrangement was complete, the greater the praise due to the workmen and all concerned—especially Mr. Burge. To this long closing of the Temple, the Rev. Christopher Benson—the master—commented with eloquent sternness, emphatically declaring that it was exceedingly

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doubtful whether greater injury had not accrued, than all the advantages to be reaped from the great care and outlay so abundantly bestowed in the restoration of the building.

With these preface remarks, we beg to introduce the following from 'The Times':

It is natural to anticipate with eagerness, and to contemplate with something of exultation, the re-opening of a long closed religious edifice; and when, as in the case of the Temple church, the charms of antiquity combine with the claims of sanctity to render laudable a liberal, yet reverent, restoration, every spectator must enter into the feelings, blending in some degree the pleasurable and the proud, with which the modern Templars flocked to their ancient church, as, worthy honored by its, present—guardians so—hallowed by associations of the past. Invested by age with no common historical interest, its history half consecrated by memories of the enthusiastic, though mistaken, piety of its warlike founders—its existing form presenting a noble specimen of Gothic architecture in all its chastened beauty, its solemn dignity, and grand simplicity—it has been restored with a liberality which, lavish as it is, was not only directed by the purest taste, but controlled by the most discerning judgment; and, above all, by that deep reverence for the venerable antiquity, and that due regard for the nature and sacred character of the building, which allowed not even generosity to be mislaid, nor permitted an ardent desire for the accumulating of all the honors which respect could dictate or wealth employ, to alter the edifice one jot, more than was requisite to lend renewed durability to its antique beauty, nor to heap upon a Christian church a too meretricious adornment. On the one hand, then, we were gratified at finding the design of the building little changed; and that even in the alterations were not only in the way of renovation, but, principally, in the strictest sense, of restoration. The church is a noble exemplification of the unquestionable, but often forgotten truth, that the true sublime depends not upon size; and that simplicity is, after all, a main element, alike in the beautiful and the grand. Nothing can be more simple, yet nothing more truly imposing—striking with a sense of blended grace and grandeur, than the interior architecture; the two rows of dark-colored marble, rising in slender yet stately beauty like trunks of lofty trees, while the equally simple, yet surpassing-lovely tracery of the arches, of the general design realise an enduring embodiment of this artless interlacing and the overhanging foliage of a noble grove. The round church at the entrance is spacious, and, opening into the body of the building, affords an unobstructed view right through to the chancel, over which and near to all the whole breadth of that end are seen splendid painted windows, the colors of which, bright in pristine beauty, are certainly as brilliant and as beautiful as any we remember to have seen—blending in softened hues the glowing purple or the milder violet, "the cloudy crimson or the mystic blue!" through which streams "the dim religious light," admirably harmonising with the restored colors of the roof, which, with the more subdued tints of the side-windows, give an air of warmth and repose to the edifice, quite in keeping with the general tone of its Gothic architecture. The continuity of view, so essential to the sense of grandeur, is not broken by any obstruction, the organ being in a side recess; the pulpit and reading-desk masked in the line of pillars on each side (though in the best positions for audibility); and the interior as little as possible broken up for purposes of seats—there being no pews, properly so called; the students' benches being in the centre and stalls at the sides, so that the general impression, at first sight, is that of chaste and simple beauty, and every subsequent view serves to deepen the feeling of the softened harmony that pervades the whole, while over all

"—the spirit of the grey old time
Still breathes around the fane an awe sublime;"

though no longer, from "the shining mail and banners free" of its early occupants "flashes the light of ancient chivalry." Everything, indeed, throughout the interior, manifests a just appreciation and a constant feeling of the sacred character of a church: this is equally apparent in the studious abstinen
cence of all inappropriate adornments, and, in a careful attention to all the important accompaniments of service, as is exemplified in the liberal supply of Prayer-books and Bibles. The benches have been evidently guided throughout, by a desire to adopt the just medium between a meretricious magnificence, out of keeping with the character of a church, and a cold correctness, equally at variance with the majestic style of the architecture. Their aim has been to make all adornments harmonize with the spirit of the ancient design, an allusion to which was not inappropriately made by the Master of the Temple when referring, at the close of his sermon, to the restoration of the building. He deprecated (while applauding the homage paid by wealth to religion) a departure, in the decoration of such ancient churches, from the beautiful simplicity of their general design, which (he observed) in this case eminently exemplified how much better our ancestors understood the character of sacred architecture than their descendants; there should, he said, be nothing in the way of ornament calculated to attract attention too particularly to itself; while, on the other hand, there ought to be a general tone in harmony
with the grand beauty of a Gothic edifice. Assuredly, the architecture of such build-
ings was the design of those who “dreamt not of a perishable home” — who felt that feelings which from Heaven are shell —
naturally ally themselves to sympathies of kindred, though perchance of a subordinate nature; and that while man is influenced by the spirit breathed into his “inner sense” through the medium of external objects, it might be well to enlist these influences on the side of the sacred and the eternal; and if in some sort a superstitious spirit, impelled by a natural and not improper ardour for the heaping on religion all imaginable honor induced them to transgress the legitimate limits, and lose the distinction, severing the subordinate from the superior, theirs was an error into which, perhaps, there is least danger of our falling than that contrary one, of imagining (in the words of an eloquent living preacher), “that in religion, more than in other cases, men can be entirely independent of associations;” — of supposing (as said Robert Hall) “that there need be no very great difference between a temple dedicated to the Most High and a common building” — the mistake of thinking that it can be wrong to invest the “outward and visible” appliances of religious worship with as much of attraction as is consistent with a due sense of the distinction so justly pointed out by the Master of the Temple, who remarked that there was nothing around him which could have the effect of diverting attention from the object and design of edifices so sacred; and though, indeed, it might be that to strangers accustomed to churches of humbler architecture, there might be something at first view exceedingly splendid in the aspect of the interior, the effect of a very little familiarity would be a feeling of entire appropriateness, consistency, and harmony.

““The arch and architrave divinely grand;  
The fair fretwork of the cunning hand;  
The harmony of stone, the colored light  
That gleams through rainbow windows dimly bright.—  
How can we gaze, nor turn from earth to heaven,  
As though some finer sense were newly given!”

You felt that there was nothing in all you saw about you to detract from, but rather to enhance, the feelings of devotion; that it was something, at all events, if not all, to have thus ministered amid

“The sanctities combined  
By art to unreasonsualise the mind.”

incitements tending “to raise the heart and lead the will by a bright ladder to the world above;” and while listening to the “pealing organ” and the “solemn chant” of the cathedral service (conducted, as it was, in a manner so subdued and so chastened as to be enough to silence for ever the cold and shallow stigmatizers of such chanting, as necessarily savoring in any degree of august and hallowed), its music seemed “lingering and wandering” (in Wordsworth’s lovely language)

“Like thoughts, whose very sweetness yielded proof  
That they were born for immortality.”

You felt that these were influences calculated “not to divert, but to inspire;” that they served “without offence, to ought of highest, holiest influence” (still borrowing from the great poet of our age), but to “recall the wandering soul to sympathies with what man hopes from Heaven;” and to produce impressions perfectly consistent with the beautiful liturgy (admirably read), and with the impressive and able discourse of the Master, which we should be desirous of describing from memory, did not respect, alike for the preacher and his theme, forbid us.

For ourselves, in the feelings which pervaded our mind at the close of this first, in (we trust) the long uninterrupted succession of future services in this noble church, were, mingled gratitude to the benefactors of these societies whose funds they have with so much munificence expended in this highest of all objects; and gratitude, more remote in its application, to the founders of these ancient institutions, which thus act as conservators of so much that is valuable and venerable, and whose powers are so worthily applied to the employment of wealth in a manner calculated, beyond the more immediate results of their liberality in the renovation of a building which is their noblest heritage, to afford an example worthy of every possible imitation in the restoration of similar memorials of ages assuredly nobler in their religious foundations, though not so orthodox in their religious faith as in our own; in preserving (that is) all that is valuable in the legacies of the past, for purposes most sacred and most important to the present. And if the mind could not altogether exclude the recollections of these misguided warriors, whose name and whose memory yet linger on the spot which centuries ago their stern enthusiasm hallowed, it was not, perhaps, an unfounded idea that, as from their church nothing has been removed that was at all necessary to the simple harmony of its majestic design, so, amid the more peaceful fraternities that have succeeded them, their virtues have not been discarded along with the alloy of their superstition; but that, with a more enlightened liberality, there survives among the modern Templars all the high and honorable feeling (without its accompanying delusions) which, for the most part characterized the Templars of old.”
If the reverend preacher saw little around him in decoration which was unsuitable, or likely to distract the eye of the worshipper, not so the greater part of the congregation, and, with many, the flying horse, called Pegasus, which in every direction decorates the ceiling, was sufficient to attract attention. We shall presently give the recorded history of this almost defaced aerial charger. With a well-regulated mind, these representations will do no harm, but, alas! example is beyond precept, and, may be, with other churches, not Protestant—not belonging to learned societies—in very pride of competition, this may have its evil influence, and raise up against us, quoting, too, this church and the praises bestowed upon the decorative work, as genuine and Christian, yet leaving indelible approaches to heathenish adoration: mark, perhaps, the effect, when another church—a cathedral—of monstrous dimensions, near Bethlehem, shall throw open its portals.

There may, then, be much to question about, whether in any temple to the Deity—such symbols of knight-errantry should now be renewed; nay, more, whether those beautifully carved, yet grotesque heads at the extremities of the stalls are not an inconsistent outlay, and whether, too, their presence had not been better avoided. Their attendance in church can do them no good, and such funny examples are bad, especially in these times. Such things do well for halls and mansions, but not for churches, and we speak with all due deference, lovers ourselves, ardent lovers, as the course of this magazine must show, of bits of antiquity and reminiscences of the olden time, but not of such in our churches.

We have said that we shall presently speak of the wonderful Pegasus.

It may indeed take time to reconcile even the eyes of frequent attendants at the church to the quaint devises everywhere, on the ceiling and walls, whether the eye be raised to Heaven or to earth, the last resting place for mortality, yet are we far from condemning in the Temple church—the keeping up of some show of antiquity; the winged horses, however, or even the crusader's lamb, are unnecessary, and may distract attention, obtruding themselves as they do upon the eye of the worshipper outside of every book, with the name also of the Treasurer for the time when they were supplied; we heartily commend then the appearance of the plain Bibles, liberally supplied, fully agreeing with Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, on this point—thus would our glorious sovereign, and built memory have addressed the elders of this church, the reader simply changing the locale from St. Paul's to the Temple church, upon the following occasion.

On the festival of the Circumcision, (new year's day 1563), the queen resorted to St. Paul's. Nowel, the dean, thinking to please the queen, having gotten from a foreigner several fine cuts and pictures, representing the stories and passions of the saints and martyrs, had placed them against the epistles and gospels of their festivals in a common prayer-book, and this book he had caused to be richly bound, and laid on the cushion for the queen's use, in the place where she customarily sat, intending it for a new-year's gift to her Majesty, and thinking to have pleased her fancy therewith. But it had a right contrary effect: for she considered how this varied from her late open injunctions and proclamations against the superstitions use of images in churches, and for the taking away of such relics of Popery. When she came to her place she opened the book, and perused it, and saw the pictures; but frowned and blushed, and then shut it, (of which several took notice): and calling the verger, bad him bring her the old book, wherein she was formerly wont to read. After sermon, whereas she was wont to get immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the Dean, thus she spoke to him:

Queen. Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new service book was placed on my cushion?

Dean. May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there.

Q. Wherefore did you so?

D. To present your Majesty with a new-year's gift.

Q. You could never present me with a worse.

D. Why so, Madam?

Q. You know that I have an aversion to idolatry, to images and pictures of this kind.

D. Wherein is the idolatry, may it please your Majesty?

Q. In the cuts resembling angels and saints; nay, grosser absurdities, pictures resembling the blessed Trinity.

D. I meant no harm, nor did I think it would offend your Majesty when I intended it for a new-year's gift.

Q. You must needs be ignorant, then. Have you forgot our proclamation against images, pictures, and romish reliques in the churches? Was it not read in your deanery?

D. It was read. But be your Majesty assured, I meant no harm, when I caused the cuts to be bound with the service-book.

Q. You must need be very ignorant to do this, after our prohibition of them.

D. It being my ignorance, your Majesty may the better pardon me.

Q. I am sorry for it, yet glad to hear it was your ignorance, rather than your opinion.

D. Be your Majesty assured, it was my ignorance.

Q. If so, Mr. Dean. God grant you his spirit and more wisdom in the future.

D. Amen, I pray God.

Q. I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures—who engraved them?
I know not who engraved them—I bought them.
Q. From whom bought you them?
D. From a German.
Q. It is well it was from a stranger. Had it been any of our subjects, we should have questioned the matter. Pray let us have no more mistakes of this kind committed within the churches of our realm for the future.
D. There shall not.

This matter occasioned all the clergy in and about London, and the churchwardens of many to search their churches and chapels: and caused them to wash out of the walls all paintings that seemed to be romish and idolatrous, and in lieu thereof suitable texts taken out of the Holy Scriptures to be written.

Now, although the modern Templars regard their Pegasus, as gentlemen are wont to look upon their armorial bearings, as apparent links of family recognition, yet all that is here said of Pegasus, and of Olympus is depicted in the half of the Inner Temple—a very curious and interesting picture—in excellent keeping with the order for whose service it was painted, and well worth the seeing.

In a word—far let it be from being supposed that we object to these symbols—this hieroglyphic language of armoury, which once had among the learned and unlearned, too, such force and meaning;—in some of the heraldic devices to our portrait plates may be seen the double-tailed lion; note, then, a pithy mode of declaring at once the acknowledged, or assumed, courage, of the bearer, and this sort of language is as good as any other; but Pegasus in a church—is—it is not—wholly out of character—even the jbeadles of the two societies—when in official procession, bearing each his emblem—the golden fleece and the flying horse present, to our minds, a sort of masquerading appearance totally at variance with the preaching, praying and service just about to follow, or just ended.

And now for another subject touched upon by the preacher—the removal of the monuments—which, considering the high authority for their erection and display in churches, and the benefit assumed to be derived (like prayers for the dead!) from the bones of the deceased crumbling beneath the sacred edifice, was treated vainly honestly, but rather unceremoniously, by the reverend gentleman. Well, then, the dead are, and very properly, ceasing to be buried not only in churches, but even in cities—thanks to Mr. Carden, the laborious founder of the new system—and the unceremonious removal of the ancient monuments in this church, will do much to knock the old system completely on the head, as if the upholding of one kind of antiquity were doomed to destroy another. Not only in the churches sculpture was permitted, but even under the very altar, as in St. Clement’s in the Strand, by Lanfrac, Archbishop of Canterbury, “for his great ease and profit,” as the clergy now receive a corpse-fee upon the removal of a-Church-of-England-man’s body for interment in the Cemeteries, as high, in some cases as 10s. each; it is so in the Westminster Cemetery.

True it is that monuments but rarely characterize the deceased justly, and we quite agree that they are better absent, but to some, such as the following, who could object:

The daughter of Sir Richard Cook, knight, was married to Sir Thomas Hobie, knight.

In the epitaph to her first husband at Bisham, she offers clouds of incense to his manes; and concludes with wishing for such another husband, or him back again; or if neither of these requests could be granted, that she may go to him.

Te Deus aut similem Thomæ mihi reddēs maritum,
Aut reddant Thomæ mea mea fata viro.

She took to herself, however, a second husband, Sir John Russell, second son of Francis Earl of Bedford.

Here surely is enough to satisfy the most fastidious preacher, of full resignation, intermixed honestly enough with something of humanity.

The friends of those honored members to whom monuments were raised in The Temple will be gratified to learn that all due honor has been bestowed in their location. Ascending a winding stair in the left corner beyond the vestibule, lantern in hand, we at length found ourselves in the gallery of the round tower; solemn was the aspect of the objects about us: galleryed between the lank loop-hole arches—there, the tombs and monuments of the departed were tastefully arranged and, in solemn quietude, may repose, undisturbed, aye, and, perhaps, unheed ed too, for ages.

One word, then, in parting, upon costly tombs and extravagant funerals. Rather, far, would we see a place of quiet sepulture wherein the remains of the creature were supposed humbly to await the coming of his God. What means this idle pageantry? What is it but a show of pomp and worldly mindedness in a moment of the greatest abasement—the deepest affliction—when the energies of the creature are laid prostrate—when he sleeps, as it were, the sleep of death, his spirit alone to be resuscitated at the awful summons from on High. These we have long known to be the sentiments of the before-named founder of the ex-urban cemetery system, and much do we regret that architectural extravagance, directorship connivance should have frustrated the due carrying out of so simple, so laudable a de-
sign; since, though all pockets cannot alike defray the charges of a costly funeral, the pride of each is not less than that of his neighbour, and, alas! the pride of those who can least afford the expense outstrips the folly and vanity of such expensive funerals as are indulged in by some, permitted by others, and from want of sufficient firmness and a good example, not sternly, manfully or feelingly resisted by any. Let the public follow Mr. Carlyle's praiseworthy example, and ere another year the humble mourner will follow the remains of those beloved on earth, free from idle ostentation, and in a truly Christian spirit.

It may here be agreeable to have a short historical sketch of the Templars; their abode, the hazard of destruction during the great fire of London, and some of the quaint ceremonies which regulated the more modern movements of the fraternity, and we need little more to show their antiquity than that in this is the account of them.

The Templars, whose house, the Old Temple, was in Holborn, removed thence to Fleet-street, in the reign of Henry II., when, it is most probable, the erection of the church commenced; for it was found by an inscription long destroyed, that in 1185 it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary by the Patriarch Eulalius. In 1210, it is recorded, another church wassingle-hand the example, and ere another year the humble mourner will follow the remains of those beloved on earth, free from idle ostentation, and in a truly Christian spirit.

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date with each other. The sword being
worn on the right side, which being in each
of these three, one would augur to be evi-
dently no mistake, has attracted considerable
interest. For, if that really represented
Geoffrey, it may be easily accounted for, as
he received from the Templars the habit of
their order. Stoddard adds, that these sta-
tuses were wholly unlike any known in his
time.

The scutum, or shield, was especially for
an horseman, that he might ward off the
blows struck at him.

A shield for foot-soldiers.

The Auxilia, was a shield without corners,
such an one in the time of Numa, second
king of Rome, was seen to fall out of the
skies: and was kept by the priestess of Mars
called Salii, as mentioned in the life of
Plutarch. This, we believe, was the form of
the recumbent Knight’s shield.

But to speak more immediately of the
Building itself.

We see by this of the Temple, as well as
many others in England, that the round-
arch style continued to the reign of Henry
II., but was considerably augmented and
enriched in its numbers and ornaments as
well as improved by its more graceful, slen-
der pillars, not any two of their capitals in
this instance, being similar.

These pillars and all their carvings, are of
stone, though during the late disfigurings
(anno 1816) they were much disguised by
plastering. The ornaments of the arches are
of plaster, and evidently of workmanship long
subsequent to the carvings of the pillars.
The shafts of the pillars measure in height,
five feet eight inches and a half, and in
breadth, at the foot of the shaft, eight inches
and a half in diminution from thence to the
top, one inch and a half. The plinths are
three inches and a half deep, and the capi-
tals one foot three inches in height. The
width of the doors is six feet ten inches, by
ten feet high, under the lowest arch. This
copious porch is the only one of its kind in
London. There is another very fine one at
the west entrance of Rochester Cathedral.
Fortunately, the great fire did not destroy
this venerable building; its escape was mir-
aculous, as the flames came close to the east
windows, as appears by a truly curious plan
of London, in two large folio sheets, the pro-
erty of Thomas Lloyd esq., entitled an
exact survey of the streets, lanes, and
churches, contained within the ruins of the
city of London, first described in six plates
by J. Leake, anno 1688, by the order of
the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common
Council of the city—reduced here into one
entire plate by J. Leake. Warcenaus Holler,
 fecit, 1667, at the right hand corner. Thence
crossing Holborn, south-westerly, it
proceeded diagonally to the end of Fetter-lane
in Fleet-street, leaving the three old houses
still standing east of St. Dunstan’s in the west
which remained unburnt; thence, it crossed
Fleet-street, to the east end of the Temple
church, where it ended west. It consumed
the whole of Whitefriars, and burnt thence
down to the water’s edge to the west en-
trance of the Tower of London.

It entirely consumed the buildings over
six arches of London bridge at the north.*

Now, respecting gothic arches and the
origin of the same, there appears to exist the
greatest difference of opinion among anti-
quaries. To the Goths is (naturally enough)
imputed the mention of this arch or style of
architecture. In the celebrated MS. of the
Gospels, as translated in the fourth century
by Bishop Ulpilas, still preserved in the
library of Upsal, and supposed by the learned
to have been written at that period, the
margin thereof represents a kind of portico
or colonnade formed of round, or Roman
arches, resting on pillars, such as were used
by the Romans in the decline of the empire,
and in all probability borrowed by a compar-
vatively barbarous people, from a more en-
lightened one. Now that of the round tower
of the Inner Temple, exactly corresponds
with a drawing to be found in Shee’s Aenelecta
Uphilina, printed at Upsal in 1709.

The opinion, however, hazarded by Mr.
Smith, is by no means contemptible, viz:—
that the Goths during their possession of
Italy, in later times may have introduced the
pointed arch, though he doubts much wheth-
er any churches exhibited the pointed go-
thic arch at that period of time, and is rather
inclined to think, that the term gothic was
applied to any style of architecture not then
acknowledged—namely, neither Greek nor
Roman—allias, barbarian.

The vestibule is 56 feet 9 inches in diame-
ter, and is surrounded by 54 arches, or
recesses, which might probably have been
used as stalls. They are raised upon a
stone step, six inches higher than the pave-
ment, from the top of which step to the
point of the inner arch is six feet two inches.
The distance between the pillars, which all
vary in their capitals, is one foot eleven
inches, the height of the plinth is six inches,
the shaft is three feet five inches, the width,
four feet and a half. These arches appear
from their workmanship to be some of the
first of the pointed style in England, and
certainly the only remaining specimens in
London; their mouldings are by no means
regularly cut, nor are they truly struck, and
the attempt at decoration is extremely rude,
as appears from the irregular distances at
which the blocks are placed in the moul-
dlings, which blocks, indeed, greatly unequal
in their sizes within, accord neither in their
distances, nor, in some instances, in num-
ber, on either side the arch.

These pillars with their capitals, chiefly

- See the old bridge and buildings upon it:
Lady’s Magazine for 1831.
consisting of water-leaves, and all varying in their design, agreed generally in form with those which support the round arch already described, at the entrance to the church.

The heads round this vestibule are fifty-six in number, and were by no means ill carved, but have lost the spirit they had by the late plastering of the church: however, says Mr. Smith, I have secured drawings of several of them; many of them are ridiculously curious. As he was accompanied by friends when he made drawings of the monumental cross-legged figures, on the ground of this vestibule, commonly called Knights Templars, and as he had not etched them in his work as he intended, they can be found in Stothard’s Monumental Effigies.

The upper part of the vestibule is surrounded by forty-two small piliers, alike in proportion and capitals to those below. The pointed arch being here produced by the intersection of semicircles doubtless long subsequently to the other portion. This mode of producing the pointed arch is not so rare in England. We have before said this is the only remaining specimen in London.

The defacing of monuments is too generally ascribed to Cromwell and his times—such, however, to a large extent is untrue: we have not before us the order alluded to, (see St. Paul’s), but here is one a second order, nearly about the same period, 1573, directed to Magdalen College, Oxford.

After reciting that the Commissioners are informed that many monuments of superstition are yet remaining undecayed—these be, &c., that you forthwith upon sight hereof utterly deface, or cause to be defaced, so that they may not hereafter serve to any superstitious purpose all copes, vestments, albes, missals, books, crosses, and such other idolatrous or superstitious monuments, whatsoever, and within days after receipt hereof, bring certificate, &c., or answer the same at your peril.

It is spoken of by Mr. Smith that “there was great defacing of the ornaments and columns of the Temple Church about his time, by reason of daubing of plaster, but whether the whole were then done, or the more zealous courtiers of the Temple did the work, it is a curious fact, that even all the magnificent columns of Purbeck marble now visible (1812) were plastered over.

The following memorandum of the opening of St. Paul’s, whilst we are upon this subject, is interesting:

About the 1st of October, (1652), they began to sing service at St. Paul’s, being the first time of opening after the great fire. The bishop began the service. There was then, also, a great communion.

Nov. 1. The mayor and aldermen went in the afternoon to St. Paul’s with all the crafts in their liveries, attended with fourscore men, all in blue, bearing torches. The Bishop of London preached the sermon.

They tarried in the church till night; and so the Lord Mayor and his company went home all with torch-light.

And now for Pegasus.

He beareth azure, a pegasus argent, called the horse of honor; whose condition Sorarès the XXIII, emperor of Assyria, honored so much for his swift course, as he judged him not framed of the gross mass of common horses. And, therefore, Sir Geffier Chau- cer built unto him (after his own nature, and condition, a horse called fame, a place mete for the horse of honor), whose original the poet’s fain was, where valiant Perseus, the soldier of the goddess Pallas, in dangerous flight achieved, by help of her glittering shield, the battle against Medusa, the daughter of king Phorcus, who, when he had secured the head of this angelic monster, straight rushed out the streams of blood in such abundance, as thereof grew the flying horse, to shew forth the fame of so happy a conquest; who, taking flight towards the heavens (where he is now fixed to stroke with his feet the highest top of Mount Helion), from whence immediate rose the fountain, (Hypocrene), wherein the muses take their delight and bathe; which fountain since, in all ages, hath sufficiently watered the growing plants of the pleasant countries adjoining. And, lately, so with clear streams hath abounded, as, exceeding the old limits, burst forth the banks, reaching themselves to countries far distant, sweetening moistening the soils thereof. And, amongst others, pleasantly washed over the old forsworn Temples, dedicated to gods, as places fit for Pallas’ muses to inhabit and make their pastance, where now is placed a soldier that doth defend the same, called Pallaphilos, the high constable of the Goddess herself, marshall of this Inner Temple, whose magnificent court, with rare devising of the gods themselves, brought such admiration to heaps of ruder number, that, although I might see it, yet (says Gerard) could I not approach it by the length of Strabos’ Kenning, when, from far, he saw the navy of Tanyus? And therein I thought me of Tantalus’ pain, to swim in so sweet dews on every side, yet not able once to alay thereof.
In an account of a grand Christmas Fête at the Temple, (1662,) at which the Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was chief constable and marshall, we have the following—under title of Palapilos; Gerard Leigh says:—

The next day I thought for my pastime to walk to this Temple; and entering in at the gates, I found the building nothing costly, but many comely gentlemen of face and person, and thereto very courteous, saw I to pass to and fro, so as it seemed a Prince’s Port to be at hand; and passing forward, entered into a church of antient building, wherein were many monuments of public personages, armed in knightly habit, with their cotes depainted in ancient shields, whereat I took pleasure to behold. Thus gaping as one bereft with the rare sight, there came to me an Hereought by name Palaphilos, a king of arms, who courteously saluted me, saying:—’For that I was a stranger, and seeming by my demeanour a lover of honor, I was his guest of right,’ whose courtesy (as reason was) I obeyed, saying:—’I was at his commandment.’ ’Then,’ said he, ’I have you to mine own lodging, here within the palace, where ye will have such cheer as the time and country will yield us,’ where, I assure you I was so entertained, as no where met I with better cheer or company,—but our purpose here is not to speak of this magnificent revel otherwise than as introducing the Temple Church.

The organ of the Temple Church, which has been esteemed to have finer tones than almost any other, was built by Bernard Schmidt, usually called Father Smith, to distinguish him from his nephew of the same Christian name.

Mr. Francis Pigott was the first organist at the Temple.

Father Smith built the organs for St. Paul’s Cathedral, St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Clement’s Danes, St. Margaret’s, Westminster (the latter, stated to have been originally in the “House in the Wood,”) and brought to England by Queen Mary, was at first placed in Whitehall Chapel, on the west side, but during the late repairs erected at the south end over the altar, which was placed before the above alterations against a screen at the north end of the chapel.

The customary place of interment for an organist is under the organ of his church.

Anciently, the north side of the choir was the station for the organ in all churches, in order that the organist should not be obliged to have his back to the altar.

On Sundays, after the Psalms, a voluntary is played upon the organ alone: after the Third Collect, “O Lord, Our Heavenly Father,” is sung the first Anthem: after the blessing, “The Grace of Our Lord,” a voluntary alone upon the altar.

The Temple Church is neither a cathedral nor a parochial church.

Organs became common in Europe about the year 825.

A former organist at the Temple was Mr. George Price, pianoforte player at Drury-lane Theatre, an excellent musician and good man.

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We refer our readers (as an article of news) to the list in our advertising pages of the times of departure of the General Steam Navigation Company’s Ships, and also acquaint them that that highly respectable and influential body, on board of one of whose unrivalled steam-ships her Majesty the queen, by consent of the honorable the Lords of the Privy Council lately visited Scotland, have again made arrangements with us for the regular publication, monthly, in advance, of said list, so that Travellers, by referring to this Magazine will, at any distance, be enabled, without delay or the trouble of correspondence to make arrangements for proceeding, in due time to any of the Company’s numerous stations.

We also announce to Travellers, and Ladies in particular, by the Company’s steam-ships, that our periodical has been subscribed for, for the service of their several splendid vessels, on board of which it can be regularly obtained, and also that by permission of the said Company, their agents can supply subscription copies, which to persons in distant parts, and particularly abroad, will, we know be appreciated as a favor.

The publishers have further to announce that, for the general convenience of the fashionable world, and also to benefit such establishments, they are willing to print the names and addresses of places of general resort, where this Magazine can be regularly available for public inspection.

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We have further to add, that a similar arrangement to the above has been made with the Mediterranean Steam Navigation Company.
HER MOST SERENE AND AUGUST HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS ELEONOR,
Empress of Germany, Hungary and
Bohemia, Duchess of Mantua, etc.

Consort of Rudolph III.

Died January 24, 1612.

Dobbs and C. Court Magazine, II Green street. No. 115, of the series, after an engraving by Woff Kelson. 1622.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No 4015. First figure. — Dress of green barège, the shirt which is very full and very long, is without trimming of any kind. The corsage tight to the bust, and half high. It is made without a ceinture, and with a point slightly rounded, a green ribbon encircles the waist, and is finished by a bow and two ends of moderate length. A pelerine of black lace cut low at the neck but deep on the shoulders and at the back conceals the short sleeves of the dress. The pelerine is fastened at the neck by a rosette of pink ribbon. Cap of point lace trimmed with pink, and worn far back on the head (see plate). Black lace mittens, claret colored parasol.

Sitting figure. — Dress of pékin rayé, a peaping of black finishes the skirt at bottom. The corsage is tight, and has rather a long point rounded. Short sleeves to fit the arm, ornamented with two bias of the same material as the dress. Black lace berthe, fastened with a blue bow in front; cap of point lace trimmed with blue. Blue parasol figured with black. Black lace mittens, bouquet, and embroidered pocket handkerchief.

No 4016. First figure. Dress of lilac barège, the skirt very long, and quite concealing the feet. The corsage à coulisses and without a ceinture. The short lilac sleeves are also à coulisses, and are trimmed at the bottom with
a narrow lace. A full sleeve of white organdi (book muslin) is attached under the lace, and fastened with a poignet. A little ruffle of lace falls over the hand. A narrow lace goes round the corsage at top. Capote à coulisses of primrose colored crape, with a quilling of ribbon of the same color at the edge. The trimming of the bonnet is green, sarcenet ribbon. Black gloves en filet.

Second figure. — Redingote of pêkin, blue and brown. The corsage is tight, and nearly quite high; tight sleeves with jockeis at top, the latter trimmed with two biais folds of the silk. The skirt is very full, and has two biais folds at each side of the front en tablier. Apricot color gloves and parasol. Embroidered pocket handkerchief. Black shoes and gaiters.

ISABELLE-CLAIRE-EUGÉNIE,
Infante d’Espagne,
Duchesse d’Autriche et de Bourgogne,
Princesse souveraine de Belgique.

Isabelle-Claire-Eugénie, fille de Philippe II,

Modes.

Depuis quelques années on se plaignait que nous n’avions plus de belle saison, et ces plaintes étaient malheureusement bien fondées. Cette année, le mois de juin a l’air de vouloir se montrer fidèle à ses vieilles et bonnes traditions de chaleur, et personne n’est content encore, tout le monde se plaint, tout le monde étouffe. En vérité, nous ne méritons pas d’avoir un été. Nous ne nions pas, du reste, que ces excès de température ne soient quelquefois nuisibles à certaines organisations féminines et n’exercent généralement une influence fâcheuse sur la peau, en y appelant les taches de rousseur, les épilides, boutons, etc.; mais ces désagrément sont aujourd’hui sans importance, puisqu’en ayant recours aux cosmétiques du célèbre Guerlain, nous pouvons si facilement nous soustraire à cette pernicieuse influence. Un bain convenablement mêlé d’œzéolé nous mettrait en état de braver la chaleur même des tropiques, et un sage emploi du cold cream et de la lotion émulsive, du savon impérial et de la pâte aux quatre semences, ne permettra pas à notre
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Mme. de M—— Follet, 8, Richelieu, 25—Robe en pekin et robe en borège avec une pâleine de dentelle de M—— Euphrasie Sallemain, 3, Castlere, 8—L'Emballe de Canal, Boulevard des Italiens

Mouchoir de Chapron, 4, de la Paix, 7—Ganto de Mayer, rue de la Paix, 46.

Coutur Magazine, No 5, Rathbone Place, Oxford street.
peau de rien perdre de sa fermeté, de sa fraîcheur, de son éclat. Les cosmétiques de Guerlain réalisent l’antique fable de la fontaine de Jouvence, car ils conservent ou rendent la jeunesse, empêchent ou effacent les rides, et nous ne saurions trop les recommander à nos lectrices qui doivent d’ailleurs tenir à ces deux trésors de la femme, la jeunesse et la fraîcheur, trésors dont Guerlain peut en quelque sorte garantir la conservation.

C’est aujourd’hui le vrai temps des étouffes légères, et le magasin des Deux Nuits étale avec orgueil sa riche collection de soieries à reflets chatoyants, de batistes de Surate, de mousselines de laine, de tissus bayadères de toute espèce, de délicieuses balsorines, parmi lesquelles nous avons remarqué une fort jolie fantaisie à fond de diverses nuances, coupé de lignes convenablement espacées et semé de palmes d’un fort bon effet.

Ce serait une triste chose que de sortir aujourd’hui sans ombrelle; aussi le magasin de Cazal, ne désempint pas. Il est vrai qu’il y a là un choix varié des plus ravissantes fantaisies, et qu’il faut du temps pour faire un choix, tellement on se trouve attiré par toutes ces coquetteries. Il semble toujours que le dernier objet soit le plus joli, et cela amène l’hésitation. Nous ne rappellerons pas à nos lectrices l’ingénieux mécanisme qui donne à Cazal un si grand avantage sur ses rivaux; nous leur rappellerons qu’il est encore supérieur à tous autres égards, et que, malgré l’élégance et la perfection de tous ses produits, les prix n’en restent pas moins extrêmement modérés.

Nous pouvons consacrer de temps en temps un mot à la fashion masculine, car il semble que cette spécialité prenne chaque jour une importance plus grande sous l’habile ciseau de M. Eppenetter, dont nous admirons encore dernièrement les brillantes toilettes dans une promenade d’observation aux Champs-Élysées. Notre dernière gravure d’homme peut, du reste, donner une idée de la grâce toute particulière que ce célèbre industriel sait donner à toutes ses créations. Nous appelons sur tout votre attention sur la redingote d’été en satin noisette clair; il est impossible d’arriver à une plus parfaite harmonie d’ensemble et d’obtenir un buste plus gracieux. L’habit en drap vert de cour et la redingote en drap bleu anglais de forme demi croisée sont aussi d’un fort bon effet. Les pantalons ont ce cachet de supériorité qui indique dès l’abord les grands artistes, et il y a dans les gilets qui complètent ces trois toilettes une grâce parfaite, une fraîcheur exquise, une facilité et un brillant d’exécution qu’on n’aurait pas d’ailleurs que chez Eppenetter.

Nous avons eu dernièrement occasion d’examiner quelques toilettes de Madame Descombés, et nous avons été grandement frappée du bon goût exquis de ses diverses nouveautés. Une visite dans les ateliers de cette dame a confirmé la bonne opinion que nous avions conçue au premier abord. En traits fantaisies appropriées à la saison d’été, Mme Descombés nous a fait voir de jolies robes rayées en pout de soie gris, garnies à la jupe d’un haut biais dentelé, le devant de la jupe monté plat, ce qui reporte toute l’ampleur par derrière; corsage demi montant à pointe arondie, plat, à triple couture; manches plates avec parements en biais dentelés. D’autres robes en gros de Naples glacé écrû et vert, ornées en tablier de deux montants de gros de Naples vert, séparés par une rangée de boutons de même couleur, le devant de la jupe orné d’un rouleau en gros de Naples vert disposé en losange et orné de boutons à chaque coin; corsage montant ouvert en cœur, orné d’un rouleau également posé en losange et qui vient rejoindre celui de la jupe; manches plates garnies de jockeys, descendant
jusqu'au coude et fermées par un rouleau pareil à celui du corsage; enfin de délicieuses redingotes, dites bavaroises, en soie écrue, corsage long et plat, légèrement busqué, s'ouvrant du haut par devant, orné de doubles revers brodés en soutache et rabattus sur la poitrine; la jupe également ornée d'un double montant brodé en soutache.

Mme Descombes fait aussi maintenant pour toilettes de ville beaucoup de robes de barège blanc à larges raias, beaucoup de redingotes en pékin garnies d'une échelle de passementerie en tablier; elle a pour le soir de fraîches robes de gaze et de ravissantes robes en tarlatane rose à trois plis séparés par une légère et délicate broderie; double pèterine décollée formant berthe.

Les chapeaux de crépe de M. Leclère, sont tout-à-fait à l'ordre du jour. Rien de plus délicieux que ses chapeaux en crépe rose coupés de plusieurs rangs de paille à jour, et ornés sur le côté d'un bouquet de roses mousseuses; rien de plus frais que ses capotes en crépe blanc à entre-deux de valenciennes séparés par des bias en gros de Naples rose. Les chapeaux de paille de riz de Leclère sont aussi recherchés pour grandes toilettes que ses capotes en crépe. Il orné ces chapeaux de rubans ombrés ou à raies transversales et de plumes marabout ombrées de la même nuance que les rubans.

Leclère orne ses chapeaux paillassons d'un petit bord en paille formant garniture et remplaçant avantageusement la ruche qu'il réserve exclusivement aux capotes d'étoffe. Il supprime le bavolet aux pailles d'Italie et les garnit de larges rubans de velours et de plumes plates.

Nous avons vu un riche choix de ces diverses plumes chez MM. Guenier - Gentil, à qui l'industrie des fleurs doit de si brillantes fantaisies, et dont chaque saison voit grandir la renommée. Est-il besoin de vous rappeler ses chutes d'églantier qui ont eu de si beaux succès, et que l'inconstance de la mode n'a pas encore mises de côté, tant elles ont de fraîcheur et de grâce. Aujourd'hui ses épines roses et ses chevreuils paraissent destinés au même succès.

Nos diverses excursions champêtres nous ont mise à même de vérifier par nous-même l'importance que la saison d'été donne aux fers creux de MM. Gandilot frères. — Il n'est pas de maison de campagne, quelque modeste qu'elle soit, qui ne possède son assortiment complet de meubles en fer creux. Si la commodité n'a qu'à y gagner, l élégance n'a rien à y perdre, car, outre la grâce et la légèreté des formes qui distinguent particulièrement les meubles en fer creux, les ressources de la peinture viennent encore donner à ces produits un prix nouveau, en les élevant au niveau du luxe le plus exigeant et le plus dispendieux. Ce sont, du reste, des ressources dont cette industrie peut facilement se passer, car les produits même les plus simples sont toujours assez élégants pour n'être déplacés nulle part.

Henriette de B...

IMPRIMERIE DE A. APPERT, PASSAGE DU CAIRE, 54.
4ème AOUT 1842.

Sibylle,

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES Modes.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Lyon, chez M. Mégnien, rue Poulaillerie, 21.
Bordeaux, chez M. Camusac, place Puypaulin.
Strasbourg, M. Alexandre, dépôttaire de journaux.
Marseille, chez M. Hippolyte Bonnaud, rue de Noailles, et rue de l'Arbre, 8.
Lille, M. Gaillard-Lapuits, rue Equermeuse.
Reims, chez M. Libotte, rue Comte d'Artois.


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Pour les départements: 7 f. — 15 f. — 28 f. — A l'étranger, le prix se paie selon le pays.

 Modes.

Notre bulletin de ce jour ne pourra ajouter rien de bien important aux détails assez précis que contenaient nos derniers numéros. Quant aux étoffes, ce sont toujours des foulards, des mousselines de laine, des organdis, des pêkins, des barèges et des moirés, pour lesquelles on ressuscite les noms bien significatifs de Pompadour et de Ninon. C'est du reste une manière commode de faire de la nouveauté, et la recette se trouve à la portée de toutes les intelligences.

Les formes attendent, et comme nous ne sommes encore qu'au commencement d'août, c'est trois mois de patience que la morte saison leur impose. Trois mois! C'est un espace de temps toujours bien long, mais quand il s'agit de modes, trois mois sont trois siècles.

Nous vous dirons pourtant, en observation générale, que les succès de la passementerie dépassent toutes prévisions, et que les broderies en soutache s'appliquent maintenant à toutes les toilettes, ainsi que nous en avons fait l'observation dans les ateliers de madame Thiéry, où nous avons vu encore que les étoffes légères s'accommodent fort bien de corsages à coulisses horizontales, fantaisie aujourd'hui généralement adoptée et traitée dans cette maison avec une perfection qui ne laisse rien à désirer.
pouvait faire sa première apparition sous de plus favorables auspices, et nous sommes persuadée que bientôt le nouveau tissu aura toute la popularité de la crinoline. Nous avons vu différents modèles de bottines, de souliers et de pantoufles, et nous nous sommes convaincus que les chaussures en pédicrine ont tout ce qui peut leur assurer le patronage de la Mode. La légèreté, la finesse et la fraîcheur du tissu l'emportent de beaucoup sur toutes les tentatives faites jusqu'à ce jour pour améliorer cette importante partie de notre toilette, et si vous joignez à ces qualités, déjà si précieuses la richesse et l'harmonie des nuances, la coquetterie des formes et le fini d'exécution que possèdent au plus haut degré tous ces modèles, vous conviendrez avec nous que les succès de la pédicrine ne sont pas contestables, puisqu'elle nous assure à la fois de nouvelles jouissances et de nouvelles parures.

Nous ne saurions vous recommander plus à propos la poudre du célèbre Guerlain, poudre qui donne aux gants un parfum d'une parfaite distinction. Le nom de Guerlain est du reste une autorité, et sa réputation est depuis longtemps au-dessus de tous les éloges; aussi ne voulons-nous que vous rappeler ses produits auxquels la santé et la beauté doivent tant, heureuses compositions, élèves de toutes celles de nos lectrices qui en ont fait usage: l'oléine émolutive, qui communique à la peau une si délicate fraîcheur, la lotion de Guerlain, lotion réparatrice, dont l'usage fait rapidement disparaître les traces qui laissent toujours les fatigues prolongées, les longues maladies, les plaies sans mesure, etc., etc. Citons encore l'eau de Judée pour les bains, cosmétique qui a une puissance si sûre, la cydonia, qui donne à la chevelure un éclat d'ébène, la pâte aux quatre sémences, etc., etc. Les essences de Guerlain pour mouchoirs sont trop connues et trop appréciées pour que nous insistions beaucoup sur cet article, mais nous vous recommandons ses sachets pour embaumer le linge: c'est une nouvelle fort goûtée.

Nous rappelons à votre souvenir, en attendant les détails d'un prochain bulletin, les meubles en fers creux de Gandilott frères. Nous ne saurions trop insister sur les raisons d'économie, de commodité et d'élegance qui ont assigné aux fers creux une place si distinguée parmi les produits de l'industrie contemporaine. Nous sommes déjà entré dans quelques développements à ce sujet. Nous nous proposons d'y revenir plus d'une fois.

DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES.

N° 4022.—Toilette de ville.
N° 4023.—Toilette d'intérieur.

Isabelle, Claire, Eugénie.

Le portrait qui accompagne cette livraison, et qui porte le n° 441, représente la princesse Claire-Eugénie, dont la livraison de juillet contenait la notice historique, revêtue du costume de religieuse franciscaine, dans lequel elle mourut et fut ensevelie, d'après sa volonté expresse, le 4 décembre 1655.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.
Capote de Soieuse, rue de Rivoli, 106—Robe en mousseline de Linde et Robe en poult de soie.
Fleurs de Chagot.

Court Magazine, 375, Rathbone Place Oxford street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Étoffe en gros de naples de Mme. Baudry, 15. — Robe de barrière, ensemble de toilette de deuil de Mme. Sallemard, 1. — Chemisier, 8. — Robe en cachemire de Mme. Descoubes, Rond des Italiens, 22.

Éventail de Duvelleroy — Plumes de Chagot — Ménagères de Chapron, rue de la Paix, 4.

Essences de Guerlain, rue de Rivoli, 42.

Court Magazine, No. 5 Bathbone Place Oxford street.
1er SEPTEMBRE 1842.

Le Follet,

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES Modes.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.


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DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES.

N° 4027. TOILETTE DE DEUIL. Robe en

batègue noir, avec un grand ourlet à la jupe et

un pli de même hauteur ; corsage plat à trois

coutures, à pointe arrondie et lacé dans le dos,

petite ruche de batègue au bord du corsage ;

manches plates bordées au poignet d’une ru-

che formant manchettes ; pêlerine de dentelle

noire décolletée, arrondie dans le dos et finis-

sant, sur le devant, à la pointe du corsage,

nœud de ruban noir sur le haut de la pêlerine.

Robe de dessous en gros de Naples gris fai-

sant transparent. Capote coulissée en gros de

Naples gris, ornées à l’intérieur de petites

fleurs noires et d’une ruche en tulle posée

sur le bord de la passe, une longue plume

grise entoure la forme et retombe sur le côté

gauche. Gants de filet noir. Brodequins en

poult de soie noir.

TOILETTE DE VILLE. Robe en cachemire

ornée à la jupe de six biais ; les trois premiers,

posés sur le haut de l’ourlet, sont tenus en-

semble de distance en distance par des ganses

et des boutons, la hauteur de l’ourlet sépare

les trois autres biais, qui se trouvent tenus

comme les premiers ; corsage demi-montant,

drapé dans l’épaulette et dans la couture du

milieu du corsage, les fronces qui descendent

jusqu’à la pointe se trouvent retenues par

quatre rangs de piqûres, le dos plat est lacé ;

manches justes en biais à une seule couture,
le haut de la manche est orné de deux crévéz en étroite pareille. Echarpe en cachemire paillé. Capote en pourtour de soie blanche ornée d’un oiseau de paradis et de nœuds de ruban de taille blanc.

N° 1030. TOILETTE DE SOIRÉE. Robe en barège blanc à double jupe, la seconde, beaucoup plus courte que l’autre, est arrondie et ouverte sur le devant en tunique, une bordure en cachemire est posée sur le bord de l’ourlet et remonte de chaque côté de la seconde jupe jusqu’à la pointe du corsage qui est décortelé, juste du haut et froncé dans la ceinture où il forme la gerbe, petite dentelle autour du corsage, manches courtes, plates, ornées de deux rangs de bordure en cachemire ; le bas du corsage est bordé d’une bordure qui forme ceinture. Bonnet sans fond en application d’Angleterre, orné d’un diadème de petites roses descendant de chaque côté en grappes qui sont recouvertes de longues barbes de dentelle.

TOILETTE DE VILLE. Robe en pourtour de soie bleue, garnie à la jupe de deux rangs de passementerie matée remontant de chaque côté en tablier jusqu’au corsage, un troisième rang est posé droit sur le devant de la jupe ; corsage décortelé, à pointe arrondie, avec un rang de passementerie posé sur la couture du milieu du corsage venant rejoindre celui de la jupe ; petite pelerine ouverte, encadrée de passementerie, laissant voir le devant du corsage et fixée autour sous un large biais en pareil ; manches plates à deux coutures, manchettes de dentelle. Capote en pourtour de soie jaune, relevée par derrière, bordée d’un rouleau en pourtour de soie, et ornée de chaque côté d’une petite grappe de roses ainsi qu’à l’intérieur de la passe.

HÉLÈNE LOUISE ÉLISABETH.

Née le 24 janvier 1814, fille de feu Frédéric Louis, prince héritier de Meklenbourg-Schwerin, et de feu Caroline Louise de Saxe-Wéymar, mariée le 50 mai 1837 à Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Charles-Henri d’Orléans, duc d’Orléans, prince royal de France, veuve le 15 juillet 1842.

Dans six semaines nos bulletins commenceront à être un peu moins stériles ; dans six semaines ce ne sera plus une fatigue, mais un plaisir d’écrire un bulletin de modes, car on ne sera plus obligé de revenir sur des nouveautés assez connues pour être presque oubliées déjà, et nous n’aurons que l’embarras du choix au milieu de toutes les créations que la prochaine saison promet à nos plaisirs.

En attendant, nous allons vous parler encore un peu des toilettes de ville auxquelles la persistance du beau temps a donné cette année une importance toute particulière. Pour mieux vous les faire apprécier, nous vous emmenerez avec nous aux Champs-Élysées, promenade aujourd’hui rivale des Tuileries, et nous prendrons note avec vous des ensembles de toilette qui nous paraîtront mériter une mention. Les barèges et les mousselines dominent, et, comme vous le voyez, on les garnit à la jupe d’un double volant de mousseline brodée : le premier posé sur le bord de l’ourlet entoure la jupe, le second s’arrondit de chaque côté du le de devant et remonte en tablier jusqu’à la pointe du corsage qui est juste et décortelé ; ces toilettes se complètent par une élégante petite pelerine ne dépassant pas la taille, arrondie par derrière, en pointe sur le devant, et garnie d’un petit volant en mouss-line enrichi d’une fort jolie broderie.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Capote en peau de soie et Bonnet en application d'anglaise, de M. Baudry, rue Richelieu, 57.

Les en brocart encollé d'une bordure en cachemire de M. Thiery, Boul Montmartre, 13.

Robe en peau de soie de M. Laurence Lallemand, 4 de l'Echiquier, 54.

Mouchoir de Chapron, rue de la Paix, 7.

Éventail de Duvelleroy — Essences de Guerlain, rue de Rivoli, 24.

Court Magazine, No 3 Rathbone Place Oxford street.
Quant aux chapeaux qui complétaient ces ensembles de toilettes, c'étaient les dernières créations de Leclère, dont les heureux salons ne connaissent pas de morte-saison. C'étaient des chapeaux de paille de riz doublés en gros de Naples bleu, ornés d'une demi-guirlande de marguerites bleues, posée sur la passe et finissant à la hauteur des brides; des chapeaux de crêpe violet recouverts de dentelle, ornés sur le côté de nœuds de rubans violets entourés de dentelle; des chapeaux de crêpe blanc, ornés d'une longue plume blanche nuée bleu; des pailles de riz ornées à l'intérieur de petites fleurs roses, et à l'extérieur d'une longue plume saule tombant jusque sur l'épaule, etc.

L'intensité de la chaleur donne une grande importance aux sous-jupes de crinoline gaze. Oudinot, qui n'ont jamais été plus souples, plus légères, plus fraîches et plus flexibles, et à la perfection desquelles il est impossible de rien ajouter désormais. Il n'est pas besoin de vous rappeler qu'un des points principaux et exceptionnels de la fabrique Oudinot, c'est de faire des tissus tramés en crin pur, sans mélanges d'amidon, ce qui garantit l'élasticité naturelle de la sous-jupe; mais je tiens à ne pas vous laisser oublier ses chaussures en pédicrine, si coquettes, si fines et si fraîches, qualités bien appréciables par la température exagérée de cette saison. Le succès de la pédicrine pouvait du reste se passer de cet auxiliaire; ce tissu possède assez de perfection pour arriver au succès par sa propre force.

Les barèges, les tarlatanes et les mousselines sont les seules étoffes que l'on puisse supporter aujourd'hui, et c'est à peine si on les trouve assez légères. Mᵐᵉ Lallemant, dont nous avons eu souvent l'occasion de louer le gracieux talent, nous a fait voir de fort jolis modèles de toilettes de ville sur lesquels nous sommes heureux de pouvoir appeler l'attention de nos lectrices.
Bronzes artistiques,

Pendant longtemps la France a exploité à elle seule le monopole de ces bronzes de goût qui décorent les cheminées, les meubles et les appartements recherchés. Si cette fabrication n'était pas exclusivement entre les mains des artistes, elle était au moins dirigée par des hommes de bon goût qui recherchaient avec un louable amour-propre les beaux modèles qui assuraient leurs succès ; mais plus tard la concurrence a envahi cette branche toute artistique de notre production, et, quoiqu'il existe encore aujourd'hui des bronziers très distingués, la généralité de la fabrication est tombée en des mains moins habiles ; le sentiment des beaux arts ne prédire plus que bien rarement au choix des modèles ; les sujets les plus étranges en eux-mêmes et d'une exécution trop souvent imparfaite, sont exposés sous formes de pendules ou de candélabres. L'abus des ornements et des dorures couvre ces compositions inférieures d'une richesse trompeuse, et enfin la mauvaise exécution, devenue très fréquente, a amené la décadence de notre fabrication jadis si réputée.

Il est résulté de cet état de choses deux conséquences fâcheuses.

Les étrangers, qui ne reçoivent plus que des bronzes très inférieurs à ceux qui avaient assuré notre réputation, se sont mis à fabriquer eux-mêmes, et, d'un autre côté, la difficulté de choisir au milieu de ces nuées de modèles sans goût, a souvent fait renoncer les amateurs les plus aisés et les plus éclairés à parer leur intérieur de bronzes qui en feraient cependant le plus bel et le plus riche ornement. Plusieurs artistes, frappés de la décadence de notre production en ce genre, et du mauvais goût qui semble avoir envahi cette fabrication, se sont réunis pour publier de véritables bronzes d'art, soit que les sujets en aient été modelés par des artistes contemporains ou par des artistes des temps antérieurs et de diverses époques. Nous nous sommes pressés d'offrir notre concours à cette réunion d'artistes qui doit produire les plus heureux résultats.

Nous publierons donc successivement une série de dessins lithographiés représentant les sujets en bronze exécutés par cette société d'artistes.

Une notice sur les artistes anciens ou la signature des sculpteurs modernes mettra à même de juger du mérite des modèles reproduits en bronze ; et nous pouvons dire d'avance, après en avoir jugé par nos propres yeux, que l'exécution et le bon goût de ces bronzes artistiques ne laissent rien à désirer. Le prix de ces bronzes, véritables objets d'art, ne dépassera pas celui des bronzes de commerce souvent si peu satisfaisants.

Les prix étant indiqués sur chaque publication lithographiée, ainsi que la dimension exacte, ce qui permettra de juger du mérite de l'acquisition pour un emplacement quelconque, il suffira de nous adresser une demande par la poste.

Nous avons commencé cette série de publications artistiques par une très belle garniture de cheminée, dont la pendule est de Bouchardon, sculpteur justement renommé, et les vases de Clodion, dont les charmantes productions sont si recherchées maintenant.

Z.

IMPRIMERIE DE A. APPERT, PASSAGE DU CAIRE, 54.
La contrefaçon, qui ne respecte rien de ce qui porte le cachet d’une perfection quelconque, n’a pas attendu jusqu’à ce jour pour s’attaquer aux corsets de la maison Pousse, et si nous ne vous en avons pas parlé plus tôt, c’est que l’impuissance ridicule des concurrents ne valait pas même la plus indifférente mention. Cependant cette rivalité peu loyale a eu des conséquences dont la maison Pousse ne peut que se féliciter : cet établissement, qui n’avait nul besoin de redoubler d’efforts pour maintenir son incontestable supériorité, a cru cependant se devoir à lui-même de faire un pas de plus dans cette voie de progrès, où il est habitué à marcher depuis longues années, et il a doté la mode de deux nouvelles formes de corsets, l’une qui convient parfaitement aux femmes minces, l’autre aux femmes un peu fortes, et qui ont les hanches saillantes; formes qui ont l’inappréciable avantage d’alourdir et d’amincir parfaitement la taille sans générer aucun mouvement, sans comprimer le moins du monde aucune partie du corps. La première de ces formes porte le nom d’ischieleuthère (hanches libres; prononcez iskieleuthère) ; la seconde celui d’ischipiezomène (hanches pressées; prononcez iskipiezomène). Il y a dans ce baptême scientifique un parfum de racines grecques qui paraîtra sans doute moins agréable que les parfums de Guerlain à nos lectri-
ces, assez heureuses pour n'avoir jamais rien
eu à démêler avec la grammaire de Burnouf
et le dictionnaire de Planche. Nous sommes
parfaitement de l'avis de nos lectrices sur ce
point, et nous savons en toute humilité que
nous préférerions l'appellation la plus bour-
geoise et vulgaire à ces grands
mots qui n'exigent pour être bien compris que
deux choses : une grande intelligence de la
langue grecque d'abord, et une bonne explica-
tion ensuite. Du reste, les nouveaux corsets
sont plus commodes et plus gracieux que le
nom qu'ils portent, bien malgré eux sans dou-
tre, et ils ne peuvent manquer d'augmenter la
réputation de la maison Pousse père et bru,
surtout si l'on a le bon goût, comme nous l'es-
pérons, de simplifier et d'abréger ces dénomi-
nations quelque peu hétéroclites en faveur de
celles de nos lectrices qui ne seraient pas de
force à demander tout d'une haleine, et sans
craintre de se tromper, un corset 
prononcez ikhipiézomoène
plis à la jupe, corsage et manches boulonnées;
camail en organie, brodé d'une riche gir-
lande tout autour, et garni de valenciennes;
chapeau en paille de riz, orné à l'intérieur de
petites roses, et autour de la forme de petites
roses sans feuillage; — robe de mousseline
suisse, jupe ornée de cinq plis étagés et éga-
lement espacés, à partir du bas des hanches;
le bord de ces plis orné d'une petite mouss-
line de l'Inde brodée; corsage en pointe, dé-
mi-montant, garni de deux rangs de mouss-
line de l'Inde brodée; manches courtes; échar-
pe de dentelle noire; chapeau de paille de riz
doublé de poul de soie rose, et bordé de ru-
che de tulle rose, orné autour de la forme
de l'une longue plume rose; — robe en mouss-
line, garnie à la jupe de trois hauts voilant
festonnés; corsage montant, froncé dans l'é-
paulette; manches demi-larges, manchettes
de dentelle; ceinture longue en rubans de ta-
fetas rose; chapeau en paille de riz, doublé de
crêpe rose, et bordé d'une petite ruche en
tulle de même couleur, orné de trois plumes
roses tournantes, dont la première, plus lon-
gue que les deux autres, descend jusqu'à
l'épaule; mantille de dentelle noire; — robe
en barège pensée, ornée à la jupe de deux
grands plis, bordée, ainsi que l'ourlet, d'un
effilé vert; corsage montant d'épaules et ou-
vert en cœur, avec une petite pelerine garnie
d'un effilé vert, bordant la manche, et descen-
dant à la pointe du corsage; manches façon
pagodes, bordées d'effilés; manches de dessous
en mousseline boulonnées; rabat de den-
telle; écharpe en mousseline, garnie d'une
haute dentelle, et doublée de taffetas confection
pensée; chapeau en paille de riz, orné de mar-
rabous blancs munacés vert, et de rubans
vert et blanc; — robe en mousseline, jupe à
revers garnie d'un triple rang de dentelle,
et réunis dans la longueur de la jupe par six
nœuds de rubans de taffetas bleu; corsage de-
mi-montant, garni d'un triple rang de den-
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 81.

Chapeau criné de plumes de coq de la MM. Baudry, rue Richelieu, 87.
Robe de soie garnie de chiffon de soie crêpe de la MM. Chéry, Beau, Montmartre, 16.
Robe en foulard garnie de passementerie de la MM. Palleau, rue Gaillour, 8.
Mouchoir de Chapou, rue de la Paix, 7.
Ombrelle Chéry.

Boulevard des Italiens, 23.
Fleurs de Chagot.

Court Magazine, N° 5, Rathbone Place Oxford Street.
telle tournant autour des épaules, et finissant à la pointe du corsage; manches plates avec jockeys garnis de dentelle; capote en bout de soie jonquille, ornée à gauche d’un bouquet de marguerites bleues; rubans bleus sous la forme; robe en tartalane, jupe garnie en tablier d’un double rang de dentelle, partant de l’extrémité de la pointe du corsage qui est montant des épaules et ouvert en pointe très bas sur la poitrine; revers garnis d’un double rang de dentelle, venant rejoindre celle de la jupe; manches courtes, garnies d’un double rang de dentelle; long camail de dentelle noire; chapeau blanc de crêpe tendu, doublé de bleu, orné sur le côté gauche d’une longue plume tournante, nuancée de bleu, et garni de rubans lisérés de bleu; ruban jonquille sous la forme.

Toilettes de soirée : Robe en mousseline, garni à la jupe de plusieurs rangs d’entredeaux, séparés par de petits plis; corsage froncé à la vierge; manches courtes; bonnet sans fond, orné de longues barbes de dentelles, relevées sur la tête par une rose moussue et de longs rubans de taffetas rose; — robe d’organdi, garnie à la jupe de trois plis, doublés ainsi que l’ourlet, de taffetas blanc, et de trois volants d’organdi brodé, posés entre chaque pli; corsage décoté, avec un double biais d’organdi posé autour du dos, ouvert sur l’épaule et finissant en pointe au bas du corsage, un de ces biais doublé de taffetas lilas, et l’autre brodé; choux de rubans lilas dans la coiffure; — robe en barège lilas, avec deux plis à la jupe, surmontés ainsi que l’ourlet d’une natte de passementerie; corsage montant, à triple couture et à pointe arrondie; manches courtes, ornées de passementerie; manches Diane de Poitiers, en filet de sarasin; ceinture longue en ruban de taffetas lilas; bonnet Marie-Antoinette, à fond de dentelle garni tout autour d’un seul rang de dentelle et orné d’un rouleau en ruban de taffetas vert, posé en guirlande sur le pied de la dentelle, et attaché sur le côté par un chou à longs bous, en ruban vert; les cheveux frisés à l’anglaise vont parfaitement avec ce délicieux petit bonnet.

Toilette de deuil. Robe de crêpe noir, le lé du devant de la jupe bouillonné, chaque rang séparé par un petit poignet liséré en gros de Naples; corsage montant, à pointe arrondie et à triple couture, la partie du devant coulissée comme la jupe et bordée par une petite pêle-rine qui prend à la pointe du corsage, retombe sur la manche et s’arrondit par derrière; manches bouillonnées et coupées de petits poignets lisérés: col plat en crêpe bleu; long camail de dentelle noire; chapeau en crêpe noir tendu, orné d’une plume nuancée gris.

DESCRIPTION DES GRAVURES.

N° 4037. — TOILETTE DE VILLE. Robe en poult de soie chamois, jupe unie, corsage montant, plat, à triple couture et à ceinture, manches pagodes, manches de dessous en batiste bouillonnées, double bouillonné de crêpe autour du cou, ceinture longue en crêpe. Chapeau en poult de soie orange, orné d’un plumet russe posé sur le côté et de petites fleurs à l’intérieur de la passe. — Robe en foulard gris, ornée sur le devant de la jupe d’une torsade en passementerie simulant la redingote; corsage plat, à pointe arrondie, orné sur le milieu d’une torsade venant rejoindre celle de la jupe, manches plates, pele-rine cardinal très courte devant, encadrée d’une torsade pareille à la garniture de la robe, coq et manchettes en dentelle. Chapeau en paille de riz orné d’un bouquet de plumes de coq.

N° 4036. — TOILETTE DE SOIRÉE ET DE SPECTACLE. Redingote en poult de soie gris, jupe unie, corsage montant des épaules et ou-
vert en cœur, manches plates, rabat et manchettes en dentelle, chemisette en batiste brodée, ceinture longue en ruban de taffetas rose. Bonnet sans fond formé d'une seule barbe de dentelle, plate sur le milieu de la tête et un peu froncée sur les joues, orné sur le côté de trois choux en ruban de taffetas rose d'inégale grosseur. — Robe en gros de Naples rayé ornée à la jupe d'un large biais posé en festons autour de la jupe et remontant de chaque côté du le de devant formant tablier; cette garniture se trouve fixée sur la jupe par un autre petit biais simple, liseré de chaque côté, posé également en festons, mais en sens inverse; corsage montant, plat en bas et bouillonné jusqu'en haut, manches demi larges bouillonnées jusqu'à moitié du bras et ornées dans le haut de crevés en pareil; col et manchettes en guipure. Bonnet sans fond garni de deux rangs de dentelle relevée sur le milieu par une petite guirlande bleue.

... EPHONORE...

ÉPOUSE DE RODOLPHE II,
Imperatrice d'Allemagne, de Hongrie et de Bohême, duchesse de Mantoue, etc., etc., morte le 20 janvier 1612.

Bronzes artistiques,

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LE FOLLET
Boulevard St Martin, 61.

Bonnets et lingerie de Mme Sayan, à Vivienne—Robe en pêche de Mme Ov comme, Boul. des Italiens. 22
Redingote en gros de Naples de Mme Laurence Sallemou, à de l'échiquier. 34—Manteau de Chagnot
Emballe Canal, Boul. des Italiens, 23—Chaussettes en pédicuree Oudinot, v St Joseph, 3.

Court Magazine, N°5, Bathbone Place, Oxford street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St-Martin 61.

Chapeaux de Neîche, rue de Rivoli, 16 bis — Sarlou, sans couture, et
Lomb en peau de M. Desmoulin, boulevard des Italiens. 34 — Ganto de Mayes, 1 de la Paix. 30
Compte de Fosse, à Montmartre, 171

Court Magazine, No. 5, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.
DESCRIPTION OF FLATGES.

**No. 1040. Visiting or Walking Dress.**

First standing figure. Dress of black satin, surtout sans couture, tight at the top and encircled at the waist by a rich cordelière. The sleeves are very full, opened à la religieuse and trimmed with passementerie which goes down before and is continued round the entire back of the corsage. Capotte of pale yellow satin, garnished with plumes and coloured ribbons; yellow kid gloves; black shoes.

Second, or sitting figure. Dress of green pekin ornamented with bias en tablier, corsage à pointe, coulissé, and remarkably high, sleeves coulissées to the elbow and half full at the top; there are small jockeys in the shoulders: they are trimmed with an elegant soutache. Brown hat of velours plain with a very long plume of similar shade. Yellow kid gloves; black shoes.

**No. 1042. Visiting or Walking Dress.**

First, standing figure. Dress of grey poult de soie: the sleeves are narrow; the skirt, long and ample, is very plain. Long cloak-mantelet of satin pensée rounded at the back, of the newest form, ornamented with a narrow garniture of similar satin and rever
of velvet embroidered with passementerie.

White hat of arabic velvet with a long turning plume; undeneath the front is to be seen a very pretty bunch of small blue flowers.

Second, or sitting figure. Dress of satin tourterelle. Camail of green velvet edged with an elegant passementerie and long trimmings.

Hat of velours plain rose ornamented with a double white plume. Pale yellow gloves; black varnished leather shoes.

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**ELISABETH.**
**REINE DE BOHÈME.**

Elisabeth, reine de Bohême, était fille du roi Jacques, 1er d’Angleterre et VI d’Écosse, et de Anne de Danemark. Elle passa son enfance en Écosse, et vint à Londres avec sa mère quand cette branche des Stuart monta sur le trône d’Angleterre. Lors du complot de Guy Faulkes, les conspirateurs avaient l’intention de s’emparer de la jeune princesse et de la nommer reine d’Angleterre; mais Elisabeth échappa heureusement à ce danger, et épousa bientôt après le roi de Bohême. Le mariage fut célébré à Londres avec la plus grande pompe, et cette union fit tant de plaisir au roi Jacques, qu’il oublia pendant quelque temps sa misanthropie et se montra un peu plus sociable.

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**Modes.**

La fin d’octobre nous a fait expier les beaux jours de cet été, et la persistance des pluies a nécessairement arrêté les projets d’excursion. Où porter ses pas quand toutes les catarches du ciel sont ouvertes, et que nos boulevards et nos rues sont envahis par l’eau et par la boue? Nous ne savons rien de mieux assurément que de rester chez soi, chaude- ment enveloppé dans une de ces confortables toilettes auxquelles Mme Mercier doit une partie de sa réputation, tant elle apporte de gracieuse simplicité et d’élégance à la confection de cette spécialité si importante. Vous n’ignorez pas quel succès ont eu ses robes de chambre en barège fond blanc à carreaux bleus, ouvrant sur une robe de jacinth à volants, manches à la Bassompierre, grande pèlerine ouverte par devant, ses robes de chambre en mousseline - laine écossaise à manches religieuses, et celles en mousseline-cachemire doublées de satin, brodées devant la jupe, autour des manches et de la pèlerine, en soutache de deux nuances en harmonie avec l’étoffe principale et la doublure. Au-
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeaux et Mantéles de Mme. Follet, a Michelieu. 93—Caméline en velours de Mme. Laurence Lallemand.
rue de l'Échiquier, 34—Chaise du Mme. Gouédard, a Bellefond, 32—Feuilles de Chagot.
Mouchoir de Chapron, rue de la Paix, 7—Essences de Guerlain, rue de Rivoli, 32.

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derie se répète en tablier sur le devant de la jupe; — une redingote en poul de soie écrue ornée sur le devant de deux rangs de dentelle noire et d’un rang de boutons posé sur le pied de la dentelle; corsage montant, plat, orné d’une rangée de boutons venant rejoindre ceux de la jupe; petite pêcherie arrondie sur le devant garnie de deux rangs de dentelle, manches plates également ornées.

On pense bien qu’il est peu question encore de toilettes de soirée, pourtant nous en avons déjà vu quelques gracieux modèles chez madame Pollet, qui n’est jamais en retard pour ses charmantes nouveautés. Deux de ces toilettes surtout nous ont paru remarquables: une robe de soie Pompadour, richement garnie de berthas et d’engangeantes en guipure dite royale, et une robe à triple jupe en gaze d’Ispahan, du magasin des Deux Nuits, l’oulet de la jupe élargement surmonté d’une passementerie à jour.

Les poul de soie seront fort bien employés pour toilettes d’automne, surtout le poul de soie gris. On conservera les corsages et manches plates, la jupe ample, garnie par devant de passementeries qui se répéteront aux manches et au corsage. Pour complément, on parle beaucoup de camais garnis de martre ou d’hermine, de crispns noirs ouatés garnis d’un triple entourage de passementerie posée à plat, etc. Il est peut-être un peu tôt pour parler ainsi de fournitures, mais le commencement d’octobre a été assez froid pour qu’on s’occupe de vêtements un peu confortables.

Les camais et crispins ouatés de Mme Pollet, promettent d’être aussi remarquables par leur élégance que les demain de l’hiver dernier, modèles de ses modèles, simplicité élégante et gracieuse d’une simplicité qui perd la mode dont la Mode n’a pas encore perdu le souvenir. Nous avons visité cette semaine les ateliers de Mme Pollet, et gagne leur réputation par l’activité qui règne incessante. Nous y avons trouvé de jolies toilettes de divers genres, principalement des robes de soirée en mousseline brochée entremêlée de dentelle et d’ornements en ruban, et de gracieuses toilettes de jeunes personnes où le talent de Mme Pollet se retrouvait tout entier. C’étaient des robes en mousseline, la jupe garnie de plusieurs plis superposés, manches demi larges, corsage à la Vierge. Cela était d’une distinction parfaite.

Lucy Rocquet a fait cette année des modes dignes de son immense réputation, et nous avons toujours de temps en temps lui demander quelques renseignements que nous ne saurions d’ailleurs oublier à une source plus pure.

Ses nouvelles formes sont de grandeur moyenne, demi-baissées; la calotte légèrement inclinée; pas ou peu de fleurs dessous, mais des coques, des rubans, artistement disposés, des marabouts, de petites têtes de plumes.

Obligée de faire un choix parmi ces modes, que l’espace nous empêche de citer toutes, nous prérons, au hasard, le chapeau marguerite en velours vert pomme doublé de gazar blanc, orné de deux branches de velours des Indes et de marabouts vert groseiller sous la passe; — le chapeau verts et blancs guerite orné d’un seul bout de velours marguerite, avec sombrero en marabouts, d’une touffe de petits feuillus de feuillage naissant et de pote de velours des plumes des sous; — une calotte ovale et d’eau Ondine, couleur vert pomme vert; de trois branches de nymphéas pensée, et paille de Chine; de fort jolies capotes ornées de ruches de ruban et d’un biais croisé en gaze iris, avec des coques de satin couleur rose de Chine; c’est une couleur tout-à-fait nouvelle qui ne peut manquer de faire fureur.

Nous appellerons aussi votre attention sur le charmant bonnet Manon Lescaut, orné de branches d’acacia d’Amérique ou d’une rose de Constantinople à feuillage de cire fine, le bonnet Gypsy, charmante originalité qui ne peut convenir qu’à l’aristocratie; enfin le
bonnet Lamballe, en hauteur blonde ornée de quatre têtes de plumes, est d’un effet charmant. Nous avons enfin, l’occasion d’examiner les différents modèles de corsets établis par les maisons qui s’occupent de cette spécialité, et, tout en constatant ça et là quelques progrès sur l’ancienne méthode qui a fait tant de victimes, progrès d’ailleurs peu importants en eux-mêmes et d’autant moins appréciables qu’ils ne portent que sur quelques détails, nous avons reconnu qu’aucun modèle ne pouvait lutter avec les corsets de la maison Pousset et bru. Nulle part ailleurs surtout, nous n’avons trouvé cette science remarquable du corps humain qui, s’écartant brusquement des anciennes voies suivies par la routine, a réformé, tout d’un coup, l’ensemble du corset pour le ramener aux conditions hygiéniques avec lesquelles, hélas ! il n’avait jamais en le moindre rapport.

Les consciencieux efforts de l’inventeur furent laissés sans l’origine, et ses heureuses inno-

France donnent à ses corsets le nom de corsets mérinos. C’était en effet une merveille. Un corset qui se prêtait à tous les mouvements, favorisant le développement des organes, et pouvait au besoin être porté même au lit. Les corsets d’algues, dure et formés de taille si nombreuses que le corset presque toujours à l’usage même de la maison. Depuis cette époque de régénération, elle a Pousset n’est pas restée stationnaire, connue de marche de progrès en progrès, et, quoique nouveaux perfectionnements soient devenus presque impossibles, M. Pousset brûle l’art de temps en temps matière à des remarquables améliorations dont nous vous parlerons plus longuement un de ces jours. Aujourd’hui, pour nous résumer en deux mots, un corset de Pousset est un vrai miracle d’élégance, de grâce et de goût. Nous pouvons hardiment nous permettre ces éloges, bien certaine d’être approuvée par toutes nos lectrices.

Un des grands avantages d’un corset bien fait, c’est de communiquer une partie de sa grâce et de son élégance à la robe elle-même, qui pourtant n’a pas toujours besoin de ce secours, surtout lorsqu’elle sort des ateliers de Madame Descombes, où nous admirons avant-hier encore de ravissantes toilettes de ville et de soirée, qui ne peuvent manquer d’avoir un grand succès d’autome. Nous pouvons vous citer de gracieuses robes amazones en coutil, ornées de broderies en soute sur le devant du corsage et de la jupe, ainsi que sur le haut et sur le bas des manches; des robes de lévantine bleue, gros vert, etc.; brodées en soute de nuances assorties; des redingotes en coutil de laine, etc.

Les parfums et cosmétiques de notre célèbre Guerlain, conservent une incontestable supériorité que nous pouvons rappeler aujourd’hui surtout que la différence de température entre septembre et octobre vient nous remettre en mémoire les bienfaits de l’oléine émolutive, précieuse composition, dont l’usage est si puissant contre les péricieux effets du froid et du hale : le cold cream, la pâte aux quatre semences, l’oexole, ont d’autres vertus aussi remarquables et sur lesquelles nous n’avons pas besoin d’insister, car elles doivent être bien connues de nos lectrices, accoutumées à nous entendre parler de Guerlain. L’habile chimiste de la rue de Rivoli a des droits à notre connaissance pour ses cosmétiques qui ont reculé la force de supporter la fatigue et du temps même.

IMPRIMERIE DE A. APFERT, PASSAGE DU CAIRE, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Veuve et Lingeries de Mme. Follet, 2 Richelieu, 35 — Robe en pelisse et Robe de chambre en peult de soie de Mme. Laurence-Sallemand, rue de l'Esquieu, 33 — Gants de Mayer.

Court Magazine, No. 5, Bathbone Place Oxford street.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 1047. TOILETTES D'INTÉRIEUR. First, or standing figure. Dress of green pekin, the skirt garnished with very much folds conveniently distanced (see the plate); sleeves tight as well as the corsage high and opened en cœur; a prettiest bonnet consisting of two long barbes not so large, a good deal sloped away in front of the head, so as to make the bonnet set off the brow completely; black varnished leather shoes; kid gloves.

Second, or sitting figure. Robe de chambrel of poulle de soie, ornamented with very light passementerie trimming and elegantly interlaced with silk ganses and tassels. High cor-

sage, slightly gathered to the waist and to the shoulders; sleeves pagodes; pelerine cardinal; underdress of scotian cambric, trimmed with three pretty entredeux placed a little distant from each other. Bonnet of embroidered indan muslin having two dentelle-rows backward and choux of orange ribbons long-ending; satin shoes. Kid gloves.

N° 1048. DANCING COSTUME. First, or standing figure. Dress of white crape over a similar under-dress, the first ornamented with a large angleterre, the second opened en tablier and trimmed with a very pretty golden ganse and silk tassels. Corsage à pointe.
décolleté very low in the neck; sleeves pagodes garnished with an elegant angluiterre, golden ganses and silk tassels. Undulating coiffure graciously intermixed with white pearls, that look very elegant. White satin shoes; pale yellow gloves.

The second, or sitting figure gives exactly the back of the same costume, as well as that of the coiffure (see plate).

MARIÈ-ANNE.

ÉPOUSE DE FERDINAND III,

Empereur d’Allemagne.

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Nous avons peu de chose à dire de Ferdinand III, sinon que les commencements de son règne furent assez heureux. Il chassa de la Saxe le général Bannier qui était à la tête de quatre-vingt-dix mille hommes, et finit par le repousser jusqu’aux extrémités de la mer Baltique, de sorte qu’il ne demeura plus à la Suède de toutes ces contrées que trois villes Anklam, Strættin et Stralsunde.

Après la mort de Marie-Anne, Ferdinand épousa Éléonore, duchesse de Mantone.

Modes.

Il n’y a plus rien d’indécis dans les modes, et les toilettes dites de transition ont fait leur temps. Nous sommes en hiver, en plein hiver, et s’il pouvait nous venir à l’esprit de contester cette vérité, la température nous aurait bientôt victorieusement démontré notre erreur. Heureusement les brusques changements de saison et les caprices de température, qui naguère encore exerçaient une influence si pernicieuse sur la peau, n’ont plus rien de bien redoutable aujourd’hui que nous possédons la lotion de Guerlain, qui conserve si bien à la peau sa fraîcheur, son éclat, sa jeunesse même. Cette lotion n’est, du reste, pas le seul titre que l’habile parfumeur de la faison ait à a reconnaissance du beau sexe, et les biensais de l’oléine émulée sont assez connus pour que nous n’ayons pas besoin d’insister beaucoup sur ce point. N’oublions pas de recommander encore, parmi les produits si remarquables de Guerlain, la Cydonia, qui donne à la chevelure un noir d’ébène si brillant et si beau, l’oxéolé et l’eau de toilette, dont nous avons dit plus d’une fois les merveilleux effets. Parmi les parfums si nombreux que nous devons à notre chimiste favori, on distingue surtout la scotia flora, le caprisfolium, le géranium, l’extrait de myrte et de Portugal, etc., etc.

Les gants de Mayer ont une distinction aussi parfaite que les parfums de Guerlain. Aussi est-il le fournisseur privilégié de toutes les cours, et si l’on pouvait douter de sa supériorité, il lui serait facile de répondre par ses succès en Angleterre et en Russie, ces deux pays où l’on apprécie si bien la véritable élégance. Mayer n’emploie plus les garnitures de passementeries, quoique cette sorte d’ornement conserve une grande valeur pour toutes les autres parties de la toilette. Il les garnit de point d’Agençon, de fleurs et de plumes formant bracelet; il les orne de petits boutons d’or ou de perles fines, etc., etc.

On porte pour négligé et demi toilette des corsages plats à pointe peu marquée, et pour
LE FOLLET
Boulevard S. Martin. 61.

Coiffure de Normandie, p'tr Chausse, 19 — Robe en crêpe garnie de passementerie de Mme. Thiery, Boul. Montmartre, 15 — Gants de Meyeg, rue de la Paix, 36.

Essences de Guerlain, r. de Rivoli, 42 — Combs de Roux, rue Montmartre, 171.

Guer Magazine, N° 5, Rathbone Place Oxford street.
grande toilette des corsages demi-montants accompagnés d'une pelerine carrée qui fait le tour de la robe, ou d'un biais brodé en soutache qui tourne légèrement autour des épaules en forme de tablier à l'enfant. Ces règles cependant ne sont ni absolutes, ni générales, ainsi que vous pouvez vous en convaincre par l'analyse des quelques toilettes suivantes, dues à Mme Descombès; — une robe en gros d'Afrique gris, ornée à la jupe de deux hauts volants dentelés surmontés d'une petite broderie en soutache, corsage montant drapé en long, c'est-à-dire de l'épaulette à la ceinture, formé qui va fort bien aux personnes minces et élancées; dos plat du haut et légèrement froncé du bas, manches plates avec jockeys ouverts brodés en soutache; ceinture longue en ruban de satin gris; — robe en velours vert garnie de martre tout autour de la jupe; les deux bandes de fourrure qui remontent en diminuant sur le devant jusqu'à la pointe du corsage, sont unies par un réseau de passementerie; corsage juste montant avec pelle pelerine en martre, arrondie dans le dos, descendant en pointe sur la manche, finissant à la pointe du corsage où elle rejoint les garnitures de la jupe; manches plates avec jockeys et poignets de martre; — enfin une robe en satin gris brodée en soutache sur le devant de la jupe; camel en velours brun frappé tout autour ainsi que sur le devant, à l'ouverture des bras et autour du petit col, et garni d'une haute frange.

Mme Descombès, qui a de beaux et légitimes succès dans toutes ses créations, vient de confectionner une ravissante toilette d'intérieur en satin gris perle, ornée tout autour de la jupe d'une large broderie en soutache remontant de chaque côté du devant jusqu'à la ceinture et doublée en satin rose; corsage ouvert avec petite pelerine à châle brodée en soutache; manches pâges brodées et doublées en satin rose. Robe de dessous en batiste garnie à la jupe d'un volant de dentelle. Il faut pour compléter cette toilette un de ces charmants bonnets que l'on ne trouve que chez Madame Pollet, par exemple, un bonnet sans fond formé de plusieurs rangs de dentelle posés les uns sur les autres, un peu froncé sur le bas des joues, orné d'un côté de petits nœuds plats en ruban de satin rose, et de l'autre de petits choux sans bouts.

Notre dernière visite à la salle Ventadour nous a donné l'occasion de remarquer de ravissantes toilettes, dans lesquelles Mme Thiéry avait déployé cet heureux talent qui lui vaut chaque jour de nouveaux succès. La jeune duchesse de G……., dont le récent mariage a été l'occasion des fêtes les plus brillantes, avait surtout une toilette d'une grande richesse et d'un goût exquis: c'était une robe à triple jupe, dont les deux premières en satin cerise étaient garnies d'un volant en application d'Angleterre; la seconde jupe s'arrêtait au bord du volant, et la troisième, entièrement en application bordait le volant de la seconde. Le corsage juste, en pointe très busquée, était en tulle doublé de satin cerise, et garni d'une double mantille en application, le premier rang descendant sur le devant jusqu'à la pointe du corsage, et le second s'arrêtant de chaque côté sous le premier, de manière que le milieu du corsage, qui était en application, était entièrement découvert; les manches étaient courtes et formées entièrement de deux rangs d'Angleterre. La souff de la jeune duchesse avait une toilette moins riche, mais où l'on retrouvait le même goût, la même grâce et le même sentiment d'élegance: c'était une robe en tulle rose, à triple jupe, chacune d'elles relevée de chaque côté par un bouquet de ces délicieuses petites paquerettes que l'on aime à cueillir chez Clagot. Le corsage était décolleté en pointe avec une draperie retournée de chaque côté par un bouquet pareil à ceux de la jupe; les manches étaient courtes avec
manchettes de dentelle. Ces deux dames avaient pour complément deux fort jolies sorties de théâtre en satin blanc garni de cigne, et doublées, l’une de satin rouge, l’autre de satin rose. Mme Thiéry n’avait peut-être jamais rien fait d’aussi coquet.

Nous avons rendu visite aux salons de Mme Baudry, nous y avons vu des modèles qui nous ont prouvé que le goût de Mme Baudry était toujours aussi pur, et qu’il n’avait rien perdu de son élégance et de sa perfection. Nous avons distingué ses capotes en pout de soie vert myrthe, ses chapeaux en gros d’Afrique blanc avec couronne de petites marguerites roses, ses capotes en velours brun ornées de glands de passementerie brun et capucine, et de rubans de satin de même nuance que les glands ; ses chapeaux en velours épinglé rose, ornés sur le côté d’une large plume saule et à l’intérieur de petites fleurs d’églantiers ; ses chapeaux en velours vert, ornés d’une longue plume verte attachée sur le milieu du chapeau par un chou à longs bouts en ruban de satin vert, et ornés à l’intérieur de petites fleurs roses.

Lucy Hocquet, dont les inspirations sont si bien accueillies, vient d’enrichir la mode d’une création vraiment délicieuse, et où il a su combiner avec un art exquis les exigences du confortable et celles de la fashion. Nous voulons parler du chapeau douillette en satin ouaté et brodé, garni d’agrément sur velours également brodé. C’est une fantaisie aristocratique qui ne peut manquer d’être goûtée dans les hautes sphères de la mode où déjà l’on a donné droit de cité au chapeau de casimir cachemire brodé, ce coquet négligé d’une forme élégante, et au chapeau de velours tissé femme Pamela, orné de dentelle et de fleurs, ou de raisins du Nil de Chagot.

Nous avons eu le plaisir de retrouver au balcon des Italiens les délicieuses coiffures de Lucy Hocquet, et notamment le bonnet Erigove, dont nous nous avons déja parlé, et le turban Fatime à fond de velours bleu oriental, garni d’une double écharpe d’un tissu de diverses nuances. Cette piquante création est d’un effet gracieusement féerique que les poèmes ne sauraient rendre.

Il est un article que la Mode recherche beaucoup jour d’hui, et dont il nous appartient d’autant mieux de vous entretenir que cette spécialité rentre tout entière dans les attributions de l’éleganté. Nous voulons parler des bronzes assortis et des porcelaines décorées en tout genre, dont un nouveau et splendide magasin vient de s’ouvrir sous la direction de M. Lhuillier. Nous y avons remarqué un riche choix de tout ce qu’il y a de plus beau en lustres, pendules, candélabres et flambeaux, ainsi que dans ces mille autres fantasies et petites curiosités de salons ou de boudoirs qui sont si estimées aujourd’hui.

M. Lhuillier est un jeune fabricant qui a beaucoup de goût pour son art qu’il traite avec une haute intelligence, et ses créations, empereuses d’un cachet de perfection exquise, sont dignes de figurer à côté de ce qui nous reste de mieux du grand siècle. Nous appelons toute l’attention de nos lectrices sur cet établissement, dont l’ouverture est une bonne fortune d’autant plus appréciable à l’approche du nouvel an, qu’il est en réalité mieux fourni que beaucoup de magasins plus apparents, que les modes d’antiquités y sont plus variés et pris à des sources plus recommandables et plus sûres. Ajoutons encore que la perfection des produits ne nuit en rien à la modération des prix, car nous sommes persuadé que cette considération a bien aussi son importance.