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THE

COURT MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING

Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

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FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

VOL. III.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1833.

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1833.
EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. III.

No. I.—Portrait of Lady Howard de Walden, from a Miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.
Landscape View of Arundel Castle, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq., R.A.
Two Coloured Figures of Female Costume.

No. II.—Portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, from a Drawing by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A.
Three Coloured Figures of Female Costume.

No. III.—Portrait of the Honourable Miss Gardner, from a Miniature by Miss E. Kendrick.
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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JULY, 1833.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Lady Howard de Walden is daughter of the present Duke of Portland, a nobleman whose immediate ancestors have been eminently distinguished in the later periods of English history.

William Bentinck, the first and celebrated Earl of Portland, was a younger son of Henry heer Van Diepenham, in Overysel, where his family had flourished for ages. In his youth William Bentinck was made page of honour to William of Orange, and thence advanced to the post of gentleman of the bedchamber. In 1670, Mr. Bentinck accompanied the prince into England, and was then, together with his master, complimented with the degree of doctor of civil law by the university of Oxford. His Highness shortly after falling ill of the small-pox, Mr. Bentinck attended him with the most affectionate care and assiduity. This service, which William never forgot, paved the way for the future greatness of the favourite. In 1677, Bentinck came again to England, deputed by the prince, his master, to demand from King Charles II., the hand of the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York. His next mission to the Court of London was after the accession of James, when the Prince of Orange made a tender of men and money to his royal father-in-law, to oppose the designs of the Duke of Monmouth, who had just then effected a descent upon England, and raised the standard of rebellion. He was received, however, coldly; James commanding him to acquaint the prince, that their common interest required that his Royal Highness should remain in Holland. With the memorable expedition of 1688, the name of Bentinck is closely interwoven. In surmounting the many difficulties attending that bold project, he displayed all the prudence, dexterity, and sagacity of a consummate statesman, and to him is entirely due that unparalleled celerity with which the preparations for the enterprise were conducted. Bentinck sailed to England in the same vessel with the hero of the revolution, and was by his side when he placed his foot upon the beach at Torbay. After the disbanding of King James's army, Bentinck, pursuant to the order of William, arrested the Earl of Feversham, and wrote the celebrated letter which permitted the dethroned monarch to return to Rochester, from whence he embarked for France. On the same day that William was proclaimed King of Great Britain, his favourite was appointed first lord of the bed-chamber, groom of the stole, privy councillor, &c., and on the 9th of April following, was raised to the honours of the peerage, as Baron Cirencester, Viscount Woodville, and Earl of Portland. The new-made Earl attended King William into Ireland, was present at the battle of the Boyne, where he displayed much valour, and eventually proved of great service to his Majesty in the subjugation of that unhappy country. During the subsequent wars in Flanders, the Earl, as usual, was the constant companion of the king, and, in 1697, he was
accredited ambassador to the court of Versailles. To the hour of his death, William retained his esteem for the Earl, who witnessed the king's last moments. After the demise of his royal master, Portland retired to Holland, and although he again returned to England, took no further part in public affairs. He died on the 23d March, 1709. Dauntless in the field, and able in the council, the Earl of Portland ranks with the first men of his era. As a soldier, less renowned than his great contemporary Lord Dundee, he rivals that heroic follower of the Stuarts in loyalty and devotion to the cause he had espoused—virtues which, now that the prejudices of party are with the partisan in the grave, do more than all his deeds in establishing for him the admiration of posterity. He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Henry, second Earl, and first Duke of Portland. This nobleman, whilst a commoner, had represented the town and county of Southampton in two successive parliaments. In 1716 he was created Marquis of Titchfield, and Duke of Portland. In 1721 he went to Jamaica as Captain-General and Governor of that island, where he remained to the time of his decease, which took place at St. Jago de la Vega, July, 1726. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

William, second Duke of Portland. This nobleman dying in 1762, left his honours to his eldest son,

John William Henry, third Duke of Portland, born April 14, 1738. This nobleman holds a conspicuous rank among the statesmen of the reign of George III. In the early part of his political career, he sided with the opposition against Lord North. In 1782, under the administration of Lord Rockingham, he accepted the office of Viceroy of Ireland, which he resigned the same year, in consequence of the death of the premier. On the 5th April, 1783, he became First Lord of the Treasury, in the memorable coalition ministry, of which, however, Fox was virtually the head. Resigning the seals the following December, he, from that time, acted with the Whig opposition, until, alarmed at the horrors of the French revolution, he followed the example of Burke in seceding from his party, and joining the government. On the dismissal of Lord Grenville and his colleagues, in 1807, the Duke was once more placed at the head of the Treasury, and there continued until his death in 1809. By his marriage, in 1766, with Lady Dorothy Cavendish, only daughter of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, he left, with other issue, his successor,

William Henry Cavendish, present and fourth Duke, who has assumed the additional surname of Scott. This nobleman, who was born 24th January, 1768, espoused, 4th August, 1790, Henrietta, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late General John Scott, and sister of Viscountess Canning, by whom he has issue,

William John, Marquis of Titchfield, born 12th September, 1800.
Major Lord William Cavendish, born February, 1802.
Lord Henry William, born June, 1804.
Lady Henrietta.
Lady Charlotte, married to John Evelyn Denison, Esq. M. P.
Lady Lucy, now Lady Howard de Walden.
Lady Mary.
Lady Lucy Cavendish Bentinck espoused, on the 8th November, 1828, Charles Augustus Ellis, Baron Howard de Walden, in the county of Essex, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary, at the court of Stockholm, and has issue, a son, the Hon. Frederick George, born 9th August, 1830, and a daughter, the Hon. Harriet Georgiana.
WALSTEIN; OR, A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY," "CONTARINI FLEMING," &c.

CHAPTER I.
CONTAINING A PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATION BETWEEN A PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.

Dr. de Schulembourg was the most eminent physician in Dresden. He was not only a physician; he was a philosopher. He studied the idiosyncrasy of his patients, and was aware of the fine and secret connection between medicine and morals. One morning, Dr. de Schulembourg was summoned to Walstein. The physician looked forward to the interview with his patient with some degree of interest. He had often heard of Walstein, but had never yet met that gentleman, who had only recently returned from his travels, and who had been absent from his country for several years.

When Dr. de Schulembourg arrived at the house of Walstein, he was admitted into a circular hall, containing the busts of the Caesars, and ascending a double staircase of noble proportion, was ushered into a magnificent gallery. Copies in marble of the most celebrated ancient statues were ranged on each side of this gallery. Above them, were suspended many beautiful Italian and Spanish pictures, and between them, were dwarf bookcases, full of tall volumes in sumptuous bindings, and crowned with Etruscan vases and rare bronzes. Schulembourg, who was a man of taste, looked around him with great satisfaction. And while he was gazing on a group of diaphanous cherubim, by Murillo, an artist of whom he had heard much and knew little, his arm was gently touched, and turning round, Schulembourg beheld his patient, a man past the prime of youth, but of very distinguished appearance, and with a very frank and graceful manner. "I hope you will pardon me, my dear sir, for permitting you to be a moment alone," said Walstein, with an ingratiating smile.

"Solitude, in such a scene, is not very wearisome," replied the physician. "There are great changes in this mansion since the time of your father, Mr. Walstein."

"'Tis an attempt to achieve that which we are all sighing for," replied Walstein—"the Ideal. But for myself, although I assure you not a pococurante, I cannot help thinking there is no slight dash of the common place."

"Which is a necessary ingredient of all that is excellent," replied Schulembourg.

Walstein shrugged his shoulders, and then invited the physician to be seated. "I wish to consult you, Dr. Schulembourg," he observed, somewhat abruptly. "My metaphysical opinions induce me to believe that a physician is the only philosopher. I am perplexed by my own case. I am in excellent health, my appetite is good, my digestion perfect. My temperament I have ever considered to be of a very sanguine character. I have nothing upon my mind. I am in very easy circumstances. Hitherto, I have only committed blunders in life, and never crimes. Nevertheless, I have, of late, become the victim of a deep and inescapable melancholy, which I can ascribe to no cause, and can divert by no resource. Can you throw any light upon my dark feelings? Can you remove them?"

"How long have you experienced them?" inquired the physician.

"More or less ever since my return," replied Walstein; "but most grievously during the last three months."

"Are you in love?" inquired Schulembourg.

"Certainly not," replied Walstein, "and I fear I never shall be."

"You have been?" inquired the physician.

"I have had some fancies, perhaps too many," answered the patient; "but youth deludes itself. My idea of a heroine has never been realized, and, in all probability, never will be."

"Besides an idea of a heroine," said Schulembourg, "you have also, if I mistake not, an idea of a hero?"

"Without doubt," replied Walstein. "I have preconceived for myself a character which I have never achieved."

"Yet, if you have never met a heroine nearer your ideal than your hero, why should you complain?" rejoined Schulembourg.

"There are moments when my vanity completes my own portrait," said Walstein.

"And there are moments when our imagination completes the portrait of our mistress," rejoined Schulembourg.

"You reason," said Walstein. "I was myself once fond of reasoning, but the greater my experience, the more I have become con-
vined, that man is not a rational animal. He is only truly good or great when he acts from passion."

"Passion is the ship, and reason is the rudder," observed Schulembourg.

"And thus we pass the ocean of life," said Walstein. "Would that I could discover a new continent of sensation!"

"Do you mix much in society?" said the physician.

"By fits and starts," said Walstein. "A great deal when I first returned: of latelittle."

"And your distemper has increased in proportion with your solitude?"

"It would superficially appear so," observed Walstein; "but I consider my present distemper as not so much the result of solitude, as the reaction of much converse with society. I am gloomy at present, from a sense of disappointment of the past."

"You are disappointed," observed Schulembourg. "What then did you expect?"

"I do not know," replied Walstein; "that is the very thing I wish to discover."

"How do you in general pass your time?" inquired the physician.

"When I reply in doing nothing, my dear Doctor," said Walstein, "you will think that you have discovered the cause of my disorder. But perhaps you will only mistake an effect for a cause."

"Do you read?"

"I have lost the faculty of reading: early in life I was a student, but books become insipid when one is rich with the wisdom of a wandering life."

"Do you write?"

"I have tried, but mediocrity disgusts me. In literature a second-rate reputation is no recompense for the evils that authors are heirs to."

"Yet without making your compositions public, you might relieve your own feelings in expressing them. There is a charm in creation."

"My sympathies are strong," replied Walstein. "In an evil hour, I might descend from my pedestal, I should compromise my dignity with the herd, I should sink before the first shaft of ridicule."

"You did not suffer from this melancholy when travelling?"

"Occasionally: but the fits were never so profound, and were very evanescent."

"Travel is action," replied Schulembourg. "Believe me, that in action you can alone find a cure."

"What is action?" inquired Walstein. "Travel I have exhausted. The world is quiet. There are no wars now, no revolutions. Where can I find a career?"

"Action," replied Schulembourg, "is the exercise of our faculties. Do not mistake restlessness for action. Murillo, who passed a long life almost within the walls of his native city, was a man of great action. Witness the convents and the churches that are covered with his exploits. A great student is a great actor, and as great as a marshal or a statesman. You must act, Mr. Walstein, you must act, you must have an object in life; great or slight, still you must have an object. Believe me, it is better to be a mere man of pleasure, than a dreamer."

"Your advice is profound," replied Walstein, "and you have struck upon a sympathetic chord. But what am I to do? I have no object."

"You are a very ambitious man," replied the physician.

"How know you that?" said Walstein, somewhat hastily and slightly blushing.

"We doctors know many strange things," replied Schulembourg with a smile. "Come now, would you like to be prime minister of Saxony?"

"Prime minister of Oberon?" said Walstein, laughing; "tis indeed a great destiny."

"Ah! when you have lived longer among us, your views will accommodate themselves to our limited horizon. In the mean time I will write you a prescription, provided you promise to comply with my directions."

"Do not doubt me, my dear Doctor."

Schulembourg seated himself at the table, and wrote a few lines which he handed to his patient. Walstein smiled as he read the prescription.

"Dr. de Schulembourg requests the honour of the Baron de Walstein's company at dinner, tomorrow at two o'clock."

Walstein smiled and looked a little perplexed, but he remembered his promise. "I shall with pleasure become your guest, Doctor."

CHAPTER II.
CONTAINING SOME FURTHER CONVERSATION.

Walstein did not forget his engagement with his friendly physician. The house of Schulembourg was the most beautiful mansion in Dresden. It was situated in a delicious garden in the midst of the park, and had been presented to him by a grateful sovereign. It was a Palladian villa, which recalled the Brenz to the recollection of Walstein, flights of marble steps, airy colonnades, pediments
of harmonious proportion, and all painted with classic frescoes. Orange trees clustered in groups upon the terrace, perfumed the summer air, rising out of magnificent vases sculptured in high relief, and amid the trees, confined by silver chains, were rare birds of radiant plumage, rare birds with prismatic eyes and bold ebon beaks, breasts flooded with crimson, and long tails of violet and green. The declining sun shone brightly in the light blue sky, and threw its lustre upon the fanciful abode, above which, slight and serene, floated the airy crescent of the young white moon.

"My friend too, I perceive, is a votary of the Ideal," exclaimed Walstein.

The carriage stopped, Walstein mounted the marble steps and was ushered through a hall, wherein was the statue of a single nymph, into an octagonal apartment. Schulembourg himself had not arrived. Two men moved away as he was announced, from a lady whom they surrounded. The lady was Madame de Schulembourg, and she came forward with infinite grace to apologise for the absence of her husband and to welcome her guest.

Her appearance was very remarkable. She was young and strangely beautiful. Walstein thought that he had never beheld such lustrous locks of ebon hair shading a countenance of such dazzling purity. Her large and deep blue eyes gleamed through their long black lashes. The expression of her face was singularly joyous. Two wild dimples played like meteors on her soft round cheeks. A pink veil worn over her head was carelessly tied under her chin, and fastened with a white rose of pearls. Her vest and train of white satin did not conceal her sylph-like form and delicate feet. She held forth a little white hand to Walstein adorned only by a single enormous ruby, and welcomed him with inspiring ease.

"I do not know whether you are acquainted with your companions, Mr. Walstein," said Madame de Schulembourg. Walstein looked around and recognised the English minister, and had the pleasure of being introduced, for the first time, to a celebrated sculptor.

"I have heard of your name, not only in Germany," said Walstein, addressing the latter gentleman, "you have left your name behind you at Rome. If the Italians are excessively envious, their envy is at least accompanied with admiration." The gratified sculptor bowed and slightly blushed. Walstein loved art and artists. He was not one of those frigid petty souls who are ashamed of evincing feeling in society. He felt keenly and expressed himself without reserve. But nature had invested him with a true nobility of manner as well as of mind. He was ever graceful, even when enthusiastic.

"It is difficult to remember we are in the North," said Walstein to Madame de Schulembourg; "amid these colonnades and orange trees."

"It is thus that I console myself for beautiful Italy," replied the lady, "and, indeed, to-day the sun favours the design."

"You have resided long in Italy?" inquired Walstein.

"I was born at Milan," replied Madame de Schulembourg, "my father commanded a Hungarian regiment in garrison."

"I thought that I did not recognise an Italian physiognomy," said Walstein, looking somewhat earnestly at the lady.

"Yet I have a dash of the Lombard blood in me, I assure you," replied Madame de Schulembourg, smiling; "is it not so, Mr. Revel?"

The Englishman advanced and praised the beauty of the lady’s mother, whom he well knew. Then he asked Walstein when he was at Milan; then they exchanged more words respecting Milanese society; and while they were conversing the Doctor entered, followed by a servant: "I must compensate for keeping you from dinner," said their host, "by having the pleasure of announcing that it is prepared."

He welcomed Walstein with warmth; Mr. Revel led Madame to the dining-room. The table was round, and Walstein seated himself at her side.

The repast was light and elegant, unusual characteristics of a German dinner. Madame de Schulembourg conversed with infinite gaiety, but with an ease which showed that to charm was with her no effort. The Englishman was an excellent specimen of his nation, polished and intelligent, without that haughty and graceless reserve which is so painful to a finished man of the world. The host was himself ever animated and cheerful, but calm and clear—and often addressed himself to the artist, who was silent, and, like students in general, constrained. Walstein himself, indeed, was not very talkative, but his manner indicated that he was interested, and when he made an observation it was uttered with facility, and arrested attention by its justness or its novelty.—It was an agreeable party.

They had discussed several light topics;
at length they diverged to the supernatural. Mr. Revel, as is customary with Englishmen, who are very sceptical, affected for the moment a belief in spirits. With the rest of the society, however, it was no light theme. Madame de Schulemburg avowed her profound credulity. The artist was a decided votary. Schulemburg philosophically accounted for many appearances, but he was a magnetiser, and his explanations were more marvellous than the portents.

"And you, Mr. Walstein," said Madame de Schulemburg, "what is your opinion?"

"I am willing to yield to any faith that distracts my thoughts from the burden of daily reality," replied Walstein.

"You would just suit Mr. Novalis then," observed Mr. Revel, bowing to the sculptor.

"Novalis is an astrologer," said Madame de Schulemburg; "I think he would just suit you."

"Destiny is a grand subject," observed Walstein, "and although I am not prepared to say that I believe in fate, I should nevertheless not be surprised to read my fortunes in the stars."

"That has been the belief of great spirits," observed the sculptor, his countenance brightening with more assurance.

"It is true," replied Walstein, "I would rather err with my great namesake and Napoleon than share the orthodoxy of ordinary mortality."

"That is a dangerous speech, Baron," said Schulemburg.

"With regard to destiny," said Mr. Revel, who was in fact a materialist of the old school, "everything depends upon a man's nature; the ambitious will rise, and the grovelling will crawl—those whose volition is strong will believe in fate, and the weak-minded accounts for the consequences of his own incongruities by exculpating chance."

Schulemburg shook his head. "By a man's nature, you mean his structure," said the physician, "much, doubtless, depends upon structure, but structure is again influenced by structure. All is subservient to sympathy."

"It is true," replied the sculptor; "and what is the influence of the stars on human conduct, but sympathy of the highest degree?"

"I am little accustomed to metaphysical discussions," remarked Walstein; "this is indeed a sorry subject to amuse a fair lady with, Madame de Schulemburg."—"On the contrary," she replied, "the mystical ever delights me." "Yet," continued Walstein, "perceiving that the discontent and infelicity of man generally increase in an exact ratio with his intelligence and his knowledge, I am often tempted to envy the ignorant and the simple."

"A man can only be content," replied Schulemburg, "when his career is in harmony with his organisation. Man is an animal formed for great physical activity, and this is the reason why the vast majority, in spite of great physical suffering, are content. —The sense of existence, under the influence of the action which is necessary to their living, counterbalances all misery. But when a man has a peculiar structure, when he is born with a predisposition, or is, in vulgar language, a man of genius, his content entirely depends upon that predisposition being developed and indulged. And this is philosophical education, that sublime art so ill-comprehended!"

"I agree with you," said Revel, who recollected the nonsense-verses of Eton and the logic of Christ Church; "all the scruples and unhappiness of my youth, and I assure you they were not inconsiderable, are to be ascribed to the obstinate resolution of my family to make a priest out of a man who wished to be a soldier."

"And I was disinherited because I would be a physician," replied Schulemburg; "but instead of a poor insignificant baron, I am now a noble in four kingdoms and have the orders of all Europe, and that lady there was not ashamed to marry me."

"I was a swineherd in the wilds of Pomerania," said Novalis; "his eye flashing with enthusiasm. "I ran away to Italy, but I broke my poor mother's heart."

There was a dead painful pause, in which Walstein interposed. "As for myself, I suppose I have no predisposition, or I have not found it out. Perhaps nature intended me for a swineherd, instead of a baron. This, however, I do know, that life is an intolerable burthen—at least it would be," he added, turning with a smile to his fair hostess, "were it not for occasionally meeting some one so inspiriting as you."

"Come," said Madame, rising, "the carriages are at the door. Let us take a drive. Mr. Walstein, you shall give me your opinion of my ponies."

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING A DRIVE IN THE PARK WITH A VERY CHARMING LADY.

MADAME DE SCHULEMBourg'S carriages, drawn by two beautiful Hanoverian ponies,
WALSTEIN.

cream in colour, with long manes and tails, like flos silk, was followed by a britschka, but despatches called away Mr. Revel, and Novalis stole off to his studio. The doctor, as usual, was engaged. "Caroline," he said, as he bid his guest adieu, "I commend Mr. Walstein to your care. When I return in the evening, do not let me find that our friend has escaped." "I am sure though unhappy he is not un gallant," replied Caroline, with a smile; and she took his offered arm, and ascended her seat.

Swiftly the little ponies scudded along the winding roads. The Corso was as yet but slightly attended. Caroline passed through the wide avenue without stopping, but sometimes recognising with bow and smile a flitting by friend. They came to a wilder and woodier part of the park, the road lined on each side with linden trees, and in the distance vast beds of tall fern, tinged with the first rich hues of autumn.

"Here, Mr. Walstein," said Caroline, "with your permission, I shall take my afternoon walk." Thus speaking, she stopped the carriage, which she and her companion quitted. Walstein offered her his arm, but she declined it, folding herself up in her shawl.

"Which do you like best, Mr. Walstein, Constantinople or Dresden?" said Madame de Schulembourg.

"At this moment decidedly Dresden," replied her companion. "Ah! that is a compliment," said Madame de Schulembourg, after a moment’s musing. "My dear Mr. Walstein," she continued, looking up with an arch expression, "never pay me compliments."

"You mistake me: it was not a compliment," replied Walstein. "It was a sincere and becoming tribute of gratitude for three hours of endurable existence." "You know that you are my patient," rejoined Madame de Schulembourg. "I have orders to cure your melancholy. I am very successful in such complaints."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Walstein, with a slight bow.

"If we could but find out the cause!" continued Caroline. "I venture to believe that, after all, it will turn out an affair of the heart. Come, be frank with your physician. Tell me, have you left it captive with a fair Greek of the Isles, or a dark-eyed maiden of the Nile. Is our heroine a captive behind a Spanish jalousie, or in an Italian convent?"

"Women ever believe that all moods and tempers of man are consequences of their influence," replied Walstein, "and in general they are right."

"But in your case?"

"Very wrong."

"I am determined to find it out," said Madame de Schulembourg.

"I wish to heaven you could," said Monsieur de Walstein.

"I think a wandering life has spoiled you," said Caroline. "I think it must be civilisation that you find wearsome."

"That would be very sublime," replied Walstein. "But I assure you, if there be one thing that disgusts me more than another, it is the anticipation of renewed travel! I have seen all that I wish, and more than I ever expected. All that I could experience now would be exertion without excitement, a dreadful doom. If I am not to experience pleasure, let me at least have the refuge of repose. The magic of change of scene is with me exhausted. If I am to live, I do not think that I could be tempted to quit this city; sometimes I think, scarcely even my house."

"I see how it is," exclaimed Madame de Schulembourg, shaking her head very knowingly, "you must marry."

"The last resource of feminine fancy!" exclaimed Walstein, almost laughing. "You would lessen my melancholy, I suppose, on the principle of the division of gloom. I can assure you, my dear Madame de Schulembourg," he continued, in a very serious tone, "that, with my present sensations, I should consider it highly dishonourable to implicate any woman in my destiny."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Madame; "I can assure you, my dear Mr. Walstein, that I have a great many very pretty friends who will run the risk. 'Tis the best cure for melancholy, believe me. I was myself at times before I married, but you see I have got over my gloom."

"You have indeed," said Walstein; "and perhaps, were I Dr. de Schulembourg, I might be as gay."

"Another compliment! However, I accept it, because it is founded on truth. The fact is, I think, you are too much alone."

"I have lived in a desert, and now I live in what is called the world," replied Walstein. "Yet in Arabia I was fairly content, and now I am—what I shall not describe, because it will only procure me your ridicule."

"Nay! not ridicule, Mr. Walstein. Do not think that I do not sympathise with your affliction, because I wish you to be as cheerful as myself. If you were fairly content in Arabia I shall begin to consider it an affair of climate."
WALSTEIN.

“No,” said Walstein, still very serious, “not an affair of climate—certainly not. The truth is, travel is a preparation, and we bear with its yoke as we do with all that is initiatory—with the solace of expectation. But my preparation can lead to nothing, and there appear to be no mysteries in which I am to be initiated.”

“Then, after all, you want something to do?”

“No doubt.”

“What shall it be?” inquired Madame de Schulembourg, with a thoughtful air.

“Ah! what shall it be?” echoed Walstein, in accents of despondence; “or rather what can it be? What can be more tame, more uninteresting, more unpromising, than all around. Where is there a career?”

“A career!” exclaimed Caroline; “what you want to set the world in a blaze! I thought you were a poetic dreamer, a listless, superfine speculator of an exhausted world. And all the time you are very ambitious!”

“I know not what I am,” replied Walstein; “but feel that my present lot is an intolerable burthen.”

“But what can you desire! You have wealth, youth, and station, all the accidents of fortune which nature can bestow, and all for which men struggle. Believe me, you are born to enjoy yourself, nor do I see that you require any other career than the duties of your position. Believe me, my dear Mr. Walstein, life is a great business, and quite enough to employ any man’s faculties.”

“My youth is fast fading, which I don’t regret,” replied Walstein, “for I am not an admirer of youth. As for station, I attribute no magic to it, and wealth I only value because knowing from experience its capacity of producing pleasure; were I a beggar tomorrow, I should be haunted by no uneasy sensations. Pardon me, Madame de Schulembourg; your philosophy does not appear to be that of my friend, the Doctor. We were told this afternoon that, to produce happiness, the nature of a being and his career must coincide. Now, what can wealth and station produce of happiness to me, if I have the mind of a bandit, or perhaps even of a mechanic.”

“You must settle all this with Augustus,” replied Madame de Schulembourg; “I am glad, however, to hear you abuse youth. I always tell Sidonia that he makes his heroes too young, which enranges him beyond description. Do you know him?”

“Only by name.”

“He would suit you. He is melancholy too, but only by fits. Would you like to make his acquaintance?”

“Authors are best known by their writings,” replied Walstein; “I admire his, because, amid much wildness, he is a great reader of the human heart, and I find many echoes in his pages of what I dare only to think and to utter in solitude.”

“I shall introduce you to him. He is exceedingly vain, and likes to make the acquaintance of an admirer.”

“I entreat you not,” replied Walstein, really alarmed. “It is precisely because I admire him very much that I never wish to see him. What can the conversation of Sidonia be compared with his writings. His appearance and his manner will only destroy the ideal, in which it is always interesting to indulge.”

“Well, be not alarmed! He is not now in Dresden. He has been leading a wild life for some time, in our Saxon Switzerland in a state of despair. I am the unhappy nymph who occasions his present desperation,” continued Madame de Schulembourg, with a smile. “Do not think me heartless; all his passion is imagination. Change of scene ever cures him; he has written to me every week—his letters are each time more reasonable. I have no doubt he has by this time relieved his mind in some mad work which will amuse us all very much, and will return again to Dresden quite cool. I delight in Sidonia—he is my especial favourite.”

After some little time the companions re-entered the carriage. The public drive was now full of sparkling equipages. Madame de Schulembourg gaily bowed as she passed along to many a beautiful friend.

“Dear girls, come home with us this eve,” she exclaimed, as she curbed her ponies by the side of an open carriage, and addressed two young ladies who were seated within it with their mother. “Let me introduce Mr. Walstein to you—Madame de Manheim, the Misses de Manheim, otherwise Augusta and Amelia. Ask any of our friends whom you pass. There is Emilius—how do you do? Count Voyna, come home with us, and bring your Bavarian friend.”

“How is Sidonia, Madame de Schulembourg,” inquired Augusta.

“Oh, quite mad. He will not be sane this week. There is his last letter; read it, and return it to me when we meet. Adieu, Madame de Manheim; adieu, dear girls; do not stay long: adieu, adieu.” So they drove away.
THE LOVER'S TIME-PIECE.

My love adventures with Alice, with whose name it struck me I should have met that of Caroline's red-coated Captain—my love adventures with Alice, which I recently mentioned to prove that Mary had mistaken me in imagining herself the object of my love, commenced and ended in my twentieth year—they form rather a funny episode.

Alice's father and mother were very respectable, formal, steady, disagreeable people; and she herself the liveliest and prettiest girl I ever met with—not the most beautiful, but the prettiest. She was rather petite than otherwise, well formed, and always well dressed. Her face, and neck, and arms were fair, her cheeks rosy, perhaps a little too rosy; her eyes blue, bright, and shrewd, and generally looking what is more expressively than meaningly termed "wicked." Her hair was light, golden, and frizzy, and gave that peculiar character to her face which charmed me. Her mouth was delightful, the lips little, but plump, and exquisitely red, and between them four only of the upper row of her teeth peeped out like pearls.

Her parents had been in trade, and between them and mine there existed a feud, almost an enmity, in consequence of the former having "been rude," in consequence of the latter having withdrawn their custom, in consequence of some inadequate cause, no matter what; it has nothing to do with the story.

I paid Alice sundry attentions at a public ball at which I met her; and found her a really delightful girl. On each discovering who the other was, we chatted—laughing the while with most enviable gout and light-heartedness—of the schism between our four parents. She had, I found, more brilliancy than depth, and was therefore more entertaining than edifying; but in a very few moments I was possessed with the foul conviction that she was a person to be very much beloved; and before we parted, I found that it was a most clear case of mutual attachment. What is to be done? There was a holding of hands and a fixed looking into each other's eyes at parting, much to the horror of an aunt who had brought her; and while the said interesting chaperone was, by what we both then held a special intervention of providence, engaged in a few minutes' converse with a male elderly in a pig-tail and powder, we actually managed to arrange a clandestine meeting for the next day. As our parents were from town, little more was needful than to gain her maid over to her confidence; and next day, having been duly admitted on giving a preconcerted and peculiar rap at the door, I soon found myself tête-à-tête with Alice in the drawing-room.

Heaven knows what we talked about for the two hours and a half we were together, but my admiration so increased that I could not think of saying farewell till some other day for another interview was fixed. This day was the next day; and, not to dwell too long upon details, the same scene being again acted on the second occasion, I contrived to pass from two to four hours every day with Alice for a whole fortnight. I had never admired any girl so much, and felt that she would be both desirable and enviable as a wife. Of course our most frequent theme was the difficulties of our case. I candidly avowed my willingness, nay my intense desire to make her my wife; and it was resolved that I should in turn sue for the four consents of our parents, and that on failing to gain them we should become united without them. When present the sight of, when absent the thought of, her bright eyes, cherry lips, and gold and frizzy hair inspired my heart with a courage to encounter all obstacles, and jump over such as could not be removed. I have said I visited her for a fortnight. Why ended my visits then? The reasons were twofold; the return to town of her father—the return to town of her mother. The latter I was told by Alice was the advisable quarter wherein to commence the attack, as, her good will gained, that of her partner was certain. I wrote a note, giving my own name, and requesting an interview. My servant waited for an answer, and I was informed I might call the next day. Madam saw me; she was a round, punchy lady, and wore a voluminous cap.

"You are doubtless curious," commenced I, "to learn on what subject I am desirous of addressing you; but in the hope that the suddenness of the avowal may not astonish you, I at once, without circumlocution, am come to offer myself as the suitor of your daughter. Should I gain my own parents' consent I shall be enabled—"

"Why whatever's come to the man! You need say no more. Whatever's put such a
thing in your head I wonder; a girl you've never seen! Besides your pa's treatment of
us. No hope in this quarter, you may depend
upon it."
  "But, my dear madam, hear me speak."
  "Not another word, I beg, Sir."
  "May I see your husband on the sub-
ject?"
  "Not if I can help it. I wouldn't for no
consideration such stuff should come to his
ears."
I left her, hurried home, and wrote to her
husband. He also appointed the next day,
and I was punctual. He was a mild, lengthy,
man, I had almost written a scrappy one,
and wore light brown knee-breeches, white
cotton stockings, and half a yard of shoe on
each foot. When I had spoken, and paused
for a reply, he half said, half whispered, "I'm
sure, sir, I don't know what to say to it.
I'm sartin Mrs. — (naming his wife) would
never hear of it. Besides I'm sartin your own
father and mother wouldn't never hear of such
a thing neither. I bear you individually
no malice, though we have received most un-
meritorious treatment from your house, but
I can only say, I bear you no malice, in
course, if they're agreeable, and Mrs. — (again
pronouncing the disagreeable name) is agree-
able, why I'm agreeable: least wise that is if
Hallice is agreeable too."
  "I thank you for this kindness. Good
morning, sir."
And now then to gain the three consents
(my parents' and her mother's) in the hopes
the fourth (his own) would follow. The sway
in the case of my parents was rather the
reverse of that in the other quarter. My
father's will gained, my mother I knew
would not oppose; yet preferring the gentler to
what I knew would be the more trying scene,
I commenced with my mother.
  "For Heaven's sake, my dear Frederick,"
she said, "lay aside this foolish scheme. It
is not a proper match for you."
  "But I love the girl."
  "As you value your own peace, mine, and
his, do not breathe such a fact to your father.
You must endeavour to forget her."
  "Forget her! Impossible!"
  "Ah, you don't know. I would spare no
endeavour to wean you from this folly, if you
would assist me with your own efforts, for the
exertion of which you need but draw on your
own good sense. We will leave England;
you shall mix in a wholly new society; you
shall gradually learn to forget—"
  "Don't hope it. To-morrow I shall speak
to my father."
  "For Heaven's sake, my dearest Frederick,
as you love me!"
  "I must. I will."
These three promising interviews had taken
place on three sequent days, and I felt con-
vinced that, from the fourth I had, if possi-
ble, yet less to hope. It required some nerve
to introduce such a theme to my father, yet
I screwed my courage to the sticking-place,
and, seizing a moment when he and I were
taking our wine together after dinner, in less
than a minute the murder was out.
  "Let me look at you," said he, bending
his face under the moon-lamp, and gazing at
me. "You look sane enough. It must be
that I cannot hear properly. Say it again;
say it again."
I repeated the family's name coolly and
distinctly, proclaimed my full knowledge of
their misunderstanding with mine, recounted
the particulars of my first meeting with, and
subsequent visits to, Alice, and was dwelling
in strong phrases on the unconquerable
nature of my passion, when he, suddenly
flinging down on his plate a knife and orange,
on the latter of which he was performing
an elaborate operation with the former, ex-
claimed, in a voice that was quite new to me,
"Good God! sir, hold your tongue! what
patience could sit to hear such infernal non-
sense! Do you take your father for a fool
that you venture this to him! Hold your
tongue, sir, I say! If you ever dare recur to
so mad and odious a scheme, I'll——"
  "Spare the threat, sir; I do not want to
hear the rest. You must be aware that you
have said enough to ensure obedience. I
will recur to the subject no more—but (added
I to myself,) on this day week make her my
wife in spite of the whole four of you."
That night I hit on and arranged my plans;
and on the next day I wrote to Alice, in-
forming her of the very gratifying fact of my
quadruple failure, reminding her of our alter-
native, and asking her if she had courage to
fly. She wrote in answer that she was will-
ing to submit herself wholly to my arrange-
ments. 'Twas well: three more letters from
me, and as many from her, and the affair
was settled. In the first I informed her of
the fact, that owing to my father's generosity,
I was now in the receipt per quarter of a
sufficient stipend to live comfortably, if not
luxuriously, with her as my wife, and that I
had, thanks to my pen and pencil, other
sources of emolument which would consid-
erably enlarge the little income alluded to,
if continued, or even compensate its absence
if withheld; that we should at any rate be
"exceeding snug," and that, with intense, mutual, and never-failing love, would surely suffice any rational thirsters after earthly happiness. To all this she said "content," and all that now remained for me was to conclude the definitive arrangement. As she was totally unable, when her parents were in town, to achieve the slightest business without their knowledge, I urged in my next letter that a night flight would be necessary, and to save the time and trouble of making inquiries, arranging licences, and what not, our first destination must be Gretna. We should return almost immediately to undergo all needful forms, and in spite of the snubbing, entreaties, and commands of our parents, I entertained no doubt whatever but that they would all, on our return as indivisible man and wife, "take up this mangled matter at the best." She answered that she was equally confident.

And thus then ran my last letter:—

"The night after next a post-chaise will be waiting in—— square. I shall come exactly at one o'clock. There must of course be no knocking at the door; do not even trust your maid, but be at your window that you may see me. Come down without noise and open the street-door. For the present we must have as little luggage as possible. I will carry whatever you may pack up the little way we shall have to walk from your door to the square. 'Till one on Wednesday night, farewell."

To this once more she wrote "content," and I then set down my eternal happiness as a settled thing. It is not impossible that I should have shrunken from these desperate measures, but for the opposition I had encountered. I felt a triumph due to my self-importance, and have since had reason to suppose that, had I never courted the four repulses I have recorded, my love might in time have died a natural death. The one day that intervened was completely occupied in scampering about the town to make some needful arrangements, collect certain funds, and order the chaise; also, in getting together what I needed at home, and in writing a letter to my father. In fact, I was in such a bustle, and had so completely settled every thing before the following day, that that stood before me with an almost frightful contrast of coolness and quiet. Having dismissed an untasted breakfast, I felt there was nothing but contemplation for me, till one at night. I felt vexed that I had not left myself an iota more to settle. That annoying feeling pervaded me, which disqualifies one from begin-

ning any thing. I could not even raise my hand to take a book from the library, for my arm felt unnerved, and my brain emptied, and incapable of receiving impressions. I could not summon energy to unlock my piano, or take up my flute or guitar. I paced about the drawing-room, sat on every chair and sofa, and looked out of every window. To dress and walk out was quite out of the question; my increasing apathy shrank from such exertion. I took out my watch, and investigated its pattern and appendages as I never had done before. I opened it and examined, with appreciating eyes, its anatomy, and then looking once more at its dial, found that I had expended very little more than a minute by this resource. I felt so inclined to push the hands forward, that I should positively have done it but for the timely thought that such a manoeuvre would not affect all other clocks and watches, nor the sun. An alternative at last struck me—an odious one, and yet bearing with it its recommendation—that it was the sole one was its recommendation—this alternative was endurance. I flounced down upon a sofa—hummed the newest airs, and even some old ones—pulled a considerable number of cords from the tassel of the pillow on which I was lolling—read the titles of several books, celebrated and unknown, ancient and modern—wondered why their authors wrote them, and discovered for the first time that there was a very handsome and rather elaborate cornice round the top of the room. I next discovered also for the first time, that of two paintings which had always hung as a pair, and which had always struck me as a good match, one hung nearly a quarter of a foot lower than the other, and that the bows of the cords which sustained them were unpardonably dissimilar. I even tried to sleep, but could not, and at last began a remarkably pleasing train of reflections on all the difficulties and dangers of my case. It was not impossible that Alice's parents and mine might be as aware as ourselves of what we intended—would the post-chaise come punctually I wondered—the street door of our house might make a row when I closed it after me—it was just possible Alice might repent of her resolution, and shrink from her share of the fulfillment of our plans—the street door of her house might make a row when she closed it after her—impudent watchmen might interfere—one of her parents or mine might be taken so ill as to render our attendance in their rooms an indispensable duty—the postillion might be drunk and upset the
was successively adorned, filled my heart
with contempt, and my face with sneers. My
parents marvelled, and grew inquisitive, but
one thought and object pervaded me, and
God knows how I answered them. This,
however, I perfectly remember, that, blend-
ing with and superintending, as it were, all
my other feelings, was an absolute and pos-
tive shame at the apathetic, the enigmatic
state in which I found myself. I determined
as a dernier ressort to qualify myself by
an unwonted devotion to the decanters, and
accordingly, at and after dinner, imbibed
about the quadruple of what I ordinarily
allowed myself. I was resolved to generate,
by any available means, that excitement,
that energy, which I had so fully and confi-
dently expected would pervade and inspire
me on this great occasion. But these artifi-
cial stimulants were utterly powerless: wine
seemed changed to water for the sole pur-
pose of thwarting me. Perhaps my potations ren-
dered my heart yet more cold, and percep-
tions more dense, but these were their sole
effects. Slowly, slowly, and lingeringly passed
away dinner, dessert, tea-drinking, idling,
leave-taking, and retiring, and, my parents
being early people, I found myself free soon
after eleven. I retired to my room to dress,
and place my letter, but aware that these
operations would not employ me till near one,
I threw myself on my bed in the hope of
demolishing the remaining tedious time in
blessed unconsciousness, and my hope was
realised. I remained sleeping, or at any
rate half sleeping, till past twelve. I made
my final preparations—placed my letter on
a table—listened—the house was still—there
was no sound whatever, not even of rain
without; but as that might re-commence, I
arrayed myself in an enormous circular cloak,
which I also knew would be no objection-
able travelling companion. I descended—
opened the street door—and closed it with
considerably less racket than I had expected.
I had so contrived that my luggage was
already in the chaise. I quickly sped towards
Alice’s street, but suddenly stopped; for I
seemed to be such an unaccountable mass of
inanity, that shame for my state, and wonder
how to combat it wholly possessed me. There
was one resource—more libations—libations
in earnest. I would—I must make myself,
no matter what the means, that which I felt
I should be at such a time—at such a crisis.
There were no hotels on my road, or had
there been, they would not have answered my
purpose. I had never in all my life been in
a public-house, but the cause urged me, and

chaise. Such were a few of the ideas which
I dwelt upon, and a black heaviness which
soon obscured the atmosphere tended not to
the creation of more joyous thoughts; pit,
pat, whish, whish, pour, shower, drive came
the rain, poack-marking the windows, and
with a species of resolution in its manner
that spake of determined long continuance:
Disgust and anger at the weather led soon to
the same feelings against nature, the world,
and existence in general, till, to rouse myself
from the utter melancholy into which I felt my-
self sinking, I started from the sofa whereon I
was lolling—walked up and down the whole
length of the drawing-room with a quick
pace, while, to make my range as free as
possible, I pushed or kicked out of the way
whatever article of furniture was in the line
I chose for my to-and-fro promenade. I now
felt myself contemplating the coming adven-
ture as a something which I must encounter,
though, strange as it may seem, and long as
I baffled the conviction, I felt that I had
almost lost desire. I paced and paced, and
strove to rouse myself into my former self, and
and to re-create the feelings which had led me
thus far—but in vain; desire kept palpably
dying and dying—still dying and dying, till
it vanished into utter non-existence. I felt
like an invalid (or, I should say, malade ima-
ginaire) whose ailment has flown at the
approach of the time destined for the opera-
tion which was to cure it. I became a lump
of clay—of cold clay—I felt and knew that
I had become so—a clot—a stock—a stone,
in all but the morbid sensation which almost
raged within me—the fierce determination
to encounter whatever fate might have pre-
pared for me at one at night. Again I gazed
from the windows—pelt, pelt, splash, splash,
came the pertinacious rain, and I began to
hate myself that I was not what is vulgarly
called “weatherwise.” I remembered that a
sailor of Penzance had told me as an infal-
lible rule to “look into the wind’s eye,” and
now wondered what the devil he meant by
it; he had explained, and I forgotten—and
in vain I racked my brain to remember.
My sole idea on the subject was, that I
hoped the infernal rain would cease ere I
commenced my adventurous pilgrimage. At
last, at last, at last—I repeat the word thus
to convey some notion of the tedious time that
collapsed that period arrived—at last came
dinner hour, and I yet again faced my
parents. Food appeared odious to me—a
something totally unecessary to the enjoy-
ment or sustaining of existence, and the
divers worthy enticements where with my plate
THE LOVER'S TIME-PIECE.

on reaching the first, I, after a long pause without, resolutely pushed open the door. I found it full of odd people, mostly dustmen and women, but I desperately walked up to where the host was standing behind a machine of many handles, and asked for a large glass of brandy. It was instantly given, and instantly drank, and another called for; That disposed of, I paid and left. Now, methought, when I recommended my walk, I shall feel in better tune for my adventure. I had counted too much on the magic powers of the liquid, but with a desperate determination to establish that spirit and energy which I viewed at the present time as *sine quibus non*, I entered another, and yet another, resort of similar description, each a perfect fac-simile of the other, and at each repeated my double dose, feeling after the last even less in love, if possible, with my scheme than when I set out.

But I reached the square at last. The post-chaise was already there; the sight of it gave a slight fillip to my resolution which had threatened to wane, and I quickly gained the street—the house. I looked up, but thought I must be dreaming, or that the brandy had sent me into a wrong street, for Alice was not at her window, the window was not open, nor was there even a light in her room, or if there were the shutters or curtains must be closed, and this struck me as a most extraordinary mode of watching my approach. I was punctual to a minute—there could be no mistake—on my part at least—this was the house I had so often entered—Alice was its inmate—she had answered my last letter assentingly—and yet was perhaps snugly in bed and asleep!

What was to be done? to go home and go myself snugly to bed and to sleep did not even occur to me. To knock at her door did, but that might wake some other than the person I wanted. Her bedroom window was in the second floor; I surely might reach it with some missile, and so arouse her. But where was I to find one? neither road nor pavement offered a single loose stone. I felt my pockets. Ah! here is the very thing! a flat sixpenny pincushion with a brass rim, bought for a sovereign at a fancy bazaar the last time I had this coat on. I will throw it so that it shall just not break the window and yet give Alice to understand I am here. Ye six glasses of brandy, the credit of the invention be yours, and eke the precision of its fulfilment, for when I hurled my missile up, it spun off from its intended direction, and struck the next window, which, horrible to state, contained to the chamber of Alice's parents, and, more horrible still, it flew clearly through a pane with such force that, but for the curtains, it might have saluted the worthy sire or mother on the nose as they lay in bed. I stood open-eyed and open-mouthed waiting to see the window open and a head pop out, nor was I disappointed, save in the position of the window, and the possession of the head, for it was the next window, the window of Alice, that opened, and she herself, alarmed by the noise of the breaking glass, appeared at it. She was cloaked, bonneted, and veiled; this looked well, and the following laconic conversation ensued:

"Who's there!"
"I—I to be sure."
"Frederick! is it you?"
"Yes."
"What have you done?"
"Broken your mother's window."
"Why?"
"To wake you. Come down."
"No."
"Why not?"
"I'm afraid."
"Then I shall knock at the street-door."
"No! no, Frederick!"
"Yes. Look—listen."
"For heaven's sake! I'll come down."

Well and good, thought I, as I waited for the opening of the door—the chain was cautiously removed—the bolts gently withdrawn—the handle quietly turned—the door softly opened, and there again was Alice cloaked, bonneted, and veiled.

"Come," I exclaimed, "where is your box."
"I have not come to go with you."
"What then?"
"To tell you I have abandoned the scheme."

"Good God! Alice, when here's the chaise waiting close by!"
"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't speak so loud!"
"Loud! why this folly is enough to make a stone speak. So loud, indeed! I will be heard. I'll go and ask your mother what she thinks of this treatment."
"O Frederick! what is the matter with you?"
"What is the matter with you? Come instantly or I'll call out louder still."

"Are you mad to-night, Frederick? Come up, then, and I will explain—there—gently—softly!" and closing, not fastening, the door, we softly ascended the stairs together.
till we gained the ante-room of Alice's chamber.

"What am I doing!" she said, as we entered. "We might have gone into the drawing-room, or parlour—but sit down for one minute only while I speak to you."

Nothing, thought I, that you can say, can explain so much as a minute's duration of your nonsensical behaviour, and, at the same time, looking through her veil, I saw, by the light of a small lamp on the table, that she had thrust all her hair out of sight under her bonnet, and so looked anything but the fascinating object which had led me, will-o'-the-wisp like, into the mud, in which I felt I was about to stick.

"Never mind the chair," said I, "quick with what you have to say, as no excuse for more than a minute's delay can possibly satisfy me."

"I see," she answered, "by your tone and manner to-night, that I am not so dear to you as I had imagined, and therefore it is with the least hesitation I inform you of my resolution not to adopt the proposed measure. I made sure when you found me not at the window, waiting as I had promised, that the truth would strike you, and I should have been spared this interview. I see in your face that you would meet this resolve with the contrary one expressed in my last letter. Call me fickle, weak, irresolute, false or foolish, I care not what you call me, but I stir not from my home. Till I had retired to my room I still trusted that my waning energy might rekindle sufficiently to bear me through, but as the time has approached, my heart has utterly died within me. This may account for my not having sent you to tell you not to come. Till my maid was in bed I held it possible I might go, but go I must not. I have even written my farewell letter, but go I cannot. I have packed up all I should have wanted, but go I will not."

"Go, I must not—go, I cannot—go, I will not! But I say you must, can, and shall. I, at any rate, have gone too far to retract. You give me no reason whatever. Come, where's the letter? Is that the box? The chaise has been waiting three quarters of an hour."

"You must dismiss it. Go, leave me."

"I will neither dismiss it nor leave you. By Heaven! you shall not make such a confounded fool of me. Come, come, my own pretty Alice! Consider what hangs on this moment. Shall we lose each other for ever, after all, as you know we must if you do not reassure yourself? Come, come; what is to prevent us? You are dressed; come," and in the hope a tender embrace might strengthen this appeal, I advanced towards her with extended arms, but she uttered a funny little shriek, and got out of the way, exclaiming, "Oh! not for the world!"

"What not for the world?"

"Don't touch me."

"Why?"

"I,—I,—it is impossible I should tell you."

"Then I must find it out myself," I again endeavoured to clasp her. Finding her sole alternative was explanation, she whispered out in broken words, "I,—I told you I had not anticipated this interview when—when you flung that stone at mamma's window, I,—I,—I,—" she hesitated and I all but clasped her—"I was in bed. This cloak and bonnet are all I have on, except—now go, go, Frederick, I am certain you will now."

But my temper was now wrought beyond the pitch of shilly-shallying; my determination not to leave the house without the prize I came for, amounted to a species of fury. Since my arrival at the house all things, thanks to the brandy, had passed as in a dream, and now excited to the pitch of what I thought the true romantic and manly enthusiasm of the veritable lover; heated by opposition, and reckless of consequences, I rushed towards her, and seized her in my arms. She struggled desperately but silently. Her cloak falling off in the scuffle, verified the account she had given me, and her bonnet tumbling on the floor, presented to my eyes the love-killing spectacle of Alice's head surrounded with white and blue curl-papers, instead of the golden frizzy array which had enchanted me! To be sure there was no love left to kill, and therefore it was but the resolve not to be fooled; not to be turned out of the house empty-handed; not to pay the chaise and postillion for nothing; not to have filled my portmanteau with essentials, and my pocket with money vainly; not to forego the delight of disobeying my own parents or cheating hers; not to give up the anticipated pleasure of my exciting journey, or to have written my letter and annoyed myself all day to no purpose; not to throw away the whole labours of my wooing;—these were the motives that urged me to continue the struggle. By the time we had upset three chairs and a wash-hand stand, and knocked the lamp out, I had contrived, the noise adding to my desperation, to lock her tightly in my arms, and lift her from the floor. I held her aloft like a man in a melodrame, and hurried
THE LOVER'S TIME-PIECE.

The shivering from her room to the stairs,
"Mamm—oh! Pap—oh!" shrieked she,
"A—h! O—h! murd—er!" I heard
the creaking of a bed in the next room, a
fumbling towards the door, and a stamping
of splay-feet overhead, and seized with sud-
den terror at I knew not what, I instantly set
Alice down on the top stair, and, ere I knew
what I had done, or how I had done it, had
rushed into a large old fashioned clock-case
that stood outside the rooms. I had just time
to drag the lockless door to, when forth came
the parents, and down came the maid ser-
vant. Compressed into the most extraordi-
nary attitude, with bent knees, twisted hips,
and head stuck between my shoulders, I lis-
tened, but could not see. Alice was found
trembling and half-naked on the stairs. Amid
sundry exclamations and interrogations, how
did I bless her for her presence of mind; how
feel almost inclined to forgive her for all,
when I heard her distinctly assure the inter-
esting and credible trio, that she had had a
horrid dream, and had jumped out of bed,
upsetting the furniture and screaming for
help. She even mustered a little deadly
lively laugh, requested the party to retire
to their rooms again, and was certain there
would be no further cause of alarm. Here
I wondered what the devil she would have
thought had become of me.

"Poor dear," said mamma, "go to bed
again, and you, my love, (to her husband),
go you into your room. It's very wrong
o' you with that cold o' yourn to be exposing
yourself in this manner, with scarce a stitch
o' clothes on you. There, go back, I and
Sarah will remain in Alice's room. Go in
dear. All's right and quiet again."

I heard the good easy man do as he was
bid to my great gratification, not unmixed
with chagrin, that I had caught no sight of
his long spindles out of his cotton hose, nor
of his odd face surmounted by a white night-
cap. Alice, evidently in the greatest trepi-
dation, and with many remonstrances against
the arrangement, entered her room, in which
she must have thought it the reverse of im-
possible that I was concealed. The other twain
were following her, and I was beginning to
feel considerably happy at the idea that I
should now only have to descend the stairs
quietly, and forget the absurd little Alice for
ever, when I suddenly heard the maid exclaim
"Oh! mum! hush! hish! don't speak, mum!
don't stir! Oh mum! we shall all be mur-
dered yet! Oh mum! only look here at the
clock! there's a large piece of a man's black
cloak, lined with velvet, and a large black
cord and tassel sticking out at the side of the
door! don't speak, mum! don't move! let's
—(whis, whis, whispering).

Here was a situation! All was now up
with me. I remember once when I was
a little boy, in trying to land very cleverly from
a boat, by snatching at the branch of a tree,
the said branch broke, and I fell souse into
the water up to my chin. As then I felt, so
told I now at the mention of the cloak, and the
whispered project, nay worse, for to the very
ends of my hair I felt a frightful damp and
chill. What was Sarah's project? to make
me a prisoner in the clock by straps or cords
till a watchman could be brought to drag me
to the watch house? or to heat the kitchen
poker red hot, and stab me with it through
the door? I desperately ventured a peep, in
the hope that my eyes might better inform
me than my ears what was intended. I
opened the door about the twelfth part of an
inch, and putting my eyes to the crevice,
beheld, without exception, the funniest sight
I had ever seen. Mrs. was even more glo-

bular in her nightly wearing than by day. She
was a shapeless mass of white, with a short
garment over her night-gown that reached
about to her knees; it was open in front,
and decorated round the bottom and twice
up the middle with a brobdingnagian frill;
a similar border surrounded her hemisph
er of a face, and the whole white frilly mass
was pervaded by the tremulous motions of its
terror. Sarah was yet a richer spectacle. She
reached half as high again as misus, and
her snowy raiment left her lanky and caden-
terous form exposed from the knees down-
wards. Her face, which was exactly like a
mango seared into a physiognomy, was bound
round with a blue and white chequered ker-
chief, and she, like the roundabout at her
side, was from top to toe in a pitiable state of
oscillation. It appeared to me that they could
not decide upon what plan to adopt, but anon
by a mutual nodding of the head, and a simul-
taneous parting, I felt but too sure that some
very prompt and horrid scheme against my
well-being was finally concerted. What was
to be done! One plan alone was left, and
its instantaneous adoption was the only hope
left me. I pulled my fur cap over my face,
kicked open the clock door, jumped out with
a loud "Boo—oo—oo!" and spreading wide
my voluminous cloak, after the manner of
Zamiel, I overshadowed them. They shrieked
and fell on their knees; I overshadowed
them with my vasty wings, and sided their
cries, fairly enclosed the whole three of us un-
der the same capacious pall, and whisking them.
up, held them both close to my sides; then forcing them both twice to perform a circle, of which myself was the centre, again expanded wide my wings, and liberated my half-dead victims; then, pursued by their cries, rushed down stairs, dragged open the street door, slammed it after me, and scampered unrestingly till I reached my own regions; I let myself in by my private key, reached my room, there lay my letter on the table as I had left it, I laughed, sprang on the bed, cloak and all, and was sound asleep in a minute and a half.

All thought of the chaise and my portman-
teau completely slipped my memory, till the next morning, when the man called to abuse me about the former. Light-heartedly did I meet my parents next day at breakfast, for I felt released from an incubus. I wondered very much whether Alice was appealed to for an explanation of the devil in the clock, and whether his presence there, taken in connection with her dream, gave rise to any mysterious surmises. On these points I wonder still, for I have very seldom met Alice since, and whenever we have met, there has been the completest cut between us possible.

THE UNHAPPY COUNTESS.

"L'ennui se mêle à toutes les peines."

A FEW YEARS AGO there came to the metropolis of London, from a very distant country, an aged man of great science and learning. It was rumoured that his attainments far exceeded any thing that had been heard of before in Europe, and might, in a less enlightened age, have been supposed to be derived from some agency, more mysterious than the labours of the human brain.—Amongst other most extraordinary gifts, he was said to be endowed with a knowledge of the heart of man, so complete and intimate, that with the same acuteness and precision, with which an eminent physician would detect the symptoms of particular diseases, by the effect produced upon the frame, he could, by a slight attention to individual cases, make the like discoveries on the mind; and as the knowledge of the physician is not limited to prove that pain exists, and is produced by such a malady, to which such a circumstance may have given rise, but also enables him to understand what will remove the disease and revive the health of the sufferer, so the great art of Aben Hassan consisted in restoring the agitated and harassed mind to peace and cheerfulness, by delivering it from all depression, anxiety, irritability, ennui, and despondency. In fact, by some secret spell, he had the power of bestowing happiness upon the miserable. It was said that many unfortunate beings had consulted him; worn, wan, and wrinkled by their cares, devoured by sadness and ennui, who had returned, within a short time, in a state of mind so revived and contented as to be hardly recognisable. Many reported instances

of this kind to have happened to the acquaintance or even relations of particular friends, from whom it had been repeated to them; but for a long time nobody was ever seen who had made the experiment in person, though each was persevering in recommending it to the other, and every one declared themselves in a state that would fully justify the trial, and even called upon as a personal duty to make it. None might even have been heard of now, who had done so, but for the countess Rosalie, who determined, at length, to wait for no example and no instigation, beyond the restless demon in her own mind. Of all others she might have appeared to have the least excuse for yielding to such a fancy: of all others the least fitted to give example to the herd of unfortunates! She was young, rich, beautiful, amiable, loved, esteemed—every thing but happy! and to be unhappy was reason enough to consult Aben Hassan, for the other gifts he promised not. Why she was unhappy, the world could not say. Truly, there were some few annoyances in her path, that she could not cover with all her advantages. Her husband was a fool—but a good-natured one. Her nerves were weak—they met with nothing to try them. Her acquaintances were bores—she might do without them. Her intimates were heartless. Why had she chosen them! All these distresses came with peculiar force across the mind of the countess, one solitary afternoon, when she had said, not at home, to the demands of her visitors, but could find no reply to the question she proposed to herself. There was no still small voice in her own heart that answered;
THE UNHAPPY COUNTESS.

you lead a worldly and an unsatisfactory life. You forget whether you have duties at home, or how you may fulfill them. Your mind is given up to dissipation and pleasure, which bring with them no reward; and while you live for yourself, and yourself only, you never can, and never will, be happy. It was odd that this should not occur to her, but certainly it did not: she only felt the reality of the case, without its reasons, and as the slow tears chased each other down her cheek, she threw herself back upon the soft couch and repeated again and again—"I am, in fact, very unhappy." Why should she not go to Aben Hassan now: there were many horses, many carriages, many servants, at her orders, all as idle as herself; and she wanted spirits for the ball that evening: but upon recollection it was daylight, and the consultations with the man of art were only held by night; so the young countess breathed a sigh of resignation, dried her tears, and dropped her head again upon the cushions, pondering on the means of making her nocturnal visit, until her ideas lost themselves in sleep.

The hour of the ball at length arrived, but society brought not its accustomed excitement. There was a chill still gathering at the heart of Rosalie, while she mixed amongst the crowd, which threw its own shade over the assembly. It seemed to her, at that instant, a vain, false, and hollow show, in which she had no part. She looked with feverish irritability for the hour that she might escape to Aben Hassan: but the time wore on with unnatural slowness; the conversation was trivial and unconnected to an unusual degree: and she wandered from one room to another, pursued by the same faces, and tortured by the same meaningless mirth. In time the crowd began to decrease; a gay group of dancers had collected for the mazourka, and the countess was entreated to join them; it was the dance in which she excelled; no refusal would be taken, and in despair Rosalie stood up. They are all happy but me, she thought within herself: how different are these smiling faces from that I shall meet bent on the same errand with myself. But we too shall return, glad and gay as these; at the next ball we may meet on equal terms. Oh, endless seemed the dance that night! figure after figure was led off. Concluding with the same eternal balancé and round, each bar of the oft-repeated cadence fell in unvaried monotony on the ear of Rosalie, with emphatic irony; and every foot seemed to beat the time in mockery of her impatience. But it did end, at length; the music struck its last note, the steps ceased, the dancers dispersed. The countess flew to her carriage, and directed it to that part of the town inhabited by the aged and mysterious sage. The crash was soon passed, and she was driven rapidly along the desolate and noiseless streets for a considerable time, which gave her the opportunity of concealing her dress in a great measure under a huge cloak, with which she had provided herself. Two bank notes of 50£ each were in her hand; a very reasonable price, as she observed, for the attainment of real happiness, and as the remark was inwardly made the coachman stopped.

The Countess alighted; and, bidding the servant wait, turned down a dark by-street alone, and on foot. She was somewhat surprised on approaching the house she had understood to be occupied by the sage, to perceive a number of carriages collected there, without any appearance of disguise or mystery. A small door, above which was suspended a green lamp, was held open by a negro servant; who bowed and grinned as the successive visitors descended from their carriages, and ushered them through a long narrow passage which appeared to terminate in a small ante-room, forming the point of admission to a more private apartment. Rosalie drew her mantle quite round her head and face, while she stepped a few instants at the entrance in order to reconnoitre unobserved. She was astonished at the many well-known faces that passed into the house, several that she had met before that night, and especially the dancers of the mazourka met her view; all (like herself, in their gay ball dresses, only half concealed in shawls and douillettes) were anxiously hurrying and jostling each other— as, without ceremony or salutation, they appeared only eager to obtain the first audience of Aben Hassan. The poor young lady, who did not like the idea of presenting herself amongst her acquaintance, began to fear she should obtain no interview that night; but seizing the first calm in the bustle of arrivals, she addressed the little black man, in a low voice, as a candidate for admission to Aben Hassan. It was evident that her gentle tone and high-bred manner gave no intimation of her rank to the uncouth negro: for, on seeing an unattended individual present herself, he told her somewhat gruffly, she must be content to wait till her turn came; and showing her into a side room, where she might sit down, returned to his post, shutting the door after him. Unused to meet with any thing but respect and atten-
tion, the first feeling of the Countess was indignant surprise, and this was soon succeeded by alarm, when she considered her situation, the unknown character of the place, the uncertain time she might be kept, and the improbability of her servants being able to find her. The room was only lighted by the reflection of the lamp in the street, which did not enable her to discover more than that it was large and miserably furnished. Fully occupied with the doubts and conjectures that rose to her mind, she only suddenly became aware that the din of voices, the noise of footsteps in the passage—all had given place to silence. She put her hand to the door—and it was locked.

With an unspeakable terror at her heart, but a strong feeling of the necessity of maintaining her presence of mind, the Countess knocked boldly with her hand, and desired to be released. No answer was returned; she went to the window, but no effort could open it; she looked into the street, and saw that all was still and quiet as the grave. None of the numerous carriages remained, nor one lingering footman, to hear her summons, or obtain her release. What would be her husband's alarm, what would her servants imagine had become of her, what would be her own fate—that she could only commended into the hands of Providence. She endeavoured to persuade herself that her position in the world when known would ensure her life—that the utmost to be apprehended was the loss of a useless sum of money, and that, at all events, a quarter of an hour must bring the watchman through the deserted street, to whom, if left un molested for that time, she could apply for succour. On turning her eyes now from the window, she found she was not the only living object in the room; there was evidently (though till now unperceived) the figure of a woman sitting in the corner, from whom the Countess heard sobs, as of a person in great affliction. She advanced towards her, and inquired the cause of her distress, with a sympathy and feeling heightened by the alarming circumstances under which she found herself. The tears of the stranger, however, continued rapidly to flow, and for many instants she heeded neither the questions nor the encouragement of Rosalie; at last she suffered the Countess to draw her hands from her face, and wipe with her own handkerchief her swollen and streaming eyes, and to the often-repeated questions as to the occasion of her grief, and the reason of her being there, she answered, she had been brought thither by the fame of Aben Hassan, and the hope of profiting by his knowledge. For the first time, her young companion now remembered why she was there herself, which the adventure she had been betrayed into had lately banished from her mind. "Well! and you are waiting for him now?" burst from the lips of the Countess with increasing interest in her fate.

"Alas! alas! lady," replied the unhappy woman, relapsing into tears, "I have seen him."

"Well," again demanded the other, with frightened earnestness, "and it is all a cheat?"

"Aye, if you are poor," answered the stranger, "it is indeed a cheat; if your heart is broken, and your wants are urgent, and your means are none, you will find it a base, hollow cheat; he told me that I could not pay him; he said I was too wretched if I could."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Rosalie, "can he trite so inhumanly as this. Let me hear what has brought you to this step, and believe that, if money only should be wanting to give you peace, I will pay any demand that can be made."

The afflicted petitioner shook her head in despair; but again urged by the generous sympathy of her auditor, she related the following circumstances of her history.

"I am the daughter of a soldier; my father and mother were rich enough to provide well for myself and sister, their only children. We were brought up in the enjoyment of every comfort, and indeed most of the refinements of life; and my mother devoted the greatest care to our education, which she was well fitted to superintend. My sister had the misfortune to be born blind, and her health being in other respects very uncertain, she depended entirely on her family for all her enjoyments. We were deeply attached to each other, and when our father and mother died, which happened one within a year of the other, her dependence on me endeared her if possible more completely. We had no near relations, but our little fortunes were ample for our wants, and would have been so till now, had not mine attracted the addresses of a man whom I then fondly believed to be actuated by more honourable motives. I loved and accepted the hand of him who has reduced me to the state in which I am. Soon convinced that my partiality had led me into a cruel deception regarding his character, my succeeding misery has been the atonement, or, at least,
The tale of the poor supplicant was told; she bowed her head upon her breast, and remained absorbed in her own sorrow. The Countess Rosalie offered no interruption to the silence that ensued, not that she was insensible to the grief of her companion; but that every impulse of her mind was to endeavour to assist and console her; but during the recital of a life of real trouble, a terrible conviction had been making its way into her heart, and now she stood oppressed by a sense of shame, too painful and too humiliating to admit the expression of her compassion. Had she likewise been brought to the house of Aben Hassan, "consumed by sorrow," had she been "holden in the cords of affliction," and "drunk up scorning like water"—had she "looked for good, and found evil—waited for light and there came darkness." No. She had been lulled by the pride and insolence of prosperity into the creation of imaginary evils. The blessings and enjoyments of life had been heaped upon her as a snare, to the hardening of her soul: selfishness and discontent had been nourished with luxury, and the responsibility of wealth and happiness had exposed her to the tenfold condemnation that lay before her. The childless and deserted wife had been refused the meed of peace, that the favoured Countess came to buy! Very bitter but very just were the suggestions of conscience at that moment in the heart of Rosalie, though she had then little time to yield to them. A loud and vehement knocking at the door made the ground shake beneath their feet; rushed to a remembrance of their imprisoned state, the Countess uttered a scream of joy, on hearing signs of deliverance at hand; and as the door burst open, she found herself, to her utter surprise, stretched upon her own couch, in the drawing-room in Park-lane; so bewildered with her dream that she could scarcely collect herself enough to answer the inquiry, if she would be at home to Lady Fanny Egerton.

ORIGINAL VERSES BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS,
ON THE FAILURE OF H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S EFFORTS TO RECLAIM A WORTHLESS OBJECT OF HER CHARITY.

The wretch to guilt and misery flies, And royal Frederica sighs O'er gracious plans defeated; Yet think not, Princess, for yourself, (Tho' lost be that unworthy elf), Your object not completed.

For long ere this, to heavenly climes, Your wish to turn his soul from crimes, Has made its blest ascension; And in that book which angels read, The page which should have held your deed, Is filled with your intention.
THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

"Has anybody called upon me, this morning, Mrs. Brown?" enquired Mr. Launcelot Transit, a young gentleman of fashionable exterior, as he entered the breakfast parlour of his landlady, a middle-aged person of a purdy presence and an agreeable demeanour.

"Lord! no, sir!" replied Mrs. Brown, as she pounced upon the spout of the tea-urn, and gave her accustomed dip to the tea-cups—"who would think of calling upon you at this early hour, Mr. Transit?—no clandestine marriage on foot, eh, sir?—he, he, he," and the landlady indulged in a lodging-house giggle.

"Ha! ha!—oh! no, Mrs. Brown," and a sickly smile on the lodger's face died of a rapid decline. "I was thinking some one might have called—that's all."

There was a deep and unaccountable melancholy spread over Transit's commonly vivacious visage—his usually buoyant spirits had deserted him, and, as he hummed a dolorous cavatina, he might have been compared to a grig in grief, or a cricket chirping the dead march in Saul.

"And you have seen no one in the street since you rose, Mrs. Brown?" he resumed, after a pause.

"That's more than I can say," answered the landlady, with a becoming reverence for truth. "I have seen three chimney-sweeps, five milkmen, several old clothesmen, an old woman with water-cresses, and I don't know how many servant girls opposite banging their mats against the street door steps—and a filthy dust they make: we shall presently have the pot-boy, I dare-say; but you look peaking this morning, my dear sir, what's the matter?"

"I had a dream last night," muttered Transit, with an odious grimace. "I dreamt I was pursued by an alligator."

"An alligator, Mr. Transit; well, that was shocking—what sort of an animal was that?"

"It was dressed in top-boots, and had a Belcher handkerchief round its neck," said the dreamer.

"Only think of that, now," cried Mrs. Brown, as she leaned her hand upon her knee, and spattered into a laugh like a damp skyrocket. "Really, Mr. Transit, you are the funniest man—"

"Was not that somebody at the door," faltered Transit, starting like a guilty creature—but not "sitting at a play."

"I didn't hear a knock," said Mrs. Brown, "but what if there is—you are quite nonsical this morning, I declare,—but there certainly is," added the landlady, looking out of the window, "a man leaning against the lamp-post, waiting for somebody, I suppose."

Down went the Bohea with a splash into the lodger's saucer, while the tea-cup hung suspended from the tip of his forefinger, and a piece of dry toast stuck in his jaws like a pound of bran in the throat of UgoJino.

It was to be so—Transit knew it must be so. It was the first day of term. Messrs. Stitch and Stretch had advised him that, unless certain articles manufactured of sheep's wool were paid for before that day, a certain piece of sheep's skin should be issued forth to compel such payment. It was a bailiff.

"What kind of thing is it, Madam?" croaked the sufferer, at length.

"It's a man, sir," cried Mrs. Brown, calmly.

"What height?"

"A short thick-set man."

"What face?"

"A red face, sir."

"What kind of eyes?"

"He squints, Mr. Transit; eyes like those of a pictur—that always seem to be looking at you, and never are."

"Oh, yes—they are," groaned the lodger.

"What has it on its head, Madam?"

"A broad-brimmed hat."

"Round its neck?"

"A coloured handkerchief."

"On its legs?"

"Top boots."

"In its hand?"

"A twisted crab-stick, with knots, like, in it."

With Tarquin strides, and bent nearly double, like a master of the ceremonies with a cramp in the stomach, and with a face that rendered the similitude still stronger, did Mr. Launcelot Transit evacuate the apartment, and crawling up stairs to his bed-room, locked himself in to enjoy the pleasure of his own society.

It was necessary to reconnoitre this pest of human kind; and gingerly as an ostrich from its covert, did he protrude his head from the
THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

window to watch the proceedings of the being below. The wretch was whistling a vulgar tune, and leaning on his stick with the commendable patience of an experienced adept. Never did that tune strike on the tympanum of the lodger's ear with so grating a harshness—never, surely, was human creature so positively ugly and barbarously hideous as the person at the lamp-post. Yes; it was Fang, for his face was for a moment elevated, and his ill-assorted eyes were projected on a voyage of discovery, in different directions over the exterior of the house. “Son of bailiff, I know thee now.” Transit knew him of old. It was Fang; the most active of sheriff’s officers. Once before had his shoulder blade been paralysed by the torpedo touch of the reptile’s antennae—once before had he been liberated from his grasp by paternal affection—once—but no more was such protection to be extended to him. Down upon the bed he sunk in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear.

But something must be done—a thought struck him, and he started from the bed. “Yes, I will call on little Dicky Spragg’s, and borrow the money of him—he'll lend it to me in a moment. I’m sure of it—a good little fellow that—I don’t know a better fellow breathing than Dicky Spragg—he certainly is a kind creature.” But how to get out—the case was desperate, and the idea of the practicability of escape darted through his brain. Dressing himself hastily, he descended to the kitchen, and from thence deviated into the area, and crawling up the steps, after the manner of quadrupeds, brought his eye to a level with the railings. Fang seemed fastened to the lamp-post, and was at this moment whistling the before-mentioned tune for the seventy-third time. But he was looking in another direction.

“Soft Pity enters through an iron gate,” says Shakspeare; but Fang was not soft pity, but hard cruelty; and softly, very softly, did Launcelot Transit open the iron gate, and squeezing himself through, swiftly, very swiftly, with three unnatural bounds did he clear the street, and glancing round the corner with a whisk to which lightning is mere lassitude, was out of sight in a moment.

“Dicky, my boy,” said he, with a miserable effort at gaiety, as he entered the parlour where good little Dicky Spragg’s was enthroned in all the luxury of silk dressing-gown and velvet slippers; “I am come to borrow thirty pounds of you—an awkward trifle—and it must be had.”

“Then you have just come to the wrong shop, my Launcelot,” cried the eccentric Dicky, with his accustomed irresistible humour, “for the devil a mark have I left,” and he emptied the drawer of his writing desk upon the table, displaying an infinite number of broken wafers, rusty keys, and Havanah cigars—“you see how it is,” and he gave a wink, and burst into what Launcelot could not but think a particularly ill-timed laugh.

“Well—but Spragg’s,” expostulated Transit, “Dicky, my friend, you have surely other funds that you could lay your finger upon to oblige me.”

“No a dot,” answered Spragg’s, whose principal employment of money at all times was to spend—and not to lend; and who had settled long ago, in his own mind, that Launcelot was never to touch a farthing of his—“I live at too great an expense to save money—now, these lodgings cost me three guineas a week.”

“Indeed!” said the other, not heeding him. “Yes, and not much neither,” resumed Spragg’s, “considering what a respectable look-out in front we enjoy here.”

“A good look-out, certainly,” sighed Launcelot, walking to the window. Had the woe-begone Transit been shot through the brain with a ball of quicksilver, he could not have sprung with a more frantic leap from the window than he did at this instant.

“What's the matter,” cried Spragg’s, “are you ill, my dear fellow?”

“Nothing, nothing,” gasped the victim; “it will soon go off—a sudden giddiness—St. Vitus’s dance—I shall be better presently.”

Yes, it was Fang—the indefatigable Fang, coiling round another lamp-post, and whistling another tune; and Transit’s disturbed fancy depicted him in the act of climbing up the lamp-post, and stepping from its apex with outstretched hand into the parlour.

“Is the look-out equally agreeable from the back of these premises?” mumbled the invalid, when he had in some small measure recovered.

“Equally so,” cried Spragg’s, with an air of consequence. “We can see the Park—fine view of the gay folks on a Sunday—charming spot.”

“Well, if that’s the case, I’ll bid you good morning, Dicky,” said his friend, a sudden bridge having been thrown over the chaos of his thoughts; “you are sure you can’t lend me the money?” looking over his shoulder as he departed.
THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

"No—pon honour—no," but the door was shut with a crash, and Spraggs spared any further apology.

"You can't get out that way, sir,—the street door is in front," said a servant maid, as a figure was seen scrambling over the back wall.

"O yes, I can," bellowed Transit (for it was he), struggling and panting; "it's the nearest way into the park," and in a moment after, the soles of his feet were upturned to the sun with strange rapidity, as he held his way over the green sward.

"What's to be done now," said the distracted debtor, as he sat himself down on the grass, and drew a long breath, while the deer came up and gazed with seeming astonishment at his forlorn appearance. "Hang me if I don't do an impudent thing for once, and borrow the money of Miss Lavinia Lamprey—if I can. She loves me—that's certain, and must pay for the privilege. Ay, you may look, you locomotive venison," he added, with a satirical sneer, making a wry face at the deer as they bounded away from him, and starting to his feet—"but I'll get through this affair with triumph yet;" and he bent his hurried steps to Pimlico.

Miss Lavinia Lamprey was fortunately at home, but unhappily, with a caprice that characterises ladies of a certain age, was just now disposed to look with aspect malign upon her lover.

"My dearest Lavinia, can't stop a moment—must be off—the strangest thing—I came out for the purpose of paying some money, and left it behind me—a paltry sum of thirty pounds—could you—"

"Sir!" interrupted Miss Lavinia, opening her mouth like an absorbing fish, and her eyes elongating till they looked like notes of admiration. "Sir! what do you mean? thirty pounds—"

"My Lavinia!" cried the chap-fallen applicant, "am I then deceived in you? can mercenary motives like these interfere with your love—but no matter," and he tossed himself about the sofa in a fantastic manner.

Miss Lavinia smiled like an animal of the polar regions—so frozen was that smile—and then pursed up her lips (the only pursè Launcelot was doomed to behold)—but she was spared recrimination by the entrance of the servant.

"Captain Trigger, Madam, is waiting below."

"Captain Trigger!" fluttered Miss Lavinia Lamprey, with a blush of pleasure. "I'll wait upon him instantly; for you, sir," turning to the disconsolate Transit, "let me never see your face again; I have discovered your designs, sir—the girl will show you the door," and as she stalked from the room, a groan rent the earthly tabernacle of the debtor.

The heat of the room was oppressive and intolerable—all nature seemed shrunk of its beauty—Lavinia, false, cruel—a flirt—a coquette—a female curmudgeon—monstrous! The parrot swinging in its ring of wire, and prating its eternal well-learned lesson, was impertinent—it was a cruel mockery. He attempted to thrust a paper of needles down its throat, but the bird, in its wisdom, seized his little finger with its beak, and bit him till he yelled with torture. The whining and snarling of the spaniel was offensive and insulating. He was overtaken by a sudden frenzy.

"Carlo, Carlo—come—come, pretty Carlo!"

The cur advanced with a snappish eagerness. A kick from the distracted insolvent sent it spinning into the variegated curled paper of the fire grate, and four strides down the staircase, and a leap into the street, and Transit left his Lavinia for ever!

As he turned out of Buckingham Gate, who is it that confronts, and, with extended hand, would fain lay hold upon him? It is Fang, the ubiquitous, the ever-present Fang. It was instinct in convulsions, not premeditation, that prompted him to direct a blow at the stomach of the Bailiff; it was the same impulse that urged him to ply his legs towards Spring Gardens, and to leave the discomfited Fang rolling over and over in the stones intended for the new palace.

"And now I feel it's all up with me," said Transit mournfully, as he gazed down the long vista of the Strand, "I cannot struggle against my fate. I have no other resource,—yes—one; I'll go down to my uncle, and get the money out of him in anticipation of my next remittance from my father; he's a very respectable good sort of man, that uncle of mine; he certainly has been a good friend to me:" and uttering these fond sayings, where-with sanguine but despairing men are prone to propitiate fortune and their friends beforehand, he found himself at his uncle's door.

"My dear uncle," said Transit, as he was ushered into the room where

"An elderly gentleman sat
On the top of whose head was a wig—"

"I am come upon one of the most important affairs in life. I want money—thirty pounds—to be paid out of my half yearly remittance payable next month."
Then thus outspake the elderly gentleman, his mouth being raised like a portcullis, and descending upon the neck of every sentence, like a guillotine.

"Important affairs are of two qualities or descriptions, real or imaginary. Now, if your business be of the latter, that is to say, of an imaginary description of importance, I can have no hesitation in declining to do what you request; if, on the other hand, it be of a real weight, consequence, or necessity; then,—may I hope it is no imprudence of youth; no getting into debt; no arrest, or other inconvenient let, hindrance, or molestation." "Lord bless my soul! no, sir," cried Transit overjoyed, for he saw his deliverance at hand, "how could you suspect such a thing? The fact is,—but I don't like to mention these matters—a friend—a poor curate—eight children—starvation—meek-eyed charity—pleasures of benevolence—virtue its own reward—divide last farthing;" and as the speaker dropped these fragmentary sentences, two tears of genuine emotion rolled half way down his cheeks, which the joy of obtaining the money instantly drew up again into his eyes.

"Well, boy, well," whimpered the uncle, quelling a rebellious rising of sympathy in his throat, "these sentiments do you much honour; but beware, impostors are by far too common. Well, we must let you have the money;" and he began to write out a cheque for the amount.

Transit fixed a gaze upon each successive word that was written, as though he would draw the very ink out of the paper, but at that moment, a servant entered the room.

"A gentleman in the back parlour wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Let him wait," cried Transit, in an agony of impatience.

"This is indecent haste," said the uncle in a tone of rebuke, "and I could fain chide you, and read to you a lesson of good breeding, or manners. What kind of gentleman, girl?"

"A person in top boots, sir."

Transit started; "but no, it could not be. Strange coincidence!" and he smiled faintly.

"What is the gentleman's name, child?" added the uncle.

"Mr. Fan—"

"Mr. Fang!" shrieked the nephew, as, seized with panic, he darted from the premises.

"Mr. Fancourt, sir, come about the assessed taxes, he says." But Transit was gone. Ensnared in the Bedford coffee house, he was brooding over his perplexities.

"Let me see, this is what I'll do," said he, at length, drinking off the last glass of Madeira, "I've fairly escaped the rascal for to-day; I'll go to my lodgings, pack up a few things, start out of town till term ends, and—"

"Come with me, if you please," said a short man in top boots, belcher handkerchief, and with a knotted stick in his hand. It was Fang, the inevitable Fang!

"I am yours!" groaned the debtor, as they entered a hackney coach and drove off over one of the bridges!

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THE PARTING.

With a tear on his cheek he came down to the dell,
At the toll of the curfew, to bid me farewell:
As he paced the dark heath, his low, measureless tread
Seemed a sound from the voiceless abodes of the dead.
He came with a smile on his colourless lip,
But his eye like the greyhound's just loosed from the slip;
As he press'd my warm hand, his was trembling and chill,
When grief fell on my heart, like a mist on the hill.

He went to the battle, but came not again;
I look'd for and sigh'd for his presence in vain:
With his front to the foe, to his death-bed he past,
Like a flower in the sunshine cut down by the blast.
He fell in his prime—as his blood stained the sod,
His spirit flew up to the throne of its God;
While I in this valley of tears must remain,
With "a fire in my heart, and a fire in my brain."
ARUNDEL CASTLE.

The etymology of the name of Arundel is involved in obscurity, and has, consequently, given rise to much conjecture. In default of any probable or satisfactory explanation, fable has been resorted to, and romance conveniently steps in just when philology had begun to despair.

The giant Ascupart, it seems, the hero of many ancient romances, is supposed to have been the keeper of a castle at this place, and was slain by the celebrated Bevis of Hampton, who, having a favourite horse, remarkable for its swiftness, called it "Ilironelle," an swallow, since corrupted into Arundel, and bestowed the same name upon the demesne. The arms of the town are, to this day, a swallow, although the origin of the bearing is not known.

The first time the name is met with, is in king Alfred's will, in which he bestows it upon Athelin, his brother's son.

Arundel Castle has been famed for its strength from the earliest periods. Under the Saxon government, it belonged to the crown, and was at that time an important fortress. Shortly after the Norman conquest it was repaired by Roger de Montgomery, upon whom it had been bestowed by the conqueror, who created him at the same time, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. From the former, however, he took his title, though his real title was that of Earl of Sussex and Chichester.

The manor is inseparably annexed to the castle, as also is the honour of earl, so that whoever possesses the castle thereby becomes an earl without any other creation.

The third and last Earl of Arundel of the Montgomery family having been outlawed by Henry I., the castle was besieged and captured by the king in person, who transferred it to Adelyn, daughter of Godfrey, surnamed Longbeard, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant, his second wife, for a dower.

Queen Adelyn married, after the king's death, William Dalbini, who had taken part with Maud, the Empress Lady of the English, against Stephen, and was by her created Earl of Arundel. The Empress Maud landed at Arundel with a retinue of 140 persons, and was received at the castle by Queen Adelyn with great hospitality; but being menaced by the approach of a formidable army, was compelled to make terms with Stephen.

In 1307, Arundel Castle was the place of rendezvous of the Earls of Arundel, Derby, Marshall, and Warwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Abbot of St. Alban's, and the Prior of Westminster, who, with the Duke of Gloucester, met, to conspire against Richard III., whom, with the Dukes of Lancaster and York, they purposed to seize and commit to prison. The Earl Marshal, Depute of Calais, however, son-in-law to the Earl of Arundel, discovered the plot to the king.

This castle was twice besieged during the civil wars in the time of Charles I. The Lord Hopton having seized it with the king's forces, it was speedily re-taken by Sir William Waller, a general of the parliamentary army.

At this siege, the learned Chillingworth was taken prisoner, who, by his skill as an engineer, had rendered himself of much service during the period of the investment.

Since that epoch, the Castle of Arundel has not been looked upon as a fortress. During the civil wars, it was committed to all the barbarities of military execution—its furniture ransacked—its walls demolished, and its south-frout, comprehending the magnificent state-room of the Fitzalans, entirely destroyed. From that period, till the repairs by the late Duke of Norfolk, nothing remained of this noble structure, but a few lofty apartments, a gallery, and a spacious kitchen.

Arundel Castle is delightfully situated amongst a variety of woods and charming hills, and commands a prospect of the sea, and of fertile meadows, pleasantly watered and divided by the windings of a navigable river—the Avon, which, in addition to the other recommendations, is supplied with excellent mullet.

This castle has been in the successive possessions of four families, the Montgomerics, Earls of Arundel, the Dalbins, Earls of Sussex, Arundel and Chichester, the Fitzalans of Clun, Earls of Arundel, and the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Earls of Arundel, &c. These families, but most especially the last, have conferred too much splendour on the page of history, to be passed over altogether in silence.

Roger de Montgomery, the founder of that house, was a bold adventurer whose enterprising genius was best suited to the martial spirit of William the Conqueror. Upon his skill and experience chiefly depended William's hope of obtaining the English throne; he led the van of the Norman army at the
battle of Hastings, and, as he commanded on that day, by the title of Marshal, he is accounted the first Marshal of England.

On the death of William, he joined, with other noblemen, the party of the unfortunate Robert, Duke of Normandy, and destroyed Cambridge with fire and sword, to be revenged of William Rufus, who, however, found means by smooth professions, to captivate and win him over to his side. The possessions of this great earl were vast and extensive, viz.: in Wilts, three lordships; in Surrey, four; in Hants, nine; in Middlesex, eight; in Cambridgeshire, eleven; in Herefordshire, one; in Gloucester, one; in Worcestershire, two; in Warwickshire, eleven; in Staffordshire, thirty; in Sussex, seventy-seven; besides the County of Salop, and the City of Shrewsbury, the City of Chichester, and the Castle of Arundel.

Philip, fourth son of Roger, settled in Scotland, and hence the family of Montgomery, Earls of Eglinton. Sir Robert Montgomery, a descendant of Philip de Montgomery, took prisoner, with his own hands, at the battle of Otterbourne, the great Harry Percy, named Hotspur, and compelled him, for a ransom, to build the Castle of Panmuir, in the lordship of Eglasham.

William de Albini, called William with the Strong Hand, was the son of a follower of William the Norman, who bestowed upon him lands in Norfolk and other places. This his son and heir was reported to have been one of the handsomest men in England, or even in Europe. He is said to have been an experienced soldier and a practised politician, devout without ostentation, and a strong protector of the clergy and the church.

The Queen of France being at that time a widow, and possessed of beauty, proclaimed a tournament throughout her dominions, whereupon, it is related, William de Albini, gallantly accoutred, came to Paris, with many brave attendants; he eclipsed all his competitors in this tournament, vanquishing many, and mortally wounding one with his lance. The Queen, admiring his valour, invited him to a gorgeous banquet, and having lavished upon him many pearls of great value, offered him her hand. He declined with honour this great match, on the ground of a previous engagement, having plighted his troth to Adeliza, Queen Dowager of England, a princess who had all the accomplishments of her rival without her faults. Thus, an alliance with this warrior was courted by two Queens, relics of the most powerful sovereigns in Christendom.

He was mediator of the peace between King Stephen and Henry Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II., under whom he was one of the chief commanders. This Earl of Arundel was a man of very extensive and elevated genius, fruitful in projects upon great emergencies. This last quality is, however, exemplified too strongly when it is gravely related that being shut up in a lion's den by the Queen of France whom he refused to marry, he thrust his hand forcibly into the lion's mouth, and pulled out its tongue by the roots. The uncle of this Earl of Arundel received from Henry I., the forfeited estates of Roger de Mowbray, whose name his son afterwards took, and became the progenitor of that powerful family from whom the Mowbrays, Earls of Nottingham and Dukes of Norfolk, were descended. Hugh de Albini was the last of this great family, which had flourished with unceasing and progressive splendour, since the conquest. Having died without issue, John Fitzalan, his sister's husband, succeeded him in the Earldom of Arundel and the possession of Arundel Castle. The Earl doms of Sussex and Chichester reverted to the Crown.

The family of the Fitzalans of Clun was of great renown at the time of the conquest, possessing considerable manors in Shropshire. Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, was the last heir male of this illustrious family which flourished in this honour more than three hundred and fifty years. There were no less than thirteen Earls of Arundel successively of the Fitzalans, most of them men of great fame and extended renown. Philip Howard, guardian to Earl Henry, by Mary, his daughter, succeeded him about 1579, in which family the title and lordship continue to this day.

The family of the Howards, though there is a strong popular belief to the contrary, founded in error, and confirmed by the well-known couplet of Pope, is by no means so ancient as some of less note, still existing in this kingdom. There is nothing certainly known of this family before the reign of Edward I., when we find William Howard, a learned judge of the Court of Common Pleas.—And yet, to borrow the elegant language of a contemporary writer,—"There is a fascination in a name associated with our early imbibed ideas of the splendour of past ages, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. In point of mere antiquity, there are several nobles which far exceed the Howards; but what other family pervades all our na-
tional annals with such frequent mention, and often involved in circumstances of such intense and brilliant interest? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, state victims to tyranny and revenge, and feudal chiefs, they have been constantly before us for four centuries. In the dawn of life they have exhibited every variety of character, good and bad; and the tale of their crimes as well as of their virtues is full of instruction, and anxious sympathy, or indignant censure. No story of romance, or tragic drama, can exhibit more incidents to enchain attention, or move the heart, than would a comprehensive account of this house written with eloquence and pathos. It may be observed, that the opinions once taken up by the public of a family's pretensions in blood, whether for good or for ill, can no more be effaced by the critical officiousness of antiquarian doubts or protests, than it can be impressed with the same zeal in opposition to their prejudices. It is generally, indeed, nearer the truth than these censorious gentility struggle to have it thought to be."

Passing over the immediate descendants of William Howard, the first of this family, we learn, that Sir Robert Howard was married to the eldest daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and co-heir of Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. Thus, by this marriage, the inheritance of these great families became at length vested in that of Howard. And here it would be at best but a sorry impertinence, in such small limits as are necessarily granted to us, to attempt to give to our readers even the most feeble outline of the achievements of this illustrious and almost princely family. Upon looking closely at its varied and crowded annals, and when we turn with historical interest to its splendour, under the Tudors and Plantagenets—we shall find a conviction forced upon us, that all greatness is purchased too dear that is bought, as it has been by the Norfolk family, sometimes with loss of title and fortune—sometimes with loss of honour, and too often, with loss of life. Indeed, the most unfortunate of this family have been the most remarkable for power and abilities, and have paid the penalty of proscription, imprisonment or violent death for the height they had attained, or the glorious actions in which they were engaged. How many of our great and ancient families can tell a similar and as sorrowful a narrative of sufferings! The history of the Seymours, the Dudleys, and the Greys, the Percys and the Courtenays, is hardly less full of affecting incidents. If those in a humbler station wanted a lesson of content, it might be furnished in this short abstract from the history of greatness. The tragic death of the heroic, the elegant, the accomplished Earl of Surrey: the cruel fate of his son, the Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head on the scaffold, for the cause of Queen Mary; his son Philip, Earl of Arundel, condemned capitally upon frivolous charges, and, although not executed, kept prisoner in the Tower, till his death. This emphatic abstract might teach the most dissatisfied with his fortune, that not "all the blood of all the Howards," shed so prodigally as it has been, can give a ruddier tinge to happiness, or moisten into more prolific beauty the blossoms of contentment.

THE LOST HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND BRIDE."

The lamp faintly gleamed from the chamber of sorrow,
Where lay the sire's hope in his infancy's prime:
On that eye ne'er shall fall the sweet light of a morrow,
'Till that which shall close the dominion of time.
The young heir is gone! can nobility brighten
The gloom of the grave, or can dignities lighten
The burden of sorrow? No! such cannot frighten
Stern death from his prey—the sad birth-right of crime.

Behold where the tyrant has done his fell duty—
A scion lopp'd off from the pride of the wood!
There lies prostrate the stem, in the prime of its beauty,
Where lately the sapling so gracefully stood.
Nay, weep not, fond mother, you vainly deplore him,
Vain your tears, your repinings—they cannot restore him—
From thy bosom the hand of death ruthlessly tore him,
To bear to the land of the wise and the good.
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESOY.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Dark are the woods of Amesoy—
Yet dark with shadow, not with gloom;
There safely broods the ring-dove coy,
There unseen flow'rets wildly bloom;
And, all throughout the summer noon,
The echoes with sweet bird-notes ring;
And when uprises the white moon
The nightingale begins to sing.

It is a scene for vows of love—
For indolent and happy rest—
For studious steps that love to rove—
And Meditation's placid breast:
And in that wood there is a fount
Whose murmuring voice doth never cease,
As up the bubbling waters mount,
To tell of Nature's quiet peace.

You cannot see the clear bright sky,
So thick the branches overhead;
Nor feel the sunbeam from on high,
That slants across the path we tread.
Yea, all so thickly grow the trees,
Which form that green transparent screen,
That scarce the faint and lagging breeze
Can wave the leaves it creeps between;
Or send the fountain's showery spray
A little from its downward way.

There, in the dark wood's green recess,
Pressing the moss-encumber'd ground,
Two forms of perfect loneliness,
A lone sweet resting-place had found.
One was a child—a rosy thing,
Joyous and restless all the day,
Pleas'd with an insect's purple wing,
Or with a broken flower made gay:
And now his small and shining head
Was lying on a lady's knee,
So young and bright, you would have said,
His sister only she could be;
For childhood's tints were on her cheek,
And childhood's softness on her brow,
And droopingly and darkly meek,
The lashes fringed their lids of snow:
And the light form that there reclined,
With delicately rounded limbs,
(Coming in glimpses on the mind,
As sunshine lights or shadow dimes),
Had but the fulness of a flower
When seen at eve the gazer knows,
That long before the morning hour,
The bud will be a rose.
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESOY.

So innocent—so fair she seemed,
As with that fairy child she played,
That those who looked might well have deem'd
The spot some old Arcadian shade,
And the sweet pair beneath that tree,
Innocence guarding Infancy.
But many a sea will wake in storms
That slept in peace the night before—
And waves will brave the rock's proud forms
That crept to kiss the silent shore.
Lo! the meek eyes—the downcast eyes—
In glorious light to yours are lifted,
And as the white lids flashing rise,
Betray a heart with passion gifted:
—Childhood!—ah! no—'tis woman's soul
That beams and brightens' through the whole!
They droop—but gone is now the charm,
Which made us think her pure as snow;
As sunset leaves the twilight warm
With traces of his recent glow,
So that one wild and passionate gaze
Hath given a summer to her days,
And cast a shadow on her brow
Which seemed impossible till now.
And as she bends that child above,
We watch her crimson lips the while,
And feel that only mother's love
Could wreath them with that mother's smile.

Yes, she had sinned; and he who played
Beside her in the greenwood's shade,
Was but the child of guilt and shame,
Without a home—without a name.
And like that mother of the east
Who laid her cradled child to sleep
Upon the water's changeful breast,
And stood aside to watch and weep,
Nor feared its dark and stormy waves,
So much as men who murdered slaves,
So she had hid her bright-haired boy
In the dark woods of Amesoy;
(Lest on his head her brother's ire
Should wreak the doom they owed his sire;)
And gave him but a watchdog mute
His steps to guard—his looks to scan;
Nor deemed the instinct of the brute
So cruel as the heart of man;
And day by day she sought the wood,
And whistled to the faithful hound,
And safely through the solitude,
Guided by him, her footsteps wound,
Nor to another step he stirs,
Nor answers other voice than hers.

Yes, she had sinned!—How many sin,
Who innocent of heart remain,
Compared with some who feel within
No conscious guilt—no wringing pain:
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESEY.

Nor heed that blackening of the heart—
That withering up of life's pure springs,
Which leaves no sting—no sudden smart,
But slow the gradual ruin brings;
Till lost to truth and virtue's sway,
We blindly blunder on our way;
And feel no more the generous woe,
Reproachful, through our bosoms thrill,
But tax our memory to know
The lost extremes 'twixt good and ill.

Her's was not guilt to hardness wrought—
Her shadowy brow was fair and meek,
And fleeting blushes, quick as thought,
Chased one another o'er her cheek:—
Nor, like the volcano's lava tides,
Which keep their power of withering death,
While, greenly fresh, its springing sides
Hide the hot heart which burns beneath:
Were the deep sorrows of her breast
Concealed beneath a hollow smile,
Which tells a tale of wild unrest,
Yet cheats the stranger's eye the while.
No! gentle was she as the reed
That sways beneath each passing wind,
And though she knew the doom decreed
For erring and polluted mind,
Still, even as though she felt her soul
Were not all blackened by that sin,
And that the God, whose thunders roll,
Would mark the penitence within:
She knelt and prayed, as never guilt
Prayed when remorse hath brought despair;
But bowed her weeping head and knelt,
Believing Mercy heard her prayer!
And though her bruised heart, sore and pained,
Of sorrow's cup had learnt to quaff,
Enough of gladness yet remained
To echo back her infant's laugh.

That infant—Heaven shield them now!
What rushing steps are in the glade?
What hand impatient breaks yon bough?
What voices shout beneath the shade?
The slight acacia bends aside
Its trembling boughs and wavering form,
The larch o'erthrown, leaves passage wide—
And yet in Heaven there is no storm.
But on the old oak's ruddy bark,
Where the broad sunset glowed till then,
Come fleeting shadows swift and dark,
And trace the forms of hurrying men.
Those men!—What ails the lady now,
That thus she clasps her snowy hands,
While terror damps her marble brow,
And the arched nostril wide expands?
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESOY.

Pantingly the air she drinks,
And her light form trembling shrinks
Close behind the old oak tree,
As she fain would viewless be;
And round she sends her startled eye,
With a wild bewildered air;
A glance as sudden, swift, and shy,
As wild bird's wing that glanceoth by,
Which cleaves the circle of the sky,
Ere we can say "Look there!"

"Oh, spare him! spare him! brother dear,
He hath not sinned 'gainst heaven or thee;
He owns no guilt—he feels no fear—
But in his young heart's purity,
(Unused to aught but love's caresses—
The tone that soothes—the lip that presses—)
Shrinks not within thine iron hold,
But deems thy grasp a rough embrace,
And heedless of thy dagger cold
Smiles, cruel brother, in thy face!
Oh, gaze upon him, harsh and stern!
His dimpled cheek—his shining hair—
And something of the softness learn,
Which tames the lion in his lair!
'Tis thine own blood thy hand must spill,
To make that breast thy poniard's sheath;
'Tis thine own life that thou must kill,
To stop that unoffending breath:
Oh, let him live—never more
Shall I or mine thy sight offend—
Oh, let him live—Heaven's best store
Of blessings shall the deed attend.
Or, if a victim must be slain,
Brother, sweet brother, let me die;
And thou unclasp my boy again,
In pity to his infancy:
I, who have wildly sued for him
Can, all un murmuring, bear my fate,
And while mine eyes grow faint and dim,
Will turn from death's eternal gate
Without a sigh—without a groan—
To bless thee for the mercy shown.
And when the one who sinned is gone,
Thy buried love for me shall wake,
And when my boy thou look'st upon,
Thou'llt love him for his mother's sake;
And then, perchance, his brow thou'lt kiss,
And murmuring forth a sigh for me,
Say, 'Just her doom who died—but this—
This pledge preserves her memory!'

Heard'st thou that shriek prolonged and wild?
It woke the echoes slumbering round—
And the dying moan of a little child
Was mingled in its maddening sound!
Pale mother, hush! thy wail give o'er—
Life's spark extinguished, glows no more!
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESOY.

And where was he without a name,
Who bowed that fair young head with shame,
And yet whose cold and coward heart
Refused to do a father's part?
Where was he when the strong arms rose
And brothers turned to deadliest foes;
And cool boughs waved and blue skies smiled
Upon the murder of his child?
Far away the salt sea over,
Sails that false and faithless lover—
Calmly smiles and calmly sleeps,
While she deserted sits and weeps—
Calmly views the sunset ray,
That lines with light the glittering wave;
Nor deems that sunbeam far away,
Shines full upon his infant's grave.

Oh! man, how different is thy heart,
From her's, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What, th' awakening spell shall be,
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept—
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve—poor Eve—looked back and wept!—
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress—
And still as o'er life's path he goes
Plucks first the lily—then the rose.
And half forgets that e'er his heart
 Owned for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest loved of all—
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows;
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart remembers, still
The tones that made her bosom thrill,
In unforgotten days.
Yea, even when on her lover's breast,
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch,
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst—
THE HAUNTED WOOD OF AMESOY.

For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

And she, the lady of my lay,
Through many a long and weary day,
Had watched for him now far away.
For he to her was all in all,
Her soul's first thought—her being's thrall—
A light without which earth was dim,—
(And well her love that young heart proved,)
But she alas had been to him,
One of the many bright things loved!

They flung her child in the fountain's wave—
No ripple woke the bubbling breath,
The mother stretched no hand to save,
She knew thy power—relentless Death!
But with a wild and mournful stare,
She watched the bright hair's floating gleam,
Which 'mid the willow branches there,
Waved to and fro upon the stream.
And once she faintely spoke his name,
And on her heart her white hand prest,
As though the lost word when it came,
Brought pain within her swelling breast.

Those brothers three, they turned away,
With hearts of steel and brows of gloom;
Nor lifted up their swords to slay
Her who bewailed that infant's doom.
But mothers feel she could not live,
Tho' spared, to know that never more
The echoes to her ear should give
The silvery tones so loved of yore;
Those lisping tones whose meaning none
Could hear and understand, save one!

Oh! darkly silent now that wood,
Where ring-doves made a pleasant moan,
And through its haunted solitude
The peasant will not roam alone;—
For ever, by that fountain's side,
'Tis said a weeping lady stands,
A shaggy hound her only guide,
She wanders on and wrings her hands;
And gazes from the snow white spray,
To the blue waters underneath,
Then turns her from the sight away
With wandering eye and gasping breath:—
'Tis she—who hid her murdered boy,
In the dark wood of Amesoy!
A YEAR OF HONEY-MOONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

July.

July is a dumb, dreaming, hot, lazy, luxurious, delightful month, for those who can do as they please, and who are pleased with what they do. The birds are silent; we have no more cuckoo, no more nightingale; nature is basking in repose; the cattle stand in the water; shade is loved, and rest after dinner. We understand, in July, what the Spaniard means by his siesta. A book and a sofa in the afternoon, near a tree-shaded window, with a prospect of another room, seen through folding doors, in which the hot sun comes peeping between Venetian blinds, is pleasant to one's supineness. The sensible thing is, to lie on your back, gently pillowed 'twixt head and shoulders, the head resting on the end of the sofa, and so read—listening at intervals to the sound of the foliage, or to the passing visit of the bee. The thing, more sensible, is to have a companion who loves your book and yourself, and who reads with you, provided you can let her read. I must not come, however, to my afternoon before my morning; though July, being lazy, makes us think of it first. July and August are afternoon and evening months; May and June are morning months; September and October are day months; the rest are night months, for firesides, unless we except April, and that is as you can get it. You may experience all the seasons in it, and must catch the sunshine as you can, betwixt the showers.

July, however, though a lazy month, is not lazy from weakness. If nature reposes, it is the repose of affluent power and sovereign beauty. The gardens are in purple, and golden, and white splendour (with the lily); the trees in thickest exuberance; the sky at its bluest; the clouds full, snowy, and mountainous. The genial armies of the rain are collecting, against the time when the hot sun shall be too potent. The grandest, and at the same time the liveliest of the wild flowers, the convolvulus, is lording it in the hedges. In the garden, the nasturtium seems a flower born of fire. There is an exquisite flavour of something burning in its taste. The daughter of Linnæus found out, that sparks are emitted from the nasturtium in warm evenings. It was a piece of observation fit for the daughter of the great botanist, and has associated her memory with one of the most agreeable secrets of nature. Female discoveries ought to be in the region of the beautiful and the sprightly. No disparagement to Miss Martineau, who unites poetical and philosophical feeling to a degree hitherto displayed by none of her sex; and whose sphere of the useful, being founded on sympathy, contains in it all the elements of enjoyment. I mention this, because it has been strangely supposed of me, Charles Dalton, husband of Harriet D. (for I need not remind the reader that he is not to attend to that "nom de guerre" of mine at the head of these articles) that I have thrown divers stones, yelept paragraphs, at the head of my wife's namesake; which I should as soon think of doing as being angry with the summer sky.

"Do you like Harriet?" said a learned lord to me the other day, no less remarkable for the vivacity of his good-nature, than his wit. He was speaking of Miss M., whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. The question startled me; for besides the identity of the christian name, it is manifestly impossible not to like "Harriet." Harriet is all womankind. A female name, thus put in question, ad hominem, stands for the whole sex. I knew not which I liked better at the moment, the lady or the interrogator.

Harriet, by the way, is a very sprightly name. It is the female of Harry, and is identified in my imagination with I know not what of the power of being lively and saucy, without committing the sweetness of womanhood. I have told my bride so a hundred times, and it is astonishing what a talent she has at clobberation. I believe if you were to put the same case to her twenty times an hour, she would meet you with twenty new illustrations of it. It is perfectly amazing to me, how these extremely gentle and quiet women, who present the same mild, unruffled, unaffected manners from morning to night, and who seem (as the phrase is) as if "butter would not melt in their mouths," can open upon you a world of feeling and fancy inexhaustible, and which would seem to have been secreted in a marvellous manner, from every body but yourself. But I shall get into a discussion. I suspected, however, from the first time I saw her, that Harriet had a great deal of vivacity lurking under
that soft eye of hers. It is an eye that looks into you, not at you; or rather, which has an inward look in itself, so that if it looks at you at all, you take the depth from which it speculates, for a proportionate insight into the depth of your own feelings. And this insight she has when she chooses. Her very glance conveys the strongest impression of the idea passing in her mind, accompanied by an equally strong recognition of what is passing in yours. It was thus that I knew she returned my love, before a word of it was said on either side. She had been remarking the day before to her aunt, in answer to a sort of apology which the latter had made for giving a more peremptory opinion than usual upon some doubtful matter in which her niece was concerned, that she knew nothing more desirable than to be delivered from a painful state of hesitation by a kind friend, and that she always desired it “in proportion as she loved.” “I wish she would desire it of me,” thought I; “this would be true female love, looking for the help of man.” Next day an application for charity was made to her, which she wished to accede to, but was not quite sure of her right. Her aunt and I were both present, but she instinctively looked first at me, with the dear question in her eyes, and then blushed like scarlet, and turned to the old lady. Conobbi allor, (to make a grand quotation from an exquisite sonnet of Petrarch),

“Conobbi allor si come in Paradiso
Vede l’un l’altro.

“I knew her then, as spirits in Paradise
See one another.”

We sometimes got up early of a morning in July, going to bed proportionately soon at night, and laughing to think how some of our fashionable acquaintances would suppose they had the laugh on their side, for our reasonable and happy life. Sometimes we took the carriage, and leaving it with the servants, walked into some thick lane of trees, or little wood, seeing what flowers were left us, and listening to the silence, which was swept at intervals by the gentle morning wind. We then returned to breakfast, went to our tasks, met at an early dinner, had the dessert laid in another room, and retiring there, passed a delicious afternoon. Harriet was now in that condition, which the eye of every gallant man respects, and the soul of love encircles with its tenderest protection. I have a theory, no, not a theory, it is a conviction, founded upon all that I ever read, thought, or saw upon the subject, that the character of the human offspring is modified at a period much earlier than the earliest of its observers are apt to suppose, and that it is delightful to see the future mother passing her time in security, and with a double portion, if possible, of sense and cheerfulness. A suspicion, partly to this effect, has, in fact, always existed, but not often to very sensible purpose. An expectation of good sense from the lady has been raised at the precise time that she most needs it, and ladies, not very sensible in general, have availed themselves of the privilege to be more than usually absurd. Hence, because the frames of children are affected by sudden impressions on the part of the mother (a fact not to be doubted) have risen all sorts of fantastic wants and pretences, with their pleasing accompaniments of hysterics, faintings, rages, remonstrances, and additions to tradesmen’s bills; and hence (for the minds of children are affected as well as their bodies, though the apparently obvious deduction is never thought of) the children come into the world squalling and to squall, and the foolish parents who helped to make them what they are, hasten to make them worse by scolding or indulgence, till they wonder what perverse brats they have engendered.

Fortunately for me, and for the little creature that has just been crowing at me with a voice of sugar, and a face full of dimples, Harriet understood the philosophy of this matter at a glance; and estimating the perils of her condition at their proper amount, and no more, and feeling herself joyfully secure from them as far as her own temper and mine were concerned, her goodness and taste were never more evinced than at this period. Never did I know her more delightful. She volunteered no dangers, nor imagined any, where there was no ground for them. She renounced horseback, and was cautious enough not to walk the street without a veil, or with eyes unprepared, lest she should encounter any of those frightfully pitiable objects, which luckily are not so common in England as in some other parts of Europe. For the rest, she was as gay as a lark, and tender as gratitude; had no fancies, because she had no wilfulness or folly; and walked (to the last) in the garden, as if she had been an Amazon. Yes: one fancy she had, but she was doubtful whether she should indulge it, purely because it was a fancy. She had read accounts of the supposed origin of the beauty of the ancient Greeks, and of imaginations affected by paintings and sculpture; and she asked me, whether I should think the wish whimsical, or whether she ought to wish me,
to hasten the purchase of a couple of statues I had talked of—the celestial Venus and the Apollo of the Vatican. I said I rejoiced in seizing the opportunity to get them, for that I had delayed it for no other reason than because we had been ruralising so much of late that I had almost forgotten the town. They were procured the next day, and installed in the two furthest corners of our principal sitting-room, where they looked beauty and tranquillity at us, from morn till night, and disposed my charmer’s mind to repose on her idealism made visible. She said she had no fear of unpleasant thoughts, but was willing to render pleasant ones more than usually distinct to her imagination. “And these beautiful strangers,” said I, smiling, “will not displace you!” cried she, rising from the chair in which she was sitting near me, as I reclined on the sofa, and coming towards me with an air of gay revenge; then added, in a lower tone, and with exquisite tenderness; and gently pressing herself against my heart, “How could they?”

But I ought to have an audience made on purpose, and safe from the chance of unworthy listeners, before I could indulge my pride with recording more of these speeches. To others I leave it to imagine the evenings we passed;—how quiet, how kind, how consummate,—how attentive without exacting—how reposing on certainty,—how full of past, present, and future—making my July as well as my January a true honeymoon, if ever there was sweetness in truth and love.

A SCENE AT MONTE VIDEO, IN 1826.

We had arrived at Monte Video, and were pleased with the compactness and cheerfulness of that little city; the style of its open champagne country is altogether different from that of the magnificent beauty which encircles Rio de Janeiro, but its rural simplicity formed to us perhaps an agreeable change. I speak strictly on the scenery, for war has always been busy with Monte Video, and its desolating traces were too marked and visible. The ruined or burnt farm houses and villages; the fertile and beautiful estates of the principal landholders, overrun with the luxuriance of their neglected vegetation; the scanty population, listless poverty, and unnatural quiet, all bore ample and melancholy testimony to the frequent presence of this scourge of our race.

We could not at any time extend our excursions beyond three or four miles; the Buenos Ayrean lines usually commencing at that distance. At one time the siege was pretty closely pressed; provisions began to get scarce; and it was not over safe to put our heads out of the gates. This state of things, however, did not last long. Usually I rambled into the country with my children, very slightly attended, and with such attendance as I well knew would be of no use in any danger. A gauchito whirling along with his lasso, sometimes accompanied by his wife, almost as expert and hardy as himself; a dragoon posting away with orders; or merry groups of black and mulatto girls with scarfs and petticoats of all colours, and baskets on their heads, filled with the linen they were obliged to take to the river to wash, were the principal living objects that met our view: what we disliked most to encounter, were herds of half wild cattle. We once or twice got into a scrape by not being back before the closing of the gates: a bugle was always sounded as a warning, and it was sometimes amusing to see every creature about that was human, old and young, set off at full speed when this note of summons met their ears.

But to return to my story: Monte Video was so crowded on our arrival, that not a decent shelter could we find. Inns and hotels are luxuries unknown; and it was with great difficulty we succeeded in screwing ourselves into a dwelling consisting of a ground floor of five or six little rooms; but we had it to ourselves, and the situation was good, being in a small, quiet, airy street, leading from the government house, and exactly opposite the theatre. These apartments we made, with the furniture we brought with us, as comfortable as we could; and as we had some kind friends, both English and Spanish, we got on pretty well: thoroughly engaged in these necessary avocations, I thought as much of the war our masters the Brazilians had sent us to assist in, as I did of the last invasion of China by the Tatars.
But my apathy on that subject was not to last long. My husband had been since our arrival principally on board his frigate, getting her in fighting order, and ready to obey the commands of his admiral, who, with the squadron, was up the river Plata. He had, however, promised me his company for one morning, in order to return such visits as had been kindly made to us, and to transact a little of that interminable business called shopping. Accordingly we set out, and were passing a very agreeable time, when, while sauntering up the principal street, we were accosted by an English gentleman. "You perhaps don’t know, sir," said he, addressing my husband, "that the Buenos Ayrean admiral is in our harbour?" "What do you mean?" "There he is, sir, cruising about with another vessel under French flags; there is no doubt whatever of its being he." "Take my wife home, if you please," and out of my husband’s hat and pockets sundry purchases were tumbled without much ceremony on the pavement, and he disappeared in an instant. As I walked along I observed a stir and commotion amongst the people: instead of returning home I prayed for permission to place myself on the top of a neighbour’s very high house. All the houses are flat-roofed, each forming a little promenade for taking the fresco in the evening: an excellent plan in a warm climate; and Monte Video, although its winter is severe, is very hot in summer. From my position I had a commanding view of the city and harbour; the tops of the houses were rapidly filling, and great interest appeared to prevail.

A corvette of thirty-two guns and a brig of eighteen were sweeping backwards and forwards across the harbour, their deceitful white flags fluttering in the breeze. Our little frigate of thirty-six guns was the only Brazilian vessel of war there; she had already, I was informed, fired once or twice for her commander. With a beating heart I saw his boat dart from the jetty, which was crowded with people—in a few minutes he was on board; and then, "like a thing of life," did she rapidly spread out her white wings, and unfold her beautiful flag—she was underweigh. I then turned to her two enemies; lo! their false colours had disappeared, and the rising sun of Buenos Ayres was flaming away in all its glory. The first shot was fired by our ship; it seemed to strike me, for I was as much astonished and confounded as if no such thing as a shot was expected; but I soon grew more callous. They commenced a running fight; the enemy had the weather-gage, and this advantage; joined to their superiority of force, reluctantly brought me to the conclusion that our frigate was rather in a critical situation. However, away they went, firing and manoeuvring, now closing, now diverging, until the shades of evening began to fall, and they seemed but dark specks in the distance, then disappeared altogether.

On the following morning I was informed that our ship was returning. "And a Buenos Ayrean with her?" said I, eagerly. My informant smiled at the reasonableness of my expectations, and replied: "If she bring herself safe back from such a pursuit in such a place, she will do more than has been expected! In a couple of hours she arrived, after having pursued her enemies until night, when their superior knowledge of the intricacies of the dangerous river of the Plate enabled them to escape. She had suffered a loss of six poor fellows killed, and fourteen wounded. My husband was received with much respect and favour by the Monte-Videans, who accompanied him to his house in crowds.

The Buenos Ayrean admiral is a fellow-countryman, a brave and worthy man; to him the Buenos Ayreans are mainly indebted for their successful opposition by sea to the Spaniards, in their struggle for independence. It was, however, on this occasion acknowledged, as well, I believe, by others, that, if on entering the roadstead of Monte Video, he had gone straight on board our expecting frigate, he might have carried her, and probably without bloodshed. He was a little piqued at his failure, and determined to retrieve it by a sudden night attack; keeping his intentions a profound secret. It was on the 11th of April the engagement I have just sketched took place. About a fortnight afterwards the admiral was present at a public dinner at Buenos Ayres; many English were there, and a little bantering took place upon the late affair, which the admiral bore with perfect good-humour. After his health had been drunk, that of my husband was proposed, which he pledged with the greatest cheerfulness, and soon after rose to take his leave; he was pressed to stay, as it was yet very early. "No, no," he replied. "I have some particular business to get through, and" (looking at the proposer of my husband’s health, he said pointedly) "with that gentleman’s friend—so good night." He was soon on board of his ship and under weigh, accompanied by fire brigs and a schooner.

There is no doubt but that women are mightily in the way on these warlike occa-
sions, except, indeed, they are heroines, a character I regard with a sort of hopeless awe and veneration; for, although it has been my fate to be mixed up with battles, both by land and sea, I cannot conscientiously aver that I improve one jot in heroism; nay, I rather suspect I retrograde sadly now and then.

My husband, of course, slept on board his ship, but the night of the 27th of April we came home very late from a tertulia; it was very dark too, as well as very late, so that, in short, it was agreed that he should sleep where he was, and be off at the peep of dawn. We were enjoying a very sound repose when a violent knocking and calling at our door awoke us; and, at the same instant, the sound of guns struck fearfully upon our ears. My husband had scarcely patience to get on the most necessary parts of his dress, and throwing a cloak round him went to the door, and I saw no more of him. Having wrapped myself up I proceeded to the house of the same neighbour from whence I had witnessed the former engagement, and took possession of the same corner on the top. The truth struck instantly upon my mind; the Buenos Ayrean admiral had determined, by a sudden night attack and with an overwhelming force, to carry our frigate; but he was not aware that the Brazilian admiral had returned with the greater part of his squadron from up the river, and was then lying before Monte Video. The Buenos Ayrean was at that moment actually attacking, in mistake for our frigate, a Brazilian fifty-gun ship, in perfect fighting order as to crew and equipment.

I shall never forget the impression this night-battle scene made upon me. It was, as I have said, very dark, and that darkness was only broken by the rapid flashes of the guns, or by an occasional signal that, like a meteor, appeared and disappeared in an instant. It was by one of these lurid gleams that I distinctly saw our frigate under sail. While we were gazing with intense anxiety, and making out little or nothing, a whizzing sound passed close to us. "What was that?" asked several voices. "A ball, certainly," was the reply; and when I next looked round there was scarcely a person left on the top of the house but myself. The flashes and sound of cannon grew gradually more distant; our ships were evidently in pursuit, and at dawn not a trace was left of any of them. The ship that had been attacked in mistake for ours had suffered the loss of her captain; and the following day was taken up with the melancholy ceremonial of his funeral.

On the Buenos Ayrean admiral discovering his error, and that he was unexpectedly surrounded by a very superior force, he of course strove to make good his retreat as quickly as possible, while yet favoured by the confusion and darkness. My husband caught sight of him, and on passing by one of our smaller vessels, on board of which was the Brazilian admiral, he told him that he was right in the enemy's track, and begged him to follow; but the Brazilian did not tack for half an hour afterwards. Our frigate, and a brig commanded by an Englishman, led the pursuit, which continued down the river towards the sea during the following day, the 28th; at night the enemy doubled and ran up to Buenos Ayres. On the 29th still chasing, but prevented engaging by a dead calm: the brig that had so gallantly pushed on with the frigate, being greatly damaged, was unfortunately obliged to make the best of her way to Monte Video. On the 30th our frigate was enabled to reach her adversary; they both got on shore on the Ortiz bank, and had a severe struggle; a brig and a schooner came up to the assistance of the Buenos Ayrean, but were beaten off. While the engagement was going on, both ships were making desperate efforts to get clear of the bank, and both succeeded about the same time: away flew the Buenos Ayrean, but our frigate would pursue him no further; unsupported as she was by her companions, and ignorant of the local intricacies and dangers which now beset her at every step. She returned therefore to the admiral, who, with the rest of his fleet, was watching her proceedings at a very respectful distance.

In two days afterwards they were all again quietly anchored before Monte Video.

I am afraid of tiring my readers by spinning too long a yarn; so I shall reserve for another opportunity an account of one of the most decisive actions that took place during this war; and of which I was a still closer observer, being, to my no small discomposure, stowed away between decks, close to the powder magazine, during an engagement of six mortal hours.

* This admiral was immediately superseded, and put on his trial; and his conduct on this occasion formed one of the principal charges brought against him.
THE LATE EARL DUDLEY.

"Who's son is he, or is he his own—as people say?" was the question a young lady at Almack's asked her partner, who quoted a joke of Lord Dudley's, last Wednesday. Poor Lord Dudley! rapidly as the world whirls round, quickly as the great men or the pretty women that make up political and fashionable conversation pass, none has been so suddenly, and so entirely forgotten as he is! It is scarcely a year since the world was wild to be admitted to the Dudley Arms. Those who suffered under the lash of the eccentric lord, washed down his wit with his champagne, and consoled themselves for his impertinencies in their presence by retailing his oddities in his absence. Even to the last!—One fine evening that the usual guests were all assembled, lords, ladies, members of parliament, wits, parasites, and prelates—where was mine host!—A slight excuse sufficed, and down to dinner they all sat. The wine went round, the host was praised, the lord laughed at. Nobody but the butler and Bashaw* looked sad. They all separated, anxiously rushing forth for who should be first to tell this latest and last freak of Lord Dudley's, and in loud laughter was passed the eve of that morning which dawned upon the scholar, the wit, the statesman—no—the secretary—the scoffer, the railler,

"A driveller and a show."

Well! and why should he be remembered? Not for his own sake, but for human nature's. Perhaps no one ever started for life so brilliantly as Sir John William Ward. The heir to rank and fortune, he possessed talents that might have procured either, and grace both. Through his life he never enjoyed either; at his death he made both contemptible; he acquired an earldom to become extinct with him: he left money to lower the character of those he pretended to love, and none to those who were his real friends. His style of speaking, (if we were to write his character as he used to do pleasantly enough that of others, after the manner of Clarendon,) was concise and pointed, too studied and epigrammatic may be for debate, but at the same time so polished, that no man could forbear to listen to it. His independence was as remarkable in political as private life. He could never decide upon a wife or a party. He was generous also by fits and starts; gave magnificent donations, and refused small pittances—full of whim and fancy even in his friendships—one who had dined with him the day before, would scarcely be accosted on the next; but with all these inequalities, and even without his rank and riches, he could not be denied to be a most agreeable companion.

So fond of classical lore—so rich in allusion and imagination—so bitter upon those he did not like and lived with; (always an acceptable ingredient in companies where so much latent hatred prevails as in those that meet in the squares of London,) he succeeded much in what few can attempt, and almost all fail, a short narrative, either of history or anecdote. Here his language was perfect, and eloquence remarkable. The state of things at a particular moment, past, present, or to come, he would sketch with a playfulness, and occasionally a contempt of modern innovation, (for he was thoroughly tory-hearted, or a vaunt of ancient aristocracy, which, in his mouth, was the essence of wit, because it was so light, and yet full of thought, or what made think, in others would have been the essence of boring—an Essay. Gentle reader, do you not wish he had undertaken his own character, instead of leaving us to show the world, by an endeavour to imitate, the extent of their loss.

* Bashaw was the name of Lord Dudley's favourite dog.
THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


If we have been somewhat tardy in our notice of the present delightful drama, it has proceeded from far different motives than want of respect to the best of our modern dramatists, or lukewarmness towards a warm-hearted, and, we sincerely believe, a good man. Our praise may now sound like a weak echo of the general applause Mr. Knowles’s play has elicited, but, we protest, we take up no man’s opinion, and judge of the production after the lights of such reason and taste as the gods have pleased to endow us with.

We need not analyse a plot long before this so generally known through the medium of the press or the stage; we will only hint that the play has, in reality, two plots, either of which would have been sufficient, and that, in our humble opinion, one plot is enough for one drama, and "The Wife" would have done better with one of them than with both. Let us explain this in a few words. The wandering of the Swiss maiden, the fair Mariana, in search of her Italian lover, whose name and rank she is ignorant of—the death of her father—the persecutions of her guardian—of her ungenerous would-be husband, and of the usurper of the dukedom of Mantua—and then the sudden return, and public recognition, of her long-lost lover as the lawful duke, and (that most admirable coup de théâtre!) his making his cousin descend from the ducal throne his ascending it himself, and then instantly stepping down to raise the fair Swiss, and place her on the throne beside him, with words like these—:

"Lead hither that abstracted maid! But no; That office should be mine (descends). In Italy Shines there a brow on which my coronet Could find so proud a seat? My Mariana, Will be my bride? Nay, do not tax thy tongue With that thy looks have scarce the power to speak:

Come! share my seat with me! Come, Mariana! The consort of the Duke of Mantua!"

Now all this, we say, with a few stirring episodical scenes, would have been story enough, and the play would have ended at its natural stage, and at what we consider the best, or the most effective, part of it. The scenes and intrigues that follow would have made another play, and there are plot and action enough in them to have made a very good one. We are no slaves to the unities, or to any other critico-dramatic code; yet we venture to recommend these observations on his plot to Mr. Knowles’s attention.

We proceed now to point out some few of the beauties of this composition which have most forcibly struck us; regretting that our limits must restrict the number of our selections, and prevent us from saying half the good things of the dramatist that our admiration-prompts. Could a truly pious, humane Catholic priest deliver himself in better terms than these, which Mr. Knowles puts in the mouth of Antonio, the generous and fearless protector of Mariana, against the tyranny of the usurper?

"Poor girl! She owes me nought—Why do I serve my master, If not to do his bidding? Is it but To hold the crook? Nay, but to use the crook! To be indeed the Shepherd of the flock— Wakeful and watchful—pitiful and faithful— My charitable life, and not my name, The budge and warrant of my sacred calling! She was afflicted, persecuted, and I succour’d her! I, standing at the altar! Beneath my master’s roof! His livery Blazon’d, as ne’er was earthly king’s, upon me! What could I less?"

Act i., Scene ii.

Or could a noble, passionate heart, dilated with the mighty influences of real love, pour forth its feelings with more deep and solemn energy, and more nature, than thus:

"No: as I said before, my heart is safe— Love-proof with love! which if it be not, Signor, A passion that can only once be felt— Hath but one object—lives and dies with us— And, while it lives, remains itself, while all Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing! I used to laugh at love and deem it fancy; My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes, Whom scarce they found ere my heart sought a new one."

I knew not then the 'haviour of the soul— How that the loveliness which it doth lodge, A world beyond the loveliness of form! I found it!—when or where—for weal or woe— It matters not! I found it! wedded it! Never to be divorce’d from that true love Which taught me what love was!"

Act i., Scene ii.

We have marked in admiring italics two passages in this effusion which we deem truly exquisite. The first of these, "Love-proof with love!" is a gem of thought. Or, again, could a more touching love-tale be told by female lips than the following?

MARIANA.

"At length he talked of leaving us; at length He fixed the parting day—but kept it not— O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew It had been staking. Deeper still it sank When next he fixed to go; and sank it then To bound no more! He went."

LORENZO.

To follow him You came to Mantua?
THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

MARIANA.

What could I do—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, "To Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua! To breathe the air he breath'd—
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look perchance on him! perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told, I lived and died his love."

ACT I., SCENE II.

If this is not nature, passion, poetry—nay, the very essence of poetry, we will sell what judgment and taste we possess for a mess of pottage, or a copy of Amos Cottle's epic, or for any other thing, whose value, to use the words of the humorous author of "Headlong Hall," may be "the absolute minimum of the infinitely little."

Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c. with Notes, Original and Translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin.

We look upon this as a good and much required translation of a good work, that has obtained merited popularity in Germany. Von Müller was as intimate with Goethe, and as reverently impressed with the might of his intellect, as Boswell was with Johnson; the volumes are, therefore, on a smaller scale, a sort of Boswell-Life-of-Johnson Life of Goethe, containing, besides the events which happened to him during an existence of eighty-three years, his conversations, his opinions on men and manners, on general moral principles, on literature and on art—to all which are added sketches of his cotemporaries and associates, and good critical analyses of the poet's own numerous productions.

If ever man merited such a tribute to his memory and such a record as this, Goethe assuredly did. He was the Nestor—he might almost be called the father of German literature—like our own Walter Scott, for whom, as well as for Byron, he entertained the most fervid admiration, his prolific genius, even when half its charms were lost under the process of translation into foreign idioms, delighted the whole of the civilised world. Like Scott, too, he was a kind, amiable man, shrewd without cynicism, and attached to established institutions, without intolerance or any particle of a slavish spirit.

We cannot help continuing the parallel between these two illustrious men, who died within so short a space of time of each other. A death-bed, undeniably is, yet may it be too often considered, the test of a man's life; for we see cognate characters undergo the awful ordeal in the most different manners possible, owing to the nature of their disease, the state of their mind, their nerves, their worldly affairs, and numerous other influences too mysterious to investigate.

Poor Scott breathed his last in agony of body, and if he was saved from agony of mind, it was only that his gigantic intellect had given way to disease. Goethe, on the contrary, "died the most blessed death that man can die—conscious, cheerful to the last breath—perfectly painless." It was a universal gentle sinking, and going out of the flame of life—harmonious without struggle. Light was his last request. Half an hour before the end, he said, 'Open the shutters, that more light may come into the room.' These were his last words—prophetic, like his life."—Extract of a Letter from Chancellor Von Müller.

We have great pleasure in recommending these volumes to our readers. As translations, they are very creditable to Mrs. Austin, whose original notes are characterised by candour, good sense, and good feeling.

Fables, Original and Selected. By the late James Northcote, R. A. Second Series; illustrated by Two Hundred and Eighty Engravings on Wood.

The volume before us, considering merely its typography and embellishments, is one of the most chaste and elegant that ever proceeded from the press of this country. It does infinite credit to those, whoever they may be, who were intrusted with its "getting up." Even without reference to its literary merits, of which we shall say a word anon, the exquisite beauty of its very numerous wood-cuts and its printing, ought, in our opinion, to recommend it to every library in the kingdom. We have lately been in the habit of seeing many beautiful specimens, but here the art of wood engraving seems to surpass itself. The venerable, thoughtful, sagacious head of James Northcote—a man never to be forgotten by his friends, or even by those, who like ourselves, had but a short and slight acquaintance with him—stands in the title-page, and is itself worth the price of the whole book. It is a fine likeness of a man who was possessed of as much sagacity, and practical wisdom, and originality of mind, as any one of his cotemporaries, to say nothing of his high talent as a painter.

One of the greatest delights of "old Jimmy," (as his friends familiarly called him—taking good care never to let him hear so irreverent a designation,) was to tell opposite tales and fables, and he told them well. There was no circumstance or event but he would illustrate in this way. We see the old man now before us, as he used to be in the latter years of his life, when any one called on him, nestled in his deep arm-chair, in a dusky room, looking like one of the strange creatures in his own fables, or very probably like what Asop himself was, when that wonderful Greek was incarnate. Yes! in fancy we still see the twinkling of his lively eye, which age could not dim, and hear his deep voice, which gave a deeper sense to all he uttered, We
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still thrill with his searching sarcasm—for no man, on proper occasions, could be more sarcastic than James Northcote, R. A., when, on being told that his late Majesty had summoned to Windsor a certain painter, still more distinguished by his conceit and arrogance, and continual mean appeals to the public, than by his merits as an artist, and had bought a picture from him at a very handsome price, the veteran said, in the very deepest tone of his voice, "I wish to God he had knighted him!"

The first series of Northcote's Fables are, or ought to be, long ere this, well known; and we can conscientiously assure our readers, that the second series is not inferior to the first. The stories are brief, epigrammatic, quaint, and easy to retain on the memory; and the applications are direct and striking, evincing very frequently a profound knowledge of human nature. They are preceded by a short life of the author, made out chiefly, as the lives of such men always ought to be, from his own correspondence. Every young man may be taught useful lessons by this life, which, to use the words of the writer of it, "affords a most instructive example of the advantages of economy, of patient persevering industry, and of indefatigable integrity."

We see with pleasure that Mr. Brockedon has furnished the early original letters inserted in this memoir. Why does he not write a detailed life of Northcote himself? Few men knew him better, or more justly appreciated his great and various talents.


This is the twelfth volume of that meritorious publication, "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and is executed with the same diligent research, good judgment, and taste, which we have so frequently praised in its predecessors. The interest and importance of the subject cannot be better set forth than in the words of the author's preface:—"There is no country in the world more interesting to the antiquary and scholar, than that which was known to the ancients as 'Ethiopia above Egypt,' the Nubia and Abyssinia of the present day. It was universally regarded by the poets and philosophers of Greece as the cradle of those arts which, at a later period, covered the kingdom of the Pharaohs with so many wonderful monuments, as also of those religious rites which, after being slightly modified by the priests of Thebes, were adopted by the ancestors of Homer and Virgil as the basis of their mythology. A description of this remarkable nation, therefore, became a necessary supplement to the 'View of Ancient and Modern Egypt,' which has been some time before the public."

Dr. Russell has gleaned all the information existing on these remarkable regions, in ancient authors; and has consulted all the travellers, old and recent, continental and English, who have ascended above the second cataract of the Nile, or approached, in any other direction, the countries in question. The list is numerous, and will excite agreeable expectation—Bruce, Burchhardt, Lord Valentia, Heeren, Cufland, Linant, William Hamilton, Letor or, Salt, and Pearce, are among the number. The Doctor has also had at his disposal two large, unpublished manuscript volumes of Travels in the East, by, or in the possession, at least, of William Erskine, Esq., late of Bombay; and Captain Armstrong, of the R. A., who travelled in Nubia, and made careful drawings, has guided him in the measurements of the temples, and other stupendous ruins, of that country.

Andrew the Savoyard. From C. Paul De Kock.

As this tale is pruned by the translator of the indecency which too often disgraces the pages of the French novelists, and those of the witty De Kock in a special manner, we can notice it, and even recommend it to our readers.

For the character of a badaud (the Cockney of Paris), for the every day street-and-boulevard life of the Parisians, there is nobody like De Kock, and we think the present volumes are about his happiest efforts in that way. The story is also better constructed than his stories generally are.

A word with the translator. When he compares De Kock with Miss Austen, he is absurd—he is still more absurd when he says, Walter Scott's comic conceptions are failures, and his Dugald Dalgetty a piece of broad farce,—but he is guilty of something worse than the wildest flight of absurdity, when he assumes, from the Author of the Waverley Novels having never mentioned Miss Austen's name to the public, that he was jealous of her, and that the amiable, the generous-hearted Scott, like Napoleon Buonaparte, "reserved his praise for the rivals whom he had confessedly overcome."

It will require something more than the dictum of this doer of only a passably good translation of a French novel, to persuade the world that Scott had not the vis comica, or to upset the evidence of the whole of that great and good man's literary life, which goes to prove that envy was a stranger to his nature.

Stick to the task of rendering the ideas of others, Mr. Translator, and spare us your own, if they are not better than the specimens given in your present impertinent and ridiculous preface!

Travels in Sweden, Norway, &c, to the North Cape. By Sir Arthur De Capell Brooke.

Tuou published some time since, it was only very lately that this delightful book of travels in little frequented, yet exceedingly interesting countries, fell into our hands. We had occasion to consult it for some point of information, and found, as we have invariably done in all the other travels pub-
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lished by the same author, much more than we looked for. Few men of the present day have travelled more, from the mere love of travelling and acquainting himself with the peculiarities of different regions, than Sir Arthur, who, besides enterprise, possesses good judgment, a feeling heart, which occasionally shows itself in touching pictures of life, and a truly gentlemanly turn of mind.

We warmly recommend this volume. The embellishments, which chiefly consist of views of exceedingly picturesque places, greatly enhance the value of the work.

Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

From the first line to the last of this unpretending volume there breathes the evidence of a pure and lofty spirit—of woman’s purity and woman’s pride. It is what true poetry should be, and addresses itself, not to the senses but to the imagination, turning our thoughts to higher and better worlds from the insufficient attachments and unstable pleasures of earth. Perhaps a more beautiful idea was never embodied than that in the address to the soul, entitled, “It should not be, and shall not.” The attempt by reasoning to quell the passionate regret which bursts in every line, and win the soul to a contemplation of its real home, can be compared only to the painful sooring of a chained bird, which spreads its pinions only to feel how fettered is its flight. We notice this little poem, and the splendid lines on Martin’s truly splendid genius (lines worthy of their subject), as proofs of the lofty enthusiasm and power of language which distinguish our authoress; but what praise shall we give to the graceful tenderness of such lines as the following?

"THE INDIAN.

When all is o’er for me on this bright earth,
Mourn me, with dovelike sweetness, in thy sorrow,
Not with wild anguish! With the desert’s dearth
Let thy worn heart the desert’s calmness borrow.
Oh wait our meeting hour in dream fraught peace!
It yet shall be—though long years part us first;
Oh let thy soul’s long wearying conflicts cease!
Fountains shall flow to quench earth’s deadliest thirst.

Dream to the chiming of yon gleamy fountain,
Dream of the hours we’ve marked its lovely play,
While the broad sun yet steeped the reddening mountain.

With the last floating splendours of his ray,
Go, in the shadow of remembered hours
Sit listening to the song of our own bird;
Braid me a death-crown of night blooming flowers,
Nor let my name be a forgotten word.
The sweet familiar tasks we shared of yore
I would, from time to time, ye should repeat;
O, think of me when all for me is o’er,
Yet be the memory calmly, gravely sweet.”

We regret that our limits compel us to choose, not the most beautiful, but the shortest among the many beautiful. Lines "On a Tomb"—"To my Bower"—"To— on her marriage," might all be quoted had we space for them. As it is, we bid farewell to the beautiful authoress, convinced that her readers, like ourselves, will learn to love the poetess in her mournful mood, as much as they admire the poetry of her loftier musings.

Turkey and its Resources; its Municipal Organization and Free Trade; the State and Prospects of English Commerce in the East: the New Administration of Greece; its Revenues and National Possessions.

Mr. Urquhart has given us an immense deal of information (the fruit of long travelling and most minute examination into matters that the generality of travellers utterly neglect), on topics that are of great and immediate interest. His observations on the municipal and fiscal regulations of Turkey, will be found well worthy the serious attention of our legislators. His views for the new kingdom of Greece, are luminous and liberal.

We must say, however, that Mr. Urquhart’s notions as to the resources of the Turkish empire, seem to us somewhat too sanguine. With facts in our possession, we were struck with astonishment when we found him asserting that, in spite of its reverses, the trade of that empire is on the increase. We would ask where? Not at Constantinople or Smyrna, the two great places of trade, where, within these two or three years, the first of the commercial houses have failed or ceased business, and whence, very lately, many of the enterprising Greek and Armenian traders have departed for the new kingdom of Greece—not at Salonica, where a few paeply commission agents can scarcely gain a livelihood— not on the Black Sea, where the British Government sent a consul who has nothing to do—not in Syria (but Turkey has now lost Syria)—not on the coast of Caramania— nor in any part of the empire is commerce in other condition than that of torpor and decline.

In spite, however, of this, and one or two other mistakes, Mr. Urquhart’s is a very valuable book.

A Compendious German Grammar, with a Dictionary of the principal Prefixes and Affixes; alphabetically arranged. Second edition, improved and enlarged. By Adolphus Bernays, Ph. D.

The German Reader: A Selection from the most popular Writers, with literal and free Translations, Grammatical and other Notes, for the Use of Beginners, by the same Author.

The reception given to the works which form the subject of this article, is a striking proof of the progress which German literature is making amongst us. This, therefore, seems a fitting occasion to mention the productions of one by whom that progress has been very greatly accelerated.

Dr. Bernays has now been labouring for some
The "German Reader" is an entirely new work, and will be welcomed by the future students as one of the most useful helps which could well be devised for beginners. The plan here adopted has the advantage over other plans, in which literal translations form the principal feature, that it is not confined to the teaching of a vocabulary, but gradually leads the learner to the necessary knowledge of the idiom, the structure of phrases, the foundation of words, the use of synonyms, and a variety of other useful matters which render the book interesting even to the advanced student. At the same time the selection is of an entertaining character, and of that style most wanted in conversation and familiar correspondence. Works of this kind do not admit of a more detailed notice; but we cordially recommend them both as amongst the very best of their class.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—The King and Queen arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, on the 18th of last month. The King honoured the Duke of Wellington with his presence at dinner at Apsley House in the evening, and the Queen visited the Italian Opera.

His Majesty held his levee on the following Wednesday. It was attended, as usual, by the members of the Cabinet and of the Household, and the Foreign Ambassadors: among the general company were the Earls of Shrewsbury, Harrowby, and Surry, Sir Stratford Canning, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Scholefield, Mr. Richards, Mr. G. H. Vernon, Admiral Temple, Sir Edward Owen, and Sir P. Mainland.

In the evening, the Queen visited Covent Garden Theatre; which was very thinly attended,—the pit, second tier of boxes, and the galleries, not being one third filled. She was very well received, and cheered by all present.

Her Majesty held a drawing-room the next day; at which the attendance of the nobility, both British and Foreign, and of the members of Parliament, was very numerous. Among the company were the Dukes of Northumberland, Argyll, Buccleugh, Cleveland, and Beaufort, the Marquesses of Londonderry and Downshire, Earls of Roden, Surry, Ormele, and Courtenay, Messrs. Walter, Scholefield, Richards, Whitmore, Lambert, Boulton, and Dundas.

The King dined in the evening with a distinguished party at Holland House.

French Duel.—A French Colonel, named Bricqueville, made a violent personal attack in the Chambers, about a fortnight ago, on Marshal Soult; charging him, among other things, with having caused the loss of the battle of Waterloo by his misconduct. Soult took no notice whatever of this attack; but his son, the Marquis of Dalmatia, challenged the Colonel to a duel with swords, in the Bois de Boulogne. The following circumstantial account of this absurd affair is taken from a Paris paper.

"After a contest, which lasted ten minutes, the Marquis struck his foot against a stone and fell; upon which his adversary gallantly stretched out his hand, and raised him. They resumed their positions; and, after another long contest, the sword of Colonel Bricqueville becoming entangled with that of the Marquis, escaped from his hand, but the latter immediately returned it to him. After a short pause, the combat was renewed for the third time; in the course of which the parties grappled with each other, and it became a question of mere bodily strength. Upon this, the seconds, who were Marshal Clausel and General Jacqueminet, on the part of the Marquis de Dalmatia, and General Excelmains and M. Cesar Bacot, for Colonel de Bricqueville, interposed, and separated them; declaring that enough had been done by each to maintain their honour, and that the engagement could not be suffered to proceed any further. To this decision the two principals submitted, and separated with reciprocal marks of esteem."

Strange Verdict.—In February last, Richard Cartwright, who kept an inn in Sunderland, was dragged out of his house, and most severely beaten by two men who had a quarrel with him. He became very ill, and vomited blood in consequence of this treatment. For two months he grew gradually worse, and died last week. An inquest was lately held on the body: six of the Jury were for bringing in a verdict of wilful murder against the men who had beaten him; seven, however, would not agree to it; so they finally agreed on the following verdict.—"Died of Pulmonary Consumption."

Whitefoot.—A violent attack was made on a Mr. Moss, tithe-agent at Castledermot, county of
CONCERTS.

Carlow, on Tuesday week, by a crowd that collected to prevent his men serving latitats, and he had a very narrow escape. The Hartingans, father and son, were on the same day almost beaten to death at Kilshaneen; but, with characteristic national vitality, have sufficiently recovered to swear informations against three of them, who were in consequence arrested by the police as partisans in the riot.

In the county of Kilkenney, a savage attack was made last Thursday, by Whitefeet, on the house of George Dormer, a comfortable farmer, within a mile of Castlecomer, a tenant of Lord Carrick. Being refused admittance, they forced open the door and two or three fellows entered, one of whom shot Dormer in the thigh. His son then seized the gun; and the party retired, leaving it with him, as if overswayed by his resolute resistance. Times Correspondent.

CONCERTS.

The concerts have been, and continue to be, so numerous this season, that we cannot stay to notice half that are entitled to commendation. We shall therefore only say, that the general excellence of these entertainments speaks volumes in favour of the improvement of the national taste in music.

There are, however, two or three of which we cannot refrain from saying a word: those of Messrs. Saloman, Giubilei and Sagnini, Chelard and Eliason, and Bochsa. Mr. Saloman's was an excellent concert; and the performance alone of this young gentleman on the piano-forte was quite sufficient to render it attractive. Mr. Saloman has taste feeling, warmth, and execution, combined with great judgment; and, though very young, his powers in the higher branches of composition will soon raise him to great eminence in our national school. The concert of Signor Giubilei and L. Sagnini was crowded even to suffocation. Signor Giubilei is well known to the public as a basso cantante of considerable power and an excellent actor; but he deserves the greatest encouragement for the persevering industry with which he has applied himself—and very successfully too—to master the difficulties of our language, and sing the words of “Britain’s Muse,” in its own native idiom. M. Sagnini is a guitarist of considerable talent, and a composer of great elegance for his instrument. Of this concert we need only say that it was graced by the united talents of Pasta, De Merie, Cinti-Damoreau, Miss Saunders Osborne, Miss Atkinson, Rubini, Donzelli, Tamburini, Hartzinger and Zucchelli, all of whom sang in their very best style; and we may add that we were delighted at the warmth, and taste, and execution with which Miss Saunders Osborne, with her fresh and youthful voice, sang the “Tirano Amore.”

Messrs. Chelard and Eliason gave us also a rich treat; unfortunately, however, the inefficiency of the orchestra—many of the performers, we understand, having failed to attend—prevented justice from being done to Chelard’s overture to Mitternacht. Eliason’s concerto on the violin was beautifully executed; indeed we never heard this young violinist display greater power and taste. He was rapturously applauded. Madame Malibran was, as usual, exquisite; she is certainly the most accomplished performer of this or any other age. In the second part, she sang the “Sul Aria” of Mozart, with Miss Saunders Osborne, and the latter young lady performed her part in such excellent taste as to call forth a most flattering compliment from Paganini, who happened to be present. Rubini and Giubilei, and Hartzinger, and H. Phillips, and Dobler, and Madame Devrient, each contributed to the entertainment, and Henri Herz wound up the performance by executing one of his extraordinary and beautiful compositions upon the piano-forte. Bochsa’s concert was really one of the best of the season, and the inimitable performance of this gentleman upon the harp was of itself sufficient to insure his success, even had he played alone, instead of being assisted, as he was, by many of the great stars of the musical firmament.

Want of space forces us to defer, till our next number, notices of Paganini’s concerts, and de Beriot’s dramatic concert, and the concert of Pixis. We understand that the accomplished and elegant pianist and composer George Osborne is to give a concert, in a day or two, at Willis’s Rooms; and that he will be assisted by the very first talent in the country, both native and foreign.
SUMMER SONGS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.—A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Hast thou no fears, O thou exulting thing; 
Thus looking forth on life? Is there no spell 
In the strong winds to tame thee? Thou hast yet 
To learn harsh lessons from the changeful hours, 
And bow thy stately head submissively 
Unto a heavy touch; for here, bright shape! 
Thy resting-place is not.

Rose, what dost thou here? 
Bridal, royal Rose! 
How, 'midst grief and fear, 
Canst thou thus disclose 
That servid hue of love which to thy heart-leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed 
For triumphal hours, 
Look' st thou through the shade 
Of these mortal bowers, 
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring 
Through a sunny sky, 
As a clarion pouring, 
Strains of victory, 
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly doom too high!

Thoughts of rapture, flushing 
Youthful poet's cheek; 
Thoughts of glory rushing 
Forth in song to break; 
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.
THE SILVER ARROW.

Yet, O festal Rose!
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose,
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, Life, and Love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links, the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?
Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells!

All the soul, forth flowing
With that rich perfume,
All the proud life, glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace!

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there,
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly more fair?

Yes, my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal Rose!

THE SILVER ARROW: A TALE OF THE ARCHERY GROUND.

BY MISS MITFORD, AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE," "OUR RECTOR," &C.

Archery meetings are the order of the day. Not to go back to those olden times, when the bow was the general weapon of the land, when the battles of Cressy and of Poictiers were won by the stout English archers, and the king’s deer slain in his forests by the bold outlaws, Robin Hood and Little John, and the mad priest, Friar Tuck, when battles were won and ships taken not by dint of rockets and cannon-balls, but by the broad arrow, or when (to come back to more domestic and therefore more interesting illustrations) William of Cloudesley, the English William Tell, saved his forfeited life by shoot-
ing an apple from his son's head, at six score paces *; not to revert to those times, which were perhaps rather too much in earnest, when the dinner, or the life, or the battle, depended on the truth of the aim, and the weapon (to say nothing of the distance) would be as unmanageable to a modern arm as the bow of Ulysses; not to go back to that golden age of archery and minstrelsy, never since the age of James and Elizabeth, when the bow, although no longer the favourite weapon, continued to be the favourite pastime of all classes †, have bows and arrows been so rife in this England of ours as at this present time. Every country mansion has its butts and its targets, every young lady her quiver; and that token of honour, the prize arrow, trumpery as, sooth to say, it generally is, is as much coveted and cherished and envied as if, instead of a toy for a pedlar's basket, it were diamond necklace, or an emerald bracelet.

To confess the truth, I suspect that the whole affair is rather more of a plaything now-a-days than it was even in the later time to which we have alluded; partly, perhaps, because the ladies, with the solitary exception of Maid Marian, (who, however, in Ben Jonson's beautiful fragment, The Sad Shepherd, of which she is the heroine, is not represented as herself taking part in the sylvan exercises of her followers) contented themselves with witnessing instead of rivaling the feats of our forefathers; partly, it may be, because, as I have before observed, the thews and sinews of our modern archers, let them call themselves Toxopholites‡, fifty times over, would tug with very little effect at the weapons of Clym of the Clough or of Little John, so called because he was the biggest person of his day. Or even if a fine gentleman of the age of William the Fourth should arrive at bending a 200 pound bow, think of his elevating a willow wand at 400 yards distant! Modern limbs cannot compass such feats. He might as well try to lift the Durham ox.

Nevertheless, although rather too much of a toy for boys and girls, and wanting altogether in the variety and interest of that other great national out-door amusement called cricket, it would be difficult to find a better excuse for drawing people together in a country neighbourhood, an object always desirable, and particularly so in this little midland county of ours, where between party squabbles and election squabbles (affairs of mere personal prejudice with which politics have often nothing to do) half the gentry live in a state of continual non-intercourse and consequent ignorance of each other's real good qualities, and the genial, pardonable, diverting foibles, which perhaps conspire as much as more grave, solid excellence, not only to the amusement of society, but to our mutual liking and regard for each other. A man perfect in thought and word and deed is a fine thing to contemplate at reverent distance, like some rare statue on its pedestal; but for the people who are destined to mix with their fellows in this work-a-day world, to walk and talk and eat and drink like their neighbours, the more harmless peculiarities and innocent follies they bring to keep our follies in countenance the better for them and for ourselves. Luckily there is no lack of these congenial elements in human nature. The only thing requisite is a scene for their display.

This want seemed completely supplied by the Archery Meeting, an approved neutral ground where politics could not enter, and where the Capulets and Montagues of H—shire might contemplate each other's good qualities, and be conciliated by each other's defects, without the slightest compromise of party etiquette or party dignity. The heads of the contending houses had long ago agreed to differ, like the chiefs of rival factions in London, and met and visited, except just at an election time, with as much good humour and cordiality as Lady Grey meets and visits Lady Beresford; it was amongst the partisans, the adherents of the several candidates, that the prejudice had been found so inveterate; and every rational person, except those who were themselver

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* 130 yards. He had previously cleft a willow wand at 400 yards. Vide the fine ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley," in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of ancient English Poetry," a collection which, in these days of Robin Hoods and Maid Marion, ought to be reprinted, if only for the sake of the archery lore.

† If the fact were not too well known to need confirmation, abundant proof of the love of shooting at the butts, so prevalent amongst our ancestors, might be found in the plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other great dramatists of that great dramatic age. Their works abound with allusions to the subject, and images derived from the sport. Even falconry, rich as that is in technical terms, has hardly furnished them with so many illustrations. It seems to have been the holiday sport of the lower orders, and in the absence of clubs and newspapers, the almost daily recreation of the gentry, and probably continued to be so up to the time of the Commonwealth, when all amusements were suspended by the stern habits of the party; and what were beginning to stir the interest of the civil wars. After the Restoration, the bowling-green appears to have taken the place of the archery ground.

‡ A word from the Greek, signifying, I believe, "a Bowman," "a lover of the bow."
infected with the prevalent moral disorder; hailed the prescription of so pleasant a remedy for the county complaint.

Accordingly the proposal was no sooner made at a country dinner party than it was carried by acclamation, a committee was appointed, a secretary chosen, and the pleasant business of projecting and anticipating commenced upon the spot. For the next week, nothing could be heard of but the Archery Meeting; bows and arrows were your only subject, and Lincoln Green your only wear.

Then came a few gentle difficulties; difficulties that seem as necessary preludes to a party of pleasure, as the winds and rains of April are to the flowers of May. The committee, composed, as was decorous, not of the eager sons and zealous daughters and bustling mamma of the principal families, but of their cool, busy, indifferent papas, could by no chance be got together; they were hay-making, or they were justicing, or they were attending the house, or they had forgotten the day, or they had not received the letter; so that, in spite of all the efforts of the most active of secretaries, on Monday four only assembled out of twenty, on Tuesday two, and on Wednesday none at all.

Then, of the three empty houses in the neighbourhood, on either of which they had reckoned so confidently, that they had actually talked over their demers after the manner of bidders at an auction who intend to buy, the one was point blank refused to Mr. Secretary's courteous application, on the ground of the mischievousness of the parties, the danger of their picking the flowers, and the certainty of their trampling the grass; the second, after having been twenty years on sale, suddenly found a purchaser just as it was wanted for the Archery Club; and the third, which had been for years thirty and odd snugly going to ruin under the provident care of the Court of Chancery, a case of disputed title, and of which it had been proposed to take temporary possession as a sort of "no man's land," found itself most unexpectedly adjudged to a legal owner by the astounding activity of my Lord Brougham. The Club was at its wit's end, and likely to come to a dissolution before it was formed, (if an Englishwoman may be permitted to speak good Irish,) when luckily a neighbouring M.P., a most kind and genial person, whose fine old mansion was neither on sale, nor in Chancery, and who patriotically sacrificed his grass and his flowers for the public good, offered his beautiful place, and furnished the Oakley Park Archery Club, not only with "a local habitation," but "a name."

Then came the grand difficulty of all, the selection of members. Every body knows that in London the question of caste or station, or to use perhaps a better word, of gentility, is very easily settled, or rather it settles itself without fuss or trouble. In the great city, there is room for every body. No one is so high or so low as to be without his equals; and in the immense number of circles into which society is divided, he falls insensibly into that class to which his rank, his fortune, his habits, and his inclinations are best adapted. In the distant provinces, on the other hand, the division is equally easy from a reverse reason. There the inhabitants may almost be comprised in the peasantry, the yeomanry, the clergy, and the old nobility and gentry, the few and distant lords of the soil living in their own ancestral mansions, and mixing almost exclusively with each other, not from airs, but from the absolute thinness of population amongst the educated or cultivated classes. But in these small midland counties close to London, where the great estates have changed masters so often that only two or three descendants of the original proprietors are to be found in a circuit of twenty miles, and where even the estates themselves are broken into small fractions—counties where you cannot travel a quarter of a mile without bursting on some line of new palings enclosing a belt of equally new plantation, and giving token of a roomy, commodious, square dwelling, red or white, as may suit the taste of the proprietor, or some "cot of spruce gentility," verandahed and be-porched according to the latest fashion, very low, very pretty, and very inconvenient—in these populous country villages, where persons of undoubted fortune but uncertain station are as plenty as blackberries, it requires no ordinary tact in a provincial lord chamberlain to grant or to refuse the privilege of the entrée.

Perhaps the very finest definitions of a gentleman in our own, or in any other language, may be found in Mr. Ward's De Vere*.

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* "By a gentleman we mean not to draw a line that would be invincibly between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and candid in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement; such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. But high birth and distinction for the most part insure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and the lower professions. It is, hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence what has been so beautifully
and in the motto of (I think) the Rutland family, "Manners Make the Man;" but our
own practice seems rather to be grounded
on the inimitable answer of the ineffable Mr.
Dubster in Madame D'Arlay's Camilla, who
on being asked " What made him a gentleman? " gravely replied " leaving off business;"
or on the still nicer distinction, so
admirably ridiculed by another great female
writer (Miss Austen in "Emma"), where a Mr.
Suckling, a Bristol merchant, who had retired
from trade some eight or nine years back,
refuses to visit another Bristolian who had
only purified himself from the dregs of the
sugar warehouse the Christmas before.

Now Mr. Dubster's definition, besides being
sufficiently liberal and comprehensive, had
the great merit of being clear and practicable,
and our good humoured secretary, a man of
ten thousand, well-born, well-bred, well-fort-
tuned, and thoroughly well-conditioned, a
man light, buoyant, and bounding, as full of
activity as his favourite blood horse, and
equally full of kindness, would willingly have
abided by the rule, and was by no means dis-
inclined to extend his invitations to the many
educated, cultivated, rich and liberal persons
whose fathers were still guilty of travelling
to London once a week to superintend some
old respectable concern in Austin Friars' or
St. Mary Axe, or even to visit Lloyd's or the
Stock Exchange. But unluckily the Mr.
Sucklings of the neighbourhood prevailed.

"Standing," (to borrow an expressive Amer-
icanism) carried the day, and Mr. Brown,
whose mother eighteen years ago had pur-
chased the Lawn on one side of Headingly
Heath, had not only the happiness of
excluding his neighbour Mr. Green, who had
been settled at the Grove only a twelvemonth,
but even of barring out his still nearer neigh-
bour Mr. White, who had been established
in the Manor House these half dozen years.
Such, at least, was the decree passed in full
committee; but it is the common and rightful
fate of over rigorous laws to be softened in

sight.

it aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not."

*De Fede*, vol ii., page 22.

It may convey some notion of the villa population
in our county, to say that from the centre of Headingly
Heath, we can see eight gentlemen's houses. A young
sportsman who wanted a shooting box in a retired
situation, being taken in by a putting advertisement
of one of these mansions, drove down to look at it,
but when he came within view of the surrounding
villas, turned round his phaeton, and trotted off with-
out alighting, exclaiming, "Chapman common, by
Jove!"
of a group of middle-aged English ladies equipped for a party of pleasure.

In spite, however, of jostling interests and conflicting vanities, the day of the archery meeting was anticipated with great and general pleasure by the young people in H—shire, and to none was it more an object of delighted expectation than to Frances Vernon, a shy and timid girl, who generally shrank from public amusements, but who looked forward to this with quite a different feeling, since she was to be accompanied thither by her only brother Horace, a young man of considerable talent and acquirement, who, after spending several years abroad, had just returned to take possession of his paternal mansion in the neighbourhood of Oakley.

Horace and Frances Vernon were the only children of a very gallant officer of high family and moderate fortune, who had during his lifetime been one of the most zealous followers of the two factions, (the English Montecchi and Capuletti), who divided H—shire, and had bequeathed to his son as abundant a legacy of prejudices and feuds as would have done honour to a border chieftain of the fifteenth century. The good general's prime aversion, his pet hatred, had of course fallen upon his nearest opponent, his next neighbour, who—besides the sin of espousing one interest in H—shire, as the general espoused another, of being an uncompromising whig, (radical his opponent was fain to call him,) as the general was a determined tory—had committed the unpardonable crime of making his own large fortune as a Russia merchant; and not content with purchasing a considerable estate, which the general, to clear off old mortgages, had found it convenient to sell, had erected a huge staring red house within sight of the Hall windows, where he kept twice as many horses, carriages, and servants, and saw at least three times as much company as his aristocratic neighbour. If ever one good sort of a man hated another, (for they were both excellent persons in their way), General Vernon hated John Page.

John Page, on his side, who seemed to be outdone in an honest English aversion by any tory in Christendom, detested the general with equal cordiality, and a warfare of the most inveterate description ensued between them at all places where it was possible that disputes should be introduced, at vestries and county meetings, at quarter sessions, and at the weekly bench. In these skirmishes the general had much the best of the battle. Not only was his party more powerful and influential, but his hatred being of the cold, courtly, provoking sort that never comes to words, gave him much advantage over an adversary hot, angry, and petulant, whose friends had great difficulty in restraining him within the permitted bounds of civil disputation. An ordinary champion would have been driven from the field by such a succession of defeats, but our reformer (so he delighted to style himself) had qualities, good and bad, which prevented his yielding an inch. He was game to the back-bone. Let him be beaten on a question fifty times, and he would advance to the combat the fifty-first as stoutly as ever. He was a combatant whom there was no tiring down.

John Page was of a character not uncommon in his class in this age and country. Acute and shrewd on many subjects, he was yet on some favourite topics prejudiced, obstinate, opiniated, and conceited, as your self-educated man is often apt to be; add to this that he was irritable, impetuous, and violent, and we have all the elements of a good hater. On the other hand he was a liberal master, a hospitable neighbour, a warm and generous friend, a kind brother, an affectionate husband, and a doting father; note, beside, that he was a square-made little man, with a bluff but good-humoured countenance, a bald head, an eagle eye, a loud voice, and a frank and unpolished, but by no means vulgar manner, and the courteous reader will have a pretty correct idea of Mr. John Page.

Whether he or his aristocratic adversary would finally have gained the mastery at the bench, and in the vestry, time only would have shown. Death, however, stepped in and decided the question. The general, a spare, pale, temperate man, to whom such a disease seemed impossible, was carried off by apoplexy, leaving a sickly, gentle-tempered widow and two children, a son of high promise, who had just left college, and set out on a long tour through half of Europe, and much of Asia, and one daughter, a delicate girl of fourteen, whom her mother, in consideration of her own low spirits and declining health, sent immediately to school.

Six years had elapsed between the general's death and the date of my little story, when Horace Vernon, returning home to his affectionate relations, embrowned by long travel, but manly, graceful, spirited, and intelligent, even beyond their expectations, found them on the eve of the archery meeting, and was prevailed on by his mother (far
THE SILVER ARROW.

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too ailing a woman to attend public places) to escort his sister and her chaperone, (a female cousin on a visit at the house,) to the appointed scene of amusement.

A happy party were they that evening! Horace, restored to his own country and his own home, his birthplace, and the scene of his earliest and happiest recollections, seated between his mild, placid, gracious mother, and the pretty timid sister, with whose simplicity and singleness of mind he was enchanted, seemed to have nothing more to desire on earth. He was, however, sensible to something like a revulsion of feeling; (for, besides being a dutiful inheritor of his father's aversions and prejudices, he had certain ancient quarrels of his own—dehêtes with game-keepers, and shooting and fishing squabbles on his own account, to settle with Mr. Page:;) he did certainly feel something like disappointment when, on inquiring into those family details which his long absence had rendered so interesting, he found this their old hereditary enemy, the man whom he thought it meritorious to hate, transmuted into their chief adviser and friend. Mr. Page had put a stop to a lawsuit in which his mother's dower and his sister's small fortune were involved, and had settled the matter for them so advantageously, that they were better off than before; Mr. Page had discovered and recovered the family plate abstracted by a thieving butler, and had, moreover, contrived, to the unspeakable comfort of both ladies, that the thief should be transported, not hanged; Mr. Page had sent out to Russia, in a most advantageous situation, the old steward's grandson, the pet and protégé of the family; Mr. Page had transported to the Swan River a rent-rien cousin, the family plague; Mr. Page had new-filled the conservatory; Mr. Page had new-clothed the garden wall; and, finally, as Frances declared with tears in her eyes, Mr. Page had saved her dear mother's life by fetching Mr. Brodie in the crisis of a quinsy, in a space of time which, considering the distance, would seem incredible. This last assertion completely silenced Horace, who, to the previous feats, had exhibited a mingled incredulity of the benefits being really conferred, and an annoyance at receiving benefits from such a quarter, supposing them to be as great as their glowing gratitude represented. He said no more; but the feeling continued, and when poor Frances began to talk of her dear friend and school-fellow, Lucy, Mr. Page's only child, of her talent and beauty, and her thousand amiable qualities, and when Mrs. Vernon added a gentle hint as to the large fortune that she would inherit, Horace smiled and said nothing, but went to bed as thoroughly determined to hate Mr. Page, and to find his daughter plain and disagreeable, as his deceased father, the general, could have done for the life of him. "I see your aim, my dear mother and sister," thought he to himself, "but if my fortune be limited so are my wishes, and I am not the man to enact Master Fenton to this Anne Page of your's, or Lucy, or whatever her name may be, though she were the richest tallow merchant's daughter in all Russia."

So thinking he went to bed, and so thinking he arose the next morning—the great morning of the archery meeting; and his spleen was by no means diminished, when, on looking out of his window, the great ugly red house of his rich neighbour stared him in the face. A pleasantry object, however, soon banished the evil thought, his pretty little sister, light and agile as a bird, practising at the target, and almost dancing with joy as she lodged an arrow within the gold.

"Well shot, Fanchette!" exclaimed Horace joining her; "I see you mean to bring home the silver arrow."

"I should like to do so of all things," replied Fanchette, "but it is quite out of hope. I can shoot very well here, or at the other house—"

"The other house!" thought Horace; "and they are as intimate as that comes to!"

"I can even beat Lucy," pursued poor Frances—

"Lucy again!" thought her brother.

"When we are by ourselves," continued she; "but before strangers I am so awkward, and nervous, and frightened, that I always fail. I should like dearly to win the arrow though," added she, "and Lucy says that if I could but think of something else, and forget that people were looking at me, she is sure I should succeed. I do really believe that Lucy would rather I should win it than herself, because she knows it would give so much pleasure to mamma."

"Nothing but Lucy!" again thought Horace. "It seems as if there were nobody in the world but Miss Lucy Page.—Pray, Fanchette," said he aloud, "what brought about the reconciliation between Mr. Page's family and ours? When I left England we had not spoken for years."

"Why, very luckily, brother, just after you went abroad," rejoined Fanchette, "one of the tenants behaved very unjustly, and insolently, and ungratefully to mamma, and when
the steward threatened to punish him for his misconduct, he went immediately to Mr. Page, knowing that he had been at variance with our poor father, to claim his patronage and protection. However, Mr. Page was not the man to see a woman and a widow, an unprotected female, as he said—

"He might have said a lady, Miss Fanny!" again thought the ungrateful Horace—

"Imposed upon," continued Fanny. "So he came straight to dear mamma, offered her his best services on this occasion and any other, and has been our kindest friend and adviser ever since."

"I dare say," said the incorrigible Horace; "and Miss Lucy was your school-fellow! What is she like now? I remember her a pale, sickly, insignificant, awkward girl. Whom does she resemble? The bluff-looking father, or the vulgar mamma?"

"You are very provoking brother," replied poor Fanny; "and hardly deserve any answer. But she is just exactly like this rose. She's the prettiest girl in the county. Every body allows that."

"Yes, a true country beauty, a full-blown cabbage rose," again thought Horace; who had not condescended to observe that the half-blown flower which his sister had presented to him, and which he was at that instant swinging unconsciously in his hand, was of the delicate maiden blush. "A full-blown blowzy beauty, as vulgar and as forward as both her parents, encouraging and patronising my sister, forsooth! She, the daughter of a tallow merchant! just as the father protects my dear mother. Really," thought Mr. Vernon, "our family is much indebted to them!" And with these thoughts in his mind, he set off with Frances to the archery ground.

On arriving at the destined spot all other feeling was suspended in admiration of the extraordinary beauty of the scene. Horace, a traveller of no ordinary taste, felt its charm the more strongly from the decided English character impressed on every object. The sun was rather veiled than shrouded by light vapoury clouds, from which he every now and then emerged in his fullest glory, casting all the magic of light and shadow on the majestic oaks of the park, oaks scarcely to be rivalled in the royal forests, and on the venerable old English mansion which stood embosomed amongst its own rich woodland. The house was of the days of Elizabeth, and one of the most beautiful erections of that age of picturesque domestic architecture. Deep bay windows of various shapes, were surmounted by steep intersecting roofs and bits of gable ends, and quaint fantastic cornices and high turret-like chimneys, which gave a singular grace and lightness to the building. Two of those chimneys, high and diamond-shaped, divided so as to admit the long line of sky between them, and yet united at distant intervals, linked together as it were, by a chain-work of old masonry, might be a study at once for the painter and the architect. The old open porch, too, almost a room, and the hall with its carved chimney-piece and its arched benches, the wainscoted rooms, the oak staircases, the up-stair chapel, (perhaps oratory might be the fitter word,) the almost conventional architecture of some of the arched passages and the cloistered inner courts, were in perfect keeping; and the admirable taste which had abstained from admitting any thing like modern ornament was felt by the whole party, and by none more strongly than by our fastidious traveller. He immediately fell into conversation with Mr. Oakley, the kind and liberal proprietor of the place, and his charming lady, (old friends of his family,) and was listening with interest to his detail of the iniquities of some former Duke of St. Alban's, who renting the mansion* as being convenient for the exercise of his function of hereditary grand falconer, had, in a series of quarrels with another powerful nobleman (the then Duke of Beaufort,) extirpated the moor-fowl which had previously abounded on the neighbouring heath, when a startling clap on the shoulders roused his attention, and that night-mare of his imagination, Mr. Page, stood before him in an agony of good-will, noiser and more boisterous than ever.

Not only Mr. Page, shaking both his hands with a swing that almost dislocated

* There is another still more interesting story connected with Oakley. An ancestor of the present proprietor was lost, bewildered, benighted, during some tremendous storm on the heath before alluded to, and being of delicate health and nervous habits had fairly given up all hope of reaching his own house alive: when suddenly the church clock of the neighbouring town of W— striking four, happened to make itself heard through the wintry storm, and gave him sufficient intuition of his position to guide him safely home. In memory of this interpolation, which he considered as nothing less than providential, Mr. Oakley assigned forty-shillings a year in payment of a man to ring a bell at four o'clock every morning in the parish church of W—: and by that tenure the estate is still held. This is literally true. A circumstance somewhat similar, occurring to the proprietor of Bramborough Castle, in Northumberland, is said to have been the cause of the erection of the famous light-house which has warned so many vessels from that dangerous coast.
his shoulders, but Mrs. Page, ruddy, portly, and smiling, the very emblem of peace and plenty, and Mrs. Dinah Page, Mr. Page's unmarried sister, both in the full shroud uniform, stood before him. At a little distance, talking to his sister, and evidently congratulating her on his return, stood Lucy, simply but exquisitely dressed, a light embroidery of oak leaves and acorns having replaced the bows which made the other young ladies seem in an eternal flutter of green ribands; and so delicate, so graceful, so modest, so sweet, so complete an exemplification of innocent and happy youthfulness, that as Horace turned to address her and caught his sister's triumphant eye, the words of Fletcher rose almost to his lips,

"As a rose at fairest, 
Neither a bud, nor blown."

Never was a more instantaneous conversion. He even, feeling that his first reception had been ungracious, went back to shake hands over again with Mr. Page and to thank him for his services and attentions to his mother during his absence; and when his old opponent declared with much warmth that any little use he might have been of was doubly repaid by the honour of being employed by so excellent a lady, and by the unspeakable advantage of her notice to his Lucy, Horace really wondered how he could ever have disliked him.

The business of the day now began—
"Much ado about Nothing" perhaps—but still an animated and pleasant scene. The pretty procession of young ladies and nicely equipped gentlemen, marching to the sound of the bugle from target to target, the gay groups of visitors sauntering in the park, and the outer circle of country people, delighted spectators of the sport, formed altogether a picture of great variety and interest.

Lucy and Frances were decidedly the best shots on the ground, and Horace, who, not shooting himself, was their constant attendant, was much pleased with the interest with which either young marksman regarded the success of the other. Lucy had, as she declared, by accident, once lodged her arrow in the bull's eye, and was as far before Frances as Frances was before the rest. But Lucy, although the favourite candidate, seemed less eager for the triumph than her more timid friend, and turned gladly to other subjects.

"You are admiring my beautiful dress, Mr. Vernon, as well you may," exclaimed she, as she caught his eye resting on her beautiful figure, "but it is Frances who ought to blush, for this delicate embroidery is her work and her taste, one of a thousand kindesses which she and dear Mrs. Vernon have been showering upon me during the last six years. She did not act quite fairly by me in this matter though, for she should have allowed me, though I cannot paint with the needle as she does, to try my skill in copying her handywork, and I will, against the next meeting, although it will be only displaying my inferiority. I never saw this dress, or had a notion of it, till last night, when she was forced to send it to be tried on. You do not know your sister, but you will find her out in time. She is so timid, that sometimes she conceals her powers from those she loves best, and sometimes from mere nervousness they desert her. I am glad that she has shot so well to day, for trifling as the object is, every thing that tends to give her confidence is of consequence to her own comfort in society. What a shot was that," continued she, as Frances's shaft lodged within the first circle; "and how ashamed she is at her own success! now you shall see me fail and not be ashamed of my failure:" and she shot accordingly, and did fail, and another round, with nearly equal skill on the part of Frances, and equal want of it on that of her friend, had reversed their situations, and put Miss Vernon at the top of the list, so that when the company adjourned to dinner Frances was the favourite candidate, although the two young ladies were, in sporting phrase, neck and neck.

After dinner, however, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, and the sports recommenced, Miss Page was nowhere to be found. Mrs. Page, on her daughter being called for, announced to the secretary that Lucy had abandoned the contest, and on being anxiously questioned by Horace and Frances as to the cause of her absence, avowed that she could not very well tell what was become of her, but that she fancied she was gone with her father and aunt Dinah in search of the Ladye Fountain, a celebrated spring situate somewhere or other in the seven hundred acres of fir woods, which united the fertile demesne of Oakley to another fine estate belonging to the same gentleman; a spring which aunt Dinah had remembered in her childhood, before the fir trees were planted, and had taken a strong fancy to see again. "And so Lucy," pursued Mrs. Page, "has left the archery and her chance of the silver arrow, and has even run away from Miss Vernon to go exploring the woods with aunt Dinah."

"She is gone that Frances may gain the
prize, sweet creature that she is!” thought our friend Horace.

Two hours after Horace Vernon found his way through the dark and fragrant fir plantations to a little romantic glade, where the setting sun glanced between the deep red trunks of the trees on a clear spring, meandering over a bed of mossy turf inlaid with wild thyme, and dwarf heath, and the delicate harebell, illuminating a figure fair as a wood-nymph, seated on the fantastic roots of the pines, with Mr. Page on one side and aunt Dinah on the other: “You have brought me good news,” exclaimed Lucy springing forward to meet him; “Frances, dear, dear Frances, has won the silver arrow.”

“I have brought you the silver arrow,” replied Horace, offering her the little prize token.

“But how can that be, when even before I declined the contest Frances had beaten me? The prize is her’s and must be her’s.

I cannot take it, and even if it were mine it would give me no pleasure. It was her success that was my triumph. Pray take the arrow back again. Pray, pray, my dear father, make Mr. Vernon take the arrow.”

“It is yours, I assure you,” replied Horace, “and Frances cannot take it, because she has one just like it of her own. Did not you know that there were two prizes? One for the greatest number of good shots, which, owing probably to your secession, has been adjudged to Frances, and another for the best shot of all, which was fairly won by you. And now, my dear Mr. Page, I shall appeal to you to make your daughter take the arrow, and if she will but take heart and hand into the bargain, then shall I be the happiest man on the archery ground.”

And as Lucy did not say no, we have a fair right to let our imaginations end the story as happily as we please.

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EVENING.

I lean’d upon the terrace wall,
In weariness and pensive mood,
And mark’d the thronging sunnoms fall
Before me, as I stood.

Slowly into the lake they dropt,
Whose tranquil waters never flow,
Like Hope’s young blossoms, newly crop’d,
O’er Lethe’s pool below.

And on the floor of heav’n above,
Reflected in its watery glass,
With heavenly smiles and looks of love,
Beauty’s fair daughters pass.

And from the lightly-finger’d string,
Stream sounds, like strains of fairy elves,
And soft Italian voices sing
Words—music of themselves.

But, like a monarch once caress’d,
Down sinks, depo’d, the weary day;
The regal purple of the west
Is chang’d to russet grey;

And every sight, and every sound,
That minister’d to my delight,
Above, beneath, beside, around,
Is fading into night.

And hush’d and still the music’s tone—
The voice—the song—is heard no more;
Ev’n its remotest sound is gone,
Unheard the splashing oar—
And night is floating on the lake,
And sprinkling darkness everywhere,
Save on the glow-worm in the brake—
The fire-fly in the air.

And thus, me’thought, the forms have past
Once wont my visions to employ;
A summer brightness round them cast,
Trick’d in the garb of joy.

And round them music seem’d to float,
As the gay phantoms sail’d along,
And out of the enchanted boat
Arose the voice of song.

And now that they have pass’d away,
Darkness were in this heart of mine,
Save for the glow-worm’s grateful ray,
The fire-fly’s light to shine.

For though all else beside depart,
Joy, surely, has not died in vain;
If truth still glow within the heart,
And fancy fire the brain.
THE CHOICE.

Mr. Tornado Dwight had retired from business with what is termed a snug property; by which, we understand, is meant a fortune, half-way between a plum and pauperism—not too ample for splendour, yet large enough for elegance. There have been, however, gentlemen of reputed snug property, who have secured and locked up their funds so snugly, that after their demise, their perplexed executors have been quite unable to place their hands upon any available assets, and have at last been constrained to believe that their defunct friend had a special strong box, hidden in a boudoir of one of the many castles in the air, which he was perpetually erecting: and since it would be impossible to summon the warden of any of these edifices by blast of horn, or otherwise, to the end that such monies should be caused to be forthcoming, it has happened, in some instances, that the presumptive heir of such gentleman of snug property has been fain to wander to the workhouse—a destination, which, if we are to believe a late report of the Poor Law Commissioners, is infinitely more agreeable and independent than the possession of any property, however snug, which might have fallen to him by succession or bequest. But this is not to our purpose. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Tornado Dwight was in the books of the Bank of England to a very agreeable tune—to a tolerably pretty figure. He was decidedly warm.

Mr. Tornado Dwight was, upon the present occasion, seated in his dining-room—a bottle of port immediately before his eyes, his snuff box at his elbow, and a stool at his foot. The old gentleman was occupied in an employment which he was very little in the habit of practising—he was thinking—and it struck him very forcibly that the longer he thought about the subject matter of his cogitations, the less likely was he to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. It appeared to him to be high time to settle finally in his own mind, how he should definitely dispose of his two sons—one of whom was at that moment at college, and the other under articles to Mr. Peter Pounce, the solicitor of Gray's Inn. The former of these sons was a gay young fellow, who had much more to do with the books of the tradesman, than with his own—and to whom the famous ock of Lucian would have appeared a mere dunghill-bred one, compared with the real game fowls, in whose victory or defeat, as the case might happen, he was, for the time being, interested.

But it was not more particularly to probe the constitutional infirmities and acquired vices of this promising scion, that our elderly gentleman of "retired leisure," proposed at the present moment to apply himself; the younger son, who had been just dining with him, and was now in the adjoining parlour, was the more stubborn problem of the two. Timothy was the straight twig that he would willingly bend to his own will and pleasure; Timothy was the, by no means, plant osier whom he would fain convert into an exemplary basket, for the reception of such golden fruits as his ripe experience might please to cast therein. But there was no coming at the boy. His "smooth-rubbed soul" had no principle of adhesion belonging to it—his head appeared to be empty in its own right—not because its owner could get no respectable family of sentiments to take it at a short lease—but because it seemed to exist by virtue of its own vacuity; it was like the Kensington Palace—apparently never intended in the first instance for occupancy.

"I'll have the young man brought in and questioned," said Dwight, after a pause. "I'll ascertain whether the lad is worthy of any, the smallest portion of my property after my death—which cannot be more than forty years hence. I shall have a word to say to him, also, touching his duties to himself, and his obligations to society. A father's care—parental advice—hum—ha—that's the thing—filial feelings acted upon by parental precepts—as Paley says. Here, Mary!"—and Tornado Dwight projected a voice that might, distributed in several portions, have set up in their profession an infinite series of town-criers.

"What do you want, brother?" said an elderly gentlewoman, making her appearance in the parlour; bearing that sort of family resemblance to her kinsman which is sometimes apparent, even whilst one of the parties, as in this instance, is like a wand, and the other resembles a wine-butt.

"I want my son," replied the brother, drawing himself upright in his chair, as though perfectly aware of the solemnity of the appeal. "I am about to catechise him
with respect to his duties and obligations—
his filial feelings must be acted upon by
paternal precepts,—as Paley says."

"Well, brother, well. —I say nothing," said the lady, calmly, "only don't teach the
boy by examples—that's all—you have been a
sad reprobate, you know—I, however, have
been instilling into the young man"

"You, you teach the boy—come, Mary,
that's too bad," and such short lively cynical
chuckles burst from the fretful bosom of the
brother, as express mirth while they mean
fury, and are only fitly to be compared to
grasshoppers jumping out of a frying-pan—
"but I am to direct the lad—I am to show
him the right path,—" here the lady retired
with a toss of the head.

"A pretty thing, if faith—a parent not to
instruct his own child! to be sure, the poet
says, 'the child is father of the man,' in
which case the lad's son will be my grand-
father: in the meanwhile, with due deference
to the old gentleman, I shall take the liberty of
—oh! here he comes; sit down, sir."

The youth, who now skulked into the
room, although an authenticated Dwight,
presented as near a resemblance to his father
as a skein of white silk may be supposed to
bear to a ball of red worsted,—he was a kind
of perambulating stick of horse-nitnish, and
like that pungent root, brought tears into the
eyes of his parent—so vile a windfall did he
appear from the genealogical branch.

"Timothy, my child," said the father,
"we must have a little conversation together
—we must learn how you proceed—pray sit
on the chair, sir,—it won't rear up its kind
legs and kick you off: take a glass of wine."

"Indeed, sir," faltered the filial respon-
dent, "I never take wine—it will do me no
good."

"Take it," roared Dwight; "ah! that's
right—throttle the decanter—yes—there's a
snake in the glass—why, you ninny—it's
port, not poison—a flagon, not a dragon—
ha! ha! Good Lord!" he continued in an
undertone, the whites of his eyes fearfully
visible; "there's a son for a seventeen stone
man—I could blow out his brains with a peas-
shooter—I could run him though with a rush
—I could break his legs with a straw: and
how do you get on," he proceeded, closing
his parenthetical apostrophe, "with the study
of the law—isn't Pounce a precise formal
old quidnunc?"

"I don't know, indeed, sir," replied the
boy, licking his lips as he emptied the glass,
"but he wears a wig."

"Ha! very good," chuckled Dwight: "a
formal prig always wears a wig—now, do
you think you shall make as good a man as
your brother?"

"I trust, under the favour of Providence,
I shall, sir," answered the youth.

"Do you respect and esteem your brother?"

"Very much."

"Good," said Dwight, taking a pinch of
snuff; "now, read that letter."

"Why, it's from my brother, I declare,"
simpered the son, with the smile of an idiot
who has just outwitted a gaddfly.

"It is so, I believe," cried the father;
"but I thank you for the information, never-
theless—now, read it aloud—don't gasp like a
grampus stranded on the Grampian Hills, if
such a thing were possible, but read leisurely
and with sober earnestness."

And the youth, thus exhorted, as he recited
the following epistle, moved his lower jaw
with the lugubrious motion of a Mufti with
the toothache.

"Dear Dwight,

Money—money—money—the tradesmen
are up in arms. The cry is still, 'They come.'
They have taken up their files and are charg-
ing in all directions. As you have the love
of a pelican or a kangaroo for your offspring
—'put money in thy pouch,' and they will
be sure to fly thither. Once, my accom-
modating dad,

—If I send you for money,
Which you refused me,—was that done like Caesar?

but, look you, I am not querulous. More
money, in Mammon's name.

"Yours, in haste,

"Vertigo Dwight."

"Very well read," growled the father with
a sneer; "a good church-yard emphasis—the
tones of a tomb—the sounds of a sepulchre—
the mouth of a mausoleum—thank ee, good
dead's head—and, now, what do you think
of that letter?"

"Think, sir?" said Timothy.

"Think, sir, yes, think,—is it not a preci-
cious letter from a son to his father?"

"It is, indeed."

"Is not your brother Vertigo a villainous
spendthrift?"

"He is, certainly, a shocking young man."

"Is it not the fellow a scoundrel?"

"Oh! a horrid scoundrel," quoth Timothy.

"You, sir," bellowed Dwight; "you're
a blockhead."

Timothy's mouth transformed itself into
the arc of a circle.

"Vertigo Dwight is a fellow of spirit, and
will sow his wild oats whenever he can get a
furlong of soil fit for their reception—but, oh Lord!” and the affectionate father fell into a reverie.

“Do you admire the ladies, Tim,” he resumed, after a while, in a softened tone, looking over his shoulder at his melancholy offspring.

“Not particularly, sir.”

“Then you’re wrong, boy. Gallantry is not only graceful but advantageous—it conduces to a man’s advancement in life. A smartly turned compliment will sometimes jerk a good estate into one’s possession; and a profound bow enables a man to lay his paw upon the three per cents., when, in a perpendicular posture, they would have been entirely out of his reach. I remember, when I was a young man like you, I could have had age-woman I pleased. There was a young lady at the Leamington assembly room, thirty years ago—I forget her name—a great heiress, however. Well, she was accompanied by a miserable dwarf of a fellow, not half an hour high, as people say. I saw this stunted individual ducking and diving, and kicking up his heels like a bantam in a barn-yard. I apprehend the whole matter at once: with my opera hat under my arm, I advance— incline my person most gracefully towards the young lady—seize her delicate digits—am rewarded with a smile beaming with instantaneous love—and conclude a minuet, before the pigmy person had terminated his futile salutations, which, although lost upon their intended object, are received with a complacent grin by an antiquity behind, in a hoop and figured Petticoat. Now, had I proposed at once, I could have won the heiress; but she eloped a few days afterwards with an Irish officer of dragoons. By the bye, has not Pounce a daughter?”

“Yes, sir,” cried Timothy, briskly, taking off his glass; “Miss Kezia Pounce is a very amiable young lady.”

“Mind you’re not bitten, that’s all,” said Dwight, shaking his head; “do you love the girl?”

“I admire—I respect—I—”

“Aha! poor creature,” sighed the parent, “you’re caught, that’s certain. You remember your angel mother, I dare say? Well, let this be a secret;” and Dwight leant forward, and proceeded in a low but strangely distinct tone, “there was a take in—there was a wretched mistake;” and the father gazing intently at his son, placed his finger on his nose, and winked his eye slowly.

“But I can break off,” cried Timothy, alarmed; “I can break off my engagement with Miss Pounce.”

“You can, can you, you rascal,” retorted Dwight. “What! obtain the girl’s affections and then leave her to perish—why, sir, you are a gay Lothario—you’re a Tarquin—a Lovelace.”

“Heaven forbid!” cried the other, who thought these very hard names, albeit they were not in his vocabulary, and he emptied another glass with acquiescent facility.

“But I fear, sir,” resumed Dwight, “that you are given to drink, that you are a vile drunkard, sir.”

“Oh no, I’m not, sir,” cried Timothy, promptly; “Vertigo is the boy for that,” and he pounced upon the decanter.

“Can you lay your hand upon your heart,” returned Dwight, “and say that you are not—say, don’tumble at your waistcoat—there’s a hand for a human being—a bird’s claw, bleached, by heaven! I can tell you, Timothy, the fatal effects of hard drinking. I very nearly overshot the mark once, myself—I was all but gone, sir. I was dining with old Stubbs, an Essex farmer—poor Stubbs—he died of apoplexy. Well, we drank six bottles of port each. I had been remarking the economy of the farm-yard in an earlier part of the day—the chickens pecking—ducks waddling—hogs grunting—when they got me to bed all these details came before me in a chaotic confusion. Chickens pursued flying grains—ducks gobbled up the chickens—hogs swallowed the ducks—old Stubbs made away with the hogs, and the whole vanished in a flash of lightning. The next morning I was in a high fever. ‘I’ll tell you what,’ said the doctor, ‘another bottle and you had been a dead man.’ So I told him my vision. ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘a decided case of frantic delirium—it’s the nature of fever to magnify every object—observe the progressive growth of your phantasy.’ Come, come, no nonsense, old boy, said I, raising myself in the bed, I suppose if the hogs had engulfed old Stubbs—the ducks sucked in the hogs—and the chickens swallowed the whole—it would have been a reasonable and sober dream. So I got up after dinner, took two cool bottles of claret, and have been well ever since.”

But a change had come over the spirit of Timothy during this last recital, and he sat like the day-dreamer in the Arabian Nights, apparently weaving together the most delightful imaginings.

“He, he, he, he!” chuckled Timothy.

“When anything is calculated to cause laughter, boy,” said Dwight, seriously, laugh
TO ELIZA.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

Oh! Summer, sweet and lovely are thy days!
Yet not without alloy thy gifts we share;
How full of peril is thy lightning's blaze—
How full of terror do thy meteors glare.
But when no more the bickering lightnings play,
And when no more the meteor's blaze is seen,
With double joy we bless thy milder ray,
With double joy we hail the calm serene.
Such, my Eliza, are the woes of love—
Wrath's lightning eye—the storm that grief lets fall;
But when from reason's sun the clouds remove,
The dear delightful calm o'erpays it all!

* The first Mrs. Sheridan.
A TALE OF THE GOODWIN SANDS.

BY CHARLES MACFARLANE, ESQ.

Among the numerous interesting anecdotes with which the memory of the late Sir I. H—— was stored, and which he used to relate, to the great delight of his friends and the society he ornamented, was the following tragical story. The names of the parties have escaped my recollection, but even if I knew them I should be inclined to suppress them, as the events are comparatively of recent occurrence, and near relations and friends of the unfortunate individuals may be still living. I therefore feign the names of Donovan and Matilda.

This couple had long been tenderly attached to each other, and the day of their marriage, though somewhat distant, was fixed, and many little preparations were made for it, when the news of the death of Donovan's uncle, in one of our West India islands, reached them in Ireland, of which country they were both natives, together with information that made the lover's presence at the plantations which now devolved to him, a matter of urgent and imperative necessity. A separation at such a moment could not be otherwise than very painful, but the mourning, the decent respect to the memory of Donovan's deceased relative and benefactor, and other circumstances, opposed the immediate celebration of their nuptials, which the lover, in the ardour of his affection, proposed, in order that he might take his bride with him to the West Indies, where he would be obliged to reside for some years. After many struggles both on the part of Matilda and of Donovan, it was at length agreed that he should not lose the opportunity, but take his passage immediately, in a ship in the Cove of Cork, bound for the place of his destination, and just ready to sail; that on his safe arrival, for which fervent prayers were offered up to heaven, he should write to his affianced, who would then, with her mother, her only surviving parent, embark to join him, by the very first conveyance that offered.

When they had brought their minds to bear this determination, which was not done without sighs and tears, and apprehensions, that thus separated they should never meet again, they clearly saw sundry advantages that would result from it. Donovan, for example, by arriving two or three months (they made the time as short as they could,) before Matilda, would have time to prepare a residence for her, and do many things there to contribute to her comfort when she came; and then he could ascertain and inform her in his letter what household and other articles were most wanting, all of which she could purchase as her own taste directed, and bring out with her. They talked and dwelt on these trifling advantages, as people will do who have determined to make a great and painful sacrifice, and have only one mean consolation to grasp at. They talked to keep up their courage; but when the moment of departure arrived, the utter insignificance of such things, and even of the usages of society, struck Donovan, who again urged that they should be instantly married, and that his bride should go whither he went. Had it not been for the mother, whose notions of propriety and of respect to the dead were very strict, it is almost certain that the lover would have prevailed with his weeping mistress. The worthy matron made use of all the arguments and eloquence she could command. "Three months," she said, "would soon pass, nor was it a longer term than that which had already been fixed for their union."

"That is very true, dear mother," replied Donovan, "but under that arrangement I should have seen Matilda every day, and not have been separated from her by thousands of miles of ocean. Let it be as I wish—pray let it be as I wish—for there is something shews to my heart and brain, that if it be not so, Matilda and I shall never meet again in this world!"

"Oh, Donovan! why this cruelty?" said Matilda, almost shrieking; "I have ever obeyed my mother, and must do so still—why say we shall not meet again?"

The widow continued her expostulations; Donovan could not deny that they were reasonable, and his own fears, in the natural course of things, unfounded; that it was unmanly and cruel to Matilda to allow them to gain mastery over him; and, in fine, it was once more decided that the former arrangements should subsist. An hour after this conversation Donovan was on the road to the Cove of Cork, accompanied by the now tranquillised Matilda and her mother, who had willingly agreed to lengthen their parting
moments, and see him sail. When they reached the place of embarkation, the gallant ship had already weighed anchor, and with a few sails shaken out, was standing to, only waiting for her tardy passenger.

Donovan’s voice faltered as he ordered a shore boat, but he was understood, and promptly obeyed. The boat was at the quay, the mariners’ hands were on the oars, his sea-cloak was spread on the stern seat, by which was a man with an outstretched arm to aid him to embark—

“Now the last farewell, and the long good night!”

Matilda bore this last scene as it must always be borne by the young and tender-hearted. She stood as though she had been rooted to the spot like one of the surrounding rocks, until she saw her lover gain the ship, and ascend its deck; she waited even until the parting gun was fired, and nearly every broad canvass spread to catch the evening breeze, but then she turned from the shore, unable to join her mother in the waving of the handkerchief, or to sustain the sight of the rapid rate at which the West Indiaman was bounding from the fair shores of Cork.

“Thrice goes as fast a clipper, and as stout a ship, and as steady a crew, as ever crossed the blue water!” said a sailor among the group, which as usual was gathered on the beach to witness this departure.

These were words of comfort to Matilda! She would have asked the man if he spoke from real knowledge, but she could not speak, and putting some pieces of silver into his hand, she drew her veil close to conceal her tears, and hurried to the house where lodgings were prepared for her and her mother, without once turning her head in the direction of the ship.

When they had taken possession of the rooms, the good widow sat down at a window which commanded a view of the sea, and watched the rapidly receding vessel, until it appeared no larger than a curlew on the waters, and then was entirely concealed by the closing darkness of night. “How fast it sails,” she then said; “it is already out of sight!”

“God speed him! God speed him!” said Matilda, who had never moved from her chair at the further end of the apartment, and who was still engaged in fruitless efforts to restrain her tears.

A few days, however, brought composure and fervent hope, and then Matilda found relieving and even delightful occupation in executing a variety of little commissions with which Donovan had charged her. The winds and the weather, so attentively, but uselessly, observed by such as have a dear friend on a voyage, (for the calm of one latitude may be a tempest in another,) seemed favourable and smiling—the newspapers, now read with daily solicitute, presented no melancholy column of accidents and losses at sea; after some weeks, in Lloyd’s list, was mentioned the arrival of a vessel which had spoken to the “Rapid,” the ship that bore Donovan, in such a latitude, and “all well”; and then, in due time, came that climax of happiness, a long, fond letter from her lover!

He had arrived safe, after a short and pleasant voyage, found his wealth greater, and the place pleasanter than he expected; and doubted not, that with Matilda for his companion, and a temperate, judicious mode of living, to which too many of the Europeans there were strangers, they would both escape the bad influences of the climate, and live comfortably until they could return advantageously to their own home. He described the magnificent vegetation; the brilliancy of atmosphere of that tropical climate; and as a lover he could not forget to mention that he could read the small-print pocket edition of Shakspere, her gift, by moonlight, and that the planet Venus there, like a small moon, beamed with such effulgence, that it cast a shade from “tower and tree,” and every object that intercepted its rays.

He spoke of the shady, green savannahs, of the groves of oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, and pine-apples—of the clusters of cocoa-nut trees—of his cool retreat, high up a mountain’s side, where his house was shaded by stately cedars, and alternately ventilated by the land and sea-breeze. All this and much more he said, to encourage his gentle bride, who, he knew, had already heard too much from consoling friends, about the insalubrity and miseries of the West Indies. But Matilda needed not this encouragement—her heart was with Donovan—it was nothing for her body to follow, even had he been in a place as fatal as Sierra Leone; and by far a more interesting paragraph of his letter was that where he named the proper ship for her to embark in, and told her that, in all probability, it would be nearly ready to sail by the time she would receive his news.

In a very few days after the receipt of this letter, Matilda and her mother arrived safely at Milford Haven, on their way to London, whence the West Indiaman was to sail.
When they reached the metropolis, they found the ship would not be ready for a week, but Matilda wrote a cheerful and affectionate letter to Donovan informing him of her movements, which was despatched by a packet to the Leeward Islands, and then they made a pleasant and profitable use of their time in completing their purchases at the great mart of the world.

At length the day of sailing arrived. The ship had dropped down the river to Gravesend, at which pleasant spot the ladies embarked on an unusually fine morning early in spring.

But alas! the close of that day was far different from its gay beginning; its sun set on a gathering tempest, which soon after raged with terrific and increasing violence.

In the middle of the night a ship was seen from the South Foreland in great distress, and in a most perilous situation, for she was fast drifting on the Goodwin Sands—that spot so dreaded by mariners. For some time the flashes of her guns, fired to call aid from shore, were seen at short intervals; but this awful appeal seemed to be made in vain, as the sea was so tremendous that the boldest would not venture to launch a boat upon it. At length the firing ceased, after a dense fog had concealed the unfortunate vessel.

Daylight the next morning was scarcely daylight, for the fog with the storm still continued. About noon, however, the violence of the tempest abated, a change of wind blew the opaque vapours away from the bosom of the deep, and then some fragments of a wreck, and nothing more, were seen scattered upon the very worst part of the Goodwin Sands.

Soon after three or four boats put off to the spot, and to the surprise of their crews, they found a little boy alive and clinging to an empty water cask, round which he had fastened a rope and a couple of spars. He was the only survivor of all that were in the ship—and the ship was that which should have carried Matilda and her mother to Donovan. The poor fellow was almost exhausted when picked up, and so stupidified with what he had undergone, and his sudden deliverance from the jaws of death, that for a long time he could make no intelligible replies to the questions put to him.

When, however, he was carried on shore, and restored by food and warmth, he talked sensibly enough about the wreck of the ship, and divulged a most atrocious crime. According to his account, a very large and strong boat had put off to the vessel on hearing her signals of distress, and had reached her in time to have taken on board all her crew. But when two ladies with a female servant who were to be the first to leave the ruined ship, handed a strong box, which he supposed contained plate, and jewels, and money, for it was very heavy, to the men in the boat, they immediately cast off the ropes that held the boat near the gangway of the vessel, and stood away as fast as the stormy state of the sea permitted. In vain the captain called after the villains that he would give them thrice the value of the prize they had so iniquitably made—in vain the poor seamen shouted that they were not Englishmen or sailors if they thus left so many of their brethren to perish—the ladies shrieked and prayed in vain that the mooms would return, “although,” said the boy, “one of them was so beautiful that she would have moved stocks and stones!”

There was now no hope of escape. The ship’s boats had been washed away or stove in, and none but boats of a peculiar construction could possibly weather such a storm. A very short time after the flight of the shoreboat, the West Indian went to pieces, and the crew and passengers perished. When further questioned, the boy said, that there were only two men in the boat; that he should not be able to recognise them, but that he knew by her build that the boat was one of those Deal boats which have long been celebrated for their ability of living in the roughest seas.

This was no very direct clue to the mystery, and yet it might have led to a discovery, had the information been carried to proper quarters, but such a proceeding was never thought of, and, after a few days, the poor boy engaged with the captain of another ship, and went to some distant part of the world.

A sudden improvement in the circumstances of two men, a father and son, who lived on the coast near the South Foreland, and who had always borne the character of daring but ferocious seamen, soon excited the suspicions of those who had heard the boy’s story; but these were never divulged farther than by hints and shrugs among themselves, and by ironical wishes that “old Jack Daredevil and the chip of the old block, his son, had honestly come by the rhino of which they seemed so flush.”

The fate of these two men soon put the discovery of whether the suspicions were well founded or not beyond the reach of mortals. They were tempted to employ the money they possessed in profitable, but dangerous,
smuggling speculations, and both fell in a
desperate fight with the officers of the
revenue, at a little cove on the coast, within
sight of the Goodwin Sands.

About twelve months after the loss of the
West Indiaman, a gentleman in deep mourn-
ing, and apparently in the last stage of a
mortal disease, arrived at a lonely house on
the Kentish coast, which had been taken and
furnished for him. The front of this house
looked towards the Sands, to which place
he went the very day of his arrival, and
made many and particular enquiries of the
sailors who manned the little sloop he had
engaged for the occasion, as to the precise
spot where the West Indiaman had been lost.
The men gave what information they could,
and thinking he lamented the loss of some
near relative, respected his silent grief.

The gossips in the neighbourhood who had
heard something of the lady passengers who
had been lost the year before, made out the
stranger’s story in their own way—which, for
once, happened to be the right one. Their
sympathies were thus engaged, and, as time
went on, they would frequently say what a
melancholy sight it was to see the poor gen-
tleman in black sitting day after day, from
morning to night, gazing over the sea to the
Sands, and looking every day more and more
like a ghost!

One day he was missed at the window.
He was dead. A faithful black servant, his
only attendant, who had always been as silent
as his master, holding communion with none
of the neighbourhood, ordered the funeral;
and when the day of interment arrived, stated
that the body must not be buried in the
church-yard, but in Goodwin Sands. It had
been the gentleman’s determination for many
months that so his remains should be disposed
of, and the last words he uttered, as the soul
was flitting from the body, were “Goodwin
Sands.”

Some thought it sinful that a christian
should be buried in the salt seas, and without
a clergyman to read the funeral service
over him; but an old man-of-war’s man volun-
teer’d to perform the sad duty as he had often
seen it performed on the great deep, where
the sailor’s hammock is his shroud and coffin,
and the prayers of one of his comrades are
often his only requiem.

The same little sloop that had conveyed
the sorrowing living man, now carried his
impassive remains to the spot where the West
Indiaman was lost. When the weeping ser-
vant removed the plain pall of black cloth
from the coffin, the sailors read the simple
inscription:

HENRY DONOVAN,
AGED 25.

The men then lowered the coffin into the sea,
and heavily loaded with lead as it was, it
rapidly sank and bedded itself deep in the
Goodwin Sands, at, or very near the spot
where Matilda had perished.

Some persons—for there are always many
that will not credit, that man, who may die
of a pin’s scratch, can be killed by grief—
argued that Donovan had fallen in his prime,
because, on learning the fatal news of the
loss of his betrothed, he had neglected all the
precautions he had before taken to preserve
himself from the insalubrity of the West
Indies; in doing which he caught the coun-
try fever, and that then, when his constitution
was impaired, he courted the oblivion pro-
duced by wine and strong drinks. And yet,
if it was so, and if universally our gross
nature cannot be made to cease by the
wounds of the spirit alone, was Donovan, and
are thousands of others, less the victims of
their heart’s sorrow? It may need rude
material agency, but grief is the mover and
disperser of that agency—grief can overcome
the instinct of self-preservation—grief can
drive the sober man to habits of dissipation,
(better far were it that it could kill him out-
right!)—but the fever, and the waste of the
frame and the intellect, that ensue, would
not have been but for the grief that employed
the agents which produced them.
PUBLIC PRINCIPLES AND PRIVATE FEELINGS.

It is often said that our public schools are of much advantage in bringing men early acquainted with each other, and with the ways of the world. It is forgotten how much false shame this education teaches them; how it substitutes ideas of honour for notions of virtue, and how the communion of fellowship learned at them, takes place of wholesome public opinion. Eugene was by nature exceedingly vain, and, as far as his fame was concerned, it was lucky for him that he fell among a set of boys who were ambitious of distinction themselves, and were therefore soon inspired with admiration of his talents. At the same time, they were remarkably wild and profligate; their quickness enabled them soon to gain such honours as public schools offer, and the rest of their time was devoted to the assumption of the habits of men, because their talents had raised them beyond those of boys; they aped the airs of their elders, and scoffed at the prudery of Eugene, who had been educated under the careful strictness of a widowed mother. The same set followed, or accompanied him to college, where the same tone was continued. At last he appeared in the world with considerable talents, personal beauty, and expectations of fortune. Eugene was courted by ladies of fashion, and men of the town. He had the greatest contempt for the latter, but was not so scornful of the allurements of the former. In a very little time he had engaged in a sentimental passion for Mrs. Elstead. This was one of those amiable ladies, who having, in order to avoid the imputation of compulsory spinstership, yoked herself to a gentleman of fortune, eminently ill-suited to her in age, taste, pursuits, and habits, was kind enough to spend the rest of her beauty in endeavouring to prevent young men falling into any similar error by offering her own attachment as a substitute for any ideas of conjugal happiness, which might occasionally dazzle their weak minds as they flirted at breakfasts, or danced in saloons. Late in life she had acquired a stranger passion, viz. that of inducing her young female acquaintance to pursue a course which had rendered her own life thoroughly wretched. It has always been supposed a part of the punishment of fallen angels to be continually gazing at a paradise which they can never enjoy. It could not be quite this feeling that actuated Mrs. Elstead. She did not attempt the society of those ladies who were verily in love with their own lords; but she consoled her conscience with the idea of doing a charitable office, when she afforded any young matron, who was thought ill-matched, an opportunity of forming an intimacy with the opposite sex. She thought she acquired a little posthumous reputation by this; and though all the real friends of the lady might be alarmed at such an acquaintance, if the husband was blind or indifferent enough not to object, it rather served to varnish the cracked character of Mrs. Elstead, that Lord — and Sir H. B., who were so strict, allowed their wives to be friends with her. She was one of those ladies whom nobody could refuse to visit, for though no man, or woman either, who lived in the world of fashion, ever thought of defending her reputation, nothing positive was known against it. She lived with Colonel Elstead, that is to say, he lived at Newmarket and Bootle's, and Graham's, — and she at Almack's and the opera, and Brighton, and God knows where; but they were separated by mutual disagreement, not by law. There had been no actions — no duels — no discoveries, and therefore, though there was nobody who knew so little of her character as to imagine it virtuous, what she cared more about was, that there was nobody who knew enough of her to proclaim it vicious, always excepting those respectable gentlemen to whom she had inevitably intrusted its safety. From these indeed she was under considerable apprehensions; but she trusted to their vaunts being so common, that they gained no credit. Then, though she had sinned largely in one way, she had a number of very pretty minor virtues, which she thought, put in the opposite scale, might outweigh the one she was inclined to. She was amazingly charitable, not with her tongue, but with her purse, as far as it went, and with her lovers' much further. She always in her walks made the fortunate youth, upon whose arm she leaned, bestow alms — she never played at cards or saw company on a Sunday, went to church regularly, and was full of religious observances. All this did not cost
her much annoyance, because she was what our French neighbours call plus coquette que sensible. Eugene, like most men in love, completely mistook this lady's character, and he admired, as he justly might, her wit, and, as he justly might ten years before, her beauty. He had, however, too much of a maternal education to wish to involve himself in any thing but an innocent connexion. But he had never disencumbered himself of the ridicule of his public school; and the hearing at a club one day that Mrs. Elstead was said contemptuously to be making a fool of him, drove him shortly after into the commission of a crime he wished to avoid, just as again being told afterwards by a friend that Mrs. E. was notorious for her gallantries, though he did not believe it, (for perfect faith in the idol was insisted upon by Mrs. Elstead, as the ground-work of all passion,) made him forsake her in a manner which his own heart taught him to consider, upon reflection, little less than brutal. It was in this manner he passed through several years of fashionable life, (and so much account of this lady would not have been given here, but that she exercised considerable influence over Eugene in the events we are about to relate,) till rather fatigued than sated with such company, he determined upon an opportunity being presented, to alter his mode of life to one more becoming his talents, and procure himself a seat in parliament. As the object of this brief tale is to show how his peculiarities of mind pursued him throughout, as well as what the title shows, the extreme difficulty of a course to be steered between public principles and private feeling, perhaps his letter, written to the Rev. E. Shaw, his college tutor and friend, who assisted at his election, will hasten our progress in an agreeable manner. This gentleman, we should say, had been unwillingly called to assist at the contest for the sake of his friend, who, as he stood on the liberal interest, was not what is called supported by the gentlemen of his very tory county. It ran thus:—

March 2, 17—

My dear Edward,

You know with what determinations I left you after the contest closed at B— in December last; and the cheerful evening we spent at the Talbot when you were so good as to sit with me till the mail came through that was to convey me to London, or rather to the only spot in it I then thought of (St. Stephen's chapel) cannot have quite escaped your memory. You then quoted, in your own excellent tone and manner, the warning of Dr. Johnson,

"Should no false pleasures lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulties fright,"

and I, with my wonted presumption, laughed at the idea that a gentleman 'qui avait passé la trentaine ne fut ce que d'un seul moment,' could be weaned from his visions of glory by pursuits of pleasure. You shall now hear the results of the first month of the session. I have, as you know, considerable connexions in town, and being reputed rich (as it is not generally known how much my election "free of expense" had cost me), I was incessantly assailed with invitations. But no—I could not be persuaded to dine out of Belamy's for nearly the first month of the session, except on Saturdays and Sundays. I studied the forms of the House, and got acquainted with most of the members, except those who composed his Majesty's government. They, though I voted with them, and was introduced to them all, never spoke to me. I was very anxious to remedy some of the defects in a recent Act, and I mentioned it one day to a little gentleman who was pointed out to me as having been the principal promoter of the Bill, and having, as I thought, made my proposal sufficiently clear, and my manner sufficiently humble to him, he showed me a very good set of teeth, and with the most pleasing smile walked on, saying, 'Yes, I believe it is all wrong.' I was quite thunderstruck; my first idea of a cabinet minister was utterly annihilated. The wretched lover when he first finds out his mistress is a mere woman; the diner out should he find no dinner; all that can happen most horrible and unexpected in social life, is insignificant compared with my horror at such an answer from a man of business. I resolved not to be daunted, and I went from the least to the biggest, where I got a more pompous, but not a bit more satisfactory answer, and long before the end of February I had found that the administration of the people were as unpopular gentlemen as any I had ever the misfortune to converse with. If, however, I quarrelled much with his most gracious majesty's most ungracious ministers, it was not on the score of their measures, but of their manners. I know that some of you at B— differ with me, but look at these as they are at first introduced, not as they are frittered away by the concessions in the House, regard them as they stand in the speeches of their
ablest debaters, and believe me that it is much more the fault of the men than the measures that the politicians of B,—in common with many others elsewhere, are so dissatisfied. But you who admired my brawlings from the balcony, and thought I answered Lord B—so well, when he said that it sometimes occurred to him (though he had never said or heard it before) that our constitution was like a good old house, and that if you began pulling the bricks out it would all tumble about your ears, will now ask why I have not yet opened my mouth in the House, and I do not know how to answer you, though I did Lord B—. I have sat there from the moment when 'Mr. Speaker' is announced to the moment when the Secretary of the Treasury tumbles down, just awakened, from the gallery to move ‘that this House do now adjourn,' and yet often when tempted to speak I have found that I had not heard all the debate, and so I did not think it decent to begin; once or twice I have been about to rise, and the principals of our party, begged me not, as it would be much better for our party to divide directly; another time I was just getting up, and I saw Tom Gard-ner's cursed face at the bar crying 'question, question,' and the idea of being coughed down by my own flag at Eton was too much for me. I was last night just going to attack that rogue Lord R,—when I recollected that I was to dine there next Saturday, which was the only opportunity I might have of speak- ing to our poor friend St. Aubyn's widow before she married again, and I had not the face to go there immediately after a personal attack. This last feeling has almost deter- mined me to forswear fashion, for I am sure that in politics more than any thing we must follow the rule that you lay down for mar- riage, 'to leave all others and follow only her.' You shall see, though you may laugh, dear Ned, that so will I do; so look in the Times again every morning, and you shall soon see, ay, and 'hear, hear, hear;' besides.

Faithfully your's, 

EUGENE D.

The dinner however, at Lord R.'s was put off, and Eugene dined early for the opera, where it was in the Room that he first saw Mrs. St. Aubyn. It is useless to describe her here, though, perhaps, some of her pecu-liarities of face and feature may come out in the course of this story, but she was most like Miss S., or Mrs. D., or Lady E. C., or whoever the reader is at this present moment most enamoured of, or if she was not, then those several ladies have lost all chance of retaining him, for with Mrs. St. Aubyn he must positively be in love. Eugene was dazzled, and yet as he reflected upon poor St. Aubyn, and all his high-minded delfi-cacies about ladies, he felt startled at the situation in which he saw her, surrounded by all the dandies of the ton, who seemed to treat her with that kind of familiarity which is generally permissive, and yet her allowance of it seemed to proceed more from ignorance or conscious carelessness, than from any concession or desire to court their company. She heeded not the familiarity of her subjects, because she was indifferent to their allegiance; not for the purpose of maintaining her power. Eugene was so close to her, and his expression altered so at the sound of her name, that she could not avoid asking his. The answer came readily from one of her train. "Oh, that is Eugene D., one of the young men of promise." "But you forget that you promised to sup at Lady Costello's." "Yes, and if Mr. D. is no more a man of performance than I, he will deceive the county as I shall Lady Costello. I shall not go to supper;" and so saying she sat down to conceal her emotion at the bare mention of a name she had never before heard without some extravagant epithet of praise. This evening did not close before Eugene had obtained an introduction and a permission to visit her, given with all the appearance of unwillingness, because an awkward and abrupt allusion to some circumstances of her previous life had nearly forced a tear from the brilliant eye of the beautiful widow. And here for a month we must leave them, simply stating that the morning fixed for the interview was the one on which Eugene had been particularly engaged to fill the chair of a Committee of the House, as will appear in his next letter, no doubt, to his reverend friend.

(To be continued.)
MILITARY EXECUTION.

Notwithstanding the extreme technical severity of the English articles of war, in almost every page of which may be found the phrase, "death, or such other punishment," few instances can be recorded of soldiers being sentenced to expiate their offences with their lives; none, of their sentences being carried into effect, at least within the British islands,—however grave the crime, or unworthy of mercy the offender.

This leniency on the part of those charged with the administration of military justice, presents one or two remarkable features worthy of meditation; especially at a moment when courts martial may be called on to supersede the ordinary tribunals in a certain portion of the empire.

In the first place, it affords a most striking contrast to the Draconian harshness of our criminal code, not so much in the letter as in the result; for, amongst ten thousand courts martial, not one sentence of death can be found, whilst not a single assize takes place in England or Ireland, without at least one or two wretches being condemned to the scaffold.

Secondly, it not only proves that terror of indign punishment is not essential to the maintenance of perfect discipline, or wholesome morality in the army; but it furnishes an additional argument in favour of the abolition of the highest penalty as applicable to the repression of crime in general. Above all it demonstrates that military officers when sitting in judgment on their fellow-creatures, and when wielding the terrible power with which they are invested by the law, invariably avail themselves of that merciful provision which enables them to substitute a milder for an extreme punishment.

A soldier of a regiment of infantry who bore a bad character in his corps, had been condemned to four or five days' confinement, for some breach of discipline. Being ordered to put on the undress always required on such occasions, he refused. Being reprimanded, he retorted in gross language, and on being menaced, he sprung on his officer, felled him to the ground, tore off his epaulet, and was only restrained from further violence by the interference of the bystanders.

The mutineer being overpowered, and placed in durance, was in due time sent before the court martial of the division of which his regiment formed a part. It is not irrelevant to observe, that here and in France, there are no battalion or regimental courts martial. A permanent conseil de guerre is attached to each division, composed of seven officers, and a reporter or judge advocate. This court takes cognizance of all offences that are without the jurisdiction of the regimental commanding officer. Appeal can be made either by accuser or defendant, to the Haute Cour Militaire, which is empowered either to confirm, annul, or modify the sentence.

The trial came on. The accusation was formal, and the evidence overwhelming. The court was unanimous: "Death by Arms" was the sentence. The prisoner, who was a man of ignoble and unprepossessing appearance, went through his trial with dogged indifference; he evinced no emotion; or, if his countenance betrayed any feeling, it was regret at having done so little—not contrition at having done so much. He appealed, and was conveyed back to prison; the high court confirmed the finding of the inferior tribunal: his fate was communicated to him; the succours of religion were offered; he accepted them mechanically, as a matter of custom rather than an act of faith.

He had a mother—a woman of good reputation, who had borne many children. Alas! they had all grown up in evil courses—the girls were abandoned—the men depraved. The one become tenants of the street—the other of the galleys. Their father fell by a Dutch ball during the attack on Brussels. The convict had been the widow's only hope, but he also grew up in sin and profligacy. He soon gave proofs of his vicious habits, and harrowed his mother's heart by his unprincipled proceedings. Taking advantage of her isolation and weakness, he robbed her of the hard-earned fruits of her labour; he associated with thieves and wantons, and, in return for her tenderness, plundered her miserable clothes and furniture, that he might raise funds to support him in his wickedness.

At length not even the mighty tenderness of a mother's heart could brook such treat-
MILITARY EXECUTION.

...ment; she reproached and menaced; he maltreated her with hands and feet, and was discarded. He became a soldier—a mutineer, and fell beneath the lash of the law.

But when his awful doom was known, his wretched parent's affection revived in all its force; her ungrateful child's errors were all forgotten, all buried in that one awful thought "he dies." She borrowed decent apparel, and flew to throw herself at the feet of those who stood on the threshold of the gate of mercy. She wrung her aged hands, wept, implored, and answered on her soul, that if his life were spared, he would reform. Others, too, had been forgiven, less vicious, perhaps; but for the immediate fact, more criminal.

But the law cannot pardon; it is deaf to the sorrows of the widow or the orphan. Mercy is the sole attribute of kings, perhaps their greatest compensation for many worldly afflictions indispensable from their high estate. Her supplications were in vain: justice must have its course—the mutineer must die.

A general order announced to the troops their comrade's doom; the news spread quickly through the city. The spot selected as the field of death was an open space upon the ramparts; the time, mid-day. Mid-day, that the example might be more striking, for at that hour the working classes have a short reprieve from their labours.

At an early hour, the rattling of drums, the clanging of trumpets, and trampling of horses' feet, announced the approaching execution: the populace flocked in shoals to the appointed spot. By twelve the troops were assembled, and formed three sides of a hollow and oblong square, on the fourth side was a high blank wall. In the centre stood a platoon of twelve armed men, selected as the executors of military law. They primed and charged their pieces, their countenances showing that sorrow and repugnance combated with duty in their minds. Near to these was a group of officers, busied with the awful preparations, and further on a knot of medical men. On such occasions the body of the sufferer becomes their prey. The surrounding hillocks, walls, and house-tops were crowded with a dense forest of heads. But the multitude was silent and decent in their demeanour; there was no rioting, swearing, or confusion. They stood and watched the preparations for the soldier's death with intense anxiety. They pitied, but acknowledged the justice of his sentence. There was no hope—there could be no doubt.

"But who is that man? he who stands aloof from the multitude, he who alone is privileged to enter the fatal square; he with the soiled cap, greasy vest, and cord in his hand. Is he some relative of the mutineer?" "It is he who will perform the last functions of degradation—it is the bourreau!" "That artillery wagon slowly advancing, what is that?" "It is the soldier's hearse." A shudder ran through the assembled populace as two assistants approached the car, and taking from it a rude coffin, placed it near the wall, behind a little hillock, that marked the culprit's goal of life.

"But the hour is past—where is the prisoner? is he reprieved?"—"No: hark to that low, buzzing murmur rising from the crowd; see how they fall back from the road. It is he—he comes on foot."—"By a soldier's faith, he bears himself with firmness and courage!" The troops stood to their arms: the drums beat "to the field," a portion of the square opened. A body of armed men advanced, slowly, at a funereal pace. In the centre walked a soldier, in military undress, on one side stood a minister of God, holding in his hand the blessed symbol of our faith. The holy father prayed fervently, loudly, and poured the words of comfort into the ears of the dying man; for between him and eternity there was now no interval, no barrier, save the reading of his sentence. On the other side stood the soldier's godfather, his sole remaining friend; he came to give his benediction. The wretched mother lay fainting on her bed.

As the dark group marched onwards, a signal was given; the drum rolled heavily, and then ceased. There was a dead and awful silence. The party approached the fatal spot. A thrill of anxiety ran through the crowd, hearing men's hearts to their very gorges. It is an appalling sight to see a fellow creature walking in all the bloom and vigour of manhood, walking to his grave—about to be torn from life as one might wrench some noxious herb from the way side.

A moment's pause took place—the priest raised loud his voice and blessed the penitent; the godfather shed tears; few surrounding eyes were dry. But he, the mutineer, advanced with a firm step—advanced alone and unsupported; he saw his coffin—that was his beacon, he required no guiding;
he moved forward with a calm, sinewy pace, his limbs braced, his head erect; he reached the spot, cast one glance at the yawning coffin, another at the armed men before him, and then, bowing his head, knelt.

The blood now hurried so fast to one's heart, that respiration became difficult. But what were then the sensations of the kneeling man? Did he see? did he hear? was he alive to death? was he supported by hope of mercy in this world, or of salvation in the next? His unmeaning countenance bore no expression save that of obstinate indifference. He knelt—he bared his head. Was he absorbed in prayer? Did he then think of his home, the days of his childhood, of his miserable mother, or, perhaps, of the woman he loved? or was his mind one frightful chaos of confusion and despair? His lips moved not, his features betrayed neither remorse, hope, nor agony.

Up to this moment dark clouds had veiled the heavens, but of a sudden the vapours passed away, and the sun's rays burst fully on the spot: but it might have poured rain, fire, or ice, he seemed heedless, indifferent as a stone. What was the glorious sun to him? in a few short minutes eternal darkness would seal his eyes.

Time speeds—all is prepared. The judge charged with reading the sentence now moved forward; the death platoon closed up their ranks, and grasped their guns more firmly. Their features bespoke their emotion. He also, the bourreau, crept a little forward; then stooping, plucked a blade of withered herbage from the ground, mechanically kicked a pebble with his foot, and crossing his arms, continued to gaze unmoved upon the scene before him. The action of this man was a striking portrait of his horrid calling.

The judge now began his office. The prisoner still knelt, his right hand grasped his cap; his left was fast clenched; his brow was contracted; his nostrils expanded; his small grey eyes were closed and his jaw fixed. A slight forward vacillating movement of his body, and a momentary shudder that pervaded his frame, as his last doom was pronounced, alone announced that he had feeling. The surrounding multitude were silent as the grave. They gazed on the resolute, insensible mutineer, then at his coffin. Some there were that turned away their head, and closed their ears, for the executors of death prepared their arms. One volley, one groan, and all will be over.

The bourreau now approached closer; the officers and judge drew back. The dying man more firmly clenched his hands and jaws, his lips nervously quivered, he cast a hasty look on his executioners, and his chest heaved with a convulsive, stifled sob. It was the only symptom of weakness betrayed by him.

"Platoon! shoulder arms!" was uttered in a loud and thrilling voice by the officer commanding the troop. Many of the multitude now crossed themselves, others sobbed, the priest knelt and prayed fervently. The bourreau had drawn nearer and nearer with the stealthy foot of some reptile; such sights were feasts to him. Where is the handkerchief to bind the victim's eyes? or will he show courage worthy of a nobler cause, and look death firmly in the face? He will—he refuses to be bound: then nerve your minds soldiers, and God have mercy on him. One word—one monosyllable "Fire!" and he is a corpse.

But hold! death is robbed of its prey. A veteran officer approaches hastily. The king, the fountain of mercy, heard of the culprit's fate, and quickly despatched a messenger with a pardon. Pardon! exclaimed the officer, deeply affected. Pardon! re-echoed the surrounding groups, and pardon, mingled with loud acclamations of Live the King! rent the air.

The kneeling man now seemed to awaken as from a trance; but nature claimed its supremacy. His hands shook violently, the blood rushed to his face; his eye was raised to that sun which now shone resplendently for him; his lips trembled, he attempted to rise, but the sudden transition from the agony of death to the certainty of life was too much; he staggered and fell fainting into the arms of those who hastened to his assistance. Tears came to his relief, he wept abundantly.

For myself, I had been so excited, so agitated, that had I not likewise wept I should have fallen. The scene has left an impression on my mind that time cannot efface.
CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.—No. III.
GREAT LADIES AND LITTLE LADIES.
BY FREDERICK CARLETON, ESQ.

It has been said, and said truly, that it is difficult to draw the line at which insanity begins. There are so many madnesses which do not come under the head of aberration of intellect! There are oddities, and originalities, and manias, and enthusiasms, and fancies; and a host of other things equally vaguely named, but clearly understood as meaning something short of the dreaded boundary, passing which, reason is said to be o'erthrown. The man who shoots himself because the dairy maid won't marry him, is not a madman—he is only "very much attached to the young woman." The individual who spends all the current coin of the realm that he possesses, in the purchase of old coins of other countries, and bits of Etruscan earthenware, is not mad—he is only "a collector of curiosities." The sculptor who raves of the Apollo as if he believed in the existence of the imaginary deity whose form is thus represented, or gazes on the unwhored marble till his strained eyes embody some vision of uncreated loveliness—he is not mad—no, poor fellow!—he is only "fond of the art." The wretch who stakes on a throw of the dice the sum which beggars his children—ruins his creditors—and consigns himself to a lifelong prison or a suicide's grave, is not accounted insane—he is merely "addicted to the card table." The soldier in a desperate cause—the patriot in a ruined one—the starved poet—the ghost-seer—the determined inventor of mechanical improvement by which the inventor never benefits, but for which somebody obtains a patent after he has been consigned by the simplest process to the grave—none of these men are mad—they are visionaries, enthusiasts, or what you will, but they are not mad. And if they, who spend their lives, and lose their lives, for imaginary benefits, are not therefore to be reckoned insane, neither are we to reckon madness the feelings which actuate the conduct of the little ladies of London towards the great ladies of the same place.

It would be difficult to explain to the uninitiated in the mysteries of fashion, what can induce some of these 'lesser stars' to bear unquestioningly every species of mortification which the caprice of the greater may suggest, and to continue as patiently watching for the withheld smiles of an offended lady of ton, as a poor farmer watches for sunshine in the hay season. It is natural to suppose that so much reverent submission on the one part, argues an entire superiority on the other; that the great lady is fairer, more virtuous, better born, better bred, more respected, and more worthy to be respected, than the little lady who so courts her notice: but not so. The little lady may be a good wife, a fond and careful mother, and the great lady so prodigate, that her name is a byword in the mouths of men—the little lady may come of a noble ancestry, and the great lady be an actress's daughter—the little lady may be one who in her own sphere is loved and valued, while the great lady is the jest or loathing even of her own dependants—and yet, such is the power of fashion, that the little lady will conceal her real feelings, and affect false ones;—will sue, petition, and flatter, for the sake of conciliating one who, were she only a country neighbour, with but her faults or virtues to stand or fall by, might be shunned as a dangerous or unworthy associate. It may be doubted whether many feel as much awe and flutter of the heart while they kneel to pray for heaven's mercy in God's own temple, as is occasionally felt by some of these worshippers of a false light, when a petition for a ball ticket is sent in, to take its chance of rude refusal or haughty condescension, according to the humour of its capricious reader.

It has been my fate to know one of these great ladies all her life (which is indeed the better part of my own), some thirty or five-and-thirty years; and the surprise and curiosity with which I have watched the various changes of her existence, resembles, I should think, pretty nearly the feelings of some enthusiastic entomologist, occupied with a new species of ephemera. She had what is termed "every advantage," which includes an Irish countess for a mother, and a large, or moderately large fortune, to squander at a prescribed time. She was not a beauty, but all heiresses are taught to think themselves so; and fair, fat, and clean-looking, as she really was, it is not to be wondered at, that she at
length grew to consider herself an embonpoint likeness of the Venus de Medicis. Her childhood was a neglected one; the "animated batter pudding" (as some one christened her countess mother), being at that time fully occupied with her own enjoyment of the various goods of life, and her handsome father very little inclined to domestic pleasures. Ragged the little Sophy ran about, and ignorant the little Sophy was growing up, when an unexpected widowhood leaving her mother less leisure for the vices and less excuse for the pleasures of the world, she was suddenly snatched up to be civilised: clean muslin dresses and very stiff backboards, Italian masters and French governesses, were each in turn bestowed upon her; and the Irish countess behelded herself that the attention she herself would henceforth exact from the heiress, might be bought by present attention to the child. The fallacy of human hope is a threadbare subject, and if in after life the spoiled nurseting of prosperity included her mother among the cast off companions of her youth, and treated her alternately with cold contempt and impatient haughtiness, whom or what should we blame?

The little Sophy grew up at length—grew up to be a wife and mother—the profligate wife of a weakly indulgent husband—the heartless mother of a race of spoiled and fretful children. Caressed for a moment—neglected for days—bribed to take medicine by gorgeous presents, or left to die in the nurse's arms.

I watched her when her entrance into the world as a flattered heiress, filled her own and her mother's heart with bursting triumph; I watched her when the cold love which habit had created for the intimates or associates of other days, faded before the glare of vanity and self-love; I watched her when the thirst for power made her find a pleasure in mortifying those who had sedulously courted her; and when the same feeling, baffled, sharpened her tongue and clouded her brow against those to whom her anger was an amusement, and her influence a subject of speculative curiosity. I watched her as her mother's society, from being irksome, became intolerable; and saw her coldly draw the pen to mark the names of those who were to be admitted to her assemblies, and leave out the "unloved name" which seemed to be the only one that had a claim to be inserted. I watched her while her extravagance beggared and disgraced her husband, and diamonds and emeralds grew more precious than good name or fair fame;—while her ruined tradesmen cursed her from their prisons;—and her rebellious servants insulted her in open words;—and I watch her still. Still, as she moves onwards—

"From loveless youth, to unexpected age,"

I watch the turns of her fate—but while I wait the crash of ruin which may eventually reduce her to comparative obscurity, or the "old age of cards" which is to follow the youth and maturity of this true London lady—I cannot avoid smiling as I reflect upon what I have seen and known respecting her: to think that this being—this frivolous, heartless, haughty minion of the world, should be caressed, courted, and approached timidly by many a little lady and her pure and pretty daughters, to whom her smiles or frowns are of temporary importance from their position in "the world,"—while I, an old bachelor, am noting their relative careers in my pocket-book as one of the Curious Customs in the County of Middlesex.

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ODES ON THE DIVINE PASSION.

BY DR. GORDON HAKE.

I. They say that babes must all be dress'd!
I. They say that babes must all be dress'd!
That gold assists the bliss of love.
We clothe them in our arms and breast.
Can gold insure the thought divine
And for myself the bread I eat.
That Mary's love and charms are mine?
Is sweet while Mary's lips are sweet;
Can gold be linked, in chains to bind
And her dear breath is purer wine
The sweet affections of her mind?
Than all the nectar of the vine.
They say that love has babes to feed;
(To be continued.)
The mother's milk is all they need—
TALES OF THE NIGER.—No I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR ISLAND."

ZEMBA AND ZORAYDE.

"Zemba, and what are these?" said a white traveller to his guide, as they were passing with a koffie* through the land where the sand storm rages, and the sirocc breathes its withering blast. "Those," returned the African, "are the hills of Mandara, whence the iron comes which points our spears." "And those?" continued the white man, pointing to other lofty peaks which towered to the southward. "They," again replied the negro with an inquiring look,—"they are far hence, four days' journey." Why so anxious, he seemed as though he would have added. "And far beyond these last, see mightier summits still gird the distant horizon." The traveller was intent upon his question,—"La illah el Allah?" exclaimed a Mussulman of the party, "we know nothing of that dark land; Kerdies and Kaffirs† who eat horses are the dwellers there." "And the mountains?" once more asked the Christian. "Mountains," said the Mahometan, "two months' journey to the south, large, large moon mountains. "To the west you have a mighty stream?" again observed the white man. "The dark water," said the Moslem. "Which runs to the sea, far to the south of Tombuctoo?" "No, no, Allah Kerim!" replied the worshipper of the Prophet, "it turns, and flows eastward to the Nile." "To the Nile! impossible," was the answer of the traveller. "Hada el Kaffir; let him look at the map of Sultan Bello," said the Moslem, with a loud voice. "Hila el Allah Mahamoud rassoul Allah!" exclaimed a number of people upon hearing this appeal; and the Christian, awakened from his reverie, was glad to retreat from the stern gaze of the fanatics who surround him.

It was a kaffila or koffie travelling from Soudan to Bornou with slaves. The poor negroes, pensive and untutored, could with difficulty maintain the route. The whip shaken over their heads quickened the most vigorous, some were suffered to hang on the camel's back, and one in the last stage of weakness was lashed to one of those patient beasts who tread the desert with so sure a step. Distress was indeed the portion of these captives, who had been wrested from their homes by the capacity of a neighbouring Sultan. The tall scorching sand hill where an oasis never lurks, the spent waterskin, the panting nerveless tongue, the death-like gasp, are the common lot of those with whom men traffic as with the cattle of the field.

Zemba, himself a slave, had now fallen back awhile with his master into the rear of the caravan. Here, for the first time, the firm pace and noble bearing of a female riveted the attention of the Christian. "Zemba," said he, "there is a woman who does honour to your race." The guide advanced and fixed his eyes upon the stranger. A turkadee* hung gracefully beneath her shoulders, her plaited hair fell loosely on either cheek, whilst numerous chains of silver were spread in lavish ornament around her. But these were the bitterest badges of her low condition. About to stand in the public market, a prey to the capricious purchaser, she viewed her gaudy necklace and coral band with pensive sadness, too well assured that her tinsel trappings would last no longer than the chaffering of the merchant whose property she was. Zemba started, and prostrated himself before the wandering negress. "What is this?" she exclaimed in the language of her country. "Tis Zorayde," cried Zemba. "And you," returned the princess, "the valiant chief of the Tibboo, and both slaves!" she added with deep emotion. "Mistress of my heart," said the African, "what sad fate has brought the lovely Zorayde to this hated spot?" "Alas! sultan," replied she, "the ghrazzie†. In one dark hour, the Arab robbers and cruel Bomoroy rushed into the peaceful haunts of the Tibboo, drove us from our fence of hides, our woody belt, and mountain pass, and chased us like sheep along our native heights. But we rallied; arrows flew like the sand of the desert, women, such as I am, hurled masses of the rock on the heads of our invaders, and they fled with poisoned arrows rankling in their shrunken limbs. But they made me captive, sultan. Zemba," she added, after

* Caravan.
† Infidels; not Moslems.
‡ There is the infidel.
§ There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.

* Body-dress.
† Expedition of plunderers.
a pause, "brave Zemba; how is this change
of fortune?" "I, too, Zorayde, was the victim
of a lawless ghazzie, but not, like you, vic-
torious. Our village was encompassed by
the men of Mournouk one summer's morning.
The plunderers left their tents and camels at
three hours from us, and at day break burst
on our defenceless hordes." "But your fast-
nesses, sultan?" "The muskets of the Arabs,
Zorayde, lay between us and our mountain
shelter. It was too late."

The white man and his strange pilgrimage
now engrossed their converse, but whilst they
were speaking of him as a phenomenon in
their land, the koffie entered a deep and
wooded track. The bush and the thicket lay
around them. There was the mimosa, the
mangrove sleeping in the swamps, the tall
acacia, and the keen-edged tulloh. And there
were the watchful tenants of the forest. The
shrilj jackail, the fowl byena, the deep red
lion, the wary panther, the fearful tifo, the
scorpion, the fierce mosquito. Night was
coming on, night so terrible to the negroes,
who fear the prowling beasts of prey with
most anxious dread. Indeed, their eyes
wandered eagerly on all sides as soon as the
sun had set, and "Wara billi, billi!" was on
their lips as they passed each shady coppice.
They were also not without reason for their
terrors. The wolf and the panther might be
seen darting from bush to bush at the ap-
proach of evening, and the lion crouched
ready for his victim, was no uncommon spec-
tacle in these dreary woods. Not every day
has Africa beheld a dauntless spirit, who,
like Mungo Park, dared tread the wilderness
alone, amidst the roar of hungry thousands,
the deepening gloom of unknown shades,
and the barrenness of a parched and desert
land. The koffie crowded together, the sta-
tees murmured at their guides, the natives
 trembled, and went on with hasty steps. But
at this instant, there was a cry of distress, and a
general halt was ordered. Each sought eagerly
for his companion amidst the darkness, and
at length the name of Zorayde was called in
vain. Not a moment was lost. The caravan
turned back with shouts, but there was no an-
swer. The merchants insisted upon proceed-
ing. Even the owner of the slave Zorayde
was so terrified, that he was willing at once
to abandon her to the tyrants of the woods.
Zemba and the white man alone remained.
Struck with alarm for her fate, they made the
forest echo with the name of Zorayde. Again

* See the great lion.
† Slave merchants.
one who had by dint of forty years' experience learnt every chapter in the Koran, and was held in great estimation by his master. The white traveller also formed one of the group, and being highly in favour with the sultan, he was indulged with a place very close to the seat of judgment. The sheikh, who had just disposed of a trifling case of theft, now addressed the Englishman in the interval before the greater culprits were produced. "Rais," said he, "you must rest satisfied, you can go no further. The sons of Allah are brandishing their spears at all points. I could not let you advance with safety. We are not wiser than our fathers, and they knew and taught us that the river you are in quest of, flows eastward, through vast Keely countries, to the Nile." The Englishman remembered the fanatical laugh and loud clamour in the koffie, and he bowed assent. "With what intentions you come to our country to see the Joliba, stranger, we know not," continued the sheikh, "but to the east, believe me, there are cannibals who devour their prisoners, and eat the flesh torn from the backs of living animals, and to the west—you remember the fate of your countryman." "I do, but he beheld the Joliba," returned the white man with emotion. The entrance of the criminals prevented all further converse. The Englishman started, and trembled. Zemba and Zorayde stood before the sheikh, the one arrayed in a splendid silken tobe*, the other in the same turkadee she wore when her companion snatched her from the panther's gripe. The judge beheld them with a forbidding aspect, and bade the witnesses appear. Their testimony was short, and it soon appeared beyond controversy that Zemba had ventured beyond the precincts of the inner apartments, a crime punishable with death in Bornou. A mournful silence ensued, for it was expected that the sheikh would instantly wave his hand, the signal for execution. But Zemba came forward at that moment, and arrested the dread mandate. "Hear me," exclaimed the man of Tibboo; "mercy, great sheikh! I will read the fatah † with her. This declaration created a general sensation throughout the court, it was an offer which sometimes appeased the arm of justice, and life rallied in the breasts of the pitying spectators. But the sheikh moved not—he did not as much as speak with his counsellors. He vouchsafed no answer, but viewed the culprits with unbending rigour. Another fearful suspense prevailed, and the sultan had now raised his arm, when the white man sprang forward, and appealed against the fatal sentence. "By the head of Mustapha!" exclaimed the sheikh starting up from his throne; "yet stay, it becomes us to be calm with the stranger. Rais;" continued he, "speak on."

The traveller detailed the adventure which befell the lovers in the kaffila, and dwelt with energy upon the prerogative of pardon. "Rais," said the sultan with composure; "answer me a question. Do you never punish capitally in your country?" "We do not for this offence," returned the Englishman. "Each land obeys its own peculiar laws," observed the sheikh; "I ask you, Rais, do you never punish with death?" The traveller hesitated. The whole court felt the triumph of the sheikh. "We very rarely do," the Englishman at length replied; "I blush for my country that we draw the sword at all in such matters." "Enough," exclaimed the sultan. The white man again interceded. "Stauffur Allah*," cried the sheikh, and lifted his condemning arm once more. But the fighi yet once again delayed the death-sign. He fell at the judge's feet, and laying his hand upon his head began a loud and earnest prayer for the accused. Zorayde remained calm and silent, whilst the fire gleamed in the eye of her companion, and it seemed as though he was feeling for his ataghan†. The crisis had arrived—vehement and impassioned was the remonstrance between the sultan and his wise man; for a long time the solemn protest of the fighi was as useless as the lover's promise of the fatah, or the Englishman's mourning plea. At length the sultan started—"A sin!" he cried, "by the head of the bashaw! The fighi declares, that true it is, that these slaves have broken our law, but that for us to take their lives is an equal crime—Englishman! tell that saying to your countrymen."

The judge ceased, and covered his face—"It is well, fighi," he continued after a pause; "I had not thought of that, Allah Kerim! Blood shall not be spilt to-day—but there must be a severe chastisement."

"Great sultan," said the white man; "be still more merciful—I will ransom these unhappy children of Tibboo. Let them go back to their country, whence war and the ghazzie

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* Shirt  † Marry.  * God forbid. † Dagger.
HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

have torn them." The whole court evidently seconded this supplication, and the fight was not unmindful of the happy moment. He pressed his suit, and the sheikh leant back on the judgment seat.

"You will ransom them, Rais?" he said at length; "wonderful! which of you would have done this?" He turned round to his ministers with an air of superiority—"Yes, they shall be free—Englishman! stay with us, and say—Illa el Allah Mahamoud nasou Allah. In a few days he shall lead an expedition to Begharma, and you shall have twenty slaves. My friends," continued he, addressing the emancipated negroes, "God is great." And he joined the hands of Zemba and Zorayde.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES, OR PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

"The grey mare's the best horse."

Is it not Sir Francis Bacon who compares a man taking a wife to a person putting his hand into a bag containing an equal number of vipers and eels, without knowing which it will be his fate to choose? Poor Ralph Blackston, honest man, had never heard either of Sir Francis Bacon or his wise "sayings and doings," but he was, nevertheless, in his own person, a practical illustration of the truth of the above axiom; for if ever a man, in his matrimonial pursuit, had caught a viper, it was he; and never did luckless wight groan more bitterly under the yoke of petticoat despotism.

He was slowly plodding his way homewards one evening, and ruminating upon his domestic tribulations, when his attention was aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs behind him; he turned, and saw a gentleman riding up the hill he was ascending, who soon overtook him, and stopped to inquire the way to the next village.

"I am going there," said Ralph, doffing his hat, "an' it please you, Sir, I will show you the road myself."

"With all my heart," said the traveller; and Ralph, gathering up the reins, which during his reverie he had suffered to fall on the neck of his old grey mare, urged her to mend her pace.

As they jogged along, the gentleman entered into conversation with his companion, and inquired into the state of his worldly affairs. "You seem to be well off, friend," said he, when Ralph had answered some of his questions; "You are a lucky fellow as times go, from your own account of yourself."

Ralph sighed deeply. "Ah, Sir, I should be the happiest man in the world with what I possess, but I have one thing too much—a wife."

"A wife! and what of her? how does she mar your happiness?"

"Oh, Sir," said the poor man, raising involuntarily his hands to his ears, if you could but listen for five minutes to her tongue! her tongue that never tires; the faster it runs the sharper it gets, and on it goes, late and early, on, on, for everlastimg!—nothing I do, or say, or think, is right; every thing must be as she chooses it."

"Pooh, pooh," said the gentleman, "is that all you have to complain of? how are you worse off than every other married man? take my word for it, all are governed in one way or another by their wives."

But Ralph held out that never was there such a woman as Dame Blackston,—never such a hen-pecked husband as himself. "Well, well," said the gentleman, "I'll make a bargain with you, my good fellow, and you shall convince yourself of the truth of what I say. Look at this horse on which I am riding; better steed never stood in stable, and three other such I expect this night by my servants, who are to meet me at the village by another route: now, if you come to-morrow to my inn, I will give you two baskets, in one of which shall be six eggs, and in the other twice the number of round stones: you shall walk through the village, and at every house where the man governs you shall leave an egg, and a round stone wherever the wife has the upper hand; if you dispose of your eggs first, you shall choose the best horse in my possession for your own, and I will take your old broken down grey mare instead; and to crown your triumph and console you for finding yourself singular in your misfortune, this purse of gold shall be yours besides."

Poor Ralph could hardly find words to
express his thanks to his new friend, so great was his joy at this unexpected piece of good fortune, as he imagined it.

"The horse and gold are not yours yet, my man," said the gentleman, as he wished him good night:—"to-morrow, at this hour, we shall know more about the matter."

But Ralph was sure of success: he bestowed more than ordinary care, and an extra allowance of oats on his old grey mare, as he made her up for the night, and could not suppress a half sigh as he thought that he was doing it for the last time; so entirely was he engrossed by the brilliant prospects of the morrow, and his various plans as to the disposal of his wealth, that the torrent of eloquence with which Dame Blackston, as usual, accosted him, passed unheeded over his ear. The ceaseless din of her voice was but as a running accompaniment to his golden projects, until sleep at the same time put an end to them, and caused a temporary suspension of the indefatigable activity of the dame's restless tongue.

The first faint streak of dawn had scarcely aroused the birds from their nests, when Ralph awoke. He rose as quietly as he could, for he knew that to disturb his helmsmate would be like opening a milldam, and slipped softly into the stable. "Conce, old Grizzle," he said to his faithful mare, "I must on with thy saddle for the last time. To-night I reckon thou'lt have another master, old girl," he added, as he bent his course towards the little village inn where his munificent friend was quartered. But Ralph and his steed had many a weary half hour to pace up and down before its door, ere the gentleman made his appearance; patience, however, was a virtue which both had learned in the school of experience, and at length the old mare was duly installed as a hostage in the inn stable, and Ralph, a basket under each arm, set out in high spirits on his pilgrimage.

The first house he stopped at was a small, square, brick mansion, two stories high, with the hall door in the middle, and a room on either side of it. In one of these apartments he saw three young ladies, seated at a table on which were books and work; they did not appear, however, to be employed, but seemed restless and in suspense, as though expecting the arrival of some one. As his business was not with them, Ralph did not stay to watch their movements, but passed on to the next room, in which were the heads of the house, and stationed himself under one of the windows. The lady, a pale, mild looking person, was sitting at the fireside, twisting and untwisting the bell rope, on which she kept her eyes fixed, except when she raised them for a moment to glance at the motions of her spouse. He was a little fat, pursy, important looking personage, with a red bloated face, and small keen ferret eyes, and was strutting up and down the room, his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his hands thrust into his breeches' pockets, apparently in a towering passion.

"Impossible, ma'am, quite impossible! I tell you the thing's out of the question. So I am to go to town at this time of year, break up my establishment, neglect all my business—and for what? to gratify the silly whims of three foolish girls, and their still more foolish mother. I wonder how you could think of such a thing!"

"You are the fittest judge, Mr. Williamson," replied his helmsmate, "and of course know best what is right. I'm sure I have no wish to go to town for the winter, nor the girls either—not the least: but really this house is so damp, and Louisa is so subject to colds, and a cough is so dangerous at this season. Dr. Warren says the girls require change of air, and the damp here is so bad for their chests; I'm sure I should not think of proposing our moving, only Dr. Warren—"

"Don't talk to me, ma'am, of Dr. Warren, pray what does Dr. Warren know of my affairs? Don't talk to me of damp; it's all nonsense, an all excuse. I tell you what, Mrs. Williamson, damp or dry, here you must remain, that I'm determined on, so think no more about it—you know my will, ma'am, when I say a thing it must be done: what I choose I choose, and no wife or woman shall rule me."

"Well crowed and boldly, my little bantam," exclaimed Ralph to himself, drawing an egg out of his basket to have it in readiness.

"To be sure you will act as you think proper," rejoined the lady; "and the dear girls will, I know, be quite satisfied to remain in the country, as you choose it; but," she added in a whining tone, and applying herself with renewed industry to the bell rope, "I must say you have very little consideration, Mr. Williamson, very little consideration for the wishes of young people, to keep them shut up here, debarred from all the amusements of their age; why you might as well put them into a convent and make nuns of them at once; three such fine girls! as young Bolton said to me the other day; you ought to be proud of them, Sir, proud of being their father, and anxious to have them seen and admired, instead of cooping them up in a prison of a
house, where they have nothing to look at but leafless trees and dirty roads. There's Julia that sings like a nightingale; I'm sure it vexes me to the heart to hear her wasting her enchanting music on the poker and tongs after all it cost us to get her taught. I must say, Mr. Williamson, you are a most inconsiderate father, a most inconsiderate unnatural father!"

"Good Heaven! ma'am, what would you have me to do! would you have me neglect my affairs, let my business go to ruin, beggar myself and family? would you have me go to prison, ma'am?" and at this climax the little man stopped short in his perambulations across the room, and stamped violently on the floor, while his face became purple with the rage into which he had worked himself.

Ralph was sorely afraid that the magnanimous little Benedict would actually have choked, and that mankind would thus have been deprived of a valiant asserter of their marital supremacy. He recovered breath, however, to go on.

"I tell you what, ma'am, I can't afford these constant journeys into town; I cannot, and I will not. You must rest satisfied where you are, and put balls, and routs, and all such nonsense out of your head. Do you think my purse has no bottom to it, ma'am? do you think I have a carte blanche on the treasury? Pray who is to pay my bills? answer me that, Mrs. Williamson. You are much mistaken if you think I will ruin myself for any daughters or wife either. I am not to be dictated to, ma'am. I shall lay out my money as I please."

"I am not going to dictate to you," said his lady meekly, "I was merely suggesting the thing to your consideration, and as you will not go to town, I agree with you that 'tis much better to stay here. I shall write to-morrow to my sister to get us warm cloaks lined with fur; they are expensive this winter, I have heard, but then we shall want them, the place being damp. I can tell her at the same time to agree with Petrotte about giving lessons to Sophia—you know you promised she should learn the guitar this season; his terms are a guinea an hour in town, then he will take two hours and a half coming out, and the same returning, besides his carriage hire. Let me see—but my sister can settle all that; I dare say he won't charge for more than the day.—Apropos, Mr. Williamson, I forgot to tell you that I was looking through the house yesterday, and I fear you will have some money to lay out on it to make it habitable for us, the girls being so delicate, during the winter: you must do something to the walls, which are running down water; you must put up a new skylight in the end room, as the present one leaks—you must——"

"Must—must—must!" thundered forth Mr. Williamson, whose wrath had, as his lady expected, been gradually rising to an awful pitch during the foregoing harangue.

"Zounds! Madam, what do you mean by must? Do you think I will submit to be ordered in this manner? What if it be my wish that you and your daughters should not remain here during the winter? What if——"

"But we could not go to town at this time of year: the thing would be impossible."

"Impossible!—allow me, if you please, to judge of that. I suppose I am master of my family, and at liberty to regulate their movements."

"But your business, Mr. Williamson—your affairs require your presence here."

"What right have you to interfere in my affairs, ma'am; I am quite able to manage them, I hope, without your directions."

"And the expense; you forget that. You forget that you have not a carte blanche on the Bank of England. You have no money to waste on idle dissipation;—you — "

"Pon my word, Mrs. Williamson," exclaimed the little man, indignant beyond measure at his wife's apparent opposition; "your interference in my arrangements is intolerable! but you had better not provoke me. I repeat, I will not be dictated to,—I will not suffer it. If I choose to indulge my daughters, by taking them to town for the winter, who is to prevent me, I wish to know?"

"Then am I to understand that, in spite of all the obstacles I have mentioned, you do choose us to prepare for moving? Is that the case, Mr. Williamson?"

"It is, ma'am; and see that it be done without delay. When I give my orders, I wish them to be obeyed instantly. Must indeed!—so I am to give up to you and your daughters! must?"

The obedient wife rose, and Ralph saw her cross the hall, and open the door of the opposite room. The three young ladies sprang to meet her with eager anxiety.

"Conquered, my dears! fairly conquered! the day is ours!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Your father consents to our going to town."

"Well, mamma," said one of the girls, after the first ebullition of joy which followed
this announcement had subsided, “you are
the best, the very best general in the world.
I had quite given it up, papa declared so
positively last night that we should stay here?
But how did you accomplish it? How did you
storm the fortress, and bring it to surrender?”

“Storm the fortress, Julia!—no, no!—
sapping and mining, not storming, are my
tactics: there’s nothing answers like manœu-
vering with your father, my dear, and you
see I always conquer in the end.”

The disappointed Ralph waited to hear no
more, but quietly replacing his egg in the
basket, deposited a stone on the window sill,
and went his way.

This first failure had somewhat abated the
high hopes with which he had set out, and he
paused for a few minutes, uncertain where
next to direct his steps. “I have it,” he
cried at length triumphantly: “I have it.
I’ll go straight to the great house, and see
if I can’t pick up some tidings of how his
lordship and my lady get on together. He’s
an awesome looking gentleman, that’s certain;
and every body knows he’s feared and
dreaded by all his servants and people:—
they tremble at the bare look of him. If
he isn’t master at home, why I may as well
give up all thoughts of the horse and the gold
at once.”

So saying, Ralph strode rapidly on to-
wards the “great house,” which presided
over the village and surrounding territory,
and soon found himself at the porter’s lodge.
It was a neat, elegant-looking building, of
modern construction; the porch was covered
with creepers, which extended along the
trellis work in front of the house, and were
trained gracefully over the ample casement
windows. These were open, and Ralph
could not help pausing a moment to admire
the exquisite order and neatness of the rooms
within. On the left was the bed-chamber,
which looked as though it were never used
as such, from the undisturbed regularity of
every article of furniture it contained:—
the boards were as white and polished as
ivory,—you could see your face almost as
clearly in the shining chest of drawers as in
the looking-glass which stood upon it, and
the snow-white counterpane and pillows,
with their plaited frills, seemed placed there
merely to be admired. The other room,
which was a sort of kitchen, exhibited the
same scrupulous nicety in its arrangements:
rows of dazzling tin covers shone from the
walls; the various pots and pans looked as
though they had never been profaned by the
vulgar uses for which they were intended,
and the very cat, as she sat licking herself on
the newly swept hearth, seemed, in conform-
ity with all around her, to be bestowing more
sedulous pains on her toilette than was usual
with the rest of her species. Children there
were none, but a tall, broad-backed, raw-
boned, hard-featured woman, with huge
hands and red naked arms, whom nature
appeared to have intended originally to
belong to the other sex, was kneeling on
the floor with a bucket of hot water beside her,
scrubbing away most vigorously. While she
was so engaged, her husband, who was the
gardener, entered unperceived by her, and
walked to the further end of the room. She
had no sooner raised her head and seen him
there, than she exclaimed at the top of a
shril voice, “Hey! what do you want now
back again, dirtying and tossing everything,
after my trouble in putting all to rights? and
see, I declare if you haven’t come in with
your dusty shoes, all over the clean floor!”
The poor man crept back to the porch like a
culprit caught in the fact, stepping as though
he were treading on eggs, and took off his
shoes with a submissive and penitent air:—
“and there,” continued the virago, “you’ve
laid down your old working hat on the oak
table that I’ve just wiped; and that odious
stick of yours, I’ll warrant you never thought
of cleaning the bottom of it before you
brought it in. Where’s the use of my scrub-
ning and scouring, and washing and wiping,
from morning till night, to make you com-
fortable (the man sighed), if you undo every
thing in this manner. And now nothing
will serve you but to stir up the fire, and
send the ashes all over the place, and soil
the hearth.” The gardener dropped the
poker, and muttered something about floors
being made to walk on, and fires to be stirred
up to give heat, but not so loud as to reach
the ears of his partner, who continued—
“Dear knows, I may as well spare myself
the trouble of having things regular; yester-
day you threw all your crumbs about, instead
of leaping over the fire-place, when you were
eating your bread and cheese, and cut the
loaf so crooked it was not fit to be seen. I
wonder I waste my time in cleaning any
thing;—you don’t deserve such a wife—that
you don’t. I wish you had one of another
sort, and see how you’d be off then.”

The gardener sighed, and would have
joined fervently in the wish, had he dared.
Ralph re-echoed the sigh from the bottom of
his heart; he seemed to sympathise most
cordially with the suffering husband, and
leaving a stone at his door, (taking care,
However, to place it so that it should not offend the orderly eyes of the shrew, he proceeded up the avenue.

In the court-yard of the mansion were several grooms and stable-boys loitering about, but he failed to gather from their conversation any hints relative to the menage of the noble inmates. "If I could only fall in now with a party of women," thought Ralph, "a nursery maid, or even a smart kitchen wench, I should soon find out all I want to know." The wish was no sooner formed than it was realised, for at the upper end of the yard a petticoat "hove in sight." He remembered the wearer as a little merry, black-eyed, dimpling damsels, who used to be employed about the dairy, at the "great house," and had always a jest and a smile ready for every passer-by. She had now been married for some months to one of his lordship's grooms, and since then Ralph had not seen her. She recognised him, however, as an old acquaintance at once, and laying down her pail, came across the yard to meet him. Ralph could not help noticing that her cheeks were not so round and rosy as formerly; her step was not so light, and her eyes had lost their sparkling and roguish expression. He entered into conversation with her, and was beginning to introduce the topic he had in view, with "So my lord has married a young wife, I hear, Kate—," when she suddenly caught up her pail, and hurrying away from him, vanished in a moment.

Ralph stared in astonishment at her abrupt disappearance, but he was not long in discovering the cause of her flight, for, turning round, he saw at the door of one of the stables a clumsy, surly looking fellow, with huge red whiskers, who was watching her retreat; he scowled ferociously after her, while he shook his hand in a menacing manner, and muttered with an oath something about "an idle gossiping hussey." "Aye, aye," said one of the stable boys to his companion, "times are changed with poor Kate; she can't stay out now chatting and laughing with lads in the yard as she used to do, I'll warrant. Red Joe is as jealous as a Turk, and a tight hand he keeps over her, poor girl!—she has good reason to rue the day she first set eyes on him."

Here was a triumph for Ralph!—here was one submissive wife at least!—a good omen, thought he, as he laid down his egg, and determining to wait no longer, as he saw no chance of learning anything of the interior of "the great house," he set out to gather fresh laurels elsewhere.

On the left of the avenue was a close shady walk, and Ralph, thinking it might lead through another part of the demesne to the high road, turned into it. As he advanced the path became darker and more enclosed by trees, and so intricate that our hero began to think he had missed his way. He went on, however, through various turnings and windings, until at length he found himself, to his surprise, again close to the house. The path he had taken led to the western wing of the mansion, and terminated in a flower garden, which lay embowered among shrubs that concealed it from the outside. A large glass door opened with steps upon this garden, and in the room beyond, a small but elegantly furnished study, sat the master of the house, the stately Earl of N——, in propriæ personæ. "Ah, ah!" exclaimed Ralph, as he ensconced himself behind a spreading acacia that stretched its branches almost over the portico, "here is something worth losing one's way for." The whole scene was indeed new to him, and exceeded in elegance anything he had ever witnessed before. He gazed with wonder on the rich carving of the chairs and chiffoniers, the splendid bindings of the books, the luxurious couches, the bronzes and marble statues, and the spacious mirrors that decorated this little temple of the muses. Lord N—— was writing at a table covered with papers; he appeared about fifty, and his countenance bore the marks of care and thought; time, too, had slightly furrowed his brow and sprinkled his locks with grey; the expression of his features was haughty, if not severe, and as Ralph contemplated his lofty bearing, and the proud step with which he traversed the room to reach down a book from the opposite shelf, he could not help repeating to himself "They spoke the truth—he is indeed an awsome man!"

A few minutes had elapsed and all was silent, save the rustling of the wind through the branches, when a gentle tap was heard at the door of the study; it was softly opened, and Ralph caught a glimpse of a little fairy foot, in a black satin slipper, advanced into the room. The earl looked up at the sound, and his stern features relaxed into a smile. "Come in, my love," he said; "that gentle tap is an 'open Sesame' to which my door always yields: it ever tells a welcome tale to my ears." "Nay, but it shall tell an un-welcome one now, and make you repent having admitted an enemy into the stronghold, who is come to wage war against, and defy the lord of the citadel to his very face."

So saying the owner of the little foot,
whose silvery tones were so much at variance
with the tenor of the words she uttered,
bounced into the room. She was a young
and lovely creature, sparkling with youth and
animation, and looked more like the daughter
of the earl than his wife. Her form was
slender and elastic, and the brilliant gaiety
of her age danced in her bright hazel eye,
and played in the arch smiles that dimpled
round her beautiful mouth. She paused in
the middle of the room, and stood with her
finger uplifted, in an attitude of playful
anger, while she shook her glossy locks at the
Earl.

"Well," said he, looking fondly at her,
and praying what has my 'wraithful dove that
pecks her mate' to murmur at now? why are
her plumes thus ruffled, and what are the
high crimes and misdemeanors he has to
atone for?"

"Crimes, indeed!" exclaimed the countess,
pouting a lip which might have rivalled
that of the bride in Sir John Suckling's
ballad,

Some bee had stung it newely,
why, you recreant knight, do you ask the
question, after so shamefully deserting your
ladye's bower for this gloomy study, and
preferring those dry, dusty, never-ending
papers to her society!—Ruffled plumes,
forsooth! why I protest 'tis enough to make
every feather rise up in rebellion. There have
I been singing all the morning to amuse my
parrot, and painting that head you took such
a fancy to, ingratitude you are!—and quarrelling
with Fido to keep off ennu, until I
get so weary of him and of myself too, that
I was half tempted to commit suicide with
my pattle-knife; but here I am, nevertheless,
come to quarrel with you now, and to worry
you out of this castle of yours—so, allons!
my liege lord; the foe is in your camp;
surrender at discretion, or I shall begin the
attack by making that little persevering pen
prisonnier de guerre, and that too without
chance of ransom."

"Well," said the earl, "I do surrender,
my fair enemy, but not without conditions—
one letter more, and then, dearest, I am yours
for the rest of the day."

"And I," said she, drawing towards her a
low stool, and seating herself at his feet,
shall stay to see that you are faithful to
your compact. Nay, now, don't frown—I
will try for once to be quiet while you are
writing, and shall be for the next half-hour,
a perfect miracle of taciturnity, as mute and
immovable as that little bronze Harpoecrates,
with his finger in his mouth. Now I think
of it, you yourself shall be warden of my lips,"
added the lovely creature, seizing the earl's
left hand, and folding the fingers over her
mouth, while herrounded cheek rested in
the ample palm. The earl gazed tenderly
at her, as she sat at his feet, her lovely head
leaning back against his knee, over which
streamed the curls of her long shining hair,
while her bright eyes looked laughingly up
in his face. Ralph thought that all traces of
severity had vanished from his countenance,
as he stooped down and kissed her open fore-
head, and then resumed his writing. There
was a long pause. The pen travelled rapidly
over the paper, and Ralph was meditating a
retreat, without waiting for an opportunity
to obtain the wished-for information, when a
sudden movement of the young countess
arrested him. She started up, impatiently ex-
claiming, 

"Nay, I am sure you have broken faith,
and are playing me false—the one letter must
be finished long since; and, but that you
have been frowning so terribly, I should de-
clare you were penning a billet-doux to some
bella incognita—qui suit? I must have one
peep at all events;" and flinging her arm
round his neck, she bent over the earl as he
continued his letter. As she read its contents,
a shade came over the brow of the lady, and
her gaiety gave way suddenly to a grave and
thoughtful expression.

"So," she said, in a somewhat altered tone,
"you are writing to the minister, in favour
of that horrid old Sir John L——, though
you promised me to give your interest to
Mr. W——."

The earl looked perplexed and annoyed.

"I did not promise you, my love," he said,
"and as for poor Sir John L——, why dis-
like him so much; he is——"

"Everything that is detestable," interrupted the countess; "and you are a sad
naughty man to recommend him, after telling
me you would support my protegé, dear old
Mr. W——; he must be appointed, indeed
he must," she added, looking up in her
lord's face, and adjusting his thin locks with
her taper fingers. The earl remonstrated,
but his grave arguments were all overthrown
by her lively sallies and gay pleasantry—his
weighty reasons proved an unequal match for
her playful badinage; and the light weapons
she wielded so skilfully, were enforced by
"wreathed smiles" and endearing ways, that
made the appeal irresistible. The earl, how-
ever, still held firm, when suddenly she
snatched the letter out of his hands, and
bearing it off in triumph, flung it into the fire.
This was a coup de main Ralph was quite
unprepared for, and his heart beat high for the result.

The earl frowned, and now looked vexed in good earnest.

Ralph watched him with eager anxiety. "There go Sir John L——'s hopes to the winds," exclaimed the countess, as the last remnants of the consumed paper floated up the chimney. "Are you angry, my lord, very angry with me, for doing so naughty a thing? Well, I confess I am a sad girl, and deserve all manner of punishment; but come, I know you will forgive me—I know you will," she added in a tone half playful, half entreaty,—"pray do this time, and I promise, en vrai repentance, never to transgress again."

Her husband looked at her, but his brow remained clouded and unrelaxed in its severity. "So you won't forgive me," she continued, laying her hand on his shoulder—"still, still inexorable! Nay, if I had thought I should have made you so very angry——" she stopped short, and a tear stole into her dark eye.

There was a moment's struggle between love and displeasure in the countenance of the earl, but another look at the beautiful supplicant decided the contest—he clasped her fondly to him, reproaching himself for having caused her an instant's pain, and overwhelming her with the tenderest caresses and assurances of his undiminished love.

"So, then, the culprit is forgiven, non è vero," she said, resuming her gaiety; "and now it is all over, I shall hate Sir John L——ten times more than I did, for having gotten me into such disgrace. Let me see, is that terrible frown really gone? Come, I shall not believe it until you seal my pardon, by writing another letter, and recommending my old favourite for the vacant post. Here, this shall be my stool of repentance, and I will act Harpocrates again, while you——" "Act the old fool," interrupted the earl, "by indulging the silly caprices of a spoiled child like yourself."

"Well, if you choose to spoil me——" "I must pay the penalty, you would say—then be it so," he added, reseating himself at the table, "for I see after all, there is no resisting you in any thing."

"Well," sighed Ralph, as he lightened his basket of another stone, "'tis a disappointment to be sure; but (glancing once more at the graceful form and lovely face of the youthful countess, as she resumed her position at the feet of the earl,) if there ever was an excuse for mortal man, his lordship cannot be blamed for giving up to such a wife."

The sun was getting low in the horizon as our hero emerged from the thick plantations which skirted the demesne, and found himself once more on the high road. He proceeded on his journey with quickened steps, determined to pursue his object with unwearying steadiness. But he was doomed to various delays and disappointments. In some of the houses before which he paused one or other of the proprietors was absent, and often even when this happened not to be the case, and that he had spent much time in listening to the colloquies between the master and mistress of the domicile, nothing arose that could afford him an opportunity of deciding which was ruler of the roost. The contents of the stone basket, however, kept on disappearing, while, with the one exception already mentioned, the eggs remained undiminished, so he began to think, with the strange gentleman, that he had more fellow-sufferers than he had imagined. Here, at the door of his shop, sat a little man, full of bustling importance, issuing orders to some half dozen ragged urchins, who were assisting to unpack a newly arrived cargo of wares; but at the sudden apparition of his helpmate, a strapping amazon of nearly six feet high, all his short-lived authority vanished, and he crept submissively behind his counter, while the dame, putting to flight the officious crew of assistants with a flourish of her ell wand, proceeded to have the goods disposed of her own way. There ——, but it would be endless to account for the disappearance of each stone, as, one by one, they gradually vanished from the basket. It was almost dusk when Ralph, crest-fallen and dispirited, sat down to rest himself by a small white-washed cottage, within which a fire blazed brightly. It was one of a cluster belonging to a gentleman who was the proprietor of large Irish estates, and inhabited by some of his tenantry, who had come over from thence to improve their condition in their landlord's immediate service. Then, as now, the natives of the land of potatoes were addicted to early marriages, which they have since so perseveringly persisted in, in defiance of Mr. Malthus and his theories, and of this the pair who were seated by the blazing fire before mentioned afforded an example. The man did not appear above twenty, and his wife, a fresh pretty looking young woman, might be about a year younger. A cradle stood between them, but its little occupant, a baby of a few weeks old, was now sleeping in the arms of its mother, who gazed on it with all the fondness of a newly awakened love.

"I wish your father could see it, Dinnis,'
she said, looking up in her husband's face; “Often I heard him say he'd die content, if he could get one sight of a son of yours—an' sure 'tis the very moral of yourself, avich, so it is, God bless the weenochn.”

“May be so,” answered Dennis, “only I'm thinkin' that a conceit o' yours, Mary, for sure 'tis as much like yourself as me, in regard o' the blue eyes of it,—good right it has for that same. But what's to hinder us now, Mary, from having the christening; you're brave an' strong, an'—”

“But is the master gone yet?” said Mary.

“aye, that he is,” replied Dennis. “I was up at the house to-day morning, an' the butler told me that himself and the family and suite, (maning, I suppose, his wife—tho' there's more bitter than sweet in her any day, as I hear,) are all off to Bath for a month.”

“Then we'll have the christening to-morrow,” cried Mary. “Do you, Diniss, go round an' collect the neighbours, an' get the whiskey.”

“The whiskey! you fool,” exclaimed her husband. “Ah! 'tis thinkin' yourself back again. In o'ld Ireland you are, my darlin', where the drop was as plenty as bog water, and the boys used to drink it to their heart's content, under the big tree at the cabin door, or may be inside, when the smoke was n't too thick; for my father never let a chimney be hulld to it, good nor bad, in regard of the smoke being wholesome an' keeping out the cold air. Many's the time——”

But Mary seeing that she had touched a tender chord, hastened to put a stop to her husband's patriotic reminiscences. “Oh, I forgot sure enough,” she said; “but where's the use in talking; as we can't get the whiskey we must do without it, an' put up with the gin, or whatever they call it, of the place we're in. Don't forget the pipes and the tobacco, Diniss, and—(the neighbours are decent people, an' accustomed to what's good)—you'll get—you'd like to trate them handsomely, Diniss abouchal, you know, would n't you?” she added, in a coaxing tone, “so you'll get—a little drop—just a little weeny drop o' tay.”

“Tay!” shouted Dennis, “tundher an'ouns, woman! where would I get the money to buy tay? why 'tis five shillings a pound—five good shillings, hard cash!”

“An' who's talking anything about a pound?” said Mary; “never think I'd be after puttin' you up to any such mortal extravagance, Diniss—a quarter would be plenty, just one quarter, four little ounces; sure that would n't brake ye, any way.”

“I'll tell you what it is, Mary,” said Dennis, “much or little, I'll get you no tay; so that's all about it. Any thing that's proper or decent, in regard o' the whisk—gin, I mane (bad look to it) or pipes or tobacco, I have no objection in life to, but never think I'll go to waste my hard earnings on tay or sugar, or the likes—I'll never do it, Mary, as long as my name is Diniss Heffernan,—so don't bother me any more about it.”

Mary said nothing; she bent her head over her baby, and there was a silence of a few minutes. Dennis crossed his legs, and uncrossed them again,—looked into the fire, and began to whistle a tune; but stopped suddenly short as his eyes rested on his wife. Her head drooped over her knees, while her bosom heaved convulsively, and her face was buried in her apron. He gazed at her anxiously for a moment, then gently pulling her sleeve, said in a softened tone,

“Arrah thin now is it crying you are, Mauriah avourneen?”

“What else would I be doing?” sobbed Mary, giving way to the full current of her tears; “good rason I have to cry, sure enough—is this the way you trate me, Diniss, ather loving father, and mother, and house, and home, to follow you into a strange country that I nivir see before—is this the recom-pense you give me for——”

“Mauriah! Mauriah!” exclaimed Dennis, “dry your eyes astore, and stop crying—never say that I'd bring the salt tear down your cheek for the sake of a grain of tay—I'll go out this minute an' get it for you.”

“Keep your tay, Diniss,” replied Mary, still sobbing, “I want none of it,—'tis n't for that I'm crying; but to think you'd deny me the first thing ever I axed for, an' we only a twel'month married, an' I far away from my own people, wid no one in the wide world to look to but yourself,—ochone—ochone!” —and she burst into a fresh torrent of tears.

“Say no more about it,” said Dennis, in great distress,—“say no more about it, Mary my jewel. Sure I'd lay down my life for you, if it would do you any good—an' 'tis a whole entire pound I'll get you now in less than no time.”

“Tis n't the value of the tay I care about, Diniss,—I tould you that before—'tis in regard o' the little love you have for the mother of your baby, that I'm fretting,—'tis that that's breaking my heart entirely. 'Tis n't that way poor Mick Cassidy would ha' served me, only I would n't look at him, or listen to him, when he axed me to be his wife, because you were the boy I loved all along—a good return I got for it this day;—little my poor mother
thought when she bid me good bye an' I going into the ship, wid her two arms about my neck——"

Here poor Mary's grief overcame her powers of utterance, and she wept with increased violence.

"What'll I do! what'll I do!" cried Dennis, wringing his hands in utter despair; "how shall I stop her at all, at all! Mary, my jewel! Mauriah mavourneen!" he exclaimed, flinging himself down before her——"I ax your pardon on the knees of my heart! Sure you know I love you, acuishla, better than my eye-sight, and think more of the print of your foot this day, than of the whole carcass of any other living mortal that walks the earth; an' better pleased I am to see you there before me, wid your baby on your lap, than if it was a mountain o' goold on the floor this blessed night. Dry your eyes then, mavourneen machree, and don't be breaking yourheart that away,—don't now, aga; don't be affthur killing the boy that owns you wid looking at your crying;—look up, acuishla, and let me see one sight o' your face out o'that apron,—do now, there's a good girl."

During this appeal, which was uttered with the most passionate earnestness by "the boy that owned her," Mary's grief gradually subsided, and when she did look up, a smile struggled with the tears which glistened in her eyes. Poor Dennis was so overjoyed at this symptom of returning tranquillity, that in the vehement hug by which he testified his exultation, the infant ran an imminent risk of being suffocated before Mary could extricate herself from his energetic embrace. In her efforts to hush the shrill cries of the baby, thus unceremoniously roused from its slumbers, she forgot her own sorrows, and Dennis, when peace had been restored in the little establishment, prepared to set out, muttering as he fastened the door behind him. "Never fear but 'tis a whole pound I'll bring her affthur all;—aye, an' a bran new chinny tay-pot into the bargain, to make frinds, if I was obliged to pledge the coat off o' my back for the price of it."

"The gentleman is right—quite right," soliloquised Ralph, as he took up his baskets, one of which was by this time sorely lightened of its burden, and descended the hilly road leading to the village inn. "I see 'tis all the same, high or low, rich or poor, by fair means or foul, coaxing or scolding,—the women carry the day against us."

The traveller was in the stable superintending the servants, who were making up his horses for the night, when Ralph entered. He affected not to remark the diminished plight of the basket of stones, but exclaimed when he saw him, "Ha! my good friend, is that you?—just come in time to make your choice. Stand out of the way, lads, and let the honest man look about him;—don't you see he wants to find out which is the best horse?"

Poor Ralph replied only by a mournful shake of the head to the gentleman's pleasantry, and proceeded slowly to the stall where his old grey mare was fastened. "So the grey mare's the best horse after all!" exclaimed the gentleman, bursting into a loud laugh.

"The grey mare's the best horse?" cried the grooms.

"Yes," repeated Ralph, as he untied old Grizzle's well-worn bridle; "I see now, sir, you are right;—all the world over, the grey mare's the best horse!"

M. F. D.

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A YEAR OF HONEY-MOON.

By Leigh Hunt, Esq.

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August.

The month of August, owing to the heat of the weather, and the interesting circumstance mentioned in my last, passed much in the same manner with us as that of July. But we oftener went out in the carriage, because Harriet could walk less. Not that she did not walk as often as she could; for she was religious upon that point, and proposed to gift her offspring with the peripatetic principle before it was born. But the weather was so hot, that, in order to keep up our country pleasures at any distance, we were fain to be carried; she out of necessity, and I because I chose to be as near her as possible. I do not much like riding at any time by the side of a
carriage, and talking with a lady inside of it, when I can sit with her,—she straining her voice, and the horsemans bobbing up and down, and losing it in the sound of gravelly roads, and the whistling of the wind; and Harriet's "situation," (to use one of the numberless unmeaning, yet understood words, by which gossips express delicate circumstances), attracted my arm around her with fresh force every day,—the more so, as, though she depended as much as possible on herself, and made no fuss about it, she could not conceal the comfort it gave her, and the gratitude that sighed for every felicity as I drew her within it. It may be an odd word to use, but many a man will sigh from a very different feeling at hearing it, when I say, that one of the most excellent reasons which I have for loving Harriet consists in her being one of the unsuiciest of women. She never exacts, nor fidgets, nor maunders, nor is ill-timed, nor makes mountains of molehills, nor insists upon attention to herself by any of those numerous petty and restless manoeuvres, by which inferior understandings think to make themselves of consequence, while they betray their want of right to it. The result is, as in all cases where people unaffectedly disdain attention, that one gives it her in double portion, and is grateful that she thinks it worth acceptance. Good heaven! what straws become precious between those who know how to love! and what caskets of jewels one could pitch into the river, when they are only the go-betweens of a mistake! I do not pretend that I, Charles Dalton, however justly I lay claim to the title of the most "bridal" of men, have not, in my time, "loved," yea, and been "made love to" by divers fair persons, before (to speak Hibernically), I knew what love was! And doubtless there are many honest people who know not what love is all their lives, and would have taken it for very good love. You read of such in the works of the Duke of Buckingham and the Comte de Buffon. Nor do I mean to disparage it after its fashion. The very best love, I confess, would be puzzling to know how to do without it, yet I will venture to say, to those who have heard the understanding enough to allow of its being said to them, that the least touch of the cheek, loved by that best love, is a greater pleasure even to the senses, than all which Madame du Barri brought to the hero of the Parc aux Cerfs. The delight of holding the very tips of Harriet's fingers, as I lead her to the carriage, is greater to me, with all my town experience, (such as it is), than if I had the run of the

Grand Turk's scraglios. And there are very loveable persons there, nevertheless, I dare say, and such as might give him a sensation, if he knew how to be less of a sensualist and more of a voluptuary. I use the term "advisedly," as the discreet say; for, between the "knowing reader" and myself, these poor people,—your grand Turks, and your "men of pleasure about town,"—are ignorant of the very trade they profess, and never make Cupid laugh so heartily as when they think they know him best, taking him for a sorry little devil, who ought to be whipped! But I fear I have said this before!

I took Harriet in August to see some glorious harvests on the borders of Middlesex, Hertfordshire and thereabouts, including the famous Perivale, recorded by Drayton, and eminent among "exalted valleys," for having produced the bread that was set on Queen Elizabeth's table. They say there is a family living there in the rank of yeomen who have cultivated the same spot of ground ever since the time of Edward the Confessor! What a respectable family must that be (if it is not the dullest in the world); and what sturdy principles of duration and conduct must be in it! It is the next thing to a man's living for ever. I have heard of such families in Kent and Sussex, but never before on this side of London; though I have been told of one not half so far from town, who have kept their carriage for twenty years, and never seen the metropolis! This seems incredible; though there is no saying what freaks people may take into their heads, or how far the conduct of one obstinate misanthropical or even amiable but morbid person, may affect a generation of jog-trot old coach-horses and good-natured aunts. Ought I to be ashamed to say, that I could live twenty years with Harriet without going to London,—content to receive my books by the coach, and to wander with her in the same old woods, and be snug by the same fireside? This may be thought a bridial fancy; but I am sure I could. I know it from what I used to feel when a child, a time of life at which novelty is loved for its own sake. I had two favourite houses which I visited for a series of years, and I knew not what it was to desire a third. I could have passed to and fro between the gardens of the one and the picture-galleries of the other, for ever, desiring only what I did desire; namely, somebody to love as Ariosto's lover did, in a picture which hung up in one of the parlours, of Angelica and Medoro. And this somebody I have found. Why need I then wander? It is true, chance has thrown me on
the borders of the metropolis, and I am fortunate enough, so situated, to like both town and country: but the former is not necessary to me. Love only is necessary, with imagination and a green tree. My world is so large with imagination, and so rich with love, that it is more easy to me to contract than to extend it. I can find, as the Jew of Malta saw in his gem,

"Infinite riches in a little room;"

but take away one or two things that are in it, and the richest and busiest streets in London would become a poverty-stricken solitude. I should take a lodging (if I could get no better) near some bit of a tree, perhaps half dead with smoke, and set in a church-yard; but it would be a visible bit of nature, and remind me of something larger than all the cities of the earth. Or I would stick up a few flowers in my window, and take refuge with those. Something to love, or to represent what we love, is the thing, or any thing that any way resembles its beauty, its grace, or its good-nature.

Harriet was now the more willing to exchange her walks for the carriage, inasmuch as her "situation" made her less easy at being stared at. When Catherine the second of Russia grew corpulent, she set a fashion, or took upon herself the exclusive privilege (I do not mention which) of wearing a long loose gown, of such a make as to conceal the deformity of her shape, without hurting what was left of the grace and dignity of her movement. I wish Mrs. Dalton were an empress for a day or two, so that she might set a fashion which should do justice to shapes of a certain kind—not deformed, God knows,—but such as women do not willingly subject to the chance of being looked upon by common eyes. She has invented such a one, and would look charming in it; but she would not wear it, even before acquaintances, lest she should be thought eccentric. So hard it is for society to add a little bit to their reasonableness. It is of a rich, heavy, deep coloured texture, hanging directly from the bosom to the ground, after the fashion of the fair autocrat, and would form at once an understood veil and a majestic ornament. But the ladies of Almack's do not set such fashions, and therefore their husbands must have them indecently stared at. I know not by what unrefined instinct it is, but I have seen men in theatres and other places, and indeed in rooms, fix their eyes with so strange and apparently so stupid an absorption, upon women in this condition, that I have been astonished how any body in the rank of a gentleman could be guilty of so manifest an outrage, and have been ready to get up and chuck a glass of wine in his face. The imagination of these starers must be wondrously matter of fact, and require a world of proof to set them going. When ladies are

"As ladies wish to be who love their lords,"

I suppose these gentlemen take the spectacle for the only proof positive that there has been any love in the case. They are sure of nobody else. Existence, for aught they know, may be the dullest thing possible from here to China, with all the rest of the world; but here, they think, "be proofs." They require ocular demonstration that the earth is to continue peopled; and, of course, are in like doubt upon all other desirable points. They question whether there is any laughter going forward in France itself, unless they occasionally meet with some native of that country ready to split.

"My soul, turn from them," and let us acknowledge that the above line of the poet's is a very pretty one, albeit repeated quotation has done it a mischief. Poets have said less on this subject than might have been expected, probably because they doubted whether they should find "fit audience." Shakespeare has touched it—scarcely, I think, with his usual delicacy—in a passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream. (Act ii., sc. ii.) Spenser has an exquisite line about it, calculated to make every mother love him:

"The loving mother, that nine months did beare,
In the dear closet of her painfull side,
Her tender babe, &c.

I cannot venture to say anything to the same purpose, after this. The perfection of humanity is in it—the tenderest thoughtful mixture of pain and pleasure.

When we got among the rich loves and corn fields of Perivale, I told Harriet that she looked like the goddess of the month, and that if she had had her proposed gown on, I could have led her forth like the splendid personification of its Plenty in the Faerie Queene:

"The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold, downe to the ground,
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found."

After laughing, with a pretty saucy blush, at a double mistake I had made in this quo-
tation, and giving praise to this and other beautiful passages in her wonted style, such as crying out, "Now—how very beautiful that is!" "Now—how lovely!" "Now, Charles, if you repeat any more such, I will do you a mischief, because, as you say, I do not know how to vent my satisfaction." Harriet began to raise a hundred ludicrous images of our playing the part of August and Plenty, and astonishing the rustics and little children in the lanes—I looking gravely at her sideways, leading her by the "lily hand," and she looking as gravely right forward, not at all heeding the little children: and then she fell into a state of grateful tenderness towards nature and me, and mirth, and tenderness, and everything. By this time we had got back into the carriage,—the happiness she felt made her more and more serious; till at length, as it led her by degrees into the indulgence of every affectionate thought, and the tenderest consciousness of her hopes, it produced the softest shower of tears I ever beheld, part of which, as she leant her forehead against mine, fell from her downcast, but willing eyes, like drops of consecration.

A honeymoon only the first month! As well might it be said that the bees make honey but one month in the year; or that the moonlight is not as sweet in summer as in spring. I may repeat here, a saying I met with the other day, out of good-natured Boccaccio:—"Boca baciata non perde ventura; anzi rimuova, come la luna!"

How can lips by kissing lose
Like the moon, the mouth renew.

TO LAURA.

Firm as the granite at the mountains base,
Fond as the passion of the earnest dove,
Deep as the ether of unfathomed space,
Sweet Laura is my love.

Far from its Eden as the exiled soul,
Shook as the needle on the stormy brine,
My spirit, constant as the magnet's pole,
Points faithfully to thine.

The vagrant streamlet brawling thro' the vale,
The silent river rolling to the sea,
Pass with a rapid pace, or gentle swell,
But not my love for thee.

Bound to the Ocean, as the heart to death,
Sweeps the dark river o'er the breast of earth,
Nor turns one wave regretful back to bathe
The land that gave it birth.

Wild as the river, and as dark and fleet,
Life's torrent onward unreturning flies,
But Love's fond wave reverting rolls to greet
The flower that saw it rise.

Full as a fountain, which the rocks enclose
In some lone cavern it can never fill,
Rolled back upon its source my passion grows
Deeper and deeper still.

That passion to the grave ere long must pass;
Vain as the blossom of a fruitless bough:
Then who, like autumn's wind, will sigh, alas!
O'er the fallen flower? Will thou?

Yes! o'er my sepulchre, not all unmoved,
Will Laura deign one guiltless hour to dwell,
And, whispering, bless the heart that madly
"I loved,
Not wisely but too well.'

PETRARCH.
THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


The motto from the immortal Bacon, which Mr. Wiffen has prefixed to these volumes, will, we trust, in spite of the irreverent, democratic spirit of many of the day, find an echo in the hearts of most of our readers, and justify in their eyes the production of a work like the present, devoted to the history of one of the noblest families of the land—a family whose nobility and antiquity are surpassed in splendour by its long liberality and patriotism, and the services it has rendered the people of these kingdoms. The motto is this:—

"It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect: how much more to behold an ancient, noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weather of time!"

For eight hundred years has the noble house of Russell resisted these "waves and weather," and that its vigour is not effete, and that it is not in decay, but sound and perfect, is admirably proved by its living members, whose public conduct has been marked with as much spirit and patriotism as ever were shown by the very best of their ancestors. We challenge all parties to this admission! Many there may be, who dispute the wisdom or safety of some of the measures advocated and carried by the Whigs, with the Russells foremost of their corps; but we cannot think it is even in the rage of party to be blind to the facts, that the present members of this family have acted with the purest honesty of intention, with the generous love of their country at their hearts, with uncompromising spirit, and with many consistency and true English steadiness of purpose. "The popular breath"—that fickle exhalation—may be turned to incense some newer idol, but it cannot efface from the pages of history the name of Lord John Russell, which will there stand as the generous advocate of the rights of the people—as the triumphant champion of Reform. Nor will it be forgotten in those records; nor will the fact tell to the honour of the people of England, that one of the first uses they made of Reform was to malign, attack, and embarrass those very men who had obtained reform for them!

Mr. Wiffen traces the history of the ancient house of Russell, or Le Rozel from their establishment in the barony of Briquée, in Lower Normandy, at a period anterior to the Norman conquest of this country, down to our own days. The truly noble deeds of many of the members of this noble family are familiar to all readers of English history, which scarcely contains a reign or a chapter, where some one of the race does not make a conspicuous figure; and in its whole range offers no episode so beautiful as the adventures and trial of Lord William Russell, (son of the fifth Earl,) with the touching, heroic, and sublime attachment of his wife the Lady Rachel. Though these melancholy circumstances have so often been detailed, Mr. Wiffen has thrown new lights upon them; and the odium, heaped upon the despicable Charles II. and his brother, the vindictive Duke of York (afterwards James II.), for the prosecution of Lord Russell, and "the deep damnation of his taking-off," has perhaps never been imposed with such a crushing weight, as in the well-measured, sober periods of this author. In many other parts of the history of the great men of the family, Mr. Wiffen has shown equal power and novelty; and whether treating of the heroes of the house who distinguished themselves in the crusades, or of those who, in wiser days, sought a better path to fame in the legislative assemblies of their country, he seems to have a proper feeling of their various merits, and to render them full justice. There are those, no doubt, who will be inclined to complain, that he has viewed some of the Russells with too partial an eye; and it may be doubted whether his moderate, unornamental exculpation will rescue the good fame of John, the first Lord Russell, from the splendid invective of Burke, or the memory of John, the fourth Duke of Bedford, from the antithetical sarcasms of Junius; still, however, we think the strength of those attacks lies more in their rhetoric than in their veracity; that truth is generally on the side of Mr. Wiffen, whom, moreover, considering his position in regard to the descendants of those men, we should like the less were he more rigidly impartial.

We select one extract from these valuable volumes; it is where their amiable author describes the last day of that glorious martyr to liberty, the Lord Russell to whom we have already alluded.

"The day before his death was spent by Lord Russell principally in devotion. He received the sacrament from Tillotson; he heard two short sermons from Burnet with great attention, and was engaged in intimate conversation with him till towards evening; in the course of which he mentioned, that he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation at heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death; but that he was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to hang over his country, though he hoped his death would do more service to the nation than his life ever could have done. When this interview was over, he received the visits of a few others of his friends, and with great constancy of temper, took his leave of them, and of his innocent young children. His lady stayed with him, at his desire, to partake with him of his last earthly meal; during which he cheerfully conversed on various subjects connected with the future welfare of his family, and on the memorable words of dying men; not taking the impression of her and others' sorrow, but rather setting upon their grief the seal of his own serenity. His wife was at length left alone with him; she, too, arose to go, in an agony of spirit, but perfectly composed and calm, controlling her own emotion, that he might retain the mastery of his.
do not notice, as they are not very important; but there is one passage leading to a very false inference which ought to be expunged from the volume. We would not rake up the ashes of the dead—we have but recently expressed our opinion on the impro-
priety of making a man’s last moments, or his death-
bed, the test of his life—but truth obliges us to
state, and our statement rests on the evidence of
one who saw the poet’s lamp of life wax dim and
expire, that Keats did not die tranquilly talking of
“feeling the daisies growing over him.”
Poor Keats, the victim of consumption, and not
of criticism, was a manly, though a delicate and
sensitive person. His remains have now long slept
in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestus at
Rome, and his memory, to say nothing of other
serious impressions that might arise from such
incorrect assertions, will not be benefited by those
who continue to describe him as making speeches
that might suit the atmosphere of a boarding-school
tea-room, in the awful moments of his dissolution.

“Dr. Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedia;”
A Treatise on the progressive Improvement and present State of the Manufac-
tures in Metal.
We have here a concise yet clear and complete
account of those useful and ornamental manufac-
tures in metal, particularly in iron and steel, in
which we decidedly surpass all the nations of the
world at the present moment.
Far different was our proficiency in these arts, to
which domestic comfort and all civilisation are so
much indebted, even at a comparatively modern period. Although, at least as early as the time of
Chaucer, knives were made at Sheffield, for the
poet, in describing the equipment of one of the per-
sonages in his immortal pilgrimage, says,

“A Sheffield thwytel bare he in his hose.”
yet was that manufactory rude, and insufficient for
the supply of the country, and knives formed an
import trade from Germany, Holland, and France,
even in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is not men-
tioned in the present work, but it is a well
authenticated fact, that at that period Italy fur-
nished some of the finer specimens of cutlery. The
knives of Milan, Brescia, Ferrara, &c., were for
some ages as famous as the swords, daggers,
and defensive armour produced in those great cities.
Numerous specimens of these Italian table knives
still exist in England, where they are generally pre-
served as curiosities. Of most of them the handles,
which are beautifully worked, and engraved with
figures and devices, are of steel as well as the blades.
The blades are of an unseemly length, and end in
a long, sharp point, like most of the knives still used
on the continent. From their poniard-like termi-
nation, length, and the admirable temper of the
steel of which they are entirely formed, these
domestic implements would make very good weapons
for close attack.
In the fifth year of her reign, Queen Elizabeth
laid heavy duties on the import trade of knives, to
encourage, more particularly the manufacture of those articles in London, where "Richard Matthews, on Fleece Bridge, was the first Englishman who attained the perfection of making fine knives and knife hafts." "Albeit," adds the chronicler Stow, "at that time, and for many hundred years before, there were made in divers parts of this kingdom, many coarse and unmoley knives; and at this day the best and finest knives in the world are made in London."

From sundry natural advantages, however, which that place possesses in a superior degree to any other spot in Great Britain, for the peculiar manufacture in question, Sheffield soon became, and has ever since remained, the great mart of entlery.

On this interesting subject, and a variety of others connected with the working of metals, the reader will find very ample information in the work now before us. The manufactures of military weapons, fire-arms, printing machinery, copper-plate, and other presses, locks, stirrups, spurs, needles, &c. &c. &c., are pleasantly described, and familiar as each and all of the objects produced may be, the process of their production will be found to involve the most admirable ingenuity, and a most extensive range of contrivance. Nine persons in ten, even taking those who cultivate knowledge, are ignorant of these matters, which, however, are well calculated to improve our faculties, while, from the useful and practical turn study is now decidedly taking, they deserve a portion of the attention of all.


We think both of these very cheap little works, well adapted to the end proposed by several of their authors. The "Conversations" are clear, spirited, and proper to catch the difficult attention of children; and the "Diagrams" will be found perfectly intelligible by those whose education has not included a course of mathematics, and who may even regard with fear and trembling, a simple array of mathematical terms. The vocabulary at the end of Mr. Taylor's volume, is a very good idea, and will prove useful. We think that gentleman for drawing our attention to a passage in a letter from Admiral Lord Collingwood to his Lady, recommendatory of this particular study. The passage is simply this: "How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences the most entertaining; it expands the mind more than any other."

Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman, Esq.

The author of this small volume says very modestly, "That a poem on one of the islands in the West Indies, written by a native of the scene, should excite public attention, the author has little hope." What attention it may excite in these anti-poetical days, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but whether it acquire it or not, we think the volume merits attention, as containing a great deal of very pretty poetry, and we doubt not, at least as much truth as the conflicting statements of immediate abolitionists, or excited anti-slavery societies.

The witty Anastasius, in his discussions with a catholic monk who had undertaken his conversion, expresses his wish to see both sides of the question. "See both sides of question," says the monk, "in a rage," why that is the way never to make up your mind. No, no, look at one side only and keep to it." Notwithstanding this excellent advice, we will, however, recommend to our readers' attention the happy pictures Mr. Chapman draws of negro life in the West Indies—they will, at least, afford the pleasure of contrast! The descriptive portions of "Barbadoes," the principal poem in the volume, are frequently very good; the minor compositions give evidence of the gentleman and scholar, and of a mind religiously disposed.

The Heliotrope; or, Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health.

The very pretty poetry contained in this volume would have been better received had Lord Byron never written the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and had not nearly every ballad and novel-monger of late made a hack of Italy, though, the Gods know! no more acquainted with it than with the north-west passage!

We think so well of the talents and feelings of the author of the Heliotrope, that we will give him a little advice. He should not, when speaking of himself, tell the world that he has a "forehead fair," that his inspiration is "drawn from source divine," that "taste refined his lyre," and such like things: for critics less good-natured than ourselves, from his so doing, might set him down as a coxcomb.

The Emigrant's Tale; a Poem, in Two Parts, and Miscellaneous Poems. By James Bird.

Mr. Bird, from the evidence of the present graceful little volume, is not only a more modest, but a much more talented person, than the author of the poem we have just mentioned, though the "Heliotrope," vulgarié, "The Sun-flower," does occasionally catch and reflect some of Apollo's beams.

We dislike the comparisons with great names, of which so great an abuse is now made by our diurnal and hebdomadal critics, but there certainly is something in "The Emigrant's Tale" which reminds us pleasantly of Crabbe—one of the English poets whom we most reverence. Among his miscellaneous Mr. Bird has some delightful verses. Those addressed "To the Altar of St. George's, Hanover-square," that celebrated marriage mart, are admirable. "Castle Building" is good, and so are "The Farmer's Family," and "The Bank of England," and a variety of others.

If there be any love for poetry yet extant, Mr. Bird will meet encouragement. We assure our readers that his present volume well merits their patronage.
DER HÖCHSTE FINN DANNE.

...
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assemblee,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1833.

THE SLAYER AND THE SLAIN.

He is dead! we are alone in the chamber, the slayer and the slain. Ay! there you lie, Richard Mostyn, there you lie stiff in death. There you lie, my schoolfellow, my chum, my companion, my confidant, my friend—and your blood is upon my sword.

How strangely this array of luxury, this magnificently furnished table, these relics of a costly feast, contrast with the condition of him who gave it. The guests are gone—the songs have been sung—the jests are evaporated—the jesters asleep. And he—he who called them together—he, the wit, the grace of the company, the glory of the scene, is wiltering in his blood. There stands before his chair his unfinished glass, and there too lies that unfinished letter to—to—to—no matter to whom, for her name shall never cross my lips again.

I am athirst. I must remain here a few minutes longer. The household are slumbering; little do they think what is before them in the morning. I pour out this goblet of the wine of the man whom I have killed. Fiercely have I drunk it. Shall I try another? I may with impunity. The demon working in my brain is too potent to be quelled by so feeble a power. Wine—wine; what is wine when compared with hate?

Oh! Richard! Richard! those were gay days when we were in Oriel together, and shared every thought, every amusement, every study, every dissipation. Twenty years have past and gone, but the recollection of those golden hours is brighter in my mental eye than that of the events of yesterday. Who of those who then saw us together could have thought that Richard Mostyn was to perish by the hand of Tom Churchill? Who would have thought that Richard Mostyn would have committed that surpassing wrong which justifies his slaughter to my soul?

Justifies! out, cold word! When I think of what he has done, his death makes me rejoice. I exult that I have slain him. Let me examine his features as he lies beneath my foot. Yes, there is still that clear and ample brow shaded with clustering locks; that beauteous countenance; that magnificent form. Pale are the once blooming cheeks. Silent are the lips on whose accents I so often hung; closed the eyes once beaming with intelligence, or glowing with friendship. Why were those lips taught to deceive and betray? Why were the glances of those eyes permitted to work ruin and disgrace? Why did those lips dare to press—out, cursed thought—shall I stay here to parley with myself in words approaching to compassion when I think of that? Here lies the man who injured me beyond hope; his carcase is stretched at my foot, and I trample on it in the fury of despair. Once—twice—thrice, I bury my rapier in his body. There—there—there.

I am a fool. I dishonour not the poor remains; I dishonour myself. But I know not
what I do. I am glad, however, that he fought me. I could not have slain him as an assassin slays. Did he fight with his wonted bravery? Perhaps not. The sense of what he had done must have weighed heavy on his soul, and unnerved his arm. A few passes and he was dead. I am not sure that he defended himself as he could have done. I am sure that this wound in my side was accidental. I am happy that I have received it. It shows that the fight was fair.

God! how I longed for that fight; with what impatience I waited for the breaking up of this protracted banquet; with what disgust I viewed the tardy departure of the wine-laden guests, and heard their praises of their entertainers. They were gone at last. Too well did I know how to enter, unobserved, this house, long the scene of many a happy, many a frolic hour. I stood before him alone. He was writing; my heart told me to whom. How he started! what a flush of conscious shame and guilt overspread his features when his uplifted eyes met mine. "I know," said he, "why you come." "You know, then," I replied, "that I come not to talk." Draw, scoundrel, draw. You are a villain, but you were not a coward. One or both of us must fall in this room before the hour is over!"

Fain would he parley; fain refuse to draw on his "friend." Gracious God! On his friend. The word made me mad. I forced him to defend himself, and he has fallen. The crime was great; the fight was fair; and my revenge is accomplished. I have slain him full of bread—I have killed him, body and soul.

My wound bleeds apace; I must staunch it as I can. My senses begin to reel. What was he writing when the avenger came? Ay, as I thought—as I knew. Dare I read it? the words gleam out of the paper like fire. But what is this? Contrition—sorrow—penitence—remorse. He was a villain, then, bold-faced to the world, but not gay at heart. I am glad that the iron had entered into his soul—that some of the miseries which he has inflicted on me came back upon himself. But it is all hypocrisy. Satiety had—No more of that! Oh! Richard! let me hope that the remorse was real, and that I have not sent you to your last account without some true shade of penitence upon your spirit.

Why do the boatmen tarry? How strange it is that, in the confusion of my thoughts, I should have put this miniature into my pocket. Faithful painter! it is she—she, innocent, good, true, and kind. Isabella! I thought that I was never more to breathe the word, but it flies to my lips. Isabella! you have wrung my heart, have marred my hopes, have stained my name. You must be an outcast, nay, as an enemy to me for ever; but I love you still. Your partner in sin is gone—may God return to you the peace of mind that to me is lost. I declare before heaven that I knew not when I married you that your consent was extorted by the prayers and advice of your parents, and that your heart belonged to the long-absent Mostyn. What a world of sorrow a candid tale of your feelings would have saved! How he betrayed his friend, and how you yielded your honour I know not—I seek not to know. It is passed. He is dead. You go to a life of obscurity or shame. I fly an exile from my native land. The moon rises over the hill, and I can see the boat rocking by the shore. The shrill whistle of Tom Bowling summons me away, and I leave England never to return. I leave behind me a scene of blood and sorrow, but I bear with me a hand which shed that blood, and a heart in which sorrow has set its throne. Many a man will grieve over Richard Mostyn, but what can their grief be when compared with that of him who has killed him? In another goblet of his Burgundy I bid farewell to England, and wander over the waters a broken-hearted man!

W. M.
HOG-HUNTING IN INDIA.

The last breathings of my Havanah having received all the assistance that the remains of a well-mixed glass of brandy and water could bestow, sundry olive-coloured bipeds, with turbans large, were summoned to the presence of mine host, who proceeded to administer his orders for my morning’s promised sport. Not only was the grisly monster to be found, but his detection was directed to take place “where the gentleman could ride him;” partially steeped as my senses were in forgetfulness, from the hot and rebellious liquors I had imbibed, such a distinction did not appear desirable, and required, as I thought, some inquiry as to the safety of this Indian propensit.

“Ride a hog, Mr. Curryface! Do you take me for a bristle that has lost its home?”

“Dear sir,” exclaimed my amused, but unsmiling companion, who was as particular in his explanations as he was formal in manner, “forgive the annoyance that my directions appear to have caused, **brevia esse laboro, obscurus fio.** In these our eastern dominions it is a common expression, and perfectly understood by our domestics. It merely signifies that the animal should be driven out from the woods into the open country, that you may be enabled to ride after it, and not upon it, as you most erroneously supposed.”

With this explanation we retired to our rooms—he to sleep, and I to bed without the usual result. Oh! the wretchedness of an Indian sleepless night, the door and windows admitting, in place of the fresh air for which they were left open, a murmuring of cumbrous gnats which do molest;

All striving to infuse their feeble stinges
That from their noyance we no way can rest.”

The cold-expelling blanket is looked upon as sudden death, and sheets fine as the gossamer would no doubt prove as fatal as the tunic of Nessus. There is only the alternative of attempting to lie still, and submitting your body quietly to the inspection of the “lithe proboscis” of every member of this hungry assembly. At intervals the monotony of the entomologist’s situation is relieved by the hootings of owls, the chirping of lizards, or the howlings of a pack of jackals in pursuit of their prey, whose screams form an additional sound of horror to those with which the sufferer is already supplied—

“Through the long night they gambol in their way,
And end their pleasures with the morning ray.”

Mine, I was in hopes, had just commenced; pain had been my portion for so many hours, that the mere absence of it towards morning brought relief, and with it “nature’s soft nurse.” During the short time I was enabled to sleep, dreams of the late past and the early future came upon me: one moment my hand appeared painfully cut by a wine-glass which I had crushed in its retreat from my mouth, after it had performed its duty; another, the spear that was uplifted to strike the raging boar that I was pursuing in my sleep, appeared to vanish, and my hand was delivered in its stead into the jaws of the infuriated animal. This was too much like “the future fight” not to disturb my repose, and on awaking, I found my mosquito-bit hand lustily pulled at by a grinning black servant, who, in a whispering scream, exclaimed “Sahib! sahib! quickly make dress,—morning time come—very fine shikar (hunt) make.” My late dream accorded too much with “the bloody business which thus informed mine ears,” to prevent any mistake as to the reality of my situation. I immediately rose, and donned my rigid cords with their snow-topped leather terminations, and within the squeezing of a lemon (as Tony Lumpkin would have said), had drunk my stirrup-cup (coffee, good reader), and was seated firmly on the hog-skin. The horse with which my eccentric host had supplied me, was an Arab, little, but I had no doubt good. I adjusted my stirrups to business-like length, and gave a glance round from my exalted seat, to observe who were my companions. Within five yards of me stood from twenty to twenty-five turban-headed, tunicked individuals, armed with spears, and apparently “eager for the fight”—amongst these were three shikarry wallahs, visibly more attached to the simple dress with which nature had provided them than to any other; these were provided with long matchlocks, which I was afterwards informed were carried on such occasions more to show the nature of their caste as game pursuers than to exhibit their skill as marksmen, as that mode of administering death to swine,
"when master wished to ride them," would be tantamount to robbing the temple of Vishnu. Beyond this

"— trusty band
Of parti-coloured blacks—a shining train."

there stood a large-boned, country-bred horse of darkish hue, and on its back sat a small slight Hindoo, the strangeness of whose habiliments contrasted strongly with the very dark complexion of his face, which (with the exception of his turban) was the only testimony in his appearance of his oriental extraction. This most sensible article of dress for defence against a grilling sun, the "gliding sword," or close communication with the stony ground, was of the brightest scarlet: a boy's jacket of the same fierce sanguine hue, edged with gold, clothed his upper half, and to complete this most ludicrous phenomenon, a pair of deep-furrowed yellow inexpressibles were met above the knee by large military boots, which, to judge from appearances, had once received the benefit of some liquid, maliciously denominated Warren's jet blacking. The servant who had accompanied me from England, not having yet left my service, was enabled to turn out, as I thought, rather in the style of a Meltonian fox-hunter; my coat most ably cut, with leathers and boots superlatively well cleaned, thinking that, go to what country I would, the style and appearance of a gentleman and his attendant, in the perspiring chase, would vary as little as possible from that in Old England. My confined notions as to costume were now entirely put to flight, and my only consideration now was, upon viewing Mr. Curryface's attendant, whether the eccentricity of the outward appearance of the servant was in exact proportion to the inward of the master, or whether externally and internally it was "tel valet, tel maitre." As I surveyed this solitary yellow-brecheed red-jacket, and his twelve couple of attendant bipeds, varying in their skins as the same number of hounds would in a pack, I thought to myself what an effect they would cause at the gorse cover in the Quorn country, in place of Mr. Osbaldiston's hounds, and

"How Jack Stevens, the whipper in, would swear,
And Harry Goodricke meet them with a stare."

My mind had already been made up, and as it had ever been my practice to extract

"Sermons from stones, and fun from everything," the moment I had finished my lengthened reverie, I determined to look forward and ascertain whether the pursuit of the bristly boar, spear in hand, was a diversion deserving of praise. Ludicrous as were the dress and appearance of my host's huntsman, it is not he, I said to myself, that is to pursue and slay the game; his duty is to endeavour to follow and observe how we of England perform our deeds of arms; and so satisfactory an exhibition of prowess would never, I anticipated, again fall to his lot to witness.

Just as "the dawning day was drawing near," the motley party arrived on the boundary of an extensive plain covered with low stunted bushes, and long arid speargrass. To the right was a large plantation of sugar-cane, in which lay concealed, I was informed,

"Drunk with the sugared food, whose sweets had lured them."

a tusky boar, with several ladye loves. Bearing in mind the lesson of my childhood, that the masculine was always to be considered more worthy than the feminine, I explained to my black audience, in the worst English I could compose, (in hopes that, by such an arrangement, I should be able to approach as near as possible to their own barbarous tongue,) that it was my wish that for once the female sex should be disregarded, and all their attention directed towards the male; such a preference being ever in accordance with Hindoo tastes, my suggestion was evidently received with universal approbation, and the whole twelve couple of turbaned bipeds proceeded with alacrity to enter the shady bower of swine and sweets. To speak in the language of a sportsman, just as the "stern" of the last was seen "flourishing" through the leafy foliage, to my utter astonishment appeared, spear in hand, mine host of the yellow face and formal manners, who had positively declined accompanying me, and in whose mind I had supposed,

"— the savage nature of the chase,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead."
rivalling that of Teneriffe, o’ershadowed the brows of the rider; a short flannel jacket, shrunk very much at the wrists, and edged with silk of the same regal colour as the cap, clothed his paunchy person; his short legs were encased after the fashion of his domestic, in rhubarb-coloured unmentionables and high military boots—spurs he wisely laid aside, as he always found, he told me, that he stuck them into his horse, whether they were required or not. “Nothing but fun,” thought I, as I finished my survey of the master, and looked towards the servant who just then rode quickly up, and informed us, in bastard English, that “one lady hog, with little baby hog, wood other side, plenty fast run away—master; before shikar people go, very much big gentleman hog out of wood come.” The pit of this information, however indistinctly made known, was really of such vital importance, and so much to the point, that immediate attention to the directions of the anti-Lindley Murrayist was evidently necessary, if I desired to witness “hog-hunting in India.” The spurs, therefore, were instantly put into requisition, the bridle reins were gathered up into my hand, and away I dashed for the top of the plantation, from which I was in hopes the object of our search was soon to sally forth. Close upon my left flank came the purple-crowned Mr. Curryface, evidently in an angry communication with his horse as to the advantages of holding on by the bridle. The arguments advanced by the quadruped against such an unequestrian proceeding, appeared very much to shake the firmness of his opponent’s position. The pommel, therefore, that friend in adversity, was resorted to for a time, in proof that conciliation was preferable to defeat. This cannot last, thought I; before we have gone a mile, the fate so ably and painfully described by the poet of Jack and Jill, must attend Mr. Curryface and his servant, “a pair so justly formed to meet by nature,” and the field will then be left for my little arm to dispute. Two minutes had not elapsed after my arrival at this new position before the green and reedy sugar cane, some distance in front of the beaters, appeared to be shaken from some unknown cause. The cheers and howlings increased as the distance to be examined diminished, and the certainty made known that the game was still in the plantation. A few minutes more passed away; the leafy foliage I again observed to shake, much nearer to me than at first. Another pause—after a little while it again shook still nearer, and the cracking of small branches confirmed me in my suspicions that the enemy was on foot. My hat was pushed down upon my brow, and I raised myself a little in my stirrup, to catch the first glimpse of whatever should appear. There only remained about twenty yards more between myself and the beaters to be examined. The cover was now all alive, and “appeared to run in waves;” my heart beat violently—shouts increased—the spear received a firmer grasp—another moment, turbanned heads were visible, and the cry of “sieur! sieur! sieur!” was heard. The next, a crash, a loud shout from the whole party—a terrific grunt—and

“——— a monstrous boar

Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam,”

rushed forth; a moment’s law was given to allow of his taking to the plain, and then we all three dashed forward, the turbanned domestic having his nag well in hand, and sitting, as I said to myself, very well for a black fellow. It was evident from the madly ambitious course instantly adopted by the dappled grey, that the now alarmed Curryface had been defeated in his argument, and that the former had everything his own way; forward was the cry; and on we went. Prophetic were my words! Hardly had we gone a quarter of a mile before a gaping nullah,+ full of water that, from its colour, had apparently washed many acres of rice fields, received the body of the ill-fated Curryface, and he was lost to my sight for an instant. I turned to take “my last fond look” after I got over, and saw my unhappy friend still sporting in the stream, with the purple cap some distance from him, floating like a full-blown lotus on the surface. The pace was much too good to render assistance, in which opinion the domestic (who had gone cleverly over the nullah) appeared to agree, for not even the fate of his lord and master could withdraw his attention from the object we were pursuing.

None who have not witnessed it can imagine the speed with which a well-grown hog can go across a country. Nothing stops him—the highest fence—the widest brook—is cleared with the bound of a deer—the broadest and most rugged ravine is passed over as easily as the smoothest plain—his turns are as sharp as those of a hare, and his cunning equal to that of the fox. With such qualities to contend with, it is not to be wondered at that a novice in the sport, like myself, should, after the first quarter of a mile, still be

* Pig! pig!

† A broad kind of ditch, dug as a channel for the water, by which the fields are irrigated.
unable to approach near enough to the hog to deliver my spear. No sooner was the steel-headed bamboo placed in rest for the purpose of execution, and the speed of my horse increased, to give an impetus to the blow, than the wary animal, as if aware of my intention, shot forward in an instant out of immediate reach.

The position and riding of the black attendant still continued good. His attachment to the saddle was evidently of a lasting nature—his horse was well in hand, and he appeared, with the patronising air of a proficient, to divide his attention equally between the hog and myself; one moment close in my rear, watching every movement I made; the next darting, without difficulty, to the right or left, to follow the hog, which had thrown me out in some sudden turn—then as quickly resigning the first place as I again pressed forward. “D—n it, if here is not a black fellow that can ride,” I exclaimed, after seeing these manoeuvres once or twice well executed. His weak mind, nevertheless, shall be astonished before long, thought I, as I sent both spurs well into my little Arab, which was doing his work gallantly, and dashed forward with a determination “to do or die.” The excitement and interest now became intense. The grisly monster was evidently blown—his pace was slower—his turns more frequent, and he was not half a mile from an extensive jungle, which once gained, his life was safe, and we were foiled. It was only the stunted bushes which covered the plain that now prevented my approaching and administering his quietus—every obstacle was removed as we approached the cover—the ground became clearer—a few more strides, and it was as level as the course at Newmarket. “Who-hoop,” I cried, as it was gained, and saw the grunter was at length in my power. The pace for a few moments now was awful; he had in a degree recovered his wind from the many favourable turns the bushes had enabled him to make, and the obstruction such obstacles had proved in our pursuit; but it was only for a few moments. The little bay was game to the bone; I gained fast upon my prey; the spear was held firmly to my side, with the head directed towards its victim: a hundred yards more, and I should be enabled to strike. The jungle was in sight; his struggle to gain it increased: in another moment I was by his side; he turned his head to watch me—

“His eye-balls glare with fire, suffused with blood,
His neck shoots up a thicket's thorny wood,
His bristled back a trench impaled appears.”

Who-hoop—my charge is made—the arm thrown back to give the blow—it strikes—a savage grunt—blood—a sudden whirl—the spear is wrenched from my hand, and I felt a bump which most painfully proved to me the nature of “adscriptus glebe.” On recovering, I found myself on the ground, my spear planted several inches in the hard soil, and the black fellow, whom I had intended to have astonished by my skill, quietly sitting upon his country-bred horse, examining me with an inquiring look. At length he said, “Master hurt, I think—me very sorry for master.” Being rather ashamed of my prostrate position, and pity from one whom I had despised being rather galling to my English feelings, I tried to laugh it off, and remarked how provoking it was that the hog should have escaped us after all. To this he merely observed, “Me very sorry, master very much hurt, I think.” Feeling some curiosity as I was remounting to know where my companion had seen the hog last, I carelessly put the question, to which he replied, “When spear catch in ground, and master fall, big anger on hog very much come—me ride very fast, quickly catch him—put bala (spear) through him heart, so him die.”

Mary.

Her soul is in her eyes, How eloquent her tear!
Undimm'd by grief or care, What music in her sigh!
Softer than summer skies, The very atmosphere
When the lambent moon is there. Breathes balm when she is nigh.
Her small ethereal face Pure as the mountain spring
Is of so fair a hue, That knows no earthly leaven,
That you may almost trace She seems too charmed a thing
The spotless spirit through. For any place but heaven.
Her liquid voice I hear, Such—such is not for me.
With rapture how profound, Alas! that e'er we met!
As it floats upon the ear— For who shall ever see,
’Tis the poetry of sound. And, seeing, e'er forget.
THE VISION OF SADAK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER," AND "PURITAN'S GRAVE."

The merchant Sadak was blessed with abundance and dwelt in peace. He had all that mortals usually desire, and was duly and deeply sensible of the happiness of his lot. But as humanity must be imperfect in its happiness as well as in its wisdom and its power, there was one drop of bitter floating in the sweet cup of Sadak's life,—there was a cloud in his sky, a thorn in his pillow, and a sigh of sorrow marring and mutilating the melody of his joy. "Blessed be Allah for his goodness towards me, praise to the high and holy one who has fixed my lot in a land of peace, and has stretched the cords of my tent on the plains of prosperity! Blessed be Allah that my caravans travel the desert in safety, and that the hand of power has not rudely touched my wealth. Blessed be Allah for the security of my home, for the fidelity of my servants, for the smiles of my children, and for the affectionate love of my wife." Thus did Sadak express his gratitude and joy duly every morning and evening; but oft in the course of the day there rose in his mind painful thoughts and sad forebodings. When he walked in his garden he looked on his flowers and saw them fade, and, sighing, said to himself, "So also must I pass away—my strength must decay, my glory perish, and I must lie down in the dust and make my bed with the worms. Then what to me will be the wealth which I have gathered together? What the affectionate love of my wife—the smiles of my children—the fidelity of my servants? We must all die; yet wherefore should death, that must rob us of our possessions, first rob us of our enjoyment of them? Why can I not banish from my soul all thought and fear of that which is to come? I ask not to live in this world for ever, but I would fain so live as not to fear death." This was often the language of Sadak's heart in his hours of solitude, bringing on his spirits a gloom of which none but himself was aware, for in society he was cheerful, the current of his conversation flowed gracefully, and his friends enjoyed his company.

Now it came to pass, as Sadak one afternoon was reposing in his pavilion, and was watching the falling rose leaves and indulging the gloomy thoughts which did so often interfere with the happiness of his life, that there suddenly stood before him, he knew not whether rising from the earth or descending from heaven, a figure of preternatural size and gracefulness, having a countenance of calm but not smiling kindness, expressive of mercy unmixed with weakness, and marvelously blending the awful with the attractive. Sadak's heart for a moment forgot to beat; the pulse of his life stood still with astonishment; nor could he withdraw his gaze from the strange vision that saluted him. Speechlessly he waited to hear the spirit's voice, for his own tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he was helpless as a bird in the gaze of a basilisk. In a voice as gentle as the evening breeze, and musical as the tones of a lute, the vision spoke and said, "Sadak, thy prayers are heard in heaven, thy praises are accepted by Allah, and thy fears are registered above; I come to remove these fears." Then Sadak took courage and said, "Who art thou, and by what name may I address thee?" The vision answered, "I am the Angel of Death." Thereat Sadak trembled and bowed his face even to the ground, saying, "Behold thy servant." He thought that now his hour was come, and that his fears were to be stilled in the grave: and much did he marvel that the terrors of his soul were not greater at the sight of so awful a visitant. The spirit spoke again and said, "Sadak, wouldest thou be above the fears of death?" Sadak answered and said, "Remove thy terrors from thy servant, and then shall my life flow sweetly and calmly as the rivers of paradise."

"If then wouldest be above the fear of death, thou must be as those for whom death has no terrors. Come, and thou shalt choose thy lot." So saying, the angel lifted him lightly from the ground on which he was kneeling, and carried him high in the air above the cities, the plains, and the rivers, and he saw the scene beneath him moving silently as the picture of a dream.

Presently they had passed the fertile and cultivated country, and they came to a dreary region where the unclad mountains lifted their bleak summits to the sky; steep and
rugged were their sides so that there seemed to be no path for the foot of man, nor was there any symptom of human dwelling. Here the Angel and his charge alighted, and the spirit said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." Then Sadak, wondrously supported in climbing the rude precipice, and again in descending divers chasms and clefts of the rock, followed his guide till they came to where a low dark opening admitted them into a tortuous and gloomy passage, leading to a cave in which the light of one sickly lamp just served to show that this was a retreat of reckless robbers. Sadak saw the ruffian gang assembled in brutal concclave. He saw them drink the strong red wine; he heard them shout the insulting song of triumph over their victims whom they had robbed of wealth and life; he shuddered as he listened to their tales of blood, and he trembled as he heard them devise their next day's exploit. "To-morrow," said the chief of the robbers, "the prince passes through the valley with a slender retinue but a weighty purse; he fancies that the awe of his name and that a dread of his vengeance will be enough to save him from our hands; but we must let him know that the mountain robbers have no fear or reverence. We can mock the majesty of law and despise the power of princes. We who fear not death are invincible, and, while we live, omnipotent." Thereat a shout of rude applause was sent up by the lawless multitude, and the heart of Sadak was sick at the brutal and unholy sound.

Then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this!"

Thereupon the gloom of the cavern vanished, the clear light of heaven shone upon them, the robbers disappeared, and Sadak and his guide were sailing again through the liquid air. They passed beyond the region of the barren mountains, and descended on a plain through which a gentle river calmly glided, on the banks of which stood many a pleasant dwelling, and where the cheerful voice of the living and laborious were heard. The spirit said to Sadak as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." And the merchant followed as he was commanded, and they entered a house where an old man was sitting alone, watching the quiet course of the river, and seeming to count the straws, sticks, or leaves, that floated on its surface. The old man saw them not and heard them not, therefore their presence interfered not with his thoughts or with his employment. For a long while they stood, and Sadak asked no question of his guide, though he wondered what could be the meaning of what he saw, for he feared lest an improper or untimely word might break the charm in which he was involved. After a length of time the old man moved away from the place where he had been sitting, and began to make preparations for a solitary meal. He was wonderfully slow in all his movements, and ever anon he paused as though endeavouring to call something to mind. At length he sat down and ate, and when he rose from his cheerless and solitary meal he resumed his seat where Sadak first saw him, and there he sat watching as before the course of the river, and occasionally looking up to the bright blue sky above him. The merchant and his guide stood hour after hour watching the still scene, and Sadak grew weary, but ventured not to name his weariness or to express his impatience: then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, what seest thou?"

And Sadak said, "Truly I know not what to answer. I see, indeed, an old man who seems as though he had no employment for hand or thought, and whose life appears but a breathing death."

"Thou hast answered rightly," said the angel; "he whom thou seest hath by the aid of philosophy conquered all fears, and by a skilful management of life hath removed all source of annoyance and trouble; he hath no cares and no fears; there is not one dark spot in his life; his days are as tranquil as the silent river, and he has no more dread of death than the river hath of the ocean into which it is flowing."

"But what," asked Sadak, "are the joys of his life? Has his philosophy destroyed them too?"

"How can it be otherwise?" said the angel; "who can in this life separate joy and sorrow? Where is the land on which the sun shines for ever? Can the earth have mountains without valleys? Can man enjoy the beauty of the rising day without knowing the darkness of night? Who but the weary can taste the luxury of rest? He whom thou seest before thee hath, by removing all causes of uneasiness, or hardening his heart against them, formed for himself a life of perfect peace and unmingled calmness; having no friends or kindred he is never called to mourn at the side of the grave; trusting no one he is deceived by no one; steeling his heart against all sympathy, the sorrows of others never afflict him; and as there is nothing in life to which he clings with fondness, so there is
nothing in death which he regards with abhorrence. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Then the angel carried him away from the peaceful vale, and bore him onwards to a well-peopled city, and they alighted there, the angel saying as before, "Follow me seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." Sadak did as he was commanded, and followed invisibly his invisible guide; and they entered a dwelling in which there were abundant tokens of wealth; and Sadak thought to himself that if the owner of this well-furnished abode could live superior to the fear of death he must be an amiable man indeed, for here was much to make life interesting. Passing through several splendid apartments they came to the room in which was the master of the house; but at sight of him Sadak sighed deeply, for sorrow sat upon his countenance, and his whole talk was that of despair.

"What seest thou?" said the angel.

"I see," replied the merchant, "a sight of wretchedness."

"Thou seest," said the angel, "one for whom death hath no terrors. He hath wealth, but there is no one to enjoy it with him; his wife and children are in the grave, and as he loved them most deeply when living, so he mourns them most heartily when dead. He looks about his well-furnished house and finds that every part of it reminds him of those who were once most dear unto him; his soul is filled with bitterness that they are taken from him; pain also would he make his bed in the grave. Wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

The angel then led him forth from the house of the desolate man to another street and to another house, in which there were many symptoms of wealth, but none of solitude, and the angel said as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." There was a tumult in the house, as of rebuke, and a noise of many voices; and Sadak saw a man somewhat past the middle of life surrounded by his family who were quarrelling with him and with one another. The merchant looked alarmed, and his guide said unto him, "Sadak, what is thy fear? Thou art unseen and unheard, the fury of these people cannot injure thee."

And Sadak said, "My fear is not for myself but for these people, lest they may presently inflict violence upon the one upon the other."

Seest thou how that furious woman endeavours to provoke to violence him whom I take to be her husband? Surely blood will be shed. What I pray you has caused this sudden quarrel?"

"This is no sudden quarrel," said the angel, "but this is the ordinary life which this man leads; his wife and children are unreasonable in their wishes and violent in their tempers, so that the poor man hath no peace. He wishes for the peace of the grave. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Again the angel caught up the merchant, and carried him through the air a distance of many leagues, alighting with him at length at the entrance to a mine, from whence many of the labourers were issuing, and the angel said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." So the angel conducted the merchant to one of the abodes in which the labourers resided. And Sadak saw the weary man sit heavily down to a scanty meal, which he devoured hastily; and presently the man slept and his sleep was sound, and Sadak thought within himself, "How blessed is the sound sleep of him who by labour has earned the comforts of repose!" Sadak watched him while he slept, and there was no symptom of any dreamy restlessness, but his features were still as a stone and calm as death. Morning came, and with it came the summons to renewed labour. Then Sadak grieved for the labouring man that he needs must be awakened from so sound a sleep. And the angel said to the merchant, "Sadak, thou thinkest mournfully."

Then the merchant replied, saying, "I grieve for this poor man, that he hath no time for the enjoyment of that rest for which his labour gives him so good an appetite, for while he sleeps he is insensible to all that is around him, and when he wakes he is forthwith called away to labour—nay, even before he hath well slept his sleep he is roused to recommence his toil."

"True," replied the angel, "but he thereby lives without the fear of death, because he lives without the thought of it; he has no time for thinking; his days are occupied with ceaseless labour and his nights with dreamless sleep. Wilt thou thus be above the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Now when the merchant had been so long with the angel his fears began to abate, and
he spake more freely to the spirit, saying, "Hitherto thou hast shown me only those who live a life of misery, to which death must be considered a relief; show me, I pray you, one to whom life is truly desirable, and by whom death is not regarded as an evil?"

"Thou askest an impossibility," said the angel; "for thou askest to see one who prefers light to darkness, and yet who likes darkness as well as light. How can this be? I have shown thee such as care not whether they live or die: to them, therefore, death can have no terrors; and I have also shown thee such as feel more pain than pleasure in life, therefore to them death can present no terrors. But how, I pray you, can he who loveth life love to have it taken from him?"

"But my dread of death," replied Sadak, "oftentimes takes away my enjoyment of life."

"Thou speakest inaccurately," said the angel; "rather shouldst thou say that thou feelest a dread of death because thou hast so great enjoyment of life. Seest thou not that death is unpleasant because life is pleasant?"

Then Sadak was silent for a moment, seeing that he knew not what to reply; and much did he fear that he had offended his supernatural guide and messenger; then forthwith did he prepare himself with a propitiatory reply to the angel, but when he lifted up his face from the ground and sought his spiritual companion, behold the monitor had fled; and Sadak was left alone, and he began in great perplexity and terror to cast about by what means he might return to his home from so great a distance, and after so long an absence, for he knew not in what region of the globe he was, nor could he distinctly recollect how many days he had been away from his home; but presently recovering from his surprise he found himself in his pavilion, his garden was as he had left it, and when he returned to his family, they spoke not of his absence from them. So he perceived that it was but a dream, and he took instruction from the dream, and learned to prize the blessings of life more highly, and to receive the good things bestowed upon him with a more unmingled gratitude.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER PLATE, IN 1826.

Affairs of a private nature rendered it necessary for me to communicate with my husband, and as letters were, in all respects, unsafe, I thought it better to go myself, (I was at Monte-Video, and he was in command of the Brazilian blockading squadron, up the river Plate, before Buenos Ayres). An excellent opportunity presented itself in a Brazilian corvette, commanded by an elderly, civil, and good-natured Frenchman.

All being arranged, I took leave of my children, recommending them to the kind offices of my friends and neighbours, and embarked on the 25th of July.

It was very cold weather, and the air of the Plate is peculiarly piercing; we tried to heat a stove, which the captain had kindly procured for me, but it choked us with smoke, and we were obliged to relinquish the attempt, which, perhaps, was not to be regretted; very warm clothing and as much exercise as possible on deck, being far better methods for alleviating this sort of discomfort. The French generally, in their private arrangements, are more economical than we are: the captain had little closets fitted up in his own cabin, where he carefully kept locked up his china and glass, and all such stores of provisions as he could conveniently keep in them; what was wanted he regularly gave out himself every morning, and he kept the keys in his pocket: notwithstanding all this, we had a most liberal and excellent table, and the finest coffee I have tasted on board ship. Our mess was composed of the captain, the pilot, and myself; the pilot was, I believe, the only Englishman on board, all the rest were French, Brazilians, and negroes. I had brought with me some needle-work, books, and writing materials, which, with the grand occupation of keeping myself warm, quite filled up my time for the three days of my voyage.

Early on the morning of the 28th, I suspected by a certain movement and hubbub on board, that we were approaching our destination: I rose, and began to make my toilet as quickly as possible. The captain presently
knocked at my door and informed me that we had reached the squadron, and should presently speak; he therefore, begged to know what he should say about me—for the good man seemed shrewdly to suspect that I had taken upon myself to go nobody knew why, where every body thought I had no business to be. I replied, "merely say that I am on board, if you please, Sir," Accordingly, in a few minutes after the commodore had hailed him, I heard the intelligence bawled out through his speaking trumpet, in good Portuguese. My husband's boat was alongside in a second, soon followed by those of several of the other commanders, and we sat down to such a breakfast as they had not enjoyed for many days; after which we took leave of our kind host, inviting him to dine with us on the following day.

The weather was beautiful, and we passed a very pleasant day in visiting several of the principal vessels.

On the following morning the squadron got under weigh, and anchored as near to Buenos Ayres as possible. The Brazilian vessels were much too heavy for service on the river Plate, and drew too much water; as incalculable disadvantage to them during war. However, we were able to get near enough to have a very interesting view of the city and harbour; and having retired from the dinner-table, where most of the commanders were our guests, I sat on the poop surveying with peculiar, and somewhat painful interest, the novel scene before me. The vessels of our gallant enemy seemed to me alarmingly close; and as to Buenos Ayres, although it looked so pretty, quiet, and inviting; I could not help secretly wishing it much further off.

The gentlemen soon joined me, took their coffee, and were each on board their own ships before dark. I felt rather fatigued, and was in bed by nine.

The scene still haunted me, and I could not help saying to my husband, with a voice betraying a little apprehension, "suppose our Buenos Ayrean friend were to take it into his head to pay us a visit to-night?" "Let him come," was the reply, and then,—"Nonsense, my dear, go to sleep," Which order I obeyed with dutiful promptitude.

I recollect awaking very shortly afterwards with a start of terror; strange and confused noises were around me: "the enemy is among us!" rung in my ears; my husband, already up, cried out, "Very well;" and then saying to me, "I will be back in a minute," he left me. I crept out of my bed, huddled on some clothes, and poked my feet into my husband's large slippers, because they lay closest to the bed. The shots whizzed fearfully above my head, and well I knew that it was a mere chance whether or not they entered the cabin-windows. My husband soon returned with the steward; the former taking me by the arm, drew me as quickly as possible on deck, and then down the companion ladder; the steward collected all my traps and followed us. We went into the gun-room which lay quite a little below the poop-cabins; it was lined on each side with small sleeping cabins; in one of these (a spare one which had not been occupied) he placed me, recommending me to lie down underneath the bed-place, and having thus disposed of me, returned to his duty. The firing at this time was tolerably warm; the little cabin, from the circumstance of its being a spare one, was filled with all sorts of rubbish, and on looking underneath the berth I found that it was also occupied in the same way; and the whole was so small, close, and sickening, that I began to think I might as well be shot as smothered: I looked into the gun-room, where a marine officer was seated composedly by the powder magazine, which lay open before him; I decided to take my station here on the floor, leaning against the side of the cabin I had just emerged from.

The fire began to slacken; sometimes it ceased altogether, and was renewed at intervals, which gradually became longer. I do not think my companion and I exchanged a single syllable; he was a little, quiet, elderly man, and as nothing from the magazine was yet wanted on deck, he had as snug and idle time as myself; he nodded and napped until some sudden repetition of the firing roused him; then he crossed himself, sighed, and napped again.

About the middle of the night my husband came down and begged I would turn in to the little bed, and try to take some repose. The night had become so very dark, that it was probable the struggle would not be renewed until dawn, when the enemy would, he presumed, try to get back into their stronghold, which he should prevent, if possible; as yet he thought little damage had been done on either side.

I accordingly crept into the little bed, which the steward cleared and prepared; an unusual stillness pervaded the whole vessel, and I soon sunk into a feverish and dreamy repose.

No dawn found its way into our abode; but I was conscious of a stir beginning through the ship. I looked into the gun-room; the dim lamp was still burning, and
the little man still nodding; we were both, however, thoroughly shaken out of our drowsiness by a sudden and tremendous broadside, given by our vessel, which was succeeded by various demands for ammunition stores, so that the old gentleman began to be fully and actively employed, the fire on both sides being kept up with unremitting warmth. The steward, with professional coolness, apologised for the want of coffee, but brought a tray with wine, bread, cold fowl, and pie, which he secured with care.

From this time we were nearly six hours closely engaged; we were aground three several times; a species of danger which gave me much uneasiness. Now and then an officer, (they were chiefly Englishmen,) came down, and having popped his head, face, and hands into water, and taken a glass of wine from my tray, returned: from them I received the most encouraging reports, and their faces, though hot, black, and dirty, looked so merry and full of hope, that the very sight of them did me good. I learned that several men were wounded, but none as yet dead, at least that they knew of. They generally remarked that the enemy fired too high—(comfort for me).

I had not seen my husband since midnight, and I began anxiously to watch for his coming. I began too to feel weary and dejected. I had lost all idea of time, and ventured to ask my friend, the marine, what o’clock he thought it was: he went to a cabin for his watch, and seemed as much surprised as I was, to find that it was between eleven and twelve.

I imagined that we must be coming to a conclusion; the firing was no longer so constant and steady; a long pause had now succeeded; but as to what had been done, what had been really effected, I knew no more than if I had remained at Monte Video. At length I heard my name called by my husband: I flew out of the gun-room, and reached the bottom of the companion-ladder, when on looking up, the light struck me so suddenly and so dazzlingly, that I could scarcely tell whether the begrimed and blackened figure that stood at the top, was my husband or not, and even his voice was so changed and hoarse, that I hardly recognised it as he cried out:—

"Come up directly—I want you particularly to see with your own eyes the position of the vessels now, at the close of the action."—"I shall be very glad to come up—but are you sure the action is quite closed?"—"Yes—I don’t much think we shall have another shot—I shall give no more—come, come!" and up I went. In ascending, my foot slipped twice, which I attributed to my own agitation; but it was no such thing, I had stepped in blood! It was down this ladder the wounded had been conveyed, and while pausing at the top to recover from the sickening sensation I experienced, the groans of a young wounded officer from a cabin below met my ear.

Alas! how little can those who only read of battles through the cold and technical medium of a general officer’s bulletin, conceive of the reality! This first slippery step of mine into an actual field of slaughter, conveyed an impression which can never be erased.

Summoning all my presence of mind, I accompanied my husband to the side, and stepping upon the carriage of a gun, looked round. The first thing that fixed my eye was the ship of the Buenos Ayrean admiral, stranded, a complete and abandoned wreck—there she lay covered with honourable wounds. The admiral’s flag was on board one of the smaller vessels, and he was effecting his retreat in good order. I then looked up at our own ship—to the eye she seemed almost as complete a wreck as her antagonist: her sails were floating in ribands, her masts and yards were full of shot without exception—every thing was crippled; she had besides numerous cannon-shot imbedded in her hull, while others had passed right through the opposite side; the decks were smeared with dirt and blood; the seamen, overcome with fatigue, were crawling about, or sinking with their heads on the carriage of the guns. I then looked at our other vessels, who were grouped at some distance behind; but I could not discover that either they, or the Buenos Ayreans, who were conveying away their gallant admiral, had suffered the slightest damage. I then discovered two of our vessels in the distance, one very far off indeed; that nearest to us we soon observed had had her foretop-mast shot away, but for the flight of the other we could not then account; we afterwards ascertained that she left early in the action, because her captain had received a wound in the arm.

A few hours were devoted to the rest and refreshment of which the whole ship’s company stood so much in need; but towards evening repairs and cleaning had begun; the other vessels were called to our assistance, especially the one I had arrived in, and in a day or two we were pretty well patched up.

On the 4th of August I took leave of my husband, and, accompanied by those who were the most severely wounded, went again on board the quiet Frenchman. We reached Monte Video on the 8th, after an absence of fourteen days.
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

It was now about three o'clock in the morning. I was looking attentively upon Thanel as he drained the remainder of the brandy out of a little keg. "No fish—such a beautiful night, too—I don't know the reason of it. I was afear'd by Peggy's cross and evil eye," he mutteringly continued, drawing in his last line, "I should not have a good night's catch; she'll go short of stuff today, I'm thinking." So saying, he started suddenly from his seat, and stood steadfastly fixed in a position of resistance, ejaculating in a hurried scream, "I have caught the devil, I have got him safe at last—ah! ah!"

Then resiping, he continued: "God has put thee into my power again, thee d—d villain, eh? I thank thee fervently," exclaimed Thanel, as he devoutly cast his eyes towards heaven for an instant, "this is my old enemy, the conger, my old acquaintance. Oh thou wondrous rogue: thou limb of hell, I'll pickle thee now, I'll fry thee o'ercase; I'll pay off thy score! force-meat balls, cut thee up for bait, and send thy bones back to thy own locker." So saying, uncle Nat urged, and urged, to draw the apparently motionless body into the boat; but his attempts were quite fruitless. The moon shone clearly upon us, and enabled me to see distinctly the cause of Nat's agitation. A huge monster was reposing his horrific clumsy head on the side of our boat, with eyes shining, and a mouth distending sufficiently wide to engulf us. I fancied at first that Thanel had indeed caught the devil, (but as the Irishman caught the Tartar,) they still glared upon each other; uncle Nat with as much astonishment as he would have beheld a ghost, and the conger regarding him with as little seeming concern as ghosts testify at beholding mortals. The monstrous animal, judging by his quiet appearance, though doubtless, being only mortal, he was turbid all within, was reposing awhile to gather his strength, as well as determining how to use it. Uncle Nat still kept his hold, threatening and bullying, however much he might have inwardly feared for the result. He was very unwilling to forego this providential opportunity, as he designated it, of capturing his old, inveterate, redoubted foe. His rashness agitated me, but it was in vain I treated him to let go his hold, or promised remuneration for the loss; nothing could compensate him for the prospective miseries which rose in threatening array; should he fail in destroying his mortal enemy; and he swore by heaven not to part with the devil but with his own life.

The chill tremor which had taken possession of me at the first glance of this, to me unusual sight, being somewhat dispelled, Nat urged me to seize his tomahawk and fasten the demon's jaws to the boat's side, I felt instigated to assist without the least desire of participating in the honour of a victory, but from the motive of self-preservation, and lest poor old Thanel, who was now trembling from head to foot with exhaustion, should be drawn into the sea. I levelled a blow at the conger with the before-mentioned tomahawk, or rather our anchor, and fancied I had given him a mortal wound, but which, in fact, caused the monster to make a more powerful effort to extricate himself than he had hitherto attempted; our enemy's struggle loosened the line with which, till now, Nat had held him close against the boat; Thanel did not relinquish his hold, but the sudden violence of the jerk had well nigh drawn our little fragile bark under, and we did not escape without a good ducking. The greatest apprehension seized me lest the animal should make another similar exertion to free himself entirely. I caught hold of the line, and pulled with all my might, and succeeded in drawing him a little nearer to the vessel; but our united efforts were totally inadequate to the resistance of so formidable an adversary, and to get him into the boat was a hopeless task. At this moment an accident (as lucky as unlooked for,) relieved us from this perplexing and dangerous situation. Our antagonist finding a greater power opposed to his exertions than at first, and tortured by the hook, which wounded deeper at every struggle, gathered all his force for another rush, fully intending to rid himself at once of his disagreeable confinement. He now made so violent a dashing, that we were turned completely round, and felt reluctantly compelled to give more line.

The conger finding himself by this somewhat at liberty, and breathing again in his own element, made some joyful evolutions, at times casting himself up quite out of the water, but being somewhat nearer the surface than he was wont when taking such exercises, or emboldened, it may be, by success, to show his comparative liberty by way of bravado; he threw a complete somerset,
and our boat turning by the agitation of his
tail, came under that part of his tail and
body which he had cast out of the water.

With a mutual presence of mind we gave
a sudden and powerful jerk, and behold, to
our astonishment, the monster fell among us,
tumbling, beating, flapping, jolting, folding,
writhing, and sliding. I felt so discomforted,
that my desire was much stronger to lift him
back into his own element, than to encounter
him even out of it. Uncle Nat laughed at
my pusillanimity, and vowed that it was not
only in vain, but truly insolent of the conger,
in his own boat to offer further opposition;
isomuch that old Thaneel's strength renou-
\vated, and furious at the conger's presump-
tion, he threw himself at full length upon
him, burying his instrument of death repeat-
edly in the rolling slimy body, affecting a
surprise that he should make demonstrations
of not being used to it, and exclaiming, "I
have fought the good fight. I have slain the
devil."

After many struggles and much labour,
we succeeded in depriving the fish of the
power to make any effectual resistance. And
now uncle Nat viewed his enemy dying, his
joy was indescribable. The satisfaction a
miner feels upon the discovery of a rich
lode he said was nothing to it. And uncle
Nat followed up the capture of the conger
with the most absolute glutting of vengeance.
We now laid this tyrant of the deep at full
length along the boat, his head dangling
over the stern, a spectacle which uncle Nat
assured himself would give universal grati-
fication to the finny race; which opinion, I
presume, must have been formed in igno-
rance of the not altogether friendless fate of
the earthly tyrant Nero. A thousand pleasing
recollections rushed upon Thaneel's memory
as he rowed towards home—he could scarcely
take his eyes off the monstrous body; now
apostrophising the dying animal, and now
relating a hundred anecdotes of his old
acquaintance, as he familiarly called him.
He gave, he said, all the glory of the action
to Providence; the hand of God was with
him, who willed it that I should accompany
him; adding, that my countenance had put
the fish off his guard, and heated his blood,
which if he had preserved cool he would
have been a match for a dozen of us. Uncle
Nat honestly confessed that his faith had at
the last struggle forsaken him, when he felt
a general trembling, that his heart beat, his
hands shook, and his knees knocked together;
but rallying all his strength, he had kept a
firm hold, and bullied and braved to intimi-
date his opponent into a surrender; a practice
ungentlemanly and obsolete now, but war-
ranted by the example of the heroes of
Homer. "Many a long year," said uncle
Nat, still exultingly eyeing the dead body,
"hast thou occupied my thoughts and
dreams; many thousand times been my
hated uninvited guest; robbed me of my
daily bread; my sorrow by night and star-
vation by day. Thou hast kept me poor, and
brought ruin upon my family. We are now
quit, and I am at peace. I give thy body a
fond welcome, though it will not compensate
one half what thou hast lost me. That fat
carcass of thine has grown out of my fortune."

He would then turn to me, saying, "I have
seen this cunning serpent as often as my
boat's shadow. I have caught him scores
of times, but he never cared for me; he took
my hooks and lines too with reckless indifferent-
ness; he devoured or drove away all the
small fish whenever he came; he has plun-
dered my bait hundreds of times; he has
made me ould wi' trouble and blind wi' rage
by looking at 'un without power to take
vengeance. I believe he entertained hopes
of making a meal of me too some day, but I
have outlived him, disappointed him, and
have eyes enough to see him. There he lies
at last, my ould enemy; my own conquest.
I should not have died happy if he had lived
to know of it."

In these, and the like ejaculations, did
uncle Nat indulge, while we plied round the
black rocks of Pendennis' base. When we
made the harbour, many of Thaneel's fellows
had arrived before him, and they, with some
townsmen for business or curiosity, were
congregated upon the strand. Some of them
indistinctly perceiving a substance dangling
up and down over the edge of the boat,
fancied it resembled a man, and the words,
"a man drowned," instantaneously passed
every mouth. Some persons ran to obtain
the Mayor's permission to land the corpse,
a dilatory but imperative preliminary, which
seems as barbarous and cruel as it is absurd
and dangerous. All were now in quiet
breathless anxiety for uncle Nat's approach,
who as soon as he came within hearing
bawled aloud, "Let down the small cord;"
and at the word a thick cable, about thirty
feet in length, was rolled down. It was
fixed to a ring in the stone wall, with a large
hook strongly fastened at the end for the
purpose of drawing up the heavily-laden fish-
baskets at low tide. The neighbours thought
it was now to be used for another and a
melancholy purpose, but their general serious-
ness was turned into universal laughter when
they discovered the dingy substance which
Remarks on a National System of Education.

Any one who has occasionally looked over a newspaper, and watched the progress of our reformed parliament, must be at least satisfied with the legislative zeal of our present representatives. From the multiplicity of the proposed enactments, it would seem as if it were considered requisite, that every member of the legislature should make a new law; and, assuredly, if the number of its laws constitutes the excellence of government, our national felicity will shortly be indisputably established by acts of parliament. Not contented, however, with all these ingenious abridgments of liberty, some members, it appears, are anxious to seize upon all the children of the country; and, regardless of their own inclinations, or their parents' wishes, force them into schools and educate them by act of parliament. Education has always puzzled philosophers as much, at least, as Ireland has puzzled legislators; but all its difficulties are now, it seems, expected to be solved and explained by a Committee of the House of Commons. We have always been taught to believe that the power of parliament is immeasurable. De Lolme said that it could do every thing except make a man a woman; and now that our representation has been reformed, it is apparently assumed that, in addition to immeasurable power, it has attained infallible wisdom. It is not enough, say these legislators, to teach every poor child to read and write, it is not enough to give them the key to knowledge, you must open the door and push them in; it is not enough to lead them to the fountain-head of science, you must do more, you must refute the proverb, and compel them to drink. At what age this compulsory education is to commence, has not yet been declared by its proposers, and, indeed, it will be a question of difficult decision. Locke, in his treatise on education, begins with mentioning the great advantage of washing the child, and ensuring it to cold water. Undoubtedly, the parliamentary committee will follow the example of this philosophical patriot, and enforce upon the lower orders a due regard of the importance of soap and sponges. There is an old maxim, "de minimis non curat lex," which may, perhaps, be applied to save very little infants from these legislative severities. Every step in the progress of education is beset with a thousand difficulties, and such as no committee in the House of Commons will easily solve. Sensible men have frequently said, "God help the child who is made the subject of an experimental education:" but now it appears, that all the children in the country are to be subjected to a grand parliamentary experiment; a theory, planned and put together by some ten or twelve, probably not the wisest of our representatives, is to be enforced upon the whole nation. Parental affection and aged experience are to be repressed and disregarded, that this new system of public education may be tried. The proposal is an amusing specimen of the liberal and enlightened views of that party who arrogate to themselves a superior foresight in government, and pretend to be more especially the champions of the people’s interests. Education is, undoubtedly, a powerful engine of good or of evil; and if we thought that the proposers of such a tyrannical measure were likely to succeed in their object, we should view it with the same consternation as if a loaded cannon were pointed at us, and a mischievous idiot sitting at the touch-hole
playing with a lighted match. We feel, however, very secure in the conviction, that the good sense of the people will preserve us from any universal theory of education. There is, probably, no subject which has produced more contradictory opinions among the wisest men than the question, What is the best method of general instruction? and there is surely a great advantage in having a thousand different systems, inasmuch as they tend to correct one another. Foreigners have frequently remarked, that though other countries surpass us in some departments of knowledge, yet no country constantly possesses so many men of practical sense and energetic minds as may be found in England. Now, may not this, in part, arise from the very absence of any national system of education, which allows men to think for themselves, and leaves them to form their own opinions by the independent exertion of their own unbiased abilities. When a man has been taught to read and write, and books are cheap enough to be within his attainment, education is fairly within his reach. Undoubtedly, a great deal more might be taught him; history, it will be said—but history would soon be made the vehicle of party feelings; as also political economy—that infant science, the fondling of restless politicians. Would you eagerly offer to the poor scholar a variety of information in science? It is true, this may delight his mind and enlarge his comprehension, but these various pursuits too often disincline, if they do not incapacitate, a man for that continued application, to one object which is essential to success in life. Would you encourage emulation among the lower orders of society, and stimulate them by holding before them the dazzling rewards of successful ambition? But a clever energetic mind will assuredly be ambitious without any school-boy incitements; and the ambition of stupid men is an enormous evil, and one of which our present House of Commons cannot well be unaware. Would you try to awaken in the mind the dormant faculties of invention and original thought, that the present "mute inglorious Miltons," of the village, might reap their due celebrity. A laboured attempt at originality is already too much the fault of our time; it has weakened sense and judgment, and made experience to be considered of no account; while every author must publish paradoxes, or he will be accused of writing truisms. In all schemes for instructing the poor it must be remembered, that although there may be a few splendid exceptions, yet leisure is requisite for knowledge; now, since superficial learning is proverbially dangerous, and profound learning is evidently impossible, there is an immediate difficulty in any plan, a difficulty which, to use a common phrase, lies in a nut-shell; and there, since we are not ourselves going to write a treatise on education, we shall for the present leave it.

SONG.

I.
I loved thee once—perchance still love—
Though time impair the dream;
For still thy smile my heart could move,
Thy name is still my theme.
But now thy name I seldom hear,
Thy smile I never see,
And thus in each succeeding year
I think the less on thee.

II.
I saw thee last 'mid beauty's throng
Sustain the fairest part;
Then pleasure poured her syren song,
And hope embalmed thy heart;
But now, perchance, thy beauty's past,
Thy pleasure turned to woe,
And thou art changed from what thou wast,
Or dead—for aught I know.

III.
Perchance thy heart is beating yet,
And sorrows haunt thy sleep,
And thou, a prey to vain regret,
Mayst only live to weep:
Or, oh! in cold oblivion's aisle
That heart may darkly rest,
And sculptured marble mock the smile
Thy living lip possessed.

IV.
If, still surviving all that's past,
'Mid pleasure's festive throng,
These words should meet thine eye at last,
Thine ear should hear this song,
Then true to him, whose faithful love
With life alone can die,
Oh! breathe, while floats the strain above,
Remembrance' fondest sigh!

M.
THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

By H. S. B.

I.

Sue hath her wish,—for which in vain
She pined in restless dreams—
"Oh mother! is this home again?
How desolate it seems?
Yet all the dear, familiar things
Look as they did of yore;
But oh! the change this sad heart brings,—
This is my home no more!

II.

"I left thee!—like the dove of old
I left thy parent breast,—
But on life's waste of waters cold
My soul hath found no rest!
And back the weary bird is come,
Its woes—its wanderings o'er;
Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
Yet this is home no more!

III.

"Oh mother! sing my childhood's songs!
They fall like summer's rain
On this worn heart, that vainly longs
To be all thine again!
Speak comfort to me! call me yet
"Thy Mary"—as of yore;
Those words could make me half forget—
That this is home no more!

IV.

"Sit near me! Oh this hour repays
Long years of lonely pain;
I feel—as if the old bright days
Were all come back again!
My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
Mine eyes with tears run o'er!
Thou'rt with me, mother! Oh it seems
Like home!—our home once more!

"Oh home and mother! can ye not
Give back my heart's glad youth?
The visions which my soul forgot,
Or learnt to doubt their truth!
Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
Its aimless hopes restore!—
Ye cannot!—mother, let me weep—
For this is home no more!"

VI.

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
On earth there is no rest—
When grief hath troubled the pure streams
Of memory in thy breast!
A shadow on thy path shall lie
Where sunshine laugh'd before;
Look upwards—to the happy sky!
Earth is thy home no more!
THE CALABRIAN EARTHQUAKE.

Natural calamities, which no human foresight, no human experience—the only ground of human foresight—can avert, allay, or even modify, might seem to be of all possible subjects of study the most useless. Nevertheless the philosophical curiosity of man eagerly seeks to investigate their causes and their circumstancese, whilst his, and yet more woman's, love of strong emotions and sympathy with every kind of suffering, give peculiar interest to their details. The philosophic investigation of natural causes belongs not to these pages, but the last-mentioned qualities of those who are likely to be their readers may authorise some little account of the extraordinary ravages committed in Calabria and the adjacent portion of Sicily by the earthquake of 1783, an earthquake which, despite the horrors of that of Lisbon in 1755, and of that described by Mrs. Graham, now Mrs. Calcott, as lately changing the face of an extensive district of South America, is perhaps unparalleled, as well in many of its circumstances, as in the destruction of human life. A few preliminary words respecting the especial and unusually limited scene of its ravages may not be unacceptable, insomuch as such scene lies somewhat beyond the beat of the common herd of tourists.

The Apennines, as every body knows, extend to the southern extremity, or toe, of Italy; but from this main ridge protrude, at various points, several smaller branches; and two of these branches, the northern terminating in Capo Vaticano and Zambone, the southern in the point called Pezzo, opposite to Messina and near the once-dreaded Scylla, embrace a basin, or, as Italian writers more elegantly term it, a shell-shaped district, surrounding the gulf of Gioia, and denominated La Piana di Monteleone, or della Calabria, or simply and par excellence, La Piana. This title must not, however, conjure up in the reader's mind the image of an American savannah, of Salisbury plain, or, indeed, of any level country whatever, insomuch as this Calabrian plain not only slopes from the Apennines to the sea, but is overspread and intersected with hills, mountains, dells, and ravines, the latter produced by the occasional torrent-form of the streams, which, in their ordinary state, fertilise the country; this Piana being as much distinguished for fruitfulness as for wealthy and populous towns, such as Monteleone, Pizzo, Tropea, Mileto, Soriano, Oppido, Santa Cristina, Nicotera, Polistena, San Giorgio, Terranuova, Casalnuova, Seminara, Bagnara, and Scilla. This fair and happy province, in extent about one hundred and forty miles, and embosomed, as though for shelter, in the Apennines, was, together with the neighbouring Sicilian city of Messina, the destined prey of the earthquake.

The year 1783 opened without any indications of impending evil. Vesuvius and Etna were hushed in grim repose, and all seemed much as usual at 1 o'clock (Anglice noon) of the 5th of February, when human beings were heedlessly pursuing their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure. Not so, however, the humbler inhabitants of Calabria. The learned academicians employed by the king of the Two Sicilies to ascertain and record particulars of the catastrophe, relate that the brute creation instinctively foresaw some approaching disaster. The dogs and asses first showed symptoms of disturbance; the cats remained longer unconscious or indifferent, but gradually the hair of their coats rose and spread, as when they confront an enemy, their eyes gleamed a turbid sanguine light, and with piteous mewings they fled in all directions. The horses stamped and neighed, and by the restless motion of their eyes and ears discovered their uneasiness. Even the poultry were commoted in the farm-yard, and the bees in their hive. The birds fluttered and screamed in the air; and a little migratory fish, called the cicirrello, swarmed on the coast of Messina, although the season of its appearance in those seas is considerably later.

The distraction of the animal kingdom alarmed not man. He continued unapprehensive of danger until a few minutes past noon on the 5th of February, when a tremendous burst, resembling thunder, from the entrails of the earth, effectually broke the bands of "mental" sleep asunder. The convulsed earth heaved, shook, opened wide her ponderous jaws, and in the same instant, as we are told, one hundred cities were overthrown, and thirty thousand human beings were buried under mountains of ruins, or engulfed in the yawning chasms that opened to swallow them!

But the external outbreak of internal dis-
order ceased not with this first frightful work of destruction. Again on the 7th, on the 20th, on the 28th, and even a month later, on the 28th of March, were new shocks experienced, the destroyers of two hundred more towns or villages; and if they proved less murderous than the first, it was only because the terrified inhabitants had fled from their houses, from the threatening neighbourhood of solid edifices, to dwell under tents or huts in the open country. These repeated shocks exhibited, in union or succession, all the different forms of convulsion known in earthquakes, that is to say, the lateral, the upward, the downward, the undulatory, and the rotary shock; in some of these the sides of hills broke off and fell in tremendous avalanches, burying trees, houses, rivers, under the ponderous mass; the rivers afterwards reappeared, but in new channels, and turbid and discoloured, as though mourning the desolation they had witnessed and survived; in others the solid ground was rent, and from the chasms issued streams of mud, and of chalk more or less liquified, that inundated the adjacent low lands. And in the intervals between the five days fatally distinguished by those greater convulsions, smaller shocks frequently recurred, whilst an undulation, sufficient to produce sea-sickness, is said to have been almost uninterrupted.

The sea and air participated in the disorder of the earth, the former rising into such towering waves as rather resembled solid hills than heaped-up waters, and passing all appointed boundaries deluged inland regions to which the very aspect of ocean was unknown; the latter, by tempests, whirlwinds, and hurricanes, enhancing the calamities of the province and further distracting the miserable inhabitants. And as though its immediate ravages had been little, the earthquake produced ulterior evils, whose action continued even after their cause had ceased. The fall of houses, instead of extinguishing the fires blazing on their hearths, often supplied fresh fuels in the boards and beams so flung upon them, whence burst out wide spreading fires that the stormy winds helped to render unquenchable whilst aught remained to be burnt. The oil, vinegar, and wine turned to vinegar, escaping from their crushed receptacles, flowed, as did the choked waters, into the granaries, spoiling the corn, which became utterly unfit for human sustenance. The springs of wells were corrupted or lost. And the dead bodies imperfectly buried under the ruins that killed them, together with others long since committed to the grave, whose sepulchres the same terrific agent of destruction had torn open, diffused pestiferous exhalations that generated mortal disease.

But it is not the main purpose of these lines to relate merely natural ills, or to commemorate the overthrow of buildings; how much soever we may lament the ruin of the splendid remains of classic antiquity, of the solemn monuments of the piety of young Christianity, or of those huge majestic castles that stood a living record of the feudal power and magnificence of southern Italy’s rude Norman conquerors. The more direct effects upon our fellow beings, the dreadful fate of some, the marvellous deliverance of others, with circumstances in some cases almost comic, were and are intended as principal subjects of the paper; and these shall be chiefly taken from Botta’s new and hard-to-read *Storia d’Italia*. Which shall we begin with? According to established custom, with tragedy followed by farce? Alas! the latter is hardest to find; for few are there, even of the happiest escapes, unalloyed by something sad. Let us then abandon the arduous task of accomplishing any artificial arrangement, and take the anecdotes as they present themselves, limiting all idea of management to the choice of the incidents. The first mentioned by Botta, as if to cheer his reader’s mind after such wholesale natural horrors, is one of the few purely ludicrous, and we the more willingly follow his example, as we purpose, for our reader’s final solace, to conclude with an extract from a tale founded upon this identical earthquake by that always pleasing German novelist, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, best known here as the author of *Undine*.

Lovely was once the road from Soriano to Jerocarne, and sheltered from the noontide sun by the vines that festooned amidst overhanging olive and chestnut trees; and beneath this verdant canopy was Father Agazio, prior of the *Carmine* at Jerocarne, journeying when surprised by the first shock of the earthquake. In an instant the luxuriant trees were uprooted, the whole path was a chaos of ruins. The ground cracked, disclosing frightful clefts that threatened to devour whatever approached; that closed again, again to open with every new shudder of the vexed earth. It was needless to describe the poor monk’s terror, or the anxious care with which he strove to shun each hungry-looking chasm. Unavailing were his vigilance and activity. Under one of his feet the ground suddenly opened. The prior’s leg sunk as its support failed; and ere he could sufficiently recover himself to snatch
it out, the fissure as suddenly re-closed, hold-
Father Agazio as fast by the ankle as though he had been set in the stocks. In vain he exerted his utmost strength to extricate his foot! What is the strength of man, especially of one in old age, against that of mother earth? In vain he strained his voice in loud shrills for help! All were flying for their lives, or seeking for lost wives, children, parents; who had leisure to think of an unconnected monk? And, indeed, had his whole monastery heard, what aid could they have rendered him? No key had they to this strange, this fearful species of gyle. [Father Agazio, exhausted by his efforts, had sunk in despair upon the knee he could still bend, to prepare for death, when a new concussion re-opened the fissure, and released his imprisoned limb. Instantaneously the good Father’s drooping energies revived; he sprang upon his feet, hurried forwards, and reached his cell without further mishap.

At Polistena two young mothers were sitting together, the one with a three year old son playing at her feet, the other with a baby at her breast, when the first shock of the earthquake flung the roof—flung the whole cottage down upon the hapless group. Neither pain nor danger, scarcely death itself, can quell the strong impulse of maternal love. The mothers made vaulted roofs of their own bodies, to protect their offspring from the falling masses. So they died. So they were found, crushed, swollen, livid, and putrescent. Let us believe their last moments to have been soothed by the hope that they suffered not in vain. Delusive hope! They were disinterred too late—the helpless little objects of their care had withered. They lay wasted, dried up, dead in their mothers’ bosoms.

A mother of Seido was more fortunate. Don Antonio Ruffo, and Donna Pasqualina Nota, a pair of wedded lovers, united little more than a year, had recently had their conjugal felicity augmented by the birth of a daughter. They were playfully caressing their infant, when the first awful concussion disturbed their peaceful enjoyment. The alarmed husband clasped his wife and baby to his heart, to fly, or to perish with the objects of his affection. A beam from the falling roof struck the fond couple to the ground, and husband and wife died folded in each other’s arms. Their fate and their child’s was lamented, and the ruins were early searched in order to give the regretted family Christian burial; when a faint cry quickened the zeal of the workmen. The infant girl was found, still alive, between the bodies of her dead parents!

In different places two women severely remained seven days buried alive in vaults formed by the falling ruins. Both were of course without food or drink, but seem to have suffered comparatively little from hunger. Thirst was their torment, until they fainted; and when released and recalled to sense, their cries for water were frantic. At Oppido, a girl of fifteen was extricated on the eleventh day from her living grave. One of her hips was out of joint, a child of which she had the care was dead in her arms, and she herself was quite insensible. On being with great difficulty restored to animation, her first words were, as usual, water! water! And on being questioned as to what she had thought and felt in her dreadful situation, she simply answered, “I slept.” Beneficent provision in the formation of such fragile creatures, that the extremity of human suffering often produces unconsciousness of its agonies!

Generally speaking, to moderate the inordinate avidity with which all rescued victims, human or brute, sought for drink, was the one point essential to the preservation of their lives. A dog remained a fortnight thus buried, and did not, as might have been expected, go mad for want of water. But his thirst, when drawn forth, was as immoderate, and as difficult to be restrained, as that of his reasoning fellow-sufferers. A cat alone is mentioned as spontaneously not intemperate. Poor puss had been sheltered in a boiler, that supported, unbreaking, the superincumbent weight of ruins, and had remained there forty days without meat or drink. She was found lying as if in a placid sleep, and gradually and quietly recovered.

The hill on the side of which Terranuova was built, split with the violence of the concussion. Part fell over with a portion of the town, crushing everything beneath its mass. Another part slid down to the bank of the river, carrying along its share of buildings; among others, a public-house containing seven persons, to wit, the landlord, then a-bed in the stupor of intoxication; his wife and niece, engaged in household duties, and waiting upon four customers who were playing at cards. On reaching the channel of the river Soli, the travelling mansion abruptly stopped, and was shattered to fragments by the jar; when the landlady remained sitting on her chair, terrified nearly out of her senses, but otherwise uninjured; and the sottish landlord was
awakened and sobered to behold the wreck
of his little property; but the young girl,
and the four gamblers upon whom she was
attending, were completely crushed under
the ruins.

Not far from this luckless tavern a chestnut
tree performed the same journey so smoothly,
that a peasant, who was perched amidst the
branches pruning their redundance, reached
the same goal unhurt; however, alarmed at
his unswont mode of conveyance, and leap-
ing down, he hurried away in search of a
home and family, too probably hidden for
ever from his sight.

In another part of Terranouva, its physi-
cian, the Abate of Taverna, was overwhelmed
by the ruins of his house; and whilst smoo-
thered by dust and rubbish, bruised, battered,
maimed by falling stones and beams, he
believed every minute his last, another con-
cussion of the labouring earth tossed him
out again into the light and air, stunned and
breathless, more like a corpse than a living
man, and hardly conscious of the escape
which, in after times, he delighted to relate.

Among the less disastrous accidents, is the
adventure of Catherine Polistina, a little girl
of nine years old, the daughter of a Casolatan
peasant. She had been sent upon a message
when the earthquake interrupted her pro-
gress, overturning trees and houses, flinging
down hills, filling up valleys, burying streams,
till the bewildered child could no longer
recognise a feature of the familiar landscape.

Confounded, affrighted, half distracted, she
wandered amidst unknown pathless wilds
until, weary, faint, and despairing, she sank
upon a chalk hill just ejected from one of the
momentary and shifting craters, opened
by the earth's throes. Here she lay weeping
for her lost home and parents, when she
found unexpected aid. A goat of her own
little flock, flying, like herself, in delirious
terror from, or rather amidst, the horrors of
the hour, joined Catherine. The sight of
any known object amidst the desolation
that surrounded her, was balm to the poor
child's breaking heart, whilst the presence of
a human companion seemed to allay the
frenzy of fear in the animal. For an instant
the goat crouched at the little girl's feet, and
licked her hands in dumb reply to her sob-
ing caresses. Then recovering, with return-
ing composure, the confidence of instinct, it
rose up, invited, by bleating and expressive
action, its more helpless young mistress to
follow, and, despite the metamorphosis of
the scene, led the way to the cottage, which lay
remote, and had escaped injury, although
its inmates were racked with alarm for the
child they knew not how or where to seek.

The town of Scilla stands upon a promon-
tory, nearly adjoining to the rock so famous
in ancient story. It is built in terraces, that
rise regularly, one above another, along both
sides of the headland; on the extremity of
which, toward the castle, is the abode of the
prince of Scilla. The then prince was a very
old man, who had lately retired thither, to
await, it might have been supposed, his last
hour in retirement, had he not brought with
him a train of light damsels and boon com-
panions, better fitted to induce forgetfulness
of, than preparation for, death. The first
shock greatly damaged the whole town, ren-
dered the upper terraces shapeless heaps of
ruin, and rent the castle in twain, flinging
to the earth a portion of its massive walls.
The aged prince, who, amidst the fearful
convulsions of nature, saw little chance of
preserving his few remaining days, repaired
to his chapel, prostrated himself at the foot
of the cross, and there resolved to await his
doom. But his guests, more restless in their
fears, urged him so strenuously, so inces-
santly, to make an effort at least for safety,
that he yielded, and agreed to seek shelter
on board the feluccas, and other light vessels
in the bay, in a fond hope that the ocean
might have changed characters with the now
unstable land, or, at least, that its agitation,
and more natural, might prove less destructive.
Together with his worthless associates, the
whole population of Scilla, amounting to
four thousand souls, followed the example
of their feudal lord, and hurried to the sea
shore, where such as could find vessels em-
barked; the rest remaining on the beach.
The offices of religion were resorted to in the
hour of peril; and fervently did all pour forth
their united prayers for safety, ere they lay
down to rest, as they fancied, in comparative
security. About midnight *, a new concur-
sion, followed by a tremendous crash, startled
the fugitives from their repose, but without
excessively alarming them; such was their
distance from stone walls. That trust was
short lived! Part of the mount Baci, the
next promontory south of Scilla, had shivered
from its base with the shock, and fallen into
the sea. The swelling billows were violently
driven upon the Sicilian coast; after delug-
ing which, they recoiled, and increasing in
power and fury by their own action, returned
in momentarily increasing mass upon Calabria.

* English writers have followed the Italians, in
saying half past seven, forgetting, probably, that in
Italy the hours are reckoned from sunset.
The Scilla fugitives heard a low murmur from the bosom of the deep; it grew louder and louder as it came nearer, until the boding roar foretold the fate that darkness shrouded from sight. In one mountain surge the waters came rolling on, overwhelmed alike the light barks, and the tremblers on the beach; and swept away prince, parasite, courtesan, and peasant, to one promiscuous doom. Some few, after tossing about during a fearful length of time, the sport of the raging waves, were thrown alive on the shore. Some corpses were, at that same time, lodged on the roofs of the yet standing houses; but the greater number, including the prince, were permanently buried in the deep.

One circumstance alone is wanting to close this detail of the dreadful, the sad, and the strange, to which this terrific phenomenon gave birth; and that one is, to a reflecting mind, more fearful than any natural calamity. Whilst “this great globe itself” and “all which it inherit” seemed about to “dissolve” amidst horror, affright, and agony unspeakable, human beings were actually reveling in whatever the destruction of their fellow men threw in their way; were perpetrating every crime, every atrocity, murder not excepted, that the most unbridled and most vicious appetites and passions could prompt.

And here the account of the Calabrian earthquake might close, did it not seem a fitting relief from such matter-of-fact horrors, to add, as already proposed, La Motte Fouqué’s pretty narrative of a fictitious escape. Of the story of his Fata Morgana, it is needless to say more than that Veronica, the affianced bride of Guglielmo, a Sicilian fisherman, is believed to have perished on the fatal day at Messina, whither she had gone to a wedding; that the widowed bridegroom has gone mad, and that her unexpected reappearance, by recalling his senses, solves the difficulties of the tale. The fond, simple, and devout girl thus tells the story of her supposed death; her feelings, and her escape.

“When I came to myself it was much darker. It seemed to me as though a black firmament hung close over my head, with one single, red, wild-flickering star visible. But the firmament was the roof of a subterranean vault, under a mass of fallen houses. It might be a burial place, for the star was a sepulchral lamp. Its twilight showed me two corpses close beside me. They were gaily tricked out. I looked more heedfully, and they were the bride and bridegroom of the morning’s wedding. They held each other’s hands and still smiled lovingly. Then I thought of Guglielmo, and looked round for him, and recollected myself, and said; ‘He rows cheerily on the free ocean wave, whilst thou, his poor, true heart, liest here, buried alive.’ Then a horrid agony came over me, as though the fallen stone vaults were crushing me to death; or rather a far greater agony; for at the bottom of my quaking heart I wished that might be, at once, and suddenly. But then it shot piercingly upon my mind, ‘And poor Guglielmo! How shall he live and breathe above in the beautiful sunshine, without his poor buried heart?’ And then, far more anxiously frightened about him than about myself, I made a vow to my patron saint that I would live whole years in a convent, praying for him, without letting him know I was alive during the whole time, so I might but pray in the dear sunshine by day, in the dear moonlight by night.

“And now something whispered along with my sighs, and I moaned, and thought, ‘Another living buried creature!’ And I was not much in the wrong; for it was a fountain, buried alive, that was rippling at no great distance from me, and at length worked its way through between the stones. ‘There now!’ thought I, in my half swooning dream, and I cannot but laugh at myself now, ‘if that brook will not utterly ruin my beautiful new wedding dress!’ But the brook was wiser than me, and helped us both. Further and further it rippled, and tapped, sobbingly, on and on, against a bit of a wall. And I sobbed anxiously between whiltes, ‘Strike not? Thou wilt bring down the smothering vault on both our lives together.’ For I no longer wished that, since I had felt its dear living motion so near me. The brook heeded me not, but tapped on and on—tap, tap,—softly, softly, but regularly, tapping and sobbing, on and on—ill little by little earth, clods, and stones began to give way, and part, and roll sideways, most likely into deeper chasms. And then I re-monstrated no longer, for I saw, shivering with joy, I saw he was in the right.

“In the right? Yes, thank God! he was in the right, the wise, diligently-labouring brook. For presently a sunbeam fell inwards upon him. And whilst he glowed and sparkled in it, just as if reddening with joy, he leaped suddenly foaming upwards, driving the rubbish clean away, and glittering, dazzlingly bright, in all the rays of noon. Then side by side I went with him, up, over the step-like crumbled walls, refreshed by
A FEW WORDS ON IMPOSTURE.

Do you believe in ghosts? This is a question often asked by those whose proverbial prerogative it is, that they can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. The difficulty of replying to the question is now, however, much diminished; for between Dr. Hibbert and Sir David Brewster, there is hardly a ghost left unstriped of his disguises. Formerly, when any story of an apparition was related, however much it might be supported by the testimony of credible witnesses, it was nevertheless met by the resolute disbelief of the learned, whose vanity always prompts them to deny what they cannot explain. But now in the progress of scientific research a great concession has been made to popular credulity, a compromise seems to have been agreed upon between the old women and the philosophers; and, in fact, the question has been so far settled very much to the advantage of the old women. It is now about a century ago, when an honest gentleman related that he was passing through a mountainous district in the north of England, and while he was climbing up a steep and rocky ascent by the side of a swollen torrent, he perceived against the opposite bank (which was too precipitous for man to tread), a tall form, which appeared to be dressed in violet-coloured cloth; it held in its hand a staff, and seemed to be pursuing another phantom which wore the likeness of a large black dog, only that the body of this last phantom was perfectly transparent. The traveller watched these forms for several minutes with the intense interest with which the supernatural is always regarded; at last he saw the black dog approach the water, when in an instant it disappeared from his sight; he looked again, and he saw the tall figure strike the earth several times with its staff, when it also vanished. The honest gentleman who had seen all this was foolish enough to relate what he had seen, and such a story, a century ago, only brought his character into general disrepute. In the society of his equals he was now considered an incorrigible liar, while the old women believed that he had committed some heinous crime by which he had brought these hellish visitors about him. In their opinion it was easy to account for the sudden disappearance of the black dog, since their own traditions taught them that witches and evil spirits find an insurmountable barrier in a running stream. This unfortunate gentleman died about a century ago, having suffered for the short remainder of his life under the unjust imputation of being a liar and a villain; but if he had lived to these days, he would probably have had the satisfaction of hearing his story explained and his reputation vindicated. Scientific men would probably allow that he did see an aerial phantom, and that the vision was produced by a refraction of light which presented to him the image of some sportsman dressed in green, who was beating his dog on the other side of the mountain. There is a great consolation in this doctrine of aerial phantoms, since it saves us from the necessity of considering many excellent persons as having been pertinacious liars; but at the same time it does leave us in intellectual confusion with regard to how much faith we are to have in things seen. "Seeing is believing," was one of those old sayings and proverbial prejudices with which our language abounds; but now we have advanced so far in science, that, according to modern philosophers, a man must be a great fool who believes what he sees. "The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight." This reason is by no means decisive. It may sound like good logic, but it is very bad science. Did not Sir David Brewster’s friend (as is stated in his book) when he was walking near Brighton see the coast of France, though it was out of sight all the time, and must necessarily have been out of sight from the rotundity of the earth? And do they not tell us that we see the sun every evening after he is completely out of sight? Then the man might have seen the Spanish fleet after all. Reasoning in this way we
should come at last to the conclusion of the idealists, that seeing is a glorious deception of the mind: but all these remarks upon sight are only mentioned here incidentally, to show the difficulty of deciding about visible objects, as an excuse for the credulity of our ancestors.

In the present general diffusion of knowledge, it is almost impossible to conceive the effect which was produced by a few optical delusions; when two or three concave mirrors and some chemical preparations would secure to a man a large fortune and a mysterious reputation in any of the capitals of Europe. But they are gone now, all these impostors; we have no more magicians; and our drug-working sorcerers no longer pretend to influence the mind or fascinate the affections: the whole race is extinct, Cagliostro was almost the last. Bacon, when speaking of the arts of magic, declares this knowledge deficient, inasmuch as it is not clearly defined how much is vanity and how much verity. It was in this unsettled space between vanity and verity that the impostors played their pranks, and by blending a few real discoveries with a thousand ridiculous pretensions, they confused the understandings of men, and drew enormous profits from their ignorance. Yet there remain many detached stories of these impostors which are even now unaccountable. It is difficult to believe that one man could persuade the multitude that he had actually lived three or four hundred years by means of the elixir of life, and that he remembered the remarkable events in this protracted existence. Even as late as 1780, Count St. Germain pretended to this discovery; he got considerable notice in our newspapers, though otherwise he lived at too late a period to find many believers: people argued incredulously respecting his longevity and power of renewing his youth. If, they said, by taking a few drops he can recover ten years, let him double the quantity and he will recover twenty, and in this way surely by taking a very strong dose he might get back again into the body of his mother; ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute. All the delusions of mechanism, chemistry, and optics, will probably in future only serve to amuse us, but there remains one point of weakness and uncertainty in the mind which is yet open to the deceptions of an ingenious impostor. It has frequently been felt and acknowledged that there are certain sympathies between different minds; and here, as formerly in other departments of knowledge, there remains yet a wide undiscovered tract between vanity and verity. Animal magnetism was one of the impostures which took advantage of this uncertainty of knowledge. This was founded on a supposition that sympathy with regard to spirit had something analogous to attraction in regard to matter. sympathy was often observed between sounds; a strong voice may, it is said, break a wine glass; Hogarth upon this principle represented in one of his pictures the sounding board above the pulpit broken by the strength of the preacher's voice. So little, however, is known of this spiritual sympathy that many doubt whether it does exist, and its effects have been usually limited to exciting vague and undefined alarms in some timid women. The connexion frequently observable between great events and small ones has been often used with advantage by impostors. Men in an insignificant station may easily influence the crisis of trivial occurrences; and if they can succeed in making others believe the connexion between them and the more important events of life, they possess a powerful instrument of deception.

"If Cleopatra's nose," said Pascal, "had been a quarter of an inch shorter or longer, the whole face of the world would have been changed."

It was not so extraordinary, as Pascal would seem to hint, that the beauty of a queen should have influenced the fate of nations: but those, who have observed the curious links in the chain of events which connect objects apparently independent, will certainly allow that great celebrity would attend the seer or fortune-teller who could even partially foreshow the ultimate consequences of any unimportant event. A sagacity of this nature attended with some fortunately coinciding results, has usually given rise to the claims which so many have made to the powers of prediction. In science assuredly wonderful prophesies have been made, and have met with their accomplishment; but the motives and actions of men do not proceed with the same uninterrupted regularity. Columbus saw the withered weeds floating on the sea and anticipated the existence of America, and by the same spirit of ingenious foresight men have often, from the idle actions of boyhood, foretold the character of the man. But, perhaps, of all the impostures which men have practised, prophecy is the one most frequently attempted and usually the most successful; though by far the best prophesies are, as Bacon says somewhere in his essays, those which are made after the event.

S.

(To be continued.)
THE INFERNO OF DANTE.*

The literary character of the present age has scarcely yet been fairly judged. On the one side are the supporters of utilitarianism and expediency, who see in the activity and copiousness of literary productions both the exemplification and advocacy of their theories: with them are ranged that class of writers whose chief object it is to satisfy the present appetite for novelty; to meet every new passion as it acquires the ascendency with the most exciting stimulants, and give importance to the movement of the hour, by bringing within its track whatever thought, knowledge, or invention they may have in their power to command. Opposed to these able allies on the side of literature as it is, stand the studios and deeply speculative philosopher, the metaphysicians who dare scarcely show their heads to an English public; the German scholars, who but for Mr. Carlyle and Mrs. Austen would never have made it believed that eloquence and genius are the twin sisters of idealism; the poets who keep the sweetest of sweet thoughts treasured up in their souls, who hold communion night after night with spirits that visit them from the vasty deep of im palpable existence; but utter none of their revelations, awaiting with secret hope the arrival of days when the voice of something more than music, the voice of thought again pluming its wings for adventurous flight, may once more be heard in the land. To this whole class of reasoners the present state of literature offers nothing but discouragement. They are for the most part above making an attempt to enter the busy circle of adventurers; but when they do, either from want of tact, or from a real deficiency in the commodity of marketable ideas, they seldom find any inducement to repeat the experiment. As a natural consequence they declaim, with no slight virulence, on the present degradation of the world of letters; and thus the general reader is at one time led to suppose that the intellectual force of the nation is now in the highest state of health and vigour; and at another, that it has long ceased to give form or animation to the masses which await its creative touch.

But the truth lies between these extremes. The state of the national mind is neither so favourable as the one party represents it, nor so unprepared as the other believes for the fostering of a higher and purer species of literature than that which has now so long satisfied the public. It is plain beyond doubt, that the rapidity of the current so much admired on the one side, has, in the main, been only in proportion to the shallowness of the stream; and that the absence of pure taste, of a disposition to earnest mental abstraction, so greatly lamented on the other, is owing as much to the indolence, to the mingling timidity and superciliousness of writers, as to the indifference of the nation. We have not expressed this opinion without more than a theoretical notion on the subject. It has been brought to us by the many-tongued literature of the age itself. We find the germs of it in the very novel which we throw from us with a shrug of impatience; it is visible in the verses which, like a ray of moonlight, soft and beautiful, but pale and sickly withal, have no meaning in them till we give them one; we trace it in the fierce political pamphlet, the fiery flying serpent of the day; in the declamatory harangue, breathing quick and hard, worldly and turbulent, but anxious, and, therefore, fit to take hold on human sympathies. We everywhere, in short, find something to convince us that low as we are sunk in the matter of pure, noble, intellectual exertion, the spirit is awake, and running darkly through many a secret channel, which will, sooner or later, heave up the clods, and give new light to the world.

But how or when will this manifestation that is to make such a change in our intellectual condition take place? It is not easy to answer this question; we must abide our time patiently: some sudden event, or the increased action of those already in the course of occurrence, may so startle men’s minds, and fix them on points of vital moment to their hearths and altars, that literature may for a while be almost forgotten: attention, on the other hand, may grow weary of observing temporary circumstances; may become convinced that nothing strange is about to happen; that it has been foiled by false stimulants into believing that the actual drama of life can for any length of time be stirring enough, or present a sufficient number of new and various scenes, to satisfy or keep the mind in action.


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Difficult, however, as it would be to approach even the solution of the question as to the nearness or distance of the change so devoutly to be wished for in the fashion of our literature, we may fairly rejoice whenever any new machine is brought to operate in its favour. It is on this consideration we would call the attention of our readers to the appearance of a new translation of Dante's Inferno. The age is not prepared for the production of minds bold enough to start at once into the high, free regions which genius formerly loved to traverse. If, therefore, we are to see the olden spirit revived, we must look for it in the ancient shrines of its glory, and drawing it from thence wait till our own hearts, and those of our cotemporaries, feel the thrill of its electric flame. Let us make Dante familiar to English ears, and we do much towards this; let us once sufficiently strengthen our long enervated taste to delight in the severe majesty of his style; our thoughts to follow him in the dizzy labyrinths of eternity; and we shall have escaped beyond the circle in which, as if Labouring under some deadening spell, nothing dares become eminently great or good, or glow and light into beauty.

There are many reasons for our wishing to see Dante popular, and for our expecting important results should he become so. Dante teaches us the principle, grand in itself, and of indubitable importance in a period like this, that the highest and widest flight which genius takes need not separate it from the sphere or sympathies of the human world. Dante is a stern divider between right and wrong; he drew the boundary line deep as a trench; and mighty in the love of truth as in the splendour of imagination, he would not be indebted to sophistry even for the graces of his art. Dante was the first poet of the new era who, living in a state in which civilisation was beginning to obliterate the impressions and the strong love of nature, dared to employ the new objects which had arisen around him in the execution of his design; to take his illustrations from things that the present breath of life was inspiring, and make his thoughts understood by comparisons which the populous city, the market-place, or humble house of the citizen afforded for his use. Dante wrote of men and their interests; and, as the greatest of his merits, as that which supported him in the daring of his thoughts, which kept him from sinking where the noblest of intellects might have failed, he yielded himself to the influences of a steady and sublime piety. The eloquence of love, the stern indignant rebuke of crime, the concentrated power of imagination, leaving no object of its spell half-formed, or half-visible; all with Dante bespoke the assurance of faith, comforting, invigorating, and inspiring. Is it not evident that such a poet could not be generally read without producing important effects on the public mind? And is not this still more evident when it is considered that there are many indications, at present it is true weak, but yet ready to evolve themselves, of feelings in the nation, which would awake with strength and energy at the sound of a lyre like his.

Much, it is true, has already been said and written about Dante; but we doubt whether the really English public, the great mass of general readers have, till the appearance of the present translation by Mr. Wright, been fairly put in possession of the means of knowing him. We say not this because we have forgotten, or ever can forget, the noble version of Carey. His work will continue a portion of our standard poetical literature as long as there are readers to appreciate the melody of fine blank verse, and the exhibition of such thoughts and images as Dante gives in strong and vigorous language. But the Tuscan wrote in rhyme: in a metre of singular gracefulness and harmony; full of sweet changes, and all the niceties which keep the ear from being tired sooner than the mind. Now it is not to be supposed that the English reader of the nineteenth century can spare any of the graces and helps which were needful to Dante's cotemporaries; and Mr. Wright, in venturing on the hardy task of translating him in rhyme, and succeeding so excellently that no idea of the poet is lost, has performed a service for the people of England which, as literature gradually rises to its just degree of honour, will be regarded as meriting very general admiration. Dante, the severe, mysterious Dante, will no longer, we trust, be unknown to any reader pretending to the least refinement of taste, or power of imagination: to any student of the history of the human mind, or of literature. He may now be read with ease and poetical delight; the language in which he speaks is composed of household English; the verse, through the stream of which his creations rise to view, is strong and limpid. To this we may add that the translator has appended a body of notes to his version, which, rejecting abstruse and laborious speculation, simply because they are not needed, will explain to the general reader whatever passages require such elucidation. The introduction to the poem is itself of great value to an inquirer, and that the uninstructed may be able to understand the
nature of this portion of the Divina Commedia, the Inferno, we shall extract part of Mr. Wright's succinct and excellent essay: "With this picture before our eyes," that is of Italy deluged with blood through the contentions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. "Let us imagine Dante, a being of transcendent genius and profound learning, imbued with strong religious and patriotic feelings, roused as it were from sleep, in the full maturity of his intellect, to the contemplation of this sad reality. Let us imagine him in the situation he describes, thrown amid a vicious generation, so darkened by superstition, and hardened in iniquity, that he might justly describe himself as wandering in a rank and savage wilderness."

"Through this vale of misery, all traces of the straight path were wholly obliterated, and even the upright and virtuous Dante found great difficulty in extricating himself from the mazes of error. How he first became entangled, he was unable, he says, to discover; so immersed was he in sleep at the time he abandoned the true path, or, as he intimates in the fifteenth canto, so young as to be incapable of exercising a sound discretion. The recollection of the past came over his soul like the bitterness of death; when, awakened to a conviction of the truth, he contemplated the dangers he had escaped."

"But with these personal feelings were blended those of a far more comprehensive character; and in the miseries of his native land Dante felt all the sympathy which the most devoted patriotism could inspire. The most abominable practices of his countrymen, their moral and political degradation, the licentiousness and turbulence of their governments, and, above all, the flagrant corruption of the Roman church, overwhelmed him in sorrow and dismay."

"On arriving, however, at the termination of the valley, he looks up and beholds a mountain illuminated with the beams of the sun. His eyes are directed with joy to this beautiful abode of virtue, upon which reason sheds her unerring ray. To impart to others that light which had been most graciously vouchsafed to himself is the object of his earnest desire. Animated by the prospect, he proceeds on his journey, with sanguine hopes of emancipating Italy from superstition, and of effecting a great reformation in the religious and political state of his distracted country. Scarcely has he begun to ascend the mountain when he is opposed by three wild beasts—a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf. The restlessness of the panther, its varied colours and cruel disposition, afford a lively representation of Florence, divided into the implacable factions of the Neri and Bianchi, and continually fluctuating at the caprice of a changeable and headstrong populace. The continued vexation experienced from this animal impedes the progress of Dante, and frequently inclines him to retreat. Various circumstances, however, combine to encourage him:—the beautiful season of spring—the religious consolation of Easter—the commencement of a new century (1300), ushered in by a solemn jubilee—and a change in the state of parties at Florence, described by the gay skin of the panther, present to him the brightest omens of success. But these hopes are soon dissipated by the appearance of the lion—emblematical of France and her ambitious interference in the government of Florence. The poet is at the same time attacked by the she-wolf, intended to represent the avaricious court of Rome. These two powers uniting to oppose the virtuous endeavours of Dante, he despairs of reaching the summit of the beautiful mountain. He sees his miserable country, for which he possessed the most ardent love, become a prey to the ambition of foreign potentates, and exposed to all the calamities of tyranny and misgovernment. From the union of temporal with spiritual power in the person of the pope these manifold evils derived their source. Hence, to confine the authority of the see of Rome to religious affairs, and to re-establish a constitutional monarchy in Italy, were the two great objects Dante had in view. But to compose the jealousies of the numerous republics, and to unite them under one government, could only be effected by restoring the privileges of the emperors of Germany, which the court of Rome, in her lust of sway, had in a great measure annihilated. As heirs of the Caesars the emperors were the lawful monarchs of Italy, and to the revival of their dominion Dante, therefore, looked forward with anxious expectation."

"Disappointed in the hope of executing his beneficial projects, Dante is driven back into the dark valley, where the voice of reason is mute, when the shade of Virgil appears before his eyes, and recommends him to climb the mountain by some other road, declaring it fruitless to attempt a passage in opposition to the wolf, 'whose greediness will permit none to tread the same path with herself, but will assuredly effect their destruction.' 'For the present,' he says, 'Italy is doomed to submit to her control, and to suffer from the intrigues of the court of Rome with the kings of the earth, till the arrival of a pro-"
phetic conqueror, described under the image of the greyhound, who, the poet vainly hoped, would restore peace to his country, and chase the wolf back into her native hell.' In the meantime Dante is to awaken the Italians to a sense of their condition, and to prepare them for the change by dispersing the clouds of ignorance and error. Nor are the means his genius suggests unworthy of so noble an undertaking. A poem is to be constructed of a peculiar kind, which shall contain the most convincing evidence, blended with beauties so inimitable as to ensure its never-failing reception in the hearts of men throughout all ages. To enable him to execute his arduous design Virgil offers to become his guide, and to lead him through hell and purgatory; that thus visiting, as it were, in turn every description of sinner, he might be enabled to make a lasting record of what he had seen, and reveal to mankind the iniquity of those hypocritical pastors who had led their flock away from the right path, and covered the land with the darkness of the shadow of death. 'Should he wish,' says Virgil, after receiving the punishment assigned to the wicked, to behold the blessed abode of the saints in paradise, and stimulate his countrymen to virtue by a description of heavenly bliss—'a soul more worthy shall conduct his flight.'

44 In the opening of the second canto, after an invocation to the muse, Dante expresses his reverence for that holy place, where, by divine authority, the papal throne was established. This respect towards the see of Rome he maintains throughout the poem, and dwells with delight upon its original purity; but, with the warmest indignation and zeal for religion, views the conduct of those evil shepherds whose iniquities had brought scandal upon the catholic faith. It is only against the usurpers of St. Peter's chair, 'who,' he says, 'had crucified our Saviour a second time,' that he declares his uncompromising hostility.

"To avenge the wrongs of the true Christian church, was the secret hope he cherished in his bosom: to bring peace and happiness to mankind, by the restoration of pure religion, was the high reward he proposed to himself in the execution of 'that sacred poem, upon which,' he says, 'heaven and earth laid their hands,' and to which, for many years, he devoted himself with painful assiduity.'

We should gladly continue the quotation; and equally happy should we be to fill some of our pages with specimens of the translation itself: but the volume will probably be soon in the hands of most of our readers, and it would be difficult to give by detached fragments an idea of the full and true merit of the continuous whole. Mr. Wright has wrought wonders in versification, and we look for the fruits of his exertion in the improvement of both the poets and readers who are now satisfied with a style so unlike the pure and generous strain which once delighted English hearts and minds.

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TO H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH A DOG NAMED ALBION.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

My name is Albion, lady dear,
Accept my service tendered here,
For know I've laid my plan—
So gentle, kind, and good to be,
That in your favour soon they'll see
Me rival Lady Anne.

I'll love your friend—I'll bite your foe—
I'll guard your steps where'er you go—
Where'er you choose your seat,
Close to that spot, I'll rest reclined,
'Twill please the wise and good to find
That Albion's at your feet.
HOLLAND.—WILLIAM, KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.

"L'alto imperio su mari a te conceda."—TASSO.
"Batavus. Cujus et ipse jugum fremitu subit aequoreus."—DE LA RUE.

To the courage of the ancient inhabitants of this country Caesar bears honourable testimony.

If, under the royal auspices of Isabella, heroically surmounting all obstacles, Columbus, after various and great disappointments, had the glory of giving a new world to Spain, the Dutch, under the still more stimulating though less dazzling auspices of their own unabated industry and perseverance and more than Herculean labour, have had the honour of adding a kingdom to Europe; they have boldly rescued their deluged country from the grasp of the stormy ocean, which

"With noises loud and ruinous, Strives here for mastery,"

threatening every moment to resume its wonted sway. The eye dwells with wonder on their public works. "This country which appears doomed to stagnant waters and everlasting agues, the daring arm of the Hollander has undertaken to drain, has overspread with verdure, and covered with habitations."

This one achievement might of itself immortalise their name: it constitutes a monument on the solidity and permanence of which they have not trembled to construct their cities, and to hazard their very existence as a nation,—a monument as splendid as the "monumentum arc perennius" of the Augustan bard, and we trust as imperishable. But the reputation of Holland does not rest on this single achievement; as Rome was magnificently seated on many hills, so the magic land of Batavia has based her celebrity on many great and solid excellencies, and challenges the admiration of Europe, if not by the elegance of her manners, the effulgence of her genius, or the refinement of her people, at least by her massive, her stupendous works,—by the high proofs she has exhibited of her matchless industry, and passive virtues.

Besides, shall not her providence, her perpetual love of cleanliness, her spirit of enterprise, her intrepidity and endurance, enter into the estimate?

In contemplating the annals of Holland,

* These dykes are in some places seventeen ells in thickness.
HOLLAND.

If they are dead to love, constitutionally or atmospherically dead to the attractions of female purity and female worth, dead alike to the charms of person and of mind, they are entitled to pity—it is a misfortune. Some impute it to climate, some to the all-absorbing passion of avarice, others to a singular malformation of the heart. But Dr. Johnson, that great observer of human nature, warns us not to lay too much stress on the operative potency of any single cause, since many causes besides climate may enter in the compound production of the Dutchman's character. Drinking the waters that flow from the Blue Mountains in Jamaica has a tendency, it is believed, particularly in debilitated constitutions, to induce oedematous affections; are we thence to infer with the celebrated Dr. ——, who, by careful analysis, had detected the presence of sulphuric acid in the fluid, that from this cause also proceed fevers, livers, agues, typhany, and the yaws among the negroes? By endeavouring to prove too much we are sometimes in danger of proving nothing.

But to be over fastidious is not wise. Had only ten righteous men been found, even Sodom would have been spared; and though the acknowledged excellencies of the Dutch cannot neutralise their vices, let them at least have the virtue of extenuating their faults; if they may not cover sins, they may perhaps be permitted to throw a veil over their imperfections. By unwearied perseverance have they not drained their country from "those deluges of water that had overflowed so large a portion of it during many ages?" Let that be fairly appreciated, and let it be accounted unto them for righteousness.

But did not their spirit and their patriotism nerve their arm to highest deeds, and, after a dire struggle for many years, enable them indignantly to throw off the Spanish yoke? Did not the little city of Haarlem so far back as 1573 manfully defend itself against the prodigious forces of Spain, under circumstances equally glorious and terrible? Barrng their cruelties then, which not even their friends will attempt to vindicate, look at the exploits of the Hollanders in foreign lands; though, indeed, in compassion to human infirmity, and human insolence, as well as to that human pride which usually attends on prosperity, we must first draw a veil over the vauntful tegrity of Van Tromp, "one of the greatest admirals that perhaps any age has produced," who was tempted to carry a broom at his main-topmast-head in his triumphant passage through the Channel, as a threat—a Dutch menace, that "he would sweep the seas of the English shipping!"—a menace which he had little reason to think of accomplishing, and which he soon after perished in attempting! But, barrng these follies, let the exploits of the Dutch be considered. The East, the West, Africa, and the Islands, where is the quarter of the globe that has not witnessed their gallantry, and resounded with their achievements? Not only did they shake off the withering yoke of Philip, but heroically captured his galleons, stripped him of his gold, insulted his flag, humbled his pride, and finally taught him a lesson of wisdom, which it was not their fault if he wanted sense to comprehend—taught him that "even a worm may not be trod on with impunity;" and that to oppress the humble generally leads to the prostration of arbitrary power. Look at the noble single-handed struggle of Holland against Louis the Fourteenth, the inflated monarch of powerful France, and his worthy confederate and coadjutor, the reckless successor of a British king whose misfortunes should have taught him moderation—a struggle which continued for some years with desolating violence, in which much blood was spilt and countless treasures exhausted; and during which period Holland proudly maintained a navy of eighty ships of the line, and at last effected her liberation!

"But young and old, men and women, they all smoke tobacco!" Why, so do the Irish—so do the Turks, the Chinese, and, from the Rajah to the Coolie, so does universal India. I ask are not their merchants honourable, their traders honest? What though Momus peevishly complained that Venus's slippers made a clatter as she moved, even he, the god of carping, could not but confess with a leer, that

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love."

As a compages of art, divested of other considerations, does not that mighty framework and circumambient structure of Holland demand the plaudits of the world? Like the stupendous peak of Teneriffe, it forces itself on the attention, and becomes more wonderful and imposing, by standing unparalleled and alone,

"Ut rupes immota mari stat Batavia terra."

Other nations have raised themselves to greater eminence—to more glory—to higher dignity, by their arts, their arms, by science, and by intellect; but where is the nation that has built itself a habitation and a name, and planted its sceptre in the deep—set bounds to the ocean—and absolutely entrenched itself
HOLLAND.

in the midst of the sea, like this laborious, this enterprising nation? To immortalise
the famous city of Troy, the poet of ancient
Greece had recourse to the all-fascinating
charms of allegory, the pomp of fiction, of
glowing numbers, and harmonious verse. From
the pinnacle of his Μυρων και θεά, &c., we
proudly look,

“as from a hill
The hemisphere of the earth, in clearest ken,
Extends to ampest reach.”

through the prodigious lapse of nearly three
thousand years, and still survey in vivid
retrospect the mounds, the temples, the Grec-
ian heroes, and the Trojan host. Apollo is
their tutelary deity, Jupiter smiles on her
princes, and to Neptune is assigned the
honour of rearing her bulwarks; but even
these high-famed bulwarks, the pride of
“sacred Troy,” the lofty theme of Homer’s
song, what are they more than “the baseless
fabrics of a vision,” when compared to those* prodigious barriers which the feeble hand of
man has daringly thrown up around this
aquatic region, “the standing wonder of the
modern world?”

Such is the state of Holland. Nature has
done nothing for the Dutch, art and industry
everything; and if their pristine greatness is
departed from them, and Belgium gone for
ever, let it be their consolation that they still
hold undisputed dominion over those bour-
beaux marcheroges, which neither France nor
England have the most distant wish to wrest
from them! Not but that his majesty of
Holland deserves to be severely visited for
the sins against knowledge which he has
wilfully committed; yet we find it recorded
by Plato that the Spartan state was like the
Temple of the furies, which no one had the
courage to approach; so, viewing Holland in
her swamps, her fens, bogs, fogs, and inund-
ations, she too may well be likened to the
repulsive temple of Erinny, which nothing
but dread necessity could induce an invading
army even to approach.

With their former glory it appears to me
that discretion also, which was wont to be a
cardinal Dutch virtue, has left the land; for
it is hardly to be imagined that the King of
the Netherlands, whom we all have seen,
and whose eldest son still bears the rank, I
believe, of general in the British army—a
king, who, if we may judge by the genius,
habits, feelings, and parsimonious views of

the people, would be infinitely more in char-
acter as presiding Stadholder—surrounded
by his high and mighty lords clad in all the
simplicity of private citizens, and his great
officers of state burgomasters at fifty pounds
sterling a year, and the Pensioner of Holland
keeping up his rank and dignity on a salary
of two hundred—it is not to be believed that
such a king can really flatter himself with
any very sanguine expectations of ulterior
success against the formally expressed resolu-
tion and ultimum of Europe, to guarantee
the integrity and sovereign independence of
Belgium.

As to the † ancient government of the Low
Countries, it was similar to all other govern-
ments which, after the Gothic irruption,
obtained throughout the European continent,
till they were united by Philip of Burgundy.
After this, Philip the Second of Spain exer-
cised dominion over these unfortunate pro-
vinces—a tyrant, a bigot, and a knave! He
unmercifully crushed them under the weight
of taxation, he trampled upon their laws,
insulted their religion, introduced the inqui-
sition, and, to keep the peace, filled Holland
with bands of armed Spaniards. The bond-
age of Israel under Pharaoh and his task-
masters, was light and easy compared with
the outrageous tyranny which this worse than
Spanish Nero fiercely exercised in Holland.
The people, celebrated as they deservedly
have been for endurance under suffering,
were reduced to despair—they fainted under
their burdens—they cried with bitterness of
soul against the oppressor—in vain. Philip
had no compassion—the Dutch rose—the
power of the tyrant was prostrated, and the
provinces swore fealty to the dynasty of
Orange.

When we subject Holland to political ex-
amination, when we consider what she was
before the treaty of Utrecht, and how rapidly
she afterwards advanced to the astonishing
rank of arbiter of Europe, and of the Indies,
hers singular decay, and actual comparative
insignificance, are, indeed, well calculated to
excite regret. A nation so valiant, in the
days of her youth, against Rome, so resolute
and heroic against Spain—so respectable in
the attitude she assumed in the days of our
second Charles, against France and England
combined, is now absolutely dwindled down
to a mere gasconading, protocoling, seventh-
rate state. If this does not impress us with
the belief that all human greatness has its

* Hic videas, mutis in locis, aquas, non sine
sine

† Ante comitum tempora, qua reipublica hic facies
facies


limits and duration, it affords at least a melancholy proof, that "to every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven—a time to get, and a time to lose."

And yet, so high was the eminence to which Holland had arrived, that in her fallen state she still retains some vestige of her ancient renown, some faint glimmer of her "glory extinct," some indication of what she was.

Look at her monopolies, her united East India companies, her merchants, her traders, which, at the close of the sixteenth century, absolutely threatened to overwhelm her with riches. Here realised, and more than realised, in Holland the wonders of the Herperian gardens ceased to be fabulous. But true it is, as justly noted by the Grecian historian, that when love of money makes its way into a state it brings with it on the one hand mendicity, meaness, and all the proletarian vices and corruption, and on the other luxury, profusion, profligacy of manners, and debasement of principle. From that gush of almost unexampled prosperity may be dated the commencement of her decline. From that period Holland has been progressively sinking, and though recently promoted to royalty, yet is she only the shadow of what she was, a regal phantom shorn of all its strength—her wings, though plumed right regally, have lost their vigour—her sceptre hardly extends beyond the muddy confines of her own ditches—whilst in Asia, where once she had no equal, her very name is now utterly forgotten, her dominion only matter of history.

When we look steadily at Holland, and view her as she stands now, in the nineteenth century, in all her weakness, we can with difficulty believe that it is the same nation which only a few generations back, having shaken off the Spanish paralysis which cruelly deadened her energies, had so miraculously established her dominion at home and abroad, driven the Portuguese from their settlements, multiplied her colonies, and, to the amazement of mankind, so rapidly became the great magazine of the world.

"There was not a manufacture she did not carry on, nor a state to which she did not trade." She loaded herself with the shawls, the silks, the linens of India—she rigidly monopolised Ceylon, its cinnamon, its coffee, and its pearls. Java, and all the spices of the East were her own—cotton, rice, sugar, all found their way into her storehouses—

* In hac regione mercantur Italii, Hispani, Lusitani, Britanni, Scoti, Galli, Germani, Americani, Orientalis, alique et omnibus penit orbis plagis.

she had become a second Tyre! Her marine was respectable, and the Cape of Good Hope gave security to her Asian possessions.

La Hollande, ennemi fier, interdipe, heureux, Puissant, opiniatre, mais vil et odieux.
Sa fureur le fait criafrdre aux deux bouts de la terre,
An Levant, au Couchant, elle a porté la guerre:
L'une l'autre Java, la Chine, et le Japon,
Fremissent à sa vue, et tremblent à son nom.
Ne le regarde point dans sa basse origine,
Confon de peur aux bords de la marine:
S'il n'y fit autrefois la guerre qu'aux poissons,
S'il n'y connoit le fer que par ses hameçons,
Sa fêter maintenant au dessus de la rose
Meconnoit ses ayeux qui rampoient dans la honte:
C'est un peuple ennemi par cent fameux exploits,
Qui ne veut adorer, ni vivre qu'à son choix:
Un peuple enflé d'orgueil, et gorgé de butin,
Que son bras a rendu maître de son destin;
Pirate universel, et pour gloire nouvelle,
Associe d'Espagne, et non plus son rebelle!

P. CORNEILLE.

Nor will it appear strange that, though limited to a population of less than two millions, under the stimulating advantage of her characteristic perseverance, Holland should have made such progress in aggrandisement. She was diligent, and studiously turned every thing to account—her fisheries, her endless manufactures, her very cheese and butter, all these things, though small in themselves, were minutely attended to. Like Midas, whatever she touched was turned to gold!—her very boys became lucrative, and her thousand canals gave rapid and easy circulation to her commercial pursuits and products.

That country, as pertinently stated by a celebrated geographer, affords unquestioned evidence that human industry is powerful to overcome every disadvantage of climate, of nature, and even of situation. Where, indeed, shall we look for a nation that has given more illustrious proofs of noble daring, of honesty and public spirit—that has so wonderfully magnified her power, so raised her fame, and so established her reputation—though now ruinously on the wane—as this nation has done? A fact which admirably illustrates at once the aptness and propriety of her armorial device, the Concordia res parvae crescent of Sallust, which in 1579 was assumed by the States, to show how essential they considered a perfect union to their preservation. A circumstance particularly to be remembered for the salutary maxim it conveys, that "in union there is strength," and that the first step to stability is for a nation to be of one heart and of one mind! But whilst we eulogise Holland, and willingly give her praise where praise is due, it will hardly be expected that we should commend the sinister and selfish bearing of a prince.
who seems to consider pertinacity, in a cause
totally indefensible, on grounds, too, which
all Europe reproubs, as a demonstration of
firmness, a proof of monarchical spirit! Hav-
ing entered upon his grand eliminacter, when
political sins cease to be pardonable, and
when, if ever, even a monarch should have
acquired, if not wisdom, at least experience
and discretion, William of Holland has
wofully disappointed the expectations of
mankind. Had the king’s grandson, Wil-
liam or Alexander, swayed the Dutch
sceptre, some allowance would have been
made by the friends of legitimate govern-
ment for the extravagance of recent counsels,
—pernicious of judgment, and even a little
bluster would have been imputed to the
thoughtless buoyancy of youth, and good-
naturedly excused. But really, at three-
score and two, the tragi-comic scenes, which,
under the histrionic management of Baron
Chasse have been so curiously enacted sur
le théâtre d’Anvers, were neither in good
taste nor in good policy; they were neither
bonne comédie, ni bonne tragédie.
Whatever might have been the moderation
of the ci-devant Prince Stadholder before, by
strange eventful war,
"He met that crown,"
the undignified ill-concerted measures that
have of late years prevailed, must infallibly
lower him in the opinion of Europe. His
system of protocolling, so indecently prac-
tised upon the London conference, though
possibly à l’Hollandoise, does no credit to his
majesty. The idea of putting the key of the
Scheldt in his pocket, and, coute qui coute, of
setting France and England at defiance,
until Belgium was once more at his feet, and
Leopold at Claremont, was so egregiously
bombastical that we are truly happy to find
it at last abandoned!
When, on the conclusion of the French
war, in their fancied omnipotence and dis-
tempered zeal, it pleased the Holy Alliance
to annex Belgium to Holland, they would
have deemed it loss of time, and probably a
dereliction of duty, to have calmly consulted
their understandings, or considered whether
they were borne out by justice. It did not
occur to them that they were giving away
that which was not theirs to give—that they
were turning over four millions of freemen
like a herd of swine, and stripping them of
their rights, privileges, and immunities,
which it was not very likely they were ready
slavishly to surrender—that they were doing
violence to their nature—violence to that
sacred spirit of rational liberty and inde-
pendence which nothing can subdue, which
no human being is warranted to shackle,
and which no earthly power can completely
coerce by any means short of positive anni-
hilation—that in so doing they were heaping
coals of fire on the head of the Dutch King,
and most indiscreetly preparing the elements
of future strife and future warfare, by a
compulsory union of heterogeneous materials
between which there could be no possible
affinity.
Than such an union what could be more
unnatural? It was yoking the ox and
the ass to the same plough, which a Law-
giver of greater authority than even the
Holy Alliance has pronounced to be an
abomination. Nor was the plan adopted by
William for the governance of his new
dominion such as the state of the case, the
circumstances of the times, or the extreme
delicacy and importance of the occasion
demanded. His government could not but
be odious to the Belgians, being based on
Dutch principles, and leaning injudiciously
to Dutch interests. If he wanted ability to
retain Belgium when it was delivered over,
shackled, into his hands, how, at his time of
life, despite of England and France and
of the inveterate opposition of an armed
people, will he now find ability to regain it?
Hopeless is the thought—vain and despe-
rate the undertaking!
The Pope, we are informed, in the pleni-
tude of his superlative arrogance, was most
graciously pleased to make a donation of
Ireland to Philip of Spain, to him and his
heirs for ever! Philip had abundance of
ambition, but with all his ambition he would
not venture on a seizure; he doubted the
pontiff’s right to give, and his own power to
get and to hold. So that William, with all
his gravity, his age, and his national pes-
anteur, has not shown himself equal to the
Spaniard in the common rules of prudence;
and, if not too old and obtuse, would yet do
well to take the Spanish monarch for his
example!
But, with an eye to his queen, a lady
respectable for her virtues, his Dutch majesty
looks to Prussia perhaps for support—in vain.
Frederick is too wise a prince to embark his
reputation in a project so senseless, so unjus-
tifiable, so little calculated to do him honour.
The general conduct of the Dutch king
does no credit to his understanding; it has
had no tendency to conciliate the hearts of
the Belgians; what effect it has had, or may
have, on the hearts of his own subjects, I
will not presume to decide. Certainly his

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obstinate defiance of Antwerp, against the irresistible force which France had arrayed for its reduction, was wanton in the extreme—it was attended with an unnecessary and inconsequential destruction of human life—it betrayed a criminal contempt of military axioms, precepts, and principles, and was contumaciously grounded in rashness. But until rashness shall by military men be accounted a military virtue, William will not be held guiltless, nor will General Chasse establish his pretensions to heroism.

Nor am I prepared to admire the spirit which moved his majesty to arrogate to himself the sovereignty of the Scheldt. This was a claim to which Belgium could not accede without a dastardly surrender of a right, to which, as an independent state, she must be equally entitled. The idea of William insisting on his right of search, and tariff on all vessels found up the Scheldt, even to Antwerp, now a Belgic port, was insufferably contemptuous as well as contemptible. On these principles, and for these objects, the Dutch court has not blush to carry on their idle system of frothy protocol for more than two years!

Enough, then, of sophistry and procrastination. Let it now be the pride of the Dutch king and his comfort, that, though he has lost Belgium, he has lost that which lawfully was not his own—that he is still king of Holland—a title eminently glorious, if the duties it involves are able and conscientiously discharged—still monarch over two millions of industrious subjects, whom his pertinacity may peril, and cannot benefit: let him also bear in mind, that it is by consulting their happiness that he will best secure his own.

And whilst he magnifies himself on his royal title, he should at least reflect that it was not achieved by his virtue, nor by his prowess; and that as his dynasty accidentally originated in yesterday, it may terminate to-morrow. For, however loyal to the house of Orange, Dutchmen have not forgotten that their ci-devant commonwealth—though in fact a mere oligarchy—was kept up at little charge; that it served their turn passing well; and as their taste for regal splendour and lavish expenditure has certainly not improved, it is probable that with all their attachment to their royal ruler, like Harpagon in Molière, they are still singularly devoted chacun à sa "petite cassette!"

THE TWO HARPS.

BY MRS. NORTON.

And dost thou say my heart is cold,
Because thine eye cannot discover,
(As round its jealous glance is rolled
On glittering crowds,) one welcome lover?
And dost thou say I cannot love
Because thy suit my lips reprove?
Oh! valueless the wind-harp's tone
Which swept by summer's careless breezes,
Gives forth a wild uncertain moan,
As often as the zephyr pleases.
Who marks its faint and ceaseless sigh?
Once heard, it hath no melody.
But when the stricken lyre, which long
Hath hung upon the wall decaying,
Breathes out its soul of love and song,
Obdurate to the minstrel's playing;
And to its master's touch alone
Responds with fond and plaintive tone:
Then, then the power of music breaks
The spell that bound our calmer feeling,
And every slumbering passion wakes
In answer to its wild appealing:
Till our swoln hearts, too full for words,
Die trembling on those quivering chords.

Years bring no change.—Even tho' we stand
Where cold the minstrel's form is lying,
Fancy shall see that skilful hand
Once more among the sweet strings flying;
And music's floating notes shall come,
To mock the silence of his tomb!
And many an hour, and many a day,
Shall memory please herself by bringing
Small scattered fragments of the lay
That hung upon that wild harp's ringing;
Tho' summer breeze caress in vain,
And soulless hands awake no strain.
Even so the heart, that sad and cold
Warms not beneath thy careless wooing,
Hath known love's power in days of old,
And worshipped—to its own undoing;
And many a passion, quiet now,
Hath glowed upon my faded brow.
And still perchance the day may come,
When, from its halls of silence taken,
That heart, in its deserted home,
To life and love and joy shall waken:
It hath the music at command—
But thine is not the master's hand!
DUNROBIN CASTLE.

The seat of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

The lordship of Sutherland is without question one of the most extensive and populous estates in Great Britain, in the possession of one proprietor, and is calculated to contain almost two-thirds of the estimated rent of the shire, being 739,200 acres in extent.

Dunrobin Castle, on the east coast of Sutherlandshire, is the seat of the ancient earls of Sutherland. It is in excellent repair, and great agricultural excursions have been successfully made around it. It was founded about the year 1100, by Robert or Robin, second earl of Sutherland, and being built upon a round hill, as the word dun imports, was hence called Dun-Robin Castle. It is situated on an eminence near the sea. As very few, if any alterations have been made in the castle, within the last two hundred years, a short description of it from the manuscript of Sir Robert Gordon, will suffice to convey an idea of it to our readers.

"The castles and pyles of Sutherland or Demogn, Dunrobin, (the Earl of Sutherland his special residence,) a house well seated upon a round mote hard by the sea, with fair orchards, wer ther be pleasant gardens, planted with all kynts of frootes, heabrs, and fowers, used in this kyndome, and abundance of good saphron, tobacco, and rosemary. The froot here is excellent, and chiefly the pears and cherries. Their is in Dunrobin one of the deepest draw-wells, all of aister work from the ground to the top, called St. John his well, which is within the castle in the midst of the court."

There are a few curious paintings at Dunrobin castle. An Earl of Murray; an old man in wood, his son and two daughters by Co. G. 1628; a full over length of Charles I.; one of Angus Williamson, a hero of the Clan Chattan, who rescued the Sutherlands in the time of distress; and a very singular picture of the Duke of Alva in council with a cardinal by his side, who puts a pair of bellows blown by the devil, into his ear.

There is a very curious structure in the vicinity of the castle, of which Pennant gives the following account:—

"Not far from Dunrobin is a very entire piece of antiquity of the kind known in Scotland by the name of the Pictish Castles, and called here Caurn Lia, or Grey Town. That I saw was about one hundred and thirty yards in circumference, round, and raised so high above the ground as to form a considerable mount. On the top was an extensive but shallow hollow; within were three low concentric galleries at small distances from each other, covered with large stones; and the side walls were about four to five feet thick, rudely made. There are generally three of these places near each other, so that each may be seen from any one. Buildings of this kind are frequent along this coast, that of Caithness and Strathnaver. Others, agreeing in external form, are common in the Hebrides, but differ in their internal construction. In the islands they are attributed to the Danes—here to the Picts. They were probably the defensible habitations of the times."

This conjecture, although plausible at the first glance, is, we doubt not, altogether erroneous. Neither were these buildings erected as watch-towers, when the tops of the high hills afford as conspicuous places for such a purpose. And, indeed, most of them, except the one at Dunrobin, are not built upon high ground at all, and cannot be seen at a great distance. The conclusion of Mr. Anderson is altogether more probable. Ossian mentions the burial circle of Bruno as a place of worship among the ancient Scandinavians, unknown in his own country in those times. He may possibly refer to structures of this kind, which may have been introduced into this country with the religious worship peculiar to the Scandinavians, when the western isles and northern provinces of Scotland were under the dominion of Norway. This conjecture is the more probable, that although thousands of ruins of this species of building are found in the shire of Caithness, and in the western and northern islands, yet not one of them has hitherto been heard of in Scotland to the southward of Inverness. It is well known that the county of Caithness was so long under the dominion of Norway, that the inhabitants still use a language, the greater part of whose words are immediately derived from Norwegian roots.

It is, therefore, no violent or strained conjecture to suppose that they have been places of worship according to the rites of Scan-
dinavia. The various holes discoverable in them favour the supposition that they were necessary to the performance of certain religious rites of which we have long ceased to retain any knowledge. If, also, we suppose them to be darkened from above, the form of the structure is exceedingly well adapted to impress the mind with reverential awe. And we can conceive the possibility of lights so artfully placed as to appear through these holes, and give an irresistible effect to such supernatural performances as the priest might choose to exhibit; and if we add to this, the effect that might be produced by voices or other sounds proceeding from their concealed galleries, we may imagine a tout ensemble that might awe even a modern philosopher of the Utilitarian school, and sink into utmost utter annihilation the minds of ignorant barbarians—thoroughly convinced of the supernatural mechanism of these mysteries.

Sutherland confers the title of countess upon Elizabeth Sutherland Gower, Countess of Sutherland, Baroness of Strathnaver, and Marchioness of Stafford, her ladyship having married the present Marquess of Stafford. It is said, on the testimony of Scotch tradition, that this family is older than any in that kingdom, or even in all Europe. In the reign of Corbred the Second, A.D. 76, a colony, called the Catti emigrating from Germany to Scotland, divided itself into two parts—from the northern portion the county was called Caithness—from that in the south, Sutherland. The chiefs of this southern colony were thanes before the title of earl was yet in use in the kingdom. The Earldom of Sutherland has been in that family ever since the year 1057; and her ladyship is premier countess of Scotland.

Allan, Thane of Sutherland, defeated signal a part of the Danish army which had invaded his country. Thereafter, Macbeth, having slain king Duncan, and usurped the crown of Scotland, being "pinched by the worne of a gyllie conscience," and distrustful of many of his nobility, found occasion under a pretence of justice to take away his life. King Malcolm after the death of Macbeth by Macduff's hand, restored Walter Sutherland to his father's estate, and conferred an Earldom upon him. Walter was, accordingly, first Earl of Sutherland, and dying very aged, left a son Robert or Robin, who erected Dunrobin Castle. William, the fourth earl, was summoned to Berwick, on the part of Scotland, when the disputed succession to the crown took place, between John Baliol and Robert Bruce, which was determined by King Edward I. of England. He also obtained a great victory over the Danes, slaying their general and a major portion of their force. He died at Dunrobin, and was buried in the cathedral church of Dornoch, which henceforth was the burial place of the Earls of Sutherland.

William, the fifth earl, valiantly assisted Robert Bruce at the memorable battle of Bannockburn; and his son Kenneth, the sixth earl, was a faithful adherent of King David Bruce, and led the vanguard of the Scottish army at the battle of Halidon-Hill, where he, with many others of the nobility, was slain. William, the seventh earl, was one of the most famous of "all the worthie men of the house of Sutherland." Having always remained a faithful follower of King David, and performed many gallant actions, of which the taking of Roxburgh Castle from the English was one, he at length attained the hand of Lady Margaret Bruce, sister to King David, from whom he received the regality of the Earldom of Sutherland. Earl William did good service at the battle of Durham, where, with King David, he was taken prisoner. Upon this occasion, his son, Alexander Sutherland, was given in pledge for the ransom of his uncle, and was afterwards (the king having disinherited Robert Stuart) declared heir apparent to the crown. But dying without issue, and under age, Robert Stuart was again declared heir, and John Sutherland, a younger brother, succeeded to the earldom, and distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Newcastle, and the subsequent battle of Otterbourne, when Harry Percy, named Hotspur, and his brother Ralph, were taken prisoners.

Nicholas, the ninth earl, married a daughter of the Lord of the Isles, and was occupied for a long time in a controversy with the house of Mackay, chief of the clan Wigworgm in Strathnaver. Nicholas appointed a meeting at Rosse, with his father-in-law, the Lord of the Isles, to settle the differences between himself and Y-Mackay; but hot words having fallen between them, Earl Nicholas killed Y-Mackay and his son Donald, with his own hands. Feuds between rival clans were by no means uncommon at this period, of which one of the most remarkable is the dissension immortalised by our lamented Sir Walter Scott, in his Fair Maid of Perth, between the Clan Chattan and Clan Kay. It will be interesting to our readers to pursue an account of the decision of this feud from the pen of an old writer.
DUNROBIN CASTLE.

The year of God, 1396, the most part of the north country of Scotland was sore disputed by a dissention which happened between Clan Chattan and Clan Kay. These two clans being at deadly feud and hatred, robbed and wasted the adjoining countries with slaughters and spoils. At last it was accorded between the parties, that thirtie persons of either side, should fight before the king, at Perth, for decision of the quarrell, unarmed, with swords onlie. Both the parties met upon the appointed day, in the Northchurch of St. John's town, in presence of the king and the judges. The fight was cruell, and followed with such rage and desperat furie, that all those of the Clan Kaye's syd were slain, one onlie excepted, who, to save his lyff, (after he perceaved all his followers slain) leapt into the water of Tay, and swam over, and so escaped. Eleven of the Clan Chattan's syd escaped, yet all wounded verie sore. At their entrée into the field, the Clan Chattan lacked one of their number, who was privilie stolne away, not willing to be pertaker of so dear a bargaine. But ther was one among the beholders (reported to have been a sadler) who being soire that so suitable a fight should faile, offered himself to make up the number, and so the fight begane, in which none behaved himself more valiantly than he, and was one of the eleven that survived.

Robert, the tenth earl, was at the second battle of Halidon-Hill, in the year 1042; and the Earldom of Sutherland remained in the family of that name till the year 1510, when Earl John, the thirteenth earl, having been declared an idiot, and being without issue, the succession came to Adam Gordon, the husband of Lady Elizabeth, Earl John's sister, and the surname of Sutherland was henceforth to give place to that of Adam Gordon, Lord of Aboyne, second son of the Earl of Huntly,—a very noble and distinguished family.

Adam, fourteenth Earl of Sutherland, took part in the disastrous fight of Flodden, and very narrowly escaped with life. He was much harassed by a claim to the earldom set up by Alexander, a bastard brother of the late earl, who, gathering a great company of men, besieged and took the castle of Dunrobin, which, however, was again wrested from him. After many skirmishes, the bastard was at length overthrown and taken, and we will give the manner of his end in the words of the old historian.

"Then was the bastard presently beheaded by Alexander Leslie, in the verie place where they had fought. His head was careid to Dunrobin on a spear, and was placed upon the height of the great tour; which shewes us that whatsoever by Fate is allotted, though sometimes foreshewed, can never be avoide. For the witches had told Alexander the bastard, that his head should be the highest that ever was of the Sutherlands; which he did foolishly interpret that some day he should be Earle of Sutherland, and in honor above all his predecssers. Thus the devill and his ministers, the witches, deceaving all such as trust in them, will either find or frame predictions for euerie action or event, which doeth fall out contrarie to their expectations; a kynd of people to all men unfaithfull, to hopers deceitfull, and in all countries allwise forbidden."

John, the fifteenth earl, who succeeded his grandfather, was in the reign of Queen Mary made lieutenant and governor of the kingdom, and attended the Queen into France to the court of Henry III., by whom he was made a knight of the order of St. Michael. During his absence in France, John, a son of the bastard, raised a tumult against him, but was slain by one William Murray, upon the nether green of Dunrobin, at the west corner of the garden. The earl, also, in the reign of Elizabeth, assisted the English army against the French who had landed at Fife, and distinguished himself at the siege of Leith. He and his lady were treacherously poisoned by the Earl of Cathay, and his only son Alexander very narrowly escaped a similar fate which had been prepared for him. From this period till the time of John, the twentieth earl, there is nothing particularly worthy of note to justify our setting it down in this place. This noble person was one of the privy council to King William III., and obtained permission to resume the name and arms of Sutherland, in place of those of Gordon, which had been borne by the Earls of Sutherland since the marriage of the Countess of Sutherland with Adam Gordon, about 1510. He was also permitted to bear the double tressure in his coat of arms.

There have been twenty-two Earls of Sutherland in succession, and the present Marchioness of Stafford, daughter of the late earl, now represents the title.

On the visit of the late King George IV. to Scotland, in 1822, it was determined by him that the privilege of carrying the sceptre before the king was in the Earls of Sutherland; and his Majesty permitted Lord Francis Leveson Gower to act as deputy.
upon that occasion for his mother, the Countess of Sutherland.

The exterior of Dunrobin Castle presents, to this day, almost the same form that the original erector designed for it. We, indeed, read that in 1641, the Earl of Sutherland "did begin to repair the houes at Dunrobin, and finished the great tour the same yeir, wowing it to the top;" and in 1644, the Earl of Sutherland "repaired the little tour of Dunrobin."

Since that period, we believe, no external alterations have been made in Dunrobin Castle.

OFFICERS' WIVES; OR, QUARTERED WITH ONE'S REGIMENT.

Broomie Knowe, August, 1833.

Dear Jeanie,

It is with much surprise and regret that I learn from Colonel Macgregor your intention of espousing young Everton, of the —— regiment. He may be a very worthy excellent young man, and it's no for want of love for both his father and mother, and indeed the whole house of Everton, that I speak, and lift up a warning voice against this step that ye're about taking. I send you a letter from Nan Morrison, which I think requires no commentary from me. Douglas Morrison was a fine man, no doubt, and looked remarkable well at our ball, in the Highland kilt; but ye cannot live on the looks of any man, and I'm sair fearing that when there are two or three weans to move as well as the soldiering chests, Annie will find it hard to content him. And though, no doubt, ye're bonny enough with the bright twinkle of your young eyes, and the rose laughing in ye're cheek; yet if Annie's douse voice, and meek ways, don't quiet a man, I'm fearing Everton's packing will be a worse affair than the one you'll read of.

I hope, indeed, dear Jeanie, that ye'll consult some friend, and be discreet and wiselike, and think no more of the young man Everton, when you've read the enclosed; and with tears in my eyes for anxiety, I remain,

Your affectionate Aunt,

Euphemia Mc. Gill.

Belfast.

Dear Auntie,

On the delights of a soldier's life! We had just settled ourselves in the most delightful lodgings at Newry—every thing unpacked, and all our little comforts around us—six weeks' coals in, tea, &c. for the officers twice a week—when one fine morning, at about four o'clock, we are aroused from our first slumbers by a violent knocking at the street door. Douglas incensed, rushes slipperless to the window, when a soldier gives him the following most pleasing intelligence:—"Parade, Sir, at six in the morning; on a court martial at eleven o'clock; the route has arrived, and the whole regiment marches at twelve o'clock precisely for Belfast. You are to follow next morning at the hour of two, with the baggage-wagons."

Being very far from well, I remained quietly in bed till the clock struck twelve, when a note is brought from Douglas to me, saying, the Colonel has changed his mind, and the baggage is to start at two that day, instead of the next morning. I start from my bed, put on a dressing-gown, and by the greatest exertions succeed in getting our immense soldiering chests packed, and my own boxes; my maid being all the time busily engaged packing her own things, and without leisure to assist me. Every thing is ready, and only waiting for a fatigue party to carry them to the barracks. After a while, I write a note to Douglas, to inquire what I am to do, as the fatigue party is not arrived, and it is past the time. The note is brought back unopened, saying, that as Mr. Morrison is on a court martial, nobody can have any communication with him. I remain in despair till three o'clock, when one of the officers, who had just got an unattached lieutenant, walks in and asks, "What all that luggage is doing in the hall?" "Waiting till sent for." "Then I fear it may wait there till doomsday, for regiment, baggage and all, started two hours ago!"

You may imagine this information nearly drove me frantic; and the only wish I could think of for the colonel (who is a bachelor) was, that he had a wife and a dozen children to pack up for, and then he would have made up his mind about the luggage with more certainty. Douglas returned at five
THE INCANTATION.

I am by the haunted well,
Where love works his potent spell:
Thus I stir the water’s face,
Though but for a little space,
Wish of mine, or hope or fear,
May wake the glassy stillness here.

Now the spell is cast around thee—
Ludovic! my love hath bound thee!
In thy heart and in thy brain
Thou shalt feel a dizzy pain:
And though distant thou mayst be,
Thou shalt pine with thoughts of me!

Lo, ’tis done—I turn away—
Nothing thou canst think or say,
(Even though I might wish it too,)
Can the hermit’s spell undo:
Round thee coils the serpent twine—
Ludovic, thy love is mine!

Yet as from the waters, fast
Have the ruffling ripples past—
As they slumber still and clear,
Even as I had not been here;
And upon their glassy face,
Human passion leaves no trace;

So within thy heart and home
Calm and holy peace shall come;
Love for me shall pass away
Like yon sunbeam’s quivering ray,
And hearts that spell hath wrung with pain
Sink back to shadowy peace again.

I. B.
People may look down with contempt on the humble occupations of lawyers' clerk, miner, and superintendent of an iron forge, but there is no doubt that, in these several callings, young Ney learned many things that were of great practical use, and that afterwards facilitated his rapid progress. These advantages, however, would have been trifling in their effects, but for the favourable crisis in which he entered the army. This was in 1787, on the eve of that revolution which was to overthrow all established order, and all distinctions of birth, or rather to raise up a distinction in favour of the lowly born, who, in republican philosophy, were alone possessed of patriotism, courage, and talent. Ney himself cherished that system under which he had risen, and when at the climax of his fortune, when the cooper's son was a marshal of the empire, he affected to despise, and was unwilling to employ, men of noble birth. This too was perfectly natural, and as reasonable as the conduct of the nobles before the revolution, who judged of an individual according to the quarters of his scutcheon, and deemed him unworthy of serving his country in any elevated capacity if he could not prove pure blood. The fortunate soldier, however, was proud to be a Duke and Prince, and happy in the prospect of transmitting his titles and distinctions to his children, who must thus of course contribute to the formation of an aristocratic body. In this Ney was like all men, and all men will be like Ney. But to proceed with his history.

It was soon found that the young recruit wrote a good hand, which no doubt he had learned at the lawyers' desks — this accomplishment soon raised him to a seat in the bureau of the quarter-master of his regiment. At the same time he distinguished himself among his comrades by his fine soldier-like appearance, and his boldness and skill in riding, and in the use of his weapons. His first exploit was a duel with the fencing-master of the regiment — a great bully, it is said, whom he wounded in the wrist.

But soon he was to have a field for more conspicuous deeds — the eve went rapidly by, and the day of the French revolution came. "Equality of rights was proclaimed, privileges and exclusions no longer existed. Each was thenceforth what his own deeds made him." &c. &c. (We cannot repress a melancholy smile when we think in what this system of equality terminated.) To be noble was now held to be a foo to the republic, or a fool; Ney could prove his descent from a cooper at Sarrelouis — a proof of "civism," to use a word of the period — and consequently immediately rose to the rank of lieutenant, and was placed on the staff of General Lamarche, a man, of course, as lowly born as himself. From this time he was constantly employed in the Netherlands, on the Rhine, in Switzerland — wherever there was fighting — and rose from rank to

Mémoires du Maréchal Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskowa.
Publiés par sa Famille.
Memoirs of Marshal Ney. Published by his Family. Translated from the French.

Ney was born at the obscure town of Sarrelouis, in the year 1769. His father was a cooper at that place, but had once been a soldier, having served under the old French system, when none but the noble of birth could rise in the army. But the French were passionately fond of even the medium of glory which could fall to them individually as men in the line, or as non-commissioned officers. They were fond of war long before the state of things incident on the French revolution, and wonderful successes of Bonaparte, when not merely dukedoms but kingdoms were adjudged to the fortunate soldier of plebeian birth; therefore, as Ney's father had "seen some little service," and had even fought at the battle of Rosbach during the seven years' war, he was constantly talking about his military career, and thus inflamed the imagination of his son. Old Ney, however, was wise enough to see, as things then were in aristocratic France, that some civil employment or trade would tell more to the respectability and prosperity of his boy than the carrying of a musket or sabre, even though he might have the good fortune to be at another battle of Rosbach. Accordingly the future Duke of Elchingen and Prince of La Moskowa was placed in the office of one M. Valette, a notary public, who was to teach him "a bit o' the law." There Michael soon found that copying acts, contracts of sale, marriage settlements, and testaments, was an occupation not at all agreeable to "a head quite full of military notions." This was natural enough, and no doubt mainly the fault or the merit of the old soldier of Rosbach; but Ney's next step was a very odd one — he went from the civil to criminal law — he became clerk to the procureur du roi.

It was not likely that he, who was destined to be the hero of a hundred battles, should stay long in the procureur's than he had done in the notary's office — he soon quitted it, and wanted to enlist as a soldier. His father, who had already one son (Michael's senior) au service, still opposed this inclination, and young Ney went to gain his livelihood in the mines of Apenweiler. Here he learned all the processes which the ore underwent in its transformation. From these mines he was soon transferred to the iron works of Saleck, where he was raised to the post of superintendent, and where he might have acquired a competency. He stayed at Saleck two years, and then, being eighteen years of age, went to Metz, and enlisted in a regiment of hussars.
rank, until in 1799, he was appointed to the chief command of the army of the Rhine, with which, soon after, he gained the splendid victory of Hohenlinden.

When Bonaparte, a second time the conqueror of the Austrians in Italy, concluded a peace and returned to Paris, just in time to avail himself of the weakness and unpopularity of the Directory, and to get himself named first consul, among the men best adapted for the purposes of his future aggrandisement, General Ney stood prominent. He accordingly treated him in the most friendly manner, and his wife, the graceful and unfortunate Josephine, took upon herself the trouble of furnishing the soldier of fortune with a wife. Some of the brusque spirit of the expiring republic, probably still survived, for we find the first consul's lady sending Ney a letter of introduction and recommendation which he is to present in person to the family of the young lady, whom it is already settled, he is to espouse, though it does not appear that the parties had ever met before. This is one of many most amusing circumstances, highly characteristic of the times, contained in the volumes now under our notice.

The General married the lady to whom he was thus presented in 1802, and it is mentioned to his honour, that notwithstanding the important commands he had held, and the opportunities he had had of enriching himself during six years of successful war, he only possessed the moderate sum of 80,000 francs, or 3,200L, on the day of his wedding. The first consul then sent Ney in a diplomatic capacity to Switzerland, (the summary diplomacy of Bonaparte did not require an apprenticeship,) and soon after named him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Diet of the Swiss Cantons. Whilst in this novel position he received a remarkable despatch from that most remarkable of men, Talleyrand! We earnestly recommend this document to our reader's admiration and reflection—it will be found at page 83, vol. ii. Indeed at this particular point the work is remarkably interesting, relating to what the French writer calls Swiss insurgents, but whom we, with more justice, call patriots—to such men as Reding, Außermair, Wirch, and Hira, who obstinately preferred liberty, as they understood it, and their old-established Swiss republics, to the new theories and forms of the French people, who were now, indeed, rapidly verging to a military despotism, and an hereditary empire.

When the First Consul "accepted" the new title which was offered to him, and was proclaimed Emperor on the 19th of May, 1804," Ney stood as high in favour as ever, and was one of the first batch of "marshals of the empire." We cannot follow him through his subsequent campaigns in Germany, Poland, Russia—in the retreat in the memorable campaign of Moscow, in 1812, or in the other reverses which brought about the abdication of his master in 1814. All our readers will remember his conduct when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and that the "last scene of all" of the wonderful drama of his life was a walled court in the rear of the Luxembourg Palace, at Paris, where the victor of many fields—the survivor of perils innumerable—the son of the cooper of Sarrelouis, the general, the diplomatist, the marshal, the duke, the prince, "the bravest of the brave," was shot as a traitor!

It would be supererogatory to say that such a life, however written, must be one of powerful interest. But the Memoirs, as far as they go, in the two volumes now before us, which is down to the Austrian campaign of 1805, are well executed, and making allowance for some natural, and even laudable partiality, are entitled to attention as a valuable addition to the history of the astounding, unprecedented events which happened in Europe between the years 1787 and 1816. Each volume contains a copious index of official documents, (the most important materials for future historians,) and the second volume moreover is enriched with a curious and valuable treatise on the military art, from the pen of the unfortunate Marshal.

As we have little room for extract, we merely select a short passage, descriptive of his personal appearance.

"Marshal Ney was tall, athletic, well made, and broad-chested. Each attitude and motion denoted health and strength of muscle. A soul of fire contained in a frame of iron. His somewhat pale complexion, his large forehead, his under lip and chin rather prominent, and his strongly-marked, though not harsh features, gave a manly and severe character to a countenance strongly depicting the workings of his mind, and the rapid impressions it received. The play of his features forcibly expressed the feelings by which he was excited. The fatigues of his profession, during the last years of his life, had made him almost bald. His hair, of a fiery auburn, had caused the soldiers to give him the nicknames of Peter the Red, and the Red Lion, as they gave the emperor that of the Little Corporal. And when from afar off they heard the thunder of his cannon, they would exclaim among themselves, 'Courage! The Red Lion is roaring—all will soon be right, for Peter the Red is coming!'"

The translation of the work, which we have used for our extract, is done in a superior manner; it gives both the spirit and sense of the original, and is at once true to the French, and idiomatic and elegant as English.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan.

Lady Morgan, though a very provoking, is certainly a clever and very amusing writer. Though we differ from her in notions of politics and taste in literature, we seldom lay down a work of hers from pure ennui, or without having enjoyed a hearty laugh or two during the perusal of it. The present scenes from real life, contain some irresistible scenes of Irish life. Call them caricatures—farce—call them what you will, it cannot be denied that they are amusing. The first part, or "Manor Sackville," is decidedly the best—the tender intimacy, (her
THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Ladyship of a certainty would call it liaison,) subsisting between the Irish housekeeper, Mrs. Quigley, and the Irish sub-agent Jeremiah Galbeath, Esq. of Maryville, Mohcgerow, is developed with great form and spirit. This morceau (as her Ladyship would say), should, and will recommend the book to perusal.

We regret to see that her Ladyship (to use another of her words), is as "affectuous" as ever, and just as fond of French phrases and Italian words—the former of which she generally misconstrues, and the latter she almost invariably misapplies.

British Museum. Elgin Marbles.

This is a very useful, excellent little volume, evidently the production of a scholar and a man of a bold and original cast of mind—qualities that are not often found in the same person. The reader will find in it not only an ample history of the immortal marbles down to their removal into this country by Lord Elgin, and of the Parthenon of Athens which they once adorned, but a history of the fine arts in ancient Greece, and more particularly of sculpture as it was carried to matchless perfection by Phidias and his cotemporaries. The whole is written in such a plain, intelligible manner as to recommend the work as a proper guide to all visitors of the British Museum, who will certainly feel the beauty and interest of the Elgin marbles enhanced by a previous perusal of the volume. Nearly a hundred wood cuts give correct and spirited representations of these ancient marbles, and the book contains besides a view and plan of the Acropolis, and a map of Athens.

Tales of the Caravanserai. The Khan's Tale. By James Baillie Fraser. Author of the Kuzzibash, &c.

This volume, which forms the seventh of "The Library of Romance," contains some admirable pictures of Persian, Koordistan and Toorkoman life, such as only one who, like Mr. Fraser, has travelled and lived among those curious races of men could give.

There is here and there a scene in the introduction, particularly that where a warlike Khan and some military retainers, a half frantic dervish, an emeer on a pilgrimage from Hindostan, a party of Asfraun horse-dealers, an Armenian from Isplahan, and a whole kasfiah of merchants, and others, meet at a half-ruined caravansera, and are detained there by a snow storm, that is almost equal to anything of the sort we have ever met with. The story, which, we suppose, is the first of a series, is sufficiently interesting, and has not its author's usual defect of being too long. Some of its details are very instructive.

Rhymes and Rhapsodies. By R. Folkestone Williams.

If a volume of poetry at all equal in merit to this had made its appearance five and twenty years ago it would certainly have met attention and applause; but we have had names great in song in rapid succession which have dazzled us and blinded us to the perception of the beauty of minor bards, and of late years the public mind has been running in a matter-of-fact, utilitarian course, altogether inimical to poetry. We trust confidently that this state of things will only have its day, and that the poet will soon again command that portion of attention which his art deservi deserves.

If a delicacy of feeling and expression, if a keen perception of the beauties of nature, if a subdued enthusiasm, and generous sentiments, and pure taste may aid that consummation, Mr. Williams's volume will not be without its effect.

The dedication "to Laura" is truly a graceful piece of poetry; the "Monody on Sir Walter Scott" is very good, and justly appreciates the heart and intellect of that excellent man and wonderful writer; the "Hymn to Shakspeare" is still better, and the passionate burst with which it concludes must have been heartfelt by the author. We have not space even to name the numerous other poems which have pleased us, but cordially recommend the whole collection to our reader's notice.

Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. New Edition, uniform with the Waverley Novels, with Notes, &c., and Designs taken from real scenes, by J. W. Turner, R. A.

We have now before us three volumes of this very cheap and beautiful publication, comprising the greatest part of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The views are admirable! That in the third volume, of Kelso, one of the loveliest spots in the south of Scotland, is truly beautiful, and like the place. From the manner in which these volumes are published (once a month) and from their very low price (only five shillings each), we hope they may find their way into nearly every house in the United Kingdom.

Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works, in a Series of Etchings, by Revel, from Original Paintings, by A. Colin.

"The series of illustrations," says the publisher, "now submitted to the public are engraved from paintings by A. Colin, a French artist of considerable eminence, and a warm admirer of Lord Byron's poetry. • • • • The illustrator of Byron's Works will welcome, we hope, this foreign tribute to their collections, while its extreme moderation of price places it within the reach of every collector. The work will be comprised in four parts, each containing five plates, with extracts illustrating the subject." To this modest address we will only add that, in the number before us (the first), the designs and the style in which they are etched are very pleasing, and that each part only costs eighteen pence.
The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare, with a Life, Glossarial Notes, and one hundred and seventy Illustrations from the Plates in Boydell's Edition. Edited by A. J. Valpy, M.A.

We favourably noticed this cheap, elegant, and correct edition on the publication of the first volume. It has now reached the tenth volume, without any diminution to the excellent character we gave it. We hope in the meantime it has met that very extensive sale which alone can reward its elegant and enterprising publisher, and we recommend it to all who are about to possess themselves of that inexhaustible fund of delight—a complete copy of Shakspeare's works.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. History of Europe during the Middle Ages.

A sufficient recommendation to this volume will be to mention that it is from the pen of Sismondi, the celebrated historian of the Italian Republics, and author of the History of Switzerland, in this same valuable series. This fact is not generally known, and it would appear to be contradicted by a passage in the present volume, where Sismondi is at once called a great man and taxed with inaccuracy in the Spanish portion of his work on the Literature of Southern Europe. But the editor, of course, exercises his rights; and he is certainly correct both in his praise and partial blame.

Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832. By G. Lloyd Hodges, Esq., late Colonel in the service of her most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal.

This is an amusing, gossiping book; the production of a soldier who describes what he saw and heard in the course of a very curious drama. The Quarterly Review has good naturedly found out that the late Colonel is not a great philosopher; we never heard that he had any pretension to be one, but he bears the character of a man likely to tell the truth, and, as such, his volumes have not only a claim on the attention of those who now take an interest in the complicated affairs of Portugal, but may be valuable to the future writer who shall detail the singular events of the present period of Portuguese history.

We have said the book is amusing—many of the anecdotes are delightfully so.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—A magnificent state entertainment was given on Thursday, Aug. 15, by the King to the Officers of the Royal Artillery, on the occasion of his presenting to their corps a splendid candelabrum, as a token of his approbation of their services. The officers appeared in full regiments, and wore their respective insignia of knighthood. Lord Hill, Sir James Kempen, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Colonel Egerton, and Major Dundas, were among the company.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria are paying a visit at Plymouth, where they have met with the most hearty reception.

The late Mr. Wilberforce.—The late Mr. Wilberforce was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the 3rd of last month. The funeral procession moved from Cadogan Place, accompanied by an immense crowd of people, who flanked it on either side, to the Abbey. When it reached Westminster Hall, it was joined by a considerable number of Peers, and about a hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons, all dressed in deep mourning. The pall-bearers were, on one side, Lord Brougham, Mr. Manners Sutton, Lord Bexley, and the Marquis of Westminster; on the other, Mr. Charles Grant, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. William Smith, and the Duke of Gloucester,—who, according to etiquette, was the last on the extreme right. The procession of the Peers, as they entered the Abbey, was headed by the Dukes of Sussex and Wellington; then followed the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Chichester, and others. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, the Dukes of Sussex, Gloucester, and Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lords Brougham, Lansdowne, Rosslyn, Althorp, Auckland, and others, formed a circle round it. The grave is close to the tombs of Fox, Pitt, and Canning. The funeral service was performed by Dr. Halcombe. Upon the coffin-lid is this inscription—"William Wilberforce, Esquire. Born 24th of August, 1759. Died 29th of July, 1833."

France.—Drama, &c.—The opera of "Gustavus III." has excited the attention of the people in Sweden. M. Scribe, it seems, without giving himself the trouble of looking into history, has given us a picture of the intrigues of the wife of Ankerstrom and the king, never dreaming that the lady is still alive. The king, it is asserted, never even saw her! The lady, who is now far advanced in years, lost two husbands by a tragical occurrence. Ankerstrom, her first husband, finished his life on a scaffold, and her second husband, who was a clergyman, was killed in the night, in the church, by his own brother, at the moment when the pastor was collecting together the money that had been left in the vestry. The brother thought he was attacking a robber, and he
did not discover that he had killed his brother till after the fatal deed was irremediable.

The Star of Perlet seems to be on the wane. Since his return, this year, to the "Gymnase," he has not been successful. Few attend his acting, and the first piece in which he appeared was hissed. It was called the "Couche du Soleil," and is occupied with the story of a man who is employed during a whole day in overcoming the obstacles which threaten to exclude him from a house where he insists on residing, being apprehensive of imprisonment by the police.

There is something very curious in the fate of one of the young dancers at the opera. Her name is Varin, and she is distinguished for the grace, elegance, and beauty of her movements. When M. and Madame Varin were attached to the Imperial Theatre, at St. Petersburg, they were struck with her elegant manners, although then a slave and a Russian by birth, and having adopted her as their own child, they initiated her in that art which they cultivated themselves with so much success. It is owing to this benevolent conduct that the young girl escaped from so painful a destiny, and is now displaying those valuable talents, which it is to be hoped may long continue to be the ornament of the opera.

Madame Dorval is no longer acting at the "Théâtre de la Porte, Saint Martin." Worn out with the persecutions of which she was the victim on the part of the management, she has given up her engagement, and intends travelling. It is expected, however, that she will shortly perform at the "Amblé." At this theatre a new piece, "Le Festin de Balthasar," is being represented to crowded and applauding audiences.

A fascinating young actress, Mademoiselle Bouvarets, has lately become the wife of a noble viscount, who has also made over to her the whole of his fortune. Agreeably to her particular desire, however, she continues to perform on the stage, and delights her adoring husband with the display of those talents which have hitherto called forth his admiration.

Russia.—A novel and curious publication has lately been undertaken in Petersburgh. It is formed upon the plan of the "Livre des Cent et Un," and contains a collection of original productions, in prose and verse, by all the most celebrated living Russian authors. It is entitled the "Novosselie," and is to be published by a bookseller, named Smirin. The latter gentleman having recently finished building a very splendid mansion in the capital, invited to the house-warming every author then residing there. As a mark of gratitude towards their liberal-minded host, the guests present conceived the idea of the "Novosselie." It is said that the getting up of this work, which is enriched with splendid engravings, has cost 22,000 rubles; twenty-seven authors have sent valuable contributions to it, and it will present a complete picture of the modern literature of Russia.

Iceland.—Thorlakson, the poet of Iceland, the translator of Milton's Paradise Lost into his native tongue, is the inhabitant of a poor hut at Baegisia. His room is hardly six feet long by four feet wide, and its only furniture his bed, and the table on which he writes. Its situation, however, is highly picturesque, being seated between three high mountains, and is surrounded by torrents. The bard's income does not exceed 6l. per annum!

Constantinople.—A detachment of Saint Simonians recently made their appearance at Constantinople, in search of the "free woman" residing in that capital, for the purpose of marrying her to Father Enfantin; but the liberties which these "doctrinaires" took with the Turkish ladies, caused their immediate arrest and expulsion from the city, and having adopted her as their own child, they initiated her in that art which they cultivated themselves with so much success. It is owing to this benevolent conduct that the young girl escaped from so painful a destiny, and is now displaying those valuable talents, which it is to be hoped may long continue to be the ornament of the opera.

Dreadful Fire.—A fire broke out in a baker's shop and flour warehouse, situated in Scotland Yard, Liverpool, on the 3rd of last month, about twelve o'clock at night. In a short time the roof fell in, and apprehensions were felt lest one of the walls, which was slightly built, should fall upon the persons who were engaged in removing property from an adjoining timber-yard, belonging to a Mr. Roberts. These persons were warned to desist, and some took the advice and moved off; but others continued at work. About half-past one the wall was seen to give way: there was a cry "It's coming!" and all escaped except six men, who were in the timber-yard, standing on the verge of a sawpit, or in it, and one who was on the roof of it. The wall fell forward with a loud crash, extending nearly across the yard, and carrying with it a joiner's shop, the roof of the sawpit, and the side wall of an adjoining dwelling-house. In a few minutes a cry was heard to proceed from amidst the dust, bricks, and rubbish in the direction of the sawpit; and one man was soon dug out alive, but terribly bruised. The dead bodies of the remaining six were also found in the course of the morning.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR OCTOBER, 1833.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF MISS MARIAN MILLICENT BARTON.

Marian Millicent Barton, whose portrait forms the embellishment of the present number, is the daughter and sole surviving child of the late James Barton, Esq., of Penwortham Hall, in the county palatine of Lancaster.

Mr. Barton's ancestors had resided, from the most remote period, on their property at Ormskirk in the same county; but about two centuries since the family removed to Penwortham, which had formerly been a priory attached to the superior monastery in the Vale of Evesham, in Worcestershire.—The great grandfather of Miss Barton in some degree modernised the interior of the building, but by retaining the moat, drawbridge, and Gothic character of the old structure, did not entirely obliterate its monastic appearance: and it is still in many respects worthy the attention of the antiquary.

This property has now passed into the ancient family of Rawstorne of the same county, and is in the possession of Lawrence Rawstorne, Esq.

Miss Barton's family on the maternal side boasts of equal, if not still greater, antiquity; tracing their descent in an uninterrupted line from one of the captains in the army of William the Conqueror, who obtained a grant of the property of Croston Hall, in the county of Cumberland, which Sir Wastel Brisco, Bart., the head of the family, at present possesses.

SUMMER SONGS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

II.—NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!
SUMMER SONGS.

Ye, from the crowd your vestal beauty turning,
Keep in dim urns the precious odour shrined,
Till steps are hush'd and faithful stars are burning,
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind;
So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart;
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows,
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill;
But yield their fragrance with the faint sweet voices
Rising from hidden founts when all is still,
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

III.—THE WANDERING WIND.

The wind, the wandering wind
Of golden summer eyes!
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones among the leaves?

Oh, is it from the waters
Or from the long, tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathing pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The wind, the wandering wind!

No, no, the strange sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,
Nor of the caverned hill:
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.

They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the wind, the wandering wind!
HABITS OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

It has been remarked that "a fondness for adorning the person for the sake of obtaining admiration from men is natural to all women." Now allowing this to be true, surely no one can condemn so laudable a desire of pleasing on the part of the fair sex, whatever may be its ulterior object. The female mind, for the most part, has so few important considerations wherewith to occupy itself, and so few opportunities of publicly displaying its judgment and taste, except in matters of dress, that we cannot wonder at seeing so much attention paid to it by women of every class; besides, when it is remembered that the amount expended by ladies in articles of dress and bijouterie by far exceeds that spent by the "lords of the creation" for the same purpose, a female fondness for fashion must always be considered as a national blessing, and one of the many advantages derived from a splendid court. We would, however, by no means be understood as advocating that excessive love of dress which is indulged in by some, reckless of all consequences, and which would almost induce them, Tarpeia-like, to sacrifice their country for a bracelet. The opening remark was made on the Roman ladies some two thousand years ago, and it is of their different dresses that we now propose to treat; these, in splendour, richness, and gracefulness, were not surpassed even by those of the present day, if we may judge from the little insight afforded us by old Latin writers into the mysteries of a Roman lady's toilette.

The ladies of ancient Rome rose early, and immediately enjoyed the luxury of the bath, which was sometimes of perfumed water; they then underwent a process of polishing with pumice-stone for the purpose of smoothing the skin, and after being anointed with rich perfumes they threw around them a loose robe and retired to their dressing-rooms, where they received morning visits from their friends, and discussed the merits of the last eloquent speech delivered in the senate, or the probable conqueror in the next gladiatorial combat. After the departure of their visitors commenced the business of the toilette, which occupied a considerable portion of time; the maids were summoned, to each of whom a different duty was assigned: some formed a kind of council and only looked on to direct and assist the others by their advice and experience; one held the mirror before her mistress; while others there were to whom it was a constant care:—

The bodkins, comb, and essence to prepare.

With the exception of the looking-glass the articles of the toilette were much the same as those in use at present. The glass, or, more properly speaking, mirror, was composed of a highly polished plate of metal*, generally silver, richly chased around the edges, and adorned with precious stones; this was not fixed in a frame like the modern glass, but held by a slave. The combs were formed of ivory and rose-wood. Curling tongs, bodkins, and hair pins were also known; the former was a simple bar of iron heated in the fire, around which the hair was turned in order to produce a curl; the two latter were made of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls; it was probably with one of these bodkins that Cleopatra gave herself a death-wound, and not, as is commonly supposed, with an adder.

The use of perfumes, cosmetics, and depilatories, prevailed to a great extent amongst the Romans; the first were obtained at a considerable expense from India, Greece, and Persia; there are still in existence a few recipes for making the cosmetics used two thousand years ago, and which will be found to have many ingredients in common with similar preparations of our own time. Ovid gives the following, and adds, that those who use it will possess a complexion smoother than the surface of their polished mirrors:—

"Take two pounds of Lybian barley, free from straw and chaff, and an equal quantity of the pea of the wild vetch, mix these with ten eggs, let it harden and pound it, add two ounces of hartshorn, and a dozen roots of the narcissus bruised in a mortar, two ounces of gum, and two ounces of meal, reduce the whole to a powder, sift it, and add nine times the quantity of honey." Some used poppy juice and water, and others a pop or poultice of bread and milk, with which they completely covered the face, and kept on in their own houses; this when removed left the skin smooth and fair. Depilatories were used to form and adorn the eyebrows, which it was considered elegant to have joined across the nose.

* Looking glasses were known to the Romans and obtained from the Phrygians, but they were not in general use.
On one part of a Roman lady’s dressing table might be seen her small silver tooth brush, which, with the assistance of a little pure water and occasionally a powder of mastic wood, formed her only dentifrice; near it stood a paper containing a black powder, which when ignited sent up a volume of thick smoke, and had the valuable property of restoring the eyes to their former brilliancy if weakened by the gaiety of the preceding evening, or by a sleepless night occasioned by the constant serenades of her lover beneath her window. Here was a bottle of the perfume of Pæstum, and there a box of rouge, and another of hair-dye; on another part lay a large coil or braid of false hair, made up by a male hair-dresser, and near it were the bodkins, the chains, the rings, and the richly-studded bands of white and purple which adorned the head; this braid was worn on the crown of the head, the hair from the nape of the neck being all pulled out by the roots. Continual changes were taking place in the fashion of wearing the hair; at first it was cut off as a votive offering to the gods, but the Roman ladies soon discovered that “a luxuriant head of hair was a powerful auxiliary of female beauty,” and allowed it to grow; at one time it was worn high in bows with a range of curls in front; at another à la Grecque; then allowed to float in the air in a dishevelled state, and again à la militaire in the form of a helmet. Light hair was sometimes worn over that of a naturally dark shade, auburn being the colour most esteemed and admired by both sexes; those who had white or dark hair used saffron as a dye to give it an auburn tinge. Some ladies used gold dust as a hair powder, “which shed such a ray of glory around them as dazzled all beholders, and gave their heads an appearance of being on fire.” When the ladies did not “wear their hair” they wore a kind of veil and a turban or bonnet called mitra; this was like a bishop’s mitre in shape but not so high, and with a lappet hanging over each cheek, something, in short, like a modern mob cap, which elegant head-dress owes its origin, no doubt, to the classical mitra: thus has the Roman female head-dress descended to our times, not only as one of the insignia of the members of the Right Reverend Bench, but also in the shape of a covering for our domestic matrons.

After having performed their ablutions, and gone through all the little delicate offices of making the complexion, perfuming the person, and endeavouring by art to excel nature, the Roman ladies were prepared to put on their costly garments, which were duly produced by the slave who held the honourable post of “Mistress of the Robes.” In the earlier ages the under garment—which in other respects differed little from the modern—was worn as high as the chin and down to the feet, so as to leave no part of the person visible except the face, in time, however, it was cut lower and shortened; over this was worn the tunica, a dress composed of many folds, open at the sides and with sleeves; these sleeves were left open from the shoulder to the wrist, and fastened with clasps of gold and silver; one end of the tunica was fixed to the left shoulder, while the other was carried across the breast and fell negligently over the right shoulder till it touched the ground; this train was generally carried over the arm when walking, so as to show the right ankle; but it was considered negligent and graceful to allow it to drag on the ground instead of holding it up, and consequently was a custom much in vogue amongst the distinguées of ancient Rome. This was the dress worn during the republic, but it is difficult to obtain a correct description of it from the very vague accounts handed down to us; probably, as in most republics, little attention was paid to dress, at all events it was plain and simple. It was not until the time of the emperors that the Goddess of Fashion reared her head in the capital of the world, when though considerable alterations took place in dress, yet a few traits of the former style were retained. The number of garments worn varied according to the temperature of the wearer; they were generally three: the first was the simple vest; the second a kind of petticoat richly worked in front and surrounded at the waist by a belt, which answered the purpose of a corset, and was formed in front like a stomacher, richly studded with jewels; then came the third and principal garment, the stola, which entirely superseded the use of the ancient tunica; this was a robe with a small train trimmed at the bottom with a deep border of purple and gold; it was confined at the waist by a belt, and the upper part thrown back so as to discover the embroidered front of the second garment or petticote; on this front was worn the laticlave, an order or decoration of the empire granted to distinguished men, and sometimes assumed by females in right of their husbands*. Over

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* Orders were sometimes conferred on ladies. The senate granted a riband of a peculiar pattern to the wife and mother of Coriolanus, to be worn by them in consideration of valuable services performed to the state.
all these was worn the palla or cloak, with a
train of some yards in length, which fell from
the shoulders, where it was fastened by two
richly ornamented fibula or clasps; this train
was trimmed with gold and silver, and some-
times with precious stones, and was usually
carried over the left shoulder in the manner
of the ample roqueelaure worn by gentlemen.
It will be seen from the above description
that there is a considerable resemblance be-
tween the ancient Roman dress and the
modern court dress, the former perhaps ex-
ceeding the latter in gracefulness and
elegance of appearance, from its numerous folds
and flowing outline. The materials of which
these dresses were composed were silk, cash-
mere, and linen. Embroidery was procured
from the Phoenicians and Assyrians; the for-
mer was most esteemed as it was raised,
while the latter was smooth with the surface
of the cloth. The only colour used for robes
was white trimmed with purple, coloured
clothes not being considered “comme il faut”
amongst the higher orders at Rome.

The Roman stocking was of silk, generally
pink or flesh-coloured, over which was worn
a shoe or rather boot reaching above the ankle,
turned up at the point like a Chinese shoe,
and laced up from the instep tight to the leg.
This boot was made of white leather or the
papryus bark, ornamented with gold, silver,
and jewels. Sandals were also in use; they
consisted of a simple sole with riband attached
to it, and was laced up like a modern sandal,
at the same time supplying the place of a
garter by keeping the stocking up. We
are informed that coquettes used cork soles
and false insteps of cork, but never disfigured
their persons by the barbarian ornaments of
necklace, ring, or ear-ring.

After the Roman lady had completed her
toilette she sallied out, followed by a slave, for
a promenade beneath the porticoes of the
Forum, where she could not only cheapen
goods, but also hear what was going on in the
law courts; after continuing her walk up the
gentle ascent of the gay and crowded Suburra
Street, she returned to her own house, the thres-
hold of which (if she happened to be unmar-
rried) was adorned with garlands of flowers,
placed there by her young patrician admirers;
some of these flowers her attendants collected
to fill the splendid vase which stood in her
chamber, and preceded her to draw aside the
curtain which supplied the place of a door
into the tapestried and perfumed apartment;
here she enters, and sinking softly down into
an ivory and gold adorned chair, she is wel-
comed by the chirping notes of her favourite
bird which hangs near in a gilded cage. By
her side stands a beautiful page, who gently
wafts a plume of peacocks' feathers around
her head, while a slave presents a small stick
wrapped around with, apparently, a roll of
straw-coloured riband, but in reality it is a
letter from the young Emilius, who adopts
this mode of writing in preference to the
usual waxen tablet, not only because it is a
fashion introduced from Greece, but because
it preserves most inviolably those secrets
which are only meant to meet the eye of his
lovely mistress; far be it from us to pry into
these secrets, so let us now bid adieu to the
fair Lucretia, who already begins anxiously
to unroll the folds of her papyrian epistle.

E. L. L.

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**SPRING.**

BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE R. B. SHERIDAN.

From yonder copse, yet poor in shade,
And scanty clad in green,
Why burst such notes to charm the glade,
And praise the season's queen?
Each breeze, each flower, that glads the sense,
To us new raptures bring,
But are these warblers tutored thence
To hail the coming spring?

Ah! no, they little mark the flower,
They little heed the breeze,
Nor early beam, nor genial shower
Can call such strains as these.

But, with their annual passion moved,
'Tis love that bids them sing,
And still to love, and to be loved,
Is all they feel of spring!

Shall I, then, life's chill winter fear,
Whose bliss no seasons bound,
Shall I, who love throughout the year,
One hour in grief be found?
A life of love is endless May—
Fortune, I brave thy sting—
For though thou may'st o'ercast my day,
Each night shall still be spring.
THE FORGED WILL.

My dear Wilton,

You have considered it worth your while to remind me of a promise which I made you some time ago, to furnish you with a narrative of my life. I shall allude but slightly to the events which preceded my departure for India, as well as to those which occurred during my residence in the East, and hasten forward to that subsequent period which I have ever since been accustomed to regard as the most interesting of my existence. In order to the right understanding of the narrative, it will be first necessary to state, in few words, the circumstances and condition of my family. The loss of both my parents, in infancy, occasioned my removal to the seat of George Bromley, Esq., my paternal uncle, one of the jovial bachelors who relish both their bottle and their friend, but who would much rather choose to sacrifice the latter, than to forswear allegiance to the "merry god." My hours, at Bromley-hall, were employed to no very advantageous purpose, and I fancied that my situation furnished me with an adequate plea to claim all exemption from study and useful pursuits. Though my uncle possessed several nephews besides myself, I was regarded, universally, as heir-presumptive of Bromley-hall; and, my constitutional idleness being increased by this consideration no less than by my uncle's inattention, I took little pains to supply the fearful vacuum which existed in my mind.

I was naturally of a headstrong and ungovernable disposition. When a scheme had once found footing in my obstinate brain, however repugnant it might have been to sound reason, neither the advice of neighbours nor the remonstrances of my uncle availed to deter me from moving heaven and earth to carry it into execution. In 1790, (I was then in my eighteenth year,) it struck me forcibly, that my uncle had never certainly informed me whether or not he designed for me the mansion and estate of Bromley; and that, in case of his death, and leaving the property to another, my situation, all circumstances considered, would be none of the most comfortable. Destitute of education, unsupplied with the means of procuring even a livelihood capable of keeping body and soul together, and possessed of few or no genuine friends, I contemplated such a contingency with gloomy forebodings. Actuated by them, I conceived a resolution, (and my resolutions, when once taken, were, unfortunately for myself, never departed from,) to embark, in some capacity or other, for the Eastern world. The ideas of India and wealth are intimately associated in the imaginations of youth, and experience is alone able to convince us that they are not necessarily conjoined. My worthy uncle used all the means in his power to dissuade me from taking this chimerical step, and even offered to draw up his will in favour of his disobedient nephew. The latter, however, my dear Wilton, had said his say, and, accordingly, my uncle was obliged to purchase me a cadetship in the Honourable East India Company's service.

You are already aware of the untoward circumstances which obstructed my progress in the East; it is unnecessary to recapitulate them. Suffice it to say, that after a residence of five years in Hindostan, I employed almost the whole funds of which I was master to enable me to sell out; and, on the 23rd of March, 1796, I found myself on board the Trident, homeward bound, with a light purse and a heavy heart. I had been constantly accustomed to hear from my uncle as opportunities offered, but for six months prior to my quitting Bombay these communications had entirely ceased. Unable otherwise to comprehend the cause of his silence, I allowed myself to anticipate the worst, and my apprehensions were confirmed by the announcement of his death, which appeared in the Brighton Gazette, and which I found at St. Helena, where we touched in our passage home. It was true that my uncle had not precisely declared his intention to leave me his heir, after my refusal to remain in England, yet, somehow or other, I had not scrupled to indulge the hope of being one day the proprietor of Bromley. Subsequently to our leaving St. Helena, visions of happiness floated on my young fancy, and Christianity had not yet taught me that a tear was due to the memory of the dead, previous to suffering considerations of personal interest to intrude themselves on more solemn thoughts. Many were the plans which I concerted, many the innovations which I proposed to effect in the general appearance of the Hall. I would open a
window on the south side, where a view
could be obtained of the Thames; I would
cut away the trees in front, and alter the
avenue from a direct to a serpentine form;
I would pull down the old houses which
deformed the entrance into the deer-park,
and plant a shrubbery on the east, to screen
me from the gaze of the dirty rabble; and,
though last, not least, I would take unto
myself a wife, and spend the remainder of
my days in the joys of matrimony! Never,
in short, my dear Wilton, did my hopes beat
higher; never did they appear more likely
to be realised, and never did adversity seem
more distant from my path, than at the very
moment when I was, in good earnest, penny-
less, friendless. On the 4th June we were
spoken with by the Eagle, outward bound.
A cargo of newspapers was transferred on
board the Trident, and I accidentally took
up "The Morning Chronicle," which fell
first from the budget. "I would not advise
you, Bromley," said a young mate, with
whom I had become acquainted in the course
of our voyage; "I would not advise you
to try, 'The Morning Chronicle.' I have
heard it said, seriously, that all bad news is
first conveyed through a whimsy medium."
"Fudge, fudge, my dear fellow," an-
swered I; "I'll lay you a thousand sovereigns
to a button, that the first paragraph on the
last page will contain good news for some
one." As I spoke I mechanically turned
round the sheet, and you may well imagine
my dismay and astonishment, on reading the
following words:—

"GENERAL ELECTION.—We understand
that Charles Mitford Bromley, Esq. of Brom-
ley-hall, is the ministerial nominee for the
representation of the borough of Blechingly.

Had a thunderbolt burst at my feet that
moment, it could not more completely have
astonished and staggered me. "My cousin
Mitford, the eldest son of my uncle's sister,
was then in possession of the Hall; my uncle
had forgotten me; the cup of anticipated plea-

sures had been dashed from my lips, and
I stood, as it were, alone in the world, a
wretched, solitary, and isolated thing."

The vehemence of my passions completely
overcame me, and allowing myself to reflect
upon nothing, save on the certainty of my
misery, I verily believe that, had we been
spoken to on that day by an outward bound
vessel, I should, without doubt, have returned
to Bombay. Luckily, however, as it has
since turned out, we did not meet with a
single sail for the course of a week, and by
that time reason and sober reflection had
come to my aid, and determined me to per-
severe in steering for Britain. From the 4th
of June to the period of our landing at Ports-
mouth, (September 2nd,) my whole faculties
were absorbed in a sort of stupid apathy.
I have said already that a liberal education
I had none. Nature might, indeed, have
fitted me for standing sentinel in an Indian
jungle, and I dare say I possessed physical
strength sufficient to cleave an enemy to his
brisket, and perhaps steadiness of eye suffi-
cient to pass a bullet through an object at
some distance; but I could never hope to
rise far in my profession, destitute of those
mental attainments which are alike necessary
to eminence in civil and military employ-
ments. At one time, in the course of my
ruminations, I conceived some idea of qualifi-

ing for the church, at another for the
bar; but these schemes and imaginings were
presently dismissed, and replaced by others
equally Utopian.

We landed at Portsmouth, as I have
already stated, on the 2nd September, 1796.
My packages, heaven knows, were not large.
All my funds had been consumed in pro-
curing my discharge, and I was, consequently,
unable to provide myself with any of those
luxuries and rarities of the Eastern world
which I might have disposed of to advantage
in my native country. Forty or fifty sover-
eigns were all I had left in the world. The
lightness of my pockets had, previous to the
news of my misfortune, made little impres-
sion on a heart naturally volatile; for, setting
myself down as already in possession of my
uncle's estate, I conceived that no expense
could be contracted which the rental of
Bromley was not more than sufficient to
cover.

I left Portsmouth on the day following
that on which we landed, and proceeded to
London, with not a single plan digested for
the ways and means of my future subsis-
tence. Seated on the top of a stage-coach,
(the top, my dear friend, for economy began
to intrude its ill-natured warnings into all
my projects,) I half formed a resolution to
cast myself on my cousin's generosity, and
to solicit from a relative that pittance, which,
it seemed more than probable, I should
otherwise be compelled to beg at the hands
of strangers. But the thought was crushed
almost in the very moment of its formation.
I had a soul of pride, Wilton, a soul that
constitutionally spurned at the idea of de-
pendence; and, though the feeling be a good
one when properly controlled, it has often
operated to my material prejudice. I believe,
however, that I become too proxim. Well, to cut this part of my story short, it will be sufficient to observe, that, on my arrival in London, I perused, by the merest accident, a newspaper notice, advertising for a young man who could officiate as one of the under clerks at the Stamp Office. That very evening I answered it, and, in less than a week, poor McLaren Bromley commenced his un-wonted labours, surrounded by mountains of receipts, folios, ledgers, &c. &c. My mind became insensibly more calm; the vehemence of despair had given place, in some measure, to the stillness of resignation, and after various struggles with my pride, I at length found myself on the road to act as herald of my own return to Charles Mitford Bromley, Esq. of Bromley-hall. I had already been in London, in my new situation, about a month, and had made sundry inquiries into the character of my relative. I found that he had fallen into dissipated habits, and was regarded by the country gentlemen, (or rather by those of them who acted up to the adage, "a short life and a merry one";) as the leading better at a horse race, and the deepest drinker at a tavern dinner. Though such a description could not be said to promise fair, I was still urged, by an unaccountable curiosity, to visit Bromley.

My ruminations, you may suppose, were not of the most pleasing kind, when, after a walk of five miles and a half, I entered the long and straight avenue which conducts through a forest of beeches to the principal gateway of the hall. As I advanced silently along, a thousand associations crowded on my mind. They resembled a dream of vanished years. The traveller, who, after a long absence, revisits, for the first time, the dwelling of his youth, and finds the places of father and mother, brothers and sisters, occupied by unknown forms, may conceive some idea of my emotions. The wind was sighing mournfully among the trees, and I verily imagined that the old beeches shook their heads at me as I passed. Beneath their once loved shade, I had often gambolled in the levity of childhood. How often had I here bestrode my uncle's silver-headed stick, while Othello could scarcely have more exulted in "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war," than I did in the dexterity with which I charged on my inanimate steed! How often had I launched the mimic barge on the little stream which pulsed through the adjoining field; and no merchantman beholds, with greater pride, his gallant vessel steering from the harbour, than I did my Lilliputian sloop, nine inches by two, manoeuvring in a manner that clearly indicated, in my conception, the superior skill of the carpenter! I remembered to have cut the initials of my name, a few days previous to my departure, in the bark of a favourite beech which overshadowed the avenue. On arriving at the spot, where I recollected that this tree had anciently flourished, I was able to discover nothing, save only a withered stump. My cousin had, of course, some end in view which prompted him to this act, and chance had, in every probability, determined him to make choice of my favourite beech. I was not then, however, in the most charitable of moods, and I could not refrain from involuntarily exclaiming, "What! could your malignity extend thus far? Was it balm to your soul to erase every trace of your less fortunate cousin?" I hastily checked myself. It was no fault of Mitford's. I reflected that Bromley had been left him by our uncle; and except I was prepared to rank among the vices, the indulgence of one of the most potent principles of human nature, my relative must stand acquitted.

I knocked at the hall door with conflicting feelings, and felt my choler again mounting at the time which was suffered to elapse before it pleased the footman to appear.

"Is your master at home?" I inquired, with the greatest difficulty repressing my emotions.

"Mr. Bromley is at dinner," returned the fellow, "and cannot be disturbed. You must call again to-morrow, and it's ten to one but you don't see him even then."

"I must, and will see him, now," exclaimed I, vehemently; "tell him that a near relation of his requests the favour of his company only for two minutes."

The servant departed with the message, and presently returned with the announcement that Mr. Mitford Bromley was particularly engaged with a select party of friends, and that the person who did him the honour to claim a relationship must call again on the subsequent day. The footman was preparing to follow up the delivery of his message by slamming the door in my face, when I seized it with my hand, and begged him to wait one moment, till I had written a few words to his master. Leaning against the bannister, I scrawled the following lines with my pencil, on the envelope of a letter which I accidentally had in my pocket:—
THE FORGED WILL.

"It is neither my desire or intention to disturb you in the possession of Bromley. The feelings of consanguinity alone have induced me to visit your residence, and, if my presence be in any degree offensive, you have only to intimate the fact, that I may take care not to diminish your enjoyments. If you now consent to see me, let it be alone, as I am far from being in a temper to meet company."

I am, &c. &c.
MLAREN BROMLEY."

I waited a considerable time before there seemed any signs of replying to my note. At length I heard the sound of a heavy foot descending the stairs, and presently my cousin stood before me. I could scarcely have known him, Wilton. He was a slender, handsome young man of five and twenty, and I now found him in a more frightful condition than I ever could have supposed. A seemingly ceaseless round of dissipation had made fearful ravages in his person; his eyes were sunk and ghastly, his hair was already tinged with grey, and his bloated countenance gave sufficient indication of the pursuits which he followed, and the gods that he worshipped. He seized me by the hand, and, pulling me within the threshold, gave utterance, in a broken voice, to some such salutations as the following:

"My dear McLaren, I am heartily glad to see you.—When did you arrive from India? Why did you quit the Company's service? Damn it, man, why didn't you tell me at the first who it was? But, come my dear fellow, come up stairs. It is but just that I should make ample amends for my apparent want of hospitality."

To confess the truth, Wilton, my cousin's overpowering kindness of manner struck me with astonishment, and the more so because it was totally unexpected. I begged to be at present excused from joining the visitors, as my spirits were incompetent to the task.

"Oh! deuce take the visitors," exclaimed Mitford; "I left them busy over a bottle of claret. Come along to the drawing-room, and I will dismiss the gentry in a couple of seconds." We accordingly ascended to the drawing-room, which I found furnished with exquisite splendour. Mitford left me alone here for about ten minutes, which he was engaged in explaining to his guests the reasons which obliged him to interrupt their entertainment. For myself, I remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room, gazing on a full-length portrait of my late uncle, which hung suspended against the wall. My feelings were of a two-fold description. I cursed over and over again my own despicable rashness in abandoning my native land, and throwing behind me wealth and property, which, but for that step, I confidently believed must have been mine. At the same time, I could not suppose that that delinquency was of a nature so heinous as altogether to justify my uncle in stripping me of what were my legal rights, had he died intestate: nor could I, by any process of reasoning, reconcile the fact of his kind and regular correspondence with his resolution to deprive me, as far as it lay in his power, of the means of subsistence, a deed; certainly, the more cruel as he had given me no reason to anticipate it. The consequence of this double dealing, I reflected, was, that my necessities had reduced me to the counter of a stamp office; a bitter change, to be sure, from the prospect of inheriting a landed estate, and succeeding to the representation of an honourable family. Mitford rejoined me in a short time.

"Be seated, my dear McLaren," said he kindly, "I have dismissed the riotous crew beneath, and shall now be happy to converse with you on family matters. Changes are frequent in this world, (and, perhaps, it is just that they are so, since they serve to remind us of the uncertain tenure by which we hold its good things,) and one of these changes has affected us nearly. Our worthy uncle has passed to his reckoning, and sure I am, if we tread the path which he trode before us, posterity will have no reason to anathemise our memories. I shall show you the will by which Bromley-hall was conveyed to my side of the house, and while I am, as I ought to be, grateful for the honour, it has struck me as a circumstance somewhat uncommon, that the name of McLaren Bromley should never occur in it from the 'know of all men,' to the 'witness my hand.' Surely my uncle might, and, with every respect to his ashes, I will add, he should have given some signs that he had not forgotten his absent nephew. Believe me, my friend, I sincerely sympathise with you on your bereavement."

While Mitford was speaking, I agreed with most of his sentiments. With regard to the allusion which he made to our late uncle's character, though I was perfectly aware of the old gentleman's intemperate habits, I felt inclined to acquiesce in the approbation bestowed on him by his suc-
cessor; for his hand was ever open to the poor man, and his benevolence of heart had never been questioned. Had Providence spared my cousin until now, I could have told him, dear Edmund, that there was something wanting to complete the picture which he had drawn, and without which, all amiable qualities are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Thank heaven, my dear young friend, that I have not to insist upon this, in an epistle to you.

As Mitford appeared to pause for a reply, I answered nearly, I think, as follows:-

"I need not conceal from you, Charles, that I once did look forward to the property of this mansion, and the whole Bromley estate. Since it was my uncle's will, however, that the representation of his family should be vested in another, I ought, if possible, to acquiesce in his decision. At first, no doubt, the disappointment was hard to bear; but I have since better learned, by the aid of Providence, to submit myself to it. I have luckily got into a way of earning an honest livelihood, and though unquestionably the bright and fairy dreams, in which I was wont to indulge in early life, have been at length superseded by darker realities; I think I may hold up my head with as high confidence as many whose worldly hopes have been better answered. To you, my dear cousin, I wish every happiness. If your good fortune has hitherto exceeded mine, you probably have deserved it more."

As I concluded, it seemed that horrid recollections were agitating my cousin's bosom, —for his eye suddenly assumed an expression of singular wildness, and his cheeks and lips, in despite of the effects of inebriety, became paler than marble. He started suddenly from his seat and walked to the window. I regarded him with surprise, but the train of conjecture into which my thoughts had consequently fallen, was shortly interrupted by Mitford, who, after a visibly forced effort to recover his equanimity, threw himself on a couch and inquired:-

"What way of earning a livelihood do you allude to? Is it possible that you yet have chalked out any scheme?"

"You are ignorant," observed I, "that I have already been a month in London. My situation there is that of one of the sub-clerks in the Stamp Office."

"A month in London!" ejaculated my cousin, "and I not informed of it! I protest, McLaren, you have not yet laid aside your old habits. Eccentric as ever, I see. Certainly you should have known that you were welcome at Bromley Hall, while Charles Mitford was its proprietor. But, in the name of heaven, what tempted you to bind yourself to the counter of a Stamp Office? We must see what more honourable employment can be procured for you,—and, if I succeed in carrying my election for Bleaching, I think I shall have sufficient influence with government to obtain any situation for which you think yourself suited. If you have the least desire to return to India, I am well-nigh certain that a cadetship could be secured for the asking, or if you dislike the smell of gunpowder, there can be no great difficulty to obtain a writership. And seriously my advice is, that you betake yourself again to the East. Men seldom return from India without having amassed a mint of money."

"Yes," interrupted I, "and without having impaired their constitutions. No, no! Charles, I thank you for your consideration, but, having already had some knowledge of the quantity of gold which one may gather in Hindostan, I shall remain in the Stamp Office. I am not ashamed of my situation; it is an honest one, and though men of the world may not deem it honourable or fitting for a gentleman, it is one which cannot be dispensed with."

"I do not deny your situation being honest and necessary," rejoined my cousin; "but I cannot think it altogether of that description which a Bromley should fill. In these revolutionary times, we must prevent, to the utmost extent of our power, any individual connected with the English aristocracy from stooping to an employment which naturally degrades him to a level with the vulgarest quill-driver in the land. Now, in the case of India,—"

"Cease to mention India, Charles," said I, again interrupting him, "I have been satiated with it. Our lives are not of such immense duration, but that we may be satisfied with whatever is sufficient to carry us through them. I mean not to deprecate the advantages of a just and praiseworthy ambition; I might, probably, have possessed some share of it in other circumstances,—but, as it is, I hardly think it worth my while to look far into futurity."

I have entered, my dear Wilton, somewhat more into detail than I originally designed. I thought, however, that you might be interested to learn the particulars of my first interview with my cousin.
remained the whole of that night and the following day at Bromley Hall,—loaded with the greatest kindness,—and pressed again and again to accept of a situation in India. I do confess I was somewhat puzzled at this excess of affection, and was frequently inclined to ask with Sir Oliver, "Is not this too much politeness by half?" It appeared likewise surprising, that among his many offers of assistance (and I am sure he did not spare them), my cousin never once suggested an employment in my native isles. India commenced and India concluded his song, and I thought I had discovered, before leaving him, a remarkable anxiety on his part to get me as speedily as possible out of the country. A few minutes previous to my departure for London, he showed me my uncle's will—which conveyed "all and whole his estates real and personal, all his goods and chattels, &c. &c., to Mr. Charles Mitford, eldest son of John Mitford, merchant in London, and the late Catharine Bromley his wife, upon condition that he, the said Charles Mitford, do add to his other styles and designations the name of Bromley."

As all hands were busily employed at the Stamp Office for the next six weeks, I was prevented from sojourning any length of time at the Hall. In the meantime, facts were every day multiplying to convince me that my cousin would soon run through his estate. He proceeded from one extravagance to another,—lost immense sums of money at play,—maintained a stud of race horses at a ruinous expense,—and, though he uniformly expressed the highest regard and kindness for me, I could not help regarding the protestations of this misguided man as hollow and worthless at the bottom. I had already discovered him to be a consummate hypocrite,—affecting to regulate his conduct by the rules of a morality which he virtually trampled beneath his feet. In this character I could not repose confidence, and well you know, my dear Wilton, how fully my suspicions have been justified. It was not, I assure you, without extreme regret, that I contemplated the probability of the fine estate of Bromley being brought to the hammer, and I quite expected that the election expenses of Blechingly would be the means of accelerating that crisis.

About four months after my first interview with my cousin, and only a week prior to the day appointed for the election, as I was proceeding, in the morning, at a leisurely pace from my lodgings towards the Stamp Office, I was overtaken by a servant of Bromley Hall:

"Oh, Mr. M'Laren," said he, almost breathless; "Come up to the Hall as fast as you can. Here has been the young Squire Gilbert shooting my master with a pistol."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "what has happened to Mr. Bromley?"

"Neither more nor less than this," replied the clown, "Squire Gilbert and my master had high words at the theatre the night afore last, and off they both set this morning at four o'clock—pitch dark as it was—to Chalk Farm, where the Squire shot my master through the body, and then decamped himself—a chicken as he is. But, make haste, for master be woundily keen to see thee."

The truth flashed upon my mind in an instant. A duel had taken place between M'Laren and one of his dissipated associates, and had terminated fatally for my poor cousin. I accordingly made the best of my way to the Hall, accompanied by the servant, who employed himself, during our walk, in venting curses on the head of Squire Gilbert, vociferating loudly that it would be the worse for him, if he ever came within reach of "his own shillalah." I was too much struck with the awful suddenness of the catastrophe, to attend to my Irish friend's gibberish,—and I reached Bromley in a state of feverish impatience and anxiety. I was immediately shown to my cousin's chamber.

I found him stretched upon his bed, apparently in a state of extreme despair, and attended by a surgeon from the metropolis. His groans were both loud and deep, and a visible change had already affected his whole countenance. As soon as he was apprised of my presence, he motioned to the surgeon to withdraw, and presently we were left alone together. Turning himself round in the direction where I stood, a movement which appeared to occasion him exquisite torture, and pressing his left hand against the wound, he fixed his eyes steadily upon mine with a gaze of appalling despair.

"M'Laren," he at length uttered in a hollow tone, "I am going now,—but I have much to tell you, and I only wish to be spared till my task of reparation is completed. Take this key, and open the highest of those drawers. Bring me the mahogany casket which you will find there."

Mechanically I obeyed my cousin's directions, without saying a word, for I felt as if my tongue were clained up in silence, and delivered the casket into his hands. Hastily he undid the lock, and drew forth the identical will of my uncle which he had shown to me on our first interview. Surprised and
doubtful, I resumed my seat by the bedside, while my cousin having unfolded the document to its full extent, raised himself on his elbow, seemingly insensible of pain, and grasping the paper in his hand, gazed wildly in my face. In a few seconds he spoke:

"M'Laren Bromley I am a villain! Speak not, I pray you; I must have all the time to myself which may yet intervene before I am summoned to my dread account. I have much to do,—much—much reparation to make. Oh, that horrible,—that damming disclosure! And yet it must be made, though the effort should cost me all hell's tortures before I die." He paused for a moment to wipe off the death damps which were starting on his forehead, and resumed, "That will, M'Laren, was,—was a fabrication."

The wretched man sunk back on his pillow. I was too dreadfully agitated to tender him assistance,—overcome,—struck speechless by the announcement I had just heard. It was some time before my cousin could summon up sufficient strength again to address me.

"Yes, M'Laren," he said, with frightful vehemence, "I availed myself of your absence, and wrought your ruin. At least I tried it,—but what were your deepest sorrows, when compared with the tortures of the soul? I forged that will at my uncle's death; I grasped the filthy gold which has been my bane. But did it bring me the happiness I sought? Did it bring me honour? Did it produce peace here?" And he smote upon his bosom as he spoke,—"No, no, no! The crime carried along with it its direct punishment. I tell you I have nothing to expect,—nothing to hope for. I tell you that blacker guilt than mine stains not the long catalogue of human transgression. Why do you not curse me, boy?"

Exhaustion again overpowered him, and grasping the fatal document in his hand, he dashed it from him with violence.

"Charles," said I, with as much composure as I could command; "curses were never farther from my thoughts than at this moment. From the bottom of my soul I do sincerely forgive you."

"Tis false!" exclaimed Mitford, starting up with a groan of agony, which the movement occasioned. "You cannot,—will not—dare not forgive me. Forgiveness! Pardon! can such things exist for a wretch like me? Neither here, nor hereafter."

"By all that is sacred," said I, alarmed at the fury of his motions, "I forgive you, Charles,—and may the great God of Heaven forgive you too!"

"Shall I say Amen to that prayer?" exclaimed the expiring wretch. "Empty,—empty hope! Oh! it is a terrible thing to die,—but, doubly terrible to die thus hopelessly condemned! Oh! can there be a God, M'Laren? Yes, yes! I, who have practically denied his existence, feel that awful truth rushing like a flood into my soul. The worms will soon have a banquet of these limbs; and what,—what is beyond the grave?" He answered his own question with a long and deep groan, and fell back exhausted.

In a short time, Mitford became more composed, and the pain of the first disclosure having subsided, he proceeded to state with greater calmness what I was already aware of:—

"My mind, M'Laren, was naturally depraved. The love of wealth was the ruling motive of my actions from first to last. Our uncle was cut off suddenly,—in consequence, it was conjectured, of having indulged over-freely in an evening's revel, and I conceived the opportunity a good one to gratify my favourite passion. I drew up that accursed document, and counterfeited, after my uncle's name, the signature of a notary who had been dead for some time. This forgery I conveyed, by means of a false key, into my uncle's escritoire, but not without making myself sure that no other will was in existence, and immediately after the funeral, on opening his drawers that deed was found. Not the smallest doubt was ever expressed, nor, I believe, ever entertained of its validity, and I entered in consequence into complete possession of the estate of Bromley. You see that my schemes were well laid,—almost beyond the possibility of a failure,—and no wonder, for I was an adept in deceit. That was far from being the first,—though it certainly was the greatest of my crimes, and a long career,—coeval nearly with my life,—of practise-hardened villainy, had deadened every feeling of compunction. Your unexpected return from India, you may be sure, struck me with dismay, yet I contrived to dissemble the thorn of hatred which rankled in my breast,—and often and often, as you remember, did I urge you, under the plea of solicitude for your interests, to remove yourself from the country for ever. The steady opposition which you offered to my plan perplexed me at the time,—but I have now reason to thank the arbitrations of destiny, that you persisted in your resolution to
remain, since I have now an opportunity to make you the fullest reparation in my power. I am resolved to sign a declaration of my crime, in presence of adequate witnesses, and no remonstrances," added he, seeing me about to interrupt him; "no remonstrances shall prevent me from performing that act of justice. I have deserved it every inch,—I deserved the bullet which has laid me here. Oh, God forgive me! I used to hear of a Saviour in my young days,—though I have not been over a church threshold for many a long year: oh! if there be such a Being, hear his intercessions, thou dread God, whose name I have never reverently spoken till this hour of darkness!" My poor cousin clasped his hands together with convulsive earnestness. Alas! I was no fitting comforter. My knowledge of Heaven's mercy was then as limited as his own.

It was in vain, my dear Wilton, that I endeavoured to dissuade my relative from publicly recording his infamy. In presence of the surgeon, the steward, one of the footmen and myself, he signed a statement, which I drew up according to his direction, of what he had previously communicated to me. He lingered in the extreme of torture till the ensuing morning, when he expired at half-past seven o'clock on the 3rd of January, 1797, and in the thirty-first year of his age. As it was now upon record that my uncle died intestate, I of course came into possession of the whole of his property as heir-at-law.

I feel it impossible, even at this distance of time, to look back without strong emotion on the untimely end of my misguided cousin. He led, unquestionably, a life of the blackest kind; but we know that there may be pardon even for "the chief of sinners." I followed him to the grave in an indescribable state of mind, and with feelings the most excited. Beyond that, human ken is not suffered to penetrate.

Almost thirty-two years have now elapsed since the above events took place, and I think I can say to my friend, with all humility, that I have become a better and a meander man. I possess the advantage of a strange experience,—one that falls seldom to mortal lot,—and I was indeed culpable in the extreme did it fail to produce suitable effects on my conduct. My purest joys depend on those of my wife and children, and, allow me to add, on those of my valued friend, Edmund Wilton. As the great principle of my life, I have endeavoured to supersede that sense of honour which most men of the world unfortunately cultivate to the exclusion of higher motives, by the spirit of the Christian religion. I have been enabled to uproot from my heart many unhallowed prejudices, and to plant in their stead a holier and diviner seed. In fine, though that sentiment of Thomas Moore—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,"

be, in the main, correct, and is perceived more and more the whiter the head becomes, yet, inasmuch as genuine happiness may be tasted on earth, it has unquestionably been long enjoyed by, my dear Wilton, your most attached and devoted friend,

McLEAREN BROMLEY.

Bromley Hall, August, 31, 1830.

——

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY DR. R. MADDEN.

The sea was smooth and bright the shore,
A cloudless sky above,
But frail the little bark that bore
A mother's freight of love!

It danced upon the morning tide
And mocked a mother's tears;
An object of a moment's pride—
A subject soon of tears!

The sun is gone, the sky is dark,
The sea is ruffled o'er,
Ask me! where is that little bark
That left the joyous shore?

It meets no more the longing eye,
It may no more return;
The night is past, no bark is nigh,
The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more
Thy gaze on yonder sea,
Another and a brighter shore
Is smiling on its lee.

Another and a brighter port
Is now its peaceful home;
Where wail or woe, or earthly sort
Of care can never come!
THE DEATH-BED.
FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN PAUL RICHTER.

TO GUSTAVUS.

"If you are really my friend lose no time in hastening to me, for I must shortly die. On that happy night after our reconciliation we stepped forth to enjoy and to behold the still quiet beauty of the land; and now ere I go forth into the still eternal land of death, I desire to feel myself once more pressed to your friendly bosom. My dearest Gustavus, notwithstanding my many offences, I have never ceased to love you. Hasten then to me. My life on earth has been but one long-drawn sigh, let not the little breath which remains in my weary breast be spent in vain longings after you."

When Gustavus read those lines they coiled like biting vipers round his heart, making every spot they touched bleed. In the first burst of his grief humanity bore down every other feeling, and drove him impatiently from the castle. The darkness of the night and of the way sank into his soul; his friend seemed to be dying everywhere around him. A solitary bird, disturbed by his hurrying step from its nightly resting place, fluttered in the path-way; he gazed upon it a moment, thinking he beheld the soul of his friend hovering between life and death, and seeking, like the bird, through the deep obscurity for its lost home. The fitful lights wandering up and down, the sombre night, were images of the transient joys of our being, and the sighs and bitter feelings that awaited his future years. Human life faded insensibly away beneath his thoughts. At length the slumbering town rose, faintly seen, from its bed of shadow; the pharos-light of the great tower shone distinctly, a huge mass of buildings lay beneath it, cowering in darkness and repose, except where, here and there, far apart one from the other, some solitary windows emitted long level rays of quivering light, which seemed to his aching heart messengers from the chambers of the sick.

He knocked softly at his friend’s door; softly it was opened to him, and still more softly he crept up stairs. The house of sorrow was wrapt in awful silence, and the striking of the clock, which now sounded twelve, smote upon the ear like the tolling of a funeral bell! He stood at the bedside; there lay that dear being whom he had come to soothe, to pardon, and to love, ere all should be too late. His countenance was discoloured; fever had preyed upon his features and had wrinkled and shrivelled his once full and lovely lips; sad as were these signs, they were yet to be borne; but Gustavus durst not look upon his fixed eye—all its lustre was gone—glowy and hollow it stared wildly upon him with a gaze that told how terrible had been the burden of his past sufferings, and how very heavily death pressed upon him.

The curtain of Amandus’ life (for so the dying man was called) was fast descending; the joy of this meeting acted like a new impulse, and with held it one moment in its descent. The nurse was dismissed, and Gustavus remained to watch in her stead. It was now the full hush and depth of night, when sleep and death tear from man with their rude hands every ornament and garment that nature lends. Gustavus did not, could not, hope to stay the relentless grasp of fate, but with tranquil looks and an assumed air of serenity, he endeavoured to impart to his patient that cheerfulness he could not feel, and by humouring all his fancies sought to soothe the painful alternations of drowsiness and chilliness which now crept over him. From the recollection of such acts of excessive, tender, and superfluous charity towards the dying, we receive more satisfaction in future years, than from the memory of a thousand bounties bestowed in one donation upon the healthy—and yet it is but a couple of hours that separates these two states: we get up and we lie down some few times, and then remain for ever extended in the coldness of the shroud.

The sick man himself was sensible that the evening breath of his life was fast declining. Mindful of the coming hour, he had that day left his favourite plants unwatered, had given his birds away in presents to his friends, and in all, except his wish of once more seeing Gustavus, had bid a long adieu to human life. The visitings of death are awful, and the faint ebbing of nature is audible like a tale of sorrow; it was an hour of dire need; but yet in this wilderness of suffering, in this waste which lies between life and death, the image of his beloved mistress still floated in his mind, and he begged to see her. She yielded to his desire, and came.

Solemnly
she glided into the awful chamber of the
dying—that vestibule of a temple that stands
not upon earth. When he beheld the beloved
of his expiring heart standing once more be-
fore him, a faint glow from the golden hopes
of his youth seemed to gild the dark horizon
of the present, like the strip of bright evening
red of a summer sunset shining on still at
the hour of midnight. He pressed her beau-
tiful living hand to his heart; the blush of
pleasure tinged his pale cheek, and the angel
of joy lowered him gently upon the cords of
love into the grave.

A dying man is no longer of this earth; he
has lost sight of the world and its doings, of
men and their actions; he is already arrived
so far beyond our human scene, that our
ceremonies and observances, indeed all
things, seem lost in immeasurable distance.
Amandus felt his body destroyed by suffering
and as if about to dissolve into the elements.
Love gave new strength to his soul; the fatal
minute of departure was delayed, his fleeting
breath returned, and life rallied once more to
his heart. He recovered his voice slightly,
and in broken accents addressed the agitated
maiden: “Beata, I shall die, even perhaps
to-night. In my days of health and happi-
ness I loved you, but you knew it not—now
my passion will depart with me into eternity.
Oh, dearest one, give me your hand and
weep not; rather speak to me for it is long
that I have neither seen nor heard you. But
if you will weep—let it be so; your sorrow
can no longer harm me, for since my long
sickness my eyes have been dry and fearless.
Weep then for me; is it not said that to
dream one weeps over the dead is sign of
good fortune? You and Gustavus are two
angels, and solitary will you be in this world
which contains nothing like you, nor any one
that may be worthy of your loves. Dear
Beata, Gustavus, although he tells it not,
likewise loves you. If your heart is still free
let it be his, and then we shall both be happy
through you. But if you cannot love him, in
pity let me die without knowing it.”

Gustavus was lost in the confusion and
agitation of the storm which now awoke and
stirred his soul.

Amandus feebly took his hand, and lifting
his eyes to heaven breathed forth, with a look
in which the sublime rapture of virtue was
visible, his last prayer: “Oh! thou great
and excellent Being that drawest me now to
thee, shower upon these two hearts those
lovely days which perhaps thy mercy had
reserved for me; but if thou hast decreed that
no portion of happiness should be mine on
this earth, then take the bliss thou hast
promised to my future life and bestow it
here upon them.”

His weakness was so great, he could no
longer express all that remained of him—the
longings of his ardent and undying soul; his
eye glistened with the heavy remembrance
of his ruined hopes; three hearts beat with
wretchedness, and three tongues grew stiff,
and cold, and mute, beneath the oppressive
power of misery. Love was banished from
their thoughts, that holy moment was dedi-
cated to heaven, and friendship pure and
sacred as heaven.

This high-wrought nervous excitement was
succeeded by a state of extreme weakness, and
a slumber of insensibility. Beata, exhausted
by weeping, left the room, and Gustavus,
chilled and yet consumed by the excess of
his anguish, was unconscious of all that
passed around him, even of her.

It was now some time past midnight, and
Amandus still continued to doze. The night
was gloomy and dark, and its starless soli-
tude fell frightfully upon the spirit. The
earth’s vast shadow, shaped like a colossal
pyramid, was cast upon the darkened expanse
of heaven, and, spreading athwart its summit,
covered the whole face of the moon. Gusta-
vus gazed and gazed upon it, losing all sense
of consciousness, till at length the earth dis-
appeared from his thoughts, and became even
as a shadow to his dreaming sight. “How
many weeping eyes, tender hands, and broken
hearts are now hidden by that vast mass of
gloom, and commit their departed friends to
its bosom, even to the end that the dead may
be covered by a still deeper darkness than the
living. That great Polyphemian shade, with
its one moony eye, follows the earth daily in
her round, but we remark it not, unless it
hides our moon from us; and in the same
manner we give no heed to the presence of
death until our garden is mown by him, and
yet his scythe is not alone of one hundred
years, but of every second.”

In the midst of this contemplation his
friend awoke with an uneasy start, and they
were now alone together. Amandus missed
the rays of moonshine; they had been wont
latterly to shed their soft light at that hour
upon his bed, and he asked in a voice of
peevish complaint, “What has become of the
moon?” It had disappeared all but one
glimpse.

Before he had finished speaking, a bright
red light flashed suddenly upon the ceiling of
his chamber and upon the houses opposite
his windows; it came from the flaming
torches of a nobleman's funeral then passing through the silent dusky street. The dying man was startled by this vivid glare and insisted upon leaving his bed. Gustavus desired if possible to prevent his beholding this melancholy spectacle of man upon his last journey, and endeavoured vainly to dissuade him from his purpose. Amandus would not be withheld; a sudden agitation ran through his frame, which quivered and struggled under the grasp of death; he tottered across the room in Gustavus's arms, but ere he could catch one glimpse of the passing hearse he expired in a convulsion on his friend's bosom.

Gustavus bore his coldburthen back to the empty couch. Without a tear, without a groan, almost without a thought, he stood in fixedness, while the dim and thickly clouded moonshine and the torch-light flickered backwards and forwards like living things upon the pale rigid features of the dead, in frightful contrast with their immobility. How quickly had Amandus departed! More swiftly than the moon had he escaped from the dark shadow of earth. Gustavus turned his eye from his friend's corpse, and fixed it on the moon, hoping to find relief from his great suffering, by gazing on another object. "Pass! pass! thou shadow of this globe of clay and dust! Thou liest yet upon me, but he is far beyond thy reach, in those wide fields of heaven where every sun lies unveiled before him. O! world of vanity, of mist, of shadow, why am I yet here?"

The chamber clock now sounded one, and then struck up its customary morning tune. The music broke clearly and sweetly in upon this scene of midnight and of death, and came to Gustavus's heart, beguiling it of its pain, as if it had been the voice of an angel welcoming the soul to its heavenly home. The imprisoned tears in which his heart had been drowned, burst over their confines, and his deadly anguish flowed in a softer channel. He believed himself to be already dead, and that his body lay cold and senseless beside that of the departed Amandus; his soul, upon airy pinions, fled away in pursuit of his friend, and borne along by the rays of morning, interpenetrated the suns and stars of heaven; he gazed upon them as they went forth in their courses; and through the mist he beheld clearly that he was only divided from them by the short space of two years.

Strengthened by this dream of futurity and the joys it seemed to promise, he passed out of the chamber of death to that of his friend's father. The calm and the melancholy of a heavenly gladness was over his features—"Amandus," said he, "has ceased to struggle with this woeful scene—he is fled to the mountains of bliss: his sojourn in this body of worms and dust, was but truly to him, the utter darkness of night—in quitting life he has also left behind him the shadow of earth, in which happily his stay was but short."

No persuasions could prevail upon Gustavus to remain in the house of mourning. Who has not felt that when the breast seems too narrow to contain the swelling heart, the chamber seems likewise a prison to our sorrow? He hastened into the open air. There, under "the opening eye-lid of the morn," upon which hung the small crystalline mists of sunrise, under the moon's soft beam, which like himself, now showed calmly and placidly after a night of darkness and adversity, could he yield himself to the sublime emotions which soar as far above the power of description as they do above the earth. Where is the being that does not recognise in such an hour, all the hollowness of life—that does not feel so strongly, so vividly, the necessity of a future one, that his craving grows into a firmly built hope? If any such there be, remonstrance or dispute were useless with him.

Even as a child, that weary with play, falls asleep upon its little bench, and is borne gently to a more roomy bed by its tender mother, so was the departed Amandus carried from his narrow couch of sickness to the resting place of the dead.

For the first time in his life Gustavus felt as if he were bereft of all; never more could the earth be to him a home; and to his distempered mind, the sun itself no longer appeared the great and glorious orb which lights our day, but rather like a moon whose feeble rays pierce but cannot dispel the darkness of our night. The vials of sorrow had been emptied upon his head; all was over. The future could contain no greater anguish for him who now beheld his friend's white bier gleaming through the dark night as they slowly bore it to the grave. Beneath the handles of his coffin, were imaged a rose shedding its leaves upon the ground, and a butterfly springing from the burst shell of a chrysalis. With these lovely emblems of himself was Amandus committed to the sad bosom of the earth. At last Gustavus awoke from his trance of sorrow, and felt his cheek cooled by the night wind, which blew freshly from over the little hillock that covered his friend's remains. A flock of wild swans paused for a moment in their migration, and
LINES BY MRS. NORTON.

floated like so many black spots in the hea-
vius above him; guided by instinct, they
soon renewed their flight, and hastened from
the desolate scene and the cold night, and
the murky clouds, to a warmer climate. The
moon, shorn of her beams, was seen struggling
with a dense mass of vapour. One by one,
the mourners retired from the cemetery; Gus-
tavus standing upon a neighbouring sod,
remained near his friend, while an equal
night closed in upon both.

* Shade of the departed Amandus! Few
were the steps thou madest with the great
countless flock which life sends, from age to
age, to feed the maw of death, his fatal
enemy! How quickly hast thou disappeared
from the ranks; thy fellow-comrades in the
great fight have laid dust upon thy wounds
and frightful cloths upon thy lovely coun-
tenance. They still animate the combat with
their presence, and year by year thy memory
will fade from their minds. Tears will visit
their eyes, yet, oh beloved friend! not for
thee, but for the latest dead among their
number; ere thy fair corpse shall have time
to moulder, thou shalt be forgotten. Dreams
alone shall restore their unity to those features
now defaced by the vile soil, and memory shall
withdraw the curtain. Time drops between,
and display to thy greyheaded friend, Gus-
tavus, those verdant regions of his youth,
whose hallowed joy is to the heaven of his
morning and evening life, what the gleaming,
shining, trembling orb of Venus is to the
illuminable ether, at once both its morning
and its evening star. I may not bid thee
farewell, nor bid thy body lie peacefully in
its narrow bed; for disdainfully, O Aman-
dus, did thy soul break its trammels while
yet thou wert among us. Full well do I
remember how thy spirit, gasping to be free
amid the vast expanse of the universe, did
beat against the bars of its fleshly prison-
house, and struggle to catch, through the
dingy globules of mortal blood, one glimpse
of light from the heavenly globe of truth:
still must I remember how much oftener thou
wouldst glow with shame at the pitiful dis-
sonances of our earthly state, than with plea-
sure at the great and beautiful harmony of
the universe. The chain of necessity cut
deeply into thee; not only its drag, but its
very weight did contribute to thy scars. So
wretched are the living! How can the dead
require of us a token of remembrance, since
we have scarcely time to advert to the tomb,
ere we ourselves sink towards its brink!"

LINES BY MRS. NORTON.

I think of thee—not as thou art,
In the cold and hollow grave;
Where the sun’s rays vainly dart
And the cypress branches wave:
But I think of thee bright and young
With life on thy beaming brow,
And I sing all the songs that we sung—
Though thou never canst hear me now!

I think of thee—not with the grief
Of those past and passionate years,
When my heart sought a vain relief
In bitter and burning tears—
But I think of thee fond and gay,
Unshadowed by death or pain;
And smiles on thy red lips play—
As they never may play again!

I think of thee—not as I thought
When I stood by thine early tomb,
And all that this world had brought
Seemed wrapped in a changeless gloom;

But I think of the living friend
Of my happiest early days,
And what thou wert wont to commend
I do—though thou canst not praise.

Calmly I welcome the guest
Who knows not he’s loved for thy sake:
I laugh when he tells me some jest
Which thou in thy life time didst make:
In the groves where thy footsteps have been,
I wander with others, nor weep
When a glimpse of some favourite scene
Brings thoughts of thy long dark sleep.

But, oh! though a change hath come o’er
My heavy and mournful heart—
Though thy name hath the power no more
To bid the warm tear drop start—
The sun shall grow dark in the skies,
And the turf spring no more on the hill,
When thy love from my memory dies—
Lost heart, I remember thee still!
THE DESERTER SLAVE.

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood! Shakespeare.

In the year 1820 a frigate, in which the writer of these pages was an officer, visited Porto Bello, and remained there three days. As a lady and family were going on board passengers to the Havannah, some little bustle occurred on their embarkation, which took place about sunset. After the frigate was under way several things were reported as missing, consisting of various silver family utensils which it was ascertained had been purloined by the crew of the boat which had brought them on board; and after some difficulty the property was restored to the right owners excepting a slave, and he was no where to be found. His master was in a canoe alongside whilst search was making to no purpose, and vowing vengeance on the wretch should he be found; and he unwillingly left the ship without his property, in the hope his slave had returned on shore by some other conveyance. Such, however, was not the case, as the unfortunate black made his appearance after the ship was out of sight of land, having been concealed, or jammed in as the sailors call it, between the pumps in the steerage on the lower deck for twenty-four hours. What between fright and exhaustion the poor fellow was scarcely able to stand, and even in that state, however cruel it may appear, he was ordered to be put in irons as a runaway slave, until an opportunity should offer for delivering him up to some party who would undertake to send him back to the master he had escaped from, and where, indeed, a severe doom awaited him should he be so transferred. Such was the law, and to have infringed it would have been more than an officer’s commission is worth. Let it be understood, that although compelled to do his duty on every occasion, the breast of the officer who gives so apparently harsh an order is by no means devoid of the feelings of humanity; and in this instance the deserter slave was kindly treated, although in confinement, and fed almost entirely from the officers’ table.

Late at night when the crew, excepting the watch on deck, were in their hammocks, the master at arms was desired to bring his negro prisoner quietly below, and leave him in the surgeon’s cabin until further orders; and there, in the presence of myself and the frigate’s doctor the following story was told. How far the slave may have exaggerated or extenuated is of little consequence, but his story shall be rendered into plain English, for the convenience of the readers who are not conversant with West Indian patois, which is indeed apt to puzzle folks uninitiated. The narrative ran thus:—

“On the estate of Monsieur Pichaud, on the island of St. Domingo, I have my first recollection. I was a slave without a friend or protector. Who my parents were I never knew, and most likely never shall know—that is now a secondary interest with me, since to find them would be most likely to see them in slavery, a state most abhorrent to my soul. I do not think I was brought from Africa, as nothing has ever crossed my mind which could give me an early idea of a voyage by sea, and the cruelties inflicted on the slaves during those voyages are, as I have heard, not likely to be forgotten.

“Monsieur Pichaud was kind when on his estate, and took care that his slaves experienced good treatment, although he spared them not as to the quantity of work to be got through in the cane patches, in the mills, or in the culture of his grounds, because he was fond of amassing money; but it was very different when he was absent from home. Then, we had not only more work to perform, but severe chastisement, and often without in the least deserving it.

“Two overseers, one French and the other Dutch, became particularly obnoxious to the slaves from their harsh and cruel behaviour. No one dared to complain to Monsieur Pichaud on his return, from fear of the consequences when he would be again absent; yet curses, not loud but deep, were muttered in secret, and the cruel slave-drivers had soon cause to feel the vengeance of turbulent spirits, which had been for some time curbed, but not broken.

“I was then too young to be admitted among the elder slaves when they held their private conversations, but was desired to retire with the women, and those children of
my own age who did not always have their
dinner in the fields, which is the custom for
the men slaves in general; yet I could not
help observing the dark and malignant looks
of the men whilst in consultation, little think-
ing I should so soon become a participator,
not only in their guilt, but in the misfortunes
and privations which afterwards fell to their
lot.

"Well do I remember, it was in the
month of August, when a hurricane raged
throughout the country tearing up trees,
destroying sugar canes, ravaging and devas-
tating property of every description, and even
unroofing and levelling the outhouses, when
about midnight I felt myself pulled by the
arm, and was desired to rise from my pallet
immediately. I obeyed; a handkerchief was
passed over my eyes, and I was carried I
could not tell where, but with much swiftness,
in the arms of a man. On the bandage being
removed I was astonished to find myself in
company of two of the most desperate of the
slaves, known by the names of Pierre and
Martin. The former had been severely
flogged the week before, and Martin had
punishment to expect on the following day,
through neglect of his hard and cruel duties.
It is not for me to endeavour to palliate the
heavy sin these deluded men had determined
to commit, but surely revenge must be sweet
to those who, like myself, have been tortured
and ill used from the time when I ought to
have experienced, and indeed, needed, a
mother’s cares. To proceed—the man who
carried me and now took the bandage from
my eyes, broke silence thus—”Hark ye, young
spawn of misery, do as you are bid or we will
tie a stone round your neck and throw you
into yonder lake. Look at this axe! attempt
to deceive us and you may guess the conse-
quences! It is our intention to break into
the overseer’s rooms to night and regale our-
seifs; brandy and rum are in plenty there,
which they do not want, being drunk already;
so, come youngster, we shall mount you
through the upper window, and mind, as you
value your life, you undo the door-bolts with-
out noise.” This was what I heard him say,
yet but indistinctly, as the wind howled fear-
fully, and the rain poured with such violence
as is only known in these tropical climates.

"It appeared the slaves Pierre and Martin
had been at work before, as the casement of
the upper window had been cut through, and
a hole made large enough to admit a boy of
my size. Martin brought a ladder, and
Pierre mounted with me in his arms, when
thrusting me through feet foremost, he used
the most horrible threats, even to murdering
me if I failed in the task he had appointed
me. I trod softly, and between the heavy
squalls of wind plainly heard the breathing of
inebriated sleep as I passed the chamber
doors of the overseers. So fearful was I that
I scarcely drew breath; being in double
danger both from within and from without
should I be discovered, I made my way to
the hall-door, undid the bolts, and admitted
the villains: not only Pierre and Martin, but
three others who took their station at the foot
of the staircase. Little did I know or even
then fancy the horrible intent of these in-
flated wretches, or I would have endeav-
oured to have escaped from them, assisted
by the darkness of the night; but it was now
too late, and it was with horror I observed
each man was armed not only with an axe,
but with a long knife, which latter they drew
from their belts, and forming a ring uttered
an oath, as if binding each other to firmness
and inviolable secrecy. I was now desired
by Pierre to follow himself and Martin with
a lantern up stairs, leaving the other three
men as guards in the hall in case of a sur-
prise. It happened to be the chamber-door
of the Dutchman, which first met their view.
They tried to open it, but the fastening
resisted their efforts; then a short and rapid
consultation took place which I could not
overhear, as the elements again at war over-
powered the low tone in which the men
spoke; but presently a kick from both of
them, accompanied by a simultaneous blow
from the two axes, threw the door off its
hinges back into the room—I was beckoned
to follow with the light, and saw the mur-
derous rascals draw their long knives across
the throat of the drunken and unresisting
Dutchman, who expired with a heavy groan;
a gurgling noise issuing from the gash as he
attempted to rise when he first felt the in-
cision of the knife. The French overseer’s fate
was even more barbarous. He was the su-
perior; and many of the cruelties inflicted
on the slaves were through his orders to his
inferior in office. Leaving the corpse of the
Dutchman on the bed, they quitted the room,
and turning through a gallery to the left,
came to the chamber-door of the French
overseer—the noise of breaking it open awoke
him, and as they rushed in, he called stoutly
to know who was there, at the same time
firing a pistol, which shot Martin through
the fleshy part of his left arm. This did but
increase the fury of the savages, and made
their revenge more barbarous and keen.
How shall I proceed? the recollection of this
night has been ever vivid in my memory, and the horror of the scene is beyond my powers of description.

"They tied the hands of their victim behind him, regardless of his entreaties and prayers for mercy, and in cold blood cut off his ears and held them up in mockery to his view. The cries of the sufferer were only silenced when Pierre with his axe cleft his skull in two. This last was too much—I dropped the light and ran down stairs to the door as fast as I could, followed by the murderers, who cursed me for my weakness. On our arrival outside the house Martin became faint from loss of blood, and had his arm tied up by Pierre with a handkerchief.

"Although the noise made during this scene of butchery was considerable, not one of the slaves who slept in the outhouses close by interfered; they either did not wake, or else willingly remained quiet, therefore, the country was clear for escape, and as it was now about one o'clock in the morning, four hours' darkness might still be safely calculated on. This had been part of the plan of the murderers, who had foreseen they might reach the fastnesses of the mountains before pursuit could be of any avail, but I never fancied they would compel me to bear them company, until the deep rough voice of Pierre (which sounded even more fierce since he had committed the horrible deed), soon convinced me what I was to expect.

"Youngster, you go with us," said he, "we leave no chattering witness behind to tell tales and set our master and his friends, eternal curses on them all, in the right track for pursuit; though stop awhile. Do you Martin hold fast this parrot whilst I once more mount the stairs, and search for the pistols and ammunition of those two wretches whom we have justly sent, somewhat before their time, to everlasting torment. We may find our account in weapons of defence in time of need. Here, you have still an arm left to manage this boy, so lay hold of him, I say, and keep him firm. He went up the stairs, and in about five minutes returned with a sword, a brace of pistols, a bag containing some powder and ball, and the purses of his victims. Although the slave Martin was suffering severely from his wound, and no doubt much enfeebled, he was still too powerful for me to effect my escape, and now Pierre had returned, such a project was for the present hopeless, as he passed a cord round my body, tied it tight behind, and searched me very carefully to ascertain whether I had a knife or any thing about me to divide it; at the same time twisting the other end round his left arm, and in this manner we commenced our journey towards the mountains as fast as Martin's weak state enabled us to proceed. We had not travelled above three miles when he requested a halt as he was faint, but Pierre who was a very powerful man would not consent, so giving him a dram of rum from a small bottle he carried in his pocket, bid him be of good cheer, saying at the same time, 'Lean upon me, and courage man but for a few hours and we shall be clear from danger.' The difficulty of travelling had been considerably increased by the ravages caused by the hurricane which was now generally subsiding; and the extreme darkness of the night was succeeded by a beautiful morning, the sea-breeze having again come to us like a blessing from the east, instead of the tremendous west, which, in August comes but to sweep away and destroy all before it. Daylight did indeed show the magnitude of its power. Cane patches lay flat on the ground as if cut; trees were across the roads within a few yards of each other; huts, here and there, were levelled with the earth, and the birds, particularly the pelican, were screaming as they flew from the marshes and other low places where they had sought shelter from the violent effects of the wind.

"Although to me appalling, the scene appeared familiar to the men; and instead of feeling awe-struck at the wondrous power of Him who had caused the devastation before us, they laughed aloud, and expressed, in no very gentle terms, their satisfaction at the great loss, and in some instances ruin, which must ensue to the planters, wishing the whole property turned to dust of those who kept slaves, who had an equal right to freedom with themselves.

"It was now high morning; we were ascending the lofty mountain, and as Martin still complained, his comrade gathered a leaf from the plantain, and undoing the bandage from the arm, applied it to the wound, which it immediately relieved; then tearing that part of the handkerchief which was saturated with blood, he threw it aside, and re-bound Martin's arm tightly round several times, both above and below the wound. A few oranges and grapes served us for breakfast, and we made our way up the difficult pass of the mountain at our best speed; I being still fastened to the murderer Pierre, who pulled me roughly forward whenever I attempted to slacken my pace.

"We had so far avoided the beaten track
THE DESERTER SLAVE.

as to fancy ourselves quite unobserved, as the few persons we had seen were busily employed in endeavouring to restore their dwellings which had been damaged the previous night by the fury of the wind; and as the weakness of Martin was evidently increasing, a halt for an hour was determined upon. 'I did not calculate on this unfortunate shot, Martin,' said Pierre, 'it will sadly delay us, even to the danger of being overtaken, for Monsieur Pichand will lose no time in coming after us, should he happen to return to his estate to-day; and if we should again meet! why, I will lodge a brace of balls in his contriving head, though mine should be struck from my shoulders as I drew the trigger. The valley beyond this mountain will bring us into Christophe's dominions, there we shall be free! with an emperor of our own colour, who will protect and thank us for ridding the world of a couple of rascals, who have left their own country only to seek an early and a bloody end—so now let us seek an hour's rest in this plantation, and then we must resume our journey.' They struck into the thicket accordingly; and after looking cautiously around to see all was safe, they stretched themselves on the ground. Pierre, drawing me close to him with the cord, and placing me between himself and his comrade. In a short time Martin was asleep. His loss of blood had been great, and the journey fatiguing; besides which, the sun had been for a few hours in full splendour, and it was intensely hot. The ruffian Pierre could scarcely resist the same inclination—he turned several times, whistled, and attempted to sing, took several draughts from his bottle, yet the drowsiness increased, and in a quarter of an hour he was fast asleep beside his comrade. I laid myself down quietly also, that I might not excite suspicion. The idea had struck me that I might escape, and I was employing my thoughts as to the best means (for the cord still bound me,) when my eye was attracted by the gleaming edge of the axe, which hung in the waist belt of Pierre. I therefore drew as close as I could to him without touching, and rubbed the cord upon the sharpest point, which soon set me at liberty. No time was to be lost. Perceiving they still slept, I stole away regardless of the consequences, any fate being preferable to the company of two such wretches, who had committed so heinous a sin as a double murder.

'For some time I ran on as fast as I was able, and had great faith in my increasing safety, as the wounded man had not strength to follow me, and I felt assured that Pierre, villain as he was, would never quit his comrade whilst he lived; besides, I made my way still up the mountain instead of returning, as I fancied by endeavouring to get back I should place myself between the fury of the murderers and that of their pursuers: for followed they certainly would be; added to this, an innate wish for liberty urged me forward, whilst the certainty of punishment awaited my being taken.

"Three days did I toil before I entirely got over this stupendous mountain, and was nearly dead from fatigue when the city of Hayti met my view. I pressed forward with all the energy I was master of, but could not reach my wished-for haven, as I fainted through hunger and weariness by the road side. How long I remained in this situation I know not, until I was aroused by a smart stroke from a horsewhip, and starting on my feet beheld a man standing over me, apparently a planter, wearing a dress of nankeen and a large straw hat. 'Hallo, boy,' shouted he, 'what do you do here illing away your time: where is your master? you will suffer for this snoozing, I fancy, when you get home.' My spirit was now quite broken. I burst into tears, and confessed I had come a long way from my master, who had used me very ill, and lived on the other side of yonder mountain.' What, a 'mounser too, eh!' exclaimed my captor; 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, so come with me. I shall sail for Martinique in my schooner to-morrow before day, are you willing to work your passage there? I want a lad for my servant on the passage, and will set you on shore when we arrive. What say you, tea-pot?' A gleam of hope again crossed my bosom, and I cheerfully consented to accompany my new friend, as I then thought him, who lifted me on his horse, placing me before him, and in half an hour we were at his lodgings by the water's side. At night he embarked, taking me with him, and in a short time we were at sea.

"Used to the motion of the vessel, I little knew what course was steered, and my youth and inexperience prevented me from ascertaining it was not that for Martinique. In three days we arrived at our destination.

"A long narrow harbour, and a town almost in ruins, were in view, towards which we were fast approaching, when I asked one of the crew with some timidity, if this place was called Martinique? 'No, you young fool; what put such nonsense in your woolly head?' answered the seaman. 'Martinique! we are not within two hundred leagues of
that island; this is Porto Bello, and the place we are bound to.—Martinique! ha, ha! what should we do there, I wonder? it would be more than some of our necks were worth, mayhap.' It now flashed across my mind that I was in the power of a new master, who had entrapped me by a falsehood, and intended to keep me as his slave. This idea, which was but too true, caused me to shed a flood of tears, and abandon myself entirely to grief and lamentation, under which feeling I was met by the Captain, who, laughing, observed, 'What, my young turkey buzzard, did you expect to fly whilst still unfledged? What, run away from one master and object to another, how very unreasonable; but dry your tears, you shall have no cause to complain, for although you are mine by right, I never treat my people with cruelty; so, there, jump into the boat alongside, and see how well I will use you.' He accompanied these words by inflicting a severe blow across my shoulders with the end of a rope, so that I was glad to obey to prevent receiving a second stripe, with which he menaced me. I went on shore, and was taken to his house; and I must add, in justice to this Englishman, that for the four years afterwards which I passed in his service he was a kind and good master, not only to me, but to others who were his slaves. I accompanied him on several voyages in his schooner, but he never would permit me to do so when bound for St. Domingo, and he was on his voyage there when his vessel was captured by a pirate, and he was cruelly put to death. As soon as this intelligence was confirmed I was sold to the man from whom I have just got away, and a hard and dreadful time I have had with him, but I never meditated escape until the following occurrence placed my life at once at the mercy of an unprincipled villain.

"Six months ago my master brought a fresh slave into his service, who, I perceived, eyed me as if he recognised me. I cannot express the horror I endured when I knew him to be Dominique, one of the three slaves who guarded the door at the time the murder of the overseers was doing, and he now addressed me thus: 'Are you here, my little traitor? When we last met things were somewhat different, I recollect. You betrayed our friends, I believe. Now a word from me would cause you to be strung up to yonder tree, for you were present, as I can swear, when the deed was done.' I had much difficulty in convincing this fellow as to the cause of my being in this country, and it was from him I heard the fate of the two murderers, Pierre and Martin, whom I had left sleeping on the mountain, as before mentioned. Dominique spoke as follows:—

"It was six o'clock in the morning on which the overseers were killed that our late master, Monsieur Pichaud, unexpectedly arrived on his estate, brought thither by the alarm of the hurricane, I believe, and attended by only one white servant on horseback. He found the doors of the habitation open, and in much astonishment proceeded immediately up stairs. You may fancy how he was astounded at the situation in which he found the overseers' rooms. He immediately rang the alarm bell to summon the slaves, mustered them over by the list, when Pierre, Martin, and yourself were the only persons absent. He considered a moment or two, then ran into the house, wrote a hasty note, which he put into the hands of his white attendant, at the same time whispering to him some eager message. The man rode off at full speed, whilst we remained in fear as to the result of the examination; but all were firm and true, no one giving the slightest information, only answering the questions of Monsieur Pichaud with looks of amazement and horror.

"In about an hour the servant returned, bringing with him two of those fierce bloodhounds which have been so successfully employed to hunt our people, and are a curse to our race; these were speedily followed by three gentlemen on horseback, well armed, who were friends of Monsieur Pichaud. One of the hounds, on being brought to the door, gave signs of the scent of blood upon the ground, and being encouraged by his master, commenced his way on the road the runaways had taken; the other dog almost immediately took up the scent, and followed growling angrily. Monsieur Pichaud ordered four of his slaves to attend him, and I was among the number. How I wished, as those dreadful beasts made their way so truly on their course, to have struck them dead with my axe, but I was only one against many men, therefore was compelled to follow, and leave the rest to fortune. Several hours were passed in pursuit, the ban dogs going toward the mountain, sometimes at a swift pace, and sometimes gently, the fierce savage growl issuing from their dark throats as the scent lay strongest, when suddenly there was a stop. Monsieur Pichaud, drawing forth his pistols from their holsters, called out, 'Now my friends, now gentlemen, depend upon it the rascals are near; stand by me now, I beg of you.' 'Be quiet,' said the owner of the
bloodhounds, 'and watch the dogs. The murderers are not here, I fancy, or they have made bad use of their time; however let us be prepared: mark the red dog, I say, see, see!' At this moment a howl from the red dog, and a violent barking from the other, gave token some new event was to happen. The owner of the animals jumped from his horse, and after some exertion of strength, and a plentiful application of the whip, took a cloth from the dog's mouth, and brought it to Monsieur Pichaud for inspection. 'Ha!' exclaimed our master, 'we are on the right scent here, indeed; this handkerchief belonged to the villain Pierre, and it is covered with blood. The rascal must be wounded, too; but pray, my good friends, let us lose no time; forward, if you please, and let these faithful dogs be still our pilots.'

'Your heart failed me when I saw the bloodhounds take up the scent afresh, and move forward at a rapid pace, still toward the mountain. I was in hope that one or two of the friends of Monsieur Pichaud might take another road, and I felt assured, should such be the case, the three slaves who besides myself were of the party, would hesitate to capture Pierre or Martin should they be found, particularly if I should favour their cause, which I had made up my mind to do; yet I dared not speak on the subject to my comrades, for fear of exciting suspicion.'

'The journey was continued rapidly until fire in the afternoon, fatiguing, indeed, to us who followed on foot; the horses were likewise suffering from the heat of the day, and the difficulty of the ascent of this cloud-capped mountain. The gentlemen perceived the necessity of giving rest to their beasts and to us their slaves, when a violent barking from the foremost dog again attracted attention; it was followed by the immediate report of a pistol, and the animal was stretched lifeless on the ground. Our comrade Pierre's never-failing hand was there beyond a doubt. The remaining dog was some time before he could be rescued from his fright; but cheered on by his master, who followed with caution, he was again advancing, when stopping suddenly he uttered a most savage groan. The gentlemen immediately dismounted, and rushing into the thicket, found the body of a man. On inspection it was ascertained to be that of Martin; he was still warm, and could not have been dead many minutes.

'This accounts for our successful pursuit so far,' exclaimed Monsieur Pichaud, 'taking the bandage from the wounded arm of the corpse,—but what can have caused his death? flesh wounds, indeed, like these disable, but they do not kill,—open his frock, let us examine further;' on this being done, the mark of a recent wound was discovered, which had been inflicted with a knife, and had reached the heart. 'Desperate scoundrels,' continued Monsieur Pichaud, 'where will their guilt end? Let us proceed; the other villain has slain his comrade to prevent his capture alive; he must, therefore, be near at hand, for neither the instrument with which this wound has been inflicted, nor the pistol with which the dog has been shot are to be found. On then, my friends, for the love of heaven, to secure the villain Pierre and the boy.' The party were again in motion following the dog, but the progress was slow, as the scent was not so easily found and kept up, and it was with difficulty they could get the hound from the recently slain man, so much does their savage nature delight to revel in human blood. The pursuit was, therefore, not continued long after dark, and the party assembled round a fire kindled under shelter of the mountain peak, and partook of some refreshments which had been provided by the care of our master's friends. We, the slaves, were separated several yards from the gentlemen, and the time was portioned out in watches to last until dawn of day. About midnight, when my companions were asleep, and our master was holding a scarcely audible conversation with one of his friends, I felt a slight pull at the sleeve of my frock, and on looking round beheld the figure of a man on the ground. By a signal from him, I immediately recognised the object of the search. It was Pierre, weary and worn out with fatigue from the vast endeavours he had made to escape. I made a noise affecting to sing, whilst he in a whisper told me that he had had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and could proceed no further; seeing the fire, he had crawled thither to endeavour to obtain some refreshment as he was dying from thirst. I gave the exhausted wretch my canteen, which he most greedily emptied, and then asked if the dog was dead, or shall I, said he, still be traced even if I hide myself from mortal eye. 'The dog is dead,' was my reply. 'Thanks for that,' fiercely answered Pierre, 'I thought my hand too true to fire in vain; I may still hope to be free.' It was with a suppressed groan he heard me say, another dog was with his persecuting hunters, not so savage, but equally keen-scented and true as the one he had killed. 'Then, there is no hope for me,' continued he, 'curse this accident which
THE DESERTER SLAVE.

has deprived me of my strength and made a child of me, I would else sell my life dearly, and show those men, who call themselves our masters, that if they provoke their slaves to desperation it is not always to be done with impunity;’ then, imposing silence by placing his finger on his lips, he pressed me by the hand and crawled away as quietly as he had approached.

‘I could not hope for his ultimate escape crippled as he was by a sprained ankle, but I looked forward with much interest and some alarm to the time of his being found, feeling assured from his resolute and determined disposition loss of life would ensue ere he was captured, be it when or where it might.

‘At dawn our party were again in pursuit; the too sure bloodhound was led round and round for several minutes, when uttering his usual growl he took up the scent on the very spot which I had occupied the preceding night, and advanced in the same track Pierre had crawled away. Monsieur Pichaud darted a look at me which evinced strong suspicion of my fidelity. There was now no doubt that Pierre would be taken, as he could not be far away. Our master and his friends mounted their horses, and I followed my companions with a heavy heart, to be an unwilling spectator of the death or capture of my friend.

‘From the very great caution taken by the pursuers and the eager looks they cast upon the dog whilst they had their pistols ready for immediate action, it was evident they were aware no child’s play might be expected, and that Pierre in his desperate situation would resist to the last, whatever might be the fate of the boy. The dog was unusually slow in his advance; they could scarcely urge him forward, as he had not now the warm blood scent as an inducement, which was the case before Martin’s body was found; yet the owner of the animal assured Monsieur Pichaud of success, and to hold himself in immediate readiness to act.

‘The morning was particularly fine, and the mountain was free from clouds to the very summit, a sight unusual in the hurricanes months. Birds of elegant and various plumage were in great numbers, their constant and lively song adding to the beauty of the scene, but on a projecting point of the mountain, the lower part of which was covered by a thicket, sat an ill-omened solitary vulture, which took flight, screaming discordantly, as the party, led forward by the dog, made their slow approach. The animal evinced the greatest agitation, growling whilst trembling, and every now and then looking backwards towards his master. The crisis was at hand! The gentlemen dismounted, giving me their horses to hold by desire of Monsieur Pichaud, who I am certain suspected me. The pursuers now formed a semicircle in the rear of the dog, so as to cover the whole way at equal distances to the projecting point, the slaves being placed alternately with our master and his friends, and each within close pistol shot, therefore, escape was rendered impossible as the precipice at the back of the projection was nearly perpendicular and at least one hundred feet deep. All seemed convinced Pierre was concealed there, and the shout which was vociferated by Monsieur Pichaud, of ‘See, the murderer is there!’ was simultaneous with the report of two pistols discharged into the thicket. These shots were answered from the bush twice, and with so true an aim that the hat of our master was knocked from his head and he slightly grazed, whilst his friend who had likewise fired received a ball in his thigh and fell. As if forgetful of his lameness, Pierre now rushed forth from the concealment, and with his axe gleaming in the rays of the sun as he flourished it over his head, he made towards his master to put him to death; nor would he have escaped the superior strength and ferocity of Pierre, had not our master’s friends, who had reserved their fire, now shot with deliberate aim—a ball from one of the pistols crushed Pierre’s shoulder-blade, and the dangerous uplifted axe fell harmless on the ground. The murderer was speedily surrounded, seized, and after a desperate struggle bound hand and foot and secured across the horse of the gentleman he had wounded, for whom a litter was hastily constructed, and in this manner we re-traced our steps to the estate. Three days afterwards, Pierre was hanged upon a lofty gibbet which had been erected for that purpose before the door of the house where the murder had been committed. He confessed nothing, as he never spoke from the time of his being overpowered and made prisoner. His body was allowed to hang supported by ropes from various parts, until the birds of prey had rendered it a sight too disgusting to behold; it was then cut down and burned, no burial being permitted for a convicted murderer taken in the act of attempting his master’s life. Thus terminated this sanguinary affair, in which you as a boy were implicated as a principal, and thus I have you in my power at all times,
THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MRS. NORTON.

HARRY DUNSTAN was the younger son of a younger son; a colonel in the army, who thought a man provided handsomely for his offspring when he bought a commission in the guards. But Captain Dunstan was not of the same opinion; expensive in his habits, thoughtless and extravagant in his ideas, the gaming table, the turf, and the dice box supplied him with temporary resources; his father, after having paid his debts half a dozen times, refused to do anything more for him, and soon after died, leaving him, according to the technical expression, "without a farthing in the world," i.e. with about three hundred a year. Dunstan was advised to marry an heiress, which he was perfectly willing to do; after one or two disappointments in England, he received an invitation from a General Campbell, who had been a friend of his father's, to spend the shooting season at Cumlin Dhu, a beautiful romantic place in the Highlands. Thither Harry Dunstan proceeded, and was warmly welcomed on account of his great merit, in having possessed so amiable a father. Amongst the inmates of the general's hospitable house, was a nephew of his, Archie Campbell; a gay, warm-hearted young Scotchman, blunt in his manner, but with acute feelings, kind to a fault, the idol of his circle, and the admiration even of the calculating and heartless Dunstan himself. A sort of friendship, or more properly companionship, was established between the two young men; and in spite of the contrast between them, they became inseparable. Archie Campbell, who had scarcely ever been from the wilds in which he lived, was struck with the natural and acquired elegance of the English officer, for Harry Dunstan had no dandyism about him; gentle without effeminacy, graceful without affectation, he won easily on the unsuspecting; and a sort of tact, which was taught him, partly by his dependent situation, partly by an innate thirst of vanity which led him to wish for universal praise, gave him that enviable power of adapting himself to different dispositions, and chameleon-like variety in the choice of the modes of making an impression, which would have baffled a keener sighted man than his simple happy friend. From the old general, who found an apparently eager companion in his favourite sports, to the piper, whose account of St. Fillan's meeting and its prize pipes, was so kindly listened to, all loved Dunstan.
And one more loved him; one, who should rather have allowed her young heart to wither in her bosom, for Archie Campbell had wooed her, and Archie's bride she was to be. It was a settled thing: and many of her privileged friends already laughingly addressed her by the title of Mrs. Campbell of Cumlin-Dhu—and Mrs. Campbell she might have been but for Harry Dunstan. Archie himself introduced his friend to his betrothed; it was he who expressed a wish that they should like one another, it was he who requested Harry to take care of Minny and her Highland pony, while he himself went to see a sick old man, or give directions about the general's farm, it was he who informed Dunstan that the only delay to the match was the return of Minny's uncle who was to give her a fortune hardly earned in India, and had wished to see his beloved child by adoption united to the man of her choice; the father was only a poor clergyman, and his brother's return was daily expected. Dunstan heard, and pondered, and while he sat on the sunny bank with the blue sky reflected in the uplifted eyes of his innocent companion, dark and treacherous thoughts coursed one another through his mind; while he wore harebells for Margaret Dure's fair locks, and she smiled on him in confiding friendship, he was meditating how to cover the innocent victim with chains whose links should be concealed among flowers till they were bound round her heart! It were vain and useless to recount Harry Dunstan's acts; he was thirty, she seventeen; he was a man of the world, she had never been beyond her native village. She admired him, she liked to have him with her, she looked forward to happy days at Cumlin-Dhu, with her husband Archie, and her new friend; then she wished that Archie was like Dunstan, in some things, till—till Harry Dunstan seemed to her the most perfect of human beings. And think not that this was mere fickleness, or admiration of outward show. Dunstan had laid his plot deeply; he contrived by a thousand stratagems to weaken the bonds of affection between the two lovers; and while he appeared to be earnestly wishing to reconcile their quarrels, and to laugh at their childish differences as he called them, he inwardly exulted as the barbed dart sunk deeper and deeper into the bosoms of those who unwittingly cherished a serpent.

Archie Campbell was in the daily habit of riding to the manse, and taking what he laughingly termed his "orders for the day," from the gentle lips of his betrothed. He rode out one morning while the grey mists still clung to the tops of the hills, as if loth to leave them to the glory of the uprisen sun. The freshness and brightness of nature gave warmth to his heart and vigour to his limbs, and a kindly and remorseful spirit stole over him as he reflected on some hasty and jealous words he had spoken to Minny the day previous. "What a weak thing is a man's soul?" thought he; "I struggle with doubts and fears which at one time wring my heart, while at another they seem as easily dispersed as the shadows and mists from the brow of yonder mountain. At this hour of quiet glory,—in the dewy silence of this delicious morning,—how feverish, how foolish, seem the feelings of yesterday. My poor Minny, what could make me doubt you now?"

What, indeed!—As he approached the manse it appeared to him that there was an unusual stir—an unusual number of people assembled on the little lawn from which Minny used to watch his coming: his heart beat, his breath came quick, the old man must be ill, or the housekeeper had died suddenly, or the Indian uncle had arrived, or—anything but Minny! Mr. Dure was standing on the lawn; his white head uncovered, and his eyes wandering irresolutely from one to another of the grieved and perplexed countenances of his little household. When he perceived Archie he staggered forward, and with a nervous laugh, which contrasted thrillingly with the wild anxiety of his eye as he pressed young Campbell's hand, exclaimed—"Weel, laddie, and isn't this a wild trick you've played us, so sober and discreet as you seemed; weel, weel—and where?" The old man's tone suddenly altered; the haggard smile vanished from his face, and as he leaned heavily on Archie's arm, he whispered in a hoarse voice—"Don't say it, don't say it, don't tell me you don't know where she is, or may be ye'll see me die at your feet." Archie collected from the weeping domestics enough and more than enough to satisfy him. The snowy coverlet of Minny's bed remained undisturbed by the pressure of a human form. She had not slept at the manse that night; she would never more rest her head in peace and innocence beneath its roof again!

He came back to Cumlin-Dhu, and asked for Dunstan—he had departed suddenly on plea of urgent business in England. Archie Campbell gazed in his informant's face with a vacant stare, and then bowed his head on his hands; he did not weep or groan, or even sigh—a slight shudder only passed over his frame. I anxiously watched him the few...
THE BROKEN VOW.

succeeding days we were together, he was just the same as usual; he talked and laughed, and though the laugh was less cheerful, it was wonderful how well he consoled his sorrow—only when he sometimes stole a look at Dunstan's unfilled place, a wild and fearful expression lighted his countenance, his lips moved and his breath came thick and short. For a little while I thought he would either get over it, or that he retained some hope that Minny herself would repent before it was too late, and return; he rode out at the accustomed hour to the manse, where the lonely old father was mourning in silent and submissive sorrow.

I accidentally encountered him one evening; he was sitting on the favourite bank—a deep crimson sun lit the heath and harebell, the wide blue lake lay stretched beneath, and the perfumed air echoed the confused murmur of distant sounds and the hum of insects; he looked at the empty seat by him, "Minny, sweet Minny!" said he, in a low gentle voice, then suddenly rising, with startling energy he stretched his arms and bent forward with a straining effort to the distant mountains: "Margaret! Margaret Dure!" and the hills returned in the same tone of unspeakable anguish "Margaret Dure!" I feared he would fall and be dashed to pieces on the shingles below, yet I dared not speak, hardly breathe; he slowly drew himself back and sank down—that night he heard of Minny's marriage with Dunstan; that night he swore to me to leave Britain and travel for a while till his health should improve. He went abroad, and after a few months Mr. Dure received a letter from him, the handwriting was feeble and the style incoherent; it expressed a wish that, as he was dying in a foreign land without any probability of being able to return, Mr. Dure should have a small marble slab erected under the old cypress tree, with his name and age, and the year he died in. This was accordingly done. In little more than a year after her marriage, Margaret Dunstan was attacked by a complaint which had often threatened her—that canker-worm of the young and lovely, consumption. Dunstan, disappointed in his hopes of money by his grieved and angry uncle, had latterly treated her coldly if not harshly; yet it was impossible to see anything so young and so beautiful dying without some feelings of pity; after a vain course of remedies had been gone through, he acceded to her sorrowful prayer, that he would take her back to die at Cumlin-Dhu, where her old father still lived. They arrived late in the evening, and, worn and exhausted, Margaret felt that she could not go to the manse that night; she had not heard of Archie's death in the stranger land and of his last request; and she stole into the churchyard where she was so soon to rest, and sat down in the still twilight, leaning her weary head against a tombstone. She had not sat there many minutes before she heard the little gate open, and presently afterwards her own name was uttered in a low voice. "Here I am, Dunstan," said she rising; the speaker darted forward and then stood transfixed to the spot—"Margaret Dure!"—she uttered a piercing shriek. "Minny," said the young man wildly, "do not fear me, it is only Archie Campbell; are you living, and is it only the moonlight that makes you so pale?" "Oh, Archie! do not speak in that tone; we are both altered, and I am dying now, but I deserved it, and I am contented to leave this world, and when I am buried in this lone place you will think of me sometimes, and forgive me." "Minny, I hope you will live many long years, and I will see you sometimes at night, for I must be dead to all but you. Tell me, is he, is Dunstan kind to you?" "Can the treacherous in friendship be faithful in love? no, Archie, the red gold tempted him, not Minny's face; he has chid me for smiling, and reproached me for leaving you, and said it was for a more splendid life I went with him; and—and that if I changed once I might change again; and he has chid me for weeping when I thought of my father and of you, Archie, and of the sweet banks of Cumlin-Dhu." "And did you think of me, my sweet Minny? Did you think of me still amid all the temptations and pleasures of England?" "Archie, after the dream that he loved me melted away, love went out of my heart; but night and day, through the melancholy spring and the long weary summer, I wept for you—for your kind words and faithful promises; for the long happy days we spent together; and I felt that it was just that I who forsook should be forsaken." Archie Campbell rushed forward, and taking the unfortunate girl in his arms he strained her convulsively to his bosom. "What have I done?" said Margaret, as she disengaged herself; "oh, Archie, pity me and let me go home!" and the word brought a fresh torrent of bitter tears to her already dim and swollen eyes. "Fear nothing," said he, as his arm sunk by his side; "I am no traitor—God Almighty and Allmerciful bless and protect you; go, and, Minny, tell no one you have seen me;" he loosed her hand and walked quickly away, and his bewilderd companion..."
returned to her husband. After a most distressing scene between Minny and her poor father, it was agreed that they should live at the manse till something else should be settled, or till Minny should get better; though Mr. Dure felt he never could like Dunstan, yet his first fears had not been realised, his daughter was married; and though it was a grievous thing to think of poor Archie, his old favourite, yet he was a man prone to forgive, and he left vengeance to Him who hath said "Vengeance is mine." The minister gently told his daughter the fate of her betrothed and deserted lover; she listened intently, and remembering the scene of the night before, she said earnestly, "Are you sure? oh, I cannot believe he is dead." She shuddered as she said this; her father calmly drawing her arm within his, walked through his little garden and entered the churchyard at the end of it. "There," said he mournfully, "is the stone I raised to him." Minny looked, though her head swam.

This stone is erected to the memory of
Archibald Campbell,
who departed this life,
aged 24,
May 6th, 1825.

It was the stone on which she had been leaning the night before; she gave a wild scream and fainted; her body, weakened as it was, was terribly shaken by this adventure, and though she still hoped some wild chance might have preserved Archie, and that it was indeed he that stood by her and spoke to her that evening, yet the awful words, "I will see you at night, for I must be dead to all but you," rung in her ear, and his hand, she remembered, was very cold. A sick thrill passed over her as she remembered this, and she at length became persuaded she had seen the spirit of her lover. Meanwhile she grew weaker and weaker every day. One evening she expressed a wish to visit once more the moss bank which overhung the lake. Dunstan had gone out shooting, and it was on his way home. The old servant at the Manse supported her, for she was now too feeble to walk without assistance; she sat down in the accustomed spot, dark overhanging mountains behind her, and the quiet blue lake before her; towards sun-set she saw Dunstan coming over the hill, he waved his handkerchief to her and she answered the signal; he leaped down the tufted side of the hill till he came to the most dangerous part, where it rose almost perpendicularly from the lake.

"Come slowly, Dunstan, pray," said the alarmed wife; Harry Dunstan laughed at her fears: he made one step more and was arrested in his progress. A wild, gaunt form sprung upon him like an angry wolf, and endeavoured to hurl him down the precipice; Dunstan struggled as those struggle, and those only, who have death present to their eyes, but in vain; nearer and nearer he was dragged to the edge, till there was nothing between him and the lake below but a space of about four feet, by a sudden effort he flung himself on his back, and fired his loaded gun, his opponent bounded a few steps backward, the leaves over which he rolled rustled in the descent—a sick faint scream from Margaret, and all was silent. Minny Dunstan walked feebly forward, her husband descended the hill, every fibre quivering with the struggle he had made; they met beside the body of the wounded man. Margaret bent over him, he opened his eyes, gave a dim dreary glance round him, took Dunstan’s hand, and raising his eyes to heaven, murmured some indistinct words; he then turned them once more to Minny, a film came over those orbs, and he lay a corse before them—the corse of Archie Campbell! Worn and emaciated by suffering, and looking like a man who had past many more years of sorrows, the noble-hearted youth lay cold and stiff before his treacherous friend.—And it seemed to Dunstan afterwards, that his marriage, the death of Archie, the more lingering illness of Minny, and the sorrow and misery he had brought on all, were but as a warning dream.
THE MODEST MAN.

Modesty, it is said, is the test of merit, and upon my word, in nine cases out of ten I believe it is so; and again, merit we know is sure at last to succeed, although I believe it to be true, that it commonly does contrive to prosper at last; that is, at the latest moment, when malignant fate has no longer leisure to create further ordeals or sacrifices for it. But what surprises one more than the ultimate success of merit is, that modesty invents occasionally such very odd means for the exhibition of itself. It is so much like downright impudence that—I don’t know—I may be mistaken—but, upon my life, an inexperienced observer would imagine that the really ingenious, was a certainly ingenious youth, and that he periodically invested his visage with the imperial purple for the purpose of concealing his mean or majestic designs. I have often wished that I had a crimson capital of this description at command; but, unfortunately, a long acquaintance with the best society in London, and at the watering places, has bestowed upon my physiognomy a metallic currency of which I could well desire the absence, and has at length merely qualified me for a brassfounder, with a valuable stock to commence upon. And if any young beginner in the professional line be desirous of possessing himself of a small brazen effigy of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, wherewith to adorn his study or his drawing-room, I give him my face of impudence, that I can supply him with material at a very reasonable rate, having a large quantity of that article to dispose of. But touching the success of your undeniably modest men, I find that the extent of the blushing faculty has a vast deal to do with it, and that what, uttered or achieved with a pallid countenance, would be gross calumny or grievous wrong, with a faint hectic, would be accounted pert impertinence, or not quite the thing; and with a downright blush, would be designated agreeable badinage, or interesting deceit. Strange to say, in the last instance, it no longer bears the hue of malice—it is no longer a colourable transaction. And then, the difficulties which your modest men surmount—difficulties which impudence can never hope to overcome. Hannibal, we are told, succeeded in melting the Alps with vinegar; but I should like to know what rocks of adversity a man can hope to get rid of with a vinegar aspect? No, a blush is the sunbeam that dissolves the snow of fixed indifference, and the ice of contumelious scorn—it is the oil on the troubled waters—it is the manna, or rather the manner, in the wilderness of society. A multitude of cautious objections arise in array against the modest man—they are overwhelmed by a deprecating suffusion; an army of inimical remarks stalks before the ingenuous youth—they are overflowed with a mantling blush. Pharaoh and his host, let it be remembered, were drowned in the Red Sea.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested to me by a remembrance of circumstances that came under my notice at the house of my friend, Sir Harry Goodere, at whose country seat I was staying for a few days. Sir Harry is one of the best fellows in the world—the type of benevolence—the symbol of satisfaction—the picture of good humour. Would you fain draw a mental likeness of the man? Behold, then, a rotund individual, whose angular points have long ago been softened down and converted into curvatures by the acquisition of benignant flesh, which attaches itself to him, and glows with the compact reddiness of a Rubens, and yet withal with the softened grace of a Correggio. Imagine an eye with a wink constantly at its side—conceive a mouth with a smile ever at its elbow—fancy a chin with an infinite number of dependent chinlings, that supersede the use or defy the confinement of a neckcloth. Above all, figure to yourself an immense bald expanse of forehead principally constructed, it might be presumed, for the convenience and solace of flies, with which, in the summer season, it is a most agreeable and popular promenade.

But I would not have you to believe that his laughter is boisterous, or his mirth unruly. Quite the contrary. You see, you do not hear, him laugh. You might defy the most assiduous eavesdropper, were he pricking up his own auricular appendages in the ear of Dionysius, to catch a cachinnatory sound from Sir Harry’s lips. It is only by the occasional bursting of a waistcoat button, that an indication is extended to you of his
nirth having become in motion. But Sir Harry is a philosopher in the truest sense of the word. His motto is, "carpe diem," and he has abundant diurnal crops. Nothing interferes with his enjoyments. Were his wife suddenly to become an underground tenant of the family vault, I question whether he would breathe a wish to eject her from the premises; still less would he desire to become part occupant of the property; and yet, when death shall at last arrive, I do not doubt but he will exercise his accustomed hospitality, and shake hands with the "grim feature" most cordially. And when summoned to descend into the well of eternity, depend upon it he will "kick the bucket" more in sorrow than in anger.

But I mentioned his lady. There is an intelligible pattern of a country gentlewoman. Silence is her calling—her vocation. She is a great miser of words, and parts with her syllables as discreetly as though, like the Princess in the Fairy Tale, she spoke pearls and diamonds. Harpocrates was a tedious prosér compared with her. His finger on his lip is an impertinence. She needs no such digital exhortations. Like Juliet,

"She speaks, yet she says nothing—what of that!"

Her face is a vocabulary of compendious phrases, intelligible to the meanest capacity. She carries on her part of a long conversation with a smile, and a simper from her has oftentimes disposed of the argument. She does not consider speech a gift, but a loan, which she is bound to return to the lender unimpaired and undiminished.

Sir Harry and his consort have been blessed with one daughter, a young lady of whom it is not at present my hint to speak. I may, however, let fall, that Miss Aurelia was a little more of the rogue than, from her compressed lips and demure dejection of the eyes, might have been positively affirmed of her. I mean to say that there was occasionally a wicked twinkle and a folding down of the corners of the mouth that indicated pretty plainly the fate of any luckless person who, from a desire to please, or from any other cause, might, haply, draw his inspiration from the "silly buckets" of folly, rather than from the golden urn of wisdom.

But to return. It was at the house of my friend Sir Harry that I first met the modest man. The modest man, when I entered the parlour, was not yet come, and the question was, now that I had arrived, whether the dinner should be kept back any longer. Sir Harry having decided that another quarter of an hour should be extended to the culprit, lest an intimation that he had been the cause of retarding the repast should fairly destroy him with confusion worse confounded, I had leisure to pay my respects to the three gentlemen composing the company upon this occasion, all of whom I had met frequently before.

Mr. Dashwood was a young country gentleman, having an estate in the neighbourhood, remarkable for nothing so much as the possession of a large pair of whiskers, and a considerable attachment towards Miss Aurelia, which he contrived to make sufficiently manifest upon every occasion. Accordingly, when I entered, I found the young gentleman seated between Lady Goodere and her daughter, paying such assiduous attention to the younger lady as his somewhat limited stock of gallantry and paucity of invention enabled him to offer. Between ourselves, Dashwood was hardly a desirable match for Miss Aurelia; for, not to speak it maliciously, if one were to leave out of the question his good estate and good nature (two very good concomitants I admit), the young squire was but a poor creature. His well-cultivated whiskers were a type of the productiveness of his estate; and the regions of the forehead might be considered expressive of the waste lands in the immediate neighbourhood, which no extent of cultivation would suffice to render of any value.

Seated opposite the door in his accustomed chair,—habited in the same eternal sables—the very tie to the neckcloth with his initials marked with red silk in one corner—the same silk stockings (the clocks too truly told the time they had been worn)—the identical thin shoes or pumps, I could swear to their identity—thus circumstanced, I beheld Dr. Poly-syllable Prosy. The doctor is an inveterate diner out—hence the locality of his seat,—hence the eternal sameness of his gear; he is a direful inflection on the inexperienced visitor,—hence the triumphant air of superiority which he flings like a mantle around him. I shuddered as I beheld this perambulating black draught, and would have fled, but the sight of my friend Waver somewhat restored me.

Waver is one of the most excellent creatures breathing. There is a quiet amiability about him that endears him to all his acquaintance. But Waver's mind is to this day a sheet of blank paper—not of foolscap, but of tissue, or, as it is termed, silver paper. No impression could be made upon it that would not be a blot—a disfigurement. His head is a kind of intellectual posting-house where ideas
stop to change horses, but never remain; or rather an inn where the first visitor is welcomed till a second arrives, when the former is left in the blue parlour utterly forsaken of host, landlady, waiter, chambermaid, ostler, and boots.

But by the time I had completed a survey of my excellent host, his family, and friends, the door opened and the modest man made his appearance! In my life I never beheld embarrassment so painful as extended itself over the expressive countenance of Mr. Alfred Peony. The observant reader has, perhaps, seen the eccentric eldrest born of his particular friend intent on swallowing every cherry stone on the dessert table; he has remarked that one will inevitably stop half-way in its passage; and he has, perhaps, contributed to the relief of the juvenile delinquent by bestowing certain digs on the dorsal settlements of the lad's flabby universe; if he has beheld this phenomenon—and who has escaped that sight?—he will have seen a face resembling in hue, and not unlike in expression, that of the modest man on his first entrance into the presence of Sir Harry and his friends. I could not but observe the hieroglyphical manner (so to speak) in which he paid his respects to Sir Harry; the crocodile snap with which he grasped the glove of his lady, and the tips of Miss Aurelia's fingers; and the alligator rigidity of back with which he accomplished a bow, which he was polite enough to make to the window curtains, and in which, like a three against human nature, present company was excepted.

Nor was his first movement less unhappy in its effect. Making a step forward, he contrived to fix his heel with such emphatic force upon the toe of the doctor, as caused that individual to invent a grimace not unlike what may be conceived of one of Dante's demons under the influence of sulpharic acid; and gently pushing Mr. Dashwood aside, the modest man succeeded in appropriating to himself the seat of the former between the two ladies, while the squire mumbled unintelligible complaints to the frame of the painting, that hung immediately above his head.

Neither were the modest man's proceedings less worthy of observation on the announcement of dinner. While I did myself the honour of extending my arm to Lady Godere to hand her down stairs, Dashwood was no less active in protruding his agricultural fin for escorting Miss Aurelia; but the modest man waiting, as though purposely, till the young lady should indicate her acceptance, drew her offered arm within his own, very coolly; and following my descending footsteps, left the squire to exchange curses not loud but deep, with the doctor, who in like manner had been anticipated by myself in his designs upon the other lady.

It was, methought, with a mischievous smile that Sir Harry committed the anatomical amputation of a couple of fowls to the skill of the modest man. It was sheer embarrassment, I feel convinced, that caused him to appropriate to his own tooth a wing and the breast, towards which Dr. Prosy had projected his fascinated eyeballs;—and a pardonable error of extreme confusion that moved him to present the doctor with a withered drumstick, over which that excited person moaned imprecations of direst vengeance. But while I was with well-pleased exultation and triumph perusing in the countenance of Doctor Polysyllabible Prosy

"The study of revenge, immortal hate." was it the elbow of fancy that visited my side with a wicked nudge, or rather, was it the elbow of the modest man? Did mine eyes deceive me? or was the crimson cheek of Mr. Alfred Peony really rising before my vision by the force of that internal lever, his tongue?—I cannot say.

It must be a dreadful infirmity of constitution or temperament that causes modest men to stifle their reserve by quaffing so liberally as, when the cloth was drawn, Mr. Peony was observed to do; but he appeared happily unconscious of the extent of his imibitions, and retired to the company of the ladies in the drawing room with all the frigid indifference of a wine cooler with a magnum of claret in its inside.

"That's a fine young fellow," observed Sir Harry, as the door closed after the modest man, "but the worst of him is, he's so confoundedly bashful, — don't you think so, Waver?"

"Think? Sir Harry," cried Waver, casting a profile eye at his host, like an Egyptian outline on a tomb, — " why, I can't say but I think he is very modest."

"I opine, on the contrary," interrupted the doctor, "that, were we to take a comprehensive glance at his idiosyncrasy, we should eliminate that fanciful proposition, and collocate the individual in question under a less laudatory category——"

"We might so, indeed," said Waver.

"But then," cried I, in extenuation," every one must have perceived the young gentleman blush in a very painful manner."

"He did so," remarked Waver, seizing upon the reminiscence with avidity.
"But he took my chair very coolly," said Dashwood in a querulous tone.

"That’s true," cried the other burying his chin in his waistcoat.

"And precipitated himself with extraordinary physical determination, without enunciating a satisfactory apology, on my pedal extremities," bellowed the Doctor.

"That also is an undoubted fact," explained Waver, in a positive tone.

"Well, well," interrupted Sir Harry, "but that was purely accidental."

"It was so," said Waver, with decided emphasis, and we retired to the drawing room.

"Depend upon it, Mr. Quizley," cried the Doctor, addressing me and besieging my button, "depend upon it; that that Mr. Peony, the modest man, as he is designated, is a corporeal counterfeit—a snake in the grass. It is a most veritable incident that I am about to give utterance to: Mr. Peony undoubtedly intimated to my satisfaction that he was but an indifferent player at whist, upon which understanding I consented to take Mr. Waver as a partner.—Well, sir,—"

"Well, sir?" cried I, for Prisy paused in his discourse.

"Would you believe it?" resumed the Doctor, and he drew in his breath, and looked me earnestly in the face with the pair of grey peas with which nature had supplied him in lieu of eyes. "Would you believe it, sir," repeated he, softly, and suddenly letting off his voice like a bull dog shot from a twenty-four pounder, he roared, "A first rate player, by heaven! Hoyle was not fit to shuffle the cards for him, sir, Oh Lord!" and the Doctor wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Well, but, my dear sir," said I soothingly, "let me hope that you have not lost?"

"Nothing, nothing," laughed the doctor hystically, "only twenty pounds," and he drifted away from my presence like a coal barge at flood tide, to recount his disaster to the lady of the mansion.

"I have been talking to Sir Harry," said Waver, as he drew his chair near mine, "of the modest young gentleman, Mr. Peony; I was thinking——"

"That he is a very high fellow, eh? my friend."

"Yes, I was thinking so," cried Waver, "do you see how he’s monopolising the ear of Miss Aurelia; do you mark how his colour changes? a pity he’s so modest—by the by, the poor Doctor. I am really quite concerned that our friend should have so imprudently risked his money."

"So am not I, Mr. Waver," cried I; "I shall love the young fellow for ever, for so adroitly turning the card tables on the old hunks."

"Shall you?" said Waver, rubbing his hands and chuckling; "so shall I, my dear fellow, I assure you."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Quizley," deferentially ejaculated John Jones, the butler, as I came down stairs the following morning, "but that handsome young gentleman, Mr. Peony—who is so very modest—do you know, sir, and Jones drew near, scratching his yellow wig that it might be mistaken for his own head of hair; "do you know, sir, he’s a deuce of a fellow after the maid servants. I caught him just now kissing our Jenny; he blushed when he saw me, and gave me a poke in the ribs with his forefinger, as much as to say—‘mum’s the word, old boy’—Strange, wasn’t it, sir?"

"Not at all, my old friend; we were young once, you know; and you, Jones, you are a perfect Juan, eh?"

"Ah! sir," chuckled the butler, borrowing a blush from the modest man, and endeavouring to hop away from the imputation with the crow’s foot at the corner of his eyes, as he smiled demurely; "you are pleased to be facetious; but then, Mr. Peony is such a very modest young man, isn’t he, sir?"

"He is indeed a very modest young man," I replied with much gravity.

"Ha! ha! ha! odd bodkins, Mr. Quizley, but you’re such a funny gentleman," cried the butler, wrenching his mouth asunder with a sort of ready-made laughter which he had always at command. "Well, I declare, I never heard a better joke in my life, and he retired to his apartment shaking and heaving like a bale of woollen cloth under the influence of galvanic power.

The tedium of a morning in the countryside when visitors are left to their own devices, whether of pastime or pleasure, is too well known to justify a repetition of it in this place. Suffice it, that I was yawning over a new fashionable novel, the most remarkable incident in which was the perpetual fracture of Priscian’s head; while Miss Aurelia was "printing her thoughts in lawn," or, in other words, plying her needle at the window. Our attention, however, was diverted from the respective employments in which we were engaged, by the unceremonious entrance of Dr. Polysyllable Prisy, followed by Sir Harry and Waver, the latter two endeavouring, in some measure, to allay a paroxysm of rage which appeared to be agitating that corpulent personage even unto apoplexy.
"Now, I appeal to you, Mr. Quizley," roared the Doctor, "whether that modest young gentleman be not of a verity one of the most turbulent and inexusable of human impersonations?"

"Be calm, be calm, my dear sir," cried Sir Harry, " 'twas but an accident—"

"An accident, ha! ha!" groaned the Doctor, with a mouth like the entrance to Avernus; "no, no, 'twas no fortuitous or unavoidable mishap, but a bona-fide, premeditated experiment. I'll tell you, sir. I was witnessing a game at billiards between that respectable and truly ingenuous youth, Mr. Dashwood, and Mr. Peony, who is neither—but I say nothing. Well, sir, the balls were thus—close under the cushion, and the difficulty, as it presented itself to me, the magnum opus, was to put both balls into the pocket. With a culpable, and yet, perchance, a pardonable curiosity to ascertain the consummation of the feat, about to be either accomplished or unachieved, I advanced to the foot of the table, and placing my eye directly above its horizon, awaited the result. It was Mr. Peony's play. Will mortal faith believe it? that, whether reckless or malignant individual I shall not determine, succeeded in his object—and in what beside? in lodging, sir, in lodging the point of the instrument, which I think is denominated a cue, on the extremity of my nose, where he detained it with an unfeeling pressure on my nasal organ till he had perorated a confused, and, I cannot but retain the conviction, an insincere apology."

At this recital, Sir Harry fell into a trance of unextinguishable but inward laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" incontinently simpered Miss Aurelia. "Ho! ho! ho!" roared I, with inexpressible anguish of side-ach. "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Waver, after having ascertained the feeling of the company, while the Doctor stood erect, with his forefinger planted on his nose, like a magic-stick even of Momus under the influence of the furies.

"Oh! this is well—this is very well," at length exploded the possessed one; "but no matter;" and as he, with frightfully frantic gambols favoured us with his absence, a second burst of merriment relieved the overexcited diaphragms of his tormentors.

It was a lovely evening in August; twilight was beginning to wrap the surrounding objects in uncertain gloom; and silence gathered around, broken only by the grating harshness of my new shoes as they moved along the gravel path. I was pondering upon old times, and recalling ancient memories of antiquated jills, of post-meridian coquettes, of virgins who had become venerable, of widows transformed into wives. Thence I turned to the consideration of jolly bachelors who had deviated into solemn bores, of sober husbands metamorphosed into sardonic sots, of amiable widowers twisted into incorrigible quidnuncs. Then again my mind misgave me of my own estate. Why had I remained so long single? Why was I still without incumbrances? Why compelled to go life's dreary round without a magic family circle to step into? Why enforced to be gathered to my fathers without children to gather round their father at his last gasp? I projected myself into futurity. I beheld myself ten years hence—a single man, bent double, without kith or kin, without any thing—but rheumatism. I foretold my fate. I saw that I was destined not

"To point a moral or adorn a tale," but to point a paragraph and adorn a newspaper. "Distressing suicide," or "Melancholy affair." My only doubt was under which head I was doomed to figure. In fact, a detachment of the blues had billeted themselves upon my spirits.

While in this pleasant reverie, the sound of voices from an adjoining arbour recalled me to myself. Curiosity is never criminal except when it suffers detection; and I crept softly to the spot from whence a clue to the momentary mystery was likely to emanate.

"Then, dearest Aurelia, you consent," said a voice in a low tone; it was the voice of the modest man.

"I know not what to say, Alfred," replied Miss Aurelia, softly; "but wherefore this mystery? why this secret arrangement? why not apply to my father? he cannot object; our fortunes equal—our hearts——"

"My dearest girl, I couldn't do it," cried Alfred earnestly; "I have not the face—this dreadful infirmity of mine; upon my soul I should never muster courage enough——"

A laugh, as of a hyena with a sore throat, startled the dull ear of night and the sharp ears of the lovers; but a passing breeze wafted it away. I myself was moved, but concluded it to be some oral illusion. "'Twas nothing," said the modest man, and he resumed the discourse; "you know that num-skull Dashwood will be proposing for you to Sir Harry; let us anticipate the clodpole, eh?" and methought he pressed her hand to his lips.
“Spirited young dog!” “Impudent rascal!” exclaimed two, simultaneously, as their respective heads belonged to me, while the other was the property of Dashwood.

“Mr. Quizley, is that you?” cried the squire.

“Hush! ’tis I;” and drawing him away, we fell back into the trenches of a celery bed while the lovers made a precipitate retreat.

“Oh, sir!” sighed the squire, “I have heard it all.”

“And must, therefore, be mute,” I interrupted, “or the stigmatising sobriquet of eavesdropper will fasten itself upon you for ever; besides you can never hope to obtain the young lady’s consent; let us, therefore, wait and see the result of this adventure.”

The squire heaved a groan as he scrambled to his feet, while I more leisurely raised myself to mine by applying to the skirts of his coat; and arm in arm we slowly betook ourselves to the interior of the house.

Great surprise was manifested the next morning at the absence of Miss Aurelia from the breakfast table. Nor was the non-appearance of Mr. Peony less accountable.

At length, when Jones the butler became visible, scratching his wig, and deposed that he had just suspicions that Miss Aurelia had eloped with that particularly modest young gentleman, for he had seen them enter a chaise and four some hours before—

“Gracious goodness!” shrieked Lady Goodere; and now, for the first time, I was enabled to ascertain the sound of that good lady’s voice.

“Whew!” whistled Sir Harry, striking his extensive forehead with the palm of his hand, whereby he committed two fly-cides.

“I thought as much—I thought as much”—grinned Dr. Polysyllable Prosy, with a triumphant contortion—while Waver, having involuntarily mimicked the visages of the three—followed my example, and remained silent.

“Well, my dear,” said Sir Harry, turning to his wife, “there’s no great harm done, after all. Young Peony is a lad of very good property, and a suitable match for Aurelia.”

“So he is,” cried Waver, putting his oar into the current of discourse.

“Do you say so, Mr. Waver?” remonstrated the Doctor in a tone of rebuke, “adumbrate, I implore you, a reminiscence of the unleashing occurrences to which I have been subjected since my domiciliary visit; can the perpetrator of such atrocities be a fitting consort for Miss Aurelia Goodere?”

“Certainly not,” said Waver, abashed.

“Can a man, who clandestinely suppliants another,” exclaimed Dashwood, “be deemed a desirable match?”

“Oh no! Mr. Dashwood—oh no!” quoth Mr. Waver, shaking his head.

“Say what you please, gentlemen,” said I, “but I congratulate Sir Harry on his son-in-law.”

“And so do I,” cried Waver, rubbing his hands.

“He’s a very spirited youth,” I added, “and, moreover, the very pattern of a modest man.”

“That’s what I always thought,” chimed Waver, “and no one shall convince me to the contrary.”

I met the modest man a few days ago. He told me he was the happiest fellow in the world, and that he had some thoughts of standing for the county—“But,” added he, “you know my weak point—I should never be able to go through with it—and then, the maiden speech, I could never accomplish that—the truth is, my unconquerable modesty—”

“Will never prevent your advancement, depend upon it, my dear sir, in any course of ambition in which you may please to embark.”

The modest man reddened, and giving me a knowing wink—“A blush,” said he, “is easily raised, and serves one’s purpose at a pinch, Mr. Quizley, and, moreover, communicates a pleasant warmth to the countenance. Good morning.”

Omega.
SULLY’S CASTLE IN THE CHARTRAIN.

"It was a vast and venerable pile
So old it seemed only not to fall."

CHILDUR HAROLD.

Every one has acknowledged at some period of his life the sad truth that no enjoyment is lasting; that every thing, however charming, grows indifferent after a time; that every place, however beautiful, grows tedious. At Paris this is felt perhaps less than elsewhere; but were comforts (so called) as abundant in Paris, as in London, if the streets were as well paved, the staircases as clean, the houses as neat, &c. &c., it would be quite as dreary to live in Paris as anywhere else: it is the constant excitement of getting nothing as one has been used to get it, that banishes ennui, as much as the fine blue sky, and fresh, bright, air. Even when the cloisons burst forth like their champagne, and scatter confusion round them, frightening the city from its propriety, when things are come to that pass that to look out of a window is to run the risk of being shot, when to sleep is impossible amidst the tolling of bells and the firing of cannon, and cries of fire this, and fire that, even under all these circumstances, the novelty of the events is amusing, and, en effet, one would not have missed any of it for the world. But—a look upon this picture and on this, where streets become deserted, gardens unwatered, orange trees faded, windows broken, and people ill-dressed—every public place turned into an hospital, and the Louvre closed, no reasonable being can support the change, and Paris becomes as tedious as any other place in this tedious world.

This I experienced after Les Trois Jours. I was beyond measure pleased with the danger of driving furiously along the Boulevards on the first night to escape the shots of the troops—the excitement of being set down at my hotel, and alternately congratulated and chid by my hostess for my good and ill fortune, my safety and imprudence. 'Twas "beauteous horror" to hear the incessant firing, and the cries and shouts during the whole of the days and nights—the tocsin sounding, and the drums' discordant accompaniment—to start every hour from disturbed slumber, "if sleep my eyelids knew," and, anxious to witness what I dreaded to see, station myself at my window, and gaze out into the broad, calm, splendid moonlight, which shone on that fearful struggle, silvering every house and tree and spire, as steadily and sweetly as if the tumultuous city slept beneath, as of yore. 'Twas "lovelily dreadful" to watch the hurrying to and fro of the hastily armed citizens, the cautious approach of the troops of horse, advancing along the high narrow streets as stealthily as if "shod with felt;" the sudden charge, and clash, and clang; the uprooting of the pavement, and the active toil of the girls, women, and children, busy in forming barricades at each corner of our isolated street, which, though in the neighbourhood of the fray, was not the scene of any skirmish. It was not unpleasing to breathe with difficulty from the overpowering heat, to be scorched and blackened by the unclouded sun, to find provisions growing scarce, water failing, milk unattainable, and no post! To observe, from hour to hour, bills distributed with haste and perturbation to eager receivers; to strain the eyes to decipher, on the opposite wall, the last placard, stuck up, as if by magic, with the large words "Courage, citoyens! soyez fermes—liberté—la chartre!" &c. &c. conspicuous amongst the bad printing which the broken presses could alone allow pour le moment. All this, I say, was of too stirring a character to permit dulness to exist.

But time wore on—the great struggle was over, the shops looked shabby, the hotels desolate, every where where the "Brevets du Roi" had been effaced, and all the emblazonry that told of royal patronage swept away; daubs of black paint concealed the traces of the unlucky fleur-de-lis; the Rue Duc de Bourdeaux had been unbaptised and new called "27, 28, 29," the broken panes remained unmended; the paving stones would not return to smooth obedience; the Tuileries looked grim and ghastly; the trees cut down or riven by balls; dust, heat, noise, shouting, and tri-colour, lorded it over the astonished city.

I sauntered one morning to the Palais Royal, and found myself in time to witness the arrival of eight of Charles X.'s state carriages, containing a strange company of the sovereign people, driven by the royal coach-
men, who looked singularly uncomfortable. I believe Louis Philippe, to judge by his countenance, expected, as I did, to see the heads of the late royal owners exhibited from the windows. I turned away heart-sick, though the scene was more farcical than tragical this time, for the French nation preferred being monkeys to tigers during the whole drama of the last revolution. I walked to the Place de Grève, and shuddered at the dilapidated appearance of the venerable and outraged Hotel de Ville. A thousand recollections of former as well as recent horrors rushed across my mind. In the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois I joined the crowd who were occupied in bringing garlands to fling on the graves of the "braves" buried where they fell; amidst the flutter of tri-coloured flags, and waving of laurel and cypress boughs, I distinguished the hero of the hour, "Medor, le chien fidèle au tombeau de maitre," a rough ugly poodle, who had followed his ill-starred master to the scene of action, had seen him fall, and having watched his hasty interment, had never quitted the spot, in spite of bribes and entreaties; when half dead with hunger and fatigue, he consented to take food from a friendly hand, but he continued near the blood-stained mound, and though by degrees he extended his walk to the gate of the enclosed space, he was never known to leave it.

I returned home by the Louvre, and while I was congratulating myself on the fact of the works of art having been respected in the mêlée, though the mob had passed through the gallery, I came to a spot where a crowd of persons were engaged in heaping the earth over the dead bodies of friends and enemies, confusedly cast into a pit at the time of contention, and now undistinguishable. "Si c'avoient été des Anglais, a la bonne heure!" muttered a hard-featured scowling woman close by my side; I started, hurried away, and decided, in my secret soul, that Paris was quite insupportable.

I found a visitor awaiting me, and for a few moments my spirits were exhilarated by the spectacle of my friend, the good little Abbé Fonchet, who had braved the terrors of the mob to pay me his respects. The simple-hearted man had "priest" so legibly written on his forehead, so plainly exhibited in his mien and gait, that no disguise could have screened him. Il s'était avisé nevertheless to change his usual costume, and in order to appear as unceremonial as possible, he had clothed himself in a long green coat made for a tall man, though my good friend's height does not exceed five feet, and his breadth is nearly equal. His pantaloons appeared to have owed their being to the prompt contrivance of his "bonne," who accompanied him; the colours she had chosen were of the most brilliant hues, and the stripes peculiarly wide; on his breast was pinned a flaming cockade of tri-coloured riband; his hat was round and rakish; and his gloves of bright blue, then a fashionable tint.

His air of importance and mystery, the courage of which he boasted, and the adroitness on which he prided himself, notwithstanding the fact of his having been recognised and hooted at as a priest by some mischievous boys, were altogether irresistible, and it was "more than mortal or than me" not to forget my sullen humour as I gazed on the ludicrous caricature of my old friend.

But the next day a guest of another description made his appearance; a tall gaunt man with starting eyes rushed suddenly into my apartment, and announced himself as a fugitive of the Garde Royale, entreating protection and a few francs; another and another found their way to my domicile; the reputation of the English for generosity having encouraged them to trust their lives in my hands. The distinction was, however, one I little coveted. "I will leave Paris to-night!" exclaimed I, as I shut the door on two gentlemen who had come to solicit my subscription for les blessés. I packed up hastily forthwith, jumped into a fiacre and drove to the Messageries Royales, where I could choose any diligence I liked, either for Russia, Greece, Italy, England, or the departments.

Travelling in France has of late years become so common, and every great town has been so visited and described, that I felt a degree of satisfaction when I found myself sitting in the clumsy diligence bound for Chartres, a city once celebrated in French history, but now little sought by the inquisitive traveller, in spite of its fine cathedral, or the blessed chemise of Our Lady, lately replaced by her equally-miraculous veil, which is kept in a gilded chasse, enriched with gems sent by the pious family of Charles X. to the long neglected shrine. Curious and interesting as are the remains to be viewed in this majestic old building, I did not permit myself to linger there, as my destination was near four leagues beyond, to the Château de Villebon, situated about a league from Courville, out of the high road, a circumstance of which I was forcibly reminded by the ruggedness of the route which awaited me. I was soon jolted beyond the power of words to describe over ploughed fields, and dragged through a sea of inunda-
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tion, the consequence of a few day's heavy rain, which had readily taken effect on roads seldom interfered with by mortal hand, though the heaps of moss-covered stones piled at distances along the wayside prove that the inhabitants of the Chartrain, like those of Inferno, pave their roads with "good intentions." Traversing a rich but level country, whose promise of abundant harvest proved its right to be considered the granary of France, my ill-conditioned vehicle, such an one as can only be met with in France, arrived at a gateway and the ivied ruins of a wall which had once enclosed the struggling village of Villebon, dependent on the castle from whence it takes its name. The moat which formerly surrounded it is dried up and filled with grass and shrubs, and each of its once strong gateways is now but a picturesque object in the view. It was Sunday, and as my rattling conveyance blundered along an avenue of high lindens, I observed that the clean, neatly dressed peasants were busily engaged in their customary dance beneath the spreading shade, while a fiddler in pride of place scraped away with great perseverance, and occasionally in authoritative tones proclaimed the figure of the contre danse. The appearance of this worthy, who on other days officiated as mole-catcher general of the district, not a little amused me: he was a spare, active, gipsy-looking man, with lively sparkling eyes and wild dark hair. He was elevated on a barrel, and wore on his shoulders a handkerchief of various colours which was pinned so as to exhibit its attractions in the best point of view. I was informed that he acted at present in the two-fold capacity of fiddler and auctioneer; the said handkerchief, together with sundry articles of coarse earthenware being the prizes proposed for a lottery which took place when the dance was concluded.

The avenue passed, I reached at length the gates of the fortress itself, but the structure was still invisible, owing to the lofty trees which towered in all directions. The emasculated but important figure of the porter soon appeared emerging at my call from his little embowered lodge within, and, the creaking doors being unfolded, my carriage lumbered into the court yard, and before me in all its grandeur and majesty I beheld the moated and towered chateau where for so many years the great Sully lived retired from the turmoil of the world of which he was an ornament, and where he died, aged, honoured, and beloved. "Here then," said I mentally, "the great statesman forgot his toils, was soothed in his regrets for the loss of an adored master by the cares of a tender and affectionate wife: here he superintended the improvement of his favourite estate, gave employment to hundreds in times of scarcity, and here he compiled those immortal memoirs which have endeared him to posterity, and exhibited his king and his friend in the most interesting light: though the faithful historian would "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

The castle is a huge brick building of the same form as the once dreaded Bastille, with the same flanking towers and parapets, though less extensive as a whole. It is entirely encompassed by a deep moat, plentifully supplied with pike; a drawbridge conducts to the low arched portal of entrance, beside which is a small wicket, through which admission may be obtained when the bridge is up; there are dungeons, now used as cellars, on each side of this entrance, whose grated windows are but just above the water's edge. A long wide archway, where now hang huge antlers and other trophies of the chase, the spoils of many years, conducts into the interior court, round which the high building rises in gloomy grandeur; at the further extremity is the principal door leading to the 'Grand Escalier,' as an inscription informs the stranger. The busts of Sully and his Duchess adorn this entrance, and another inscription tells of his virtues and attachment to Le Grand Henri, whose spirit seems to pervade the spot. Before I ascended the wide and winding staircase of this tower, I turned to the suite of apartments on my left, which I was informed were those formerly appropriated to the gallant monarch, and which still remain in a great degree unchanged—in the further saloon the faded blue satin bed, embroidered with heavy silver garlands, is the same once destined for Henri—the chairs and sofas, the tapestry and carved ceiling remain, but the dark window-frames have lately been replaced by others more modern and convenient. The portraits of the duke and duchess in state costume adorn the long gallery, which was a sort of hall of ceremony in former days; but these pictures are lamentably faded, and the tapestry round the walls is grim and ghastly. I now ascended to the upper rooms, called, par excellence, les chambres de Sully, and entered a magnificent chamber with a range of windows on each side, those on the right looking across the moat, those on the left into the inner square. The ribbed ceiling is of dark oak, carved and gilded, with here and there
the arms of Sully emblazoned; the walls are hung with tapestry, representing the loves of Cupid and Psyche on the most gigantic scale. In the interstices are hung several full-length pictures of the Condé family, from whom the castle passed by purchase to the Duke de Sully. Paintings, emblematic of the different offices held by the minister, ornament the huge fire-place and the surrounding pannels. There was formerly a raised dais in this room, a canopy and throne, where Sully and his lady usually sat. Several seats without backs are still preserved, which were appropriated to the younger branches of the family. The floor has been levelled and the canopy removed for the greater convenience of the present resident; the former being now composed of glazed octagonal red tiles, whose dark hue and polished surface suit not ill with the antique roof and walls. Beyond this is a beautiful square room, commanding a view of the stately avenue in front of the castle on one side, and on the other the wide extent of garden and the luxuriant range of orange trees, whose produce forms part of the revenue of the domain. Here I saw with infinite pleasure two fine full-length portraits of Sully and Henri Quatre, in admirable preservation and very well executed. A small turret chamber opens to the right, from whence a winding stair-case ascends to a similar room above: these are in the tower called Tour de Condé. After quitting the room just described, and casting a glance at a fine specimen of bright-tinted tapestry representing Pandora, which covers one side of the walls, and admiring the antique clock and pieced looking-glass, in which luxurious ornament the grand duchess’s majestic figure was doubtless often reflected, I hurried through a series of chambers of different dimensions, each containing some interesting relic, although at present fitted up in a style of Parisian elegance suited to the comfort of a modern dwelling. At length I found myself standing at the top of a precipitous flight of stone steps, vaulted by a roof of beautifully carved stone, and lighted by an antique window looking into the inner court below; opposite me I observed the door of an apartment, above which was inscribed, “Ici est mort M. de Rosny, 1641.”

I entered with awe the solemn retreat. There stood the bed on which the great man died; those were the hangings of yellow brocaded silk and gold, those the coverings; the same the tapestry representing the siege of Troy; the high-backed, embroidered chairs, on one of which the anxious wife sat watching the changes in his beloved countenance, and on which she sank back when his eyes closed for ever. I lifted the heavy arras, and stepped into the small adjoining closet in the Tour de Sully. This was his study; at this desk he was accustomed to sit and dictate to his four secretaries portions of his “Memoirs;” from this window he loved to lean, and often perchance looked out into the clear moonlight, his mind exalted with lofty imaginings for the good of his country and his king. How shall I describe my delight on finding that these two “pieces” were allotted to me, and that in them I might ruminate at leisure on Sully and his times.

Somewhat fatigued with my journey, I was not sorry, soon after the thé à l’Anglaise, to betake myself to my solitary wing, and it was with excited feelings that I found the door closed upon me in night and silence, and myself in quiet possession of the chambre de mort de Sully! Two high wax tapers were burning brightly on the ponderous mantle-piece of carved white marble, and shone on the huge silver chenets beneath, which were of the same uncouth form as the mutilated dogs on pedestals, guarding the entrance to the outer court of the château.

The figures on the tapestry seemed larger than life as I gazed upon them, and the unmeaning eyes appeared to follow mine as if to offer me their ghostly welcome. I began to feel nervous in spite of myself, and starting from my antique fauteuil, I resolved to return the mute salutations of my shadowy companions. I took a taper and approached the walls to pay my devours to Helen, who stood, attended by her damsels, all elaborately dressed in the costume of Louis XII. The long, starred, train of the fair coquette flowed in conspicuous breadth behind, on an ample fold of which sat her favourite lap dog. Paris, whom she is meeting, seemed equally to have attended to his toilette, and might be mistaken for the gallant dauphin François himself, but for the labels on the robes of each proclaiming their identity. As much of the tale of Troy divine as could be pressed into the allotted space was depicted in sombre colouring little improved by time. I next took my station at the casement, having, by the aid of a chair and table, climbed up to its height. A bright, clear, full moon shone in upon me as I unclosed with difficulty the jalousies, and the high peaked towers opposite came out in high relief, while the painted windows of a long
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gallery on my left reflected a thousand rays. This gallery was formerly the guard room of the four hundred men at arms which the magnificent Sully entertained at his expense in and about the castle. I could perceive by the light which streamed through the two rows of casemates, rich with coats of arms, that here and there were forms which to my startled eyes appeared clothed in complete armour, while shields and javelins placed against the walls threw back the fitful light. I determined at early dawn to explore that chamber, and, closing my shutters, prepared to seek repose. I had, I suppose, slept some time when I was suddenly roused by a most appalling noise—all the horrors of a haunted castle seemed combined to terrify the intruder; creaking hinges, clanking chains, hollow groans, and low, smothered shrieks met my ears. I sat up in amaze—the wind had risen, and howled dismally without; the rain pattered, and still, at intervals, these frightful sounds continued. I tried in vain to account for them, and, by dint of half smothering myself, contrived to obtain some sleep. Very early, however, I rose, hurried into the adjoining tower, destined for my dressing room, and throwing open the heavy window was refreshed by the clear morning air and the perfume of the orange flowers, which a group of village girls were carefully employed in gathering in profusion before the sun had drunk up the dews which rendered the half opened blossoms so fragrant. They filled their clean white aprons with the snowy heaps, and, one by one, disappeared through the antique gateway ere yet the sun had attained his awakened strength. The twittering of the birds, the leaping of the fish in the moat beneath, which sparkled and dimpled like a running stream, and reflected a thousand gay flowers which bent over the margin on the opposite side, all tended to revive me, and I began to consider my shrieking groaning ghost a mere dream. I traversed a long suite to the breakfast room, where I found some of the party busily engaged in discussing a fine stately pâté de Chartres, a delicacy whose fame has spread far beyond its place of creation, and which has rendered its native city more known and esteemed than any other recollection attached to its antique walls.

Encouraged by the gaiety of my hosts I at length found courage to relate my terrible adventure, on which my friends, though not a little amused, overwhelmed me with apologies for having neglected to warn me of the fact, that on the chimney of Sully's chamber was a huge creaking weathercock,

"a spirit whom no exorcism could bind," and which, when the wind was in a particular quarter, made a point of exerting its eloquence, to banish slumber from the unlucky inmate of that wing. I afterwards saw my midnight enemy, lording it over the very roof of my chamber, and his enormous dimensions made me no longer wonder at the noise he made.

I now proceeded to explore further the various parts of this curious old pile, and first entered the billiard room on the ground floor, on the walls of which are represented the different chateaux of the Duke de Sully. That of Sully, where he was born; of Rosny, so lately possessed by the unfortunate Duchess de Berri (who had visited Villebon a few months before the revolution), and Villebon itself, as it appeared in his time, embattled and defended as for a siege. Within is a little circular cabinet where on a pedestal once stood his statue of white marble, erected by his widow, whose affectionate and mournful care had caused the whole of the ceiling and walls to be painted with devices alluding to her beloved husband, his prowess and his virtues, while long inscriptions record his birth, the chief events of his life, and his lamented death at this chateau.

The statue was, after the death of the Duchess, sent to the church of Nogent le Rotrou, where he was buried, and where, I believe, it is still unpacked and unnoticed. A pretty private theatre completes this suite of apartments, but all are in a ruinous state, and never entered now but for curiosity, though in the time of the descendants of Sully, Madame de l'Aubespine, mother to the last possessor, it was kept up in excellent style.

By ascending the winding stairs of a further tower, I now came to the door of the long gallery, whose armed inmates I had descried by moonlight. It is a fine, extensive chamber, and the painted glass casements admit into it 'a dim religious light,' well suited to its fallen grandeur, and partially concealing the decay which damp and neglect have encouraged. The suits of armour, said to have belonged to some of Sully's men at arms, are red with rust; a confused assortment of curiosities of little interest give it the appearance of a deserted museum, and one can only regret that so fine a room should be suffered to lie idle, since all that tells of
ancient days has disappeared from it, except the escutcheons on the well preserved casements. The tower at the further end has been used as a chapel, and was once gorgeous with painting and gilding; this, the most ancient of the six round towers, is called the Tour d’Estouteville, from its first founder, and is considerably larger than any of the others: the numerous cracks extending from top to bottom, which have been carefully repaired, and the sensible inclination of the whole structure, testify its antiquity.

On descending into the court, I crossed the small light bridge which connects the chateau with a pretty garden, planted with rows of trees, leading to La Chapelle de St Anne, a beautiful, secluded building, so bosomed in flowers, shrubs, and high foliage, that its picturesque spire alone is visible on the other side of the moat. From hence, by a little wicket, I walked along a raised terrace, and caught a view of a fine lake on which numerous water-lilies were floating, and wild fowl sporting, uttering their sharp shrill cry. This terrace was the favourite walk of Sully and his duchess; and here they were accustomed to sit, as a grate in the wall bears witness, to observe the labours of the people employed in making the Grand Etang.

A considerable extent of gardens planted with richest roses, grafted in bouquets of different colours, and extraordinary beauty, being traversed, I entered a fine, closely shaded bouquet of lofty linden trees, forming a lengthened avenue terminated by a pretty summer retreat dedicated to Notre Dame de la Solitude. This conducts to the "Briquerie," where, on dit, the bricks were made which built the castle; it is a large field surrounded by a double row of fine pines of majestic height, the resort of numerous rocks, and not unfrequented by hawks, as I observed by the gaily striped feathers which strewed the ground and told of recent struggles. I continued my walks as far as I could ramble through the woods and groves which everywhere presented agreeable quiet haunts, uninterrupted, save by the note of some bird in a neighbouring brake, the sudden flight of the brilliant aureole, or the light tripping step and timid bound of the speckled deer, whose large bright eyes rarely gaze on the form of a stranger in these solitudes. The spot possesses a peculiar charm which it owes entirely to itself; for no view is obtained from any part of the grounds; to enjoy one, you must mount to the top of the towers, and then, indeed, an immense tract of country is spread out before you, with the unequal and towering spires of the cathedral of Chartres above all, a landmark for miles round.

I lingered in this interesting solitude for several weeks, and it was not without regret that I bade adieu to the spot where the most estimable of men and of ministers lived so many years, and where he closed his long and useful career; nor could I help, as I looked back on the venerable towers, repeating the sentence inscribed over the entrance door. "Sully fut en tout temps l’amis de Henri, jamais flatteur, pour la France il montra son zèle; Francois, citoyens, voici votre modele."

L. S. C.

IN A GALE OFF MALTA.

How oft, oh God! in danger’s day
I’ve called upon thy name.
And bowed the long unbended knee
Thy mercy still to claim.
How oft, oh God! when saddening care
Or sickness pressed me down
My every hope was winged on prayer
To thy eternal throne.
But when the time of trouble ceased
And joy and peace returned,
How soon from perils once released
The hand that saved was spurned.
The friend I sought in trials sore
Was scoffed at in my pride,
And wrath divine appeased once more
But slept to be defied.
How long, oh God! will justice sleep?
How long will mercy last?
How long ere penitence can weep
Enough to drown the past?

R. N. M.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe. Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his Eldest Son.

We take up this volume with a melancholy feeling. It is the production of the late Lord Dover, of whose recent loss none, who knew him, can think with calmness. Distinguished by rank, wealth, and still more by virtue and talent, and a glowing interest in all that concerned literature, the arts, his country's welfare, or that could improve and elevate human nature, this man, to whom the prefix of noble is not mere matter of convention or courtesy, is gone from among us at the early age of thirty-six! This is one of the many reasons similar to those, which made Petrarca say despondingly: "Cosa bella mortale passa e non dura."

These pages, on which some of the last hours of his short but valuable life were employed—for not even the rapid undermining of his health and the languor of disease, could prevent him from enjoying the contemplation of great historical deeds and characters, or his generous hope of being able to do something to improve the age in which he lived—contain the lives of the Great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden; John Sobieski, King of Poland; Peter the Great, Czar of Russia; and Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

The eventful career of each of these astonishing men is described with simplicity, brevity, and at the same time with great spirit. His Lordship's manner of treating their histories will be intelligible to the young reader, like his "dearest boy," for whom the book was written; and the reader of mature age may find his recollections strengthened by these animated epistles, and his best feelings warmed by the truly liberal and expansive reflections which accompany them.

The lamented author says in his address to his son, "I was, in the first place, desirous to encourage in you the love of history, which is perhaps best done in very young persons, by attracting them, in the first instance, with the more amusing studies of remarkable biographies."

"I was also desirous to set before you the actions of men who have played a very conspicuous part on the theatre of the world, in order that you might thereby acquire a fit scale, by which to measure and judge of the value of great and meritorious deeds."

"I wished, at the same time, that you should, by becoming acquainted with these great characters, see how much may be done, even during the brief period of human life, by those who are placed in stations of power, for the benefit of humanity. While, at the same time, you could not fail to remark, from a consideration of their faults and errors, how imperfect is the constitution of man, even in those individuals upon whom an all-wise Providence has conferred great talents and excellent intentions, combined with the power and the will of using them to the best advantage."

We trust this beautiful explanation of the object proposed, and our humble praise of the manner in which that object is accomplished, will recommend the volume to all such as have not procured it. With those who have read the book and the other works of Lord Dover, our recommendation and praise may be as nothing, except in as much as they prove our respect for their accomplished author, and our warm recollections, and sincere admiration of a most amiable man.

As a specimen of the condensation and spirit of the great historical sketches with which the work is filled, we subjoin the account of the death of Gustavus Adolphus.

"Meanwhile Gustavus, at the head of his right wing, had beaten the enemies opposed to him; when he heard of the retreat of the other part of his army. He then charged Horn to follow up his victory, and set off at full gallop, followed by a few of his attendants. He passed the ditch, and directed his course to the part where his troops seemed the most pressed. As he passed rapidly along, a corporal of the Imperialists, observing that every one made way for him, said to a musketeer near him, "Take aim at that man, he must be a person of consequence." The man fired and broke the king's arm. In a moment a cry of horror broke from the Swedes, "The king bleeds! the king is wounded!" —"It is nothing," replied Gustavus, "follow me;" but, overcome with pain, he was obliged to desert, and turning to Francis Albert, duke of Saxa Laenburg, he entreated him to lead him quietly out of the crowd. They rode away together, and proceeded towards the right wing, in order to arrive at which they were obliged to make a considerable circuit. By the way Gustavus received another ball in the back, which took away the rest of his strength. "I am a dead man," said he, with a feeble voice, "leave me, and try and save your own life." At the same time he fell from his horse, and, pierced with many wounds, expired in the hands of the Croats, who were scouring that part of the field. While on the ground, he was asked who he was, and replied boldly, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany." A sentence of almost prophetic truth. He then added in a faltering tone, "Alas, my poor queen!" and as he was expiring, he said, "my God! my God!" In an instant his body was stripped; so anxious were the Imperialists to have any trophies of so great an enemy. His leather collar was sent to the emperor, a common soldier seized his sword. His ring and spurs were sold, and Schreberg, a lieutenant in the Imperial army, seized
his gold chain, which is still preserved in the family of that officer at Paderborn."—pp. 79, 80, and 81.

A Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country, &c. By L. Agassiz, Esq.

This is a plain, yet pleasantly written account of a journey made by a British officer and his family, and of subsequent excursions in Switzerland, performed by the gentleman himself on foot, the only way of seeing some of the most interesting scenes of that country.

Though such tours are now as common as blackberries, the present volume will not only be found sufficiently amusing, but very useful to novices in travelling, and indeed to all travellers who have not before visited Switzerland. In every thing that relates to distances between the various points of travel, to accommodations at inns, and the modes of proceeding, par voiturier, or otherwise, we know no better or more circumstantial guide. As such we cordially recommend it to all families who may be about to visit these portions of the continent.

The Sketch of the History of the Swiss Cantons is written with good sense and very laudable moderation. This is in itself an excellent companion to the romantic scenes in which the glorious deeds of the Swiss were achieved.

Ettore Fieramosca, o La Disfida di Barletta, Racconto di Massimo D'Azeglio.

This is decidedly the best Italian romance produced since the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, which, properly speaking, was the first romance Italy had to boast of, for that name cannot be applied to the old novels, and scarcely to the modern "Jacopo Ortis" of Ugo Foscolo.

It is the production of a nobleman, the son-in-law of the distinguished author of the "Promessi Sposi," the tragedies of "Conte Carmagnola," and "Adelchi," and of some of the finest lyrical poetry of any age, or any country. Giulia Manzoni, some years ago, gave promise of being not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most accomplished women of Italy, and while she may have inspired, her father may have corrected, her husband's romance.

The leading and historical event in the tale is a prepared combat between thirteen Italian and thirteen French cavaliers, which took place near the city of Barletta, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1503, and in which the Italians remained victors, though the contest had been provoked by the openly expressed contempt of the French for the prowess of their arms. Gonsalvo di Cordova— the "Great Captain," Bayard,—"le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," the beautiful, the poetical, and high-minded Vittoria Colonna, and other great characters of this period, are introduced with good effect; but the author's most powerful portrait is that of Cesare Borgia, the monstrous son of an iniquitous father—of Pope Alexander VI. The utter mysteriousness and horror thrown around this dark being have seldom been surpassed.

The Italian reader will find copies of this work in the original at Signor Rolandi's, Berners' Street, and we believe a translation of it into English is preparing, or is already published.

Old Bailey Experience, Criminal Jurisprudence, &c. &c. By the author of "The Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate."

This subject of this volume is not only important but awful. It treats of the fearful increase of crime in this country, and of the modes of prevention which may be adopted by the legislature.

The startling facts appear to be collected by one who has given a profound attention to the subject, and they are stated with a straight-forward, and convincing eloquence. We think the volume ought to secure the attention of all law-makers, of all magistrates, and indeed of every individual of the more enlightened classes of society, not one of whom but may contribute something to the working out of the great work of reformation.

We do not agree in the sentiment, that our legislature, in enacting laws, is still attentive only to the interests of the upper classes, and the privileged orders of society; nor can we approve of all the measures preventive of crime, suggested by our author; but by producing and comparing a variety of suggestions, the proper measures may be arrived at, and he is a benefactor to society who devotes his own, and attracts the attention of others to the subject.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.

We have the fourth number of this truly beautiful work now before us. It contains exquisite chalk engravings of the "Arcturus," by Carew, the sublime group of "Michael and Satan," by Flaxman, and a "Venus" by Canova, accompanied, as in the preceding parts, by prose and verse, from the pen of T. K. Hervey.

Some of the poetry is admirable; as a specimen we give the opening of the address to Venus.

"Moon-eyed Urania!—said the ruined fane Whose scattered columns crown the mourning isles, Where thou hast wandered over the flowering plains, And poured the treasures of thy sweetest smiles;— Where all that was the temple, is the tomb, Of some lost faith,—and desolation lies On shrines whose priest is silence, robed in gloom, Dead oracles that utter no replies;— Where, from Parnassus' woody boughs and high, All mistrelts, save the bird and breeze, are gone, And blue Olympus, towering through the sky, Is crowned by memory's silent court, alone;— Where gods have vanished from each stream and hill,— Those fond abstractions of a truth to come!— Thou, bright Urania!—art a goddess, still, A goddess, with a worship and a home!"

In other portions of the poetry there is a little of his usual affectation and mineness, which no one could sooner get rid of, if he would but give himself the trouble, than the author of the "Convict Ship at Sea," one of the most perfect short pieces of verse produced in our day.

Both for its art and its literature, we cordially recommend "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture."
REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—The Queen of Portugal and the Duchess of Braganza, before their departure from Windsor, received numerous valuable presents from both their Majesties, who expressed their wishes for the future happiness of their visitors in very warm and affectionate terms.

At the parting dinner given the evening before to the royal guests, in St. George's Hall, the King was observed to be in remarkably good spirits; during dinner, he filled a glass of noyeau, and presenting it to the Duchess of Braganza, expressed the great pleasure he felt in offering her some liqueur "produced on an estate in Martinique, which had belonged to her grandmother Josephine." The ladies having retired, the King entered into familiar conversation with the Marquis of Funchal, and inquired how long they had been acquainted? The Marquis, with true courtier-like tact, not wishing to intimate how rapidly time had been stealing upon both of them, replied, "About thirty years." "No, no," said the King, "it is forty-two years at least." The Marquis then related an extremely interesting anecdote in reference to George the Third; who, upon the French invasion of Portugal, had said to the Marquis, "Whatever may befall Portugal, you and I, at all events shall always be good and faithful Portuguese."

The young Queen and the Duchess reached Portsmouth on Saturday evening, having stopped on the road at Lalcham, where the Duchess formerly resided for a time: she went into the garden and cut a branch from a tree which she had planted in memorial of that period. The royal party were received at Portsmouth with due honours. On Monday morning they received the address of the Portuguese residents in London, and honoured the Envoy from the Swedish Court with an introductory audience. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria visited them in the morning, and remained for more than an hour. In the afternoon, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, they sailed in the Soho steam-packet, for Lisbon. A royal salute was fired on the approach of the vessel to Cowes Roads. She anchored off Norris Castle, where the Princess Victoria with her mother is at present residing; but the wind and rain prevented any communication between them.

The Duke of Cumberland has unexpectedly given orders to break up his establishment in this country; intending, it is said, to take up his residence at Berlin. The King and Queen dined with the Duke and Duchess, and took leave of them.

The Earl of Durham gave a grand fête at Cowes on Friday week; which was honoured by the company of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, Sir John and Lady Conroy, the Earl and Countess of Belfast, the Earl and Countess of Dunonald, Lord Yarborough, Lord Colville, and the Earl and Countess of Errol. Twenty yachts assembled on the occasion, and performed several manœuvres.

A plot to assassinate the Emperor of Russia has been discovered at St. Petersburgh, in which several Poles are said to be implicated. A report has also been circulated that letters from General Lafayette were found in possession of one of the conspirators, urging him to the commission of the deed. This the gallant and high-minded old general most indignantly denies; and we suppose that there is scarcely a human being who would not at once acquit him of the charge.—Spectator.

The cloud which hung over the prospects of Donna Maria has been partly dissipated by the intelligence lately received from Lisbon. Marshal Bourmont, at the head of the Miguellite army, made a vigorous attack upon that city, and was repulsed at every point. Don Pedro's new levies fought with great courage, as if determined not to be outdone by the more experienced troops from Oporto.

The late Gale.—The effects of the gale, which commenced blowing on the evening of Friday, the 6th inst., and continued with unabated violence during the whole of Saturday, have been terribly disastrous on sea and land. The loss of vessels with their passengers, on our own coasts and on those of France and Holland, has been unusually great. Severe damage has been done to the hop plantations, gardens, and orchards. Houses have been unroofed, and streets flooded on the coast. But the loss thus sustained, heavy as it is, will not bear comparison in point of extent with that occasioned by the numerous shipwrecks, the particulars of which fill many columns of the daily papers. The most afflicting shipwreck is that of the Amphitrite convict ship, which sailed for New South Wales, from Woolwich, on the 25th of August. Captain Hunter was the commander; Mr. Forrester the surgeon; and there were one hundred and eight female convicts, twelve children, and a crew of sixteen persons, out of whom only three were saved.

Anecdote of the Duchess of Berri.—Somebody tapped on the shoulder the Duchess of Berri, while disguised in La Vendée; she started and turned round: the person guilty of this familiarity turned out to be an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it on her head.

"My good girl," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple."

Madame immediately seized a handle of the
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basket, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the load was quickly placed upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when Madame seized her by the arm, and said, "Stop, mother, where's my apple?"

The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, she saw a placard headed by these three words, in very large letters: "State of Siege."

This was the ministerial decree which outlawed four departments in La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard and calmly read it through, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, who pressed her to hasten to the house where she was expected. But the Duchess replied, that the placard concerned her too nearly for her not to make herself acquainted with its contents. The alarm of her two companions, whilst she was reading it, may easily be imagined. — The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.

"Royalty is disappearing," said the Duchess of Berri to one of her advisers, "like architecture. My great-grandfather built palaces, my grandfather built houses, my father built huts, and my brother will no doubt build rats' nests. But, God willing, my son, when it comes to his turn, shall build palaces again." — The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.

Mr. Richard Lander, whose fate so generally and deeply interests his country, arrived at Fernando Po on the 1st of May, from the Quorra steam-boat, which he left adrift in deep water near the river Tchadda. From her he descended the Niger in a native canoe, and arrived on board the brig Columbine, which was lying in the Nun river, having been thirteen days on his passage. During this period our gallant traveller stopped to sleep every night at a native village on the banks of the Niger.

Captain Back's Expedition. — The latest accounts of Captain Back and his party are from Fort Alexander, at the eastern extremity of Lake Ouinipique, where he was seen, all well, by Mr. George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. Capt. Back was furnished with the necessary recommendations to procure him every aid from the company's settlements, and, indeed, as was stated at the London meetings, they had been forewarned to prepare for his visit: so that there is little fear of his reaching the coast, by the line of the Great Slave Lake, &c., and being able to return to inland quarters before the closing of the navigation.

Music. — Miss Linwood, of Birmingham, has entirely written and composed an oratorio, called "David's First Victory;" of which, upon its first performance at St. Paul's Chapel there, the provincial journals speak in terms of very high admiration.

A small Family. — The Gazette Medicale informs us, that a certain prolific lady, somewhere in Bass-Arabia, produced six living daughters at a birth; and most of the foreign journals repeat the story as being literally true.

The Royal Diffusion of Knowledge. — The Queen of the Belgians is going to open a school near the chapel on the 1st of next month. — Brussels Newspaper.
LADY ANSTRUTHER is the daughter of Charles Wetherell, Esq., late of the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service, and wife of Sir Windham Carmichael Anstruther of Elie House, Fife-shire, a baronet of Nova Scotia, and of Great Britain.

The Anstruthers are of great antiquity in the county of Fife, having been proprietors and possessors of the lands, barony, and town of Anstruther, nearly seven hundred years ago. They assumed their surname from their territorial possessions, and the first of them we find upon record was designated De Candalen, de Anstruther.

WILLIAM DE CANDOLA, the progenitor of the family, lived in the reigns of David I. and Malcolm IV. His lineal descendant, ROBERT DE ANSTRUTHER, married Isabel Balfour, of an ancient and honourable family in the county of Fife, by whom he had issue, Andrew, his heir.

Robert and David who entered the French service, and, for their gallantry, were promoted to the rank of officers of the Scots Guards by Francis I. about the year 1515. In this regiment both acquired a high reputation. The younger, David, married a lady of distinction, and settled in France, where his posterity still remain, and have ever shewn themselves worthy the ancient race whence they had originally sprung.

The lineal descendant of this David, Francis Caesar Anstruther, afterwards Anstrude, was elevated by Louis XV. to the dignity of a baron of France, by the title of Baron d'Anstrude, of the seigniory of Barry.

Robert de Anstruther died in the reign of King James III., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Andrew Anstruther, of that ilk, a gentleman of distinguished valour, who accompanied James IV. to the fatal field of Flodden, and fought and fell by the side of his royal master. He espoused Christian, daughter of Sir James Sandilands, ancestor of Lord Torpichen, and widow of David Hepburn, of Waughton, by whom he had a son and successor, John Anstruther, of that ilk, who married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Douglas, of Lochleven, progenitor of the celebrated Earl of Morton. The great grandson of this John Anstruther,

Sir James Anstruther, a person of profound knowledge and extensive literary attainments, became a favourite of King James VI., and was by that monarch knighted, and appointed heritable earl to the king. He married Jean, daughter of Thomas Scott, of Abbots-hall, lord-justice-clerk in the reign of James V., by whom he had, with five daughters, two sons,

William, his successor,

Robert, who received the honour of knighthood, and was frequently employed by Government in negotiations of the highest importance. In 1620, he was sent...
ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Denmark; and in 1627, to the emperor and States of Germany. He was afterwards plenipotentiary to the Diet of Ratisbon, and, in 1630, ambassador at the meeting of the princes of Germany at Hailbrun; and in all these negotiations he acquitted himself with credit and fidelity. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Edward Swift, knight, by whom he had two sons; Robert, who died without issue; Philip, of whom presently; and an only daughter, Ursula, who married George Austen, esq. of Shalford, from which alliance lineally descents the present Sir Henry Edmund Austen, of Shalford House, in the county of Surrey.—(See Burke's History of the Commoners.)

Sir William Anstruther, the elder son of Sir James, succeeded his father in 1606; was appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to James VI., and, on the accession of that monarch to the crown of England, was created a Knight of the Bath. He was also Gentleman Usher to Charles I., and married Eupheme, daughter of Sir Andrew Wemys, one of the senators of the College of Justice, by whom he had no issue: he died in 1649, and was succeeded by his nephew,

Sir Philip Anstruther, son of the above-mentioned Sir Robert, the ambassador. This Sir Philip, a zealous royalist, commanded King Charles the Second's army on its march into England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. He had a fine of a thousand marks imposed on him by Oliver Cromwell, and his estate continued sequestrated till the Restoration. Sir Philip died in 1702, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir William Anstruther, who was chosen a member of the Scots' parliament, and firmly opposed the measures of the Duke of York, then Lord High Commissioner of Scotland. He was one of the first to join the Revolution, and by King William and Queen Mary was appointed a Senator of the College of Justice, and a Lord Justiciary. He was afterwards created a Baronet of Nova Scotia; and, dying in 1711, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John, second baronet of Nova Scotia. This gentleman married, in 1717, Margaret Carmichael, eldest daughter of James the Second, Earl of Hyndford. His great grandson, the Right Hon. Sir John Anstruther, fifth baronet of Nova Scotia, a distinguished lawyer, was created a baronet of Great Britain, 18th May, 1798, and nominated Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. Sir John married Miss Bryce, and had issue John, his successor, Windham, present baronet, Mary Anne.

Sir John died 26th of January, 1811, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John, sixth baronet of Nova Scotia and second of England, who married, 11th January, 1817, Jesse, daughter of Major-General Dewar, by whom he left one posthumous child, John. Sir John Anstruther succeeded in 1817, on the death of the Earl of Hyndford, to his lordship's entailed property in Lanarkshire, and took the additional surname and arms of Carmichael. He died 28th January, 1818, and left his honours to his son,

Sir John, seventh and third baronet, who was accidentally killed while on a shooting expedition in October, 1831, and the title was inherited by his uncle,

Sir Windham Carmichael Anstruther, the present baronet, who served with some distinction during the Peninsular war on Lord Roslynn's staff, and was wounded in Portugal. Sir Windham espoused, in 1824, Meredith Maria (second daughter of Charles Wetherell, Esq.), the lady who forms the subject of this month's portrait, by whom he has a son, Windham, Charles James, born in 1825.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Another year hath closed. How swift they pass
When once Fate's tardy hand the thread hath spun!
Once set—the sand within Time's hour glass
Is quickly run!
While waited for—how slow the days advanced—
Past by—how like a dream their speed appears—
Looked forward to,—how bright the distance glanced—
Looked back upon—how dimmed with secret tears!
CHRISTMAS: BY MRS. NORTON.

Barrier of hopes fulfilled, ambition gained,
Mysterious goal which seemed to end the race,
How little in thy course hath been obtained!—
And now, another year must take thy place.
'Ere we pass on with eager hasty strides
To this new portion of uncertain Time;
'Ere we would rend the shadowy veil which hides
Those future hours of joy—or woe—or crime,—
Shall we not pause, and take a slow review
Of days whose deeds no effect can recall,
And mingle sorrow in that long adieu,
Even though their sweetness hath been tinged with gall?
Shall we not part from thee, departing year,
With tenderness—as from a dying friend,
Whose very faults (familiar faults!) grow dear,
When all which charmed or saddened hath an end?
Those faults—we know they can offend no more—
Those days—we feel they never may return—
We were impatient till they both were o'er—
And yet that they are past, doth make us mourn:
Is this the instinct of immortality
Which makes us grudge each step that leads us on to die?
It matters not. We have no power to stay
Time's even march, or slack his rapid way;
Welcome or not, to sad or cheerful homes,—
Dreaded or longed for,—wintry Christmas comes!
From the rich lord whose emained limbs scarce know
How chill the air, when dim with drifting snow,
To the poor wretch whose scanty store denies
A purchased shelter from th' inclement skies:—
From the young school-boy who with glowing hands
Lifts the dear latch, and on home's threshold stands,
Gazes with dazzled eyes a moment round
And gains his mother's breast with one glad bound;—
To the grave statesman, full of pellucid care,
With wrinkled brow, and meditative air;
Plotting and planning—harassed, worn, and vexed,—
Dreaming throughout this Christmas of the next,—
And in the chance of future change or strife
Losing the present of his weary life;—
To all it comes! but not to all the same,
Different its aspect, though unchanged the name.
And even as in the lantern's magic glass
Thin shadowy forms, and silent figures pass,
So in the fleeting visions of my mind
The fancied scenes from many a home I find.

Lo! where beside the grey and stormy deep
A young fair widow steals away to weep.
One of a noble lineage is she
Noblest of England's aristocracy—
Yet nobler in themselves—proud, pure, and good,
A fair and bright, and gentle sisterhood;
Who, happy wives,—fond mothers,—practise all
The peasant-virtues in each gilded hall.
(Ah! happy thou, proud parent, who can stand
And watch thy lilies blooming through the land;—
Conscious, while for their woe thy spirit grieves
No blight but woe shall ever stain their leaves.)
Good, fair, and gentle, like the rest is she,
Yet sorrow's hand hath touched her heavily;
To her, the Christmas brings no pleasant tone,
For she hath not been used to smile alone,
Save when she teaches (ah! most bitter joy!)  
The father's lessons to his gentle boy.  
No fickle puppet of the clamorous crowd  
Was he she mourns, with sorrow "deep, not loud;"

His were high birth and honour, manly sense,  
An earnest heart, and gentle eloquence,  
The stable virtues of a generous mind—  
The varied talents of a taste refined,—  
Loved by his friends—respected by his foes—  
Too soon, alas! did such a being close.

Still o'er the graceful verse our head is bent,  
Wrapt in its true, and tender sentiment;  
Still do we see the well known name appear  
Among the tributes for the coming year†;  
And start to think, ere this had past away,  
Thy noble soul had sunk beneath thy frame's decay.

And thou! fair royal boy,* who seest still  
Far from our homes, the aid of foreign skill;  
When glittering halls are garlanded and hung,  
When Christmas games are played, and carols sung!  
When merry shouts are ringing through the air,  
And pleasures planned, in which thou canst not share—  
Oh! let us not forget thee; many a night  
Thine eyes have gaily caught those tapers bright,  
And now thy day itself receives no light!  
Oft have I seen thee with a smiling glance,  
Choose thy young partner for the happy dance;  
And blest thee, as thy fair and flushing cheek  
Turned proudly to that gentle one to speak.

'Midst all the pomp that chains the courtly line,  
The eager grace of childhood still was thine:—  
The eager grace of childhood, and its hope,  
Boundless beyond imaginable scope.  
Ah! let us not forget thee—for to thee  
Dark must the coming of the Christmas be!  
But in the hours of holy fervent prayer,  
To Him the Just, who gives and takes away,  
That hope's bright dawn within thy heart may rise,  
And the blue morning steal upon thine eyes:  
And thou, in after years remembering still  
The visiting of the Creator's will,  
Shalt give thine alms and gentle words to all  
Whom such a mournful darkness mayenthral.  
The poor who feel the curse, 'neath which even thou,  
With all thy royal power, wast forced to bow!

My spirit pauses—and sends out its glance  
Far where are twined the sunny vines of France!  
There a sad circle sit, whose former day  
Was always cheerful, and was often gay.  
Young Arabella! 'tis for thee they weep,  
Who in thy lifetime never caused a tear—  
And therefore is their grief more sad and deep  
In the proportion in which thou wert dear.  
Thou hast a dancing step, a bird-like voice,  
A clear bright eye—a look that said "rejoice!"  
And many loved thee. Thou hast mocked them all  
For dreaming earthly love thy soul could thrill,

* Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe. Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his eldest Son.
† Vide the Keepsake for 1834.—"To my Native Place," by Lord Dover.
‡ Prince George of Cumberland is now at Berlin under the care of a celebrated foreign practitioner.
Ⅰ Daughter of the late Harry Scott, Esq.
And thou hast glided to thy quiet rest,
With the heaped mound upon thy virgin breast.
Thy spirit-eyes were all too blue and bright.
To live reflecting aught but Heaven's own light,
And Heaven hath spared thee all those hours of pain,
Which might be thine if thou wert here again.
Thy woman's lot is spared thee—bitter fears,
Wild jealousies, and disregarded tears,
And hopes, which, cankered by some eating worm,
Like that which fed upon thy budding form,
Live on for long in bright unseen decay,
And in some sudden sorrow die away!
But they who lost thee—to their grieving hearts
Such thoughts no comfort brings—no balm imparts—
Through many a day they still must sit and mourn
With selfish love, that sighs for thy return;
And thy poor mother with a double woe
Droops her coifed head beneath this second blow,
And shrieks at Death, who with relentless stroke
Laid low the gentle flower beside the parent oak.

Adventurous Ross! methinks thy home I see,
Where thy proud child stands at his father's knee;
And while thy lips of strange wild dangers tell,
(Well may'st thou paint them who didst brave them well.)
Feels rising strong within his youthful breast
Love of adventure; scorn of idle rest;
Fearlessness; heart to suffer; soul to dare;
Untiring hope and generous wish to share.
All that, when language slow the thought imparts,
Comes with that one word sailor to our hearts.
Safe in the peaceful haven of thy home,
Let not rash spirit move thee now to roam;
Tempot not thy fortune—linger by his side,
And when he fain would wander, be his guide;
Lead him in fancy to those northern snows,
Where the long night no genial morning knows;
'Mid the ribbed ice, whose frozen bounds, they say,
Make England's Christmas seem a summer's day,
And while the lessening circle round the draws
Too fond, for domb—too eager, for applause—
While to flushed cheek and sparkling eye, thee blaze
Of the warm hearth-fire, sends reflected rays—
Pour in thy young companion's eager ears
Wild stories told with smiles, and listened to with tears.

William of England—soveraign of the isle,
Where fickle Fortune deals her steadiest smile,
Well is thy kingdom fenced and guarded round,
When hearts like these upon its soil are found,—
And generous wert thou when thy kind arms prest
A brother sailor to the royal breast.
Oh! be it long, my country, ere thy name
Shall furnish fewer to the lists of fame.
Still be thy daughters kind, and fair, and true;
Still be thy sons a hardy, generous crew,
Still may thy years all peaceful glide away,
Nor wars disturb, nor vexing feuds decay.
May individual grief—the private woe,
Be all the gloom thy poet's song shall know;
And spite of these (in these all have their part),
May England's Christmas cheer the poor man's glowing heart.
THE RESTORED.

BY ALICIA LEFANU. (CONCLUDED. VIDE THE NUMBER FOR NOVEMBER.)

"Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps he lives."—DOUGLAS.

Aurora continued.—"After a season of varied amusements, my homebred feelings were not a little shocked at finding myself, un beau matin, in a town declared in a state of siege. Those vicissitudes, so common on the Continent, so improbable,—so impossible, I trust, ever to occur in dear, happy, if not 'Merrie Englande,' recalled the poor little forsaken island, 'with all its faults,' most tenderly to my memory; and I could not forbear reflecting, how very seldom we properly value any blessing until we have lost it. Nearer considerations, however, pressed home upon me. Although not ourselves in the vicinity of immediate danger, I regretted, with the liveliest anticipations of evil, my imprudence in having, the preceding day, permitted my femme-de-chambre, Rosalie, to attend a festin des noces at the house of a relation, from which she was not yet returned. It was situated in the very centre of the scene of action, and I trembled for the poor girl's safety—even for her life. Hour after hour I listened, in sickening anxiety, to the appalling roar of cannon which announced that the Hôtel-de-Ville, the chief point of attack, was alternately in the power of the royal troops and of the people. At length Rosalie appeared, and I found my fears had exaggerated the mischiefs that might have befallen her. Her relations were furious republicans; and I saw, from the state of tearful and hysterical excitement she was in, that she was divided between the recollections of the horrors she had witnessed, and the exultation which a woman, and, above all, a Frenchwoman, is too apt to feel at the success of the political party she fancies she espouses.

"A glass of water soon brought Rosalie to herself, and enabled her to give a description of what she had seen. Thrice was the Hôtel-de-Ville carried by the people, and it at length remained in their victorious hands. But at one critical moment, in which despair seemed to have seized on the most sanguine, that the flagging energies of the patriots seemed at length to yield before the reinforcements that poured in to support the royal guard, their sinking courage had been rallied, and order restored, by an Englishman!—an Englishman who had volunteered in the cause of constitutional liberty, as in that dearest to his country and to mankind! 'Oui Mademoiselle,' she pursued, 'C'était bien un Anglais, et devinez qui!—ce beau Monsieur Cavendish, l'enfant chéri des dames, Charles Cavendish, le bel Anglais!' A thousand pulses beat at my heart. I wished, yet feared, to question her further. It was needless: she too soon resumed. 'Oui c'était lui. C'était bien lui: Ah! que je le reconnaissais bien, encore tout couvert de sang et de poussière. C'est un héros de roman—un véritable héros de roman—il s'est couvert de gloire.'

"'Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre,* and the poor girl, with true French versatility, alternately wept, and cried, 'ça ira!' as she thought of the triumphs and the sorrows she had witnessed. Wild with contending emotions, little suspected by her who thus thoughtlessly pierced my heart, I adjured her to state the exact truth. Alas! she had but little heightened it. After marking Charles Cavendish foremost wherever danger thickened round, she had seen him fall, not until after receiving several severe wounds, and watched the brave citizens who bore him from the ground, in hopeless sorrow. I heard no more.—Every particular of our last conversation, and the cruel, the unfeminine opinions I had then supported, arose, in accusing array, to my memory, and exclaiming, 'Oh God! I sent him there!' I felt senseless, ere she could hasten to support me, upon the floor."

The emotion of Miss Wilmington, as she gave this detail, was so painfully renewed, that Ellen half repented having urged her to it. Tenderly she tried, for the present, to withdraw her attention from the agitating subject: but Aurora judged, perhaps, more wisely; and, having once plunged into the distressing narrative, hurried to the conclusion.

"My next recollection is that of finding myself stretched upon a sofa, my father bending over me, as if anxiously watching my returning consciousness. My spirits, already softened to almost infantile weakness—the

* Corneille.
idea of his tenderness, which he so seldom displayed, quite overcame me, and, seizing his hand, I carried it to my lips, and bathed it with tears: but this gush of feeling met no answering sympathy. Displeasure, and stern determination alone appeared in his eyes; and, after casting a quick glance around, as if to assure himself that Rosalie was not returning, and that every door was fast, he began in a slow, measured tone—'I trust, Aurora, that the unbecoming expressions which I am told lately escaped your lips, were the result of natural alarm and over-excited feelings; and that a daughter of mine has not been guilty of the intolerable folly of interfering in questions of policy, only to be decided by blood!'—You do not know my father, my dear Ellen. Whenever he used the expression, 'a daughter of mine,' I felt that his sensitive nature was hurt by the apprehension of some conduct liable to affect the dearly-cherished honour of his house. The happiness of his child was a secondary consideration: he detested every species of revolution; the liberal sentiments, occasionally expressed in conversation by Cavendish, had already occasioned him to look coldly on his pursuit of me; and he now hesitated not to declare, that had he proposed for me, his doors would have been forever closed against him.

'I can give no connected account of the succeeding time, until we found ourselves past the barriers of Paris—I was not ill—save of the wearisome sickness of the heart; and I disdained to affect indisposition, even for the sake of lingering within those walls, where I at least might hear more particulars of the fate of him, who, I now found, was dearer than fancy had ever painted him to me. My pitying Rosalie had, once, contrived to slip out, and bring the farther tidings that the unfortunate Cavendish still breathed; but that his wounds were pronounced mortal. The wretched young man had implored the assistance of his ministers of his own religion, and, it is said, had expressed a deep regret at having lavished a life which, at home, was the sole pride and hope of affluent and noble parents. Something he also added, of a romantic aim and an unworthy deceit being punished: but I heard it all as one in a dream; and my father, who considered any publication of my feelings as disgraceful, kept the poor girl under such strict surveillance, that he never lost sight of her again, until we were far away from Paris. He has forbidden me all correspondence there; he—no, I am sure he does not—he cannot intercept my letters; but he deohs me from every access to public information, keeps me immured in this joyless solitude, where even the sole consolation that I contribute to his comfort is denied to me; for how can I flatter myself with that, when I too plainly perceive that the absence of honours, which he never possessed, outweighs in his mind all the pleasure he might derive, from the affectionate devotion of a daughter?'

'But my dear Miss Wilmington,' interposed Ellen soothingly, 'the very circumstances you mention as aggravations to your grief, would furnish me with the materials to build a thousand new castles of hope. Debarred from all communication with your Parisian friends, how can you tell whether you have not anticipated the worst? While there is life there's hope. You never received the actual tidings of his death—take my word for it, when least expected he will be restored.'

Aurora looked steadfastly at her. 'Dear, kindest friend! Say those sweet words again! Say them,' she repeated mournfully, 'even though you know them to be groundless—that I have not seen him for the last time. They say that princes love those best who flatter their wishes'—she half murmured to herself—'Ah! now I know the reason!' 'My opinion is not groundless,' Ellen gaily replied—'I feel it is not;' and, endeavouring to inspire her friend with a portion of human cheerfulness, she repeated the refrain of a well-known French song—'Il reviendra, il reviendra.'

Mr. Wilmington spent a part of every day in a mournful building that was a conspicuous object from every part of the grounds. This was the chapel, which was also the family mausoleum—and in the very spot which might have best taught him the nothingness of earthly grandeur, he nourished those feelings of bitter envy and blasted ambition, which were gradually consuming away his existence. Here were deposited the remains of that predecessor, in right of whom he had set up his rejected claim to the long contested title of De Mowbray, and here also reposed the ashes of the late faithful partner of his joys and sorrows—the wife whose gentle influence had, during the term of her existence, subdued the asperities of his character, and smoothed its eccentricities away.

Mr. Wilmington had one day prolonged beyond its usual term this mournful visit: and his daughter, deeply impressed with the idea that a perpetual indulgence in one harassing train of thought leads to partial madness, timidly sought him in his melancholy
haunt, although his orders were peremptory and distinct, that he should never be intruded on.

Alone she reached the edifice, shaded by pines and cypresses that spread their funereal gloom around. A moment she paused and hesitated, dreading to be deemed intrusive. Then, full nervèd in her filial purpose, she fearlessly passed on. She entered the chapel. Her father was not there. She then descended the steps that led to the sacred receptacle where were deposited the mortal remains of the Wilmingtons. This spacious chamber was hollowed all around into a series of narrow recesses, which, as each new inmate was received into their depths, were successively walled up, so that the whole presented a uniform appearance, save where some space remained untenanted awaiting some descendant of that race, yet rejoicing in activity and life! Here Aurora discovered Mr. Wilmington, absorbed in melancholy contemplation near the spot that contained the remains of his wife. He did not notice the entrance of his daughter; and Aurora, grateful at least that no faintness or sudden illness had caused his long delay, stole softly to a distant spot, patiently awaiting the favourable moment to speak. Her father's countenance exhibited an expression of greater softness than usual, and his hands were joined as if in mental prayer. "He thinks of her!" whispered Aurora's heart; and slowly sinking on her knees, she also preferred a secret orison to be guided, in what way best to address her only remaining parent. Suddenly, as if stung by some maddening thought, Mr. Wilmington hastily arose, hurried towards the door, and, without once looking around him, issued forth and hastily locked it. The walls of the vaulted chamber reverberated a dull, hollow sound, and Aurora, starting from her knees, with a chill feeling of terror attempted to call after her father—but her voice was faint and indistinct, and in inarticulate murmurs died away. A moment she stood petrified, then hastily ran towards the portal in the hope, no sooner adopted than abandoned, that it was not completely secured. She now, again, tried to elevate her voice so as to reach her father's ear—in vain! Door after door, closing with a loud clang, informed her that he was gone, for a space of, at least, four-and-twenty hours. True, he seldom let a day pass without visiting the mausoleum, seldom!—what a volume of apprehension was included in that word! Yet, in this trying moment, be justice rendered to Aurora. No vulgar, phycical fears assailed her yet—it was the nameless awe, the secret shudder, that seizes the most pious, the purest, at being thus brought face to face with death, which alone caused her soul to sink and her blood to curdle. She leant against the wall. She clasped her hands together; and again tried to fortify her spirit by fervent prayer. Presently, the solemn, twinkling grey light which some small apertures had admitted, failed altogether, and left her in utter darkness. Aurora started. She thought she felt something like a bat's wing flap against her face. Hastily putting up her hand to brush it away, she discovered the error of her disordered phantasy, and that her mind, overwrought with sorrow and watching, must have been sunk for a moment, unconsciously, in the wanderings of a short-lived dream. This inclination to drowsiness she determined resolutely to combat: that no chance might escape her vigilance of the possibility of release—yet, again, she thought that something, certainly, was near her; and that a light, imp-like touch just brushed her shoulder and was withdrawn. And this time she experienced a dread that some visage of unutterable horror might be revealed to her, which might sear her brain and dwell on her darkened intellect for life. The gloom grew thicker and thicker. She was conscious of being in a sort of waking dream. She knew where she was—she was fully aware of the painfulness of her situation—yet the vague, nameless horrors that had beset her had passed away, and given place to a grateful calm, in which the image of her departed mother—the thought of the De Mowbrays, who were, in fact, of the same line of ancestry as herself; and the image of Cavendish (for into what meditations will not love intrude?) were strangely and inexplicably mingled. And first, arose upon her ear a whispering sound, like the voice of the vernal wind as it plays among leafy branches; this soon became sweeter and sweeter, 'till it was changed and modulated to celestial chimes of sweetest melody. Mixed with these tones was a rustling of many wings; but the sound of their motion was so silvery sweet, that it seemed as if they, themselves, were attuned to move in harmony with the sights and sounds that awaited her wondering vision. Suddenly, the damp and dismal walls became coloured and illuminated, as when on the snowy sheet the gliding figures pass. The building, from base to roof, seemed piled with massive clouds, and glowed and melted with every varying hue, of sapphire, violet, opal, saffron,
purple, and rose; and through these gorgeous clouds glimmered a thousand stars that seemed instinct with soul, and that steadfastly gazed upon her, 'till she felt that they were not stars, but mournful and loving eyes, that pityingly looked down and bade her trust to them; and the clouds by degrees arranged themselves into the flow of sweeping robes, in which she could now trace a fanciful resemblance to the ermine of peerage, the warrior's martial red, and the Romish church's purple pride. She stood in the midst of the worthies of her race! Some were in blooming youth, some venerably aged, yet, still, a kind of shadowy similitude pervaded the features of all, while each struck her as being identified with some picture, statue, monument, or bust, that decorated the gallery, hall, chapel, or chambers of Beechdale.

And there was one grey, awful man, around whose hollow temples a coronet was bound, while a small, and almost imperceptible crimson circle around his neck fearfully hinted that, in times long past of anarchy and bloodshed, he had attempted, and failed in the attempt, to change it to a crown. And there was one fair female form, that seemed almost to have stept from the cradle to the convent, and whose languid eye and faded form announced that short again was the passage from the convent to the grave; but chiefly was her eye fascinated and fixed by a countenance—strange indeed in that group—yet most familiar to her—that with looks of gentlest reproachfulness seemed to cry, "Turn not away, beloved! we were not, sure we were not, born to hate each other. Does not a portion of the same blood flow in our veins?—a ray of the same intelligence illuminate our souls—a flash of the same spirit unite and vivify our hearts?" Trembling she gazed again, and, pale as if he had risen from a new made grave was Charles Cavendish! Her heart beat violently—her pulses throbbed—her head swam round. It seemed as if the vision approached her—held her—and his clasp was cold as clay—she struggled to get free, and found herself in the arms of her father! Torches gleamed around; servants were looking in all directions—and, most conspicuous, was a pompous figure of a gentleman in black, whose appearance was that of an utter stranger to her. Starting from the delirious trance thus pictured to her fancy, her feelings were too highly wrought to let trifles annoy her.

Dear to her heart—dear even beyond the recovery of light and liberty—was the conviction, (a conviction which she had often, with tears, been forced to combat,) that, spite of his stern prohibitions and unsocial gloom, her father loved her. His agitation, his terror, his agony, lest she might have been injured by her temporary and accidental detention, laid bare all these feelings beyond the possibility of doubt.

It was the unexpected arrival, on a visit, of the stranger—an old college companion and scholar of eminence—that had prevented immediate inquiry from being made for Miss Wilmington on her father's return to the house; but the moment she was missed, the possibility of her having followed him to the Mausoleum occurred to his terrified imagination, and not a moment had been lost in hurrying to effect her release. "Give the young lady air!" officiously exclaimed Doctor Palimpsest. The Doctor, with his strange gestures, pompous gait, and double chin, would, at another time, have provoked to mirth, but this would have been now too violent a transition: and when Miss Wilmington, with but little assistance, was conveyed back to the house, and her father had assured himself that this accident would be of no material injury to her health or nerves, he readily acceded to her proposal of spending the evening alone, which she did in such secret communings as were most naturally suggested by her late escape.

She arose the next morning a renovating being. How different now appeared the aspect of nature from each returning sun, since she had been separated from Cavendish! Till now, it had found her ever ready to exclaim, in the soul-hand feeling of the poet—

"At morn my eyes with anguish I uncloise,
They long to weep to see the day begun;
Time's lagging lapse, which ever as it flows,
Fails no wish of all my soul—not one!"

But now a hope, a belief, a conviction, filled her mind that Charles lived, and not only lived, but was in some mysterious way connected with her destiny, and that he would be finally restored to her. And on what was that belief founded? On a day dream—a vision. And what are our brightest hopes but day dreams? Dream on then, sweet maid, while yet you can enjoy them: dream, till the rude hand of experience wakes you—till even the power of weaving the fairy castles of hope is gone, and contentment is superseded in the haughty spirit by despair—by resignation in the mild—

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The arrival of Dr. Palimpsest was of use to
Mr Wilmington, by reviving in him a taste for literary pursuits, which he had latterly neglected, but never wholly abandoned. The Doctor, to be sure, was but a solemn trifler after all. He piqued himself on the elegance and facility with which he turned Latin verses; nor did it in the least diminish their value in his eyes, that those verses, if put into good plain English, were upon subjects too trivial to be looked upon by the most superficial a second time. Accordingly, during his stay at Beechdale, the slightest incident arising from a ride, a walk, or a visit, an accident to a favourite dog, or the amount of a present of fish or game, was duly put into classic verse by the ready Dr. Palimpsest; and his felicity was at the full when he had distributed copies of these effusions; not forgetting Mr. Philips, who did not know—yes, he just knew—the difference between the look of a Greek manuscript and a law Latin. But such unenlightened praise could not satisfy him long; and Palimpsest soon prevailed on Mr. Wilmington to open his doors to some congenial spirits, all of whom he announced as well calculated to contribute to the classical festivities of Beechdale Park, but who were so little to the taste of its fair mistress, that she never gave them any other name than that of "The Owls;" and notwithstanding the natural hilarity and urbanity of her disposition, was, we must confess, during their stay but barely civil to them. First, there was Mr. Wertheimer, "a fine, sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man," with a profusion of black hair hanging in dishevelled curls about his forehead. He was a great Frondeur: angry with every thing and every body; and always lamenting that "no one could understand him." To this young misanthrope succeeded Professor Silliman, who wrote closet tragedies and lackadaisical sonnets "to his mistress' eyebrow." He was deaf, fifty, shortsighted, left-handed, and a snuff-taker; and not having met with a female duly sensible of such a combination of attractions, pronounced them all cold, insensible, and "fancy-free." But the greatest original of the group was Mr. Olinthus Nihil.

Olinthus Nihil, Esq., F.R.S., A.S.S., was a sort of intellectual "Old Mortality," who was at a vast expense of pains and labour to resuscitate persons and performances long since gone down to the gulf of oblivion. He reprinted, at his own expense, new editions of old-fashioned works that had long been very properly superseded by much better ones on the same subject; and would send six letters consecutively to a person he never saw, in order to obtain some trifling particula relative to another, whom none but himself had ever heard of. On one of these occasions he has paid double postage for such information as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"In reply to your queries relative to the late ingenious and learned Mr. Twaddle, I have to inform you, that I performed a journey of eighty-five miles to the village where he was born and his parents resided, and have ascertained an undoubted fact, that his mother's Christian name was Margery, and his father's John. He also possessed a maiden aunt, a woman of a fine understanding, who kept a preparatory school for little boys, and lived to the advanced age of ninety. He had a great uncle who was a famous cricket-player, and a cousin who died of decline at Bath. I had much talk with the landlady of the village, an affable, chatty, old lady, and gathered from her that Mr. T. was quite Johnsonian in his love of repeated cups of that beverage, 'which cheers but not inebriates.' She was decidedly of opinion he preferred black to green; but as, while I was there, she produced nothing but Bohea, this requires confirmation. She told me he was fond of angling in a little brook that runs hard by the village, but rarely got a nibble. I fear, my dear Sir, these are but slight materials for the quarto you hint at; but if these few particulars can be of any use in your projected important work, you are most welcome to them:—

"Dear Sir, &c. &c.

"Enclosed is the entry of the baptism of Mr. T., copied from the parish register."

Perhaps, sometimes, the impatience with which Aurora listened to the implied compliments of Mr. Wertheimer, the poetry of Mr. Silliman, and the antiquities of Mr. Nihil, was increased by a secret comparison with the beauty, grace, and spirit which she was never more to behold. Oh! how often have we been all guilty of this injustice! and hated innocent persons merely for being—themselves! and not another.

At length Mr Nihil, with many blushes, owned to a still more important correspondence, a foreigner. The person, Professor Panin of the Crimea. He declared that the hospitalities of Beechdale were enough to detain him, "ages past and all that were to come;" but said that as the Professor was a perfect stranger in England, and as his advices told him that he might now be expected any
day, he did not think it right not to be at his chambers to receive him.

"And where did you make acquaintance with the Professor, Mr. Nihil?" inquired Aurora, with an air of provoking innocence.

"I never knew that your researches had extended beyond England."

"Personally, we are unacquainted, my dear young lady," replied the pompous Mr. Nihil. "My eyes have never beheld the outward form of Professor Panin; but his letters, and the praises in former times of Professor Pallas, have made me the intimate acquaintance of his soul."

"Cannot you ask him down here?" enquired Aurora, carelessly. "His society would be a valuable accession to papa's amusement, and I should like to see a Russian servant exceededingly."

It was soon carried nem. con. that the meeting between the two illustrious F.R.S. should take place at Beechdale. The Professor accepted the invitation with gratitude; a day was fixed for his arrival; and Ellen Mordanet, the kind, cheerful, affectionate Ellen, for whom Aurora was always anxious to procure any little gratification in her power, was invited to see this new and rare addition to the aviary.

Professor Panin was a tall man, almost enveloped in furs; so that when he began to take them off, it was more like unwrapping a mummy than releasing a living man. If the other "Owls" were not great beauties, Professor Panin was a perfect fright. His face was so overgrown with hair, that, as some one has humourously said of a pulk of Cossacks, it was difficult to know which was the back of his head; added to which, he seemed shy and ill at ease, and when placed next to Miss Wilmington at dinner, seemed as if he would have declined, if he durst, the proffered honour.

"What wisdom he must possess," thought Mr. Nihil, "to have gained such a reputation, in spite of his repulsive exterior!"

"What arrogance and self-conceit," thought Miss Wilmington, as the Professor proceeded in his silent meal, "not to deem me worthy of a word of his conversation!"

At length, after dinner, when the discourse grew general, the Professor seemed conscious of the awkwardness of not addressing some observation to the young lady of the house. Small talk was, however, not apparently his forte; for, after hunting in his brain some moments for a subject that might be acceptum feminarum, he suddenly turned the discourse upon exhibitions of animals, and abruptly asked Miss Wilmington—"Pray, Mademoiselle, did you ever see a crocodile?"

The oddity of this address put Aurora's gravity to the test; yet, upon reflection, it piqued her to be treated by the learned Professor as such a Missish person.

"He believes, like all foreigners, that I can have no conversation or acquirement because I am an unmarried woman," she thought, as she put up her pretty lip, "and reserves all his wisdom for the gentlemen." Under this impression, Aurora, whose engagement, respecting a philosopher from the borders of the Black Sea, was already gone, gave him very little encouragement to proceed, and soon made the signal that released Ellen and herself. This was just what Panin wanted.

*I* * * * *

"I wish to show you my camellias," said Aurora to Ellen, as she led the way to the greenhouse—"I have got so many additions to my stores since you have been last here." When the camellias had been sufficiently admired, the magnolias were next to be looked at, and various other rare and valuable plants Ellen was quite in her element. In her love of a garden, and all that it contained, she was a true daughter of Eve; and, as Miss Wilmington had given her a carte blanche, she had so many cuttings to request, and so many questions to ask the gardener, that Aurora at length strolled onward, and Ellen, after some time, looking round her with surprise, found herself alone. "How quickly time passes! how I wish I could get my aunt to have a greenhouse!" was her first thought; but then, observing that it was sunset, she hurried forth in search of Miss Wilmington. She reached a little grove that overlooked the rest of the landscape, and there, thinking she beheld the white robe of Miss Wilmington, was hastening to join her, when the sound of her friend's voice expostulating, which was answered by mazy tones, modulated to the deep, thrilling accents of passion, caused her to pause, and two figures emerged from the woodland, and stood, clearly defined, against the back ground of a glowing sunset; one of which was Miss Wilmington, and the other, in height, resembled Professor Panin, but, on turning round, the features, the expression, the whole person, conveyed to Ellen's mind irresistibly the idea that it could be no other than the often described—the lost—the restored—Charles Cavendish!

Miss Wilmington no longer reproached him. Her voice was attuned to the softest tenderness.

"Leave me again!" she exclaimed, "and so soon, when I have scarcely recovered my delight and wonder."
"Even so," replied the stranger; "it would be impossible for me to continue this deception. Yet I knew that, in my own character, your father's gates were barred against me, and I could not resist the impulse that hurried me to you."

"Too true," replied Aurora, trying in vain to check her starting tears; "so adverse is my father to the party (shall we say), you were induced to espouse, so decidedly anti-republican are his principles, that there is now but one name in the world more obnoxious to him than Cavendish, and that is—"

"And that is," earnestly repeated the young man, "De Mowbray!"

Charles seemed to repress some deep emotion, and the arm that had, till now, fondly cherished her waist, dropped lifelessly by his side. In a moment he resumed in a low, soft voice,

"And do you too, Aurora, share in this prejudice against the De Mowbray branch of your family?"

"Oh no, indeed!" answered Miss Wilmington, lightly; "I hate those family feuds, am quite content with the rank in society we enjoy already; and, besides, I think papa, instead of grumbling with them, had much better have made friends with the present Lord de Mowbray, and, as he has a son, who can tell but I might, like the heroine of a poem, have united our two families, by making the conquest of Lord Beauchamp!—There! if I have not made you look seriously grave and jealous. So now tell me all the particulars of your recovery, and that dear Madame de Préval, who nursed you at her country house, when the cruel doctors had given you over. What obligations have we to her! but she is not—sure she is not, Charles, so pretty—so very pretty, as they used to say she was, at Paris?"

"O no!" answered Cavendish, with half a smile; "an old woman of forty, that nobody would look at. The rest of my story is soon told: arrived in England, I heard of the seclusion in which your father lived, and the restraint under which he kept you. I found that a letter, if it fell into wrong hands, would ruin all. I spent my days in contriving how to gain access to you. Neither wounds, sickness, nor your contempt, fair lady, have cured my carnivall-born love of masquerading. I had made acquaintance with Professor Panin, at Paris, who was with Prince Demidoff; learnt he was going over to England at the invitation of a servant, who had never seen him. We happened to embark in the same vessel. He communicated to me, when arrived here, the alteration of plan, and the extreme reluctance he felt, being a very shy man, to meet the circle of literati assembled at Beechdale. I offered to be his representative. I had already interested him in my story. He yielded—the grand object was to avoid a premature discovery, for had you made any exclamation of joyful surprise—"

"And what right have you to suppose me so overjoyed, Sir," said Aurora, softly smiling; "but, to do you justice, Professor Panin's manner effectually convinced me he was one of the most rigid of Russia's frozen sons."

"And do you still think so?" whispered Charles, in a tone that only reached Aurora's ear—

"Why—hem—no. I suppose your dinner has warmed you; but how can I trifle so, when our minutes of happiness are numbered! Charles, it is in vain to deceive ourselves—we are not one step advanced in (why should I longer deny it?) our mutual projects; and should my father know you have surprised me into this interview—"

At this moment a low rustling among the brushwood caused the enamoured pair to turn round, and Mr. Wilmington stood before them.

Long and anxiously as Aurora had been accustomed to read her father's countenance, its expression was now such as she could not decipher, and no wonder, for a thousand contradictory feelings were striving for mastery in that proud, but not ungenerous mind. He was provoked with the obstinate perseverance of the young people against his wishes; yet still justice whispered him that he had something to reproach himself with; and that he had not made her home such as he should have done, had he wished his daughter to prefer it to all others. The sight of her broken heart and altered spirits had lately alarmed him, and symptoms of declining health in himself inclined him at length to indulge and to forgive. To have altered, however, immediately, was more than could be expected of him; and, surveying the pair with looks of very dubious import, he began—

"Your absence has been observed, Miss Wilmington."

"I am the culprit, sir," exclaimed Charles, advancing and interrupting him, "and have to claim your indulgence for thus abusing your hospitality. But the moment is arrived in which further concealments would be absurd. Mr. Wilmington, you have known me vain, volatile, rash, but I believe you will conscientiously acquit me of being capable of a dishonourable action. While the name
I had assumed was more pleasing to your ear than that by which I am really known, it was dear to me, as obtaining for me access to your daughter. My own folly has rendered it obnoxious, and thus I cast it from me—I am Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lord de Mowbray. From the time of our accession to the titles to which (with a courteous inclination) you have, perhaps, an equal right, my fancy, which was always romantic, dwelt upon the relative position of the disappointed branch of our family. I heard of your anger and resentment, and understood that it had even gone so far as to make you an exile from your country." (Here it must be confessed Mr. Wilmington looked a little foolish—)

"I pictured to myself this fair creature pining for the rank and precedence at home, of which the decision of the law deprived her. I learned (for nothing that related to you was indifferent to me) that she had a mind as superior to the generality of her sex as her person, and I loved her," continued the blushing Charles, turning his earnest and ardent gaze from the father to the daughter;

"I may truly say I passionately loved her mind and character, even before that ever-blessed moment which introduced her to my sight. What remains for me to add? Under an assumed name I followed her abroad and accomplished an introduction. Interview after interview only served to rivet my chains. I even flattered myself I was making some progress in your esteem, Sir, when, in a moment of madness I risked the loss of her who was essential to my existence, even while believing myself most obeying her wishes."

Mr. Wilmington's brow darkened, and Aurora gave Charles a supplicating look—he hastily passed on to the present object of his mission.

"Mr. Wilmington, my fate is in your hands—I am an only son. My father adores me, and when I told Lord De Mowbray I could not live without your daughter, he declared himself willing to forget any unpleasantnesses arising, perhaps, from the folly of malicious tale-bearers and ill-judging friends, and to enable me to make such proposals as might forward the ultimate end of uniting our interests, and burying our disputes for ever in oblivion."

Charles paused, and turned to Aurora, who, shrinking from the appeal she had expected, looked anxiously around for Ellen; but Ellen was at the mansion, supplying her place to her guests. Mr. Wilmington was wholly taken by surprise. There is a magic in the union of youth, eloquence, and beauty, that no heart, however seared, can resist! Silentely he joined their hands—their hearts had been long (oh! how long?) united.

"Bless you, my children!" he said, in a suffocating voice, "and may I, in witnessing your happy love, forget the years I have sacrificed to a groundless, vain, unholy hatred!"

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Time progresses while men decay. After eighteen years of peace a generation has sprung into activity, to which the operation of naval impressment is as much a thing of the past as faith in Whig or Tory has become with their fathers. Still, however, in our maritime towns, the recollection clings to the minds of the mature part of the population. Who that has spent his boyhood in, or near, one of our great seaports, but has vaguely partaken in the terrors which beset mothers, wives, and sweethearts, when the ominous sounds—"the gang!—the gang!"—were rung out near their abodes; driving the brief sojourners whom they loved and trembled for, into every sort of concealment? Which of the yet numerous surviving householders, protected in their own persons, but has again and again been roused from his comfortable pillow, by clamorous night brawls, and, looking night-capped from his window, beheld the brandished cutlasses which enabled him to inform his wakeful spouse that the cause of the tumult was only the conveying of some unlucky tar to the "tender" or the "rendezvous house." The extreme hardship of the impress, passing over the rough and arbitrary manner of effectuation, consisted in its cruel contempt for all ties and decencies. No allowance was made to men returned from the longest and most arduous voyages. Husbands were snatched from the arms of fond wives whom they had barely embraced after years of absence—nay, seized and dragged away on the very eve of meeting, and ere they had tasted that coveted
solace. Sons could only visit the paternal hearth by stealth; and, in fine, the few hours of recreation which the sea-worn sailor, under any circumstances, sought on shore, were fraught with danger and interruption. He escaped the sharks of "blue water" only to be chased by harbour sharks of almost equal ferocity. That this state of things began in all those interested in sea-faring people a hatred and hostility to the parties acting on, or in any way abetting, the impress service, may easily be supposed. Wraithful collisions were thence frequent. Doubtless the dread, formerly felt of impressment, arose much from the popular notion abroad of the brutal tyranny exercised over seamen in the Royal Navy. This cause of antipathy does not, perhaps, now exist; but the circumstance should be borne in mind by those who read the above remarks. Perhaps, after all, the younger tars found some compensation for the hazards of a trip ashore in the additional interest these gave to them in the eyes of the maidens; not one of whom but would have risked the loss of woman's dearest jewel—reputation itself—to shelter or befriend a sailor in her need. But enough of prelude.

On a part of the east coast of England, where the German ocean rolls proudly in upon a shore now opposing its waves with lofty and irregular cliffs, and now inviting them to break freely over stretches of open beach, stands a small village almost wholly inhabited by fishermen and their families. About three miles to the southward is situated the large sea-port of S——. From the latter place, the approach to this village—Coldcotes, by name—is chiefly made over a fine expanse of level sands, and occupying, as it does, a lofty site just where the land after descending for a considerable space in green slopes to the sea, resumes a bluff rocky front, it forms a conspicuous object in the view. Upon an evening late in the autumn, with the moonlight glinting upon the few white-washed cottages that distinguished the place, it concentrated the regards of an individual who trod his way across the sands in question, having shortly before quitted S——. This was an active young man, carrying a bundle, and decently clad in the ordinary habiliments of civil life. A certain roll, however, in his gait, and, had the daylight remained to discover it, the sun-burnt hue of an open and honest, if not handsome, set of features, indicated the mariner. Such, in truth, was Lance Blacklock, the pedestrian we describe, though willing now to disguise his calling. Born and bred in Coldcotes, he might have pursued that of the worthy fisherman, his father, but opposing inclinations had led him into the merchant sea-service. Herein, having some little scholarship, he had risen to the post of mate in a vessel lately returned from a foreign voyage. But, unfortunately for his prospects, the death of the owner had caused the ship to be brought to sale, and Lance to be consequently thrown, for a time, out of employ. In this predicament we find him bound on a visit to the well remembered home he had of late enjoyed few opportunities of seeing; and which, at this moment, seemed, in the gentle radiance it reflected, to smile upon his return. It may be imagined, therefore, with what pleasure he scanned the outline of irregular cabins disclosed in the distance before him. And if he felt not unqualified gratitude to the officious moonbeams that lighted the scene to his eye, it was because they too liberally illuminated the route he rather required to have buried in darkness. He had evaded with inexpressible difficulty the dangers of a "hot press" going forward in S——, and built his chief hope of enjoying any thing like safety even at Coldcotes, on the being able to arrive there undetected. The brilliancy of the night was therefore so far unward. Not that he cared for observation from the inhabitants of the village itself, those he knew would be true as steel; it was the chance of falling under the ken of unfriendly prowlers that stirred apprehensions. With the genial stream of thought that flowed through his breast, a little ruffled by care on this score, and further, perhaps, by surmises on another not yet alluded to, he had arrived about midway across the sands when he perceived in his front a figure, apparently that of an old basket woman, advancing towards him. They met, and he was disposed to have passed her with a civil "fine night, mother," but the response of the crone arrested his intention. She made a dead halt, and, peering over his person, sniffed out—"Aye, that it is, Lance Blacklock; though may be not for all folks. What news from foreign, lad?"

Lance was, by this time, able to recognize in the speaker an itinerant dealer in small wares, "better known than trusted," by the housewives of the hamlets around. Her ready hail somewhat discomposed our sailor. Indeed, remembering as well her character, as that when a thoughtless urchin he had fallen under the ban of the old woman for his share in some unlucky tricks played off upon her, he had no peculiar satisfaction in the ren-
centre. As it was, he answered her with brief civility and essayed to move on. She did not, however, prove similarly inclined to part company.

"Ye're in right earnest haste to get within walls, Lance," she observed, "and small wonder. It is not the long coat can hide tarry Jack, when he steps ashore. More's the shame he should need it, I say!"

"And well you may, goody," replied Lance, "but the saying's no news. How goes all at Coldcotes?"

"Oh! much i' th' usual. — You're looking at Dame Maving's white steading—that puts me in mind. Ye'll recollect her niece, Bella?" Lance returned a conscious affirmative. Full well he remembered Bella Maving, and shrewdly did the owlish querist guess with what feelings. "Well, then," she resumed, "her bonny face is to make her fortune at last. There's a rich young spark from S—— comes after her day by day; and the word goes it will be a wedding. She'll be the first Coldcotes' lass that ever was made a lady of. But what for that? hey, Lance?" Lance, however, plainly disquieted, withheld any reply. He muttered an abrupt adieu, and strode on his way; leaving the old woman, from whom proceeded a suppressed cackle, glazing after him.

To account for the young man's demeanour whilst listening to the intelligence thus thrust upon him, it remains to be avowed that filial affection alone had not drawn him some distance overland (for his last ship did not belong to the adjoining port) to his native village. There lived there one to whom when—"lashed to the helm when seas o'erwhelm," as his favourite ditty gave it, his thoughts constantly reverted. Sailors are proverbially easily pleased with a fair; but Lance mused upon charms which might even have created a sensation in the viscous lodged on the left side of an Almack's exquisite. This Venus, not from, but by, the sea, was Bella Maving; an orphan, but respectably maintained by a widowed aunt, who possessed a small competence. Unlike all her fellow maidens in Coldcotes, she had been spared the usual out-of-door drudgery to which the daughters of fishermen are subjected, and consequently retained the natural softness of her sex; a circumstance which, alone, had positive beauty been denied, would have distinguished her in such a sphere.

From early days, Lance had been accustomed to watch the movements of this, to him, the most delightful of created beings, and latterly, to sigh for her as a possession, than which the entire world offered nothing more desirable.

The pecuniar means of Bella's affectionate relative, though sufficient to meet their humble wants, did not extend so far as to place the maiden in a rank above admitting the society of the young Tritons of the place. Lance, therefore, had not lacked for access to the object of his affections during the few visits the calls of his profession had allowed him to pay to Coldcotes; but those were generally too brief and hurried to permit him unequivocally to assume the suitor, even though the diffidence of genuine love had been less powerful with him than it was. On the last occasion of the kind he did, however, place himself in that position; but a sudden summons to his ship deprived him of the power to carry away more than the belief that he was preferred. Now, again nearing her abode, with the passion of his youth deeply rooted in his manhood, it was his daring object to terminate in certainty those doubts and fears, which had of late agitated him beyond endurance. How severely then fell the blow levelled in the abrupt information he had just received. If it were true, a total blight to his hopes impended.

He continued his course, but it was mechanically. He moved on in the state of a man suddenly awakened in the midst of an ugly dream. Nor was it until stumbling amongst the broken rocks, which, scattered out below the steep of Coldcotes, form the extremity of the beach he had traversed, that he became self-recalled. Then he found it necessary to retrace his steps a space, in order to arrive at the foot of the beaten road for ascent. This done, and proceeding slowly upwards, his spirit partially lightened. He reflected on the deceptive nature of rumour generally, and on the little credit, in particular, to be attached to a piece of gossip, repeated, he was sure, from malicious motives; thence resolving to await the disclosure a few hours would bring, ere he yielded to a despair of which the foretaste was so bitter. Ultimately, as he followed the windings of the road along the summit of the heights, familiar objects began to crowd upon him, and further diverted his thoughts.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,\nWho——?"

But we will not affront the reader, by assuming that either the remaining lines of the passage, or the sentiment they emplasticise, are unknown to him. The little cave among the rocks beneath, where the cobbles
of his father and his compeers were drawn up, awakened in Lance the memory of a thousand venturous exploits; and even the "ancient and fish-like smell" pervading the atmosphere of the village, which he now entered, cheered him like the salutation of an old friend. All was quiet, all doors were closed; for though the evening had not advanced decidedly into night, yet, as was to be expected amongst a people whose pursuits oblige them to anticipate the lark in their rising, many were enjoying—most preparing for—repose. In passing the front of one cottage, differing from those adjoining, in whiter walls and more neatly ordered threshold, he was threatened with a return of his late discomposing sensations; but a few paces onward and his hand was upon his parents' latch. That was not a moment for divided feeling. Shall we enter with him? No. Nature has place enough in every bosom to render superfluous a description of what succeeded; moreover, our story must be confined within limits, and here requires us in another quarter.

Becky Purdy, the strolling basket-woman whom we quitted journeying across the sands, had her nightly abiding-place in S—- Thither she was at the time bound; but, before entering the town, she turned a little out of the direct course towards a well-built house in the suburbs; at the back door of which she cautiously knocked. The servant who attended ushered her into one of the outer offices, and departed; seeming to guess her errand. In a few minutes a gaily-dressed young man, with a handsome countenance, marked however by no amiability of expression, save when he chose to invest it with smiles, came to her.

"Ha! Becky," he exclaimed, "I've been looking for you. You have seen her to-day, and presented the work-box I gave you!"

"I've pleased with it!"

"How could she fail? Ah! Master Cunningham, you know the way to win o'er woman's will!"

Cunningham did not appear to inherit a mind above the relish for this vulgar compliment: he laughed.

"But will she meet me in the morning on Whiteley cliffs as usual?" was his next question.

Becky nodded confirmation.

"Sweet girl!" murmured the young man, in tones betokening that in fervency, at least, his love was not defective.

"Aye, she's a dainty creature, that's the truth," rejoined Becky; "and soft hearted to old friends. Let me tell you, master, you'll not do amiss to ply her close just now."

This hint on the part of Becky produced inquiry on that of Cunningham; which she met by informing him of the return of one Lance Blacklock, who had formerly made pretensions to her hearer's inamorata—that inamorata being Bella Maving.

To a headstrong temperament was added in Cunningham an excessive proneness to jealousy and suspicious doubts. The old woman's report took therefore a powerful effect upon him; and the more, in that Blacklock's forgone intimacy with Bella was not altogether unknown to him.

"I have heard her speak of that fellow, and with kindness too," he muttered to himself. "Damn him! what brings him here just now?"

"That's more than I can tell," said Becky, catching his words; "unless he wants to get himself pressed, and sent aboard a man o' war."

"Would he were fast held there!" aspired Cunningham. "Pressed!—um! his business might be done that way." Here he took a turn or two across the floor.

"Harkee, Becky," he proceeded; "don't you know that when folks find their way to the rendezvous house with a useful hint, there's a nice reward for them."

"So I've heard said."

"Why then might not you as well earn the money as another?"

"Me go to the randyvoo house!" cried the crone, lifting her hands; "it would be as much as my life's worth to be seen there. No, no; a poor out-going body like me must not get herself an ill name."

"Especially when she has got such a good one to lose," cried Cunningham, sarcastically. "Poh! Come, old one, we'll not minee matters. Lay the gang on scent and you shall have your money doubled out of my purse. Nay, there's gold in hand."

Becky looked hard at the coin displayed in Cunningham's hand, and after a few "hems," said:

"Why, master Cunningham, money's money to me, though I cannot make it in that way. But to-morrow morning, as it happens, I'm bound for Coldcotes, and the first house I've to call at will be old Blacklock's; now it is possible the gang might be astray, and dog my heels; would I be to blame if they trapped poor Lance?"

"Not at all," answered Cunningham,
quietly putting the money into her hand. "Go home, and be punctual to your morning's business." "I think I can manage the rest," he inwardly soliloquized; "the king wants seamen, and 'tis only one's duty to the country to point out skulkers."

Thus these well-meaning persons separated.

The first blink of dawn called the sturdy sire and active brother of Lance Blacklock to their coble. With the poor in the indulgence of affectionate pleasures must ever be postponed where the stern obligations of toil intervene. These were thence compelled to defer the complete happiness of relaxation with the stranger until their return from labour. Lance, therefore, found himself early left to the society of a fond mother and two kind-hearted sisters, who lavished upon him those little attentions, which, however simple, are so grateful to every man. Sailors, from the rude manner of their life on ship-board, relish peculiarly the various comforts prepared by female management. When, therefore, dame Blacklock bestirred herself to roll out the griddle cakes, and young Sally ran to procure fresh cream from the farmer's, they were aware that they did not waste care on objects likely to be slighted. Nor did Lance fail to appreciate their kindness, though his thoughts roamed involuntarily into another quarter. As the breakfast meal proceeded, he found it impossible to prevent his tongue from following the same promptings, and accordingly turned the conversation on his Bella. Much he then heard that darkened o'er his soul, though it did not pronounce his final sentence. That Bella's favour was sued for by a dangerous rival, became a point confirmed. Boating excursions, and the like affairs, had, at a former period, brought him acquainted with Cunningham, now named to him, and he could, consequently, of his own knowledge estimate the force he had to contend with in one so advantaged. He disguised as much as possible his wincings from the tender friends around him, and their humble morning's repast was drawing to a close under the same kindly auspices under which it began, when Sally Blacklock, the younger of Lance's sisters, looking casually from the window of the cabin, which commanded a view of the road up from the beach, called her mother's attention to a group of men advancing in that direction. This consisted of seven or eight thickset, sturdy fellows, in sailors' jackets; some with glazed, some with straw hats, and one or two ornamented with long pigtails. Their handkerchiefs were knotted loosely about their necks, and all carried stout blud-geons, after a swaggering sort of fashion, which bespoke an aptness at the use of them. No sooner did the dame take a glance at this crew, than with a face of pallor she turned an anxious eye upon Lance, and sat down in a tremor which denied her speech. Her son, quick to conceive the cause, started to the window, and perceived at once that her fears were just. Still he thought, that, as the visit of these worthies—the press-gang unequivocally—must either be accidental, or at least unconnected with himself, it would be premature to take alarm whilst sheltered under his parents' roof. A quickly succeeding observation shook this dependence. The change of impression arose in his breast intuitively at the sight of Becky Purdy hobbling into the village with her basket, some little way in advance of "the gang." True, there was nothing unusual in her appearing at that hour, but rather the contrary; yet he experienced an instant persuasion of what was the truth, that is, that he was the person threatened, and that Becky played a part in the business. The persuasion became conviction when he noticed that, without stopping at other cabins, as was her wont, she first halted opposite that of his family, and exhibited an intention to call. He immediately desired his sister to close the door, which stood open, according to a general custom in Coldcotes, and prevailing in most small hamlets when the weather admits. It was done at his request.

"Mother," said he, "I feel certain that the gang come to take me, and no one but me; and that they know I am here. Now I must not be boxed up where they are sure they have me; therefore kiss me all of you, and I'll cut, and run for uncle Kitt's at Whiteley."

"Oh! my poor bairn," exclaimed the mother, grappling round her boy's neck; "only an hour or two at home, and forced to flee from it like a thief! Surely the black villains would never dare to hale thee from thine own old mother's fireside, and her looking on?"

"No trusting to that," said Lance, extiricating himself gently from her hold, "so God bless you all! and here goes."

With the words, he squeezed himself through a small window, the only opening the cabin possessed rearward, and that done, pushed his way behind the neighbouring cottages towards the extremity of the village opposite to that by which the gang were entering.

Unfortunately, however, poor Lance had
to deal with enemies versed in strategy. For, no sooner did he emerge from behind the walls and sills that had so far befriended him, and begin to run with all speed along a footpath conveying into the Whiteley road, than his ears tingled with the sound of a loudly-voiced challenge, whereof he was at no loss to guess the import.

"Hallo! there, matie!" cried the speaker, "you're scudding at a blasted rate. Won't you stop and ask what cheer of us?"

He looked in the direction of the voice, and saw that it proceeded from a squab grognosed fellow, the foremost of a band of half a dozen others occupying the road to which he was obliquely tending; the fact, as he now readily surmised, being, that the director of the gang, aware of the remark their approach would occasion, and foreseeing the probability of such a retreat as their game actually attempted, had divided his party so as to block both outlets from the village at once. Lance, though stunned by this discovery, did not give up. He decided immediately on breaking away towards the sea bank, and taking the chance of what concealment the sinuosities of the rocky shore could afford him. A spot was near where memory told him the cliff relaxed its precipitous character. Thither he rushed, and plunged downwards with a rapidity that placed his neck in imminent peril. Arrived at the bottom, he bounded over the broken rocks in a northerly direction. The detachment of the gang who witnessed this movement needed no sage to tell them, that if the man they saw thus avoiding them was not him they expressly sought, he was one equally adapted to their purpose, and threw themselves upon his steps with seaman-like impetuosity. They too effected the descent, and having been in time to mark the course Lance took, followed hot upon it, with many an oath at the stumbles and damaged shins received in consequence.

The flight and pursuit continued some time, to the increasing fatigue of all parties. Now the pursuers were encouraged by a sight of their prey, and again he became lost behind fallen pieces of crag, or the view altogether closed by some one of its projections. With the reader only in company we will overtake the hunted tar, just at the moment when he encountered a barrier to his progress. Jutting beyond the line of the coast, a sharp promontory opposed itself, prematurely as it were, to the rising tide, which roared and dashed in foamy indignation at its foot. To double the point was clearly impossible now, whatever might have been the case half an hour earlier. Keenly he examined the obstacles; but his examination only convinced him they were fatal. The cliffs which impended in this quarter, though not exceedingly high, were quite perpendicular. To scale them was out of the question. Thus hemmed in, he saw nothing better for it than to dive into a cavernous recess which presented itself near at hand; the covert offered being gained by him just as the sound of voices told him that his pursuers were rounding a point, which, passed, would have left him in their view. Yet it was rather under that impulse which leads a man always to defer surrender to the last moment, than with any hope of finding a real asylum that he sought there a refuge. He could not expect the place would escape observation, and consequent search: indeed there was reason enough to believe that the spring tide, now flowing in so fast, would in all likelihood drive some of the gang to his retreat for safety from the waves, if not for the purpose of discovering him. Being, however, within the cavern, he instinctively looked about for a nook wherein he might hide; but in vain. It happened that the innermost part of the rocky vault, where darkness should have stood his friend, was lighted by a curious sort of shaft, or tunnel, which perforated upwards to the surface of the ground. Whether this opening was of natural or artificial formation had long been, and still remains, matter of dispute to those familiar with the spot; but we are not here called upon to settle the question. Under it Lance mechanically placed himself, casting many a wistful look at the aperture which disclosed the blue sky above. As he stood in this painful state of cogitation, he was suddenly roused by the apparition of a pretty female face, surrounded by a neat straw bonnet, peering down over the edge of the opening. That it was a woman he beheld was sufficient to assure him of an ally—could ally be of service?

"Lord bless your sweet eyes!" he cried immediately, "if you've any compassion for a poor sailor in a strait, see if there's any honest soul about that can lend a hand with a rope to get me out here."

The young woman did seem startled by the address; having, as it afterwards appeared, been moved to the action which invited it by observations made from the summit of the cliff. She was nevertheless much agitated, and allowed a few moments to elapse ere she asked, in accents of concern, the name of the speaker.

Her query was met, not by a direct answer,
THE PRESS-GANG.

...but by a fervid exclamation of—"Good God! is it Bell Maving I hear speak?"

"It is—it is, and I know you are Lancelot Blacklock," was the return.

"What can I do to help you? The men you flee from I can see below; they are drawing near."

"Are they?—then I fear, dear girl, you can do nothing."

"Yes—yes—I can—a chance crosses me—expect me back in an instant."

Thus hurriedly saying, Bella—for Bella it was who had strolled out that morning to keep an appointment of which our readers may remember a forgone breathing—ran with tottering speed towards a detached cabin at no great distance. But near as it was, she could not hope to bring from thence with necessary promptitude the required succour, nor was that her dependence. With the readinesse peculiar to female wits, she had collected seeing divers nets and lines belonging to the owner of the dwelling, extended to dry on a patch of sward much nearer; and upon these, and on herself, had fixed her trust. She did not reckon falsely. Seizing a portion of the cordage, she dragged it after her to the brink of the tunnel, and threw a doubled line of it down; then, staying Lance's warm effusions of gratitude, with a caution not to attempt ascent until warning given, proceeded to fasten the rest to the roots of an old thorn growing close by.

But Lance—how shall we paint his feelings during the while? They were halcyon to a degree that made him insensible to the danger of his predicament. The sympathy Bella had shown—her agitation—the strenuous exertions she was making for his sake—all seemed to assure him that he had been neither forgotten nor disdained. So rapt was he in those delusive thoughts, that he was blind to the fact that some of the gang were actually entering the cave, when he became recalled to himself by the gentle voice of his idol, informing him that all was ready. Then, with professional activity, he sprang to the kindly rope, and quickly clambered to a footing on the firm soil. A volley of abortive curses from the cavity he had quitted, followed, and proclaimed the narrowness of the escape. These he disregarded, and, barely taking the precaution to withdraw the lines from the reach of the mariners, began to pour out to Bella acknowledgments as warm, though simple, as ever love or gratitude, much less both united, drew from honest lips.

It would be difficult to put in a coherent shape the language of either party during the first moments of this strangely procured interview. Suffice it, that he was self-abandoned, pressing, and wildly inquisitive; she, restrained and evasive. In vain she endeavoured to remind him of the necessity of continuing his flight; he was oblivious to every thing but what centered in her. The approach of a third person at length brought matters to a crisis. Betwixt this individual and Bella, though yet several paces asunder, a look of intelligence passsed. Lance caught it, and read a commentary in the burning blushes that mantled over Bella's cheek. Now, indeed, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He halted—for he had been unconsciously walking by her side in the direction of Coldecoet, which was opposite to that prudence recommended as his course—and took her hand, evidently to her great embarrassment.

"Bell," said he, "you have repeatedly prayed me to fly, and leave you. I now see it was not for my own sake you did so."

"This is ungenerous, Lancelot," replied the maid—"For your own sake I urged it—for your own sake I still urge it."

At this moment the gentleman, whose advances we have just alluded to, joined the pair, and, greeting Bella, shewed a disposition to interpose himself betwixt them.

"Mr Cunningham," said Lance, who had no difficulty in recognising his rival, "give me room awhile. I have but a few more words to say here, but them I must say, and without a listener in you. Do you hear me, Sir?"

Cunningham walked aside. The request was a fair one; and had it not, there was a flash in the proposer's eye that backed it too powerfully to be neglected.

"Bella," then resumed Lance, "you cannot but know how I feel—how I have always felt towards you. From childhood I have doated on you;—doated so much, that the beating of my heart has often palled my tongue when you were by. Since I came to manhood, long absence, and a hard fortune, though they have never altered, but rather fixed my love, have prevented me from taking a gage for yours—from asking plainly if you would regard me as a husband. I ask you now? The demand is sudden, but the next minute I must fly to preserve my liberty. Be frank! a word—a sign will be enough."

He paused, and fixed upon her face a look of mingled enquiry and entreaty. Bella trembled—coloured—turned pale—and coloured again yet more deeply, as, glancing towards Cunningham, she essayed to convey an answer for which she could find no language.

"You are pledged to him!" said Lance,
to too painfully comprehending; and his husky
speech betrayed with what intense emotion.
"I trust he is worthy — — ."

"He hath not shewn himself otherwise," faltered Bella.

The blow was effectually struck. "I have
done," said the unhappy sailor: "I have done.
Farewell! God bless you!" He strode hastily
away. Cunningham immediately joined
Bella, and led her onward.

Lance, quarrelling with himself for the weak-
ness, turned to look after them, and caught the
tearful eye of Bella cast back upon him. But
then her hand rested on the arm of another.

Retracing his steps, in bitter anguish of
spirit, he passed close to the rocky perforation
through which he had so recently escaped. As
he did so, shouts from below stuck upon
his ear.

"Oho! 'bove board there!" — "Is there no
body upon deck?" — were demands distinguish-
able in different hoarse voices. Lance was in
a mood of desperation, and answered the cry.
A counter response came instantly —

"For God's sake, bo, whoever you are, shove
us down the end of them 'ere lines what's hang-
ing over; for the sea's coming in upon us like
blazes. Make hand! that's a hearty!"

Lance complied; and presently one after
another of the impounded gang mounted to
the surface.

"You've done us a good turn, matie, I
must say," cried the first who issued; he being
the same gog-nosed personage whose ominous
hail had at first driven Lance to his heels.
"Many thanks t'ye."

"It's more than you would have done for
me a while ago," muttered Lance, gloomily.

"More! eh! what!" exclaimed the fellow,
scrutinizing his liberator: — "Why, I'm blowed,
lads, if this aint the very chap we've been
chasing!"

"You're right, friend," said Lance, coolly.

"I'm a seaman; a north country seaman too,
and I mean to go with you as a volunteer."

"Say you so, my buck? — you're a Briton
then!" rejoined gog-nosed, who was the chief
of his company. "But lookee, bo, the ten-
der you must board of sails by next morning's
tide, and you must ship before night. That
mayhap wont suit: if it don't, say the word,
and we'll give you quarter of glass's law to
sead. Damn me, if I likes to take advantage
of a chap as has done us a good turn!"

Lance, however, persisted in his intention,
and, in the midst of his party, commenced a
return to Coldcotes. We forbear to expatiate
on the distraction which led to this surrender.

On entering the village, they were joined
by the other division of the gang, and well it
was for the body that they stood in such force;
for the women of the place alone (the men
being all at sea) would have torn a lesser num-
ber to pieces, in their indignation at seeing
Lance an apparent captive. As it was, the
screetchings and railings wherewith they were
assailed, were deafening. But the men of the
gang, being well accustomed to be so saluted,
regarded the clamour with perfect sing froid.

In consideration of his free yielding, Lance
was allowed a brief time to take leave of his
agonized mother and weeping sisters: that
done, amidst a general wail from the sympa-
thising population, he stepped from the door
of his birth-place, and committed himself to
his rough and dangerous fortune. Again he
had occasion to pass the white cottage, at the
sight of which he had been affected the pre-
ceding night. A light female figure appeared
at its little window. Lance waved his hand
mournfully; but the girl tottered away, and
seemed to sink under a sudden faintness. —

Next morning the tender, having our poor hero
on board, sailed from the port of S — — .

Six years after the incidents we have nar-
tated, "the star of peace" returned to the
hemisphere of Europe, and the "mariners of
England" were dismissed in numbers to their
homes. Amongst those thus absolved from
duty was Lancelot Blacklock, a warrant offi-
cer, with a comfortable stock of prize-money.
The capricious dame of the wheel, unkind
to Lance in love, had been favourable in war.
Long cruizes, and incessant change of sta-
tion, though they had not prevented his
writing to his family, had debarr'd him any
communication in return. Once he had
thought he never could return to Coldcotes;
but now, raised in situation, and endowed
with the means of benefiting an affectionate
kindred, he felt impelled to repair thither.
Again, therefore, we have to describe him
raising the latch of his father's cabin, and
again to shun describing the hysterical joy
which succeeded his entrance. But there
sat by the fire, on this occasion, one who took
no active share in the scene of gladsome wel-
come. It was Bella—lovely in the woman
as she had been bewitching in the girl.
Lance gazed on her, and staggered under
the recurrence of feelings he had vainly
thought subdued. His sister Sally, apt to
perceive his condition and its cause, came to
his relief. She drew him aside, and engaged
his attention to a whispered communication.
Meantime, Bella, evidently overcome by her
sensations, rose, and offered to withdraw. She was intercepted by Lance himself.

"Bell," said he, "I have been told enough to make me pray you not to leave us, until you have heard me say, I hold the same mind I did when last I spoke with you on Whiteley Crags. I put now the same question—how do you answer it?" How she did answer may be inferred from the fact that Lance folded her in his arms and hailed a futurity of happiness.

A brief explanation will prove that the maid was not unworthy of his enduring affection. Shortly after the affair of the gang, Becky Purdy fell under suspicion of being implicated in it. The old hag was, in consequence, set upon by the women of Cold-
cotes, and so roughly handled, that in her turn she not only confessed her own treachery, but also exposed the baseness of Cunningham. This latter circumstance, brought to Bella's knowledge whilst her gentle breast was wrung by the self-immolating proof Lance (whom, but for a temporary delusion, she could well have chosen) had given of his passion, caused her to dismiss Cunningham indignantly from her presence, and to refuse all further intercourse with him, notwithstanding his power, and repeated offers, to elevate her in society. Nor was his the only offer she sacrificed to her remembrance of Lance. Thus she lived to bless the day which consummated his felicity and her own.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.

GUERRERO.

The evening sun was fast sinking in the west, casting its lengthening shadows across the plain, and gilding with its declining rays the frozen summits of the giant Polyycopetel. As we descended the sides of the mountain chain which, at the distance of sixteen miles, surrounds the beautiful valley in which stands the ancient capital of Montezuma, exhausted by a long march under a tropical sun, the spirits of our party were fast drooping, when the magnificent valley, the white city with its cupolas and spires rising from the bosom of the lake, and the host of historical recollections that forced themselves upon the mind, banished as if by magic all sense of fatigue; and a young Frenchman who, to use a sporting term, we considered a little before as dead beaten, inspired by the Genius Loci, sang, con amore, the chorus from Spontini's Opera of Ferdinand Cortez,

Marchez, Marchez, Braves Castillians,
Marchez troupe invincibles,
Cortez va vous conduire à de nouveaux exploits—
C'est Mexico qui s'offre à vos regards.

The first impression made upon me, on approaching the Mexican capital, was unfavourable, and I had made up my mind to rate Humboldt as a romancer, but our ramble through the city convinced me that the celebrated traveller had not overrated its beauties; indeed, few cities in Europe can compete with Mexico. The streets are broad and drawn at right angles, some of them extending three miles in length. In the general style of architecture, there is something peculiarly picturesque; the houses are spacious, but low, seldom exceeding one story in height, and crowned by beautiful terraces, from which, in the evenings, the black-eyed senoriettes may be seen inhaling the cool breeze from the mountains—which are so lofty, that they appear like natural barricades at the extremity of the streets, though they are, at least, fifteen or sixteen miles distant from the capital. The alameda is situated at the end of the magnificent Colle de San Francisco, and here at a glance the traveller may survey all the lights and shadows of Mexican life. Hermetically sealed for three centuries from all intercourse with the rest of the globe, by the jealous policy of Spain, human nature has remained stationary, and displays a phasis of civilization, nearly such as existed in the mother country at the period of the conquest. The scene which the alameda presents is singular and pleasing, for though ungraced, like that of Madrid, or even Lima, by the 'tournure seduisante' of the women, with their dark eyes shining like diamonds through the folds of the mantilla, and their delicately formed feet, projecting from beneath the jealous bosquinta, it was unlike any thing we had seen before. The Mexican women never appear in public on foot; they generally repair on a Sunday evening to the alameda, which is then crowded with cumbrous coaches as fine as gilding and paint can make them, and in
some instances covered with allegorical paintings, some of which would put to the blush our European delicacy. In each of these machines are seated two or four ladies; some playing with their fans and ogling the cavaleros as they gallop past, others leaning back and puffing a cloud from their perfumed segarillos; for though on the decline, in public, the fashion of smoking is as much indulged in, by the ladies in private, as ever. Owing to what cause I know not, beauty is an exotic in Mexico; this is the more singular, as the personal attractions of the women in every other part of Spanish America are proverbial; the display of grace and loveliness nightly seen in the alamedas of Lima and of Santiago, would challenge competition with any capital in Europe—though, perhaps, with the recollection of their bewitching attractions full on the memory, I may have been fadistious, and have undervalued the charms of the fair Mexicans. The gentlemen were all mounted, and in the Mexican costume, which is at once splendid and costly; the broad-brimmed sombrero, the jacket stiff with gold or silver embroidery—the laced caleus, open at the knee—the Cordova boots richly embroidered in silver or gold, with their ponderous Moorish spurs, of chased silver—the spirited little barbs on which they are mounted, with their high demi-pique saddles and Moorish trappings,—lead back the imagination to the more picturesque times of Spanish history, or form a singular contrast with the squalid appearance of the Indians, as they are seen lying about in groups wrapped in their ponchos and gazing vacantly on the moving panorama before them. Add to this groups of military in their glittering uniforms, intermixed with the rable habitments of the church, and you may form some faint idea of the alameda of Mexico. The suburbs of the city are inhabited by 20,000 lepros or lazzaroni, and are one continued scene of filth and misery, while their wretched inhabitants exhibit a picture of destitution, of which no words can convey an adequate idea; the sole habitation of the men consists of a poncho, which serves them as a cloak by day and a blanket by night; and their food, like that of all the Indian tribes, is composed of the cakes of Indian corn. As soon as they have worked for some hours, they go and expend the fruits of their labour in pulque, a sort of fermented liquor distilled from the cactus, which grows here to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Gaming and drunkenness are the two scourges of the Mexican population, and which, in spite of the fecundity of the women, keep it stationary. Old men are rarely seen among them; still the race is endowed with great natural abilities, and like the lower order of Muscovites, their powers of imitation are so wonderful, that they will copy what is put before them with the greatest fidelity. Although citizens by the letter of the Constitution, the agricultural portion of the population composed solely of the intermediate races, are treated almost like negroes. The rich make them advances in money, which is soon expended in their favourite beverage pulque; and then, in order to reimburse themselves, they make them labour by the “regime” of the whip. These poor wretches thus pass away their existence, borne down by debt, and as almost all the lands, with few exceptions, belong to the whites, their condition is strictly that of serfs; for if they attempt to leave an estate, the proprietor of the hacienda, their creditor, may bring them back by force. From this picture of the social condition of the whites, it is easy to conceive that it is one of extreme wretchedness. Thus they give themselves up to smuggling and highway robbery, which renders it indispensable to go armed to the very teeth, for they traverse the country in bands of forty and fifty, and frequently set the government at defiance: the safest and only plan is, therefore, to negotiate with them, for as their cowardice is proverbial, a few dollars will obtain a safe conduct. The luxury of the upper classes is excessive; they preserve all the old Spanish costumes, without any of the fine traits of the Spanish character. Eating, drinking, smoking, play and intrigue, constitute the existence of a Mexican man of fashion, or rather of the whole clan to which he belongs generally. So inveterate is their passion for play, that children contract it at the age of six and seven years; and, to qualify this their favorite indulgence, their patriotism and honour are sacrificed without scruple or regret.

The form of government is, it is true, republican, but its spirit is aristocratic; and in fact, in their present state, despotism appears to be the only form of government the Mexicans are fit for. The military and the priesthood have their fueros, that is, the privilege of being judged by their peers; and as every one has at least militia rank, the extent of the privilege may be conceived. Although possessing men endowed by nature with the happiest dispositions, still the republic does not number among her citizens a single man of talent and capacity; thus spirantism is much more terrible in its
effects, than in Europe; for its moving principle is venality, not ambition. Outwardly there is a show of much religion, the church establishment is numerous, its influence unbounded, and its ceremonies celebrated with a pomp that is gorgeous in the extreme; but nowhere is true piety or morality at a lower ebb than in this country. As to the political state of Mexico, at the period of our visit the aristocratic party were in power—Guerrero had just been deposed and shot by Basta-mente, and his death was a subject of general rejoicing. These wars of political condition, who turn out some rival without character and talent, to replace them by their own nullity, will end, it is to be feared, in a revolution à la Haytiennne. The Indian race are diminished in numbers, but, on the other hand, the ranks of the whites are no longer reinforced by Spanish emigrants; while the former, in their capacity of soldiers, have taken a part in the revolutionary troubles, and have consequently acquired a political importance, alarming to the whites. Hence their hostility to Guerrero, which was directed rather against his caste than his political principles.

Never, perhaps, did any contemporary event excite so much sensation in Europe as the South American revolution; statesmen, diplomats, philosophers, politicians, manufacturers, and merchants, one and all, dazzled by the gilded halo that encircles the early history of its discovery, lost themselves in the regions of phantasmastoria, and fondly dreamt of realising some favourite Utopia of their own; nay, in the delusion of the moment, they even predicted that the South American would, on throwing off the Spanish yoke, start up into as powerful states as the ci-devant British colonies. That the event has not justified these magnificent anticipations is well known, for fertility of soil, unbounded mineral riches, an immense variety of productions, are, after all, but equivocal signs of the prosperity of a people; the real bases of which are to be found in a good system of public education, and wise institutions,—elements which, at the period of their revolution, did not, nor do even now, exist in Spanish America. And in fact, when liberty first descended upon their benighted soil, she found the most invertebrate habits of Spanish despotism and priestcraft pervading every class of society; and where then, amid such an order of things, were men to be found capable of directing the revolution? ministers like Madison, Monroe, and Adams: generals like Washington; ambassadors like Jefferson and Franklin. One man alone, Bolivar, was on a level with the circumstances of his times; his European education had enabled him to seize at a glance, the nature of his position, and rightly appreciate the spirit of his country. But his life and premature death are now the domain of history, and whatever may have been his faults either as a soldier or a statesman, he has nevertheless left behind him a name which the breath of ingratitude and envy will in vain seek to sully.

Since his death, not a single actor of any eminence has appeared on the stage of the great American drama. To Guerrero alone some interesting recollections are attached, which we now offer to our readers. Don Juan Guerrero was a mulatto and born at Tuxtla, a village near Mexico: so indigent were his parents, that, but for the care of the vigario of the parish, he would not have received even the first rudiments of education. Thus destitute of fortune, he enrolled himself at the age of fifteen in a tropa of Muleteers, a race of men to whom no analogy is to be found in Europe, but in the mountains of Spain. They are remarkable for their singular independence of character, their long journeys, and a chequered life which imbues them with a sort of practical philosophy; lofty sentiments, instruction without reading, renders their conversation at once piquant and original. Such was the school in which the young novice imbibed that hatred of despotism which shortly afterwards burst forth with such terrific energy.

In person, Guerrero was tall and admirably proportioned; a handsome countenance shadowed by a profusion of raven locks, and beaming with that fiery expression so peculiar to his race, joined to the powers of his mind, which were at once varied and extraordinary, and to his skill in arms, rendered him the idol of his comrades. You should have seen him on his journeys from Vera-ruz to Acapulco, mounted on his mule and enlivening the dreary march of the arrieros with his sallies and joyous sequedillas. Guerrero possessed in an eminent degree the faculty of an improvisatore, which is as peculiar to the Indians and intermediate races of Mexico, as to the people of Italy. At night, when seated round their watch-fires, he would exercise this wonderful facility, and "improvire," on his favourite subject, the liberty and independence of his country, until the dark countenances of his companions would glow like copper exposed to the action of a
furnace, and the sides of the neighbouring mountains resound with their imprecations on their Spanish oppressors. It was especially among the Indian tribes on the shores of the Pacific, that he was fond of displaying this brilliant talent; for Guerrero had in a very short time made himself master of the different Indian dialects, which he spoke with the ready fluency of his own mother tongue; and the empire of a flowery and eloquent diction on a half-civilized people must be felt in order to appreciate the magic influence which Guerrero acquired over them. But with the Mexican, as with Caesar and Mark Anthony of old, this powerful eloquence was accompanied by the most impeccuous passions: women and play were his prominent vices, and the gallant adventures of his youth form the subject of many a Mexican ditty. Guerrero was at his native place, Tuxtla, in September, 1819, when the war of independence first broke out. It is easy to conceive the enthusiasm with which this ardent young man, who from earliest infancy had cursed the tyranny of the mother country, hailed this event; the day for lowering three centuries of Spanish pride—of avenging three centuries of Mexican wrongs, had at length arrived. In a few short months Guerrero became one of the principal revolutionary leaders; during the whole course of the contest, whether in the field or in council, he was alike conspicuous. Aid-de-camp of Iturbide, the companion of the indefatigable Vittoria, and of the gallant St. Anna, he appeared to multiply himself. At length, the great work in which he had taken so active a part was accomplished—the Spanish army was hurled from her soil—Mexico was free!

The federal system of the United States it was now the sincere wish of every patriot to establish on the ruins of the Spanish Colonial System; but their views were not to be realised. Iturbide, wishing to imitate the career of Bonaparte, conceived the plan of founding a new empire, and of ascending himself its throne. In order to prevent the stern collision of party spirit, and avert the disasters of a civil war, Guerrero and his friends determined, though with regret, to address a proposition to the Junta. The object of this party was to declare Mexico independent, under the dominion of a Spanish prince—a conception at once skillful and conciliatory, which appeared calculated to satisfy all parties, and to become the pledge of future tranquillity. The measure was adopted, and no one doubted but that the Spanish cabinet, defeated as they were on every point of their American possessions, would eagerly embrace the proposed treaty: but, to the surprise of the Mexicans, their proposals were haughtily rejected. From that moment the Mexican Congress determined to keep no farther terms with Ferdinand; the Spanish colours were torn down; banishment was decreed against all the old Spaniards; and Don Augustin Iturbide was crowned Emperor of Mexico, on the 18th May, 1822.

It required no great depth of political sagacity to predict the short duration of this empire. Created, "ab irato," Iturbide possessed but the virtues of a soldier: no science of government; no habits of administration; none of that unbroken firmness of purpose so indispensable in the founder of a new empire. Thus he was hurled from the throne of Montezuma, with the same rapidity that he had ascended it: where, to have maintained himself, required the genius of Napoleon. On the downfall of Iturbide, the National Junta, on re-establishing the federal system, placed in the presidential chair, Vittoria, one of the firmest pillars of Mexican independence; a measure at the time which seemed to give universal satisfaction, both to natives and foreigners. On the adoption of the new system, Guerrero, justly looked upon as one of the best generals of the war of independence, had preserved all his former popularity; however, he was not elected vice-president, and it was only after the expiration of Vittoria's presidency that the liberal party adopted him for their candidate. Now if, in this country, at our elections, consecrated by long established custom, we see so much popular movement, such rancorous party spirit,—what must have been the scene among a people just emancipated, and between rivals, who had but sealed with their blood their rights to the supreme command?—the public mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzied excitement. Guerrero's competitor was Pedroza, minister of war under the late president. He was represented by his partizans not only as a skilful general, but a man of extensive education; of ripened judgment, of habits of business, capable of raising Mexico to the highest pitch of prosperity. This party prevailed; and Pedroza was elected president on 20th September, 1827.

The vice-presidency was given to Guerrero, in order to console him for his disappointment. But ambition, alas! admits of no mezmo termine: he who was so lately but an obscure muleteer, although loaded with honours and public situations, could not now rest elsewhere than in the presidential chair of the republic; the sole object of himself and his party was therefore to render Pedroza unpopular, by representing
him not only as the secret agent of the aristocracy and priesthood, but even that of the Spaniards, who would one day return and use severe reprisals on the heads of the liberal party. But this was not all. As general of the army of reserve, Guerrero repaired to the camp at Tuxtlas, and there laying aside the accustomed moderation of his character, in order—shall we say it?—to induce the soldiery to overturn the new government, he promised them the pillage of the capital! This fatal promise was but too soon realised; for, on the night of the 3rd of December, groups of lepros,* as the lazareti of Mexico are termed, devoted to Guerrero, filled the principal quarters of the city, uttering cries of vengeance and of death. “Viva Guerrero!”—“Muerta Pedriza!” were the cries of these furious bands, which too clearly presaged what was about to follow.

In fact, by break of day on the 4th December, 1828, Guerrero, at the head of his troops, seized the Cordada and the Fort. Once masters of the principal posts, the conquerors gave themselves up to the greatest excesses;—the houses of the president and ministers were completely sacked; the Parian and Portal, two rich bazaars, were pillaged; and several English and French mercantile houses became the innocent victims of the popular rage.

Ashamed, when too late, of the order he had given, Guerrero with his staff rushed to the scene of devastation, and with great difficulty succeeded in putting a stop to the pillage. At the sight of the wreck he was the first to deplore the misfortunes of the capital; but the joy of gratified ambition soon stifled the voice of regret. He was proclaimed president.

As the head of the liberal party, or Yorkists, Guerrero, on accomplishing his designs, had declared himself. With regard to the real state of public feeling, he flattered himself that he should be effectually able to compress the factions of his enemies; but he was woefully deceived. The Mexican aristocracy, whom Pedriza and his predecessors had wisely courted, saw only in the new president a personal enemy. Nothing was left untried or undone to sap the foundations of the new government, a measure that became comparatively easy, from their alliance with the church, which in Mexico possesses such extensive influence.

Exposed to the hatred of so many adversaries, the head of the government appeared to maintain his ground with difficulty, when the intelligence of the disembarkation of a Spanish army at Tampico, came to operate as a powerful diversion; one too that might insure victory to his enemies; but he had conceived no such fears. His country's danger appeared to centuple his ordinary energy, and while with a firm hand he held the reins of government in the capital, and overawed the aristocratic party, Santana, an active and enterprising general, was despatched against the Spaniards. Independent of this measure, a camp of reserve was rapidly formed at Serapo, and he gave the command of it to Don José Bastamente, upon whose bravery and fidelity he thought he could rely.

The army of the mother country was a second time repulsed, and the independence of the republic henceforth firmly established. The glorious consummation, due to the skill of Santana, not less than to the intrepid character of Bastamente, rendered the latter the object of universal popularity. His influence with the soldiery, his connection with the aristocracy, all conspired to render him redoubtable, and which he profited by to raise the standard of revolt, and march on the capital. The fury and astonishment of Guerrero, formerly the idol of the army, on receiving the news of Bastamente's disaffection, may be well conceived. But his sang-froid and audacity never for a moment forsake him. Rapidly collecting all the disposable troops, he marched to meet his rival; but scarcely had he left the capital, than, following the example of the army, it declared against him, while the troops that still remained faithful to him, inferior in number and demoralised by Bastamente's success, refused to advance against him. Guerrero had, therefore, no alternative but to abandon the field and the capital to his triumphant adversary.

Guerrero retired to Tuxtlas, his native place. To have bent to the storm, to have retired into the bosom of private life, was the course sound philosophy would have dictated; but, unfortunately, the thirst of power is a bad councillor. The ex-president threw himself into the mountains to the southward, where some generals, attached to his party, were already in arms; among others Alvarados and Monjoy, two enterprising and daring
men, whose influence among the tribes on the shores of the Pacific, was sufficient to develop their former sympathy into favour. The flames of civil war were, therefore, again rekindled, and several actions were fought without decisive result. A year had thus passed away. The president was despairing of reducing his formidable rival, when an opportunity offered itself that he little dreamt of. A foreigner, a European, presented himself. His appearance and address were agreeable, his manners polished; but under this fascinating polish of exterior lay concealed a heart of the blackest dye—the heart of a traitor—of a foreign seaman. His name—Pica Longa.

United to Guerrero by the bonds of the strictest friendship, he learnt that a price had been put upon his head. The thirst of gold overcame the holiness of the tie that united them. The wretch went privately to Bastamente, and offered to deliver up to him his redoubtable rival. Fifty thousand dollars were the price of his treason, which he executed in the following manner:

Certain of gaining the price of his crime, Pica Longa returned privately to Acapulco, where his ship was lying. Guerrero had just fixed his head-quarters in the neighbourhood, and his treacherous friend repaired to the camp, where he was received with open arms by the general, who had neglected nothing to give a suitable reception to the friend of his youth, who, on his side, to mark his sense of the general's friendship, invited him to a party the next day on board his ship, an invitation that was eagerly accepted. A splendid fête had been prepared by Pica Longa on the occasion; the most costly wines, the most delicious music, combined with the smiles of beauty, were put into requisition to amuse the general, who, at length, overcome by their seductions, fell asleep. This was the moment Pica Longa had been so anxiously watching for. The cables were slipt, way got on the ship, and in less than four hours she was at anchor in a little bay not far from the small town of Caxca; and Guerrero, on awaking, found himself loaded with irons, and dragged before judges appointed beforehand by his mortal foe. But the idea that embittered his last moments was not the fear of death, that he had faced too often in the field to dread—what caused his profound grief at the moment, was the treachery of a wretch whom he had so long called his friend. With the same sang-froid that he had so often displayed in the field, he listened to his sentence; only before he was led out to execution, he requested to be allowed to write to the president. His letter is conceived in the following terms:

"General,

"You triumph—though I could have wished, for your own glory's sake, that it had been by different means. If my death will contribute to the pacification of America, I shall not regret quitting this world. But before doing so, allow me to recommend to the state a destitute wife and a portionless daughter. I have served the cause of Mexican independence well enough to think that my last request will be listened to."

An officer present, and who had formerly served under him, pledged his word and honour to personally deliver this letter to Bastamente. A ray of joy flashed across the dark but handsome features of the unfortunate general. He shook the officer warmly by the hand, and then advanced calmly to the place of execution; then looking proudly on the platoon drawn up to receive him, he sternly bade them fire at his breast, and at the first discharge fell dead at their feet.
THE VOW.

From Jephtha downward, few have ever vowed rashly without repenting bitterly, and yet our self-conceit is so much more powerful than our better judgment, that neither our own personal experience, nor our observation of the course and experience of others, can cure us of promising unconditionally, which, if we perform at all, we can perform only upon certain conditions which may, or may not, exist. If a thousand other instances of the folly and danger of rashly vowing had not previously occurred to my observation, that folly and that rashness would have been firmly and impressively taught to me by a late occurrence in a not very distant branch of my own family. In England, distinguished as it is by the abundance and the excellence of female beauty, there is not a more lovely woman than my cousin Emily Mordaunt; and she was beloved as well as lovely, and if the village in which she passed her girlhood, and of which she was the ornament and the pride, were to be canvassed, I doubt if a human being could be found in it who would not have perilled life and limb to procure her a pleasure, or to spare her from a pain. A good and a beautiful girl she was, and it was the greater pity that she was sily enough to make a rash vow.

About four years ago, and at this very season of the year, I left town for the village at, or rather near, which she resided; the name of which, for reasons quite sufficiently cogent, if not more than usually obvious, the reader must be so good as to excuse my not mentioning. My uncle is a fine specimen of the good old English gentleman; and though only moderately wealthy, is possessed of immense influence and unbounded affection in his neighbourhood, from the constant well-doing in which his own long life is spent.

Entire nous, though I yield to no one in admiration of his numberless fine qualities of breast and heart, I must honestly confess that my annual visits are none the less punctual or extended in their duration from the fact of my uncle's grounds affording me finer sport than I can enjoy elsewhere without making a much longer and more inconvenient journey. And it was partly if not mainly for sport's sake, at the time above-mentioned, I deposited myself, my Manton, one tiger, two horses, and ditto dogs, at the good old English house of my good old English uncle. I was welcomed, as I always am, cheerily and heartily; duly thanked for sundry newspapers sent by divers posts to the old gentleman, and for certain Court Magazines, which I had forwarded for the especial delocation of my fair coz. But she, usually the first to bid me welcome, was not visible, and when I had gossiped and luncheoned away for a full hour after my arrival, without perceiving any signs of her intention to become visible, I took the liberty to pop the plain question to my uncle as to the cause of her absence. The answer was categorical enough, but not altogether so satisfactory as I could have wished. "She was ill," her father said, "and yet not ill; debilitated and nervous, shunning all society, perpetually in tears, and yet unable, or unwilling, to assign any cause of her indisposition. In short," concluded my uncle, who doats on her, "she is a woman, and who the deuce is to know a woman's mind? And yet she's young and pretty, and she knows and I have picked her out a husband as young and as handsome as herself, and egad! one would think it impossible for her to be otherwise than happy!"

"So!" thought I, "the murder's out!" I need not trouble my readers of either sex with the wise saws of "every one has his fault," "the best of us are not perfect," and so forth. We all know that, though we are a little apt to make ourselves, our wives sometimes, and our children always, special exceptions to this general rule. Now if my uncle has any very considerable and lamentable failing in his character, it is a certain warmth and arbitrariness of temper. Though in other respects very unlike Squire Western, I could sometimes almost fancy him sitting to Fielding; so decisive and "Shut 'a'un't!"-like is his mode of ruling his household when any of his whims, more or less, are unfortunately by some accident thwarted or neglected. And from the instant of his having told me of his having "picked out" a husband for my pretty cousin Emily, I judged that his paternal kindness had been far more sincere than acceptable. "The course of true love really never does run smooth," thought I, "but poor Emily shall not want for all the wit or wisdom I possess." And I, accordingly, pestered her with coaxing notes until, just as the evening was darkening down, the stuborn little puss relented in her obstinacy at last, and honoured me, the stately minx! with an interview. I went to her petit boudoir with the full determination to rally her
most unmercifully; but when I entered I was too much shocked by her appearance to carry my determination into effect, or even to remember that I had ever made it.

She lay upon a sofa by the opened window, pale, haggard, and with that ghastly glassiness of eye, which but too frequently is the prelude to

"cold obstruction's apathy."

I thought of "the angel and the cramp iron," and my tears "flowed feelingly and fast," as I gazed upon the wreck of one so loved by all, so envied by many, and but a brief time before so joyous in herself.

Our conversation was long, too long to be set down here; but it ended in my starting the following morning for Malta, instead of dealing death among the nut-brown beauties of my uncle's preserves.

Poor girl! she had reason enough to be unhappy; and yet her unhappiness, like but too much of that which afflicts humanity and defies the doctor, was in no slight degree self-sought and self-inflicted. Very true it is that it was no agreeable task to oppose my uncle in so important a matter as the marrying of his daughter to the man of his choice.

"Shà’t ha' un, I tell thee; shà’t ha' un," would have been his reply to any maidenly reluctance; and if from blushing reluctance my fair cousin had proceeded to "hint a doubt and hesitate dislike," in comprehensible English, I would not be bail for the safety of any fragile materials within reach of the good but rather choleric squire. But there was a word which would have ruled him at his wildest, and have sent the unwelcome and pernicious suitor of his choice to choose more fittingly, or to vent his disappointment in a rattling run with the nearest hounds. But that one word she would not, could not, dare not, speak; she had a VOW, and she kept it until she looked like a spectre, and was in an extremely fair way of becoming one. For once in the way—for I am the unluckiest dog now extant in all matters locomotive, rarely riding in a coach that does not lose a linch-pin, or journeying by a steamer which does not boil over or run upon a sand-bank—for once in the way, I say, I made a good voyage, and in an unusually short time had presented myself and my credentials—a letter, namely, penned in the prettiest crow-quill hand that ever wrote verses in an album—to Lieutenant——of the——regiment. He perused the letter with all the approved symptoms of gentlemen afflicted with hydrophobia or love. Very stark indeed, very, thought I, is the poor gentleman's mania; pray heaven he do not toss me out of the window by way of rewarding my civility! He did a much more sensible thing; he ordered in dinner, wrote to his colonel for leave of absence, and in four hours from my arrival I was again on "the deep, deep sea," in company with the smitten subaltern.

We arrived at my uncle's safely enough; but I was so fairly done up with excessive fatigue, from travelling night and day, that I would fain have preferred a sound sleep to a scene. He who takes part in the affairs of lovers must make up his mind to bear their despotism. They feed on love, so he must eschew more nourishing diet; they wake ever, so he need not dream of—they will take especial care he shall not dream in—sleep. And so it was in the present case; my valiant sub. insisted upon our seeing my uncle that very night.

Poor Emmy had been literally a prisoner for a long time previous to my going down; and her maid, unlike the waiting maids of the most approved novel heroines, had sternly refused to aid her in any attempt to convey clandestine epistles. And when my companion now announced to my uncle that he was her lover, her accepted lover,—old acquaintance as his father had been of the squire's,—the rage of the latter knew no bounds. Seldom is there much reasoning when people are very passionate, and very determined to have their own way. I shall therefore leave the dialogue that passed between the pair unsung and unsaid. But there was one fact elicited in it that was important and decisive—Emily was unable to marry the man of her father's choice from the simple fact of her having some time previously gone through that ceremony with the man of her own! My subaltern friend had, in fact, been for some time married to my pretty cousin; but as his father had left him no fortune, he had judged it best to conceal their marriage for a time, and he had extorted a vow from his young and devoted wife that she would not betray the secret without his consent.

How well she kept her unwise vow we have seen. She is alive and well, and as happy as her own virtues and every one's love can make her, and he is no longer a sub. But if I had not chanced to see her, to carry that news to her husband which she could not otherwise have conveyed, I verily believe she would have died in her unwise obstinacy.

Rash vows should never be made. Should they even be kept when made?

W. T. H.
THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

By Mrs. Norton.

Concluded from page 185.

When Madeline recovered from the first bewildered burst of grief, which had followed her reception of Frank Wentworth's note, she sat down to reply to it with mingled feelings of bitterness and joy. "There is then," thought she, "one in the wide world who pines for my love as I have pined for theirs; who feels for my sorrow without scorning my sin. Child of my early youth, it is to you I am to look for the consolation of my age!" She would have given worlds to have been certain of the sympathy of a human being, and to that being she would have flown to impart the triumphant news that her lost boy, her own beautiful Frank, had written her those lines of mournful and passionate affection, and was coming to see her; but the habit of repressing every expression of feeling was strong. Her pretty Gertrude's light footsteps glided through the two drawing-rooms to her boudoir, before she was aware of her approach, but when she did become conscious of her presence, she only replied slightly in the affirmative to a question as to whether Frederick and his sister might ride together at their usual hour; and adding, "I have some notes to write," bent her head again over the table.

"Mamma is looking very well to-day, Fred," said Gertrude, as they bent their way towards the park; "she must have been very beautiful when she was young." Alas! it was the lack of hope, that youth of the heart, and strengthener of the frame, which caused Madeline's cheek to be already faded, and her glossy tresses to be mingled with grey; and it was the flush of hope which brought light to her eye and smiles to her lip, as she looked up and answered her daughter's question, while Frank Wentworth's note lay beneath her pausing hand.

With a beating heart and a hurrying pen, Madeline traced the following lines:

"Now and always, my beloved boy, come to me at the same hours, from three till five: I am then certain to be alone. Come, for my heart is fainting within me till I press you to it; and my breath seems choked when I remember last night. Come quickly—come as soon as you get this.

Your Mother.

And when she had sealed and sent her own, she read again his note, every syllable of which was already graven on her heart, and as her tearful eye dwelt on each word, it seemed as though there were a peculiar and utterable grace in all; even the way in which he signed his name appeared different from what another might have done. Frank Wentworth—oh, how many weeping kisses did she press on the unconscious paper where his hand had traced this loved, this unforgotten name! She was still gazing on the note when a light, hurried, uneven step was heard on the stairs; her breathing became choked and heavy; her limbs trembled; the door was flung open, and with a suppressed and convulsive shriek she sprang forward and fell fainting at the feet of him whose form her stiffening arms had vainly sought to embrace.

"Mother! sweet mother!" How musical was the voice which fell on her ear; how radiant the eyes which gazed anxiously into hers as she woke from that swoon to the consciousness that her son, her long-lost idolised boy, was near her, was blessing her with his lips and from his heart! "I called no one, mother; I thought you would not wish it; I could not have borne that any one should have aided you besides myself; lay your head back again on my shoulder till you are well." "I am well, my boy," murmured Madeline faintly; but her head sank again to its resting place. There was a pause; the thoughts of each roamed through past years. "Oh! mother!" exclaimed Frank Wentworth suddenly, "how long ago—and yet how like yesterday it seems—that first dark lonely day after I lost you?" With the sobbing grief of a little child, he rose and flung himself into her arms as he spoke, and Madeline pressed his head to her bosom, even as she had often done to still his cries in those bygone years; and repeated mechanically the same words she had been wont then to use, in the same soothing tone, "Hush, Frank, hush, my own lovely boy!" with a bewildered and dreaming consciousness, in which all was forgotten and confused, except that she was his mother, that he was her child. And the voice and the words that had consolated Frank's infantine sorrows sank to his heart. He looked up, and they both laughed hysterically at their forgetfulness of the lapse of years; and then they wept again. And there was sorrow mingled with their laughter, and joy struggling with their tears.
THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

For some time after this first meeting Frank Wentworth continued to visit his mother daily, at those hours when, as she herself had expressed it, she was sure to be alone; when Gertrude and Frederick rode or walked together, and the old baronet was talking politics in White's bay-window. Madeline's shrinking and timid disposition and acquired reserve made her instinctively dreading the subject of her son's visits; and some feeling, half unexplained in the depths of her heart, told her that he would not be welcomed by the haughty Frederick or the cold selfish Gertrude as she had welcomed him. Nevertheless the thirst of affection made her crave for more of his society, and now and then, in her happier moments, when he was with her, and all the charm of his wit, his beauty, his gentle gaiety, wound round her mother's heart, she would picture to herself long happy evenings with all three of her children in friendly intercourse, and perhaps the devotion of one impressing the others with a sense of their own negligent or rebellious conduct towards her. Still she would never have had courage to propose a meeting, had it not been that Frank Wentworth himself one day talked of it as of a natural step. They had been speaking of the future, and Frank had been repeating over and over again his little arrangements, of which the principal feature was that, as soon as Gertrude was married (which, with her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune, was a thing to be soon expected), his mother should come and live with him, when he interrupted himself by saying, half gaily, half tenderly, "and, by the by, am I never to know Gertrude or Frederick? I should like so to be with them; to talk to them; I should love your other children so much, dear mother, now that I know you have love to spare for me? Madeline sighed; she had never hinted that the love she had poured out for years was as water spilled on the sand; that her lonely affection was unreturned; and that carelessness, bordering on insult, was the general conduct of those he desired so ardently to know as his children; but she promised him that they should all meet, and the remembrance that it was his wish, that it was a promise made to him, carried her through a task she would otherwise have shrunk from.

She chose one evening (such evenings were rare) when Gertrude had neither ball, opera, assembly, nor play to take her from home; but was seated quietly near her, occupied with a piece of beautiful embroidery. A long silence was broken by a yawn from Frederick, who rose from his chair, and flinging down the book he had been reading, which he pronounced the dullest in the world, walked towards the door. "Are you going out, Frederick?" asked Madeline. "Yes, mother." "Could you spare me half an hour before you go?" added she in a tremulous tone. "Certainly;" and he resumed his seat, and after waiting a few moments as if expecting she would again address him, he also resumed his book. There was another long pause, during which Madeline steadfastly contemplated the graceful figure of her daughter, as her white and taper fingers wandered among blue, crimson, and white silks in a basket by her side. "What pretty shades you are working that screen in," said she, with a heavy sigh, which would have told many a more anxious and more affectionate child that her thoughts were not with her words; but Gertrude only replied with a pleased smile, "Yes, I have got all your favourite carpet colours, I am working it for the little boudoir; your cheek gets so flushed by the fire there, I think it must be quite uncomfortable." Slight as this attention was, it gave something like hope and courage to the fainting heart of the disgraced mother. "Thank you, Gertrude, thank you, dear girl; you have spent many hours of your time upon it, and I shall value it very much. Do you happen to recollect," continued she, hurriedly, as though it were part of the same subject; "do you happen to recollect a young man at the opera one night, who——" "Yes, mamma," interrupted Gertrude, without raising her eyes. "Do you know who he was?" gasped the unhappy woman, as the tears, long choked back by effort, gushed from her eyelids. Gertrude threw down the silk, and took her mother's hand; "Yes, mamma, yes, dear mamma, don't distress yourself; I know; Frederick told me the next morning. He asked——" "Children, children," sobbed Madeline, "I knew it, also, the next day; and that day, and all succeeding ones, have brought my poor Frank to see me—and—and my earnest wish—my prayer—is to see you altogether—my prayer, children—!" and she sank on her knees before them, for, as she spoke of Frank Wentworth's visits, a deep and angry flush had mantled in Gertrude's cheek, and she withdrew the hand which had clasped her mother's. Worse tempered, but warmer hearted, Frederick started from the chair, where he had remained hitherto, motionless with surprise; and hastily throwing his arms round his mother's neck, he exclaimed, "Of course, mother, could you doubt his being welcome?—don't sob so, I'll fetch him myself; I see him often at the
THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

when Frank Wentworth's well known step
greeted her mother's ear. Frederick stood
forward: he was roused and excited: and,
always the creature of impulse, he deter-
mined to do his best to give Mrs. Marchmont
the momentary gratification of seeing her
unhappy son greeted kindly. "Frank," said
he, reddening, as he extended his hand,
"we ought to need no introduction. Ger-
trude!" and Gertrude rose and shook hands
with the young stranger, and they all sat
down as though they had been one family.

Woe for that day! Woe for the attempt to
bind together, in that strange and unnatural
alliance, the children of her who had broken
her first natural ties. Woe for the home
where, in the credulous sweetness of his
gentle disposition, Frank Wentworth thought
to live as a brother with the offspring of
the man who had tempted his mother from her
home. Woe! to her—to him—to all!

"Gertrude," said Frederick to his sister,
the day after this scene, "I think young
Wentworth is very handsome." "Hand-
some, Fred.? what, with that leg! why he is
deformed." "No, Ger., nonsense; he is
only lame, and his head is beautiful." "Yes,
like the old fashioned pictures, of
the serpent with a cherub's face, in the
garden of Eden; and though heaven knows
ours was no Eden, even before he came, yet
now—" and Gertrude, with many a sigh and
some tears, explained all that she felt, and
thought, and feared, and conjectured, till a
dark veil seemed to fall before young Fred-
erick's eyes and change Frank Wentworth to
a demon.

Unwitting of all these secret prejudices;
anxious to make them fond and proud of
their new companion, and full of admiration
for the beauty which he inherited in common
with her other children, and the talents in
which he far surpassed them; fascinated by
his gentleness and devotion to herself, Made-
line Marchmont blindly pursued a path which
led only to further misery. She would sit
closeted in the little boudoir with Frank for
hours; careless how time flew—careless where
others spent that time. When they were
assembled together, she would defend his
opinions with vehemence, if contradicted, or
smile with the proudest admiration when they
seemed to listen in silence. She did not
scruple at length openly in her reproaches
(and even her reproaches were less gentle
now that a new hope had given life to her
heart,) to institute a comparison between her
younger children and the pledge of early
days. Frank would not have so conducted
himself—she could still turn to Frank; and
Gertrude and Frederick grew to hate even the sound of his name, and to shun him as they would have done a serpent. The first symptom of their dislike, which struck on the startled mind of their unhappy mother, was on the occasion of some slight dispute, in the course of which Frank Wentworth contradicted Frederick Marchmont with some warmth. Frederick answered passionately, as was his custom; and Frank, holding out his hand, exclaimed, “Well, well, Fred., I may be wrong; don’t be angry.”—“I am not angry, Mr. Wentworth,” coldly and haughtily replied the offended young man, and so saying he left the apartment. Gertrude watched the door as it closed—rose irresolutely—sate down again—rose, and prepared to leave the room.

“Do not leave us, Gertrude!” said her mother.

“I do not choose that Frederick should spend his evenings alone now, more than formerly,” muttered the spoiled beauty; and her haughty eyes flashed indignantly on Frank as she emphatically pronounced the last word.

She disappeared from their presence, and Madeline wept on the bosom of her forsaken child.

“It is a pity you ever left Frank, if you are so much fonder of him than of us,” was Gertrude’s reply to the gentle expostulation which Mrs. Marchmont ventured to make.

“Would that I had died in my cradle, or never been born, rather than live to see this creeping effeminate loungers make our house his home,” was Frederick’s spontaneous observation.

Once kindled, the torch of discord burned with a quenchless flame; and if the children of Henry Marchmont disliked and envied their father’s eldest son, that son was not slow, in spite of his gentleness of feeling and manner, to resent the want of respect and affection shown to her who, in his eyes, was all perfect. Bitter words were exchanged, and once exchanged were often repeated. To a stranger it would have appeared that two opposing parties were formed in the house; Henry Marchmont’s children on the one side, and Henry Marchmont’s widow and Lionel Wentworth’s son on the other.

One evening of that eventful autumn, Gertrude entered the drawing-room, where Frederick was already seated; her cheek crimson with rage and shame, and her eyes swoln with weeping.

“I knew it,” exclaimed she, “I knew it,” and setting her teeth hard, she flung down a letter, or rather the copy of a letter, from Lady Everton to a friend, in which the former commented with the most unsparing contempt on the conduct of unhappy Madeline—snorted at the terms on which Frank Wentworth visited at the house—lamented her son, Lord Everton’s, infatuated blindness, and finally expressed a determination to use any means to prevent his disgracing himself by the connection.

“How did you come by this?” was Frederick’s first question.

“It was sent anonymously,” replied Gertrude, “with a few lines, purporting to be from ‘a true friend,’ and asserting their belief that I might, if I pleased, marry Everton to-morrow, without Lady E.’s consent being asked or granted. Whether this be true or no,” continued she, impatiently waving her hand, as she saw her brother again about to speak—“Whether such a letter was ever sent or not, I scarcely signifies: it is enough that others dare write what I have scarcely dared to think; and let the letter come from a friend who would warn, or an enemy who would mortify, it has equally decided my mind. I will write to Everton to bid him farewell, and I will cease to mingle in society, since its members are so anxious to visit on my head the follies of my mother. My destiny is ruined for her sins.”

During the delivery of the last sentence, Gertrude had one more auditor than she counted upon. Frank Wentworth stood before her, his face deadly pale, his wild and radiant eyes fixed full on her face, and his whole frame shaking with emotion, “Gertrude Marchmont,” exclaimed he, “the words you have spoken are disgraceful alike to the names of woman and daughter. Oh! who shall speak kindly of my mother’s fault since her own child can so bitterly condemn her? May you never be tempted—or rather,” gasped he, and he laid his hand heavily on her arm as he spoke, “or rather may you be tempted; and then—then, when false reasoning is poured into your ear, and false hopes glitter before your mind, may you fall—as she did.” He flung the hand he grasped from him, while Gertrude shrieked in mingled terror and pain; and at the same instant a blow aimed full at his breast by the desperate and muscular arm of Frederick Marchmont stretched him prostrate on the ground. Madeline heard enough as she advanced from her boudoir to madden her with alarm; she rushed forward, and wringing her hands, exclaimed, “Desist, children, desist! oh, my God, remember you are brothers!” “Brothers!” shouted Frederick, while the veins on his temple started with rage; “woman,
this is your own work—tell Evorton we are brothers!" "Hush, Frederick," murmured his sister, "she does not hear you;" and the terrified and remorseful girl knelt down by Frank Wentworth, and passed her arm under his head while she looked anxiously up in her mother's face. That mother heeded not her silent appeal. Pale and statue-like, Madeline stood—her dilated eyes wandering slowly from the face of her eldest-born, the feeble, crippled child of her youth, to the folded arms and haughty form of the child of her sin. Into his face she dared not look, but ever and anon her pale lips parted with a strange ghastly smile, and the word "Cain" broke from them. Frederick heard and started; he bent eagerly for a moment above young Wentworth, and a shuddering sigh from the lips of the latter reassured his heart; his wide blue eyes opened and met Gertrude's face of horror and anxiety, and he murmured, as they again momentarily closed, "I was stunned—only stunned." And Madeline—did the sound of her favourite's voice recall her to herself? It did; but she knelt not by his side; she aided him not to rise; a fear worse than death had taken possession of her mind, and flinging herself into Frederick's arms, she exclaimed hysterically, "Oh, Frederick—oh, my son, thank God you are not a murderer!"

Alas, it needed not violence to snap the thread of that fragile life. The reconciliation which followed this fearful scene never brought Frank Wentworth again to that stranger-home; a brain fever attacked him, and in the ravings of his delirium he called incessantly on one whose form he vainly fancied sat patiently watching at the foot of his bed, thanking her for her tenderness and adorning her to bear with resignation his death. Madeline heard of his illness, and once more was she appealed to the husband she had deserted, for permission to have news of her child, for leave to see him die. Perhaps if Lionel Wentworth had read her passionate and broken-hearted note he might have relented, but he had vowed never to open a letter directed in that hand, and even in that hour—that hour of sorrow which both were doomed to share—he flung it with gloomy resentment into the flames. Madeline had a last resource—she wrote to his wife—"You are a mother—let me see my boy!"

"Frank," said the wretched woman to her dying son, "is there any message, any token you wish to leave; can I do nothing for you? Now that you are collected, if there is any one you have loved—any one

Frank—oh! let me cling to something that has belonged to you. Have you never loved, idol of my breaking heart?" Frank Wentworth took his mother's hand, and a sweet smile hovered round his lips, a smile of love so holy and intense, that, as his failing hand pressed hers to his bosom, she felt that her image only had found a place there.

It was over; and with the calm of despair Madeline passed through the long passage of what had been her home. She paused at the nursery door, not that she wished to linger, but because her limbs refused to do their office further; lights and voices were within, and she heard the news of Frank's death announced, and the nurse of Mrs. Pole's children exclaim, "Bless my soul, ma'am, and Mr. Lionel will be my lord after all!" She heard the "hush, hush, Ellis," of the mother who stood in her nursery, and the eager kisses which were showered on the boy who stood in her son's place. She heard, and walked on.

Into the home which was now her's Madeline Marchmont entered, and as her noiseless step glided into her own drawing-room she was again doomed involuntarily to hear what smote her to the heart. It was Lord Everett's last sentence to the weeping Gertrude. His was a frank and cheerful voice, and his manner had a mixture of tenderness and firmness. "I would not be thought harsh and unjust hereafter," said he, "and therefore, dear girl, I tell it you now, however painful the subject may be. I do not say you shall never see your poor mother, but it must be at very rare intervals—very rare, Gertrude. You consent, my beloved girl?"

And Madeline heard Henry Marchmont's daughter murmur her assent to the proposal; and her obedience to the law laid down of rarely seeing the widowed and disgraced parent, who had watched over her in sickness—worshipped her in health—nestled her to her nursing bosom when an infant—and borne meekly, too meekly, with her faults as a girl. Did the cradle songs of that mother never rise to her memory when she too became a mother in her turn?

But it is not our intention to pursue this tale further; what Gertrude's fate as a wife might be is shrouded in darkness; this much alone we know and tell, that, during the little remnant of her days, Madeline Marchmont met with more kindness and forbearance from both than they had hitherto shown. Perhaps they felt for her when the thought struck them that she could no longer turn from them to her Forsaken Child!
PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY; OR, WHICH IS WHICH.

A TALE FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

"Who knoweth what is good for a man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?"

The sun was gone from the valleys, and its last languid rays were lingering on the mountain tops, when there came forth from a cottage in one of the sweetest and humblest spots in Westmoreland, a widow whose weeds were but of yesterday; and at her side were two young men of pleasant aspect, grave in the sobriety of an early sorrow, and graceful in the inartificial courtesy with which they paid reverential attention to the sadness of their widowed mother. At a little distance behind them walked a rustic servant bearing a trunk on his shoulders; he kept a little distance from the mother and her sons, not because of the haughtiness of those whom he served, but that he might not intrude on the sanctity of that sad moment, in which a mother parts with her children, and on the brink of a solitude which may last for life. The party proceeded by the side of a rivulet, and then crossed a little bridge which brought them to a public house, at which the stage-coach was in the habit of stopping. Andrew laid down his load on a plot of grass in front of the house, while the mother and her sons went into a small parlour to wait for the coach. The widow sat down languidly, and endeavoured to make her sorrow look more like bodily fatigue than mental anguish. "The walk is almost too much for me;" she said, and accompanied the remark with a feeble effort at a smile, which like the sun peeping out in a day of clouds, made the gloom yet darker by way of contrast, and revealed the true character of the heaviness which sat upon her soul. The young men had seated themselves on either side of their mother, and the elder one took her by the hand, looking in her face as though he would speak, but his lips trembled and he kissed her in silence. The younger then said, "You shall hear from us immediately on our arrival in London, and I have no doubt that I shall give you a pleasant account of our reception. London is the place for young men of enterprise to make their fortunes. Young James Burroughs, whose father was only an innkeeper at Ambleside, is said to be now worth nearly ten thousand pounds, and surely if the son of an innkeeper, whose education was none but the plainest, could succeed so well, we as the sons of a clergyman, having been so carefully instructed, may hope to find our way in the world. And then you shall choose whether you will come and reside with us in London, or whether we shall take a villa in Westmoreland."

He who thus spoke was a fine looking youth about nineteen years of age, of light complexion, aquiline nose, handsome in profile, but somewhat too thin and sharp, with light sandy hair, and forehead high but narrow. His look was that which you would say gave indication of considerable acuteness, and that kind of penetration which is so exquisitely useful in mercantile affairs. The elder brother, who was upwards of one and twenty, was very much like the other so far as a family likeness goes, but notwithstanding the featural resemblance which pronounced them to be brothers, there was a diversity of expression, which told the most careless observer, that there was a wide difference between their characters. In the look of the elder there was a placidness which indicated a disposition rather to give than to take advantage, while the younger had that sharp, quick expression which shows symptoms of making a good bargain. In the elder there was a look of thoughtfulness, so indeed there was in the younger, but the thoughtfulness of the elder was contemplative, abstract, discursive, and benevolent—that of the younger was indicative of shrewdness and selfish calculation. The younger had the readiest tongue, and while his brother was thinking, he would speak, and oftentimes much to the purpose. When their father died, leaving his widow in very narrow circumstances, and his two sons with no profession, all the neighbours said that George might be his mother's support, but that Robert would be her comfort.

That they might be in a way to maintain themselves, their mother was parting with them and sending them to London, at the invitation of some friends and relations of their departed father. This was indeed a sad task. If it be one of the heaviest punishments that man can inflict upon his fellow-man to take him from a cheerful and peopled home, and to immure him in a solitary cell, where
familiar faces are no more seen, and where friendly voices are no more heard,—how much must a poor widowed mother feel, when her own home is made desolate, and when all she sees remind her of those who once were, and were most dear unto her—when the dwelling which once was musical with the sound of many steps and many tongues, has now no other sound than the echoes of the widow’s footsteps and the faint whisper of her sighs! How does her heart swell when she sits down to her solitary meal, and looks at the empty chairs of her cold and cheerless parlour! She shivers at her own fire-side, and when she prays that God would bless her absent children, she prays with the bursting heart and the tearful eye, but words cannot find articulation.

Not many minutes had the party been in the house, before the sound of the coach wheels was heard, and the stage was at the door. Then the mother grew paler, and had much difficulty to rule her sorrow and to keep it down to the sobriety of a quiet sadness. Children are always children to an affectionate and sensitive mother: she can never forget the pretty days of their helpless infancy, their cradle wallings, and the bright sunny smiles which gave token of their joy in existence, and when she parts with them, whether it be at God’s altar where they pledge their hearts to another love, or whether it be by the side of the vessel or carriage that shall bear them from their home to distant scenes and novel interests, a pang is felt as though the better part of her life was sent away from her. So felt the widow of the Rev. Robert Stewart, when having taken leave of her sons, she returned to the cottage which some kind friends had fitted and prepared for her reception after the death of her husband.

It is not speaking disrespectfully of the young men, or accusing them of any want of feeling, to say that they did not experience quite so much sorrow at leaving their mother as their mother did in parting with them. They were young and full of hope, unchilled by any worldly experience, futurity was filled for them with fancy visions, all bright and glorious, and as they both had a real affection for their mother, they were promising themselves, that by means of their success in the world, of which young men never doubt, they should soon be able to place her in a state of comparative opulence. So they went on their way rejoicing, and forming various imaginations as to what manner of reception they should meet with in London. As they had never seen any larger city than Carlisle, London was indeed a strange sight to them; for though they had read of Rome, of Nineveh, of Babylon, and other places of historic interest, yet all this could not give them an idea of the dark and dusty reality of a great and actual metropolis. They were astonished at all they saw and heard, and not least of all at the well-dressed liver servant, who met them at the inn where the coach stopped, and announced himself to be sent by his master to conduct the young gentlemen to the house of Mr. Henry Alexander. The obsequious attention and almost reverential respect which the servant paid to them, so different from the clumsy, kind, and smiling officiousness of their more intimate domestics in the north, produced on their minds the first strong and deep impression that they had ever felt of the cool diversities of rank. A handsome carriage was in waiting to convey them to the house of their opulent and distant relative, and after a short ride they were set down at the door of a well-built mansion in one of the western squares. Mr. Alexander, at whose abode they had now arrived, was a merchant of high consideration in the city of London and had risen somewhat recently to opulence, not merely by the accident of lucky speculation, but by the exercise of a naturally strong judgment, and by the persevering application of decided diligence. As he was now past the middle of life, he was beginning to indulge himself in more leisure than heretofore and preparing to leave his business to his son, and having heard of the death of Mr. Stewart, and that the worthy man had left two lads of good ability and good education, but unprovided with a profession, it occurred to the merchant that an opportunity was now presented to him of rendering a service to two orphans, and of procuring for his own son some valuable and faithful help. The reception, which their opulent relative gave them, gratified them abundantly, for he was a man of great courtesy, and had no small pleasure in exhibiting to admiring eyes how calmly and coolly he enjoyed his wealth.

George Stewart, the younger brother, had not been many hours in the house before the admiration of wealth filled his whole soul and occupied all his thoughts. Anticipation of commercial success, and a delighted prospect of its high rewards, formed the topic of his first night’s dreams and gave an impulse to his morning hopes. But Robert thought of his mother, of the distance which
divided him from her, of the time that should elapse ere he should see her again, and of the cold and cheerless passing of her solitary hours. Mr. Alexander's counting-house was in the city—in a narrow street—the darkest of the dark. Some counting-houses are fitted up with mahogany desks and brass railings, and even the very ledgers have a smirking dandified look—but Mr. Alexander had no time and no inclination for these fopperies—all was sombre and serious at his house of business.

"How different is this scene," said Robert, "from the mountains of Westmoreland!"

"The mine is dark," replied George, "but gold is bright."

Mr. Alexander had a daughter, fair but not passing fair, beautiful but not exceedingly beautiful. The first bloom of her youth and beauty was gone by, but the loss was so little that none but the most scrutinising and practised eye could discern it. At the age of six and twenty she might well have passed for eighteen. It is pleasant to ascend in the scale of society, but even the most successful ambition has its own peculiar annoyances. From the time that Miss Alexander was fifteen till she was six and twenty, her father was increasing in wealth and making correspondent exertions to fix himself in a proportionably higher grade in society, the consequence of which was that he was gradually changing his acquaintance, dropping the old and forming new. The daughter sympathised with the father's ambition, and remained not long enough in any one grade to form therein an attachment permanent enough to lead to marriage. There are some young gentlemen so modest and diffident that they have not the courage to offer their hands where they may be sure of acceptance; it is generous therefore, on the part of those who would accept an offer if made, to give some such intimation to the diffident one; such was the diffidence of George Stewart, and such was the generosity of Miss Alexander. George found courage to make the young lady an offer of his hand, and the young lady managed to let him suppose that the offer was his own.

George was generally reserved, though not apparently so. There are those who look mysterious when they have no secrets, and there are those who keep secrets under an invisible lock, so that, to speak paradoxically, yet truly and intelligibly, they conceal concealment by their very openness; of this latter class was George Stewart. Reserve, however, between relatives is sometimes felt, even though unseen, and it was thus with the brothers; for Robert felt that he possessed not his brother's confidence, yet this grieved him not much for he was sure that no one else possessed or could possess it. The news came like thunder in broad daylight when there is no lightning to herald its approach, as George informed his brother, saying, with a most careless air, "Robert, I am going to be married." This occurred when they had been little more than six months in Mr. Alexander's counting-house. But in the course of that six months George had rendered himself exceedingly valuable, he possessed a genius for mercantile arithmetic, a complete passion for book-keeping.—Raphael never looked with more rapture on his paintings than did George Stewart upon the ledger and day-book.

People who are not very prudent themselves think it necessary now and then to say something about prudence, Robert Stewart therefore expressed a hope that his brother was not going to marry imprudently—"What do you think," said George, "of Miss Alexander for a sister-in-law?"—There was sufficient answer in this question to all fears on the subject of prudence.

All the friends and acquaintance of the young men cried out on the great good fortune of George Stewart, and there were various rumours of the fortune which Mr. Alexander would give to his daughter; but there was no foundation whatever for any of the rumours, for Mr. Alexander himself had certainly said nothing about it, and had probably not even thought about it. All the world said that Mr. Alexander was worth nearly a million, and that his daughter was a great favourite. Some people expressed their astonishment that he should give his consent to the marriage of his daughter with a young man without property—but they were injudicious in their wonder;—indeed all wonder is injudicious, for wonder is the hasty birth of ignorance. Mr. Alexander was a man of business, and he saw that George Stewart was one of those who are said to know the value of money;—moreover the merchant knew that his daughter would have her own way, and he had no fancy to amuse the town with family quarrels, nor did he choose to humble himself by first insulting and then forgiving his son-in-law.

It was presently rumoured in Westmoreland that young George Stewart, who had gone up to London with scarcely a shilling in his pocket, had married a lady with a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. All the young
men in Westmoreland wished to "go and do likewise." Robert very much wished that his mother should be present at his brother's wedding, but many objections were made to it. George feared that the journey would be too much for her, but he sent her a very affectionate letter, and a very handsome wedding cake.

The parties had been married some time when Robert said, "George, how do you intend to manage about introducing your lady to my mother? Do you intend to make a journey to Westmoreland, or to invite my mother to London?"

George put on a look of artificial thoughtfulness, and assumed an air of affectionate perplexity, replying, "I have been thinking the matter over very seriously, and I am at a loss how to arrange it. I am glad you have mentioned it." He was not glad, though he said so. Then he went on. "It would be more respectful if we could make a journey into Westmoreland, but it would never do for me to go without you, and I don't see how we could be both spared from the business. As to bringing my mother up to London, at her time of life, really it would be quite cruel."

"She would think nothing of the journey for the sake of visiting us," replied Robert.

"And for that very reason," replied George, "we ought to be the more careful of her."

Mr. Alexander died, and his son detached himself from business, but his son-in-law was more than ever devoted to the counting-house. The brothers had written very affectionate letters to their mother, but letters are not children to an affectionate parent; so, after the death of Mr. Alexander, Robert Stewart resolved that nothing should prevent him from making a journey to Westmoreland.

"I should be most happy to go with you," said George, "but I have so much to attend to in winding up the business that I cannot possibly leave town now; and business, you know, must be attended to. However, I think I can spare you for a fortnight or three weeks."

"I think I can spare you for a fortnight or three weeks!" What a singular speech for a younger brother to make to an elder. Robert repeated it a thousand times before he reached Westmoreland, but he forgot it when he saw his mother, and fell on her neck and kissed her. "And how is George?" said the clergyman's widow, with as much eagerness and haste as if Robert had been nothing more to her than a messenger from his brother. But Robert was not jealous.

There is no best in a good mother's love; but as a sickly and a weakly child requires more attention than one of robust and vigorous frame, so does a heart of doubtful purity and suspicious integrity excite more of a parent's anxiety and engross more of a parent's thoughts than one that is firm, settled, and pure. A thoughtless stranger is often surprised to see that child made the most of, which he thinks the least of; but there is wisdom in this arrangement; it is the ordinance of that God whose gospel teaches us that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

The widow's neighbours came to see her son from London, and they all praised his good looks, and said kindly things one to another in half whispers respecting his pleasant and agreeable manners. The mother's feelings on this occasion are well expressed by Terence.

"Omnes laudare fortunas meas. Qui gratum habereum tall ingenio preditum."

All the time that he was with her, her eyes were glistening with unshed tears. She was very happy, too happy—she knew that she was too happy, and was uneasy on that account. Great joy is madness—great sorrow is madness. What then? Are they only rational who are stupidly insensible to both?

The people of the valley could not help wishing that it had been Robert instead of George who had married the great fortune; for they all loved him better of the two; but there was one who loved him more than them all, and she had no such wish—that was Lucy Sandford. "Lucy has been very kind to me during your absence," said Mrs. Stewart to her son, "she has scarcely suffered a day to pass without calling to see me; and she has sometimes, in the dreariest season of the year, spent the whole day and night too with me." "Bless her," said Robert, not more than half aloud; and he actually thought that he loved Lucy Sandford for her kindness to his mother. But before he returned to London he was engaged to Lucy.

He travelled to London alone, and if his heart had been as literally as it was figuratively heavy, the coach would have been cruelly overloaded. When he arrived in town, he found out the meaning of his brother's speech which had haunted him all the way down to Westmoreland. "I think I can spare you for a fortnight or three weeks." It was the speech of the merchant
to his clerk. By the death of Mr. Alexander,
and the secession of his son from the busi-
ness, the husband of Mr. Alexander's daugh-
ter succeeded to the business, while Robert
Stewart remained as he was, a clerk in the
counting-house. Robert did not like this,
but there was no help for it, and he did not
know how to complain about it. Nobody
had taken anything from him.

George Stewart had a handsome house in
Baker Street, Portman Square, kept a car-
riage and many servants. Robert had lodg-
ings in the City Road. "I should be happy
to see you more frequently at my house, but
Mrs. Stewart is so nervous that she cannot
bear company, except those that we are
forced to have." George had begun a sen-
tence that he could not finish; he sud-
denly recollected that his wife had had a
 rout a day or two since, and that two hun-
dred visitors had on that occasion honour-
 ed the house with their company, and that his
brother was not of their party, which omission
George said was altogether unintentional,
and he quite regretted it. Robert did not.

"Why don't you look out for a wife with
a fortune?" said George to his brother.

"Because I am engaged to one without a
fortune," said Robert.

"Not to Lucy Sandford?"
"Yes, to Lucy Sandford."
"How do you intend to live?"
"As well as I can."

George had a great deal of penetration,
and he knew that Lucy Sandford would be
a very unwelcome guest in Baker Street; for
her colour was on the wrong side of her skin,
it was from within, and not from without.
Robert also had some penetration, and he
saw that his brother enjoyed not that kind
of dominion in Baker Street which most men
desire to possess, and the want of which they
are ashamed to acknowledge. One good
quality George Stewart manifested, and that
was gratitude; he was so grateful to his wife,
by whom he had his wealth, that he suffered
her to dictate almost his very thoughts. And
by long habit in complying with her caprices,
and humouring all her wishes, he became to
be really of her opinion and way of thinking
in all matters. He had not observed during
that period which by courtesy he had called
courtship, that most of the courtship had
been on what is called the wrong side; his
vanity had been gratified by seeing that he
was held in such high esteem by a lady so
much more wealthy than himself; but it
will ever be found, that the party which
rules in courtship obeys in marriage.

In spite of the question, "How do you
intend to live?" Robert Stewart married
Lucy Sandford. And that his mother might
not suffer a second and increased inflection
of solitude by the removal of this rose of the
valley, he brought her also with him to
London, and she bore the journey exceed-
ingly well, notwithstanding her time of life.
The salary of a clerk in a merchant's coun-
ting-house is not large; the savings which a
curate can leave to his widow are not large;
the portion of the daughter of a small
Westmoreland farmer is not large; and
these three lillies could not make a mickle.
Oh how delighted was Lucy with London!
Not that she cared about London, but it was
Robert's home. A stand of hackney-coaches
was not so picturesque as the wild heather,
nor was the Lord Mayor's show for splendour
to be compared to the golden clouds of a
retiring storm among the hills. But in the
heavy waves of sound which make the music
of a great city she heard the beatings of her
lover's heart, his image was painted on every
sight, and his voice was heard in every sound.
The widowed mother also was very happy,
almost as happy as she possibly could be.
Long solitude, darkened by clouds of anxiety,
gives a relish to the society of beloved ones
for whom the anxiety has been felt.

There was trouble in Baker Street, great
consternation fell upon George Stewart, and
a serious fit of nervousness was the sad por-
tion of Mrs. George Stewart.

"I must call upon them," said George.

"Yes, you must," said his lady.

"And not you?" said George.

"In my present nervous condition I am
not fit to call upon any one."

George was going to ring the bell, and his
lady asked him what he was about to ring for.

"For the carriage, my dear."

"Oh, nonsense, you don't want the car-
riage to go there. What will the servants
think?"

George used to love his mother very much,
and his brother too, nor had he any dislike
to Lucy; but he could not help wishing that
they were all in Westmoreland again, or any
where rather in London. He made the call,
however, without the assistance of the car-
riage. And when his mother asked him
about his wife, he hesitated and looked con-
 fused, and wished one or other of them at
the bottom of the Red Sea. He said some-
thing about hoping to see them some day at
his house. A great goose, he might see them
any day that he pleased. Never in the whole
course of his life had he ever felt so awkward
and uncomfortable as at this interview with his mother, and brother, and sister-in-law. His mind was in a state of actual torture, and the worst of the matter was that he could not tell why it was that he was so afflicted.

In order to eke out the income arising from his situation in his brother's counting-house, Robert stocked a little shop; to this his mother and wife could attend in his absence. "They keep a shop?" said Mrs. George Stewart to her husband on his return. To this serious accusation George pleaded guilty, and looked as if he thought that he was going to be hanged for the crime.

In the most despotic governments there will sometimes break out symptoms of insubordination; so it happened in Baker Street. George insisted, after his fashion of insisting, that his mother and brother should be invited to a family dinner. George wished to let his kindred see his wealth; but, unfortunately, and he knew it too, his wealth was not his own, or at least he dared not to use it as his own. Two drawing-rooms opening the one into the other by folding-doors, look very handsome when they are well furnished, and George thought of this, but his wife would not suffer the covers to be taken off the chairs, or off the curtains, nor would she allow a fire to be lighted in the front drawing-room; but George did contrive to have the folding-doors thrown open, so that his mother, and brother, and sister-in-law might see that he had another drawing-room.

"We have given you quite a family dinner," said Mrs. George Stewart. They dined at eight, and Mrs. George was so very nervous that she was forced to go to bed at ten. "This is more like supper than dinner," said Mrs. Stewart the elder, as they drove off in the hackney coach that conveyed them from Baker Street to the City Road.

The shop in the City Road answered remarkably well; Robert's returns increased every year, and so they had need to do, for his family increased also. But the children were never invited to Baker Street, for Mrs. George Stewart was so nervous.

"Really your brother ought to increase your salary," said the old lady to Robert.

"I have mentioned the same to him," replied Robert.

"But he must have his wife's consent, which I fear he never will have," said his mother. "However," continued she, "as he has no family of his own, he may ultimately do something for your children."

"And if he does not," answered Robert, "it will be of no very great consequence; my business increases, and I shall be able to provide for them myself. I have more than once thought of leaving the counting-house altogether, and confining myself to my shop."

When Robert Stewart made that last remark, he little thought how soon he should be compelled to leave the counting-house. Not many weeks after, as he was taking as usual his seat at the desk, his brother came to his side, and with a long sigh and a longer face, exclaimed, "Robert, it's all up!"

"Up?" said Robert, "what's up?"

"I must go into the Gazette."—And so he did, and Mrs. George went into hysterics and became more nervous than ever, and very likely would have died on the instant, had not her brother given her a home replete with the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. But as George Stewart had brought this calamity on himself by his own over-covetousness and indiscreet speculation, Mr. Alexander found it convenient to be very angry with him, and to leave him to do the best he could for himself. He talked a great deal about breaking stones on the road, and about blacking shoes, and all that sort of thing; and Robert said, "Nonsense! you are as good as a single man now, and surely two hands can feed one mouth. My business has answered very well for me, let us try what it will do for us both."

George now began to love his mother, and brother, and sister-in-law, better than ever; he did not care a fig for drawing-rooms opening into each other by folding-doors, and as for Mrs. George Stewart, she might if she pleased sit on covered chairs from Monday morning till Saturday night. She did not sit long on any chairs, for her nervousness surrendered her to the doctors, and the doctors surrendered her to the undertaker. George, after a while, found out that he was only five and thirty, and not a bit too old to marry again. "This time," said he, "I'll choose my wife, last time my wife chose me." The brothers made their business answer very well by attention and diligence, and they found that the world knew nothing about them, and that it applied its pity and envy very inappropriately; for every body used to say, "What a fortunate man is George Stewart!" when George Stewart was every day tempted to hang himself, and now everybody said, "Poor George Stewart!" when he felt himself happier than ever he had been in the whole course of his life.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Annuals.

When Mr. Ackerman first thought of imitating the Germans, with whom this sort of work originated, in the yearly production of a pocket volume of light literature and elegant art, we fancy he had no idea that he should ever see so many rivals, or at least followers, in the same course.

The multiplicity of these works, however, proves that he was right in his calculations, and that such miscellanies are acceptable to the public taste. We might say something on the effect they have produced, particularly in the department of engraving, but we have only undertaken to describe the volumes before us. We may remark, however, that small-line engraving, such as is suited to book embellishment, has been much improved by the encouragement given in the Annuals, and that it was particularly fortunate that the ingenious American, Mr. Perkins, had invented engraving on steel before these works commenced. No copper plates, such as were formerly in use, would bear half the number of impressions called for by most of these popular volumes, without material detriment, and requiring to be re-touched; whereas the steel plate throws off its thousands of impressions in all its original strength and clearness.

Forget Me Not.—This annual, which was the first started in England, is this year as good as, or perhaps rather better than, we have ever seen it. The literary matter comprises an excellent tale by Allan Cunningham, another by Mrs. C. Gore, a marvellous narration by the Ettrick Shepherd, and sundry pretty things both in prose and verse. Among the engravings we have been much pleased with the “Interior of the Church of St. Peter’s at Caen,” after Prout; “Chains of the Heart,” after J. Casse; “The Hong Merchant’s Garden,” a beautiful Chinese scene from a picture by W. Westall, A. R. A.; “Scottish Haymakers,” after W. Kid; and “Cupid caught tripping,” from a drawing by that very elegant artist and accomplished man, J. P. Davis, or as his brethren call him, “Roman Davis.” In this instance, however, he has suffered some injustice from the engraver, who has made one of his beautiful female figures to squint and goggle most frightfully, and has moreover illtreated the face of Cupid. Knowing, as we do, Mr. Davis’s peculiar excellence in delineating feminine and childish beauty, we cannot for a moment believe the faults alluded to are attributable to him. We much regret their existence, as they tend to mar an exquisite little composition. The worst thing in the volume is the “Victoria,” after H. Ritcher; an artist, who, in some shape or other, is perpetually before us, but who seldom gives us an opportunity for admiration.

The Literary Souvenir.—Mr. Alaric Watts has good taste generally, both in literature and the fine arts, he has also long experience in his favour, and, it must be said, his annual volume is always among the best of its kind. We think, however, that we have seen it better than it is this year. Two or three of the plates are indifferent, and one (a chalk engraving that looks unfinished) was certainly never intended for the annual, but introduced as a “make-up.” Yet there is one delightful thing—so bold, so original, so characteristic, that when we look at it we forget all defects; we mean the “Austrian Pilgrims,” engraved by J. B. Allen, from a painting by G. R. Lewis. The “Oriental Love Letter,” after Destouches, is also a bijou. “Hawking,” after Cattermole, the lady has a decided quaint, and the gentleman, rather a burly, coarse, ungentlemanly aspect. Greuse’s picture of the Child, with a Dove in his hand, has been badly christened. The chubby, scowling boy looks ferocious rather than innocent, and we greatly fear from the expression of his countenance, he is going to bite off the dove’s head.

The literary portion of the work is generally good, and selected and arranged with the editor’s wanted judgment. His own verses, (why does he not write more of the book himself?) addressed to the Sœur de la Charité, the author of Selwyn’s “Grande Chartreuse,” and some beautifully felt little pieces by Sir Aubrey de Vere, are among the best of the poetry.

“Allan Mac Tavish’s Fishing,” by the author of “Three Nights in a Lifetime,” “The Raven’s Nest,” by the author of “Tales of the Munster Festivals,” &c., “The Incendiary,” and “The Old Man of the Mountains,” are all good tales. In the first of them, which describes the loves and death of a bold Highland fisherman, the simplicity and pathos are admirable.

We perceive from the preface to the Literary Souvenir, that the editor is become aware of the necessity of introducing some variety in this class of publication. We wish him every success in his new plans and arrangements, which he announces are to commence with his next volume.

Friendship’s Offering.—Is very good this year. Here, as in the work we have just noticed, some of the best of the poetry is contributed by the editor; there is, however, this difference between them, that Mr. Pringle, gives much more of his own than does Mr. Watts. Mr. Whitehead, a young writer of good promise, has a tolerably long poem, “Ippolito,” which shows great talent, with a little extravagance. There are some extraordinary experiments in English verse, by that extraordinary man, Coleridge, and other vagaries of his, which cannot fail of being very
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serviceable to the volume, if it is only that they will be regarded in the light of curiosities, and attract attention.

Barry Cornwall has contributed two short but beautiful pieces of poetry, and there are several other productions in verse, superior in quality to the general run of Annual rhyme. Among the tales in prose we have been most struck with "Grace Kennedy," by the author of "Pictures of Private Life;" "Stephanos the Albanian," "Master Dan's Blessing," and the "Lad of Genius," by the delightful author of "The Puritan's Grave," a novel, which we again take the opportunity of cordially recommending to our readers' notice.

The embellishments, with the exception of two, "The Chiefian's Daughter, and "My first love," are very good as works of art, and pleasing in their subjects. It is a long time since we have seen a finer specimen of engraving than that exhibited here by J. Phelps, in his copy of a celebrated female portrait by the late J. Jackson, R. A. The Amulet.—Contains some excellent things both in literature and art. The portrait of Donna Maria, the young Queen of Portugal, engraved by R. Graves, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his Majesty's collection, must give great interest to the present volume, and we hope, increase the well deserved popularity of Mr. Hall's work. The other plates which have much pleased us are, "Sir Roger de Coverley," and "The Gipsies," after Leslie; "Too hot," an inimitable dog-scene, by Landseer; "The death of the Stag," after A. Robertson; "The Wandering Thought," an exquisitely colored portrait of a young lady in an old fashioned dress, by D. McIcise, and the "Sea Shore," from a painting by Bonnington. "The First-born," from a picture by J. Wood, has also much merit; though it happens rather unfortunately that the head of the infant is almost as large as its mother's.

The articles in prose and verse have been furnished by writers of established reputation, and the editor, as usual, very successful in preparing a few communications which add useful instruction to entertainment. Such, for example, are "The pass of Abdomin," by W. H. Yates, M. D.; "The Visit to Joannah," by the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton; and "A scene in the Zenana," by Miss E. Roberts. We can scarcely include among these Dr. Walsh's "Earthquake at Zante," as that appears to us to be considerably exaggerated.

There are a few lines by Leigh Hunt, so beautiful that we must find room to quote them. The original idea is eastern, and is to be found in D'Hérelle's "Bibliothèque Orientale," but the great merit is in the expression and versification.

Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight in his room
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered," the names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abon, "Nay; not so,"
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me for one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great waking light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The Keepsake.—Though we cannot but feel there is a little want of variety in the embellishments this year, we are altogether much pleased with "The Keepsake," and delighted with some of the plates. Our favourites are the frontispiece, an exquisitely delineate female portrait, by Boxall; "Milcent," another portrait of the same nature, by Newton, (as engravings these two pieces could scarcely be better;) "A View of Havre," by the great Turner; and "The Two Barons," by Cartermole. Turner's Havre is perfection.

"The Three Guests," by Lord Murchet, is a very graceful little poem, and the different pieces of verse, by J. H. Lowther, are pleasing. "The Requisites for a Wife, and the Requisites for a Husband," by Lady Isabella St. John, is a very clever, smart, pointed jeu d'esprit. We recommend it to the immediate attention of our readers.

There is an elegant trifle in antiquated French, with a translation by J. H. Lowther, and another by Lord Nugent, neither of whom has caught the close epigrammatic turn of the original, which is simply this:—

"Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'ami secret,
On se donne bien de souffrance,
Pour peu d'effet.

"Une si douce fantaisie
Toujours revient:
En songeant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie,
L'on s'en souvient.

Several of the prose narratives in "The Keepsake" have given us much amusement: we would particularly mention "Sir Roger de Coverley's Picture Gallery," by Mrs. Charles Gore; "The Widow'd Bride," by Sheridan Knowles; and "The Head," by L. E. L.

Heath's Picturesque Annual.—Mr. Stanfield has this year confined himself to the sea-costs of France immediately opposite to our own shores. Though only divided from us by a narrow sea, those particular parts of the French kingdom are little known to us, and indeed, generally speaking, to Frenchmen themselves. Our annual swarms of travellers cross over to Calais, Dieppe, or Boulogne, and some few to Havre; those ports they see, but the many interesting spots which intervene between them, or extend beyond them along the coast, are rarely visited except by accident, and remain almost a terra incognita. The elegant volume before us
contains views on that coast from Calais to Saint-Malo, which, we doubt not, from their great interest and beauty will induce many a tourist to start from the beaten track, and examine the regions where they occur. We have only one trifling fault to find: we think Mr. Stanfield has given us rather too much of Mont St. Michel.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie in the literary department gives some very curious local information, which would not be the worse if conveyed with less continual efforts and attempts at smartness and point. What the new police can have done to Mr. Ritchie to induce him to prophesy, as he does, their utter annihilation in the first popular commotion; or what they (the English police) can have to do with "Travelling Sketches on the Sea Coasts of France," we cannot for our lives discover.

The Landscape Annual.—The beautiful views in this volume are also all French, and for the greater part, as in the Picturesque Annual, taken from districts in France which are rarely visited by the traveller. Several of the landscapes are in Auvergne. The "Interior of the Church at Polignac," "Mont Ferrand," which looks so very provincial and so truly French, the "Approach to Royat," and the scene in a little crowded Place in that town, are all very pleasing and characteristic. From Auvergne Mr. Harding's pencil carries us to the sunny regions of the south of France; to Montpellier, Nîmes, Avignon, &c.; and thence returning towards Paris, it shows us the city of Lyons and other scenes near the Rhone and the Saône. With the country included in the latter part of his tour we are well acquainted, and can answer for the fidelity of Mr. Harding's views in them. We must say, however, that his "Amphitheatre at Nîmes" conveys an exaggerated notion of the size of that fine Roman ruin, if ruin it can be called: here it looks as vast as the Colosseum at Rome. For the rest he has managed the very difficult subject with great skill, and produced a delightful scene. The accompanying letter-press is by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, who has edited the work since its commencement. He has made good use of old French historians, chroniclers, and biographers, to increase the interest of the scenery laid before us. With modern matters and the actual state of the country he does not pretend to meddle. We should have been thankful for some modern accounts of Auvergne, which is in many respects a very interesting portion of the French kingdom, and but little known.

The Oriental Annual.—We noticed the plates of this graceful and novel annual last month; since then, we are happy to say, an extensive sale has proved that if we were wrong in our judgment, the public has partaken of our mistake. But no! we were right, and the public is right and (as it ever will be when a work of real merit is fairly brought before it) prompt and liberal in its encouragement. It only remains for us to say a few words of the letter-press, by the Rev. Hobart Cantor, a gentleman who has had the advantage of visiting the particular spots represented by the painter, and of which a description was necessary, and whose high character places him above all suspicion of falsehood or exaggeration. Mr. Cantor has described what he has seen in a wide range of travels in India, and the interesting island of Ceylon; the scenery, the most celebrated edifices, the customs and manners of the inhabitants; and all this he has judiciously mingled and enlivened with narratives of remarkable historical events, and sketches of the natural history of those countries. The zoological anecdotes are particularly interesting. Throughout the volume valuable information is coupled with amusement, and a specific object is pursued. This object is to convey through a pleasant medium, full and exact information concerning our vast possessions in the East; and it will be effected by the succession of a few volumes like the present. When we reflect on the almost marvellous means by which these remote dominions have been obtained; on the manner (unparalleled in history) by which they have been held and governed, on the thousands and tens of thousands of individuals in England whose interests are directly or indirectly, entirely or in main part, connected with India, we may not merely call such information, interesting—important—but absolutely indispensable.

The style which Mr. Cantor has adopted, seems to us; well suited to the subject; it is plain and straight forward, without those attempts at fine writing which are too much the fashion of the day, though they are so apt to render obscure, what it is the author's duty to make clear, and to instil the reader instead of instructing him.

We have no room for extracts. This we regret the less, because so many have been before the public in various popular periodicals, which have, almost without exception, agreed in giving the "Oriental Annual" their warmest praise.
REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE COURT.—The King held a Court on Monday afternoon, at the Palace of Brighton, which was attended by Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Ripon, Viscount Melbourne and Palmerston, Mr. Stanley, Lord John Russell, Lord Albermarle, Sir William Alexander, and the Earl of Belfast. After the Council, the Cabinet Ministers and the Members of the Household dined with their Majesties.

Baron Ompfeda, the Hanoverian Minister, arrived at Brighton, and had an audience of the King on Monday.

Earl Grey spent Tuesday at the Palace, and returned to town the next day.

The uncertain state of the weather has prevented both their Majesties, during the greater part of the week, from taking their usual rides.

The King occasionally sits for his picture to Sir Martin Archer Shee.

The regulations at the Palace in every department are observed with the most scrupulous attention. All persons, calling on or visiting the domestics, are required to give their names, which are inserted in a book kept for that purpose, and every article received is duly registered.

Captain Ross and his nephew had an interview, with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, at Kennington, on Thursday.

The Duke of Gloucester has left town for Ickworth Lodge, near Bury, on a visit to the Marquis of Bristol.

BRIGHTON CHAIN BIRK.—This ingenious work is being repaired under the superintendence of Captain Brown, at the cost of above 2000l. The Earl of Egremont has on this, as on a multitude of other occasions, contributed in a most princely manner.

EARTHQUAKE.—Chichester has been for a third time of late visited by earthquake. The shocks of the last were so sharp, it is stated, as to cause the clocks to strike. The good people of Chichester had better take heed.—Literary Gazette.

WINCHELSEA.—An ancient vessel has been found embedded in the mud near Winchelsea, which is supposed to be the remains of a phenomenon which inundated that coast six hundred years ago.

Charles the Tenth has had an interview, it is said, with the Duchess de Berri, and has returned to Prague. The object of this conference was to induce her to give up the deed of abdication which he had signed in favour of the Duc de Boudeaux. His called Majesty appears to think that he has some chance of being restored to his throne; he was therefore extremely urgent in his demands. But the Duchess was equally peremptory in her refusal. Indeed it was impossible for her to give up the document in question, as it is lodged in the Government archives at Paris; but she absolutely refused, for herself and her son, to execute any deed, or do any thing to invalidate the claim of the latter to be considered King of France.

CAPTAIN BACK.—The Montreal Herald brings intelligence of Captain Back to the 10th of October, on which day the expedition were all well, and the Captain and Dr. King proceeding (as was stated to be their expressed intention) in a light canoe, followed by two boats, to look out for winter quarters.

Brighton has been selected by the Committee of the Agricultural Employment Institution to hold their first meeting out of London. Several noblemen and distinguished visitors have signified their intention of honouring the meeting with their presence.

Earl Talbot has at length purchased the Tixall estate by private contract, for a sum little short of 200,000l.

Till within the last two years, the out-parish of St. Philip and Jacob, Bristol, containing a population of sixteen thousand souls, was destitute of any place of public worship, either in connexion with the Establishment or the Dissenters! It is said that a great proportion of the inhabitants were absolutely in a state of practical heathenism.

A subscription has been commenced for the purpose of erecting a tablet to the memory of the late Hannah More, and also for the establishment of a school to bear her name, in connexion with the new church of St. Philip and Jacob, at Bristol, to the endowment of which she has bequeathed the residue of her estate. Nearly 400l. have been already subscribed. The names of the Bishops of Salisbury, Lichfield and Coventry, Bath and Wells, Lincoln, and Sir R. Inglis, appear amongst the pecuniary supporters of the undertaking.

The pavement lately taken up and re-laid in the nave of Exeter Cathedral, is Bohemian marble, which stone was much used in our churches during the middle ages. It resembles the verde antique of the Egyptians; being of a grey-green colour, varied by black and white spots, called ophites and tephria; but this contains petrified antediluvian remains, which the Egyptian marble does not possess. In a similar marble in Derbyshire, are discovered parts of the starfish; but this stone is of a whitish-brown colour. It may appear surprising how the beauties of this variegated testaceous marble should have escaped observation; but, like the pebble that contains the madrepore, its shades and figures could only have been seen by polishing.

The proprietors of the Clarence Vase, manufactured and now exhibiting in Birmingham, the cost
FRANCE. — The French Liberals have altered their tone respecting the interference of their Government in the affairs of Spain. A short time ago, they were eager for the despatch of an army to support the Queen and suppress the Carlists. But they have since discovered, that the support of the Queen may be a very different affair from the establishment of a Liberal government; and have a reasonable dread that French arms, if used at all, would be for the benefit of absolutism, or at least, what they abominate nearly as much, the system of the Juste Milieu. Now, therefore, they would prefer to assist the Queen with a loan of money; which would probably answer her Majesty’s purpose much better than an auxiliary army of Frenchmen. According to present appearances, Louis Philip will do neither one nor the other. The Paris newspapers, and the correspondents of the London journals resident there, give us abundance of Spanish news, or rather rumours, but yield no intelligence of interest respecting French affairs.

BELGIUM. — King Leopold’s concerns proceed smoothly. The addresses, in reply to his speech, were passed unanimously by both chambers; and it is said that the session is likely to be one of little speechifying and much business. Count Dieckstein, the Austrian, and Count d’Arnheim, the Prussian ambassador, have reached Brussels. The latter is already very active in his endeavours to form a commercial treaty, the real object of which is to exclude British manufactures from the continent. Great inducements, it is said, will be held out to the Belgian manufacturers to become parties to the Prussian system.

TURKEY. — There is a solitary piece of news from Constantinople, but that is important if true: the combined English and French squadrons have entered the Dardanelles, in spite of the recent treaty between Russia and Turkey, by which such entry was forbidden. This is a proper and spirited proceeding, and we hope that the information of the Standard, from whom we copy the news, may prove to be correct. It is far better to show at once our perfect contempt for the treaty, in this way, than get entangled in the diplomatic net of endless negotiation with a view to alter it. — Spectator.
Evening Dresses
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1833.

Evening Dress.

Blue watered silk façon de rayé with tulle and satin folds on the body, and blonde to fall all round, blonde sabots, chip hat with three blue feathers.

Yellow satin dress with a black blond cap and bows of riband, black blonde sabots.—Head-dress of black blonde and riband.

The Guide to Dress.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Paris, June 20th, 1833.

My Dear Lady Louisa,

Writ you the season is still advancing, with us, alas! it is finished. For myself, I have remained at Paris when every body else has quitted it, and have not yet made up my mind when I shall follow their example. The town is most abominably dull, and I cannot express to you with what regret I have seen all my friends leave it for the country, or the different watering places. I am enabled to describe to you a few toilettes which I have lately seen at different breakfasts; but you will, perhaps, find them very simple, compared with the splendid dresses which are displayed at your brilliant parties.

As to new materials, we have none, but Lady C. informs me, that, in this respect, you are far more fortunate than we are. I understand you have some beautiful things quite in the style of former days, and which we shall not see till the winter. In truth, my dear friend, it must in future be from you that I should look for information respecting the fashions, for you have certainly now persons among you who bid fair to eclipse our marchands, and, after what I have seen, are fully competent to give them lessons in taste.

Muslin dresses, or pelisses, organdie brodée lined with different colours, are worn for half-dress, the capes trimmed with a quantity of lace; betwixt the rows of lace are ornaments of gauze riband.

The luxury of habit shrits is carried this year to a greater extreme than ever, and you would scarcely believe to what an extravagant price we go for the collifichets.

In more dressy toilettes I have seen some very pretty gauzes used for those which are made with short sleeves. These dresses are generally à corsages à pointes, trimmed with white and black blonde. Some ladies use old-fashioned laces to trim those which are less dressy. The former have always an under-dress, either of satin, or of gros de Naples of the same colour with the gauze, and sometimes the white ones are lined with colours, pink, blue, lilac, citron, and English green.

I have had some dresses made for a country party in the neighbourhood of Paris, where I am going to spend a week.

I must first, however, mention to you a riding habit, which I intend to take with me to the country for my riding excursions, and which every person to whom I have shown it thinks beautiful. You know that we never
trust a tailor with the making of those costumes, but on the contrary we put them into the hands of our most experienced dressmakers; they are thus much more graceful than when made by men.

The petticoat of my riding habit is of dark green cashmere; the corsage is a beautiful canézon of plaited batiste, and embroidered. This canézon has a small embroidered collar, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, under which a cravat is placed, which ought always to consist of China or watered gros de Naples. I have several canézous, but I have described the prettiest.

I have a very pretty pelisse in glacié gros de Naples, paroquet green and white, the sleeves very large above, and very small below; the corsage flat, the front trimmed with bows of riband, and with this pelisse I wore a mantlet of black blond, trimmed with riband of the same shade as my dress. I also wore with it a hat of chip, with a bunch of pink and green flowers; it was trimmed with blond and pink riband. Instead of buskins, which are only worn of a morning, I have had laced gaiters of bronze gros de Naples to wear with English leather shoes of that colour.

For dinner, I have a lawn dress of lilac, à l’oreille brochée of the same colour, with short sleeves, the corsage à drapé et pointe, the mantille of black blonde; with this I wear long open-worked mittens, exceedingly fine. When I have not my head dressed, I wear with this toilette a small cap of black blond, with flowers the colour of the dress, and gauze ribands.

I have another dress for rainy weather. It is of China silk, with a bronze ground; it has small ramages of bright colours, a flat corsage and pelerine to match, with long points embroidered, and borders of different colours. I have also had made for this negligé a hat of tissu straw, with a half-veil of black blonde, and black ornaments. I have also some very pretty peignoirs for the morning, one of chalis, with a large Gothic pattern; another of La Chine made à coulisses, and a third of jaconot muslin, trimmed with garnitures of embroidered muslin.

I have several morning caps in blond and muslin trimmed with lace. Hats continue to be worn somewhat larger, and few are made without feathers or flowers and ornaments of blond. Aprons of moire in deep colour, either embroidered or trimmed with black lace, are quite the rage.

Small bags of figured gros de Naples, or of black lace, lined with light colours, are worn more than ever. Mantelets are likewise worn of puce and black silk, lined with all sorts of light colours, and trimmed with black lace or blond, having a falling collar also trimmed with these materials.

Morning dresses are generally made in the form of pelisses. The form of evening dresses has not at all changed since my last letter. I have seen nothing remarkable at the play, for all the fashionables have relinquished the theatres for the present, and are not likely to visit them for several months to come.

Adieu, my dear Lady Louisa,

Yours, ever sincerely,

A. de M.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Nearly ready for publication, editions in English and French, of "The Language of Flowers," with beautifully coloured plates.

A Tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of "Dinarbas," and "Marius Flaminius," is just ready for publication, entitled "Sir Guy de Lusignan."

"Village Belles:" a novel, in three volumes, delineating the home life and manners of English society in the country, will shortly issue from the press. The author belongs to the same school as Miss Austen and Miss Mitford, and, like them, will be found to possess the talent of investing even trivial incidents, and every day people, with interest, and of producing effective, although unpretending, pictures.

In a few days will be published, the third and concluding number of "Donaldson's Collection of Doorways," from ancient Buildings in Greece and Italy, expressly measured and drawn for this work. There are in all twenty-six plates, accompanied by letter-press, which contains the Latin text, and a new translation of a chapter of Vitruvius upon the subject, the original of which is derived from a valuable MS. in the British Museum.

In a few days will appear, an Abridgement of the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," with the omission or alteration of such passages as are unadapted for the perusal of children and young persons. The contents of this edition, which is embellished with numerous engravings, have been arranged by a Lady for the use of her own children.

In the present month will be published, the first number of a new English Version of the great work of Cuvier, "La Règne Animal;" or, The Animal Kingdom." This work will consist of thirty-six numbers; it will appear uninterruptedly on the first of every month, and the contents will be letter-press and plates. The letter-press will be an exact and close representation of the original, and will furnish not only the definite meaning, but also the spirit of the text. In addition to this, a series of notes will be subjoined, in which each branch of the general science will be carried up to the present state of knowledge. The plates, which constitute the most important source of expense, will amount to no fewer than five hundred.

In the present month will be published, No. I. of "The Encyclopaedia of Romance," consisting of original Novels, Romances, and Tales, conducted by the Rev. Henry Martineau.

A new work of an original character is announced from the pen of Lady Morgan; it is to be entitled "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life," and will form two volumes, uniform with her "Book of the Boudoir."


Speedily will be published, "Demetrius: a Tale of Modern Greece," in three Cantos, with other Poems, by Agnes Strickland.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Wotton Bassett, the Lady of the Rev. T. H. Ripley, of a son.

The Lady of Lee Steere, Esq., of Hayes, in the county of Surry, of a daughter, which only survived its birth a few hours.

The wife of Anthony Salvin, Esq. of Somerset-street, Portman-square, of a daughter.

Lady Mary Ross, of a daughter.

At Brighton, the Lady of Charles Morgan, Esq., of a daughter.

At Ipswich, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Stisted, King's Own Light Dragoons, of twin daughters.

At Linton Place, Lady Jeniima Wykeham Martin, of a son.

At Cheltenham, Lady Walsham, of a son.

At Upper Woburn Place, Mrs. Joseph Salkeld, of a daughter.

In Weymouth-street, the Lady of Dr. George Gregory, of a son.

In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Lady of Charles Douglas Halford, Esq., of a daughter.

At Stanley Grove, the Lady of the Hon. Colonel Grant, of Grant, M.P., of a son.

At 16, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, the Lady of Adam Duff, Esq., of a daughter.

The Lady of Edmund Jerningham, Esq., of a daughter.

At 27, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, the Right Hon. Lady Langford, of a son.

At Helme, the Lady of the Hon. Philip Stourton, of a son and heir.
MARRIAGES.

At Auchenheg, Morayshire, the Lady of W. M. Coghlan, Esq., Bombay Artillery, of a son.

At the Rectory, Sedgefield, Durham, the Lady of the Rev. T. L. Strong, of a daughter.

At Cambridge, the wife of Henry Hemington Harris, Esq., solicitor, of twins, still-born.

At the residence of her father, S. Barrow, Esq., Landsdown Grove, Bath, the Lady of John B. Loussada, Esq., of a daughter.

In Dover-street, the Lady of T. B. Fyler, Esq., of a son.

At St. Andrews' Church, Hertford, George Parbury, Esq., to Mary Ann Joanna, the only daughter of the late Edward Ellis, Esq., of that town.

At St. James's, William, only son of the late William Hazlett, to Catherine, second daughter of Mr. Carew Henry Reynell.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryamstone-square, George Moore, Esq. of Appleby, Leicesterhire, to Susan youngest daughter of W. P. Inge, Esq., of Thorpe, Staffordshire.

At Munich, Count Potemkin, Ambassador from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia at the Court of Bavaria, to Eliza Mary Rose, eldest daughter of E. M. Grainger, Esq. of Twyseig, Denbighshire.

At Bury St. Edmund's, John Thomas Ord, Esq. of Fornham, St. Martin, Suffolk, to Susanna Agnes, third daughter of the late M. T. Cockeredge, Esq., of Bury St. Edmund's Hall, in the same county.


At St. John's, Hackney, John Tyllon Wicksteed, Esq., of Prince's-street, Blackfriars, to Emma, fourth daughter of the late John Barton, Esq., of Hackney.

At Carneock, William Maxwell, Esq., eldest son of Sir William Maxwell of Monteth, Bart., to Elenora, daughter of the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Greenock and Blackhall, Bart.

At Castlereagh Parish Church, William Velliers Stuart, Esq., second son of the late Lord Henry Stuart, and brother of Henry Velliers Stuart of Dromana, in the County of Waterford, Esq., to Catherine, only daughter of Michael Cox, of Castletown, county of Kilkenny, Esq., and niece to the Lord Dunalty.

At St. Pancras Church, Mr. D. Clarke, of Judd Street, Brunswick Square, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Danby.

At St. Ann's Aldersgate, Charles Coryton Hutchins, to Amelia Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Gideon Hebert, Esq.

At St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, to Thomas Graine Smith, Amy, eldest daughter, and on the same day, to John Wilkes Pain, Elizabeth, third daughter of Captain James Boxer, R.N.

And Deaths.

At Abbott's Rippon, the Rev. George Chere, second son of the late Charles Madryll Chere, Esq., of Papworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, to Harriet Emily, eldest daughter of J. B. Rooper, Esq., M.P. for the county of Huntingdon.

At Elveden, Suffolk, Sir Mark Wood, Bart., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Newton, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, of Belhus, Essex, Bart., and M.P. for that county, to Georgiana, reliet of H. D. Milligan, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir Walter Stirling of Faskine, N. B., Bart.

At St. Mary's, Marylebone, H. B. Caldwell, Esq., of Halsorow Hall, Norfolk, to Esther, eldest daughter of T. R. Buckworth, Esq., of Cockley Cley Hall, in the same county.

At his house in Weymouth Street, Lieut. Gen. Sir Thomas Bowser, K.C.B., in his 84th year.

At 21, Conduit Street, Maria, Lady Anstruther, widow of the Right Hon. Sir John Anstruther, Chief Justice of Bengal.

The Hon. Lady Halford, wife of Sir Henry Halford, Bart.

At the Lawn, South Lambeth, Mrs. Vezian, in her 90th year.

Suddenly of a fit of apoplexy, in his 43d year, the Hon. Captain Thomas Roper Curzon, Royal Navy, of No. 6, Cumberland Street, Portman Square, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Teynham.

At the Vicarage House, Cripplegate, the Rev. William Holmes, in the 63d year.

At Smedmore House, in the Isle of Purbeck, Dorset, the Rev. John Clavell, in his 74th year.

At Taplow, Bucks, Colonel Marmaduke Williamson Browne, H. E. I. C. Artillery.

At the residence of the Hon. Lady Shaw, St. Margaret's, Rochester, in her 43d year, Augusta Anne, daughter of the late Sir Gregory Shaw, Bart., of Kenward, in the county of Kent.

In Portland Place, G. R. Hennege, Esq., of Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire, in his 64th year.

At his residence, Somerset Street, Kingsdown, the Rev. William Anderson, Classical and Mathematical Tutor of the Baptist Theological Institution, Bristol.

At Rotherhithe, Dr. Gaitssell, M.D., in his 71st year.

In Gorey, Ireland, Mrs. Hart, late of Kilkenny, aged 110. She retained her faculties until her last moments.

At Madeira, on the 11th of May, in his 28th year, Thomas Reid, Esq., of the house of Keir and Co., eldest son of Joseph Reid, Esq., of Thornton Heath, Surry.

At Hanbury Vicarage, Staffordshire, the Rev. Hugh Bailey, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Lichfield Cathedral, and Vicar of Hanbury.

In London, of apoplexy, Arthur Wyatt, Esq., of Monmouth.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1833.

Archery Dress.

The dress is forest green *gros de Naples*, the corsage of the half pelisse form, high behind, very open on the bosom, and with a lappet which, forming a round pelerine on the back and shoulders, descends in the stomacher shape to the waist. The sleeves, moderately wide at the upper part of the arm, are shaped to fit it exactly from the elbow to the wrist. Blond lace chemisette very open in front, with a falling collar of the pelerine shape. Cherry-coloured taffeta belt. Head dress, a *toupe* of forest green *pouz de soie*, trimmed with a gold band next the face, and a single short black ostrich feather placed on the left side. *Bottines* of *gros Americain* to correspond with the dress.

Opera Dress.

The robe is composed of *pouz de soie*, a new shade of green, *glacé de blanc*. Corsage of the *demi rouge* kind, the shawl part falling very deep over the back and shoulders, is arranged on the latter with a slight degree of fullness, so as to form *mancherons*: it is cut at the border in round *dents*, and open on the bosom, displaying a *chemisette* of plain blond. A row of broad blond lace set on full, stands up in the Medicis style round the back and shoulders, and descends on each side of the bust, becoming gradually narrower to the waist. Short sleeves of white *gros de Naples*, with blond *sabots*. Head dress a *beret* of a small size, composed of an intermixture of green and white grenadine gauze, and trimmed with a bouquet of short, white ostrich feathers, placed upright on the right side; an *esprit* attached to the bouquet droops to the left. Gold ear-rings and neck-chain.

Evening Dress.

Of *mouseline Indone*, a fancy colour, between a rose and a brown. The *corsage* cut exceedingly low round the bust, and a little pointed before. Pelerine-canezou of blond lace. A double fall encircles the back and shoulders, the front forms a stomacher. A narrow heading of blond lace stands up round the bust. A fall of lace descends *en tablier* on each side of the skirt. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in full curls at the sides, and twisted in a knot at the back of the head. A wreath of marguerites brought low upon the forehead, passes round the knot of hair, and is intermixed with it. Gold ear-rings, neck-chain of twisted gold; the pendants, and those attached to the point of the *corsage*, are of fancy jewellry, the mantelet is black blond lace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Variety in materials at least appears to be the order of the day in promenade dress. Clear muslin pelisses, lined with coloured sarsenet, or *gros de Naples*, and fastened down the front by knots of gauze riband to correspond with the lining, are still as fashionable as they were the beginning of the season; but there is a considerable alteration in the form of the pelerines worn with them. Some are small and round, a double fall, with a square collar trimmed with English lace. Others are pointed in front, and with the material arranged full upon the shoulder, so as to have the effect of a *mancheron*. A third kind are quite square, like those worn last year, but not so near so large. Whatever may be the form of the pelerine, it is always embroidered, or trimmed with lace. Clear muslin, printed in delicate patterns, and in colours partly full, and partly light, is fashionable for dresses, but not so much so as washing silks with white grounds, printed in very small bouquets of pink flowers.

The most novel shawls are of a new and peculiarly rich kind of black gauze; they
are of rather a large size, square, and with broad borders, richly embroidered in different coloured silks, either in fancy patterns, or in flowers. Notwithstanding their lightness, their black ground, and the glaring colours in which it is embroidered, render them by no means appropriate to summer costume.

Poux de soie is the most fashionable material for silk bonnets; white and rose colour are most in request. All have the brim made open across the forehead; but we see some long, others short at the ears. The crown is either of the cone form, and high, or else it is of a round shape, with the material disposed in folds. If riband alone is employed to trim a bonnet, there is only a single light knot on one side, and another behind. If flowers are used, they are sparingly employed, and without any mixture of riband, except the brides. Rice straw and crape bonnets are also fashionable. A good many of the latter are of the drawn kind. Black veils, both of blond and real lace, but particularly the latter, are very much in request.

Poux de soie, mousseline Indone, painted Pekin, and mousseline de Soie, are the fashionable materials in evening dress. Corsages are cut extremely low round the bust, and are covered, at least partially, by mantlets or canees of black or white blond lace. Short sleeves, of the double sabot kind, are the most in favour. Head-dresses are principally of hair in evening dress; they are always decorated with flowers. Wreaths and bouquets are equally fashionable. Roses, marguerites, pinks, sprigs of hawthorn in blossom, jessamine, and honeysuckle are all in request. Fashionable colours are the lighter shades of green and blue, straw colour, lilac, different shades of rose and rust colour, and some fancy colours.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

It is now the season when the Parisians enjoy the freshness of the evening in the delightful gardens of Tivoli or the superb promenade of the Champs Élysées. The dresses are in general remarkable for the simplicity of their form, and the lightness of their materials, which are nevertheless of a very expensive kind. White organdi, or India muslin, either plain, embroidered, or striped in thick or thin stripes, is extremely fashionable. The peignoir form is most in request. The most elegant of these dresses are trimmed with very broad Valenciennes lace, thickly quilled; the pelerine is double and trimmed in the same manner. Half trans-parent materials of Cachmere wool, of silk and wool, and of foulard grenade are also made en peignoir. These dresses are always worn over white gros de Naples or sarsenet slips.

The few robes worn by women of high fashion are composed of painted Pekin. They have a white ground, flowered in running patterns of small delicate flowers, in vivid but not glaring hues.

Black lace mantlets are as much worn as ever, but those of blond are now preferred to real lace; indeed the latter is declining very fast in favour, and will probably be quite out of fashion by the end of the season. A good many mantlets are of plain blond net, with a pelerine back and scarf fronts, which descend below the knee. Others have sharp pointed ends, which reach very little below the waist; they descend to the waist behind, and have collars that turn back in the shawl style. The lace employed to trim mantlets is of a very broad and rich kind.

The most novel hats have the brim of rice straw, and the crown of gros de Naples; the former is small and round, the latter of a helmet shape, and drawn longitudinally. The prettiest are those that have the brim lined with rose-coloured gauze riband, the crown of gros de Naples to correspond, and a sprig of flowers of the double-blossom peach placed on one side. A new material for hats, but one which has not yet been generally adopted, is of the fancy kind; it is called bois de Spa Cresentine, and made in different colours, some plain, others quadrielled. These hats are profusely trimmed with gauze ribands and field flowers, and have the edge of the brim bordered with a full ruche of plain blond net. The most fashionable of the new bonnets are composed of gauze ribands joined together; the ribands are disposed in drapery on the crown, and the brims are somewhat deeper than those made of other materials. They are trimmed with sprigs of flowers of one kind only.

Peignoirs of the blouse form are universally adopted in morning dress. They are made very full in front, and the corset and skirt in one piece. Jacomas-chalys, or cachemires, are the materials most in favour for these dresses. They are worn with collerettes of embroidered muslin, two or three rows of which are quilled to fall over a riband that supports them round the throat, and ties before.

Fashionable colours are rose, bleu-Louise, écru, cherry, oiseau, aile de monche, and some of the lighter shades of green.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The author of "Selwyn" has a new volume in the press, entitled "Olympia Morata: her Times, Life and Writings." This work has been arranged and compiled from contemporary and other authorities.

"The Van Diemen's Land Almanack" for the current year has just reached this country, and will be published in a few days.

Mr. James Baillie Fraser, the author of "The Kazilbash," "The Highland Smugglers," &c. has contributed a volume to the "Library of Romance." It is a Persian Romance, entitled "The Khan's Tale."

"Mr. Agassiz's Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country," will appear early this month, accompanied by a general account of Switzerland.

"Friendship's Offering" (the oldest but one of our English Annuals), will appear this season, with its usual style of elegant illustrations and binding, while its literature will comprise contributions from the most popular writers of the age.

"The Comic Offering," edited by Miss Sheridan, will be published at the same time, bound in morocco, and embellished with upwards of sixty humorous designs, by various comic artists, and enriched by contributions from the principal female, and other eminent writers of the day.

Mrs. Bray is now preparing a uniform edition of her very popular "Historical and Legendary Romances," to be published in monthly volumes, neatly done up, and at a moderate price; the whole series to be comprised in fifteen or eighteen volumes.

The Rev. Charles Taylor has commenced a series of narratives, in the same style and on the same subjects as Miss Martineau's Political Works, under the title of "Social Evils and their Remedy." The first number, entitled "The Mechanic," will appear on the first of September.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At Leyton, Essex, the lady of William Taylor Copeland, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.
At East Horsley, Surry, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, of a daughter.
At Woolwich, the lady of Robert Dashwood, of the Royal Engineers, of a daughter.
At Arklow House, Connaught Place, the Viscountess Acheson, of a daughter.
At Malta, the lady of Sir Grenville Temple Temple, Bart., of a son.
At Edinburgh, the lady Louisa Forbes, of a son and heir.
At 41, Wilton Crescent, the lady Georgina Mitford, of twin sons.
In Cadogan Place, Mrs. Twiss, of a son.
At Shottesbrooke Park, Berks, the lady of Sir Henry Watson, C. B., of a son, who survived only a few hours.
In Prussia, the lady of Major-General Gustavus Brown, of a son.
At the Marquis of Bristol's, Lady Augusta Seymour, of a daughter.
At Clarence Cottage, near Portsmouth, the lady of Alexander Stuart, Esq., Surgeon to the Forces, of a daughter.
The lady of George Barnard, Esq., of Cross Deep, Twickenham, of a son and heir.
At 54, Great Marlborough Street, the wife of George Knox, Esq., of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the late Marquis Conyngham, to the Hon. Henrietta Maria, fourth daughter of the late Lord Forester.
At St. James's Church, Captain Charles Crespigny Vivian, eldest son of Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to Miss Scott, niece to the Earl of Meath.
At Blairvalloch, Charles Forbes, Esq., second son of the late Sir William Forbes of Pitligo and Fetternairn, Bart., to Jemima Rebecca, daughter of the late Colonel Randallson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clannronald.
At St. James's Church, William Hawes, Esq., of Montague Place, Russell Square, to Anna, daughter of Samuel Cartwright, Esq., of Old Burlington Street.
At Florence, Alexander Bower, Esq., eldest son of Graham Bower, Esq., of Kincauldrum, Scotland, to the Countess Plagie Kossakowska, daughter of the Count Corwin Kossakowska and the Countess Louisa Potocki, Poland.
At St. George's, Bloomsbury, George Hinde Cripps, Esq., of his Majesty's Civil Service, Cey-
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Mr. William Henry Holman, in his 17th year, son of Captain Holman, R. N., and nephew of the celebrated blind traveller. This fine promising young man was 3rd officer of the Horatio, bound to Madras and Calcutta, and he met with his untimely end by falling overboard from that ship in the middle of the night, to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope.

At his residence, Dover House, Whitehall, Lord Dover, in his 36th year.

Of an apoplectic attack, in his 44th year, the Right Hon. the Earl of Plymouth.

At Great Marlow, Lady Mortlock, widow of Sir John Mortlock.

At St. Alban's Place, Pall Mall, Captain Charles Julius Kerr, of the Royal Navy.

At his residence, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Clarke.

At Farleigh, in Kent, Martha Maria Beresford, widow of the late Rev. William Beresford, Rector of Sunning, Berks, in her 88th year.

At Wimbledon, Sir William Beaumaurice Rush, in his 83rd year.

In Lower Mount Street, the Most Rev. Dr. Laffan, Catholic Archbishop of Cashel.

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In Lower Mount Street, the Most Rev. Dr. Laffan, Catholic Archbishop of Cashel.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1833.

Evening Dresses.

(Sitting Figure.)

A printed satin robe, white ground, and pattern in vivid colours of small sprigs in winding columns, and large single flowers in compartments. The corsage is cut very low and square on the back and front of the bust, but rather higher on the shoulder than they are generally made; it sits close to the shape, terminates in a peak before, and is trimmed round the top with a single row of narrow blond lace laid on flat. Blond lace long sleeves of the usual size at top, and moderately full from the elbow to the wrist; they are made open from the bend of the arm, but are attached in three places by gold filagree buttons, and surmounted by masquerons of broad blond lace. The hair parted on the forehead, is arranged on each side in a plaited band, which is doubled and hangs low. The hind-hair, also arranged in a braid, is twined round the summit of the head. Gold ear-rings, neck-chain, and bracelets. White kid gloves; white satin slippers.

(Standing Figure.)

The robe is of pale rose-coloured mouseline de soie, over gros de Naples to correspond. A low corsage sitting close to the shape at the upper part, but with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist; it is trimmed round the bust with a blond lace ruche. Short under sleeve of white gros de Naples, with one of blond lace of the Marino Faliero form over it; a part of the fulness of the latter is confined by a gold agraffe on the shoulder. Armlets and ecinture of gold net, with gold clasps. The hair is parted on the forehead and turned up behind; the ends form a cluster of curls. A band of fancy jewellery and bunches of gold wheat complete the coiffure. Neck-lace and ear-rings gold and niello. White silk net gloves. White gros de Naples slippers of the sandal form.

General Observations on Fashions and Dress.

The out-door toilettes most in request for our fashionable watering places, are in a great degree those of last month. Some novelties, however, have been introduced; one of the prettiest is an undress bonnet of plain clear India muslin, lined with coloured sarsenet. The brim and crown are both drawn, the drawings put rather closer than any we have yet seen. The former is oval, the edge bordered with narrow lace set on with a little fulness. The curtain at the back of the crown, and the brides, are bordered with lace to correspond, and a muslin rosette placed on one side of the crown is also edged with it. A few half-season hats of marron poux de soie have already appeared; they are trimmed either with a single white ostrich feather tipped with marron, or else with three roses of three different colours, one white, the second marron, the third green. Hats continue to be placed very far back upon the head, the crowns are neither so high nor tending so much to a point as those of last month. The brims of bonnets are now generally made short, and close at the sides of the face. Neither hats nor bonnets have the interior of the brim ornamented in general, but a cap is usually worn with either, the trimming of which being en ruche, renders other accessories unnecessary. Peignoirs of jacnot muslin, or French cambrie embroidered down the front on each side, and worn with mantlets of the same material, also embroidered, are considered most elegant in morning dress; those of printed muslin with pelerine fichus are fashionable, but less in request. The prettiest morning caps are of tulle or Indian muslin, trimmed in front à la Marie Stuart. The trimming composed of two or three rows of tulle or lace forms a ruche, which descends in a rounded point in the centre of the forehead,
and stands out from the face something in the shape of a circle on each side; tufts of hair or knots of riband fill the spaces; ends of cut riband disposed en palmettes are sometimes substituted for knots; a corresponding ornament of riband is placed in the centre of the cap above the trimming of the front, the brides issue from this ornament.

We refer to our print for the most elegant style of evening dress. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Promenade dress continues to be of a very light description. Péignoirs are most in favour; the majority are of white or printed muslin, the most elegant of the latter are of small Turkish patterns, that is to say, palms marked only by a black and red line upon a white ground.

Drawn bonnets of white glazed cambric have been recently introduced in undress; they are made without any ornament, and are principally adapted for the country. Those of organdy made without lining, with the brides and knot of the same material, are at present very fashionable for the promenade, though they are even now rather too light for the season.

The materials for opera dress and evening négligé are Indian muslin, organdy, mousseline de soie, poux de soie, and mousseline de laine. Several of these dresses are made with long sleeves of the usual size at top, moderately wide from the elbow to the wrist, and terminated by a broad band. We have reason to think that this kind of sleeve will soon entirely displace those made tight to the lower part of the arm. Pockets made in the front of the dress begin to be very generally adopted; unlike those of former times they are for ornament rather than use, at least the greater part being false. They are bordered with a narrow trimming, laid on almost flat, of black lace, or a riche, and ornamented at the top and bottom with knots of riband. Black blond or real lace continues to be employed for the trimming of dresses. Several of clear white muslin have been recently made with low corsages trimmed with very broad black lace arranged in drapery, and attached in the centre of the bosom by an ornamental pin. Where the trimming is of black lace the gloves or mittens should be of black knitted silk; otherwise white or coloured silk is preferred, but white is considered most elegant.

Rice straw hats are almost the only ones adopted in evening dress, and they are but partially worn, head-dresses of hair being much more in favour. The hair is for the most part disposed in soft braids on the forehead, or arranged in corkscrew ringlets which fall low at the sides of the face. A few, but very few ladies have it arranged in full tufts of curls. The haid hair is either braided and turned round the crown of the head, or else it is arranged in a knot, or in low bows placed very far back. Flowers, particularly field flowers, continue to be employed to ornament these coiffures. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but rose and cherry colour are still more in favour.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Oriental Annual.—This forthcoming new Annual is designed to present whatever is most grand and beautiful in the natural or artificial features of the Eastern World; commencing with India, owing to its immediate interest and connexion with this country. It will be published on the 1st of October, containing twenty-five Engravings executed in the first style of the art from Original Drawings, by William Daniell, Esq., Royal Academician.

The Biblical Annual.—New supplies of this valuable companion to the Holy Scriptures will be issued on the 1st of October.

A small volume entitled “Reasons for Christianity,” is just ready for publication.

Landseer’s Illustrated Edition of the Romance of History.—This new edition of the Romance of History is to be published in monthly volumes, each containing six plates illustrative of its most striking and interesting scenes from original designs. By Mr. Thomas Landseer. It will be commenced on the 1st of November, and continued on the 1st of every succeeding month until its completion.

The Geographical Annual for 1834, will include all the latest discoveries and changes that have taken place, and will be published early in October.

Europe; a Political Sketch, and other Poems, by Mr. C. O. Apperley, will be published in a few days.

The Editors of the little work entitled, “The Parent’s Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction” have just completed the second volume, comprising the last six monthly numbers.

The first volume of a Library of Natural History will appear in a few days, under the title of “The Natural History Miscellany.” Each volume will be the size of the Waverley Series, and will contain thirty-six coloured plates, with descriptive letter-press. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Captain Brown, and J. B. Kidd, Esq., are the joint Conductors of this work, assisted by the first Artists in the kingdom.

In the Press—“Deontology, or the Science of Morality,” in which the harmony and co-incidence of Duty and Self-interest, Virtue and Felicity, Prudence and Benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Chelten Hall, Suffolk, Viscountess Forbes, of a son and heir.

At the Rectory, Chelsea, the Lady of the Rev. J. W. Lockwood, of a son.

At the Rectory, Burton, the Lady of the Rev. G. Davenport Whitehead, of a son.

At Hampton Court Palace, the Lady of Captain Baird, 15th Hussars, of a daughter.

The Countess of Lichfield, of a son.

The Lady of F. Tyrrell, Esq., of Bridge Street, of a daughter.

In France, the Lady of Capt. W. H. Holles, of a daughter.

At Northbrook House, near Exeter, the Lady of Maj. Hodgson, of a daughter.

At Clowbery Court, Devon, the Lady Mary Hanly Williams, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Berne, Caledon George, eldest son of James Du Fre, Esq., of Wilton Park, to Louisa, third daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Monreith, Galloway.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Capt. E. G. Douglas, of the Grenadier Guards, brother of the Earl of Morton, to Juliana Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of G. H. Dawkins Pennant, Esq., of Penrhyn Castle, Caernarvonshire.

At Marylebone Church, Capt. J. N. Hibbert, son of R. Hibbert, Esq., of Birles Hall, Cheshire, and Chalfont House, Bucks, to Jane Anne, only daughter of Sir Robert Alexander, Bart.

At St. Mary’s Church, Bryanston Square, Capt. P. Sandilands, Royal Horse Artillery, to Caroline Arabella, daughter of the late W. T. Corbett, Esq., of Elsham, Lincolnshire, and Darnhall, Cheshire.

At St. John’s Church, Hampstead, James Mallock, Esq., of Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, eldest son of Rawlin Mallock, Esq., of Hill House, Axminster, Devonshire, to Mary Ann, second daughter of R. Houlditch, Esq., of Hampstead.

At the British Protestant Chapel, Boulough-sur-Mer, Captain James Wighton, R. N. to Mary Theodora, only daughter of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir John Chalmers, K.C.B., Madras Army.
DEATHS.

The Hon. Henry Watson, in his 78th year.
At Trafford Park, Lancashire, Roger Pettiward, Esq. of Finborough Hall, Suffolk, in his 79th year.
At her house, in Gloucester Place, Harriet, eldest sister of the late Lord Chief Justice Dallas, and of the late Sir George Dallas, Bart.
Mr. Doane, in his 63d year, of apoplexy, at his house, in New Inn Buildings.
At Cliff House, Ramsgate, Ann, relict of the late Sir William Curtis, Bart., in her 77th year.
At Westumble, in his 74th year, George Daniell, Esq., one of the Benchers of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.

In his 48th year, J. K. D. Willan, Esq., of Twyford Abbey, Middlesex, second son of the late Lieut.-General Douglas, of the Royal Artillery.
His death was preceded by a long and painful illness, the effects of a severe wound received in Holland at an early age, in the service of his king and country.

In his 25th year, of an attack of malignant cholera, and after fifteen hours' illness, Charles Byrne, Esq., of Lancaster Place.

In Great Portland Street, after a few hours' illness, Dorothy, relict of David Sutherland, Esq., late Deputy Comptroller-General of his Majesty's Excise.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1833.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE PRINTS OF THE FASHIONS.

The robe is cambrec of the clearest kind, the corsage partially high; amadis sleeves. The skirt is embroidered en tablier; on each side of the front is a wreath of feather stitch. Cambrec camexou, rounded and deep behind, falling very low over the shoulders, and cleft in the centre. A moule de page of rose-coloured gauze riband is placed in the opening. The body of the camexou is made up to the throat, with a falling collar of a very graceful form; the fronts descend en cœur to the waist; they are closed by knots of gauze riband placed at regular distances. The camexou is bordered with an embroidery representing a wreath of shells, surmounted by detached sprigs. Ceinture of rose-coloured taffeta riband tied in bows, and short ends in front; a reticule of figured poux de soie to correspond, bordered with Valenciennes lace, is attached to it. Rice straw hat, a short, round brim, rather deep, and standing quite off the face, the crown is somewhat of the helmet form, and ornamented by a bouquet of rose-buds, attached near the top by a band of rose-coloured gauze riband, bands from which descend obliquely, and terminate in a knot behind. The brides tie in a full bow under the chin. Parasol of rose-coloured gros de Naples fringed, to correspond, and embroidered round the border in white silk. White kid gloves, and black gros Americain slippers of the sandal kind.

SEA-SIDE DRESSES.

(Sitting Figure.)

Robe of Indian jacout muslin, corsage of the peignoir kind, and gigot sleeves. Mantelet of pink gros de Naples, covered with black blond lace; it falls low and deep over the shoulders and back of the bust; the fronts are of the scarf kind, they descend to the knee, and are drawn in at the waist by a knot of gauze riband to correspond, a similar knot closes the mantelet at the throat, round which it is drawn close by a ruche of black blond net, that also borders the fronts. The other part is trimmed with broad blond lace doubled behind. Bonnet of rose-coloured gros de Na-

ples, a long brim descending very low at the sides of the face, bordered with a black net ruche and trimmed en cornette with white blond lace. The crown is decorated with a full-blown rose attached by a knot of gauze riband.

(Standing Figure.)

Jacout muslin robe lightly embroidered in feather stitch round the border. Pelisse of Indian green gros des Indes, a plain corsage; sleeves shaped to fit the lower part of the arm, and of the usual size at top. Large pelerine composed of two falls, the lower of the stomacher shape, the upper round; they are bordered with white poux de soie, cut at the upper edge in light waves, and finished at the other with white fancy silk trimming. A cone trimming descends on each side of the front of the skirt, one edge is cut in waves, the other bordered with silk trimming, which also encircles the skirt. Ceinture of dark green taffeta riband, corresponding in colour with the bonnet; it is of poux de soie, a close shape trimmed under the brim en cornette, with blond net. A sprig of exotics adorns the crown. Veil and neck ruche of white blond lace. Lilac kid gloves and bottines.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is only in millinery and in articles of fancy that we can expect to find much novelty this month. The first affords some pretty half-season bonnets, which may be found worthy of the attention of our fair readers. A neat and gentlewoman morning capote is composed partly of Italian straw, and partly of Corinthian brown gros de Naples, the brim of moderate size, partially rounded, and long at the ears, is of the first material; the caul of the horseshoe form, and drawn behind, of the latter, with which the interior of the brim is also lined. A full knot of taffeta riband, with ends that float over the brim, is placed on one side, and a small, round rosette is attached upon the curtain at the back of the caul. Another morning bonnet of a less simple description, is composed of a new and very rich kind of silk, called poux de la Reine. The crown, upon which the
material is disposed in oblique folds, is of the helmet shape, and the brim is deeper than any that has been made this season, and stands less off the face. Dark puce, myrtle green, and deep jonquil, are the favourite colours for these bonnets. Those of the two latter colours are frequently lined with cherry or maroon-coloured _gros de Naples_, the others are not lined with a different colour. The trimming consists of taffeta riband to correspond, and a bouquet of autumnal flowers.

Half dress bonnets are still made of crape and lined with the same material, the majority are of a bright rose colour or azure blue, they are trimmed with a _ruche_ of blond net at the edge of the brim, or a curtain veil of blond lace. Several are decorated with flowers, but the most novel have two large knots of broad gauze riband placed in contrary directions.

Rice straw hats are still in favour, we observe that they have the brims much larger and wider than those of last month, but equally as short at the ears. The crowns are always small, and placed very backward. The trimming consists of a single large flower, as a poppy, dahlia, rose, &c. &c. attached on one side.

The most elegant evening dress hats are of black blond; the crown is very small, a row of blond lace arranged in the shape of a fan forms the brim, which is lined with rose-coloured grenadine gauze, the trimming is either a sprig of roses, or two long curled rose-coloured ostrich feathers. Nothing can be more elegant with a hat of this description than a black blond lace _fiche_ lined with rose colour, it forms a round flat pelerine on the back and shoulders, and a rounded point in front, which descends below the waist; it is closed in front by knots of rose-coloured gauze riband. The _fiche_ is made neatly, but not quite, up to the throat; it is trimmed round the top with a band of blond lace set on plain, the ends of which mingle with those of the knot of riband placed close to it. Black blond lace mittens have superseded those _à jour_, but those of real lace of the antique kind are still more fashionable. We may cite as the most elegant those _à la Dubarry_, a double ground with patterns in application of _chenille_.

The new colours for autumn are lavander, puce, myrtle-green, jonquil, rose-colour, and Indian green.

**COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.**

Thanks to the beauty of the weather our promenades are still filled with _élegantes_ in the costume of summer, very few autumnal dresses having yet appeared. Those I saw are of the pelisse kind, composed of _gros de Naples_, or _pouz de soie_, and ornamented in general with a trimming of the same material down the front of the skirt, it is either of the cone form bordered on the outer edge with a _ruche_ of black blond net, and trimmed in the centre with bows of taffeta riband corresponding with the colour of the dress; or else it is a kind of treillis-work formed of bands of the material of the dress, arranged in a cone shape. Pelerines of two falls are always worn with these dresses, the trimmings of which correspond, but upon a smaller scale, with that on the front. Some half season capotes of plain but very rich silk, called _gros-princesse_, it resembles _gros des Indies_, have already appeared. They are of full colours, as puce, _violet devoque_, or dark green. They are lined with crape, and trimmed with taffeta riband to correspond. Hats are of two very opposite forms, some have the brim so excessively short at the ears, and the _brides_ placed so far back as to be quite unbecoming, except to features of the most delicate beauty, while other have the brim very long and close at the sides of the face. Some time must yet elapse before the shape of hats and bonnets will be fixed for the autumn.

Several new materials for robes have already appeared, one of the most elegant for the promenade, and even for _demi toilette_ is _satin trianon_. The patterns are something like those of the Indian foulards, but it is more brilliant, and will fall much more gracefully in drapery. _Satin de Chine_ is equally rich, but of different patterns. _Bourgeoises_ and _Lithuanienes_, either figured or flowered, are also remarkable for the beauty both of their fabric and colours. A gauze called _fleur des Anges_, destined for ball dresses and turbans, is still more elegant than the Dona Maria gauze that has been such a favourite. Several new patterns have just appeared in ribands; those most likely to be fashionable are of the quadrille and damasquine kind. The new colours for ribands are _sortier, chonca, scabieuse_, and _pallissandre_.

Caps are very fashionable in half dress, particularly those _à la fermonière_ and _à la Babet_. The first can only be becoming to regularly beautiful features. They are placed very far back. Those composed of white blond lace are the prettiest. The latter are becoming to a very youthful and arch countenance: they are placed also very far back; the trimming is narrow, and sustained en _aurole_ by ornaments formed of gauze ribands. Fashionable colours, besides those already mentioned, are rose and myrtle green.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée." This interesting and important work has just made its appearance, with portraits of the Duchess of Berri and General Dernoncourt. The English editor has received much additional matter, which could not be incorporated in the Paris edition of the work, without subjecting it to the risk of being suppressed.

The popular authoress of "First Love," is expected to publish her forthcoming work early in October. It is entitled "Dilemmas of Pride."

The English translation of "Marshal Ney's Memoirs," is positively to be published in a few days.

A new work by Miss Montgomery, author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life," will appear shortly.


A new and faithful translation of Victor Hugo's Notre Dame de Paris, under the title of the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," is announced, as the next volume of Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances.

Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow, has in the press the third and concluding Volume of "The Camelow." At the same time he announces a new edition of the former Series, and a smaller size of volume the third, under the title of "Miscellanies," comprising the Essays, Tales, Songs, &c. of Thomas Atkinson, jun.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.—"Compendium of Osteology," by George Witt, M. D.


"Kidd's Picturesque Companion to Tenbridge Wells, Eastbourne, St. Leonard's, and Hastings;" with designs, by G. W. Bonner.

"Trevelyan," by the author of "A Marriage in High Life."

"Lieutenant Breton's Narrative of his Recent Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land."

"Naval Adventures during Thirty-five Years, Service in various Parts of the World," by Lieut. Bowers, R. N.

"Cruikshank's Comic Album for 1834," a Series of Humorous Tales, with numerous Illustrations on Wood.

"Twenty Minutes' Advice on the Eyes, and the Means of preserving the Sight," by a Retired Oculist.

"Lectures on Christian Ethics; or, Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation, &c.," delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, D. D.

"Dictionary of the Terms employed by the French in Anatomy, Chemistry, Physiology, &c.," by Dr. Shirley Palmer.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Fulham House, the lady of the Lord Bishop of London, of a son.

At the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, the lady of W. H. Hooper, Esq., of a son.

At Westhorpe House, the lady of Rice R. Clay- ton, Esq., of a son.

At Crucksheld, Berwickshire, the lady of Capt. Slight, Bombay Engineers, of a son.

At Bruges, the lady of Sir David Cunynghame, of Minercraig, of a daughter.

At Chelmsford, the Hon. Mrs. C. A. St. John Mildmay, of a daughter.

Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a daughter.

At Sandgate, Mrs. Henry Young, of a daughter.

In Foley Place, the lady of John Gardner, Esq., surgeon, of a daughter.

At Plean, near Stirling, the lady of John Edwards Vivian, Esq., of a son and heir.

At Evesmire Hill, Ullswater, the lady of John Charles Bristow, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Wooler, the Rev. Leonard Shafto Orde, B.A., son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Orde, of Westwood Hall, Northumberland, to Anna Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart., of Ewart Park, in the same county.

At Chatham, Minnichi, New Brunswick, the Hon. Joseph Cunard, to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas H. Peters, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

At Richmond, Yorkshire, Capt. Hampton, of Henllys, in the county of Anglesey, to Frances Elizabeth, only child of Thomas Passon, Esq., of Prior House, Yorkshire.

At Bhojej, Captain William Ward, of the 15th Native Infantry, Bombay, to Anne, eldest daughter of James Burnes, Esq., of Montrose, North Britain.

At Chalfont St. Peter's, Bucks, Robert Du Pre Alexander, Esq., son of Sir Robert Alexander, Bart., to Eliza Nembhard, youngest daughter of the late B. B. Nembhard, Esq., of the Island of Jamaica.
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

At the British Legation, at Munich, Charles Woodman, of Montagu Square, London, Esq., to the Hon. Harriet Erskine, seventh daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of Bavaria.


John Staunton, Esq., M. D., of Leamington Priors, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lambott Snow, of Tidington.

At St. James's Church, Thomas Leybourn, Esq., Senior Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, to Marianne, daughter of William Harper Dobson, Esq., of Harlow.

At Hanworth, the Rev. Charles Smith, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Newton, Suffolk, to Susanna, youngest daughter, of J. L. Molliet, Esq., of Hampstead Hall.

DEATHS.

At London, Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel Leith May, M. P.


At his house, Hackney, Philip Harvey, Esq., of Great St. Helens, in his 52nd year.

At Oldbury Court, Lieut.-Col. Jones Grant; in his 52nd year.

At Farlington Rectory, Hants, in her 35th year, Laura, the wife of the Rev. Edward Richards.

Calvert Bowyer Vaux, Esq., of Pudding-lane, surgeon.

Aged 43, after a few hours' illness, at his residence, Kemnal House, Joseph Treacher, Esq., of Ely-place, and Ave-Maria-lane, second son of John Treacher, Esq., of Stamford Hill.

At the East India College, in the 6th year of his age, Charles, the third child of the Rev. Henry George and Anne Keene.

At his house in Duke Street, Westminster, James Farquhar, Esq., of Doctor's Commons, and of Johnston Lodge, Kincardineshire, for many years representative in parliament, for the Aberdeen district of burghs, in his 70th year.

At Englefield Green, of scarlet fever, in the 6th year of his age, William Henry, only son of Capt. Orram, late of the Royal Scots Greys.

Harry Charrington, Esq., of Woodhath Lodge, Reigate, Surrey, aged 86.

At Hartland Abbey, Devon, Mrs. Orchard, aged 94, the relict of Paul Orchard, Esq., many years colonel of the North Devon Militia, and M. P. for Callington.

At Worcester, Abigail, the wife of Major Johnson, aged 70.

At Balgay House, Euphemia Wilson, wife of Edward Baxter, Esq., merchant, Dundee.

At Gogar House, Alexander Smith, eldest son of John G. Kinnear, Esq., banker.

Charles White, merchant, Leith.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1833.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS OF THE FASHIONS.

Evening Dress.

A crêpe robe of the palest shade of French grey over satin to correspond. Corset à la Montespan, cut quite low and square at the top, and trimmed with a large square behind, cleft upon the shoulders, and pointed on the bosom. The bottom of the body is also pointed, and the sides and centre of it and of the lappet are marked by an embroidery in white silk of a Grecian pattern. The lappet and the bottom of the corset are bordered with white blond lace. Short full sleeves. The upper edge of the hem is embroidered to correspond. The hair is divided on the forehead, and arranged partly in a low knot at the back of the head, and partly in a platted braid on each side, which is looped by gold agraffes to a bandeau of pearls and emeralds, so as to hang double, but not very low, at each side of the face. A sprig of gold flowers is placed above the bandeau on the left side. Gold earrings of the lozenge form, with an emerald in the centre of each drop. Necklace, pearls and emeralds. Black knitted silk gloves. Black satin shoes.

Morning Dress.

It is composed of Cashmere, a black ground flowered in large bouquets of vivid colours. Corset made to fit close to the shape, quite high behind, but displaying a little of the front of the neck. Gigot sleeves. Collerette composed of a triple row of cumbrie, disposed in round points. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged behind in a full knot by a band of riband, the ends of the knot curled in ringlets fall over the back of the head.

Carriage Dress.

A pelisse robe of lilac gros des Indies, a plain high corset, adorned down the centre of the front with white fancy silk trimming, a row of which descends from the waist down each side of the front of the skirt, in the form of a broken cone. The centre of the skirt is ornamented with knots of satin riband to correspond, laid at regular distances on a satin rouleau. Satin ceinture tied in a bow, and short ends before. Lilac satin hat, a round and very open brim, trimmed on the inside with blond lace mentonnières, and a rose with buds and foliage, a sprig of roses and knots of lilac riband adorn the crown; white blond lace veil of a very light pattern. Tulle plisse, sable boa tippet.

General Observations on Fashions and Dress.

Mantles have been introduced very early this season, and we see already several silk and satin ones trimmed with sable fur. They are not, however, so numerous as those bordered with broad bias bands of velvet to correspond, cut at one edge in dents of different forms. Several novelties have appeared in Cashmere mantles; some of them are beautiful, but the colours and patterns of the greater number are too glaring. We may cite as the most elegant that have yet appeared, those with black or very dark bottle-green grounds, printed in zigzag stripes of gold colour; or geranium, with an Egyptian border to the peline, hanging sleeves, and bottom of the mantle. Hanging sleeves, of a large size, are generally adopted. We observe also that several mantles are made with ceintures, and some have a large velvet peliner, with ends descending to the knee. Black real lace is employed to trim a good many Cashmere mantles. These latter have the collars attached by cords and tassels instead of clasps.

Velvet mantelets, lined with coloured gros de Naples, and trimmed with black lace, are
also very fashionable. This is a mode re- 
vived after a lapse of thirty years, and without 
any alteration in the form.

Velvet hats and bonnets begin to be very 
uminous, and the brims are decidedly larger, 
particular at the sides of the face. They 
continue to be made wide across the forehead, 
and standing back. The most elegant morn- 
ing bonnets are those composed of plain 
black velvet, trimmed with black satin riband, 
and a half veil of black real lace. Several 
half-dress hats are trimmed with small com- 
 pact bouquets of flowers, attached on one 
side by a knot of rich figured riband. A 
mixture of black and orange, or carrot colour, 
is still very fashionable. Plumes panachées 
are coming in favour for half-dress hats, and 
are likely to be very fashionable during the 
winter. A very pretty chapeau, trimmed 
with them, is composed of black satin: the 
material is laid on the crown in regular 
plaits. A bouquet of feathers, black at the 
bottom, and green from the middle of the 
feather to the tip, is attached on one side by 
a knot of black satin riband, spotted with 
green. The other, composed of scabieuse 
velvet, is trimmed with a long rose-coloured 
feather tipped with scabieuse, the beards 
thickened towards the ends, and knotted in 
rings.

Dinner dresses are of the half high pelisse 
form, they are made with corsages in crossed 
drapery, rising a little above the shoulder, 
but leaving the throat and part of the neck 
uncovered. Satin and rich silk are the ma- 
terials most in favour for these dresses. Some 
hats have been recently ordered of levantine, 
which it is said will be very fashionable this 
winter; but in conformity to the present 
taste for rich materials, it is to be of a stouter 
fabric than that which was so much admired 
several years ago. Hats and turbans are 
both fashionable in dinner dress; caps are 
less so, but they are partially adopted. The 
first are of velvet or crape of a small size, 
and trimmed either with flowers or a single 
ostrich feather. Some have the crown par- 
tially covered with a blonde lace drapery, 
which, descending through an opening on 
each side of the brim, forms floating brides; 
they have a very elegant effect. Turbans 
are of gauze or crape, they are trimmed with 
aigrettes, or membranes of the plumage of 
birds of Paradise. Those of the Turkish 
form are in majority. The only observation 
we have to make on caps is, that they have 
diminished in size. Fashionable colours are 
those we cited last month, with the addition 
of grey and carrot colour.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN 
CORRESPONDENT.

Mantles and shawls are both in favour for 
the promenade. The most elegant of the 
former are in velvet, satin, and tissu Brocage. 
There also several of Cashmere wool woven 
in patterns that are alike on both sides. 
These last are made with velvet pelerines 
which are either cut in dents de loup, or 
edged with a piping of black satin. Several 
Cashmere mantles are lined with grey squir- 
rel fur, and a few are bordered with swans' 
down. Fur trimmings are not, however, as 
yet generally adopted, but muffes and tippets 
form an indispensable part of promenade 
dress. Sable is the only fashionable fur for 
matured ladies; but most unmarried ones 
wear grey squirrel back. Boas are only 
partially adopted, fur pelerines being more 
fashionable at present, it is thought that they 
will supersede boas before the end of the 
winter. Cashmere shawls are those most 
generally adopted, except for the undress 
morning walk, for which very ample square 
one of Thibet wool, of large plaited patterns 
in showy colours, are in request. In some 
instances they are made into mantles. This 
fashion will be transient, for it is in very bad 
taste.

Tâloirs épingle lined with plain satin is 
very much in favour for bonnets. We see 
also several composed entirely of rose- 
coloured satin, and ornamented with a knot 
of gauze riband, in which is inserted a bou- 
quet of Provence roses. The edge of the brim 
may be trimmed according to the fancy of 
the wearer, with a black or white blond lace 
veil, but one of English point lace is con- 
sidered much more distingué. A mixture of 
black and orange is still fashionable, but not 
so much so as black and green. Several of 
the new hats are composed of green satin, 
and lined with black velvet. Some are trim- 
med with flowers of various hues, others with 
ribands only, in which the two colours are 
mingled.

Little change has taken place in the forms 
of robes for evening dress; some have the 
corasses round, but in general they are 
pointed at the bottom, the point brought 
low, and the waist long; the bosom is draped 
horizontally, or in the demi-corps style. The 
sleeves, if short, very ample, and of the 
double sabot form; if long, they are generally 
ornamented at the bottom with a fancy cuff. 
As to the width of the skirts it has rather 
increased, and is really preposterous. The 
brodes of dresses are cut a little higher at
the top, and it is supposed that those rounded at the bottom will soon be worn only in morning or promenaded dress, for costumes à l'antique are still more fashionable for evening parties than they were last season. They are adopted not only in form but material for ball dresses, several of which have lately been made of rich silk, spriggred, or striped with gold or silver. Some robes have also appeared in figured silks, the patterns of which were perfectly antique; it is true that comparatively few have been worn as dancing dresses, but it has been remarked that those few were seen on leaders of the fashion at the late court balls. Several dresses were of black tulle, embroidered in bouquets or wreaths of flowers in different coloured silks, and worn over black satin. This style is really very elegant, though not, in our opinion, appropriate to ball dress; it is supposed it will be fashionable during the winter.

The coiffures were mostly those adopted in Louis XIV's reign. The majority were à la Valois and à la Montespan; they were ornamented with flowers. Very few diamonds were seen in head-dresses, and those only on English ladies. A few coiffures, copied from antique statues, and ornamented with pearls, were very much admired. — Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Forty Years' Residence in America; or, the Doctrine of a particular Providence exemplified in the life of Grant Thorburn, Seedsman of New York."

Mr. D. Boileau has in the Press—"A few Remarks upon Mr. Hayward's Prose translation of Gurtner's Faust," with additional Observations on the difficulty of translating German works in general.

"The British Cyclopedia of Natural History" is preparing for immediate publication, with engravings by Landsmeer.

In the press—by Mr. Montgomery Martin, the first volume "(Asia)," of a national work on the Colonies of the British Empire.

"The Story without an End," translated from the German, by Sarah Austin, with wood engravings from the designs of Harvey.

"Rockwood," a romance in 3 vols.

"The Baboo, or Life in India," sketching the manners and modes of life among the higher and middle ranks of society in the East.


Among the memoirs in the forthcoming "Annual Biography and Obituary," are those of Lord Exmouth; Sir George Dallas, Bart.; Sir John Malcolm; Earl Fitzwilliam; Lord Dover; Sir Henry Blackwood; W. Wilberforce, Esq.; Sir E. G. Colpoys; Capt. Lyon, R. N.; Rajah Ramnehun Roy; Admiral Boys; J. Heriot, Esq. (Comptroller of Chelsea Hospital); Mr. Samuel Drew, &c.

"Olympia Morata, her Times, Life, and Writings," by the author of "Selwyn."

Lieutenant Jervis has just completed a "Narrative of his recent Journey to the Falls of the Cavery, combined with an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Nilgherry Hills."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Teddington, Lady Campbell, of a daughter.
At the Dowager Lady Arundell's, Dover-street, the Hon. Mrs. Neave, of a son.
At Kensington Gravel Pits, Mrs. William Hatches Callecott, of a daughter.
Mrs. Frederick Marson, of Cumberland-terrace, Regent-park, of a son.
At Swaffham, Norfolk, Mrs. Walpole, of a daughter.
At Grove-house Fulham, the Lady of the Rev. William Roy, D.D., late Senior Chaplain of Madras, of a daughter.

At Blackley, Lancashire, the wife of the Rev. Edward Weigall, of a son.
At Sandon Hall, Staffordshire, the Lady Louisa Fortescue, of a daughter.
At the Rookery, Roehampton, the Lady of the Rev. George Massey, of a daughter.
The wife of a shoemaker, named Bliss, in King-street, Cheltenham, of four children—two living and two dead.

MARRIAGES.

By special licence, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of London, Flera
Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart., to the Rev. Henry Yorke, Rector of Wimpole, Cambridgeshire.

At Blanavaddoch, Dumfartonsire, Andrew Bonar, Esq., banker in Edinburgh, to Marcella, daughter of the late Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell, of Glengarry, Clannrannald.

At Chesterfield, Francis Hastings Graham, Esq., second son of the late Gen. Graham, of Stirling Castle, to Honora Anna Seward, only daughter of the late Jonathan Stokes, M.D.

At Mayo, Mr. John Clark, of Shamble-street, to Mrs. Mary O’Rorke; the bridegroom is in his 90th year, and the bride in her 89th.

Richard Robertson, Esq., to Josepha Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. William St. Andrew Vincent, Prebend of Chichester and Vicar of Bolney, and granddaughter of the late Dean of Westminster.

At Carmick, Scotland, Captain John Osborn, Enniskillen Dragons, to Catherine, daughter of the late Sir M. S. Stewart, Bart.


Mielle Dosne, the daughter of the Receiver-General of the department of Finisterre, to M. Thiers, Minister of Commerce. The lady, who is in her 15th year, is small, pretty, and above all, very rich, having, it is said, a fortune of 2,000,000fr.

The Scotsman thus describes the condition of a couple who were married a short time ago:—"The passengers on the high road to the west of this place, were rather puzzled a few days since, by observing a man busy digging potatoes in a field, while a young woman sat beside him equally busy at some piece of machinery, with a large wheel in motion. Some at first supposed that a new agricultural implement was at work, perhaps in the preparation of the roots into Sir John Sinclair’s flour. It was at last discovered that the loving couple were still in the honey month, and that nothing should separate them, within doors or without, the frugal wife carried her reel upwards of a mile to the field, and was winding pins beside her equally eidered deary, reminding one of the time, ‘when Adam delved and Eve span!’"

It is well known that the King of Prussia made a left-handed marriage with a young lady, named De Hersch, since created Princess de Leignitz. Her father, who had been a widower for two years, has just given to his Prussian Majesty a mother-in-law, by taking to wife a young Saxen lady.

DEATHS.

At Prague, Prince Aloys Lichtenstein, General-in-Chief in Bohemia.

The Hereditary Prince of Sanderhausen.

At the Deanery, the Very Rev. Dr. Woodhouse, Dean of Lichfield, in his 86th year.

At Peterborough Castle, N. B. Mrs. Abercornby Duff.

At Sydney, N. B., Tunis Repenhank, in his 103rd year. He was one of the combatants under the walls of Quebec when Wolfe and Montcalm fell.

At Plymouth, in his 102d year, a seaman named Hill; he was born in 1731, and lived in four king’s reigns.

Calvin Edson, the "Living Skeleton," died a few days since at his residence in Randolph, Vt. His body was taken from the tomb the night after its interment, and two young men belonging to the medical class at Hanover have been arrested for the offence.

Mr. John Wontner, the governor of Newgate, died at twelve o’clock on Wednesday night, at his residence in the Old Bailey, in consequence of brain fever. The deceased had only been indisposed two days. It appears that on Wednesday week, Mr. Wontner officially accompanied some convicts to Chatham, during which journey he caught a severe cold. He complained to his family on the following morning of great indisposition; but though medical attendance was immediately obtained, he gradually grew worse, and eventually sunk under the disease. Mr. W. was 53 years of age, and has been governor of Newgate for eleven years. Mr. Wontner had been for some years past in the service of the Corporation; first, as one of the city marshals, and while filling that office he was thrown from his horse and fractured his leg, which was afterwards amputated. The situation of governor of Newgate soon afterwards falling vacant, Mr. W. was elected, and during the long period which he held this important office, his conduct has been so distinguished for humanity as not only to call forth the approbation of the Mayor and Sheriffs, but repeatedly of the Judges, as well as from the unhappy persons committed to his care. The deceased has left behind him a numerous family.—The appointment of governor is in the gift of the Court of Aldermen.
JAMES I.
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRELAND, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &c.

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HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY JAMES I.,
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE LACEY CHRONICLES.

SONNET.
High on a rock it stands, that ancient keep,
The hold of the De Lacey's in old days,
Clad now in ivy which the sea-blast sways,
Borne from the turbulent Atlantic deep:
Whilst 'midst its mouldering dead, below the steep
The Church of Holy-cross, secluded, lone,
Hath thro' dim ages echoed prayer and praise,
A shrine where time hath hallow'd each rude stone.
And far in yon fair vale, where no chill breeze
Disturbs the tranquil scene, with its dark groves
Of oak majestic, shelter'd in sweet ease.
Behold a house, the antiquarian loves,
Where, with the honors wealth with goodness gives,
The noble race of the De Lacey lives.

It is nearly fifty years since, that, in the cheerless month of November, two female friends were sitting together in a large old-fashioned apartment in an ancient Manor-house on the western coast of England. One was the wife of the owner of the mansion; the other, the playmate and companion of her youthful years, had lately returned from a long residence in India, with that yearning after the scenes and friends of her childhood, known but to those who have endured a long separation. Mr. De Lacey, the owner of Lacey-court, was absent, and Mr. Audley, the husband of the guest, was in London on business, so that the two friends were left to the

E—(COURT MAGAZINE)—FEBRUARY, 1843.
uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society, and to the pleasant reminiscences of early days, without the fear of incurring the remarks of those who could not perhaps understand the feelings they excited. In those days, the hours were more rational than at the present time, and the hour of five found the two friends seated by a blazing fire, their dinner over, the shutters closed, the damask curtains drawn, the heavy mahogany table placed between them, themselves most comfortably en-sconced in two, large, substantial arm-chairs, their work boxes before them, whilst, slumbering on the thick, warm rug lay a spaniel of the Lacey breed, and a large tabby cat, in most amicable contact.

"I cannot conceive a greater contrast," said Mrs. Audley, "than my situation, at this moment, and two years ago. Then, gasping in the burning cline of India, surrounded by Hindoos and slaves, in society the most uncongenial to my habits, longing for home, disgusted with all around me; now, in dear old England, in a house peculiarly English, with my best and dearest friend—I am really too happy, and expect to wake and find it all a vision."

That Mrs. Audley's present abode was, indeed, as she termed it, truly English, may be gathered from a brief description of it:

It was an extensive building, with steep roofs highly ornamented with stone carvings and devices; innumerable irregularities in the front and sides, here, jutting out into large heavy porches which, in summer, streamed with honeysuckles and jessamine; there, into a broad bay-window with thick mullions. On one side, rose a tall turret, crowned with a peaked roof, and the windows, without any attempt at symmetry, were scattered about, in positions which plainly denoted the ups and downs in the house within. It was, indeed, built with that utter disregard to architectural proportions, so frequent among our ancestors; long passages intersected by short flights of six or seven steps, so ill-lighted by the casemented windows and minute panes, that the sense of touch was more called into action than the sense of sight. These, opening into large, low rooms, with a super-abundance of doors, spacious chimney-pieces, and, here and there, mixed with more modern acquisitions, a tall, narrow bed with the tester fastened to the ceiling and its slender posts most unlike the handsome substantial pillars of later date, the dark curtains embroidered in huge fig-leaves, whose stems straggled along in the true serpentine line, an exception, however, to the assertion that such is the line of beauty; weighty cabinets of costly Japan, with their dozens of little shining drawers, long, broad dressing-tables with yellow (né white) satin-worked covers, looking-glasses of huge dimensions and strange irregularity of form, and sets of toilette boxes, some green, some black, some red; chairs of tapestry, which the arms of the degenerate females of our days could not pretend to remove from their places—the walls covered with curious India-paper, with pheasants of golden plumage and prodigious tails, picking at scarlet fruit, and surrounded by gigantic butterflies and fearful-looking beetles—the ceilings variegated in all kinds of intricate patterns, here, embossed with the family arms, repeated over and over in innumerable compartments, thence flowing over the whole surface in a maze of flowers, the like of which grew never on earth.

Mr. de Lacey, with the most laudable veneration for a mansion which his ances-
tors had inhabited for centuries, the style of which was admirable for its antiquity and the insight it gave into the taste of olden times, preserved every remnant of it with the most scrupulous care; and, without denying himself the various improvements that later times have made in comforts and luxuries, he introduced them so judiciously amongst the stiff and cumbrous frames of past days, that, whilst they contributed to the ease of the inhabitants, they appeared by no means incongruous. Thus, the modern arm-chair united the luxurious cushions and agreeable slope, adopted now with a certain weight and solidity which suited with the heavy settees, whose massive oaken-frames garnished the recesses of the windows, neither inviting the indolent to repose, nor the weary to rest. Every precaution, too, was taken to obviate, or nullify the inconveniences and disadvantages in old houses. The atmosphere was now carefully excluded, which formerly was allowed to blow in, free and unrestrained through door, window, and panel. The passages were matted, every room carpeted; the wide chimneys contracted out of sight, though still retaining the ample expanse below, the old hall yet adorned with enormous stag-horns, its warlike implements of various fashions and centuries, the tattered and faded banners, the crests and heraldry blazoned on wall and ceiling, its heavy dark-oak panels, and floor as black as ebony. And who would have displaced them? The parlour, too, with its low roof, low as compared with the modern, lofty chambers of these days, added to all the sedate sobriety of the olden time the comfort of the present. The pictures of many generations filled every compartment, in every costume of fancy and reality. Here, the soldier of Cromwell's time, clad in armour, beside the gay cavalier with his pointed beard; there, a gay gallant in slashed doublet and frill of point d'Espagne, beside a heavy-looking-man, arrayed in embroidered velvet! Here, frowned a yellow ascetic face from the shadow of a dark, flapping hat, his person enveloped in a black mantle, which a long, thin, ungloved hand grasped tightly on his breast; there, a bald-head with grave, yet placid features, the figure arrayed in a monkish habit, speaking plainly that some of the family had followed the Catholic faith. Nor were the female portraits less diversified, for, some were shepherdesses in hoops, seated under trees, tending their flocks, clad in satin petticoats and high-heeled shoes; some, in the Sir-Peter-Lily-style, as if stepping across the picture, turning their faces kindly towards the spectator, holding in the tips of their fingers a sprig of myrtle, evidently just plucked from the marble vase beside them; here, a lady holding a scarf on her shoulders, with so light a touch, that the wind, which is evidently blowing, must soon overcome the feeble restraint: some, with the short, formal fringe of ringlet, circling the forehead, whose wide expanse is unbroken, save by the jewelled ornament, renewed in our time under the appellation of a Seigné; here, a lady, whose taper waist seems panting to escape her satin armour, whilst her dishevelled locks flow over the exposed shoulders, bound by a fillet of pearl—but further enumeration of her apparel were tedious. Suffice it, that the indefatigable industry of Mr. de Lacey, had brought forth from altar and garret, from cobweb and mildew, every representative of his dead ancestry, and, in renewed frames and well-cleansed faces, they occupied the walls, a perfect clan of De Laceys. The exterior of Lacey-court
house, it seemeth to me fitting that I should in a manner requite my debt for nurture and kindness, by a due exercise of my clerkly wit. Therefore, I indite such verities as mine own eyes have witnessed, to the glory of God, and the honor of Sir Humphry de Lacey, my good patron and umquhile master.

Sir Humphry de Lacey lived in his strong-hold in the west country, on the confines of the Welsh lands, and his castle was built firmly on a rock which overhung the sea, and was very stern and terrible to behold; for, by reason of the sudden forays of those from the north, and the incursions of the men of Cambria southward, Sir Humphry and his sire had fortified it with great outlay of gold. It was moreover subtilly contrived with secret passages and subterraneans, and all fortified with many cunning devices to stop the progress of assailsants. The walls were of marvellous substance, and only pierced with windows inwards to the court, save in the towers, where the loop-holes looked over the fair sea, stretching far and wide. There was not such another fortalice as Castle Lacey in all the land about. Sir Humphry lived here with the dame his wife, a woman right fair to behold, whom he loved with all his heart; and, in good sooth, she was gentle and humble to him her lord, and of courteous and kind demeanour to all; yet could she not retain my master by her side, as she was full fain, but he would oft-times call together his serfs and vassals, and sally forth on the border lands to return the rude visits of the inhabiter thereof.

At length, there was great rumour throughout the land that our suzerain, King Richard, was minded to join the Holy Crusade and fight in Palestine, and, shortly, its verity was confirmed, and all men of wealth and high degree were invited and urged to accompany the King to the wars against the Infidels. I, whose office of minstrel in the castle, caused that I saw more than others were wont to see, was soon aware that Sir Humphry's mind was bent upon this matter, and it was not long before he unfolded his purpose to the dame, though he feared much that she would seek to thwart him with all the cunning devices of womanhood, and abundance of sighs and tears. And, in truth, the knight saw true. The lady was not, as many in those days, of brave spirit and robust body, who could mount the steed and follow the chase, and think nought of danger and weariness; but she was fair and delicate and of a timorous heart withal, and it disliked her, both that she should so long be deprived of the solace of her husband's company, and moreover that she should be left desolate and forlorn, with none but vassals to defend her against the attacks of robbers and outlaws. It was piteous to hear her tell Sir Humphry that she was an orphan, and had thought he would be to her both father and mother, and ask him if it was keeping his marriage troth to leave her solitary and defenceless in this lone castle with her young children, whose youth made them a heavy care and no support to her, if she was to be their sole protector. And Sir Humphry was fain to cheer her with his—"Be of good heart, good wye, and look not to our parting in such doleful mood, but, rather, to our merry meeting after a time, which shall not, God willing, be long. None can harm thee, if thou keepest within these goodly walls, and well, I trow, thou wilt not go forth gadding. Bethink thee, how they are built with marvellous strength and cunning, and ere thou and thy maidens have finished
the spinning of the napery or brodering the fine arras for the north chamber, I will be back, with our Lady's leave, and make thy ears tingle to hear the wonders I will tell thee of the Infidels and our valorous deeds anent them.” But my lady would not be comforted, and wept so sore that Sir Humphry was forced to depart with little content of mind.

I did, with much pain and toil, seek to cheer the forlorn lady by the art of minstrelsy, and I was not weary to play from the dawn of day even unto nightfall, and to recite many a fytte and rhyme to divert her thoughts for a-while; but it was in vain, for she would oft-times come forth from her chamber and bid me cease, and say in piteous wise that my music did distraught her head; wherefore, after a time, I played no more, and busied myself with other concerns. I have said, that being not remote from the Welsh coast on one side, and the wild northmen above, there were wont to be frequent forays and incursions, which even the valorous presence of Sir Humphry could hardly repulse, though, certes, he had a brave name for hardihood and cunning devices wherewith to greet them. It is no marvel, then, that, after it was noised abroad that he was away beyond the seas, these lawless marauders waxed bolder, and that we of Castle Lacey were kept in tribulation and vexation of spirit for their sakes. At one time, their ships were descried stealing craftily along the sea, as if prying over our lands to descend thereon; and now, a band of stout robbers, armed to the teeth, would come in the long nights of yule and bear off the flocks and herds which fed on the hills; nay, they did come even to the castle walls, if, perchance, through carelessness of the inmates, they might surprise it, and carry off spoils. Now and then, my lady received tidings of the knight, but it was only brief notice of his well-doing, by the mouth of messengers from the King from the Holy Land, for Sir Humphry was no clerk, more was the pity, as it would have been great solace to the dame to see of his welfare by his own hand; but that could not be.

Now, in the second year of Sir Humphry's absence, it chanced that a body of Welshmen did with great boldness and fierceness come even under the walls of the castle, and though we greeted them manfully, and from the battlements sent forth a cloud of arrows, and wounded many and slew not a few, so that they fled in dismay, yet was Lady de Lacey overcome with dread, and sent straightway to her cousin Herbert Powys to come speedily and aid her with his presence. Great joy and comfort was it to the poor dame when, from the warden's tower she descried him and a gallant band of followers descending the distant hills into the plain, and making straight for the rock on which the fortalice was built, and with a liberal heart did she ordain the slaughter of beeves and porkets to recreate them withal. The Master of Powys was of the same years as my lady, his cousin, and a brave and stout knight, fierce and comely to look upon; and, moreover, so free and hearty and merry in his mood, that he won the heart and good will of all he consortcd with.

After the sojourn of some days, wherein he scoured the neighbouring lands, and struck terror into the lawless, he had long parlance with my lady, and told her for his conscience-sake he would not keep such a troop of followers to be fed from her stores, but that he would dismiss all but a few of the stoutest, and with them would
sojourn yet a time in the fortress, till the long, wintry nights were past, and the
danger of forays was over. It was a bleak, cold winter, and the Master of Powys
affected not much the frost and snow, but solaced himself daintily in the castle, now,
listening to my minstrelsy, now, in converse with my lady, his kinswoman, and be-
guiling the time by his pleasant speech and jocular mood. Methought it was not
long, before the dame looked less sorrowful, and I saw her watch for the entrance
of the master, as if she did not greatly dislike his presence; and he, in his turn,
seemed to think more and more how best he might cheer and comfort her de-
sponding spirit. Let none think that I insinuate aught evil in the intentions
either of the Lady de Lacey, or the Master of Powys. I saw none but a vir-
tuous demeanour in the dame, and a frank, hearty good-will in the master; na-
thelesse, it would cross my mind, that it were well for Sir Humphry to return
to his own home, or he might find a colder welcome then he looked for. But
now came a messenger to court, with ill tidings from the Holy Land; the Infide
had fought valorously, and had taken many prisoners. Sir Humphry, who led
his own followers, was missing, after having been seen in the thickest of the fight,
with the blood streaming from the joints of his armour. Little hope was there of
his life, but King Richard sent a special message to my Lady de Lacey, that the
good knight, her spouse, should be well looked after, and if amongst the living, that
he would spare nought fitting for his ransom; but the King himself shortly after
this foul mischance, was captived by Duke Leopold, and could give no thought for
his subjects.

At these tidings, there was sad swoonings and heavy dolour, and with many a
bitter tear did the widow’d lady bewail her lord, and then it was that she turned to
her brave kinsman, the Master Herbert, for his support and comforting in this her
desolate condition. The dame, though she had always looked for an evil end to
this crusade, yet was utterly cast down, and thought of her helpless condition, and
her young, unprotected children, with sore dismay; but, after a time, the Master of
Powys did represent to my lady, that it was no longer seemly for him to sojourn in
the castle, and she a widow, but he offered to become her protector lawfully, and
to cherish her and her children in all love and faithfulness. So, after a time, it was
agreed that, on confirmation of the heavy tidings (for, be it observed, a second mes-
enger brought the strong rumour that Sir Humphry had yielded up his life in the
hands of the Saracens), the master should return and bear his bride to his tower of
Powys, or sojourn with her at Castle de Lacey, as they should deem most fitting.
After his departing, the dame remained low in heart, for, verily, she was ever of a
timorous and desponding spirit, and, I believe in my soul, it was more from fear
than love that she yielded so soon to a second thrill in wedlock. Howbeit, the
winter was passing, and in the spring the master promised to return. And, now,
she received the doleful certainty of her lord’s death, in that a pilgrim from the Holy
Land returning to his home in the west country, came unto the castle, and related
how that, with his own eyes, he had seen Sir Humphry desperately wounded
amongst a heap of dead and dying. Masses were said for the repose of his soul by
the father confessor of the castle and by the abbot of Holy-cross, and many a long
night did my lady pass in prayer before the high altar, interceding for the soul of the slain knight.

It chanced that, in the end of the bitter month of February, the skies being fearfully turbulent and tempestuous, it was horrible to see from the top of the tower the fury of the ocean, tossing the frail ship and wrecking them upon the rocky shore. One night, the wind blew mightily, and, from the turret where I had mounted to behold the warfare of the elements, I could just see a brave vessel driven before it, with tattered sails and torn rigging, and lights at the mast-head to make known their miserable extremity. I watched her tossing in the angry waves, and hastened to my lady to grant that all in the castle might descend to the shore to the end that if the good ship struck on the rocks, the lives of the crew might, perchance, be saved. My lady gave orders that all should follow me, and, straightway, we went down to the strand with lights and ropes and all things fitting for the need. The tempest increased, and after some weary hours, whilst the darkness grew thicker and thicker, we could see the vessel driving, and, at the last, she staved on some sunken rocks which were shant three hundred yards from the shore. The shrieks of the crew, mingled with the bellowing of the winds and waves filled all our hearts with terror. And it was vain to do aught for their rescue, the surf ran too high to launch the boat, and we could only pace up and down the sand with our torches and ropes, ready to aid any who might be cast up. Sundry bodies were vomited forth of the cruel waves, but they were wounded and grievously hurt by reason of the stony beach on which they were tossed by the fury of the waters. As we stood watching a dark substance floating on the sea, which now bore it onwards and then carried it afar into the deep, a huge blast arose more violently than heretofore, and cast it almost at our feet. Then, we saw it to be the body of a man, and some motion of the limbs seemed to tell that life was not entirely departed; thereupon, we raised it upon our shoulders, and bore it to the castle, where we laid it before the great fire in the hall. My lady, who had passed the weary hours at the turret window, came down with speed, and approaching the drowned man, stooped low to see if, indeed, there was any breath left in him. She held the lamp close, and I saw her, in a moment, turn deadly white, and a sound came from her lips which would have been a shriek, but that she made a great trial to check it. Just then, an old hound entered the hall, and, as he crossed it, he lifted up his head and snuffed the air; he was nearly blind, but he pursued his way straight to the body of the man and, after smelling it all over, he uttered low whines of pleasure and impatience. Then, my lady de Lacey clasped her hands and said, "old Bran thou art right, it is he, and none other," and, turning to me, "Baldwin," said she, "it is thy lord. Nay, suffer not thyself to be distraught with wonder, but speedily help to chafe these stiffened limbs, and re-kindled the spark of life which hath all but passed away." My lady, by this time, had entirely put by her tremor, and with her damsels brought warm garments of woollen in which to wrap the knight who lay for a long space as if he were a dead man. But, at last, he opened his eyes, though they were wild and vacant, and, thereupon, my lady ordered him to be conveyed to a warm bed, where, in short space, a spice-posset was poured adown his throat with due care, and then he passed into a deep
slumber. When this had come over him, the dame did call me to her presence, and, though her air was somewhat disturbed and sad, she spoke firmly, and as one of untroubled conscience. "Baldwin," said she, "thou hast ever been a faithful follower, zealous for the honor of thy liege lord and all that appertaineth unto him. Thou knowest well, that since Sir Humphry went to the Holy Land, the castle hath been threatened by marauders and outlaws to the grievous peril of its women and the helpless children, and I myself put at my wits-end to devise means for our safety. Hath it not been so, good Baldwin?"

"Truly hath it, madam," I said, "and oft times we rued the day whereas Sir Humphry departed."

"Thou knowest, also, Baldwin," said my lady, again, "how sorely my poor heart vexed after my absent lord, and how I passed many a weary day in lamenting and bemoaning for him. But, in our troublous times, there is great need to dry our tears and take all means to strengthen our weakness. Therefore, I hold, that it was no unseemly reason, and no misbecoming oblivion of Sir Humphry, that caused me to yield assent to the honorable proposal of the Master of Powys. The Holy Virgin and all the blessed saints be praised," said my lady, crossing herself, devoutly, "that the Master gained not my consent to an earlier espousal, and that Sir Humphry, being still an habitant of this sorrowful world, finds me such as he left me, with a heart ready to greet him, kindly, and with all wilful duty. But, I am sick in spirit, to think how sorely he would grieve, did he know how nearly his place was occupied, and I am at my wits—how to devise means, that such tidings may never reach him. I like plain and straight measures best, and it seemeth unto me, that I might trust the menials to keep a still tongue on the past, the women-kind, for that they will have a fellow-feeling for me, as for one of themselves, and the men from their love and tenderness for their master. So, Baldwin, to you I would devolve the task of urging them to this, and, it being the winter-season, when small intercourse is there atween the castle and our neighbours, it may well be that the remembrance of these intended espousals may pass away, and new things have become old, ere Sir Humphry be again at large. Moreover, Baldwin, thou must undertake for me a sorcer travel, even in this cold season, but it is of huge import that the Master of Powys be speedily advised of Sir Humphry's return, and that it is not mete that he should visit the castle for many a long year. If thou wilt serve me faithfully on this wise, thou wilt find me even more than heretofore, thy true friend."

In truth, it was a hard task my lady put upon me, but I obeyed with hearty good-will, and to the best of my poor wit. The Master of Powys grieved heavily at the tidings, with a due mixture nevertheless of joy and sadness, for he had ever been well affectioned to Sir Humphry, and had lamented his sad demise with sore lament, so that, albeit he was now thwarted in the gain of his lady-love, he said he never wished Sir Humphry worse luck than he had, and gave God thanks that he might yet live many years a prosperous and happy man.

"Baldwin," said he, "my heart is sore, and I must needs do all I can to gladden it again, wherefore, let the lady de Lacey be easy on my account, for I enter her
Founding the Church of Holy-cross.

castle doors no more. Rather will I head my followers and chase the north-men even to their own lands, and, in the hurry and turmoil of war forget the softer scenes I had planned for my disport."

Sir Humphry was long ere he was himself again, so sorely he had been buffeted by the waves, and so maltreated by the infidels who kept him in bitter captivity unheeding his grievous wounds; moreover, he met with great dangers and perils in freeing himself from their hands, and, now, his memory oft-times failed, and his mind was somewhat distraught, so that it was an easier thing to put aside his thoughts from dangerous matters, and lead them to such as might bring no suspicion of untoward events. In such wise did the cloud of forgetfulness steal over the years of his sojourn in far countries, and he heard nought of the Master of Powys to do detriment to his peace. And now, Sir Humphry being ever a good and pious man pondered in his mind that he would build a church, and dedicate it to the Holy Cross for which he had fought in Palestine, as a testimony of humble thankfulness for that he was saved mervellously, both from the fierce ire of the infidels, and from the peril of the deep waters; and my lady, also, would build a chapel in it with her own possessions and dedicate it to the Blessed Virgin. Good Sir Humphry conceived in his ignorance and simplicity, it was a tribute of gratitude for his being safely restored to her again, and so, doubtless, it was, in part; but I, who knew somewhat more than the good knight, was aware that it was meant in token of the great mercy whereby her purpose was happily thwarted, ere grievous mischief had ensued. My lady failed not at vespers and complines to pray devoutly in the Virgin's chapel, and, during the rest of her life, she kept fast, not only at such times as holy-mother-church appointed but, also, on her own count. And so years passed on, and Sir Humphry was content to rest peaceably in his castle, that is, with such measure of peace as the troubulous times allowed. He and my lady grew in years, and Sir Humphry was fain to lean on a staff, and my lady's comely cheeks and bright hair were changed, the one, to faded hue, and the other to a wintry grey; and their children were wedded, and they were left alone; when it chanced that Sir Humphry took a vehement desire to behold again the Master of Powys. He had been ever kindly affectioned towards him, and had oft-times urgently desired his presence, but the Master, faithfully adhering to his covenant with my lady, had ever refused compliance. Now, however, that the passage of time had wrought changes upon all, my lady deemed that no harm could follow if the old intercourse were resumed, and she trusted to me, as to one well acquainted with old events, to convey to the Master her wish and desire that he should resume his old habits and sleep again under the old battlements of Castle Lacey. He was not backward to comply, and he sent a message to Sir Humphry that, God willing, he would be at Castle Lacey at the fall of the leaf, and tarry with him through the short days of winter, when his presence would not be missed at his tower of Powys. Soot to say, I was curious to see the meeting of my lady and her cousin, and failed not, on cunning pretence, to make one in the great-hall, whither Sir Humphry and his lady resorted to receive and do honor to the Master. My lady's wimple was drawn somewhat closer than her wont, and when the Master entered, her cheek, I
could see, was as bright a red as in her comeliest days, but, at once, she seemed to call up all her woman’s pride and discretion, and she walked forward with Sir Humphry, and kindly put forth her hand, and, with a voice audible enough, though somewhat unsteady, she gave him a friendly greeting. I could see both the Dame and the Master make a gesture of surprise at the sight of each other, for the Master was grown very portly, and bald on his crown, and somewhat bent withal; and my lady, as I have said, looked as one well advanced in years; but, presently, a smile passed across their visages, and, in my lady’s eyes, I saw two little tear-drops, which she hastily brushed away, and then it seemed that the thoughts of all that had been were put aside for ever. Sir Humphry, good man, was well pleased at heart to see his old kinsman, and many a hearty laugh did the old walls echo to, as they recounted the passages of their former days, and their feats in the chase, and their skirmishes with the marauders of the north country. And so the winter passed cheerily.

It chanced that, one Sabbath morn, after mass had been duly performed, the Master of Powys lingered with the Knight and the Dame in the church, and gave attentive hearkening to the account of the building of it, and how Sir Humphry had deemed it but fitting a Christian man to erect this costly edifice, thereby to manifest the thankfulness of his heart to God and the blessed saints for his marvellous preservation from the hands of the infidels; and, moreover, from the foul tempest which cast him, wounded and helpless upon his native shore. And he pointed out, also, the small chapelry on the right hand of the great porch, and with many words of commendation and love made known to the Master, how my lady, his spouse, had straitened herself in the purchase of sumptuous apparel and jewels befitting her station, to raise this chapel with such adornments and riches as she deemed good to offer to the Blessed Virgin-mother in testimony of her gratitude that her lord was restored to her. As Sir Humphry discoursed on this, with heat and vehemence, I saw my lady turn red and perplexed at his commendation, for it was known well unto me from her own lips, that she built the shrine as an humble offering to Heaven, for that she had been saved from guilt and misery; and she had caused me to grave on a stone, cunningly concealed midst the sculpture of the altar, words to that effect. She deemed it safe from Sir Humphry’s sight, who was little given to curious prying; but now he walked slowly over the pavement, pointing out to the Master the rich tracery-work of pillar and corbel till he stopped close to the stone tablet. It chanced, that a ray of the sun streamed through a window in the nave and shone directly upon it, thereby plainly shewing that words were engraven thereon. Sir Humphry was no clerk, as I have said before time, but he called me to his side and bid me read out what was thereon. Thereat I was sorely perplexed and looked at my lady, but she, after a pause, made me a sign to read on, and I obeyed, though with a fearful heart. Here follows the inscription graven on the tablet:

"This chapel was built by Eleanor de Lacey, and dedicated to holy Mary-mother of God, in testimony of fervent gratitude, for the superintending providence whereby she was saved from committing a great crime, albeit in ignorance, whereof she desireth that this shrine, goodly adorned and enriched with costly sculpture shall bear memorial for many generations."
Sir Humphry listened, and was mightily mazed at the hearing: "What meaneth this?" at last, he said, to the dame, "what crime be this of which I wot not, and wherefore hast thou wrought such deceit with me, that I have ever held the chapel erected for my scape and return to thee and my own land: In sooth, I am as one abroad and wildered in a dark night."

"Hear me, good husband," said the lady, speaking stoutly, albeit her cheeks were first ruddy and then white, "that, of which this stone doth speak, is the first and only time when I failed in my duty and loyalty to thee, and I may, in good conscience, affirm that it was less from the weakness of my heart than my woman's cowardice which urged me. It hath long weighed heavily on my bosom, but, hitherto, I deemed it not wise to unfold to thee my secret, fearing that it might disturb thy peace, albeit such disturbance were built on no foundation. But, now that age hath cooled thy hot blood, and thine eyes can behold more calmly the accidents of life, I would fain unburden my conscience, and rest firmly on thy love and kindness for my judgment."

Then, my lady turned to the altar in the chapel, and, in a low, but not unsteady voice, she began to say how heavily she had mourned for the good knight when the grievous tidings came of his desperate wounds, and how she had conversed with the pilgrim who had seen him dying, and afterwards had the doleful certainty of his decease. And she spoke earnestly of the forays and attacks made by the men of the north-country on the castle and lands, the more frequent as they knew her lone and defenceless condition. She said, moreover, that her young son needed a staunch protector, and, "what marvel then," said she, "that, after a time, when I saw all these ills threatening around me, and no hope of peaceable times, I began to give ear to my cousin, the Master of Powys, who, moved by my disconsolate state, did out of his compassion and kindness for his distressed kinswoman offer to become my lawful protector against my foes."

I saw the dame cast a quick glance at Sir Humphry to see how he took these tidings, and, in good truth, my heart beat hard within me as I saw the good knight's cheek deepen to red, and a flash kindle in his sunken eye; but, anon, he seemed to restrain the words which rose to his tongue with a huge effort, and the lady went on:—"The master will do me justice, that it was not till he proved unto me what might befall my little ones, and that he could only do me good service by my giving the right to protect us all, that I gave a slow consent. And now, good husband, thou mayst discern wherefore with a thankful heart I was fain to erect this shrine to the Blessed Virgin, who preserved me from sin and misery by the joyful event of thy happy return, ere I had proceeded far in this way of error. I am bold to hope the life we have led together since that eve when thou wast brought bleeding and half dead to thy castle walls, hath given thee no cause to deem thou hast lost thy place in my heart, and I humbly yet confidently crave of thee, that thou wouldst hold out thy hand to me and to the master, and say, the past shall be to thee as if it had never been."

For a short space, Sir Humphry stood in silence, and his bosom heaved strongly, but, at the last, a gush of tears burst forth from his eyes, and, opening wide his arms
he embraced his good wife; then holding forth his hand to the Master of Powys, he essayed to speak with a merry voice, and bid him lay aside all fear that he would look askance upon him, albeit he had sought to take unto himself his dearest jewel. "Good kinsman," quoth the knight, "I have not travelled over foreign lands and lived so long in the busy scenes of life, without gathering knowledge and, I hope, a portion of wisdom also; and having advanced thus far on my course, I will not disturb the blessed calm of my old age, by stirring up the mud of the waters which are now clear and tranquil. The sorrows and evils have subsided, and left me happy and at peace, and so with God's will it shall be till I die. With this kiss, then, dear wife, and with this greeting of hands, good kinsman, I wipe from my memory the tale I have heard, and I bid ye remember it no more, but in thankfulness for sorrow put aside, when ye pray within these holy walls."

Right glad were my lady and the master that the good knight had so taught his mind and ruled his once hot and hasty temper as to comfort himself on this wise; and I never heard that he gave them cause to wish the secret untold, but ever did he behave kindly to both for the remainder of his life, which was not long. He was following a stag at full speed, when his horse stumbled and threw him, when, by reason of his unwieldiness and age, he fell heavily, and his head, striking anent a stone, his life had passed away ere his followers could come unto him. My lady rested her widowhood in the castle, until her son was of years to rule his household and lands, and then, retiring into the monastery of St. Ann, hard by, she became its abbess, in the reign of King Henry the Third. The Master of Powys was killed in a skirmish with the rebellious barons, when he fought under the King's banners, leaving behind him a fair name for valor and courtesy. For myself, I could not dwell in the castle under the rule of the young knight, albeit he would willingly that I rested there until my life's end; but being weary of the world and its turmoil, I retired unto the abbey of the Holy-cross, and became one of that holy brotherhood. I would that a true record of the building of the church of Lacey should be duly indited by him who knoweth of it best, and for that end, I, Baldwin, aforesaid abbey, do affirm this to be the true history; whereunto I put my hand this 1st day of November, in the year of grace 1241, and I place it in the great chest in the wall of the church of De Lacey, on the south side of the transcript, there to be preserved, God willing, unto the generations to come.

When Mrs. de Lacey ceased to read, Mrs. Aubrey expressed her delight in the old legend, and her astonishment at its preservation; but her imagination required some correction. "You must not suppose, Emma," said Mrs. de Lacey, "that you will see our church, the identical one of which old Baldwyn gives this curious account. I believe, in those early times, wood was more employed than stone as the material for the structure, and, of course, time worked very surely in destroying them. But, on this same site, a church has stood from the date of old Baldwyn's chronicle; repaired and rebuilt, neglected in one century, restored in another, the old materials used and worked into the dilapidated walls, and thus retaining
portions of extreme antiquity: no part of it is modern, and, fortunately, it has never fallen into the hands of beautifying churchwardens. And as to the chronicle itself, I fear I have succeeded but ill in translating the antique language into one more intelligible, and yet preserving a certain air of quaintness, without which half its interest is lost; but, when you see the original, you will allow my task was no easy one. To-morrow we will visit both castle and church, and it will be with added pleasure we shall enter upon the second chronicle."

"It was foolish," said Mrs. Aubrey, "to suppose I should see the identical old church mentioned by Baldwyn, but, nevertheless, his chronicle will throw great interest even upon the present edifice. How simply the old minstrel betrays how he bore the good Lady de Lacey, and yet how certain one feels that he was one of those faithful retainers of the feudal times who were entirely devoted to their chiefs. The good dame’s character was brought out by circumstances, and I give her credit for the manner in which she soothed her good knight to overlook that awkward passage in her life. I really find no fault with your ‘translation,’ because I am sure the original language would be as Hebrew to me, but yet I shall not be satisfied without feasting my eyes on the old document itself."

"Of that I promise you a sight," returned Mrs. de Lacey, and the two friends proceeded to discuss various points of Baldwyn’s chronicle, and to talk over local matters of history preparatory to the perusal of the second, which Mrs. de Lacey promised to produce on an early occasion.

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LUTTERWORTH CURFEW BELL.

I hear a sound, it is the Curfew Bell;
That Bell I can remember, when a child,
Has often fallen harshly on mine ear;
But now, to manhood grown, it soundeth sweet,
Calling to fond remembrance, long ago,
Wakening within my mind a thousand thoughts,
Of boyish gambols and companions wild,
Boys from their very wildness more endeared
To recollection; for, with me, they shared,
Dangers and pleasures, punishment and praise.
When school was o’er, and free’d from every rule
Formed to restrain the giddiness of youth,
In merry groups we assembled on the green
For game at cricket, foot-ball—prisoners base—
Leap-frog or marbles, as we most inclined.
Sometimes, we dabbled in the glassy brook,
For giddy minnows; or, our busy lines
Would dangle in the stream for many hours.
Sometimes, the country round we would explore
For birds’-nests; heedless of frightful rents,
**Lutterworth Cursrew Bell.**

And mud-bespattered clothes, thereby obtained,
Although they cost us many a scold and frown,
And oft-times sent us supperless to bed.
We heeded not the thickest hedge or ditch;
Through one we scrambled, o'er the other sprang;
Fir trees we loved to mount, 'twas our delight
To climb the stepping boughs, proceeding on,
Even until we reached th' extremest point—
A boy's bravado—dared to venture on.

When smiling May came forth in gay attire
My sister roamed with me the neighbouring woods,
And, if in gentle mood, I helped her cull
The sweet, wild-blossoms that she loved so well.
The heart-leaved violet, and primrose fair;
The light anemone, in blushes bathed;
The Scottish blue-bell, with an emerald stem
And fairy, sapphire cup, of fragrance full;
And Flora's darling, lily of the vale!
These filled the greenwood with ambrosial sweets,
Whilst, in the meadows, golden cowslips drooped
Their bashful heads; next wooing honey-bees,
Attracted by their fragrance, whizzed around,
Or boldly ventured to embrace the fair,
So coyly hiding their enticing sweets.
Such varied loveliness my soul bewitched,
Awhile from frolic, and from noisy glee;
They e'en inspired a sort of tenderness—
*A love for flowers,* and *wild-flowers* more than all!
When mellow Autumn came, and breezes played,
In sunshine with the leaves of different dye,
Yellow and dingy brown (Autumnal tints),
Which whisper barren Winter's stern approach,
Then quickly hied we to the woods for nuts,
For juicy-blackberries and ripened sloes.

-------- My sister then
Would form a wreath of honey-suckle wild,
Or fragrant bindweed to adorn her hair!
Sometimes she found, and 'twas a precious prize,
A wee—blue flower, with buds of palest pink,
And golden eyes, which breathed forget-me-not.

E'en Winter made us cheerful—on the pond,
My schoolfellows and I, a happy throng,
Skated most merrily, or, gaily, flung
The snow-ball large, midst noisy shouts of joy
And ringing peals of laughter. *Sports, like these,*
Were ample compensation for the flowers
Of spring and summer, and for autumn's fruit!
When Christmas, with its bustle, noise and mirth,
Lutterworth Curfew Bell.

Delightful Christmas came—then, aided we,
The preparations for the Christmas cheer,
By cutting boughs of holly, studded o’er,
With scarlet berries, bonny boughs were they.
Unitedly, we dragged them down the lanes,
And decked the house; nor did we e’er forget,
A branch of mistletoe for older friends;
For, if we joined not with the merry thieves
Licensed by mistletoe to snatch and steal,
We loved the mischief and ’twas joy enough
To witness the confusion we had caused.
How oft does memory recall the time,
When each, with heart high-beating, from the dish
Of flaming spirit snatched the tempting plum,
Or joined th’ inspiring, romping, fav’rite games
Of “hunt-the-slipper,” or of “blind-man’s-buff.”
Oh! happy hours, were those, yet, even then,
We had our momentary, darksome clouds;
Oft, to our lips, a sympathetic pout,
Would start; whene’er a deep-toned bell was heard,
The teasing, the tormenting Curfew Bell,
Which warned us from our pastimes to repose;
It had, indeed, a most discordant sound,
For even in the middle of our games,
Or, even, with our gleanings strewn around,
Encircled by companions, loved and free,
We had to scamper off with greatest speed,
To reach our homes, before the Curfew Bell
Had ceased its dismal tolling; for that hour
Was chosen by our father, (dear good man),
To meet his household for the evening prayer;
And sad it was for us, if aught had kept
Us from appearing at th’ appointed hour.
But years passed on, and I, advanced in age,
Still found that Curfew Bell a bane to me;
Still, at the set of sun, I loved to roam,
Amid the fields and woods, for fragrant flowers.
Still, did I search for blackberries and nuts,
For drooping hare-bells, and anemones;
No sister, then, the green-wood sought with me;
No darling sister joined me in my stroll;
But one I loved.—Not with a brother’s love.
I never to my gentle sister gave
The sweetest flow’rets and the finest fruit,
For her beat down the bushes; or held fast,
Her hand in mine, when she the stiles got o’er.
I never read with her the poet’s songs
Of love—or joyed to find her thoughts
The very echo of my own.

F—(COURT MAGAZINE)—FEBRUARY, 1843.
Lutterworth Curfew Bell.

I thought it folly, when that gentle girl
Gathered forget-me-nots' with eager glee;
But when another sought, another gave,
Then I, with eagerness of joy, received,
The very blossoms that I once had spurned.
With her I loved, I sauntered in the dell;
With her I loved, I lingered on the hill,
To watch the setting of the glorious sun;
And e'en the golden orb appeared less bright
Than those jet orbs which beamed with love on me;
And even Nature's melodies were heard,
With less of rapture than the tuneful voice,
Which breathed harmonious music in mine ear.
We wandered hand in hand at eventide,
Silent at times through very ecstasy,
Attent to Philomel's sweet song of love,
Breathing of tenderness, so like our own;
Oh! happy hours were those; yet, even they
Were not unmixed with sorrow; even then
We had our gloomy, overhanging clouds;
Oft, from our hearts, a sympathizing sigh
Would start, whene'er a deep-toned Bell was heard,
The teasing, the tormenting Curfew Bell,
Which warned us from our ditties to our dreams,
Which bade us hasten home, for, at that hour,
Still did my father close the day with prayer.
To Manhood grown, how different do I feel
Whene'er I visit Lutterworth and list
The sonorous pealing of its Curfew Bell!
At times, a sympathising tear will stand
Glistening within my eye, whilst memory tells
The tale of days long flown, of friends beloved
Now absent far, or mouldering in the tomb!

Oh! ever will that Bell be dear to me,
For though it cause a sigh of fond regret
For absent loved-ones, and companions dead,
Yet does it conjure up, dear, happy thoughts,
A thousand thoughts of childhood's halcyon hours;
And should I e'er re-visit Lutterworth
In company with one as fair and dear,
As her in youth I thought I truly loved
With love that time nor place could ever change;
I'll tell her of my early love, that love
So pure and ardent, but which manhood's love
Outweighs in truthfulness and constancy;
I'll tell her of my boyish games and freaks,
I'll teach her how to sympathise with me,
And list with pleasure to the Curfew Bell.  

ELZA GUADE.
I was engaged one season by old Stiggins of the Bath Theatre to play low comedy. I had, however, a better engagement to complete in the country, before I could join his company. The sudden illness of one of his best performers in my line compelled him to urge my instant departure at all risks; moreover, he accompanied his mandate with a very pretty remittance, whereby I was enabled to assume the gentleman, and actually became a passenger on the outside of the Bath stage. This was a privilege of an exalted character for me, for the times were not palmy for the sons of Thalia or Melpomene at the period when I date my story, and the buskin heroes were more frequently doomed to stump their journeys from place to place on foot, or, at most, in a stage waggon, than to enjoy the luxuries of such a vehicle which it was my happiness to mount on this glorious occasion. However, I took my place; but, while I was in the act of ascending, I was suddenly startled by the sight of one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld, sitting inside the coach with apparently no other protector than an old lady opposite her. With the rapidity of lightning, a magnificent thought crossed my pericranium,—a thought which the more I dwelt upon it, the more I seemed incited to put it into execution. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," says Shakspeare—but it had been at low ebb with me all my days, it had not even so much as amounted to a swell, not one single wave had rolled over another which could by possibility "lead to fortune." Something seemed to whisper to my heart "the hour is come, the flood has set in, ride upon its glorious waters and fortune shall be yours." Nor was I reasoning without fair data, for, at this time of day when I can look back upon the little vanities of youth, and speak of my personal attractions without fear of being charged with egotism, I feel bound to say I was no uncomely person. I dressed well—had a pair of rosy cheeks of my own, a set of good teeth, was straight as an arrow, and, to crown all, could boast of a splendid pair of rich, curly whiskers, which gave to my physiognomy a bold, martial and lady-winning character; add to these, I had lots of poetical scraps, soft, tender, sentimental stanzas at my fingers' ends, which tend in no small degree to give efficiency and force to the shafts of Cupid. Qualifications of this kind are admirably calculated to touch the hearts of swain-seeking maidens between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five; their gentle hearts are wrought upon by the soothing melody of numbers—they melt under the influence of a sonnet, and are enraptured with sweet pictures in verse of Arcadian shades, bowers of eglantine, meandering streams and purling rivulets. But as they advance in life, and the stern realities of mundane affairs obtrude themselves,—then, sentiment is at a discount,
and the person is valued not in proportion to his stock of quotations,—but, in proportion to his stock in the three per cent consols;—nevertheless, these charming qualifications do oftimes come again into operation between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five, when beauty is on the wane, and the chances of wealthy suitors decline; then, something tender and touching is peculiarly effective,—a slice of Orid,—a scrap of Tibullus—a small square out of Hammond’s Elegies—or an impassioned burst from the ravings of Romeo and Juliet—go a great way indeed, towards winning vestals of dubious and unmentionable ages.

“Coachee,” says I, after coursing a solitary half-crown round the prodigious pocket of my untalkaboutables, which at last I fairly seized between my middle and index fingers—“Coachee—I’d give you this for a ride inside.”

Coachee eyed me with rather a knowing look, and giving me one of those peculiar winks which belong to the tribe of Jehus—winks which are singularly eloquent, being capable of a multitude of variations—having modifications analogous to cadences in language, and which are so expressive that you may run and read them,—I read this in an instant, it spoke as plain as a wink could speak, and actually brought the color into my cheek;—it said “I’m up to you my boy.”

“Why,” says Coachee—“you don’t mean to say you’re cold with a burning sun over your head, enough to fry a sojer on the roof of the coach?”

“No,” says I—“not cold—only I’ve a sort of whim—a notion that I should like to go inside.”

“A notion—a whim—humph!” replied Jehu,—“you see’d that pretty gal I take it, and you want to be poaching, does you—well—well I won’t spoil sport—giss your rhino, and you may turn in at the next stage.” And, at the next stage I found myself side by side with the beautiful girl.

What is the reason that English people are so absurdly taciturn outside or inside a coach? I essayed in a hundred different ways to commence a conversation, but without effect, the rumble and shake of the vehicle seemed to rumble and shake all ideas out of our heads, and I began at last to suspect that I had better have kept my half-crown in my pocket, than have thrown it away on such a profitless speculation. Accident, at last, broke the ice. The elder lady had a wicker-cased brandy-bottle—a very useful appendage to elderly ladies who ride inside coaches—admirable to meet the contingencies of a long journey, and peculiarly serviceable in case of flatulence or spasm—disorders somewhat incident to senility—she had just wetted her lips with a minute portion of its contents, when the wheel of the coach evidently bounced over a stone, and gave her arm such a jerk that the wicker-cased brandy-bottle bounced out of her hand and fell with no small velocity on my toe, having in the progress of its descent given me a tolerable rap on the tender part of my shin.

This little circumstance called forth all the dormant politeness of the old lady;—she was grieved, concerned, for she was sure, because of its weight and velocity, it must have hurt me exceedingly:—innumerable were her bows and apologies and my “pray don’t mention it ma’am,” &c. &c. We now found our tongues;—we talked of the weather, of books, of poetry, of the theatre, and a multitude of
other topics, at all of which I was quite au fait. Then I entertained them with anecdotes and stories, some comic, some moral, some sentimental, and, in the course of the ride I sung them a few songs, as well as the noise of the carriage would allow. It was quite clear what I had said and what I had done, had accomplished one great aim I had especially in view, viz.—to impress them with a high opinion of my talents, and I even went so far in my own conceit, as to flatter myself I had made some progress in touching the heart both of mother and daughter.

I could not help observing, however, that there was something about the daughter which I could not well understand, and which I must say disconcerted and damped me.

She had a most peculiar smile,—the angle of one side of her mouth did not correspond with the other; instead of acting in concert, they were opposed, one, being turned upwards, and the other, downwards, at the same time. She had, likewise, a singular lisp, not as one with a short tongue, or natural impediment, but a lisp like one who attempts to talk while he sucks a whip-handle, or with a mouth full of plums.

I tried repeatedly to solve the difficulty of this strange defect, but in vain; at length, I dismissed it from my mind, regarding it as a peculiarity of no great importance. We all have something to detract from our charms; something to counterpoise the good, a modicum of bitter amongst the sweets, otherwise the world would be peopled with angels. From the conversation and other circumstances connected with my fellow-travellers I had arrived at one conclusion, viz.—“they were rich,”—and this, like charity, covers a multitude of defects,—it hides ugliness and deformity, and even gives gracefulness to a hump—after all, battering the little singularity which I have named, the young lady was decidedly handsome, nay—when her face was in a state of repose—I scarcely ever beheld a more lovely one.

The sombre aspect of evening crept slowly on and, as the light gradually receded, we again seemed to relapse into our taciturn state; the mother gave audible evidence that she was growing oblivious; she gaped, nodded, grew fidgety, and, at last, fully abandoning herself to the quietude of Morpheus, she plunged her head into the soft corner of the couch and fell fast asleep. This was a favorable moment to whisper soft things to the young lady, but, somehow, I could not muster courage to begin. The sleepy god seemed inclined to revenge himself on the slight thus offered to his brother divinity, for he extended the influence of his poppy juice to the lovely daughter. Ye gods! can I utter my ecstacies, can I paint the thrilling sensations which tingled through my nerves, and made my blood boil over with delight? why, this divine creature,—this angelic object, this prototype of Ianthe,—after various little movements, and a few somniferous noddings, deliberately laid her head upon my shoulder, and suffered her sweet countenance to come in close contact with my cheek! Was ever happy wight so enchanted! Was ever devoted lover so blessed! I planted a miniature kiss on her lovely temple, I pressed it with the fervor of an anchorite in the hours of his deepest devotion,—yet she did not move it—no! she rather courted a renewal of my warmth, for I felt an increase of weight against my lips after every salutation. Her hand had fallen carelessly by her side, and rested
upon the cushion of the coach. I contrived to turn my fingers round hers, and to grasp her hand tightly; it was a true-lover’s squeeze—one of those peculiar and systematic kinds of pressure which evince the ardor of affection, and which every lady understands so well!—still, she made no objection; nay, I fancied she slightly returned it, and then I became satisfied that her sleep was assumed. Imagination became fired at the thought, and I began to conjure up bright and glorious visions of happiness, which wealth and such an object would be certain to ensure. I saw, in prospect, smoking-hot dinners every day—wine and walnuts—cozy fires and comfortable squabs—powdered lackeys and hosts of merry faces to grace my hospitable board: little miniature prototypes of my own individual-self danced before my awakened fancy in all the loveliness and sweetness of infantine grace and beauty. Stiggins—the immortal Stiggins—was not forgotten. I hailed him as my guardian angel, and resolved he should feel the happy effects of my fortune. Yes, said I, Stiggins shall be patronized—his theatre shall overflow. I will show my gratitude by bespeaking a play—"The Honeymoon?" No, no, something more spicy—more touching than that. The prince of play-wrights, Bob Distitch, shall write a comedy on purpose—"The Sleeping Beauty; or, Love in a Stage." Capital title!—glorious thought! Ah! continued I, divine, lovely creature! Thou art one of those beautifully romantic specimens of nature that come like angels’ visits to gladden the mortal vision but too rarely. Thou dost wish to be loved for thyself alone, and dost choose thy partner, not as worldlings do, amidst the dross and the filthiness of the earth, but from the sons of genius and talent, and dost honor mind, even though its outward habiliments were confined to a thread-bare Benjamin-covering togery of shreds and patches. Yes, thou hast no eye, no heart, for the venal tribe who seek only corn in Egypt—whose longing is for mammon, the base mammon—who take thee with thy estate, not as a charming appendage, but as a necessary incumbrance—a kind of mortgage—from which they pray God to be speedily delivered.

In this beautiful dream of prospective felicity I continued to indulge, while we rolled onward to our destination, my hand still grasping that of the fair unknown, and her cheek still resting upon mine. Oh! how I longed to whisper all sorts of tenderness—to breathe fervid aspirations—to utter unutterable things—but she slept on, or seemed to do so, and all I could attempt in that way was still to keep my lips close to her cheek, and kiss inaudible kisses: I dared not venture upon a loud one, lest I should disturb the elder lady, and she should hear it, which, perhaps, in her fastidiousness might not be quite agreeable, she might consider such tokens of love rather premature, and elderly ladies have sometimes queer conceits on such matters, I therefore took the safer way, and compressed my lips into whispering salutations—mere liliputian smacks!

We were now fast approaching the city of King Bladud, the city of pumps and boilings springs—the city of shattered constitutions—yet all this while I had omitted one grand enquiry—an omission fatal to the scheme I had so well organized in my mental laboratory—I knew not their location, nor should be likely to worm it out of them, if they continued in their somniferous state to the end of the journey. Fortune, however, was still my friend—the old lady was the first to manifest tokens
of moving; she gave a loud yawn, stretched herself, rubbed her eyes, and, at length, burst out—"Bless me, I declare to goodness I have been asleep!"

"Gracious!" cried the daughter, whom this exclamation awoke, "and so have I."

"We owe you ten thousand apologies," said the mother, "for such palpable rudeness."

"Not at all, not at all, ma'am, I assure you; perhaps," said I, smiling, "the fault is my own; had I more talent at conversation, and more wit at command, the probability is you would not have fallen asleep."

"Nay, sir," said the daughter, "that is a self-accusation we must not allow; you have beguiled our journey most delightfully; but we were early risers, and perhaps that may account for our weariness."

"Well, ma'am," said I, for I was anxious to lose no time, "we shall shortly reach the end of our journey, and so much have I enjoyed my ride in your agreeable company, that I hope it will not be asking too much if I solicit a future interview when you are settled in Bath."

"We are much obliged to you," replied the mother; "but, really, we hardly know our own destination at the present; we may meet, and be assured if we do, we shall be most happy to renew our acquaintance."

"Certainly," rejoined the daughter, "I am sure papa would be delighted beyond measure to know you; your songs and anecdotes would be sure to please him, for he loves talent of that order."

"Dear me, then you expect your papa in Bath, do you ma'am?"

"I hope so; he has been there some days preparing for us."

Humph! thinks I, that's a blow; sorry to hear it—sorry—ah, sorry indeed!—Don't like papas a jot; they are such queer chaps—apt to ask awkward questions—apt to talk of rent-rolls, estates, incomes, and such strange outlandish things, altogether foreign to the point—always wanting quid for quo. Now, as to green fields—pooh! I can show him the green room; and as to views and so forth, could not I fit him to a nicety? he might glut his eyes with splendid scenes; and, as to acres, where's a finer fellow than Bon Acres? and as to the aristocracy of title—ehday! I have been both a king, a lord, and a commoner in a single night! Yet, for all this, your ever-in-the-way papas are so intellectually obtuse that they prefer the loam of a few dirty farms to the pure soil of native genius, and, even, although the lady has been won, heart and hand, "verily the achievement goes with them into the earth."

"Is it your intention, ma'am," said I, "to stay long in Bath?"

"That I can't say, sir; it must entirely depend upon my daughter."

"Upon your daughter, ma'am!"

"Yes, sir, entirely. Should the waters suit her, we may remain some months."

"Oh, then, it's for your daughter's health you come?"

"Just so."

"I regret exceedingly," said I, "to find you out of health, miss; I should scarcely have thought you had been an invalid, but there is no dependance on good looks."
The young lady bowed. At this moment the guard twanged his horn, and, in a second or two, the coach drove into the inn yard.

"Might I trouble you, sir," said the old lady, "for my daughter's crutches; you will find them on your side the coach."

"Crutches, ma'am! Good God, ma'am; surely the young lady is not lame!"

"Paralytic, sir. Poor thing, she has lost the entire use of the side next to you, and all feeling likewise!"

Did ever Cupid, cried I, mentally, did ever Cupid serve a devoted lover such an unfeeling trick. Bless my heart and soul, here's a pretty, air-built castle toppled headlong to the ground! Farewell, splendid dinners, cushioned chairs, powdered lackeys, and all the paraphernalia of wealth and ease. Oh, Stiggins, Stiggins, Stiggins!—prince of managers—wilt thou not mourn over my hapless deprivation, seeing thou wilt not have an overflowing house on that interesting occasion—my nuptials with an heiress! And as to thee, Bob Distitch, farewell to the "Sleeping Beauty; or, Love in a Stage," for thou hast no model for that exquisite comedy; I can furnish thee with another—"The Paralytic Lady; or, the Lost Half-crown!" Fool! dolt! here have I been kissing an insensible cheek—squeezing a dead hand! and was even fool enough to think I had made some progress in a pretty girl's heart, by bestowing a lover's grasp upon a fist as cold and unimpressible as a brass-knocker, or a pump-handle!

THE BRIDE—WIDOW;
A TALE OF THE OLD MANSIONS OF AVONDALE.

And many a tale of truth they told.

CHAPTER I.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.—Scottish Song.

It was the evening of a bright, transparent day, the declining sun gleamed its resplendent rays through the shaded windows, reflecting a chastened light as Eleanor Tremayne—in her father's house at Kensington—sat in her lonely chamber, with tearful eye and dejected heart, pondering over the memory of by-gone days fraught with hope and happiness—but hope had fled her bosom now, and happiness was no more, and in their place reigned wretchedness and despair. It was the eve of Eleanor's marriage with one who had told more than twice her years, one, whom she could not even have the poor satisfaction of believing worthy her esteem.

The last few hours of independence had arrived, wherein her harassed thoughts might turn with innocence to the memory of him to whom her early vows were plighted—her generous, devoted, adoring lover, from whom her hand was now to be transferred to one who scarcely displayed a single virtue.
"My Father! at what a price do you redeem your honor! were my own happiness alone the sacrifice I could support the blow, but to devote him—so kind, so confiding—to misery also—cruel—cruel!—Well, well, his honor will remain unsullied, he still will bear an unstained name while I shall be pointed out as a cold, deliberate deceiver. My deeply injured Charles will learn to despise me when the first shock of my broken faith is past. He will have the one poor consolation of believing me worthy of his deepest contempt. I would have it so—I would not have him know the sacrifice I make, nor the broken heart I bear. I would not have his happiness for ever blighted like my own. It will be a satisfaction that I know his will be a time-lived sorrow. For, when esteem, the basis of affection, is shaken, the unstable fabric totters and soon falls to decay: and then the bitterness of love's despair will pass away and I shall be forgotten!"

Eleanor drew his picture from her bosom that she might gaze upon his resemblance for the last time, ere she consigned it to a colder resting place: she must never look upon this valued object more: and the honied words that used to fall so sweetly upon her ear, must be to her for ever silent!

She threw herself upon a couch in the bitterness of her woe, and buried her face in her hands:—presently, a well-known knock resounded at her chamber door, and made her heart beat high—the door was gently opened, footsteps approached—she raised her head—Gresham—her beloved—stood in her presence!

He was attired in a travelling dress just as he arrived from a journey, not having staid an instant to effect a change; his appearance was sudden and unexpected, and ere Eleanor had time to express astonishment she was firmly clasped in his embrace!

"Ellen—my own affianced one—to you I look for reassurance of happiness. The newspapers and some idle tongues have given you to the villain Marsden; nay, actually asserted that to-morrow is to be your wedding-day—I knew it was a base calumny—but I felt as if it were truth and could not rest until your own dear lips assured me of its falsehood."

A pressure—that seemed almost convulsive—was his only answer.

"This embrace relieves me from every doubt," cried he earnestly—"forgive me that I ever harboured one."

Charles Gresham pressed his lips to her forehead as her head reposed upon his breast: she was cold and inanimate as marble!

He placed her upon a couch, but relinquished not his precious burthen, and his kisses and endearing words in some degree restored her to herself. A cold shiver pervaded her frame, a deep long-drawn sigh rose from her stricken heart as she shrunk from his arms and again buried her face in her hands.

Gresham could not account for her singular emotion. "Ellen," said he, "what means this agitation? speak to me, Ellen—why withdraw your hand from mine and shrink from my embrace? You are not used to greet me thus:—Ellen, what is it that so strangely affects you?—speak to me Ellen—I have always shared your confidence, do you withhold it now?—I have a right to share your grief, dearest, as I have hitherto your happiness?"

Eleanor raised her pale and dejected countenance; her lips moved as if they
would speak, but no sound passed them—she sat like a statue incapable of motion!

"Am I to construe this silence as a proof of falsehood?" said he, after a pause of painful suspense, blended with surprise—"and are the busy rumours indeed the offspring of reality?"

Gressham felt a jealous alarm, for the lips that had hitherto greeted him with smiles and pleasure had given no kind reception now, and were still silent, and the eyes that used to sparkle with delight at his approach were fixed and subdued in tears—and yet there was an untold grief in her countenance that looked not like conscious deception.

"What words have I uttered?" continued he; "Ellen, my betrothed—affianced wife, harbors not within her breast a dishonorable thought—the gentle girl that would not pain the smallest thing that crawls upon the earth, would never doom a being to destruction who rests his every hope of happiness upon her smile."

"Yes, Charles," she at length answered, in a voice of deep despondency, "I have broken my faith to you—my long-tried-deeply-beloved: to-morrow binds me irrecoverably another's—I would have been spared the anguish of this separation, for, alas! a bar insuperable would prevent me ever being yours now, even were my hand free to give where my heart directs!"

"And do you aver your hand is free to give to another—any but myself, despite your father's sanction, and when your father's blessing has been invoked upon our union? Answer me, Ellen; have you promised that to-morrow shall make you Marsden's bride?"

"What would you do were I to say—yes? You would only hate me, would you not?"

"Hate you?—Ere you become so perjured, by Heaven he or I shall cease to exist!" exclaimed Gressham fiercely.

"Oh! for mercy's sake recall those dreadful words—you know not what you would do. You would doom yourself—my father—all to destruction—leave me to my fate, place not your life in danger, he is not worthy your revenge, nor I, your anger!"

"Do you plead for him? is he so dear to you?—Have you indeed so fallen? a bar insuperable prevents you being mine!—I claim a right to know why I have been thus trifled with, ere I tamely submit to become the scoff of a treacherous villain, or the dupe of a heartless girl!"

"I would have you think me so," she said, earnestly; "from your very heart I would have you believe me so," and her voice faltered. "You will then the sooner hate me, the easier forget! I think I should feel more satisfied, more reconciled if I were sure you would not be unhappy long.

"Can this be possible? do I hear, can I believe that your happiness consists in my forgetfulness? it is well you have the candor to tell me so, I regret the acknowledgment was not made earlier, it would have saved both much needless anxiety—and to one much cruel heart-burning! You, from maintaining an hypocrisy towards him you were deceiving, and I, from a fixed, a devoted confidence in a false wo-
man's affection. Marsden, Madam, shall not triumph in his superior power of attaching to himself your preference, my vengeance shall fall upon his dastard head, and then I cast you from my heart for ever."

His features were convulsed with smothered rage as he spoke, Eleanor's fears were renewed at this second threat, she clung to him as he would have left the room, entreated him not to seek Marsden, nor yet her father (she repeated that under no circumstances could she ever now be his), but to let all his just displeasure fall upon her alone, she could suffer much—she said—if he remained unscathed.

Gressham looked at the imploring girl, and was struck with the expression of her countenance, which impelled him to ask, in a broken voice, and he begged she would answer truly, whether she was about to become the willing bride of ——. "I cannot pronounce his name," he said; "or is it force from some unfolded cause that drags you to the altar?"

Eleanor understood his purpose: she dared not answer as she would—and he awaited her reply.

"Force has not compelled me to be his," she faltered—"it is my destiny—no power on earth can alter its decree: seek not an interview with my father, nor—him—something dreadful might accrue that would be my death!"

A look of ineffable scorn agitated Gressham's features as he replied—

"Indeed? lost, fallen girl! Since you implore so earnestly for the dastard—No—I will respect your wishes—and kindly spare your bridegroom of to-morrow—do not thank me. You have made life valueless, it is true—but equally worthless would be the object for which I risked it—rest content, Madam—I have promised, and hasten to relieve you from intrusion so ill-timed and unwelcome."

Whatever the construction he put upon Eleanor's words, it remained unexpressed, except by a smile of mingled grief and bitterness: for a few moments he paused—undecided—then drew himself up proudly and haughtily and left the apartment.

Eleanor saw the door close upon him for the last time—they had parted, but how? For some time her hands remained clasped upon her knees, and her eyes fixed upon the chamber door.

She heard the hall door close—he had quitted the house, and left her with undisguised contempt!

"Now I am indeed wretched!" were the only words she uttered for many hours.

CHAPTER II.

THE RENCONTRE.

Again, we met, a fair girl was near him,
He smiled, and whispered low, as I once used to hear him.—Haynes Bailey.

There is a very lovely spot in one of the most beautiful shores in England, called Avendale, through which the river Avon winds a narrow way, dividing the district into two parts, namely, Avendale North and Avendale South, though frequently abridged to the latter appellation of Northdale and Southdale. The whole country
is fertile and luxuriant, and many a villa and haughty mansion enlivens the romantic scene, while here and there little white cottages, with their curling smoke and humble neatness, are seen peeping between the green foliage to add interest to the general prospect. In many places on the green banks and under the trees are placed benches for such as choose to avail themselves of the accommodation, and it is nothing singular to see ladies seated alone, reading and enjoying the refreshing breeze. It seemed a place not likely to be trespassed on: it was like the lovely country, hallowed and serene.

The village of Avondale was at no great distance, and owing to the many seats around, had induced speculators of various kinds to encroach upon its retirement. Every now and then was to be seen a new house or new shop starting up upon a former piece of waste ground, much to the admiration of the villagers. Already it contained a mantua-maker, or, as it was written in blue letters upon a white ground over her shop-door—*Miss Amelia Bone, fashionable milliner, habit, corset and dress-maker to the ladies of quality*; a physician, who had just entered a *fine new house*; a chemist and a lawyer, each about to vacate their old establishments as soon as their new ones were habitable; and, above all, a new and stylish linendraper’s, which bore the astounding information in gilt letters that—*Twitterton, Lyme, & Co’s was a branch establishment from the city of London!* very much to the discomfiture of Miss Amelia Bone, who, until these innovators came, had been the chief vender of all articles of ladies’ wearing-apparel.

As the village was gradually growing, so, of course, was its population, and both were in a thriving state. Fortunately for this village, or, rather, its inhabitants, it contained one of the worthiest and best ministers ever known. His private character was blameless; he displayed an anxiety for the welfare of his flock not always to be found in even a minister of the Gospel. His solicitude and individual admonitions, independent of the pulpit, were not without reward: many has hereclaimed from the path of vice by his unwearied care that might have sunk for ever, and his name is seldom repeated without a blessing.

The Rev. George Allison, such was the minister’s name, was suited to his avocation; his sacred calling was one of choice, and his soul devoted to its object: we need say no more.

The innovations of the village were creeping on, and the shopkeepers declared if it could be transported to the sea-side they should soon make their fortunes.

*Marsden Villa*, the seat whither Eleanor Tremayne was conducted on her hapless marriage-day, was situate in Northdale. Three years had elapsed since that hour of trial, and she was sometimes to be seen wandering alone a little beyond the boundaries of her own house; but she never spoke to any one; she entirely secluded herself, and all was surmise respecting her lonely life. Her pale, dejected countenance and tempered dignity of manner created interest and respect; but it was not to be obtruded upon. She regularly attended the village-church, and Mr. Allison was her only visitor.

As she was one morning resting on an over-shadowed seat on the margin of the river, the hum of approaching voices sounded on her ear. Her attention was at-
tracted by two gentlemen, one on either side of a young lady; one she had never beheld, in the other the fine form of Charles Gressham was instantly recognized. She was incapable of rising and retreating as her wishes prompted; she felt transfixed to her seat.

The young lady was leaning upon the arm of Gressham, who was evidently paying close attention to what she was uttering: his ear inclined towards her, his features were illumined by the well-remembered smile, which Eleanor once believed was all her own. Their gradual approach fortunately gave Eleanor time to recover herself, and to assume a composure she could not feel.

She hoped they would pass without observing her:—not so. Gressham happened to raise his head on approaching her, and their eyes met; but his was no glance of kindly recognition. A momentary start evinced his knowledge whom it was he looked upon, and that was all; he passed her as one he had never known. From the outward tranquillity he maintained, no one would have guessed how his heart drooped, and then how violently it beat against his side at thus so suddenly and unforeseenly encountering the object of his early choice, the still remembered of his bosom.

Miss Wetherly, that was the name of the young lady, bowed as she approached Eleanor, the only salutation that had ever passed between them; they had met at church and in their walks, and their acquaintance extended not beyond.

Eleanor had heard through Mr. Allison of a projected marriage between Miss Wetherly and a gentleman whom she had met in London, and her tenacious heart concluded that Gressham was her choice.

Miss Wetherly, with her two companions, Gressham and George Somerville, returned to her father's house, and when she had thrown off her walking-dress, they met again in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER III.

THE RECITAL.

——If this be true
And thou art not a madness and a mockery
We yet might be most happy.—Manfred.

"Here comes our worthy divine," exclaimed Sir William Wetherly, as he saw Mr. Allison from his drawing-room window approach up the lawn. "Now, Sir Benedict Elect," turning to George Somerville, "muster a stout heart in the preliminaries that barter your freedom as long as my Lizzy here pleases to exert the office of your future jailor."

"Rather say, my dear sir," answered George Somerville, "as long as her light and silken bonds may unite our hearts as well as hands in one undying harmony," and he kissed his fair Eliza's hand, and left the room to anticipate the minister's entrance.

"Good morrow, my dear sir," exclaimed Somerville as he met Mr. Allison; "I have been watching for you. My friend has at last arrived, and we wish the
marriage-ceremony to take place in a few days, as Charles Gressham’s stay is limited.”

“Charles Gressham, did you say?” asked the minister.

Somerville replied in the affirmative.

“We were school-fellows, and during a friendship then cemented, we mutually promised to give each other’s bride away. To fulfil his word he has come a long journey: we have not met till now for four years; indeed, it was but lately I discovered where to find him. He has much altered since then; from a dashing, high-spirited fellow, the life and soul of every company, he has become gloomy and melancholy, and yet there is a tempered sweetness in his manner that interests and attaches now even more than his vivacity used to do.”

“Did you never hear the cause of this alteration?” asked Mr. Allison.

“Never. It is a subject I have not ventured to approach. It appears to me a grief too refined to trespass upon, unless he broached the cause.”

“Did you ever suspect there was a lady in the case?” asked Mr. Allison.

“I think there must be, from a nameless something I have once or twice observed, when any mark of affection has passed between Eliza and myself.”

“Will you oblige me, when you introduce us, not to mention his name? Call him Charles, only, when you address him in my presence.”

“I will be particular in doing so,” replied Somerville. “I hope your motive, whatever it may be, may prove beneficial to my friend: I should like to see his former vivacity restored.”

“If my surmise be true, I may possibly solemnize two marriages instead of one, and the several promises of your boyhood may be fulfilled on the same day,” replied the minister.

They entered to the expectants before giving Somerville time to express his thus raised curiosity.

“Mr. Allison,” said Somerville, “allow me to introduce an old friend and school-fellow; Charles, our much-esteeming and worthy minister.”

“I am glad to see you,” exclaimed Sir William, shaking Mr. Allison heartily by the hand. “Lizzy, you need not run away yet: Mr. Allison will take breath before the wedding-day is finally settled, so reserve your blushes until after dinner.”

The fair Eliza blushed deeper at this remark, and she gave her father an appealing look of admonition as she turned towards the window.

“With Miss Wetherly’s permission,” said the divine, “we will defer its settlement until to-morrow.”

“To-morrow!” unwittingly exclaimed Eliza, in a tone of slight reproach blended with disapproval.

“I am certain Lizzy will not consent to that,” said Sir William; “you plainly see she thinks ‘delays are dangerous.’”

“Fie, papa,” interrupted Eliza; “I am sure I am quite willing to defer it until to-morrow, if Mr. Allison thinks proper.”

“I have a duty to perform to-day,” observed the minister, “wherein I hope to restore peace to a scared heart, and such duties admit not of delay.”
"Then you do not dine with us to-day?" asked Sir William Wetherly.

"I will defer that pleasure also until to-morrow," said he; "but as I have half an hour still to spare, I shall be most happy to devote it to you."

"You know, dear sir, your company is a pleasure of which we are always proud," answered Eliza.

Mr. Allison expressed his sense of Eliza's compliment, and then approached Gressham, who stood in silent contemplation at the window.

"You are admiring your pretty villa," observed Mr. Allison. "It is fair indeed to look upon, but, like many fair things, the worm has gained admission, and bred a canker in the noblest heart that ever beat in woman's bosom."

Gressham looked somewhat abstractedly at Mr. Allison as he made this remark, as if he did not comprehend what he said, and then again sank into the painful reverie from which he had been aroused.

"She is, indeed, young, to have suffered so much care," said Eliza, replying to Mr. Allison's remark. "I often wish we could draw her into our little circle: were she to mix more in society I think she might gradually be weaned from the settled gloom that overshadows her!"

"Time only can ameliorate the early blight she has received," answered the minister. Poor girl! her young life has been one of sorrow: she has scarcely seen her one-and-twentieth year."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Gressham, a little more aroused, who felt something like sympathy for one who, like himself, was suffering from corroding care.

"Of Mrs. Marsden, the owner of your sweet villa," replied Eliza. "We met her this morning: I do not think you perceived her, Mr. Gressham. George," she continued, turning to Somerville, "did you notice how very pale and agitated she appeared?"

"I did," replied her lover. "I thought something must have suddenly discomposed her. You did not observe her I know, Charles, for you were talking to Eliza as we passed her."

"You mean the wife of Vincent Marsden," said Gressham, in a voice that savored something of irony. "Yes, I have seen her," he continued bitterly.

"She is a widow, and has been a bride; but the title of wife or mother she has never claimed," replied Mr. Allison.

"Is Eleanor—I mean—is the lady's husband not living?" said Gressham, stifling his emotion.

An expressive glance passed between the minister and Somerville, unmarked by the rest of the party.

"Alas!" observed the former, without exactly answering Gressham's question, "she is a living sacrifice to the schemes of a designing—I will not add villain,"—he said, checking himself. "The turf is on his head, and I trust his repentance was sincere!"

"She is a sacrifice to her own avaricious heart—her broken faith!" again, said Gressham bitterly, carried away by the momentary impulse of his feelings, which he could not subdue. "Eleanor Tremayne sought happiness in wealth! Does she grieve if her dream has proved fallacious?"
Mr. Allison perceived the tremor of his soul, which was too evident in his countenance, although he vainly endeavored to force a calmness there. Twice he had mentioned the lady's maiden name, and another look of surmise was conveyed to George Somerville unobserved by Gressham.

"You are familiar with her maiden name," observed Eliza, "which I never heard before. Do you know anything of her history? If you do, pray favor me with it; not from idle curiosity alone do I ask, but from an interest I feel in one so young being familiar with so much sorrow."

"I!" asked Gressham, discomposed by this unexpected question. "I know little—except—I have heard——"

"I have still a little time to spare," interrupted Mr. Allison, apparently not noticing Gressham's confusion, and although I have deferred the business of to-day until to-morrow, which then I promise shall be settled to the heart's content of, at any rate, two of my young friends here. I will, therefore, if you desire it, relate the confession of Vincent Marsden, as I received it in his last moments, added to what I have otherwise learnt. You will then know how much more to be admired than blamed is the lovely Eleanor Marsden; nor shall I in so doing betray any confidence reposed in me. I am confident all here will be interested parties."

They drew their chairs around the window and seated themselves, Somerville by the side of his Eliza, Gressham a little in the shade, with his elbow resting on the back of his chair, as his hand covered his features; Sir William retained his accustomed corner; the worthy minister sat facing Gressham, and thus began:—

"Vincent Marsden and Ernest Tremayne were college-friends; the former was deep, designing, and addicted to gambling; the latter weak, of good intention, but pusillanimous of purpose.

"Marsden, shortly after he left college, introduced Tremayne to a young lady, his affianced wife. As it is too frequently the case when matches are planned by relations or friends, the heart is little concerned in the event; so it proved with Emily Milton: the mild and winning character, added to the superior attraction of Tremayne's person, for he was handsome, threw Vincent Marsden completely in the shade, and told so much to his disadvantage, that Emily's heart for the first time became sensible to the power of love, and as her regard increased she became more and more averse to the harsh and sinister expression of Vincent's countenance, which contrasted so forcibly with that of the handsome Ernest.

"Tremayne was equally fascinated. We will not follow the gradation of their love; suffice it to say, they eventually eloped, and Emily Milton became the wife of Ernest Tremayne.

Marsden loved Emily, and, in the bitterness of his suppressed rage, made an oath, that he would one day entail upon their offspring the pangs they had inflicted upon him.

Revenge with him was deep and sure; time that assuages most passions matured his, and added gall to his resentment.

Years passed away; Vincent and Ernest had not met, when an unlucky chance brought them in contact. To the surprise of Ernest, Vincent greeted him with
every mark of former friendship: the injury he had received seemed buried in oblivion—his wrongs no more remembered!

Mrs. Tremayne already slept the sleep of death; she had bequeathed to her sorrowing husband her prototype in their only child, a lovely girl. Tremayne had also become guardian to a boy then at school, whose fortune was under his control.

Vincent's diabolical plans were now laid, and secretly began to work. Tremayne, overwhelmed by his apparent friendship, fell the more easily into the toil spread out to ensnare him; grateful for the regard he evinced, he felt regret, blended with shame that he had ever injured him; and, wishing to make all the atonement in his power, he entered into Marsden's pursuits without hesitation, and implicitly obeyed his every wish, almost before expressed.

Thus was Ernest warily led from one grade to another, until at length the gaming table became their common resort. He was induced to play, at first cautiously; then he won—then he became a loser—then he became involved. First he gambled away his own fortune, then his daughter's dowry, and, last of all—his ward's!

Now, then, had Marsden's mastership obtained the height he wanted. His plans were rife for execution, and he awaited but the moment to award the blow of his long-smothered revenge.

Eleanor and her father's ward loved each other, for years had been consumed in the development of Marsden's cruel schemes. Their attachment had increased with their growing years, and so firmly was it cemented in their hearts, that any attempt to undermine their passion must shake the fabric of happiness—of life itself.

Her father had encouraged and sanctioned their affection, hoping thereby, so had vice changed him, to evade payment of the young man's fortune, for he had obtained his majority, until a lucky chance should return him some of his heavy losses—but in vain. It was Marsden's care to involve him still deeper in the toil; nay, he lent him large sums of money—Ernest's own—with which he had from time to time enriched himself—Marsden took especial care it should fall into no other hands.

Tremayne, blinded by his false friend's speciousness, at last believed he had involved him also in ruin, and, in a moment of despair, entrusted him with all his secrets. Vincent Marsden, with snake-like wiliness, entwined himself around his whole confidence, and consoled with him in all the earnestness of truth.

"Marsden, after utterly ruining Tremayne, pretended to consider the best mean of assisting him out of his difficulties.

"I, like yourself am a ruined man," said he; "but we know not what a lucky hit may do. For your sake, my friend, I will risk the last poor remnant of my fortune, to save, if possible, your name from obloquy: should my last stake fail, we will sink together—nay—no thanks for favors yet unreceived," continued he, with a deceitful smile, "I shall not redeem your character without levying a demand in return, for once, and the first time, my dear Tremayne, I confess my endeavours will not be devoid of interest. Ere I risk the little that remains, that must reduce to beggary.
or raise to affluence, listen to the return I hope for. I love your daughter Eleanor. Should fortune favor me, and I redeem a sum sufficient to re-establish your fair fame with young——, your ward, will you, in the event, bestow the lovely Eleanor's hand upon me? Remember I ask it not if fortune fail me——only should I be fortunate enough in being able to pay off all your debts of honor and eventually raise her to a station she will adorn."

"Ernest Tremayne was dumb at the unbounded generosity of Marsden; blinded by appearances he believed he had ruined him, for a time at least; he knew his expectations were great—he was unwilling twice to thwart his choice, and, rendered selfish by crime and weakness he bartered his daughter's happiness to save his honor!"

"Poor young lady, I would not be she for the world," exclaimed the happy Eliza as she cast a look of affection upon her lover, securely seated by her side. Somerville pressed her hand affectionately, and Mr. Allison continued:——

"Alas! Tremayne little knew the young man's fortune was already in Marsden's possession; I need hardly tell you it was his by trickery, and the ample dowry he offered to settle upon his devoted bride was but her own rightful property gained by the same unworthy means.

"Villain! villain!" muttered Gressham through his closed teeth, while his whole frame trembled with anguish. "The lovely Eleanor was not the willing victim her father expected to find her," continued the minister.

"Hitherto obedient to his slightest wish, he hoped for a passive submission to his will in this respect, and was astonished at her firm and decided denial. Enraged, that she did not inherit his own puerile mind, he tried by every means which anger or feigned kindness could fix upon, by turns to force or lead her to compliance, and Tremayne at last——maddened by the repeated applications respecting his late ward's fortune, and fearing every hour a disclosure of his heartless breach of trust——found himself under the painful necessity of revealing to his child the real state of his finances:—At first he told of his own losses only——those, she said, should be paid by her own dowry which she would willingly forego to aid her father——her Charles——she said—His name was Charles——would not love her less because she gave no fortune with her hand. Next came the humiliating truth that her fortune had been squandered also, and was gone for ever unless she acceded to his request.

"My father," she said, recovering from a long pause of painful perplexity and surprise, "I will tell my own loved Charles, I do not blush to call him so, for you have so long taught me to look upon him as my future husband that I feel myself as sacredly his, as if the church had already made us one. I will tell my own loved Charles of the difficulties you are laboring under; he will combine with me in retrenching all unnecessary expenses; he will forego the luxuries his own property would produce for my sake, and dedicate the proceeds for a few years, until you are partially relieved from your embarrassments,—I know what the devotion of love can do, and judge the power of his by the depth of my own."

Her father laughed scornfully at the sanguineness and absurdity of her idea, whatever her exalted opinion of him might be, he said——her lover would neither
sacrifice his property, nor wed with poverty, and he would not submit to be degraded in his eyes.

"The trial must be made, my father," replied the single hearted girl. "Not all the world should force me to break my plighted troth. Charles is above common prejudice, no disguise shall be used towards him. Oh! I little know his generous heart if he would not gladly aid you, even at a sacrifice, oh! I little know his heart, indeed, if I am not dearer to him than fortune, or, even life itself!"

"She was right!" exclaimed Gressham, unable to suppress the working of his soul. "She knew that existence drew all its interest from the coloring she gave it."

"Next he meanly tried to prejudice her mind against her affianced lover. As well might he have tried to rivet wax upon a golden image," continued the Divine, suffering no notice to be taken of Gressham's interruption.

Finding every effort vain, he was at length reduced to the humiliating alternative of confessing to her the full extent of his criminal proceedings. Judge the hapless girl's anguish when she learnt the state of beggary to which her lover had been reduced by her own father—and the dreadful, degraded situation in which he had placed himself!

"He told her of Marsden's noble offer, as he termed it, and bid her choose between honor and degradation—he would not survive the disgrace of an exposure. Transportation would be the law's award—but death from his own hand should first be his lot."

Thus he worked upon the feelings of the horror-stricken girl. She sat mute and motionless, as her father unfolded to her the full extent of his hazardous position, and the only means by which his reputation could be saved.

"Dreadful, indeed, was the alternative to the wretched Eleanor, but, alas! she saw no means of avoiding it, she comprehended the full extent of her misery—she felt Charles was for ever lost to her; she could not link his fair fame with disgrace and infamy; his just claims must be rendered him, and filial piety bade her preserve her father from worse than death, the conflict was bitter, and finally wrung from her lips the promise that would save him.

"It was, however, given conditionally. She had ever abhorred and dreaded Marsden, and wondered whence sprung her father's infatuation. To his account she justly placed his dereliction from the paths of integrity. She felt no faith in his specious promises, and ere she consented, for her father's sake, to seal her misery, she insisted that her forsaken lover should be put in full possession of his fortune—nay, that her father's difficulties should be so far removed that no danger should await him and a stipend settled upon himself beside.

"This she did, because she believed some hidden motive, any thing but friendly, actuated Marsden's conduct, and she was still more convinced when she learnt that he was acquainted with every secret her father possessed.

"It is well she acted thus firmly: Marsden had no intention of fulfilling one single promise, not even so far as regarded the young man, but, on the contrary, as soon as Eleanor became securely his, he meant to taunt his unsuspecting victim with all his former wrongs, laugh at his credulity, and glut in his despair.

"The passion he had borne the mother, Marsden had transferred to her lovely
daughter. Independently of his long smothered wish to satiate his revenge, he desired to obtain her hand. From the resemblance she bore, he had long been enamoured of the child of his once-betrothed, and therefore was impelled to fulfill his word to the very letter. Her unsuspicous lover had secured to him his rights. Tremayne was relieved from his imaginary debts, and, an annuity fixed upon him which Marsden determined he should not long enjoy.

"Every condition of Eleanor's was complied with—the deed of marriage was drawn up—and the devoted girl signed away her happiness for ever."

Gressham, scarcely conscious of the movement, rose from his seat and paced the room. His hand trembled violently as he assisted himself to a glass of water, but his countenance retained as much of composure as he could possibly assume. Again he seated himself. "Proceed, proceed," he said, in a voice of mingled emotion, while rage—love—admiration alternately took possession of his breast.

"The morning of the fatal marriage arrived. Eleanor stood at the altar—her whole manner evinced an unnatural calmness, her features were pale as marble, and as immovable: she looked the quiet image of resigned despair!"

"She had nerved herself to pass through the ordeal that bound her fate to Marsden's—but an unexpected trial awaited her—Charles her injured lover stood near the altar also; with folded arms and fixed look he watched the ceremony as it proceeded. Eleanor was nearly overcome—a glance at her father's agonized countenance recalled her to a sense of what she had undertaken—he opened his vest unobserved by all else, and pointed to a pistol he had concealed there—her father in untimely death swam before her sight. Hurriedly she uttered the response, "I will!" to the twice asked question—the golden circle of her destiny was placed upon her finger—a few seconds more, the ceremony had concluded. Her lover cast upon her one look of proud and bitter scorn and disappeared!"

"What a pity her lover did not understand her sufferings," observed Eliza.

"He would have died ere he had inflicted another pang," breathed Gressham to himself.

"Eleanor's forced composure ended with the task she had accomplished; she was lifted into the carriage in a state bordering on insensibility—her head throbbed violently, her pulse beat high, the revulsion her feelings had undergone was too much for her delicate frame to support—half an hour after, she arrived at Marsden's seat, the villa I have pointed out to your notice yonder—she was carried to bed seriously ill. A long and nervous fever was the result. For many weeks she remained in a state of unconsciousness to all around—she spoke incoherently, and her physician gave up all hope of her recovery.

"During this time, her father, unable to bear the reproaches of his conscience at having thus devoted his only child to—as he believed—an early grave, and anguished at the state in which she lay through him, left England, and secluded himself in a retired spot somewhere on the borders of Germany.

"At length, the sufferer began gradually to recover; her lucid intervals were of longer duration, and more decided: she had yet to learn that, during her aberration of mind, Marsden had lost his life!
"He one day returned home overheated from the hunt, and, imprudently swallowing a glass of cold water, threw himself upon a seat to repose before an open window; the consequences were fatal, inflammation and fever ensued; in eight days he was no more.

"I was summoned to attend the dying man, and received his confession: the pangs of death had brought him to a just sense of his awful condition: he recommended his lady to my care, and left her sole possessor of his wealth.

"For the first time, I was introduced to the suffering patient; at first, the physician deemed it advisable to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's death, but, from a fearful tremor that overcame her, when any one approached her chamber door, and being partly possessed of the lady's history, I took upon myself to break the intelligence. I did so, carefully; and, from that time, a decided change took place—as till then she was a drooping flower fading from need of some kind, gentle hand to nurture it; now she began gradually to recover—her tremor left her—the restlessness of her eye vanished, and, in its place, there sat the composure of resignation."

"Poor lady!—It is a miracle she recovered; I am sure I should not have lived under such heart-rending circumstances!" observed the fair Eliza.

"Nor would she, had not conscious rectitude of purpose supported her in her heavy trial. And, believe me, my young friend, in all the sorrows and earthly troubles of our precarious life, when self-reproach is absent from the heart—He alone, who, ever supports us in affliction when we call upon Him,—pours a healing balm into the bosom to soothe the soul and prevent it sinking into despair!"

"Ah! what a pity the lover of her choice does not know the sufferings she has endured! How doubly exalted must she appear to him! I have no doubt he is very unhappy and loves her still; should not you think so, George?" said Eliza, appealing to Somerville—"have you never heard of him?" continued she to the minister.

"Until this day, never," enjoined the minister; "although I have taken much pains, unknown to the lady, to discover him, for she is impressed with the firm belief that he despises her. I think otherwise, and believe, could he but know the truth, that I should be the means of restoring peace to two tried hearts, could I once find Charles Gressham."

"Gressham?" asked Somerville.

"Gressham!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Gressham!—Eh! what!" cried Sir William Wetherly, aroused from a nap into which the hum of the minister's voice had composed him.

"Gressham," answered the minister.

They turned to—the vacant seat of Gressham, for he had disappeared as his name was pronounced.

The worthy minister rose from his seat with a kind and meaning smile. His time had expired, he rang for his hat and gloves and took his leave.
CHAPTER IV.

FEARS ALLAYED—AND—HOPE S REALISED.

Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
Her hand fast lock’d in mine—the ring put on,
My wedding bells ring merry in mine ear;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride!—The Hunchback.

ELEANOR returned to her solitary mansion. Familiar with care, she had long learnt to subdue her untold emotions, but her unexpected encounter of the morning had again doomed her suffering heart to the renewed pangs of separation. His indifference had dispelled the false serenity of her mind, and hopes, not nurtured, yet existing, expired there.

With fresh-awakened memory of other days she paced her richly-furnished chamber, displaying the luxuriance of every outward comfort, while it was incapable of adding one ray of peace to the affliction that reigned within. The smile of affection that used to light her heart with joy, she had seen beaming upon another. Three years, she thought, had sufficed to banish her from his mind—she could not have supposed once that he could have passed her so indifferently, nor, that they should ever have met, and not have spoken;—he loved another now—and sought elsewhere the happiness he had so often vowed that she alone possessed and had the power of bestowing—and would she blame him for it?—when she felt but a particle now of what he suffered on that dreadful eve of parting—of what she had suffered too!—and then she blamed herself for being so selfish as to hope that he would so long have remembered one who had forfeited all claim upon his heart.

With a vain effort to tranquillize her mind, she took a book and tried to compose herself to read; but the task was fruitless, the subject would not fix her attention; again and again she perused the same sentence without knowing the sense of what she read, until a servant entered with a note, and said a gentleman waited for an answer.

She took the note from the accustomed salver as she held it towards her, but there was no superscription upon it, and as she turned to break the seal she saw it was familiar to her—it had once been her own, one that she had given Gressham in happier days; it simply bore the name of Ellen. She motioned the servant to retire, and then remained for several minutes incapable of opening the letter. She conjectured a thousand different motives for its coming, and tried in vain to guess its purport, when a moment would have relieved her from suspense. Hope and fear alternately pervaded her breast; at length, with a nervous hand she broke the seal and read the following lines:

"If the memory of our last meeting lives not with resentment in your bosom, you will not refuse an interview with your still devoted and adoring

CHARLES GRESSHAM."

Was it possible! could there be such happiness in reserve for her?—Again and again the lines were perused—lines penned by his own hand and his name traced
with affection, she could scarcely believe the truth of what she read. In the excitement and agitation of her furried feelings she lost all recollection of everything, except that Charles still loved her, and that one knowledge absorbed her every thought. At length, some degree of remembrance returned, and she hastily rang the bell.

The servant entered a second time, Eleanor paced the room, unconscious of his presence, until a slight movement announced that he was there.

"Are you waiting for anything?" said she, forgetting that she had summoned him.

"Any answer to the note, madam?" asked the man, who observed her agitated manner.

"The note?—I had forgotten—who awaits the answer?"

"A gentleman, madam—"

"A gentleman, Morris; and you have suffered him to wait?—bid him come up immediately," said Eleanor, first imagining it to be Gressham; then, her fears returning, she called him back.

"Stay, Morris—did he give his name?"

"No, madam."

"A gentleman you say?"

"Oh! yes, madam. He's got very white teeth, and looks like a lord."

"It must be he!" exclaimed Eleanor, not heeding him.

"Hasten Morris, and do not keep him waiting another instant."

Eleanor could scarcely believe that she was not under the influence of a delightful dream. Charles Gressham in the house—actually in the house! Another minute and in her presence, was it indeed reality? Yes—for she heard the sound of his well-remembered footsteps on the stairs; she had not the power to meet him—she remained breathless—Gressham was at her feet! She looked upon him, and saw that he had suffered!

Ellen! adored, exalted Ellen, do you forgive the cruel trial that I added to your sufferings?"

"Ellen!" she repeated, as her familiar appellation came sweetly upon her ears from the lips of her long estranged lover, "I have not heard that name since last you called me so. It recalls the vanished hours of happiness we have known, and links them to the present, and all appears a fearful dream!"

"We will speak of it no more," said Charles, who blamed himself for rashness in thus hastily entering her presence, for a smile of deep despondency was still upon her countenance, and he feared her fragile frame would ill support the surprise of his return. Fortunately, however, a burst of tears relieved her surcharged heart, and he suffered her to weep sometime without restraint. His soothing words gradually composed her; he carefully avoided any mention of her father, or of Marsden, and recapitulated his own anxiety and suffering, so lightly, that once or twice he called a smile upon her lips, and by degrees restored her to serenity.

As she was still listening to his soul-breathing words, the gate-bell was heard to ring, and, shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Allison was announced, and entered, for ceremony was never used with him.
“Morris, let dinner be laid for three,” exclaimed Eleanor, as she welcomed the worthy gentleman.

“I shall not stay,” replied the minister; “I came to prepare you for the joy I see is your’s already, although I must confess I more than anticipated being fore-stalled. I will no longer disturb the enjoyments of re-united hearts!”

“Not so, dear sir,” answered Eleanor; “remain and teach me to bear this un-hoped for happiness, as you have already taught me to support affliction.”

“But I have somewhere heard,” observed Mr. Allison smiling, “that two are considered better company than three, and to-day I should think the adage very applicable.”

“And I have heard, also,” exclaimed Gressham, “that there are exceptions to every rule, and in this instance a very great one. Let my solicitations, added to my Ellen’s, induce you to remain and participate in the happiness for which we are to you so much indebted. I may perhaps have a more selfish motive for requesting the pleasure of your company. I have waited too many years already for my bride to submit to a longer probation now; and have to request that your pastoral commands be laid upon one of your fair flock that she shortly resign herself to the care of another keeper.”

“I cannot part with her entirely,” returned the minister. “But I shall have no objection to place her in the charge of a worthy shepherd who can render a just account of his tender care.”

...  

On the following day there sat another guest at Sir William Wetherly’s table, and as Mr. Allison had predicted, two marriages were arranged instead of one, and ere another fortnight had elapsed, Marsden Villa—now Gressham Hall—was for the first time the abode of chastened felicity.

On the same day, were united in the bonds of pure affection, Eleanor and Gressham—Somerville and Eliza—and the blessings of their worthy divine descended upon their heads.

The bells rang merrily; never before was there such a stir in the village of Avondale—and the villagers participated in the general joy. Ample donations in money were distributed among the poorer class of cottagers, as well as a portion of the good things provided for the occasion, and every heart was made to share the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Gressham.

Eleanor wrote to her father on her marriage, inviting his presence at their happy Hall; but, he preferred remaining in seclusion, for the present, thanking Heaven that he had not wholly destroyed the happiness of his children, whose forgiveness he asked, accompanied by the acceptable blessing of a penitent heart.

Eleanor has been repaid ten-fold for the trial she endured. Her filial piety has met with its reward; the canker at the Hall has been eradicated, and in its place there rests a priceless gem—

**THE JEWEL OF CONTENTMENT.**

M. CARRY.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
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THE LACEY CHRONICLES.

According to their agreement*, immediately after breakfast the two friends, warmly
equipped to defy the cold November breeze which blew heavily from the sea, left the
old Manor-house with a due attendance of remarkable terriers and high-bred spaniels
of the Lacey breed, and pursued a sheltered path leading to the ruins of the old
castle. Situate on a rocky eminence, land-wise, it was somewhat sheltered by a
growth of old oak and sycamore; but, towards the sea, it was fully exposed to
the winds from the Atlantic, and frowned in stern and rugged desolation, sublime
in decay, and apparently holding yet a struggle with the irresistible power of Time.
Here and there huge masses had fallen before the storm, or yielded to the all-con-
quering enemy; still, however, towers and buttresses stood firm, and the Keep was
yet in fine preservation. It was still possible for a firm foot and a steady head to
ascend a winding stair in the West Tower, and to gain a peep into several stone
chambers, dark and gloomy; and from one of these into which Mrs. de Lacey had
penetrated, she was certain Lady de Lacey herself had looked, when she rejoiced at

* See Chronicle, No. 1, February, 1843.

H—(COURT MAGAZINE)—MARCH, 1843.
and when he heard the sad complaints of the fair damsel, he thought that, had his
lineage been suitable, she would not have scorned the offer of his loyal service. But
of this he spake not; and when his fond old mother, who looked upon her son as a
fit mate for any lady in the land, would tell him that she was sure the damsel was
kindly affected towards him, he would turn from her oft-times with a sigh or a
smile, but never word passed his lips, unfitting their respective degrees.

Now, it chanced, that, in the winter season, an otter made much havoc amongst
the fish in the river, and Sir Edwin appointed a day for his vassals to assemble with
dog and spear, and seek to destroy the beast, whose ravages amongst the young
salmon had been grievous. Amongst these, came John of the Glen, and a gallant
shew he made amongst the hoors with his stalwart frame, full six feet high, clad in
his hunting garb of green, and, in his hand, a hunting spear, whilst, in the other,
he held a leash of strong, fine-bred otter-hounds, all in prime case and eager for
the sport. Sir Edwin and all his family headed the train—Lady de Lacey and
Mistress Blanche mounted on their palfreys, riding one on each side of the knight—and, after this fashion, they descended to the river side. After a while, the retreat
of the beast was scented, and the dogs, eager to unearth him from his den in the
bank side, the entrance being all strewn with bones of fish and a foul smell proceeding therefrom, when the clouds which had been gathering heavily round the welkin,
did open and send forth peals of fearful thunder resounding from rock to rock.
Mistress Blanche had taken stand, hard by the river, near the otter’s-den, and John
of the Glen stood on the bank between her and the water, ready to spear the animal
if he sought to escape that way; and it was at that time a violent clap of thunder
startled the horse of one of the serving men, who, plunging in fear, slipped adown
the bank, and, striking against John of the Glen, his feet could not maintain their
hold in the steep and slippery soil, whereupon he plumped into the river which
flowed in a deep and swift current, swoln by the melting of the snows in the neigh-
bouring hills. A loud shriek did burst from the lips of Mistress Blanche, and in
a moment’s space she sprang from her steed, and dashing down the bank the earth
gave way, and she, also, fell into the stream.

Now was there sore confusion and dismay: John of the Glen was first to rise
unto the surface and, little harmed by the fall, few disasters being strange unto him
in his following of all sylvan sports, was nigh regaining the bank by help of a
tree which did hang low above it, when the cries and shouts of Sir Edwin, and the
Lady de Lacey’s loud calls on the name of her child did instruct him of the mis-
chance that had befallen, and, moreover, he did espy a part of a garment floating
on the water. Short space did pass before the poor damsel was lying on the
green sward, pale, and as if life was departed from her. My lady had ere this fallen
into a deep swoon, but none did tend her; and Sir Edwin ran to and fro, like a
scared man of no wit to do aught needful for the occasion. So, John of the Glen,
albeit dripping with water and somewhat faint and exhausted himself, was fain to
minister aid unto the damsel, and, kneeling beside her, he clasped her hands and
poured a few drops of strong liquor into her throat, which did much revive her, so
that she oped her eyes; and so, by that time, the rest had come out of their amaze
and did bear the damsel to her home. Sir Edwin and his lady seemed as if the burden of gratefulness did press heavily upon them, for, whilst they spoke kind words unto the youth, there was that in their manner which it needed not his shrewdness to see betokened little inward warmth. In truth, the knight and the Lady-mother were grievously suspect, the more especially as they betheought them how the danger was incurred, that the damsel did compare the comely John with the Master of Redmond, and found him more to her liking: so that they were sorely perplexed how to withdraw her from his neighbourhood, and yet break not that bond of thankfulness, they knew full well was due unto him. And so it was, that Sir Edwin thought it was a hopeful chance to 'scape from this his grievous perplexity, when his old companion in arms did so heartily desire his alliance; and he was sore vexed and angry withal, when the damsel was adverse to the wooing, for she did fearlessly declare unto her sire when, as he did make known to her the suit of the Master of Redmond, that her mind was vehemently set anent him, and she prayed rather to take the holy vows in the Abbey of St. Ann’s than be wedded to one of whom she heard no good report. Sir Edwin was mightily angered, but he kept his peace, nor did make known his suspicions, but sent straight my lady, his wife, to commune with and persuade the wayward child. But neither had she better success, and Blanche was fast in her purpose to wed not with the Heir of Redmond. Her mother was less prudent than her sire, and, moved unto anger and displeasure, she did openly accuse her of being too much affected unto one of low degree. She would fain have recalled her words, for Blanche grew red at this hearing, and owned it not, or said proudly that she had no thoughts unseemly for her birth and lineage, but that she did entirely mislike the youth Oswald, yet spoke she with all dutiful respect, and failed not in patient endeavour to soothe the angered spirits of her parents. And it was thus that matters stood when the Queen Joanna was wrecked on the coast, and sheltered in Castle de Lacey; and then it was that Sir Edwin and his spouse deemed a sojourn at court in the honorable office of hand-maiden to her grace, a right good means for diverting their daughter’s mind from her unworthy liking, and turn it to some gallant, fitting her station. All this time, nought had they wherewith to accuse young John, for he kept strict watch on his lips, whatever might be in his heart, and, save when he came across Mistress Blanche in her rides, he had no access of speech unto her. Her visits to his mother were forbidden, and, without word of mouth spoken, the Franklin’s family were ware that Sir Edwin harboured some evil will anent them. Seemed the time long ere the Queen Joanna sent a summons to Blanche de Lacey to come with all speed unto the Court, but rumours were rife that there had been much malcontent in the Parliament, by reason her grace did so much give her royal favor unto servitors of her own land of Bretagne, and so loud rose the voice against the foreigners that a parcel of them was straightway sent over sea, and the Queen was forced, with no good will, to surround her royal person with those of English birth. Then she betheought her of her promise to her host, and forthwith she commanded the maiden to hasten unto her. Great preparations were there at Castle de Lacey for the journeying, and certes, for this there was some need, for there were disturbances and affairs in the land she
besought her, that she would place the damsel about her royal person and suffer her to do her service as an honorable maiden.

The queen gave favorable hearing unto this, also; but she told her host he must be content to wait a while, until she was herself installed in her queenly dignity, as it behoved her to be well acquaint with her court and family, before she burdened herself with other cares, "for," said she to the knight, "think not that if thy child dwelleth nigh my person, I shall not deem it my bounden duty to be vigilant and watchful over her; therefore will I not have that care, until I know unto what I am called." And, with this, she greeted the knight, kindly, and with her men and maidens, and the princesses her daughters, did embark again on the rough sea, preferring rather to trust themselves to the mercy of the boisterous elements, than to the chances of plunder and hindrance from the lawless inhabitants of the Cambrian land, or of the disaffected barons near whose strong-holds she must travel towards her expectant lord. Great mercy was it, that the Heavens were calm and the Lord of Arundel did safely land his precious passengers on the Cornish coast, from whence they did journey unto the city of Winchester, where, in the church of Holy St. Swithin, in the year of grace 1403, she did wed the mighty king Henry.

When Sir Edwin did petition the queen's grace to take unto her royal protection his daughter Blanche, I wot he was led thereto by a secret fear that she was too well affected unto one beneath her; but, of this, in good faith and verity, I affirm, the good knight did vex himself without cause, and all relating thereto is truly set forth in this Chronicle.

It chanced that Mistress Blanche was riding her palfrey on the sea-shore, as her manner was, with none of her father's household to tend her; for, in the summer-time, there was no fear of forays from the lawless bands who still troubled the castle at winter-tide. A huge stag, driven by the hunters from the upper lands, sought refuge amongst the lone sand-banks by the sea, and came full speed on Blanche de Lacey, as she carelessly thrid the narrow path that led between them. Blanche sought to guide her palfrey on one side, so as to give the wrathful beast free passage, but he willed rather to spend his anger upon her, and made a thrust at her with his tall antlers. The frightened damsel jumped from her palfrey, and sought to escape by fleetness of foot, and she fled with all her might, whilst the stag stood doubtful to attack the horse or follow her. Suddenly, he bounded after her, and had just reached unto her, when an arrow, from an unseen hand, struck him behind the ear, and stunned him for an instant; and, ere he could recover, a young man, in a hunter's garb, drew near, and with his hunting knife did cut his throat. Mistress Blanche, with his aid, remounted her palfrey, and did courteously entreat the young man to return with her to the castle, to be duly thanked by Sir Edwin and the lady, her mother, for the good service he had done unto their daughter; but he, smiling, made reply, that John of the Glen went not to Castle de Lacey as a guest, and he sought no other guerdon but his pleasure in serving so fair a damsel.

So, after with much respect escorting her to the Castle-gate, he withdrew. But Blanche was not silent on the courage and brave demeanour of the youth; and did so much parley with her father upon it, that he was fain, one fair day, to mount
his steed and seek the dwelling of John, to give him thanks for the good service he had wrought her: and when Sir Edwin came back unto the Castle, and the family were seated, at noon-tide, adown the hall, Sir Edwin did speak with a loud voice, so that all might hear, and thus did he say:—

"By my faith, he is a stalwart fellow, this same John, and with a pair of spurs at his heels and a purse of gold-nobles in his hand, he would shew not amiss at the court of our king himself." So, 'tis true, did Blanche de Lacey think, though she kept modest silence and could not but sigh that the youth came not of gentle blood. After this, it would chance that, when she rode through the forest-paths, she did oft-times suffer her palfrey to take his own way; and he did much affect one leading to the house where the old mother of John did dwell; and there the dame did give her such cordial and honorable welcome as was fitting her high estate, as the daughter of their liege lord; and, oft-times, would gentle John give aid unto the lady to light from her steed, and conduct her with all humble service into the best chamber, all curiously carved in quaint devices of the sturdy oak, and offer to her there a cup of the rich mead, or methegin, and the manchet of wheaten bread, or the spiced cake, as good as she ever partook of at her father's board. Certes, there was no comelier youth than John of the Glen, neither was he in mind, uncultured, like the most of his degree, but being of a lofty and ambitious nature, he had sought out the Brothers of the Monastery hard by, and, in such seasons, when the sylvan sports were slack, and his services in skirmishes and such like warfare, not needed, he passed many an hour with old Friar Amsleim, and thereby became well skilled in knowledge; and, more than for these outward gauds, did he claim praise for his inward treasures; for he was stern in all his duty, and so humble, yet so nobly proud, withal, that he scorned to do aught unworthy of a man. He was bold and of good courage, and of subtle keenness in all sylvan craft; moreover, he had been bred to warfare from his youth, and never was there foray rebuffed or passage of arms anent the neighbouring chiefs, but John of the Glen took good part therein. He was marvellously well skilled in the use of the cross-bow, as well as in all weapons of the chase, and, withal, his port was noble, his face of the comeliest form, and his bearing like that of a king's son, so courteous and so free. Mistress Blanche had seen few of her own age, in the far solitude of Castle de Lacey, for, save her father's retainers, the guests were scant. About this time, there came thither a knight, Sir Oswald Redmond, by name, a companion in arms of Sir Edwin, for they had consorted together in the Irish wars, and the rumour was that he would fain match his son with the Mistress Blanche. In short-space, came young Master Oswald himself; but, though his gold was plenty, his manners were rude and, in good sooth, his person could not compare with John of the Glen's, for he was stout and short of stature, and swarthy withal; and so rough in bearing, that he was more like to raise affright in the Mistress he wooed, than a gentler passion. So the wooing, such as it was, sped not well, and Mistress Blanche, to avoid the suitor she disliked, turned her palfrey the oftener to the franklin's house; and to the good dame there, would sorrowfully relate how she was tormented and vexed by the suit of the Master of Redmond, and, oft-times, John of the Glen was present,
the approach of the Master of Powys, as just before related in old Baldwyn's Chronicle. They could trace, by the remains of windows, the hall of entrance; and long and curiously they wandered over every nook and corner, peopling them with shadows of the past, and imagining themselves thrown back into the olden times. Having exhausted some portion of their enthusiasm, and created no small disturbance amongst the jackdaws by their own intrusion, their four-footed companions having moreover succeeded in dislodging from his ivied-bower, a huge, white owl, who managed to flap heavily across the court to the loop-hole of an inaccessible turret, Mrs. de Lacey and her friend proceeded to the old church. Here they tried to persuade themselves they could discover the Lady-chapel, but, although this had disappeared amidst the ruin of years, the antiquarian rector had actually discovered, imbedded in the wall, fragments of what he considered to be the very stone, recorded in the former Chronicle as that in the Lady-chapel.

Several consecutive letters, which no eye, perhaps, but an antiquarian's could discern, much less decipher, did he declare to be "Eleanor," and a few letters besides on smaller fragments, which might have formed part of the inscription as given by the monk. Whether this were really so or not, it gave additional interest to the venerable building, and there were real and substantial vestiges of antiquity, sufficient to satisfy their reason, besides those doubtful traces, which could but excite without satisfying the imagination. They returned, then, in high delight from their ramble, quite in the mood to peruse the second Chronicle, which had also been prepared by Mrs. de Lacey for general perusal, and, at the same hour of the evening, they were seated as before, and Mrs. de Lacey commenced the following narration:

**CHRONICLE THE SECOND.**

This is the record of Blanche de Lacey, Abbess of St. Ann's, a true and faithful inditing of matters concerning the family of de Lacey, she, by God's grace being duly learned, after much study and labor to transcribe with the pen, doth purpose, with aid of the Blessed Virgin, to note sundry events relating to the said family, in pursuance to the design of Brother Baldwyn, who hath left in the strong chest of the church of Holy-cross notices thereof, and of the building of that holy edifice. That none may think scorn of me, for that I give my mind to things of small worth, and turn from prayer and mortification of my flesh, which they may deem my proper and sole vocation, I would stop such busy tongues and bid all such to know that I act with full grant of my superior, and thereby am free from blame, it being deemed matter of edification that the history of the de Lacey's should be made known, to the end that others may follow their good example, in things pertaining to the church.

In the reign of Henry, the 4th duke of Lancaster, there was a season of peace in these western parts, and right welcome it was after the troubled reign of Richard II. The de Lacey who was then lord of the castle, had gone in that monarch's train to Ireland, whither he went to revenge the death of his cousin, the Earl of March, and he fought under his banners, anent Henry of Lancaster who was ready with an army
to attack him on his return into England. There is no need to tell how that king Richard was overcome, and did suffer death in the castle of Pontefract, and that the duke of Lancaster did mount his throne and rule the English realm. Sir Edwin de Laceys who had been slightly wounded by an arrow in a skirmish on the first meeting of the rival princes, was minded not to risk his family and possessions by affecting a falling cause, and secretly withdrew to his castle in the west country, trusting that in the turmoil of contest and by reason that but for a brief space he had joined his unhappy master, the part he had taken might draw on him no observance. And so it proved. Sir Edwin was a shrewd man and cautious, and he was favored in his design after this wise.

King Henry had lost his wife, Mary de Bohun, who died in the bloom of beauty in the year of grace 1391; and in the year of grace 1402 he did by proxy espouse the Duchess Joanna of Bretagne born of Navarre.

In the latter days of December, the skies being fair and the wind temperate, the queen did set sail for England in a vessel of war under the guidance of the Lord of Arundel, bringing with her her fair young daughters, Blanche and Marguerite, and a large bevy of foreigners, whose presence did afterwards raise much discontent in the court. But shortly they suffered much tribulation, for a fearful storm did rise, and for many days the vessel was tossed here and there in the wide sea at the mercy of the foul wind, so that the queen, albeit a lady of good courage, did give up herself and her children for lost. First, they neared the Cornish coast, and had once good hope to make a landing, but then the tempest increased and drove them still further into the ocean, and after a devious course, with the loss of their great mast, the ship was stranded on the coast, near unto Castle de Lacey. Whereupon, Sir Edwin did with all speed seize this fair occasion to gain the queen’s goodwill, and he did receive her and her retinue with all humility and hospitality and respect, whereby to work upon her royal heart. They rested not long at Castle Lacey, tarrying but till such time as they had recovered their fear and sickness; but queen Joanna lent a gracious ear unto the petition of Sir Edwin, and gave him good assurance that she would obtain his free pardon for having borne arms for the late unhappy monarch. “I will not think,” said she proudly, “that a kindness shown unto me and mine in an evil hour, will not outweigh a breach of loyalty in these troublous days, when thou didst, in truth, fight under the banner of him thou deemedst thy lawful king, wherefore, Sir Edwin, I bid thee be of bold heart, in the hope that I will smoothe thy path before my lord the king.” The royal dame gave twenty marks to make a fair image of the Virgin, and ten marks for a lamp to burn perpetually before it, in remembrance of her deliverance from the perils of the sea, the which may be seen by all in a niche in the western aisle, opposite unto the fifth arch, and near unto the stone-tomb of old Hubert de Lacey of blessed memory: also, the queen’s grace did comport herself nobly to the serving men and maidens, and did moreover give unto the minstrel who played cunningly on the Welsh harp a largesse of 6s. 8d. Now, Sir Edwin had one daughter, Blanche, the same who doth indite this Chronicle, and seeing that this royal lady was a woman of a free spirit and generous heart, he preferred yet another petition and
must traverse, and Sir Edwin was fast held in his Castle walls by tedious sickness, whereby he had little power of his limbs even to leave his couch. The winter-tide, too, was coming, hastily, when he liked not that she should meet the keen cold and tempests, and no time was to be lost in speeding her on her travels. Sorely was Sir Edwin perplexed, but finally he agreed that the old Seneschal should head the train of five or six of the strongest and bravest of his vassals, and so speed her on diligently, carefully choosing the most solitary tracks, and giving good heed to avoid the disturbed countries, where the turbulent barons held warfare on all travellers and strangers, making it perilous for womankind. But little did this work care to Mistress Blanche, so joyous was she that the suit of the Master of Redmond had been dismissed, for, albeit the Knight, her father, was sore displeased, he would not force her will, and so he told Sir Oswald who, none the less, left Castle de Lacey in great wrath, and with deep threats of vengeance: but, truly, he had no cause for complaint, seeing that there is no remedy for such crosses, and that Sir Edwin demeaned himself fairly and uprightly to all.

On a brave morn, in the latter days of September, the party set forth, Sir Edwin and the dame blessing their daughter, and weeping plentifully; for, in truth, they deemed her a fond and duteous child, and she, departing with a heavy heart, knowing she carried that within it, which would work her mickle woe, wherever she might be. For five days, they wended on their way with good success, and no let or hindrance, save from the mire with which the autumnal rains clogged the ground withal, or the bleak wind which blew sharply over the wide moors and high lands they had to pass. But, towards the sixth evening, when Mistress Blanche was waxing somewhat weary with a long day’s journey, they were pricking their way amidst a thick forest which lay not far distant from the Castle of Sir Oswald Redmond, and by ill luck they lighted upon the knight himself, returning from the chase with hawk and hound. At sight of a troop of men and a woman muffled closely in the midst, on a palfrey, sleek and goodly to look upon, Sir Oswald accosted them, and Mistress Blanche, sore anent her will, was forced to greet him and declare herself bound for the palace of the Queen at Westminster. Whereupon, Sir Oswald did earnestly entreat her to tarry that night at his castle, shewing that it was hard by, and the darkness at hand, and that her journey would scarcely be hindered by such compliance. Certes, she had all the will to deny, but lacked the power, so hardly he urged her for the sake of old brotherhood with her father, and seeming to have laid aside his late displeasure against him, so that Mistress Blanche, albeit with no good grace, did turn her palfrey’s head towards his castle. Her heart did somewhat misgive her when she heard the heavy gates close after her, and when she saw it was a gloomy, old building, strongly fortified, and with no lack of armed followers. Nor did the meeting with her late suitor please her, for he was grim and rough, and bore a stronger ill-will for the past, than became a gallant gentleman.

Mistress Blanche was led into the chamber where the Lady of Redmond sat at her broidery with her maidens; she was a dame of goodly person, but advanced in years and of haughty demeanour. The coming of her guest seemed not to raise any marvel, and she greeted her with little cordiality; but Blanche would not give heed to the grave
deportment of the lady, and gave her thanks for the hospitality Sir Oswald did proffer. To this the lady did reply, "Methinks, fair damsel, thou wert not over ready to be Sir Oswald’s guest, seeing that, forgetting all ancient amity between the chiefs of Redmond and de Lacey, thou soughtest to pass the castle-gates nor enter therein." Blanche pleaded that the advancing season rendered her journey one of haste; and she sought by her humble demeanour to put aside the lady’s ill-will, for she mistrusted that she was caught in some snare to her hindrance. At the evening meal, she sat at the board by the side of the Master of Redmond, and then she would fain have withdrawn to her chamber, saying she was weary with travel and needed the sweet solace of sleep, seeing that she must rise betimes and pursue her way, and make up for the lost time. But her fear and amaze were great, when the lady replied:—"Not so fast, fair damsel, needs be that thou tarriest here a space, for old friendship’s sake, and that our dear son, here present, may seek to turn thy heart from its disaffection towards him."

Blanche, in much trouble and vexation, did vehemently declare she could brook no delay, and that, moreover, for the purpose named, it was vain, for her mind could never change; but the lady, smiling, said, "The minds of young maidens are not known unto themselves, and, peradventure, thine, child, will waver, when a bold gallant like the Master of Redmond doth address thee so lovingly. So, now, go to thy rest, if it please thee, and, on the morrow, let thine ears be gently inclined to a suitor thou shewest but thy folly to reject."

Poor Mistress Blanche with a sad heart sought her pallet; but she slept not, for dreams of evil filled her mind, and she believed herself in a fowler’s net, and knew not how to escape. Her tyring-damsel awaited her in her chamber, and, to her mistress’s questions, said, the band of her attendants had been bountifully feasted and plied with draughts of potent ale, which she had seen set before them in the huge Black Jacks at the hall board, all, save one, who had cautiously approached her, and, in a low voice, bid her tell her mistress to be of good cheer. But his name the serving-maid knew not, though she was sure he had made none of their company, and he was so muffled in a long garment or riding-cloak, and his face so hidden in a broad-brimmed hat, or basnet, that she could see nought of his visage by the fire-light. Who could be this secret friend, Blanche could not devise, but, wearied with travel and affright, she sought her couch, having first duly said her orisons to God and the saints for aid in so sore a strait.

On the morrow, after the morning’s repast, when she was too vexed and ill-at-ease to partake of more than a small manchet of bread, and could scarce sip from the silver flagon, or look upon the hearty cheer spread upon the board, she spoke earnestly to Sir Oswald and his lady, entreating that they would speed her on her way, and threatening the displeasure of the Queen if she should hear what foul despite was wrought anent one of her Grace’s household, and, moreover, her anger against the damsel for her neglect and seeming disobedience. But they seemed to hold all this as light and of little account, and sought not to hide their purpose, that having secured the damsel within their gates it should be no fault of theirs if that their son profited not to gain her favor. Some may marvel that they had so set
him there were foul doings now, and that for base coin they had been content to yield the maiden into durance. Whereupon he did turn his steed towards a lone house in the hills, and lamenting to the simple host that he had fallen lame on his way he did tend him well and carefully, and leave him there, when, at night-fall he sallied forth, and prowled about the castle-walls in great perplexity. Now it chanced that a young page had sojourned at Castle de Lacey with his master, Sir Oswald, and that sundry times he had met with John of the Glen, and with him had right merry pastime in spearing of salmon and snaring the animals of prey in the woods around, and now, by good luck, this youth was solacing himself in sacred guise, beneath the castle-walls, and did there encounter his old comrade. Right glad was the youth at his sight, and full ready was he to tell him all he had seen, and to do all that John asked of him, the more especially when he put into his hand a silver piece, and did promise unto him another, if he would shew him if by any means he could enter the castle and conceal himself therein. Whereupon, the boy, with great glee did conduct him to a corner in the outer wall, where the trees and bushes did grow very thick, and there were, moreover, old ivy-stems and branches and two or three stones displaced therein: for here the underlings of the castle were wont to get forth when they planned some sport in the woods and were loth to crave egress from the morose old warden of the gate.

John bound the boy solemnly to keep all to himself, not failing to shew him that Sir Oswald did offend all laws of right and hospitality in so ensnaring a helpless young damsel, and then climbing the wall he reached the battlement which was, at this time, unguarded, and found entrance into a small, lone tower filled with broken weapons of war and old matters thrown by in disuse. But from this tower, he made his way into that court whence he did parley with the damsel and give such joyful hope unto her heart; and then it was that, peering along the dark passages beneath, he saw the serving maiden of the lady, and did speak unto her the few words of good cheer. So subtly did he manage, that he withdrew unseen, and descending the old wall by the same means he had scaled it he returned to the hostel; little harm had befallen his steed, but John made much of it, and talked piteously of the hurt which he feared would work him such hindrance on his journey; yet did he cunningly speak boldly of the cure his ointment of herbs would do in a short space; and for this he did make great shew of boiling and pounding a heap of green leaves he brought from the hedge side. He kept away from the castle until night fell again, and then he met the youth Robert, as they had agreed, who made known unto him how Sir Oswald was resolved to wed Mistress Blanche to his son: whereat, John's passion was mighty, and the more firm was he to rescue the damsel from her thrall, and it was that night that he stole again into the court and held parley with her, for he knew, by means of his trusty informers, that Mistress Blanche's chamber looked therein, and also, he was ware of the going forth of Sir Oswald and the damsel in the early matin. He failed not, then, to talk to his host of his content that his steed was cured of his lameness and that he should depart betimes on the morrow. "And, how well we sped, lady," thus ended John his story, "there is no more need to discourse on."
Mistress Blanche was sorely vexed to leave behind her in captivity her favorite tyring maid Alice, but John who, in truth, had taken thought of all, had made agreement with Page Robert to favour her escape, and, for the rest, if they were unfaithful to their liege lord, none could lament for them, and if they were not, Sir Edwin, on hearing the tidings of the disaster would not fail to ransom them by force or peaceful means. So the mind of the damsel was quieted on this score.

Now did they proceed on their journey, and so it was that, before night-fall, they reached a stately abbey, where she could bide in safety with the good Lady Abbess until the Queen could learn her misadventure and give her safe conduct to court. The Abbess was a dame of noble blood and courteous demeanour and gave kind greeting to the forlorn damsel, and much commended John of the Glen when as all was related unto her. With her own hand, she indited a letter unto the Queen's grace, wherein she informed her of Mistress Blanche being in her safe custody and, moreover, she made honorable mention of the young franklin. He did comport himself with such honest frankness, and his comely person and pleasant countenance did so win the liking of the Lady Abbess, to whose presence he was admitted, that, with her own reverend hands she fastened round his neck a chain of wrought metal, hanging thereto a silver box containing a portion of the toe bone of the Martyr Saint Alban; and when he craved permission to bid farewell to the lady whom he had guarded so discreetly, the Lady Abbess did cause her to be summoned forthwith. And she did say much of her gratefulness, and would fain have said yet more, but that maidenly modesty restrained her tongue; yet did she look on him with an eye of favor which would not be concealed.

John of the Glen did leave the Abbey at even-tide, and stopping only, as a merciful man, for the rest and solace of his good horse, he did reach the Queen's palace at Westminster, on the third day. But the royal dame was sojourning at the castle of Winsor, and thither he was fain to follow her. He beguiled the way by planning many a bold project and design, and his heart burnt within him to gain that he was fixed upon.

Now, when he was passed the great gate of the palace, he traversed a court, and at one end pacing up and down with a hasty step was a marvellously proper lady, whom straightway he knew to be Queen Joanna herself. He had tyred himself in a new hunting-suit of green, and his eyes shining bright with his inward thoughts he looked fitting to stand even before the royal dame, who, chancing to esp'y a comely youth and a stranger, stopped short and made a sign for him to approach. Then, graciously she accosted him, though she spake with a foreign tongue, "young man who art thou, and what wouldst thou here." And then he knelt on one knee and held to her Grace the letter of the Abbess wrapt in a kerchief of silk, and he said that letter would tell her Grace his business, whereupon, Queen Joanna did quickly open it, and when she had decyphered it, the ruddy color mounted to her cheeks, and she looked mightily distraught, but not with the youth, for presently she smiled graciously on him and spoke some words commending him. Then turned she to a page who stood behind her, and bid that John of the Glen should be well cared for until she had pondered in her mind for the safe conducting of Mistress Blanche to
slumber seal thine eyes. Pray to God and the saints in Heaven, and take comfort that thou hast a servant on earth who will die the death for thee ere a hair of thy head be harmed."

"Thou art John of the Glen," cried Blanche, in a louder voice than was prudent, but her joy overcame her fear. "Hist, lady," said the voice, "it matters not who I am. Be the watchword, 'A still tongue and a ready hand.' The holy mother be with thee." And, saying this, he lightly sprang up on a low battlement and disappeared through the door of a small tower skirting one angle of the court.

Mistress Blanche pondered carefully the words of her trusty friend, for she lacked not of wit; and, on the morrow, put on a face of as little dolor and care as might be, and greeted her hosts at the matin meal. She strove that her acts and face should agree together, and ate her manchet of wheaten flour and slice of boar's head, and her cup of strong ale, as if she appetized it well, though, in truth, it went sorely against her. Moreover, she smiled, and responded courteously to the queries of the dame; nay, she did it, discreetly, and was careful to break forth at whiles into despite and impatience, urging them to set her free. But seeing her of altered mood, they caressed her, and spoke her smooth, bidding her think better of a suitor like their son; and putting aside all idle fancies comport herself graciously towards him, and, so doing, she should find them as loving parents as those she had left.

To this Blanche answered, "she could not change in such haste, and was moreover ill-affected to one who caused her such vexation, nor was it like she should be in a pleasant mood, she who was used to roam at large, seated on her palfrey, and guarded by none but her faithful hound, and now to be constrained within the narrow court of the castle.

To this Sir Oswald spake; that this should be no grievance, for she should ride in his company and his son's after noon-tide, that very day, and that they would do all to please and win her good will. So they rode forth, and Mistress Blanche was careful to look indifferently on the way; whereas, she noted it well, neither did she dare to reprove the young Master, ss she fain would have done, but she hearkened unto his free and rough speech with a somewhat kind ear, the better to deceive them. And Sir Oswald did bid her prepare herself on the morrow, at early morn, to ride with him along the river banks, for that the stones in the ford were removed by the heavy rains, and he had set a band of serfs to labour at them and would fain see they were not slothful at their task.

"You and I, fair damsel," said the knight, "who love the morning air, will rise betimes, and go forth before we break our fast; and my good lady-wife shall have the escort of her son and meet us as we speed homewards from the ford."

Mistress Blanche gave joyful consent, and as she mounted the narrow stair to her chamber in the turret, she heard the low clear voice come whispering upwards these three words, "lady, be ready." So she was ware that on the morrow her protector would seek her deliverance from her thraldom. Restless was her couch that night; and before the day dawned she arose and prayed earnestly, and made a solemn vow to offer a garment of fine broderie to the Blessed Virgin, and twelve tapers of
Virgin wax to her shrine in the church of Holy-cross, if she would vouchsafe her good success and safety to the court of the Queen; and then she sought to wear a composed demeanour, when she descended at the summons of him who kept her in ward. Great content was her’s that they ambled forth, alone; and at a good pace they pricked on towards the river’s banks, which were steep and rugged, and adown this led the path to the ford below. Mistress Blanche warily feigned distrust that her palfrey would keep his footing, and Sir Oswald suspecting nought, bid her tarry on the top a short space, whilst he should haste to the men, and, shortly, return. The damsel’s heart beat quick, for the rustling of the bushes presently gave her notice of one nigh at hand and, certes, no sooner had the knight turned his steed downwards, and was hidden by a turn in the path—than John of the Glen, mounted and armed, was at her side.

“A still tongue and a ready hand lady and away,” so saying, he seized her bridle, turned the palfrey’s head and urging it with a stroke of his whip, swiftly they sped through the thick covert of the wood, and across a moorland, in a track which he knew would lead them to safety. Little thought Sir Oswald that his prey had escaped, and great was his mazement and wrath when he found the dove had taken wing. At the first, he deemed that, weary of waiting, she had sought the castle; so, clapping spurs to his good steed, with all haste he pursued her; but at the castle gates he met his lady and the master, and then full well he knew the truth. Much did they rate him for his simple trust in the damsel, and the master swore a great oath that she should rue her craft when she was in his power, and summoning all the vassals, he sent them divers ways in pursuit, and did himself take all measures to regain the fugitive.

Meanwhile, Mistress Blanche, in safe custody of good John of the Glen, rode briskly forward, without let or hindrance, for a good space, when he, deeming that they had baffled those of the castle, did propose that they should give their good steeds breathing time at a small hostel nigh at hand, and that the damsel should partake of such simple fare as they might find: and, in truth, her fright, and the keen morning-air and her lack of the early meal had given her appetite, and now that she was free and content in heart, she did eat with good relish the oaten cake and hot rasher of porket and the draught of mead they did set before them. And whilst they tarried to rest their steeds awhile, the damsel besought her deliverer to make known unto her how it befell that he was at hand to work her such good service. Then did he tell her that, when the tidings went abroad that she was to go a perilous journey in that late season, and with a troop of vassals alone, he did resolve in his secret mind to follow unseen, to keep vigilant watch over her safety; so, for three days he did pursue their steps, unknownst to any. The eve, when by ill-luck they came upon Sir Oswald and his son, the good steed of the youth stumbled over a wood log concealed in the grass, and ere he could mount him again and get on his way, the party and entered the castle gates. He checked his steed and bethought him what he should do, for he was ware of the castle’s owner, and he mistrusted, somewhat, the fidelity of Sir Edwin’s vassals, and the honesty of Sir Oswald, for he knew that he, in his ire at the fail of his son’s suit, had let fall many words of despite, and it feared
their hearts upon this espousal, but, be it known to such that Blanche was like to
be inheritor of the broad lands of de Lacey, seeing that she had but one brother of
sickly estate and holding life by a feeble tenure. The poor damsel was in jeopardy,
seeing herself in captivity and no means to make known her grievance unto her
father, or to the Queen her expectant mistress; but she was pious and of good
courage, that nothing should prevail with her to hearken to the suit of the young
Master, whom she now hated with hearty good-will. The Lady Redmond would
have made her ply her needle at the tapestry and listen awhile to the speech of
her son, but she made reply, that "her mind being uneasy she should mar it
grievously; and she did crave leave to pace in the court of the castle for the air
she needed."

The lady gave consent with no good grace, and would fain that her son were
her companion; but Mistress Blanche stoutly refused, and said, plainly, that if she
could not have the solitude she sought, she would keep her chamber until it pleased
her hosts to release her. When she descended into the court, she spied narrowly around if, perchance, she might light on one of her father's vassals, or
him who had spoken those few words of comfort to Alice her maiden; but none
could she behold, and great dread came over her at her misfortunate plight. After
a space, the keen wind did make her fain to retire, and she kept her chamber
till noon, when she was summoned to the noon-tide meal. And there, again, did
her rough suitor ply her with such gallant speeches as his rude nurture had taught
him; but Mistress Blanche did treat him scornfully, and told him she did dislike
him the more for each word that came forth of his lips. So, when they rose
and grace was said, the damsel heeded not the lady's call, but retired again unto
her chamber, and for very wistfulness she drew nigh the window, and looked woefully over the country. She could see also into a small court-yard below, but,
saving a serving-man and a boy laden with wood, no one was there. At supper
time, she was called again unto the hall, and then she demanded again wherefore they detained her in such discourteous fashion. Sir Oswald told her, "his
mind and his son's were set on her alliance, and would not be gainsayed by a little
waywardness on her part, which they doubted not would pass away when she
found herself the bride of Redmond, and so honourably disposed of." Nor did
he fear but that Sir Edwin would gladly excuse all that was unseemly in their
haviour, considering it to be done from passionate love towards his daughter and
their fond craving for alliance with him.

To this, Mistress Blanche did haughtily reply, she gave no credit to his glossing
words, and that her mind misgave her sore it was but the wealth of Lacey, the
young Master did so much affect, and "if it be so, be it known, good sir," said
she, "that my brother is not the sick youth he hath been, and he who seeketh
to wed with me as the heiress of de Lacey, may chance to be burdened with a
portionless wife. But rich or poor I wed not with the heir of Redmond, and
this being my firm resolve, I pray ye dismiss me on my journey on the morrow,
and I will make promise to think no more of the past."

But they would not give ear unto her, but gave her plainly to understand that
she left that roof no more but as the spouse of her son, and they told her, more-
over, that having enthralled all those who tended her, there was little chance that
Sir Edwin could discover her or trace her far on her way, so lone and dreary was
the land she had traversed. Though sore dismayed at such parlance, Mistress
Blanche yielded not, and spoke sharply of their most dishonourable bearing to-
wards her, and how stout of heart she was that it should not avail, "and doubt
not, madam," said she, addressing the lady of Redmond, "but that God will
succour me in his good time, nor think that my father will not presently seek
me out, nor that the Queen's grace will pardon the affront and hinderance of-
fered to one of her household, and then, methinks, ye will sorely repent that ye
have been misled by the evil one thus to act towards a helpless damsel." And,
so saying, she sought her chamber, and fastened her door that she might give
entrance to none. There sat she in great trouble of spirit, till it was dark night;
and the young moon did shed a faint light from the cloudy skies, and then, to
cool her hot cheeks which, certes, were red with anger and vexation, she unclosed
the casement and let the air blow freely on her face; and as she did lean for-
ward, it seemed to her as if a dark figure crossed the court below and tarried
beneath her window. Presently, she heard her name spoken in a clear whisper,
and she quickly said, "I am here, whoever you are, speak again, I pray thee." Then the voice said, "At midnight ope thy casement again, and look forth, for
now there is danger of prying ears." So the damsel withdrew from the window,
and waited patiently, though she watched the sands of the hour-glass, and thought
the hours weary till they passed. The moon was high when she looked forth
again, and, then, she saw the same dark figure below, standing very still. At
the creaking of the casement, the figure raised its head, and cautiously stepped
across the court, as if spying that none were at hand, and then again it stood.

"I pray thee, speak," quoth Mistress Blanche, "for I am in a sore strait, and
know not how to get forth; and I fear me the lord of the castle hath evil designs
anent my person, wherefore I look gladly for some to aid and abet me to be quit
of this thralldom. But I would fain know who thou art ere I commune with thee."

"Fear not, lady," said the voice, and the words though spoken under the
breath, came on the mistress's ears deep and clear; "I am one who am faithful
and true, and it was because I looked for danger that I am here. I tell thee
to be of good courage, be not wanting to thyself, bethink thee thou art of proud
de Lacey blood, and, God willing, ye shall shortly be freed from the clutch of
this recreant knight. Listen, I pray thee, and bear my words well in thy mind.
On the morrow, greet thy hosts with a less sorrowful countenance, as if thy heart
was less wrathful against them. Pursue this way, discreetly, until thou can'st win
the knight's favour, and he grant thee leave to go forth with him a riding on thy
palfrey. That granted, thou hast no more to do, but to be wary and ready when
the time cometh, and leave the rest to me. I have caught the wild beasts of the
forest in my toils, and it shall go hard but I will deliver the dove from the net
of the fowler, cunning though he be. And, now, seek thy couch, lady, and let
her presence. And so the young franklyn was put in all honorable keeping within
the proud Castle of Winson. All this while, Blanche sojourned safely in the abbey,
kindly nurtured by the Lady Abbess, and the holy sisterhood, and unmolested by
Sir Oswald, who, in truth, now that his shameful scheme had failed, through the
courage and craft of watchful John, was in no small jeopardy lest this base attempt
should bring him into much trouble. A messenger was sent off to Castle de Lacey,
bearing tidings of the capture and release, and praying that measures might be
taken to let loose the vassals who were enthralled in the castle walls.

Accordingly, in the space of a few days, a peal was rung at the portal of the
abbey, and the porter was somewhat troubled to see a troop of horse, but he pre-
sently took heart, when he was hailed by John of the Glen who, with a merry voice
bid him good den, and humbly craved audience with the most reverend lady. He
dismounted and entered, whilst the Abbess in her hospitality ordered the troop to
be fed and sheltered within the abbey-walls. The holy dame was seated on her
chair of state, but when John did put into her hands the parchment with the queen’s
signet, she arose and received it standing upright on her feet, to shew her respect
and duty to the same, and forthwith began to unfold it and to read its contents.
It was writ with the queen’s own hand, and after kind greeting of the Abbess,
commanded her, with all speed, to send Mistress Blanche to the Castle of Winsor
under the guard of John of the Glen and the armed men who companied with
him, “seeing,” quoth she, “that under no protection can the damsel be more surely
kept from evil accident and peril than that of the said youth for, it seemeth, verily,
he is right honest in heart and stout of body to maintain his will.”

Certes, the breast of John beat proudly at this hearing, and heartily did he re-
solve to walk uprightly all his days, and come to better estate than any now looked
for; but now he waited reverently for such orders from the Lady Abbess as behaved
for the safe travel of the damsel. After mass, on the morrow, Mistress Blanche
took leave of her kind hostess who blessed her, and of all the holy sisterhood, hum-
bley asking for their prayers in her behoof, and mounting her faithful palfrey de-
parted, nothing loth to entrust herself to the care of John; so sped they on their
way; but her companion kept silence for the most part, and was as if he had no
mind to converse with the damsel. And they wended on till night-fall, when they
reached a hostel, and the good dame thereof took tender care of the lady, feeding
her with hot possets and such cheer as might best restore her strength, impaired by
unwonted travel, and on the fifth day they entered in safety the gates of Winsor.

When the queen’s grace was ware of the coming of the damsel, straightway she
commanded that she should be brought unto her, and she greeted her, lovingly;
for, whereas as Blanche incontinent knelt before her, she raised her and kissed her
cheek, and bade her welcome and be of good heart, for that in her court she was
safe from malpractices. “And though, fair child,” quoth the queen, “thou mayst
not have ever ready at thy side the faithful youth who has stood thee in such good
stead, yet I promise thee I will be mindful of thee, and I will keep faithfully the
promise I gave to thy parents to keep thee from all harm.” So saying, the queen
gave the damsel her hand to kiss, and dismissed her for that while.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
John of the Glen had that in his heart which has raised many a one of low degree to riches and honors, and it was as a thorn in his side ever urging him to attain the end he wished, by all honorable means. He felt there was a sure bond of hearts betwixt him and the damsel and, without his love having ever broke forth from his lips, for, in truth, he deemed one of his breeding unit to parley on this wise with a maid of her gentle blood, in his present state, yet he knew some what of the lady's kind leaning towards him. It was now that a deadly feud was hot betwixt the king and the great Pierce, Earl of Northumberland, touching the ransom of some prisoners, and an army was raised to march to the north and give him battle on his own lands. The young Lord Pierce, at this news, scoured the country to raise men at arms to maintain the cause of Mortimer, Earl of March, anent the king, for that they deemed his claim to the throne above Henry's, whose descent was from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward the fourth, whereas Earl Mortimer came forth of the third son. And, now, John of the Glen deemed the time fitting for the furtherance of his own secret views, and, seeking an audience with the queen—he humbly craved her favor that he might have honorable place in King Henry's army when he hoped to fight so stoutly as to gain renown and favor at his hand. Queen Joanna's woman's heart had revealed to her the secret of John of the Glen's love, and she saw that the young franklin was of that right stock from which nobility and greatness spring; therefore, she turned a willing ear unto his quest. Her grace spoke of him unto her royal lord, and John went forth with the king's troops in full resolve to win for himself a better station. Great grief it was about this time to Blanche de Lacey to hear the sad tidings that, by the artful persuasion of young Pierce, Sir Edwin had been so wrought as to join him with a small band of followers, taking for a surety what that fiery noble told him, that King Henry's cause was falling and Earl Mortimer's on the ascendant. But Sir Edwin gave too easy credit to the tale. and, for the hope of gain, turned aside from his usual course, to take part in commotions he had no need to meddle in. Further, there came doleful news to Mistress Blanche which did grieve her heart, albeit it did greatly mend her worldly condition, for her brother departed this life, and now she was heiress of de Lacey. Many suitors of high degree she found at court, but she liked not one of them, and the queen stood her friend, and turned the king from his purpose, when he would fain that the damsel had wedded one of his young nobles, who needed a rich inheritance.

King Henry himself took the field and worsted the rebels in two or three affrays; and in one of these, by good fortune, John, after fighting valiantly, and taking three prisoners of note, came up to a part of the field where the fight was hottest, and where was the king himself doing battle with a body of the rebels, and his nobles dispersed, by their rude assault, from his royal person. An archer aimed at the king's grace whilst spurring his wounded steed to bear him away, when John, who was nigh at hand, covered the king with his shield, and saved him from the point of the arrow, which, glancing off, pierced his own shoulder. "Thou hast saved my life, good fellow," cried the king, as he rode away at full speed, and John dealt such heavy blows around, that the foes fell back, and the king got off in safety. At even-tide, when there was great concourse in the king's tent, his grace told of his escape.
from the fierce onslaught, and commanded that instant search should be made for his deliverer. "I have a shrewd guess," quoth he, "of the youth. Go, seek for that John of the Glen, whom the queen, my wife, so highly favours. Beshrew me, but I think 'twas he who did this good deed this day, and hath saved his king."

But John was too sorely wounded to move, and for many a day lay in grievous doleur, but was he well tended at the king's cost, and kindly looked upon by all the court. Certes, but it was sore tidings for Blanche de Lacey to hear of his hurt and of her father's delinquency, but the queen cheered her, and promised to be her friend. After a while, came a messenger from the king's highness, with tidings that the rebellion was quelled, and that John of the Glen was whole of his wound, and, moreover, had received the honour of knighthood for his bravery and good service to the king. And then it was he took for his device a star with an eye beneath it, with the words, "I look upwards," and this may be seen in the arms of De Lacey."

Alas, for Sir Edwin! who, making the best of his way to regain his castle, if by any means it might gain no observance that he had aided the rebel troops, it was his ill fortune to fall in with a troop of king's-men, and, turning his steed, he fled with all haste. But they, thirsty for blood, nor doubting him a rebel, seeing he sped with such fear, let go a plump of arrows after him, and straightway he fell from his horse, mortally wounded; and they, making him captive, bore him to the castle of Chester, nigh at hand, where he gave up the ghost, the day before Lammas, having been shriven by the holy abbot of St. Oswald's. The king was in too troublous times to keep strict watch and ward over his subjects, and so, with no recurrence to her father's treason, he will that the lands and castle De Lacey should fall to Mistress Blanche, only muletting it with 100 marks, to be paid unto his queen; and, moreover, he did make known unto the damsel his gracious will and pleasure that she should wed with Sir John Daperel, and that he, known aforesay as John of the Glen, should assume the name and arms of de Lacey. Thus did he come to great honour and estate, for Mistress Blanche shewed not herself adverse to obey the king, for, certes, she did ever much incline to a youth of such good parts and honesty.

Queen Joanna, graciously dismissing her, she did live at Castle de Lacey with her spouse, in all love and bliss, and in the midst of a goodly progeny; and then it was that Sir John did piously resolve to shew his humble thankfulness to Almighty God for his great favor in giving unto him wealth and honors, and moreover her, for whose dear sake he had most sought them, to build a sumptuous chapel adjoining the church of Holy-cross, and he spared no cost in adorning it, paying unto cunning workmen, from the far country of Italy, to carve it in alabaster with goodly adornments.

Twenty years they lived in all connubial tenderness, when a grievous sickness broke forth in all the west country, and he, falling sick of it, was tended, in love and grief, by his wife, for many days, and at last did yield up his life unto God, to her inexpressible doleur and dismay. As a token of her great love for this, her faithful spouse, she caused a goodly tomb to cover his remains, with an effigy of himself,
lying clad in knightly attire, done by a most cunning sculptor, and all of fine alabaster, whereof the cost was great; but she, his mournful widow, thought not of the outlay of gold but to shew her fond heart towards him she loved so truly. Then, sick of the vanities of this world, and her son being in good charge of the noble Earl of Arundel, and her daughters mated, she did, when these her last duties were fulfilled, retire into the abbey of St. Anne, and, being received therein, did take the holy vows; and in course of time, when she was far advanced in years, she was chosen to the most honourable office of Abbess, and sought to perform all the duties thereof to her best ability. And she it is who enditeth this veritable record for the knowledge of such as come in after days, and, God willing, it shall lie in safe keeping of that strong oak chest, wherein lieth the chronicle of Brother Baldwin, and so, having faithfully and verily writ, with mine own hand, these passages of the times past, I call on all saints to take it into their holy keeping, in the chapelry of the Holy Virgin, this tenth day of June, in the year of grace 1442, in the reign of the mighty King Henry the Sixth.

[We are assured that others of these mysterious records of the past are in course of being unravelled for the gratification of our readers.]

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SEIZE THE MOMENTS AS THEY FLY.

By KLEIST.

Haste the joys of life to share;
Seize the moments as they fly;
Soon shall close the scene so fair:
Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

Laugh at Physics's pert pretence;
Shun the water—drinking train;
Wine that soothes the soul's offence,
Soothes alike the body's pain!

Wine, the balm kind nature pours,
Rosy health and bloom supplies.
Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;
Drink—delight at bottom lies!

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
Let his fragrant altars burn;
Soon shall love his breast inflame;
Love shall triumph in his turn!
THE HERO OF THE CAMPUS MARTIUS:—
A TALE OF THE DAYS OF HORACE.

By W. Ledge, Esq.

CHAPTER I.

From a huge cleft, between the two innermost of four hills, which form an irregular semicircle, the ancient and classic Anio tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaking itself to shatters, and being converted into a shower of fine rain, where the sun creates many a bow, red, green, blue and yellow. It is a noble sight. The weight and force of that quantity of waters have worn the rocks around and beneath, into a thousand uneven and picturesque crags, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise, until, two miles further on, it comes to another steep, where it falls, roaring down a greater height than before, though in less united volume—having been crossed and divided by the opposing stony barriers into four several streams, which form as many cascades. This scene, in all its beauty, the spectator can command at one view, its interest and romantic character being further increased by the intermixture of groves of olive and little woods, the mountains towering majestically behind them, while, on the summit of one which terminates a horn of the half circle, stands the town of Tibur or Tivoli, and on the very brink of the precipice—the Sybil’s temple, with its rotunda and portico, whose beautiful Corinthian pillars look like the graces of oracular fame. Contrasted with this, on the other side may be seen the mighty Campagna of Rome, stretching far away towards the queen of cities, which just appears on the verge of the horizon. A little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over the torrent, rose the house of Horace, from which he could watch the precipitate Anio plunging, like a deity from the skies, among the groves of Tibur, and its orchards irrigated with silvery rivulets.

Pass we back through the lapse of centuries to the far-famed and immortal period when the halo of literature and the pomp of heathenism threw at once their glory and gloom over ‘the Augustan age,’ when molten gems enriched in wantonness the grape’s luxurious goblet, when, as in the days of Solomon, gold might seem trampled into dust upon the streets of imperial Rome, when the spoils of conquered provinces, and the revenues of tributary empires were exhausted to supply her banquets and swell her magnificence. The news of the victory at Actium had been confirmed; the brave but amorous and misjudging Mark Antony was no more; and Cleopatra, equally false and suicidal, whose galleys, headed by herself, had forsaken her unhappy minion in his hour of need, had felt the subtle poison of self-inflicted retribution gnaw into the inmost core of her vain and faithless heart. All was joy among the favorites, partisans and pensioners of Augustus. A bright and glowing
Italian sun warmed the scenery of hill and plain, rendering grateful the shade and coolness of Tibur's groves, and pouring a flood of radiance upon the Anio's waterfalls, and the rural abode of Horace.

Outside its little portico, and resting on a low couch, reclined a male and female. The man was of diminutive stature, but the sunbeams which played obliquely over his face, discovered features breathing vivacity and fire. His companion, attired in gorgeous Coan purple, and adorned with gems that sparkled like stars come to visit the day, returned with many a blandishment the amorous attentions of her apparently passionate friend. A lighthearted laugh occasionally awakened echoes that slept amidst the well-known thunders of their accustomed waters; while the jocund pair raised and quaffed the goblets of Falernian and Cœnusbean wine which were as constantly replenished by an attendant, at the command of his merry master. It was Horace, regaling himself with the beautiful Phyllis.

At a considerable distance from this spot, beside one of the cascades, and beneath the verdant canopy of a grove of olive, orange, and fig-trees, might be likewise seen a solitary man. With folded arms, he gazed listlessly around, or paced slowly up and down under the trees, whose lengthening shadows, as they reared themselves in sombre grandeur above the wave, already gave notice of the decline of noon. His form scarcely rose above the middle height, but was graceful and elegant, and indicated agility and great muscular power. There was a speaking dignity in his measured step; and his embrowned and manly countenance bore the appearance of calm and resigned, but deep and settled dejection. Anon, desisting from his walk, he leaned against a tree; and his firm, motionless figure, and melancholy mien, contrasted vividly with the lively and (for the hour at least) thoughtless revellers afar off, and his eyes wandered in seeming pursuit of the motes that danced in the sun-beams, while a thousand recollections and anticipations crowded on his mind. Alas! the world's blasts had visited his youth roughly. Unhappy Nessus! your's was indeed the reality of sorrow; for the sufferings of a great or sensitive spirit, however fantastically or fancifully they may originate, are always real and sincere. He was born of patrician parents. His mother died on the same day which rose upon the suicide of Brutus and his defeat by Augustus; and from this coincidence omens were taken of his future prospects. An only son and a noble, maternal care and caresses had continued even beyond the ordinary period of a child's indulgence; and although his high Roman soul prevented him from indulging in the weakness of unavailing grief, it is probable that the mortifications of his subsequent peculiar and isolated condition were more acutely felt, from the consciousness of his being already more than half an orphan. His father was haughty and a patriot, and, in inheriting that father's pride, he grew to manhood, the pride of his father. But, in forming his son's soul to virtue, the old man followed not the suggestions of paternal fondness, but studied the policy of rigorous severity. Firmly impressed with those notions of unbending discipline, according to which Manlius condemned his offspring to death, though obtaining renown for the Roman army, he set no limits to paternal or military authority, and thought no punishment too heavy for its violation. Obedience to the dictates of constitutional power
he esteemed paramount to every other merit, affirming that Roman valor was so universal, that moral restrictions were necessary to create a medium of higher distinction, and that they deserved the greatest glory who placed the summum bonum of excellence, not so much in bodily energy or personal courage, as in mental subordination, it being in every age found a more arduous task to check the animal impulses of strength and daring, than even through their agency to win the spoils of triumph. Prowess and bravery might be the attributes of a whole army, but to command oneself was essential to the completion either of a good General or upright magistrate; and he who could attain to this noble quality, shewed that best example of discipline and integrity, which alone, combined with firmness and decision, is able, and will ever produce, in a mass of living valor, confidence, respect, and veneration. To bow close a restraint, however, the judgment of Nessus might consent, his juvenile impetuosity was far from permitting a patient submission, especially as his benevolent as well as vicious feelings were subjected to the guidance of reason and precept. In deeds of generous daring and noble sympathy he had frequently transgressed those rules of self-government and control maintained by his father to be the legitimate standard of rigid Roman purity. Often, when his humanity was implicated, had he been detected in the most flagrant disobedience; had more than once ventured to palliate or justify his offence, and on one occasion had, in a hasty moment, raised his hand in opposition to what he conceived unmerited chastisement. From that hour his doom was sealed. He was summoned to his father in private, when, taking a book in silence, the old man fixed his eye sternly on Nessus, and read—"Titus Manlius, since thou hast regarded neither the authority of thy father, nor the dignity of the consul, but hast been guilty of disobedience before the whole army, I condemn thee to be first scourged with rods and then beheaded; nor do I think thou wilt refuse to die, when thy country is to reap the benefit of thy sufferings. Go, lictors, bind him, and let his death be our future example!" he waved his arm as he concluded, and Nessus left the room without reply, and waited with a deep and terrible resolve to dare his fate, which he had too much reason to suppose would be the same as the young noble's whose deeds and doom the historian had so vividly delineated. A slave terminated his suspense, by bringing him a tablet containing the decree of his sire—its reality was scarcely less dreadful to his conception than he had anticipated.

Meanwhile he was to live apart from his father's house and from society. A solitary cottage by the Tiber was assigned him as a place of residence, his sentence to be terminated only at the period when he should achieve some signal glory and honor for himself and country, which chance was rendered feeble, nay, almost hopeless, by a prohibition from serving in the war—the sole apparent source of such a distinction. But brightness grew from gloom; and as time flew on, the same daring which had enabled him, for a fancied good, to brave his father's displeasure, gave him fortitude to fulfill to the letter the injunctions of his sentence. He learned the deep moral lesson, that he who exhausts every expedient, boldly confronting difficulties, neglecting no exertion within his power, and relying on the
A Tale of the Days of Horace.

divine assistance, may surmount all obstacles, and extract from misfortune and affliction both their poison and their sting; but he learned a still deeper lesson, that strength of mind is not firmness of heart, and that the spirit may be tortured, though it triumph. Except athletic exercises in the Campus Martius, calculated to develop to the utmost muscular power and activity, he was debarred from all those youthful gaieties and amusements which that luxurious age could so abundantly supply; and the plunge in the yellow Tiber, with which the athletes were accustomed to wash from their naked bodies the moisture of laborious exertion, terminated his intercourse with his more envied competitors. Hence, whatever might be his secret anguish, he returned with uncomplaining, cheerful acquiescence to solitude and privation. His diet was restricted to the plainest ingredients, the corn-field and simple fountain affording him food and drink. As months rolled by, and fame gave eclat to much severity on the one hand, and resignation on the other, many were the remonstrances framed to procure a mitigation of the penalty, but all in vain. Thus would the stern old Roman frowningly retort upon his soft-hearted counsellors, "Did Brutus or Cincinnatus feed on dainties or live in lazy indulgence, that ye would have me kill the seeds of greatness in my son, and unnerve those hardy sinews by which we broke the phalanx of Pyrrhus, and crushed the strength of the barbarians, Brennus and Hannibal? Friends, ye know not to what a glorious fate Mars and Minerva are even now conducting Nessus; perhaps, to be a hero superior to all that Rome has hitherto produced, not to be cheated by Punic cunning, or outdone by Parthian speed, or overwhelmed by the heavy-armed legion, reserved to uphold the tottering state and stand in the foremost ranks of conquest, an example of power, fortitude and simple severity amidst a multitude, whom luxury and indolence have unnerved and debased." Paternal pride and ambition manifested itself through all his austerity and inflexibility of purpose. In pursuance of this, Nessus was permitted to hold a familiar correspondence with the poet Horace, the advantages of study being (according to the sentence) his only source of private recreation; and from habits thus acquired his aspiring mind learned to build for itself a throne of vast and immeasurable superiority. His cottage, by the Tiber, was not to him like the monastery of St. Justus to Charles the Fifth—that mighty monarch, who resolved to bury in solitude and silence those immense projects, which, during almost half a century had alarmed and agitated Europe with the terror of arms and the dread of subjugation. In his hut of mimic exile, Nessus held the glowing prospect all before him; fomented schemes of greatness, whose magnitude was to shake the world and realize to himself homage and admiration and dominion. How often did he long for the time, when, having accomplished an action, if possible, greater than any prescribed achievement, he should wrest from his astonished father, as it were by assault, the favor now denied. The oracles, with characteristic vagueness and ambiguity, had declared his fate to be involved in the triumphs of Augustus; but how, or whether to his credit or disgrace, his exclusion from active warfare caused to remain an obscure and visionary problem; and, as uncertainty stimulates the imagination, as much as certainty bemumbs it, the suspense of doubt probably rendered the goadings of ambition more
poignant, and the tortures of anxiety more intense. How often, as he paced up
and down did chill and fever alternately thrill his frame with strange and giddy
sensations, while, clasping his hands in the ardor of thought and looking through
the vista of the future he contemplated the apparition of a bright and sudden suc-
cess, or the black and terrible reverse—misery or grandeur—Elysium or Hades!
How often did trembling fancy create a throb of exultation or a shudder of despair!
From the moment when he bowed beneath his doom, his soul was filled with
vengeance—but it was the revenge of greatness. The achievements of military
glory, the supremacy of art; the perfection of science, skill in human laws and
human nature, the knowledge of the customs, manners, institutions and govern-
ment of other nations and of his own, all rose before his distant view, like guide-
stars in the far blue sky to the traveller in the parched and cheerless desert:—by
these should he not achieve greatness? And in this feeble hope, this dreamy pros-
pect, Nessus could have been as happy as the restlessness of ambition and the pain
of intense application might permit, had not his hardship been increased by the
recollections and encroachments of love. Amongst the many ladies, who previously
to his retirement had sought to monopolize his young affections, two were conspicu-
ous both for their charms and the influence they enjoyed over him. Both were
beautiful, but so different, yet so perfect were their style of loveliness, that one could
not suffer by comparison with the other. And as their personal attractions, so
their tempers, qualities, dispositions and pursuits were diametrically opposite.
Phyllis, whom we have already introduced in the society of Horace, was gay,
haughty and luxurious, restricting herself as little in the choice of lovers, as nature
had limited her in the profusion of fascination, or Rome in the number of exquisite
enjoyments. She indulged in all the dissipation of the age, adopting the poet's
maxim, carpe diem—'seize the present hour,' and conscientiously resolving, as far as
possible, to inscribe vixi—'I have lived'—upon the journal of her memory at each
day's close. But with this temperament and these habits of life she had the qualities
which usually accompany them, and which embitter the seemingly unalloyed happi-
ness of pleasure's votaries; boundless vanity, deep dissimulation, envy and meretri-
cious blandishments.

Olympia, on the contrary, was unsophisticated and natural: her beauty was
unattended by vanity, her cheerfulness tempered by philosophy, and her unsuspecting
innocence, rendered more charming by a simple yet solid judgment resulting from
amusements and studies to a large extent, of a vigorous and masculine quality. Yet
in her ideas, affections, conversation, manners, and those graceful arts which modern
taste has styled accomplishments, she was purely and bewitchingly feminine. And
these so different characters were friends; yet, stranger still, they were rivals; but
the rivalry was secret, and existed only on the side where the friendship was hollow
and insincere—in the bosom of Phyllis;—for Olympia's feelings were like her sen-
timents, warm and confiding, and stamped, like the work of the statuary, with the
naked no looseness of truth. Both loved Nessus, but Olympia alone confessed it; while
her pretended friend, the friend of the family from very childhood, carefully dis-
guising the state of her own heart, scrutinizing the motives and actions of the rival
whom she hated, became, by the affectation of sympathy and disinterestedness the depository of her thoughts, and watched for an opportunity when she might employ such knowledge against her peace. In the effort to establish Cupid’s empire over Nessus, Phyllis had certainly been earliest in the field. Haughty and beautiful, her charms first drew his attention. His admiration, liable to be created by the appearance of greatness or independence of mind, was further augmented by a well-assumed pride; and as she voluntarily sought his acquaintance, his self-love was gratified, while all the alluring artifices and irritating inconsistencies of coquetry were employed to rouse and inflame his passion. To a large extent, she was successful. Nessus was dazzled, and with all the ardor of inexperienced youth had hastened to tender substantial proofs of affection—such proofs, at least, as generosity may accord, when the purse is not so full as the heart, and which are to be valued not by a pecuniary estimate, but by the wishes and intentions of the giver. All was received and retained—presents, complimentary verses—adulatory homage; with plain intimations that more would be acceptable; artful blandishments and affected coyness continuing all the while, unabated; until thinking his feelings too wildly and irrevocably fixed to be estranged by any treatment, with the consummation of meretricious duplicity, she told him that she loved him not, but could not help his loving her, since he had chosen wilfully to involve himself in the fate of others who had done the same. But she outwitted herself, and was disappointed. All the impetuosity of Nessus’ soul, all his pride, all his intellect, all his ill-suppressed impatience and fiery passions, as when volcanic nature kindles her internal fires, blazed forth at this declaration.

“So, then,” he cried with scornful vehemence, “you have deceived me, and in return for all my kindness I have received nothing but barbarous brutality such as this.”

Phyllis laughed tauntingly.

“That hollow laugh,” he continued, “reveals your nature, and shews your indignant triumph in imposing on the credulity of the trusting and generous. You say that others too have been your lovers—perhaps your favorites also—perchance you deem them my superiors in wealth and nobleness; but as your lips breathe falsehood, so is your judgment vitiates: richer they may be, greater they are not; for greatness consists in strength of mind, and the firmness with which we oppose treachery and crime, as I do yours, however fascinating its author. Go, woman of vicious beauty and affected virtue, look upon your mental portrait, and shrink appalled from the contemplation of your own baseness.”

Their intimacy thus dissolved, Phyllis departed from this interview in silence, but with a smile of feminine though rather mortified triumph on her lip, and a secret hope within her heart, that her lover’s severity was the natural effect of disappointment and outraged vanity, and that she could at any time reclaim him to her interests, or obtain a favor. Soon after this Nessus saw Olympia. His adventures with Phyllis had taught him one of youth’s lessons of experience, and like all other lessons of the kind, it left bitterness and suspicion, although it inculcated prudence and caution. He had not yet, however, reached the age of indifference; and the
anguish that still rankled in his heart, from the effects of artificial charms, left him yet more sensitive to the gentler and sweeter attractions of natural and unaffected devotion. In his introduction to her society there was a high degree of romance. He found her as Numa Pompilius is said to have found the daughter of Romulus. Like him, too, he discovered her in a grove belonging to the temple of Minerva, where he went to pay his vows. Doubtless, his devout heart palpitated with the religious transports of the warlike goddess as he walked beneath the shady arch of verdure. Doubtless, he felt in spirit the sacred silence that reigned there, and inhaled the cool zephyr that hardly agitated the tufted elms and ancient poplars that lifted their tall heads into the skies with no sound audible, but the subdued, mysterious murmur of their boughs pressed softly one against the other. In this sequestered and holy spot, when his restless mind as yet brooded darkly over the wanton faithlessness of his recently discarded mistress, did Nessus discover a female warrior. Like the child of Rome's martial founder, she lay upon the grass, in a profound sleep, her disarmed head reclining on her buckler, while her helmet lay near, and the long ringlets of dark hair fell over her breastplate, rendering her noble and majestic beauty yet more dazzling. Two javelins reposed underneath her hand; a rich sword hung at her side; and her robe, turned up to the knee, revealed a purple buskin, fastened with a golden clasp. Thus thought the entranced and already captivated Nessus; thus, the sister of Apollo, having emptied her quiver in the forests of Erimanthus, reposes on the summit of Mænus, the nympha and dryads sporting about her, and the zephyr fearing to stir the leaves, while the countenance of the goddess preserves, even during sleep, that severe and warlike air, which far from impairing her beauty seems to increase its lustre. But here ended all resemblance between the mortal and the celestial. The female warrior was Olympia, who, overcome with the fatigue of martial exercises, had lain down to rest. Nor did Nessus worship her as a divinity, but, on her awakening from sleep, succeeded so well in quieting her alarm and conciliating her regard, that they both remained for some hours beneath that sacred foliage, during which interview he imbibed deep draughts of a purer and intenser passion, and took sweet solace for the coldness and cruelty of the imperious and inconsistent Phyllis. The latter, however, soon discovered her friend's new attachment, and, with deep-dismayed malice, by secret representations and intrigues prevailed on Nessus' father to discourage all intercourse with Olympia, so that, when discarded from his home, a part of his punishment consisted in being deprived of his chosen companion. Thus forced to renounce the softer and endearing intimacies of affection, he persuaded himself that he was become at least a rational man, who, adopting a retired life, with a mind, independent of all that he saw and heard, formed his notions in tranquillity by an acquaintance with the heroes of Greece and Rome. By this means, thought he, I acquire a steady and uniform character; attain a noble style of thinking; and rise superior to every vulgar prejudice. I renounce the world; restrain my desires, resign myself to the dispensations of the gods, and look with an eye of pity on the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. Yet he had not peace of mind. His greatest pleasure still was to listen to the soft murmurs of a cascade, to inhale, as he walked along the plains, the
refreshing breath of zephyrs, and in the surrounding woods to dwell on the melodious accents of the aerial choristers. Yet this was not peace of mind. His heart, throbbing with a pulse too true to nature, could not resign the natural emotions of passion; and, while persuading himself he had renounced the world, he found it still the most painful effort of all to renounce the enjoyment afforded by the tear of sensibility.

Yet, even in spite of paternal injunction, and the only point in which he transgressed the restrictions of his sentence, Nessus and Olympia occasionally met in secret, while the latter pursued her masculine exercises with greater ardour than ever. With unsuspecting credulity, she gratefully accepted the use of Phyllis's garden, for the more uninterrupted practice of such employments. There, for hours every day, she exercised with the javelin and bow, fancying that, while becoming half an Amazon, she was making herself more worthy a warrior. Even Nessus wondered at the singular perseverance with which she followed the avocations of Mars, sometimes secretly wishing their discontinuance through an apprehension that, while acquiring the strength and courage of his sex, she might lose the gentle kindness which should characterize her own—lest his blooming Hebe or smiling Flora should be changed into the stern and sanguinary Bellona. But, in this, his alarm was groundless. The same hands which thus risked their delicacy by the attrition of warlike weapons were skilful to wake the lyre; and mixing its harmony with the touching notes of her voice she would playfully anticipate the time when she would sing her lover's triumphs, after having shared his perils.

CHAPTER II.

With this brief sketch of our hero's social position and connections, we return to the jocund Horace, whom Phyllis, according to her natural variety of tastes, had chosen for the hour to be the partner of her pleasures, her charms being a temptation which he found it neither convenient nor possible to resist.

"Honor to the loves of the immortals!—all hail to their propitious favor in the delights of Venus!" cried the joyous poet, facetiously pouring forth his sixth libation; "look, my charming Phyllis, where Iris, nymph of the many-colored bow, has come with smiles to kiss the river-god Anio in his secret chamber of the torrent—the deities, by their bright example, sanction our amusement.

"The goddess has even divided her colours, to twine them into separate crowns of purer and more heavenly radiance for the poet's brow," she replied, whilst, snatching a chaplet of flowers from the table, she returned his look with a glance of sympathetic ardor, adding, "as I do—thus;" she scattered the broken wreath into the air, and taking another of unmixed laurel, placed it with playful and easy grace upon the poet's head.

Horace was silent, but, drawing forth his tablets, inscribed a few lines upon them, and handed them good-humoredly to Phyllis. A tear of transiently-awakened sensibility, trembling in her eye as she perused it, although her smiles would have
striven to conceal it, might seem to denote a heart not yet rendered entirely callous
by duplicity and intrigue. The verses might be thus translated:

Borne aloft on fancy's pinion,
Passion's child—to love a slave,
Blest the bard in love's dominion,
Should Phyllis mourn above his grave.

Without appearing to notice this manifestation of feeling, Horace proceeded:
"I am now in the full enjoyment of my wishes, thanks to Mæcenas, and, especially,
to you! I possess a piece of ground large enough to procure me every comfort;
a garden, with its rich store of fruits and flowers, refreshed too by a perpetual
fountain, where Diana's self and her attendant nymphs might bathe beneath the
friendly, modest screen of these over-arching woods; for Horace, though only three
feet high, would be above acting so disgracefully as to try and peep into the private
retreats of chastity, as you well know, my charming Phyllis—ha, ha."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, joining in the laugh at her companion's gay irony,
"ah, you are a delicious little poet, and were I Diana I would be the last in the
world to give you a stag's horns for so trivial an offence."

"In gratitude for the privilege," returned the merry and loquacious bard, "for
you alone may the hope of Pandora's box be perpetually found at the top, instead of
the bottom, diffusing gladness and trampling all the evils of life into annihilation!
Here, as I was saying, the Nymphs, Hamadryads, and household-gods, if they
choose to take an airing, may revel in plenty and security. They have blest me,
even beyond my wishes, and left me nothing to ask, except that Mercury would
perpetuate the gift. Toil and artifice shall not be employed to increase it, nor shall
extravagance make it less. I do not covet the addition of a corner of my neigh-
bour's field, merely to complete the beautiful regularity of my own, nor long that
Hercules would discover to me a bag of money, as he did to the merchant. While
my cattle continue fat, and while they impart not their grossness to my genius, with
my cask of wine and my Phyllis, who so happy as I? Removed from the unwhole-
someness of town, the burial-ground is not likely soon to be a gainer from me; and
here I can sit in tranquillity, and contrast the pleasures of the country with the
annoyances of the city. At Rome, whether the earth is visited by storm, or winter
contracts the day, I am forced to go to court. I must struggle through the crowd,
and, however reluctantly, must injure those who are less active than myself. The
consequence is, that I am immediately assaulted on all sides with a burst of envy and
indignation. "This fellow's mad," is the cry, "mad with pride and vanity, because
he's hurrying to an appointment with Mæcenas."

To tell the truth, like most men favored by the great, I feel these remarks to be
by no means disagreeable, and fancy my own greatness considerably enhanced
by them. But not till I arrive at my patron's house does the torrent become really
overwhelming; so it is now no longer a throng of detractors, but of direct and per-
sonal applicants.

"Roscius begged you would be present at the Prætor's tribunal, to-morrow, be-
fore 10 o'clock," cries one—
A Tale of the Days of Horace.

"The scribes requested you would return to-day, Quintus, about a matter of high importance," calls out another—

"Get Mæceenas to put his seal to these tablets," roars forth a third.

The sound of a strange voice here caused a sudden interruption, and the poet hastily arose to see who was the intruder, while Phyllis watched in evident uneasiness for his re-appearance, for Nessus, whose near neighbourhood was not unknown to her, had for some time disappeared from his lonely look-out above the torrent.

"Who was that?" she enquired, hastily, of Horace, the instant he returned. He waited, however, until he had resumed his seat, before he answered, all the while humming the verses of a Sapphic stanza, and then said, with a low chuckle, that indicated a deep gratification to his satirical feelings, "Now who do you think it was, Phyllis?"

"Probably, some messenger, with another present from your patron," replied she, endeavoring to smile.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Horace, "no—but Flollio’s freed—man to tell me, in a wining voice, that his wife’s sister was dead. He was weeping, poor fellow! although he cares no more about the occurrence than Damassippus does about philosophy; and as for his wife, she rather rejoices, as she has been left a wardrobe and other matters—ha, ha—I wonder he doesn’t petition me to write a dirge to her manes—that’s the way now-a-days that people shew the sincerity of their affliction."

"You must be in high favor with Mæceenas," abruptly interposed Phyllis, who determined to divert his attention from a satirical severity that seemed pointed against her own character.

"Really no," replied the poet, with as much ease, as if he had in coinciding with her views been merely continuing his former conversation, but, at the same time in a tone, that seemed as if he wished not to be believed, "really no—I have now, certainly, for a considerable period been honored with his patronage and acquaintance; yet his confidence in me has never gone further than taking me up into his chariot, and indulging in such trifling conversation as, "What hour is it? Is the Thracian Gallina a match for Syrus? The chill morning-air is now dangerous to the incautious." And such things as are safely intrusted to one that cannot keep a secret."

"Say not so, my dear Quintus!" observed Phyllis archly, "there is one secret, at least, that you have kept, and which I do not regret you have been entrusted with."

"Ha, ha!" again laughed her companion, "I assure you others have persuaded themselves into the same belief. For instance, should a doubtful rumour be spread through the city, some one meets me and unceremoniously asks, 'What news of the Dacians?' On my declaring my ignorance, they exclaim, 'What a jesteryou are.'"

"May all the gods drive me mad if I know! What! is the land that Caesar has promised his soldiers to be assigned them in Sicily or Italy? I repeat my assertion, and they lift up their eyes and hands in wonder that the gods should have formed a man endowed with such extraordinary secrecy. Meanwhile, the only secret I have been keeping all this time is my own thoughts, that pray for thee and my country, and, in my moody discontent, I fancy my soul must have already transmigrated into a torpid bean. But, welcome such troubles that only impart a greater relish to returning
enjoyments! Oh! these are nights and suppers of the gods, in which I and mine (darting an amorous glance at Phyllis) feast before our own household deities, and surfeit our saucy slaves with the superabundant banquet; where every one may drink just as much and how he pleases, and where we can converse, not of other people's houses, or lands, or property, or income, or whether Lepos dances well or ill, but of that which it would be criminal to be ignorant of, viz., what constitutes the greatest attraction of friendship; whether men are rendered happier by riches or by merit; how real virtue may be defined, and in what consists its perfection." And he looked on the lady by his side, with an eye replete with tenfold ardor.

"Oh! the dear delightful pleasures of the country!" responded Phyllis, sighing softly, and illustrating her observation by emptying a large cup of wine.

"Yes!" exclaimed Horace, enthusiastically, suffering his mind to subside into a sudden fit of poetic abstraction, "I have a story in my head about it—something about a country-mouse and a city-mouse—it will do," and taking his tablets, apparently forgetful of his mistress' presence, he began to write, occasionally erasing a word with his inverted stylus, and now and then giving audible utterance to snatch of his subject—thus:—"country-mouse—that's I—a villa on the side of a hill—that's my house—city-mouse—that's Mæcenas," he chuckled to himself at the comparison; "well—country-mouse is persuaded to go to town—plenty of luxuries—city-mouse remarkably kind and attentive—ivory couches—crimson-grained carpets—splendors, varied and magnificent; feast and furniture—when lo!—a disturbance—barking of dogs—Molossian dogs—frightful mastiffs—terror—confusion—flight—Apollo preserve the country-mouse—I mean the poet, and conduct him safely to his rural security!" He raised his eyes, met the fair one's intently watching him with a mingled expression of jealousy and admiration, and added in some embarrassment, "where he may repose in the arms and bask in the smiles of the nymph that rules his destinies."

"You do well to end with a compliment," remarked Phyllis, poutingly; "since for the past ten minutes you have seemed unconscious of my existence—always forgetful—oh! you men, but especially poets, think of nothing but yourselves."

"Yes, yes," returned the other, hurriedly putting up his tablets, "but I was thinking of you—um—it will do for a satire or epistle, or something of the kind."

"Ha—musing again!" interrupted Phyllis.

"My mind, lovely Phyllis;" said Horace soothingly, "did wander to the tumults of the city, but it was only to contrast their turmoil with my present happiness; for my country pleasures, as you heard, immediately united themselves with you who are their essence—nay, nay," he added, observing her head averted, "what favor can I confer to confirm my assertion?"

"Lampoon Nessus;" she replied, rising and hurrying away, and Horace, surprised at her abrupt departure, and intending to pursue her, was suddenly confronted by Nessus himself.

"Ah! my dear friend," he cried, instantly recollecting himself, "so here you are again—studious as usual—will you share my hospitality—oh! your vow—I had almost forgotten—did you encounter any one as you entered?"
"I met Phyllis, he answered, carelessly, "what think you of her?"

"Think of her," echoed the poet, "the same as I do of most others of her sex, an open worshipper and secret despiser of the gods—a reprover of pleasure, but pursuing it with eager devotion—one that professes to hate slander, but practises it; to despise opinion, but fears it; affects to be above all the factitious advantages of dress and wealth and noble birth, but in reality indulging in every extravagance in the first, and respecting nothing but the last two."

"Severe, yet perhaps true," remarked Nessus, gravely.

"You seem more sad than usual—what study shall we choose?" asked the poet.

"None, to-night—I've heard my father read. You know that though not admitted to his presence, I am sometimes indulged in listening to his voice and imbibing his instructions."

"Aye, 'tis his humour," observed his friend, "what theme did he select?"

"The fall of Brennus—the moral was the crime and punishment of sacrilege, and the glory of Rome. How fresh it is upon my memory—the doom of this ravager of our fields, who yet gave restoration and renown to our own magnanimous Camillus. When, as if earthly spoils grew insignificant, he turned his arms against the immortal gods, and marched on Delphi, preferring booty to religion, and coarsely affirming that the deities could not want riches, of which they were and ought to be the bestowers.

"The temple of Apollo at Delphi, situate on Mount Parnassus, is built upon a rock, all whose approaches are steep and projecting. The constant resort of men to the spot, (numbers of whom induced by their religious faith have settled in the surrounding district) has converted it into a state, which is defended by the natural fortifications of ravine and precipice; so that it is doubtful which should be more admired, the majesty of the god, or the strength of his habitation. The cliffs in the centre retire in the form of a theatre, from which the echoes, answering each other and increasing the shouts of men and the sound of trumpets to an unnatural loudness create upon ignorant minds an impression of terror and astonishment. Within this hollow, and, almost mid way up the acclivity, is a small plane or level, and in it a deep cavern, from whose mouth a cold vapor, driven upwards as by the force of storm, affects with religious fury the minds of the priestesses, and compels them, by the inspiration of the god, to give answers to those consulting the oracle; and the costly presents of kings and nations there accumulated and exhibited, evince at once the magnificence of the deity and the gratitude of his votaries. When Brennus came in sight of the town and temple, he deliberated whether he should immediately proceed to the assault or rest his weary soldiers for a night to recruit their strength. His generals, however, Emanus and Thessalorus, having resolved to be partners in the spoil, urged the inexpediency of delay, which would prevent their taking advantage of the panic created by their arrival before an enemy wholly unprepared to receive them, affirming that friends and allies would reinforce the Delphians during that interval and the roads at present open to their operations be obstructed. But the Gaulish soldiery, who had long been enduring considerable privation, finding the country full of wine and provisions, had already scattered
themselves over the fields, no less elated with abundance than with victory, and had begun to seize every thing as conquerors. This circumstance defeated the object of their leaders, and gave their enemies the time which they required. For, on the first news of the arrival of the Gauls, the rustics, at the command of the oracle, are reported to have brought wine and corn from their villages; and the Delphians had received their allies, made their preparations, and added artificial to their natural defences, before the half-intoxicated barbarians, revelling as before said in these supplies, could be recalled to their standards. Brennus had 65,000 infantry selected from his whole army. The Delphians and their confederates did not amount to 4000 soldiers, in contempt of which, Brennus, to stimulate the minds of his men, ostentatiously described to them the immense value of the booty to be obtained, affirming that the large number of statues and chariots which they saw at a distance, were of molten gold, and that the others which they could not see and the store of secret treasures were more ample even than these. Excited by these representations, as well as by the effects of wine, the Gauls rushed to battle, regardless of danger; while the Delphians, relying more on the god than on their own strength, disdain the number of their enemies; and, from the summit of the mountain, overwhelmed them with rocks and missiles, as they endeavored to ascend. In the very crisis of battle, the priest and soothsayer, adorned with their insignia and fillets, with frenzied gestures and dishevelled hair, rushed forward among the foremost combatants, exclaiming 'that the god was at hand, and that they had seen him leaping down through the open roof of the temple; that while all implore his assistance, a youth of superhuman beauty, attended by two armed virgins, met them from the neighbouring shrines of Diana and Minerva, and they had even heard the twanging of the bow and the clang of their weapons; therefore they entreated the soldiers to unite themselves in victory with their divine auxiliaries, then fighting at their head.' Fired with these words, the Delphians engage with a furious and resistless ardor, and an earthquake, which presently tore away a portion of the mountain, crushing and scattering the close wedges of the enemy, declared the interposition and presence of the deity. Religion and faith were already triumphant. And as rolled the mighty mass, heaps of slain and wounded covered the plain. A tempest followed, which destroyed the sufferers by hail and cold. Their general, Brennus, proud to ass the skies, but unable to bear the anguish of his wounds, destroyed himself. Another of the leaders, after the authors of the war had thus been punished, left Greece by forced marches with 10,000 bleeding fugitives. But fortune was unpropitious; since the panic-stricken wretches spent no day without toil and danger, no night under shelter. Constant showers, frozen snow, famine, fatigue, and, above all, excessive want of sleep, wore away the wretched remains of this unhappy war. The people of the several tribes, through which they marched, harassed, butchered and spoiled the stragglers, so that of that large army, which a short time previous had contended with insolent confidence against the gods, not a man survived to relate the defeat."

"Your memory is indeed faithful," said the admiring Horace, when his young friend had concluded, "and how feel you towards your father for the lesson?"

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
"But one emotion, unmixed and pure," answered Nessus, "and that is, affection; for how should I not love the father, that with one hand inflicts a severe but perhaps wholesome correction, and with the other points me to the skies."

"Worthily spoken," returned the poet, "suppose we follow it up by a congenial subject."

"No," was the reply, "I shall now depart—my mind is full—may the gods give thee health and safety!—rest and reflection for me to night—to-morrow, again, the exercises of the Campus Martius."

He smiled as he spoke these words, yet retired with a sigh, which proved that, however resigned, he was not happy.

CHAPTER III.

After having left her poetical companion, Phyllis sought Olympia, and, as usual, soon turned the conversation on their male acquaintances, and asked her friend whom she liked best.

Olympia answered that she scarcely knew.

"But, Nessus you know is so handsome," observed Phyllis; "I like a handsome fellow."

"Had he the beauty of a god," replied Olympia, "he would not please me without some good quality else to recommend him."

"But Nessus possesses valor, strength and beauty," returned her companion, "ah! if he had but the intellect of little Horace;"—

"He has surely a sound understanding," interrupted Olympia.

"Oh! of course you think him perfection," responded Phyllis gaily.

"I'd have you imagine no such thing;" was Olympia's immediate rejoinder, "for, as I love what is natural, and absolute perfection is not so, could he attain to such an impossible condition, he might be admired, perhaps worshipped; but there would be too little humanity about him for me to love him; for, as he would be superior to every thing earthly, none could view him with earthly passion; and, on the other hand, as no one could be like him, I should think he could like nobody—no, no—we may admire perfection, reverence it, fear it, love it, perhaps, with a daughter's affection; might even wish it to be the guardian of our existence; but my embraces would be reserved for the goodness of which human nature is capable—for one whose faults I could pardon for the sake of his many virtues—a man, rational but ardent, good but human; and such an one is Nessus."

"You are enthusiastic," said Phyllis; "doubtless you know what some of the oracles have declared respecting him."

"I have," was the simple answer.

"Suppose we consult the diviners on our own account," pursued Phyllis.

"If I do, I should choose Spurina. His prophetic words to Caesar and the subsequent assassination in the senate-house have given his oracular power a mysterious and awful celebrity. I recently asked him how he possessed this power. 'Suppose I tell you,' he answered, that it is by a virtue transmitted through ages from him K—(COURT MAGAZINE)—MARCH, 1843.
whose razor cut the monarch’s whetstone, and by which Tanaquil placed the eagle-diadem on her husband’s head!”

“As you please,” returned her friend, “I should prefer Canidia’s gloomy rites—the child’s buried chin-deep in the earth, to pine to death by famine—the barren fig-tree and funereal cypress, the blood-stained eggs of a loathsome frog; the feather of the nightly screech-owl; the poisonous herbs of Iolchos and Iberia, and bones snatched from the mouth of a hungry dog, to be burned in Colian flames; the waters of Avernus being sprinkled round, and the food for the boy to look upon changed two or three times throughout the day, so that his parched marrow and dried liver may furnish a love-potion, after the film of death has glazed his eyes fixed on the forbidden food.”

“Horrible!” exclaimed Olympia, with a shudder.

“I see,” said Phyllis, laughing. “I see you have no taste for what is so deeply interesting; for, in the horror consists the charm. However, since we disagree in our modes of divination, we will each pursue her own course, and afterwards meet and compare results.” Olympia consented, and the two companions separated.

CHAPTER IV:

The meridian rays of an Italian sun blazed over the field of Mars; and the flower of the Roman youth were gathered in throngs upon its surface, some preparing for their athletic toil, some engaged in active contest, some loitering idly, or watching the efforts and deciding upon the skill of their companions. Among them was one, whom we shall name Porsenna, who, though obliged in some measure, externally, to conform to the general sentiments of esteem and admiration entertained towards Nessus, and though the friend and playmate of his boyhood, now secretly envied and hated him as a rival, both in love and warlike accomplishments. Strange that the cause of this jealousy should be Phyllis, who had repelled his advances, a circumstance which he attributed to her private intimacy with Nessus, notwithstanding their apparent coolness. Fanegy his own inferiority in the Campus Martius might have contributed to his rejection, he continually contested the palm of prowess, but repeated defeats produced only fresh mortification. On this day, he was present as usual, and had been for some time silently observing the successive triumphs of Nessus in the various exercises. At length, turning to one who was just emerging from the yellow Tiber, “There Nessus comes,” he said, “successful as ever; yet, strange to say, every one seems to love him the better for being conqueror, as he soothes them by his compliments and modesty, ‘Thus, Hercules might have been overthrown,’ will he say to one, ‘who yet became a demi-god;’ to another, ‘chance hath given thee a failure to-day; to-morrow, defeat will be mine;’ to another—overthrown in wrestling—‘the gods have transferred your strength to your arms from your feet—see how they have marked my flesh.’”

“Aye!” answered the other, “his fame resounds throughout Rome;—the senate will soon decree him a triumph for athletic feats.”

Nessus now came up, and was about to spring into the river, when Porsenna
approached his already wearied competitor, saying, "Hitherto, you have been my conqueror, but I think I feel myself a match for you to-day." At the same time, he prepared for the combat.

"So may the gods prosper your wishes!" replied Nessus, courteously putting himself in position. Porsenna approached firmly and warily; and the opponents closed. For some minutes, each contended with equal spirit; and the victory seemed doubtful; but as their exertions increased, and they put forth nerve and sinew for mightier and mightier efforts, the occasional stumbling and straining of his foe made the superiority of Nessus gradually evident. The impatient Porsenna simultaneously gripped his rival's shoulder, placed the left hand under his leg, and at the same time pushing his head against his chest, he endeavored with this united force to throw him from his equilibrium. The effort was decisive. Stooping quickly forward, Nessus seized his opponent by the thigh, and suffering him to lend his own impetus to the strength employed flung him bodily over his shoulder, and lightly recovered his attitude as the other came violently to the earth. Assisting his foe to rise, he said; "Porsenna, you did not over-rate your powers, though fortune has favored another—a little more practice, and you will be invincible."

But Porsenna walked sullenly away without reply; and Nessus, plunging into the Tiber, terminated his day's exercise, and departed.

CHAPTER V.

Some hours after this discomfiture Porsenna was strolling alone among the precipices and waterfalls of the river Anio, pondering how to retrieve what he considered his numerous disgraces, and nursing his jealousy and hatred. He had arrived near the spot where rose the humble and solitary summer retreat of Nessus, when a formidable interruption presented itself.

A boar rushed from the coppice. It had been brought the day before from Marsia, for the sports of the amphitheatre, but had escaped from its keepers. Exposing its tusks, the saliva of rage and hunger foaming from its mouth, it had crouched in wait for the youth, who strolled on, unconscious of danger, until he came opposite to the ambush, when the animal rushed forth with a fierce growl. Porsenna was entirely unarmed, and, on finding himself suddenly confronted by this monster, hastily retreated a few paces, at the same time wrapping his toga round his arm to oppose its folds against the first attack. The animal advanced, and Porsenna, on turning round, as his foot displaced some loose earth and pebbles, perceived he was at the verge of a precipice, at the base of which the Anio roared along its bed of rocks. Certain death menaced him in front and rear, and, for an instant, he reflected whether to plunge from the height and trust to the chance of breaking his fall by clinging to the roots and brushwood in his descent. Ere he had decided, the boar rushed upon him, but on preparing for a struggle, which could terminate only in his own destruction, what was his surprise to find himself unassaulted, and another engaged in combat with the furious beast. A cry of mingled defiance and
alarm met his ear simultaneously with this apparition. Ha! can he mistake that
manly and athletic form, which, with shortened spear, had dashed his arm into the
monster's jaws, and, in the very crisis of his fate, had interposed for his deliver-
ance? No; it is Nessus—his foe in the circus—his conqueror in the plain of
Mars—his successful rival in love; and, almost before another thought could suc-
cceed this, the affair was over. In vain, the boar had sprung on what kept him
from his prey. The sharp spear's point of the muscular and agile Nessus had
already thrice pierced his breast, and while his life-blood deluged the spot, thrust
on thrust rapidly exhausted the animal's strength, until Nessus, with a sudden effort,
flinging off the relaxing gripe upon his arm, and seizing his weapon with both
hands, plunged it into the boar's body, and pinned him firmly and fatally to earth,
and then, at length, turned face to face with him he had preserved, like James
Fitzjames on the death of Rhoderick Dhu, fierce, yet gentle, panting, but a con-
queror. Porsenna was struck with a sudden feeling of gratitude, but it was mani-
fested with a grossness, unsuited to its object; and he advanced towards his
preserver, saying, "Can I do aught to serve thee? This purse contains a hundred-
thousand sesterces—wilt thou have the gold?"

"Go!" answered the proud and fiery youth, violently agitated, "such an offer
shews you know not Nessus, and reminds me that I no longer hold the companion-
ship of former years. Go! I rejoice in having saved your life; but you need not
hank me; for, perhaps, selfishness was concerned in the act. I could not hear the
 pang of losing a friend whom once I loved, nor forgo the delight of hearing your
voice welcome my return, when Nessus shall have won his place above the proudest
of Rome's patricians. For the present, no more. Even now I transgress the rules,
which debar intercourse with my order—go!"

There was a sullen dignity in his manner which excluded remonstrance, and the
other moved away slowly and in silence; but, when at some distance, he could not
forbear casting a lingering look upon his doomed rival. The valor, nobleness and
generosity of his foe gathered on his mind—then also their early, long and steady
friendship; and for a moment the bitter impulses of jealous enmity were borne on-
ward with the current of genial kindness. Oh!" he thought "with what graceful
and easy firmness his limbs rest upon the earth, which yet they seem to spurn;
such high-souled haughtiness is displayed in every attitude and movement! The
god of war might envy him as he leans upon his spear, whose point is yet reeking
with the blood of the animal, slain to save my life at the hazard of his own; and
Diana's self might gaze unblushingly on that sad yet god-like countenance. There
is the tread with which he moved—the hero of the Campus Martius;—there is that
look of mild, calm courtesy after each athletic struggle, as if such laurels were worth-
less of himself, and should have been the prize of him whom he had conquered." As
these reflections came with the force of conviction upon his mind, the better
genius of our human nature held temporary precedence in the young patrician's
bosom. Jealousy was forgotten, and a yearning of gratitude and admiration
prompted him to renounce his secret hostility, promote his friend's interest, and be
at his side upon the path of anticipated glory. Alas! how slight a cause destroys
our noblest resolutions! A female drapery among the trees caught the young patrician's eye, and his brow grew dark. Phyllis was at Nessus' side, and Porsonna's face was distorted with hatred and revenge. He saw her start on seeing the hoar stretched in death, and also the re-assuring gesture with which Nessus pointed to the prostrate breast, while, with a smile of devotion, he raised his gory spear towards the throne of Jove; and in the rage of vindictive feeling Porsonna turned away abruptly into the thicket, devoting the head of Nessus to the infernal gods.

When her alarm was quieted, Phyllis embraced Nessus with warmth and tenderness, a conduct which to him seemed totally unaccountable, and disengaging himself, he said, with chilling indifference of tone, "I thought that the time of love between us was past. But now, I require thy services; something that will try thy strength, prove thy courage, nay—make thy fortune."

"Well," said Nessus, after a long and thoughtful pause, "be explicit and frank—declare the service you require."

"To be brief, then," said Phyllis, snatching eagerly at what she considered a favorable moment, "Octavia is my rival—she must not continue so—you are a skilful archer—the rest is known—she attends the games to-morrow."

"And what is to be the reward of Nessus for this act of cowardice, treachery and treason—if I understand you rightly?" he asked coldly, but not without emotion.

"Fly to Antony," was the answer, "he will receive thee—honor thee—enrich thee, and thou shalt be great in the court of Egypt."

Nessus looked not on the speaker, but continued in deep reverie. At that instant, the voices of a choir of boys and girls, singing hymns in praise of the gods, swelled upon the air. The notes of flutes, the lively tones of the Borecythian pipe, and the low melancholy wailing of the Phrygian lute mingled with the voices; and the long gay procession presently came in view, the Io Triumphs, borne to the ear in joyous, but measured cadences, as they ascended to the capitol to offer up their sacrifices and vows for the glory of Augustus and the prosperity of his empire. The occurrence, at such a time, had the effect of rousing Nessus to sudden animation.

"Such will one day be my fate, when snowy steeds shall roll me to the capitol, and the shouts of millions hail me victor," he exclaimed, clasping his hands in ecstasy, as the bright dream of ambition seemed realized before him. "Rome! the seven-hilled city; there is inspiration in all that speaks of the sacred capitol. What! betray my country—turn traitor—sell Rome? Oh! sacrilege—and now, too, even while her praises fill my ear and make my heart to bound with exultation while her youths and virgins present to Jove the pure homage of a happy, grateful people—even then to bathe my hands in the blood of her citizens, and make swarthy Egypt rejoice in the conquest that the chains of Africa could not effect. Ye gods! I have loved my country; until her very temples, plains and mountains cried to me with the voices of the free men that worshipped and trod upon them, as if they would affectionately salute and claim to themselves a fellow-patriot; and should I betray my country, to hear these voices curse me—the murderer of my country's glory, that made these temples be desecrated, these hills and vallies
trampled down by strangers. Coriolanus was injured by his countrymen, and he could not find it in his heart to take Rome; she has not injured me, and if she had I could not lay waste her fields like him—no, it is but the alternative of love and justice—passion and patriotism, and I spurn the former for the latter—sell Rome, or assist her enemies—never!"

"Then you refuse me?" she asked, in a mortified tone.

"I would refuse any thing that betrays my country, or tarnishes her honor and my own."

"Swear me an oath," returned Phyllis with eager energy. "I will have an oath or will not believe thee; for like the mighty Hannibal in Capua, among the luxurious and obsequious beauties of half-conquered Italy, you banter and despise the idolizing sex which yet allures and fascinates you—an oath, an oath!"

"Hear it, then," returned Nessus with stern decision, "and, when heard, let it wither persuasion from your tongue, and steep your voice in the silence of fear and memory.

By the pride which supported me under repulse, and saved you from violation—never!"

"Enough!" she exclaimed, in choking accents, and with the sudden impulse which woman’s nature only can experience and execute, "enough!—the powers of evil have at length revealed you in your true and darkest colours. Perfidious and haughty villain! too true, I have repelled you; but it was in the coquettish playfulness that would be wooed before being won; that would trifle before it granted. 'Tis well you spoke in time, ere yet thy head had made this confiding bosom a pillow, as thy image, alas! rests too eternally upon my heart—then, it were, indeed, too late. 'Tis true that I retain and will retain thy gifts, but it will be to brand thy name with the stigma of meanness, flattery and falsehood; will retain thy verses, but it is to shew how genius could stoop to solicitation, and as trophies of my power and conquest, even over thee. You have opened a wound that time would have healed. I have experienced your coldness, and felt the fierce resentment of your disappointed wishes. I knew that you were proud—we are none of us consistent; and perhaps, I was more worthy—less mercenary than you supposed—you, perhaps, more favored than the rich and mighty, your suspicions concluded to be my idols. You have roused a feeling which I thought not I possessed,—I can endure your smile or scorn, so, as the gods will, we may yet again, nay, often, meet, but we speak no more."

She turned and hurried away: and Nessus, who had listened to this outburst of fiery retrospect and confession in silence, did not attempt to detain her. But the Supreme Judge alone could measure the depth, at this moment, of his secret thrill of agony and remorse, though his pride left him like the bare and barren tower swept by the tempest; for, had he not jarred the chord of sensitive anguish in the bosom of that fair one who had at length declared her love, but, indeed, too late; and even towards our enemies, or those who are determined to become so, there is, in the naturally kind-hearted, when anger has subsided, a pang of self-reproach for the pain which we are conscious to have caused, which pride cannot subdue, nor the
strongest resentment alleviate. At such moments, all is forgiven; and the soul only
feels that the last tie is broken and all is lost.

A peculiarly wild and sinister expression marked the beautiful features of Phyllis
as she ascended her chariot, and turned a long and lingering look upon him she has
left, while her steeds galloped along the broad-paved Appian way; nor did she
withdraw her gaze, until distance had rendered his figure imperceptible.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following day, Nessus attended as usual in the Campus Martius; but what
was his surprise to find himself seized and carried before the prætor. An arrow
had been discharged at Octavia, the sister of Augustus, and although Phyllis had
secretly prompted a hireling to the attempt, she had given rise to an accusation, the
culprit not being discovered, that Nessus retained in his possession a list of persons
who had conspired against Octavia’s life. On hearing the accusation, he at once
inferred the source, both of the intended assassination and the charge against him-
self, but scorned to implicate Phyllis by information of the fact. A slight curl was
observable upon his lip, as he drew the suspected tablet from inside his gown, and,
pointing to it, handed it in silence to the prætor. It presented the plan of a cam-
paign, in which the triumphs of Augustus were shewed to result from superior
generalship alone. Observations were added respecting certain possible contingen-
cies; also how to conduct an army in retreat, and in what consisted the character
and capacity of a general, proving that all necessary qualifications were combined to
a high degree in Augustus. When the nature of its contents was known and an-
nounced, the spectators set no bounds to their admiration and applause. Accord-
ingly, Nessus was immediately released from custody, but seeing his father and
youthful friends among the crowd round the tribunal, he waved his hand for silence,
obtained permission to speak, and thus addressed the assemblage:

“While ye live under a particular government, respect it, and honor its
representative. Would ye violate the sanctity of a vestal in procession to the
capitol? Or think ye the shedding of such blood would increase or lessen the
guilt of Caesar’s murder? No—the Julian star, whose rays have so long shone
above the destinies of our state, will hide itself in anger, if innocent gore continue
to cloud the sky, where it should reign supreme. Would the manes of Romulus,
transferred to immortality in the thunder of the gods, smile on such a deed? He,
who certainly took wives from his foes by violence, but treated them like children;
had such been Horatius Coeleis, the Gaul would have shaken the capitol; and
virgins now been praised, instead of suffering death, for selling Rome as she of old
sold Veii. Or did ye tremble at the presence of the sister of our greatest general?
What feared ye? Was it that she should frown, and triple-throated Cerberus should
ascend from his guard of Pluto’s porch, and devour us? Oh! shame! shame! a
Parthian arrow, pointed at the humblest of us, would rouse the vengeance of the
Roman youth, and shall we ourselves aim it against her, who, covered with her
The Hero of the Campus Martius:—

brother's and her family's glory, virtually rules within the capitol, sways the fasces of our state, and consecrates the standards of our legions? Shall patriotism—that watchword of valor and liberty, be transmuted into the signal sound of anarchy, conspiracy, and murder? Shall the Roman be branded as the wretch that trembles at manly foes, and hurls javelins at defenceless women? nay, I wrong ye there—perhaps ye would rather be described as those men who subdue barbarians; conquer sea and land; introduce the arts of war and the refinements of peace; plant liberty in foreign lands; fill the universe with their fame, and signalise their conquest by murdering the innocent, banishing domestic virtue and feeling, and degrading the name of patriot with the stigma of the parricide. Roman youths—ye that have fathers, whom ye think severe, let not such severity urge you into crime, for, with the gods, this will be no excuse. I am under the ban, and hearken how I have interpreted my sentence; 'Thus,' thought I, even while he seems cruel, does my fond father commune with his own heart respecting Nessus:—'Behold to what advantages I introduce him. He will become noble but modest, yet conspicuous. Apart from the contamination of dissolute associates, he learns to think with strength and originality. By the agency of solitude he is made a philosopher and not a worldly sensualist. In imbibing the morality of demi-gods, he can hold devout communion with the deities of Rome, who will teach him to bear with dignity the sufferings of life, and the pangs of death with fortitude. In place of those imaginary joys for which the votaries of earth-born Venus crowd her shrine he beholds those objects only which afford real and permanent pleasure.'

Avoiding each extreme, he neither looks for unmixed gladness, nor invests all nature with blackness and terror. Reflecting upon the mysteries of science, and conscious of being under the tutelage of the gods, the eagle of Jove bears not for him the thunderbolt of destruction. He sees the vanity of these amusements to which others so implicitly surrender themselves, and meditates upon their misconduct—upon their present state and future destiny, and upon the pursuits most likely to conduct to the elysium of heroes. He learns to check desire, under the idea that to enjoy all, would be to make us miserable. Even now, when his happiness seems annihilated, the gods are performing extraordinary wonders in his favor. In the roar of Etna, his invulnerable arms are being forged, which are to crush the foes of Rome—in the thundering skies, resounds the laugh of an approving deity—in the ocean-storm, Neptune calls the Nereids to witness his triumph—go, my son, revel in such visions of greatness and glory, and as thou dost obey the commands of thy father, may the gods pour upon thee plenteousness and peace? Thus, ye youths of Rome, did I hear my father's voice—thus read his sentence and obey; and one that so interprets and so obeys will, at least, never be a traitor, slave or parricide. The heart of Nessus has already pronounced his sire the best of fathers; it remains, fellow-countrymen, for you to decide whether he has the best or worst of sons.'

The praetor's voice was drowned in the shouts of the people. His friends surrounded him. His father rapturously embraced him, tears of pride, joy and gratitude flowing down his face.
"Remember, my father," whispered Nessus, "the oracle is already in part fulfilled—has not my fame been involved in the triumphs of Augustus?"

The old man lifted his eyes to Heaven, exclaiming; "one such triumph more, my son, and thou shalt be no longer a stranger to my bosom, and to the joys of Rome."

"My father, reserve your applause, until I am enthroned in the hearts of Romans, as Rome is enthroned in mine;" replied Nessus. And he departed from the forum, crowned with laurels and honors; and, like a conqueror from the Olympic games, who enters not his native city through the gates, but over the ramparts broken down to receive him, so, as he passed on, the people—that living rampart—with pealing acclamations, opened and fell back on either hand, to take their glory within their welcoming bosom.

But the hand of destiny seemed to accumulate trials upon the youthful victor. As he proceeded along the streets, a person pressed through the crowd and offered him a parchment. It contained a list of the names of six celebrated gladiators, who challenged Nessus to fight with them successively on the morrow. Porsenna, instigated by revenge, had bribed them to undertake this task, whereby he hoped to destroy a detested rival, trusting to the courage and daring disposition of Nessus for its acceptance; nor was he disappointed.

"Yes!" said the youthful hero, after an interval of thought; "tell them that for the sake of Rome, and to rid the earth of so many ruffians, Nessus will be for one day a gladiator.

"How feel you on this challenge?" enquired his father, in a tone which shewed through all his sternness fond paternal anxiety.

"Like a Roman," was the brief, but expressive reply. His sire smiled complacently, but seemed disposed to sound the young man’s sentiments yet further, and added:—

"Thou art strong, but may over-rate thy powers—thou canst demand assistance."

"Single-handed," answered Nessus, proudly; "single-handed have I borne the attacks of adversity, and single-handed will I win my way to fame and glory; and coming without treachery I feel that I could crush a hundred such opponents."

"Then, like a Roman shalt thou redeem thy pledge. In thy triumph, thy doom shall be reversed. Brief be the moments of our separation, and our reunion happy. Horace himself shall celebrate thy praises."

Previous to the morrow’s combat, our two fair acquaintances met according to agreement, to compare omens and predictions, Olympia throbbing with exultation and anxiety, Phyllis panting with jealous-y and revenge. The gladiators’ challenge and its acceptance were no secret to either, and Phyllis had immediately plotted to turn it to her own account.

"Well—and what said Spurina?" she asked, abruptly, the instant she was in the other’s presence.

"I don’t exactly—remem—ber," answered Olympia, somewhat startled and confused, "that is—I mean—how sudden you are, Phyllis!—when he was prepared
to take the omens, his brow grew dark, and he told me he could reveal nothing—
alas! most inflexibly he kept his word."

"A counter-charm disturbed the auguries and destroyed his power," said Phyllis,
with a sneer of malignant satisfaction.

"A counter-charm—who did"—exclaimed the alarmed Olympia.

"A—a—stay," interrupted the other, "wait until I first inform you of my suc-
cess with the horrible Canidia;—now be patient,—here comes the oracle of my un-
holy shrine:—

"In the first of thy triumphs, thy fame is reveal'd;
In the second thy fortune and glory's seal'd;
Love that wounds with an arrow is soonest heal'd."

"Obscure and doubtful!" commented Olympia.

"To one possessing my information and resources by no means so," returned
her arsful companion. "I know one that is to claim him the moment he is declared
conqueror, which he is sure to be—her success depends on the fulfilment of the
oracle——"

"And her name?" gasped Olympia.

"Is 'Lydia'—nay, do not tremble so—she is no archer like Love, but you are—
here is an arrow with which you can literally comply with the oracle, spite of her
machinations—see," she added, producing a silver-headed dart, which Olympia
pressed eagerly to examine, "see! it cannot hurt, for, on the slightest pressure the
barb is loosened from the shaft—the moment it touches Nessus, it becomes as harm-
less as the love you bear him."

The credulous and confiding Olympia took the arrow with looks of gratitude, and
promised to employ it as her friend should direct; and the events of this day and
the probable results of the morrow engaged them in a long and, to both, though
from different motives, a deeply interesting discussion.

Phyllis had invented the augury, and had already suborned the person that was to
make the claim described.

CHAPTER VII.

The morrow had come. The gates of the Amphitheatre yawned to receive its
multitudes, the singularity of the occasion attracting even more than the ordinary
concourse. The seats reserved for the equestrian order were quickly crowded. And
ere many minutes had elapsed, every place was occupied; the preliminary ceremo-
nies were performed, and a breathless silence prevailed in expectation of the event.

At length, a whisper ran through the assembly, "see—there he comes!" All
eyes were turned towards the grand entrance, and beneath its lofty arch Nessus was
seen approaching. His brow was clouded and thoughtful, and advancing with his
eyes fixed on the ground, he walked slowly but steadily into the arena. A trumpet
sounded, and he raised his head and looked round like a hungry lion for the ani-
mal whose blood and flesh were intended to appease his appetite. His first enemy
appeared. The fight began; nor had it long continued before the approving assem-
blage testified their sense of his first victory. His opponent had fallen mortally wounded. Another and another shared the same fate, and each successively shewed still more the superior prowess and skill of this new hero of the arena. Pass we over the details of the several conflicts. The last blow was dealt, the last foe conquered; and the noble gladiator stood with drawn-sword and upraised arm, unheeded of applause, looking with the frown of combat on his dying adversary, as if pondering whether another blow were needed to finish his work.

"He is mine!" exclaimed a female voice from the throng of spectators.

"Vain beauty, no!" responded another. A bow twanged, and a silver-headed arrow winged its way across the arena, and, with too fatal a certainty quivered in the breast of Nessus. But now a victor, and must he die? Having won the reward of all his privations, restoration to honor and favor—his fair bride—his father's love—his friends' companionship—his freedom—station; and must these be torn from him by a blow, against which he could not raise a protecting arm. He tugged at the dart, (his sword already lay upon the ground) the handle broken off, and, like another Epaminondas, he staggered and fell. A loud shriek rent the air, and before any one could prevent her, Olympia had bounded across the arena, and stooping over him in speechless agony was endeavoring to stop the blood.

He raised himself upon his arm, and spoke; but his first accents were the incoherent wanderings of delirium, "why tendest thou not thy flowers? The range-tree, lily, rose, which thou wert accustomed to cherish and to love? Those which I gave thee thou did'st claim, when others sought them—I heard it, and rejoiced in spirit—that was not contempt, for contempt would have spurned such presents from a giver that thou did'st hate. Alas!—they have not bloomed—their leaves have faded. A young hope was hung to every leaf, and have they all dropped to earth? And yet none other has supplied their place; can it be that thy heart is saddened, and years with a feeling of affection for the unhappy Nessus? And that since those have withered, thou can'st not endure even the beauties of enamelled nature? Let the dream deceive me or not, I will retain it as long as imagination permits me. Is the small dagger yet preserved; and those tablets on which to write the verses of the Sybyl?"

As he uttered the last word, Phyllis passed hurriedly by them, and, in a husky voice whispered in her rival's ear, "I changed the arrow for a poisoned one, but thou hast done the deed, and I am revenged."

The dying Nessus caught their import, and immediately said, as in reply, without heeding that Olympia, too, had fallen fainting by his side, "May all the pangs that remorse and grief make mortals suffer be gathered in this wound, that even in my death you may be happy. It is the only enmity which Nessus can express towards woman." Then, raising himself to his feet with his sword, which he had accidentally clutched, "Now, farewell to love!" he said. "Farewell my dream of happiness!—I die a Roman soldier." His limbs quivered beneath his weight; then became rigid and motionless. He stood erect, carried his hand slowly upwards, and pressed it against his breast, whence the life-blood darkly and heavily trickled, and, with the other, lifted his sword towards that vast assemblage, and appeared
collecting his strength for a mighty effort, and then said, "Romans! the looks of your dead country-men awed the exulting Pyrrhus—remember, then," looking on the corpses of his opponents, "these have not conquered Nessus."

A tremendous shout shook the arena’s ample space; for national pride was added to individual sympathy in that last appeal. A faint smile was perceptible in the agonized spasm which momentarily convulsed his features—he fell again to earth; and, amidst the long-continued and thundering applause of thousands, his noble spirit passed, his last look and voice breathing defiance, his last throb of feeling a Roman’s pride of conquest.

The assembly was in an uproar. Several patricians surrounded the father of Nessus, for he had fallen, and every effort to revive him failed. One funeral pile re-united son and sire.

During that night, no sleep visited the eyes of Phyllis. Remorse seized her. She was tortured with the imagined pangs of Tartarus, and, parched with a burning thirst, fancied herself already doomed to join the daughters of Danaus, pouring water into a vessel that would not retain it. The early dawn found her restless and weeping. Nessus was still before her, and, in a tumult of fear and anguish, she hurried where she could see the spot on which had lately blazed the young hero’s funeral pile. A hymn to the gods arose in the distance. The flames of a hundred altars waved in the rays of the morning sun, and their smoke mingled with the wreaths of mist that curled from plain and river, as if the homage of man and nature would unite in their ascent to Heaven. The cool fresh air was filled with the fragrance of odoriferous woods. The priests of the various temples, with all their insignia, stood round their several sacrifices. The shrill clarion of the cavalry, and the hoarse trumpet of the Roman legion occasionally broke upon the softer sounds of pipes and flutes and lyres, while afar could be discerned the glitter of steel, where the equestrian squadron rushed like a flash in the mimic charge, and the shielded infantry maneuvered, changing their order from line to wedge, and anon moving under the shelter of the leaguering tortoise. From all these Phyllis turned her sickening gaze to rivet it on one memorable mound. A crowd of priests and diviners was at the place, for a thunderbolt had sanctified the spot where even yet rested the ashes of Nessus, the noble gladiator.

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**FAREWELL TO MY TEENS!**

Oh! how quickly time does fly,
Nearly twenty, how am I!
Grievous days are almost o’er,
Girl, I soon shall be no more.
I shall not leave my nineteenth year,
Without a sigh, perchance a tear;
For memory ever fondly leans,
To happy days spent in the teens.
Farewell to my Teens!

I recollect full well the day
When a, b—ah,—I learnt to say,
Seated upon my mother's knee,
A little creature full of glee.

But I advanced in age, and so,
The first-born child to school must go;
Could read at three, and what is more,
A letter I could write at four.

At seven went to boarding-school,
And often broke established rule,
Careless and idle oft reproved,
I wept awhile, but soon was soothed.

The happiest time I then remember
Was sunny June or gay December,
When, folded in my parents' arms,
My "home, sweet home," had doubled charms.

My young and lovely mother too,
Each childish game and gambol knew,
And oft her work she put aside,
To join the sports of eventide.

These thoughts of childhood call to mind
My little sisters ever kind;
Fair gentle girls, and good as fair,
Who all my joys and griefs could share.

At ten, I to the country went,
'Twas there some merry years I spent;
Dangers I braved for dangers' sake,
And often risked my neck to break.

No hedge, nor ditch, nor hill nor vale,
Too difficult for me;
Through hedge I'd push; up hill, down dale,
O'er ditches skip with glee.

That I might catch the violets,
On banks 'neath hedges found;
Pale primroses and cowslips sweet,
Which, gem-like, stud the ground.

'Forget-me-not' was ne'er passed by
Amidst my rural gleaning;
For blackberries and nuts I'd lie
To copse with adders teeming.

I heeded not the thick-set thorns,
Which kiss the wild-brier tree;
Nor yet the narrow bridge, that cross
A running stream might be.

I searched the wild-wood full of glee,
To pull the pale anemone;
The valley lily, spotless white,
Sweet woodbine and the harebell light.

The farm, the cottage, and the brook,
The school-house, garden, shady nook;
Beloved instructress, playmates wild,
Who loved me when a merry child.

The fir-grove, shrubbery and lane,
That I may never see again;
I picture to my mind these scenes,
And fondly recollect my teens.

But at thirteen I grew more wise,
Nor such wild play pursued;
I waged a war, and won the prize,
Study with zeal renewed.
Farewell to my Teens!

'Twas not till fourteen I began
To think of poetry;
Ah! then indeed another world
Seemed opened unto me.

Strange, rapturous thoughts and new
desires
O'erwhelmed my busy brain;
And feelings quite unknown before,
Half blissful and half pain.

With eagerness I sipped the cup,
Filled with nectarous dews;
And blindly scorned more wholesome
draughts,
Chained by the Circean Muse.

A maddening zeal my mind inspired
To seize on wisdom's store
A feverish thirst to understand
The Poet's boundless lore!

I grasped at knowledge, thus 'twas well,
But witching Syren, though
I love thee, court ye, yet too well,
Thy baneful power I know.

Through thee both bliss and woe become
Too exquisite, too keen,
Yet so entrancing, none who've known,
Could give thee up I ween.

Tumultuous throbings, rainbow dreams
Of joy; (distraction sweet!)
Delicious falsehood, seeming truth,
We cannot, cannot meet!

And other stories might I tell
My teens to make me mourn;
Though I've ne'er known Love's magic
spell
A Lover—I was born—

Of Nature's works! and happy hours
I've passed in fragrant trellised bowers;
And worked, meanwhile, or poetry read,
Or conversed with a friend instead.

I've sauntered in the shady dell
With those who loved my raptures well;
'Midst fields of fragrant hay I've strolled,
And heard the tale of friendship told.

When young companions joined with me
To catch the showers from Autumn's tree
'Twas very strange that nearly all
The finest fruit to me would fall.

And when for pleasant walks we sought,
How oft have I without a thought,
Been separated from the rest,
And shunned the way would suit me best.

But all the frolics now are past,
My girlish days I'm quitting fast;
Farewell ye teens, I'll breathe a sigh,
For nearly twenty now am I.

Adieu! adieu! delightful hours
Spent amid sunshine smiles and flowers!
I'll ne'er forget thee, for thy spell,
Is o'er me though I say Farewell!

Idington.                           MEHA G. WADA.
AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

By Miss Vincent.

"And who is that poor girl?" I said to my guide, "who is singing so beautifully among these wild mountain passes?"

"It is Violette," replied the guide, "no one else would be wandering here."

"She cannot be in her mind, I think," said I.

"Oh, no, no," said the man; but before he could reply, further, the horse on which I rode stumbled, and I was like to have been precipitated over his head. We were crossing one of the lofty passes over the Appennines, and my attention was instantly directed to myself, for if I had fallen, the chance of life would have been about a thousand to one. This incident diverted my attention for the time, and I forgot the poor girl. I was now in progress towards the Eternal City, and its ancient grandeur rushed forcibly into my mind. I fancied I already discerned from the height on which I stood some of its noblest buildings, those mute mementos of its former glory, now alas! in ruins. I thought of times long passed. Of days when the mighty Caesar thundered in the capitol with Brutus; the stern republican at his side. I thought of the golden age of Augustus, and how much longer my mind would have revelled in such scenes I know not, had not my guide directed my attention to gaze upon the scene around. And beautiful was that scene. There lay beneath my feet, the finest portion of that beautiful country, Italy, so justly styled the 'Garden of Europe.' Its noble villas, its meandering streams, its clustering vines, its purple grapes, all were at once presented to my sight, backed by the noble chain of the Appennines on which I stood, while the blue skies above my head, unsullied by a single cloud, gave a life, a freshness to the scene which will never be forgotten by me. For a time I stood enraptured, till reminded by the guide that if I did not move on a little quicker I might be benighted. This remark was sufficient, for I much dreaded to encounter any of the bandits by whom the mountains were infested; I therefore hastened onward as quick as I could, but the roads or rather the paths had now become very bad for travelling. The recent rains had soaked into the earth, large fragments whereof were continually falling, leaving horrid rents and wide chasms behind; and yawning precipices of mighty depth threatened immediate destruction to the unwary traveller. I was, therefore, looking carefully around me, when I again espied the poor girl I had before heard singing among the mountains. She was standing in a position of eminent danger close to the brink of a tremendous precipice. I could not help shuddering at the sight and, turning to the guide, I said, "behold that poor girl again."

"Yes," he replied, "she is always wandering among the mountains. It is no matter whether the weather be good or bad. Many a time I have seen her drenched through with rain."
"And who is she?" I asked, for I had now arrived near to her, and had a full view of her person and features. She had once been exquisitely beautiful, but sorrow had bedimmed her cheek and left her a faded flower. But though the lustre was gone, still the dark Italian eye was there; and although the cheek was hollow, yet the fine contour of the face was discernible. Her figure was slight and elegantly formed, and her motion graceful, and I could at once perceive she had been born in the higher sphere of life.

"And who is that poor, deserted creature?" I again asked the guide, who had not yet replied to my former question, as he had been much engaged in anxiously watching the fragile form before him.

"She is a daughter of one of the highest families in Rome, but her story is very sad," said the guide.

Pressing him to relate it, he continued:—"She was born, as I said before, of noble parents, and no pains were spared to render her elegant and accomplished; she was also beloved by all who knew her, for her temper was sweet, and she never failed doing an act of kindness whenever it lay in her power—but, unfortunately, she contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman of the name of ———, who came not of such noble blood as hers. They loved—and poor Violetta was like to become a mother before she bore the honorable title of wife. Outrages at her conduct, her family dismissed her from their sight, and in order to conceal her shame, engaged with an old couple, in very humble circumstances, who live at some distance from Rome, to board and lodge her. But in the night she quitted her home for ever. Bravoes were hired, whose stilettos soon silenced the too tenebrous voice of her husband, and her parents had the inhumanity to carry her to the very spot where her young and handsome lover lay a bleeding corpse! The shock was too great for the unhappy girl, and a long and serious illness was the consequence. She at last recovered, but she had better have died, for her reason was gone for ever! She rose from her bed of sickness in the state you now behold her, perfectly harmless, but quite lost to every object around her." "Yet, I think," said the guide, after a pause, "she has a glimmering of sense left, for she invariably turns her face towards Rome, her native city. Sometimes she will stand gazing thus vacantly for hours together, her hands crossed over her bosom, and her dark hair flowing in the breeze. See, even now, she is standing thus."

"But, good heavens!" I exclaimed, in an agony of feeling I can never express, "See, see, the earth, the earth, is giving way under her feet. In another moment she must be dashed down that precipice."

The words had scarcely escaped my lips, when my prophecy was fulfilled, and the sorrows of poor Violetta were hushed for ever!
LADY ARABELLA STUART.

Born 1575 or 1577. Died 27th July 1615.

No. 169 of the series of full-length authentic portraits.

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

A Family Journal
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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. 119, of this series)
of
THE PRINCESS ARABELLA STUART (SEYMOUR).

THE LACEY CHRONICLES.

When Mrs. de Lacey had finished the last Chronicle, * Mrs. Audley was eager in her commendations of the character of the hero.

"Blanche made a choice for which none can blame her," said she, "I am sure the royal lineage itself might have mated with one as true hearted, and noble in mind as young John, and I am half sorry that his own sobriquet "of the Glen," or his old Saxon name of Dapefer should have been lost in his grander style of De Lacey.

"I agree with you entirely," replied Mrs. de Lacey, in appreciating the young Franklyn highly, and I have no fault to find with Mistress Blanche for discovering his merits. For herself, too, I have some admiration. She is modest in the recital of all relating to herself, but I think there are many good qualities which betray themselves amidst the quaintness of her narrative."

"I spoke not of Blanche," answered Mrs. Audley, "not that I am not fully alive to her merits, but only because I admire the handsome yeoman more, and I do not think that she herself would quarrel with me on that account. But, dear Carry, my

* See Chronicle, No. 1, February, 1843, and No. 2, March, 1843—reprinted—(owing to wrong backing of the pages), which has been forwarded for each subscriber.

L—(COURT MAGAZINE)—APRIL, 1843.
curiosity is whetted, not satiated, and I conjure you to produce another of your family Chronicles."

"Ah, Emma," said Mrs. de Lacey, "you will be sadly disappointed, I fear, and so was I before you, but there is no help for it. As ill luck would have it, the old oak chest was not of genuine heart of oak, or the heart of oak was unsound; for at one corner a portion was entirely rotten, and the consequences you may imagine. Moisture and damp had made their way and done their usual work. Several skins of parchment closely written over, crumbled away when removed, leaving only a few portions, of which nothing more could be deciphered than that they related to one of the family, and were certainly meant as a Chronicle, like the former. Do not look so deplorably blank, for I shrewdly suspect the loss has not been of great magnitude. My husband believes it to have been the memoir of a certain Geoffrey de Lacey who was born late in the 15th century, and took great part in the Wars of the Roses. He was a statesman, and I would fain believe was so absorbed in politics that his domestic life was little more than common. At all events, it is best to believe so. All I can tell you, for certain, is, that he managed to get heavily fined, and that the wealth of the family decreased much whilst in his keeping. His effigy may be seen in the church, a ponderous tomb covering his remains, heavily ornamented with nondescript symbols of mortality, and surmounted by the bust of the knight, a work of no great merit in itself, and serving to transmit to posterity, I hope the sourest and most ill-looking physiognomy ever borne in the family."

"You cannot reconcile me to the hiatus in the family history with all your ingenuity," answered Mrs. Audley, and she looked as discontented as a very smiling, good-humoured countenance would allow.

"But I can make up for their loss in a way you do not expect," answered Mrs. de Lacey. "What will you say if I produce a living Chronicle in the person of an ancient domestic—though she is really above that station; one who numbers not far from a hundred years,—who preserves a perfect recollection of all the circumstances of her youth, though her memory receives no impression of recent events—who lives under this very roof, venerated and beloved by all, and where, indeed, she has passed the whole of her long life; for here she was born, and here she has served the De Lacey family from youth to age. Her memory is as a reservoir of family history, the more valuable as her accuracy can be depended on; and the estimation in which she has ever been held gave her full opportunities of knowing. What will you say if I introduce you to this ancient dame, and entice her to instruct you in some of the singular biography of her worshipped De Lacey?"

"I should, undoubtedly, prefer the living chronicle to the dead parchment. Moreover, I think it probable that the histories of your husband's ancestors may become more interesting as they approach our own time, inasmuch as no brief relation of events can affect us like the minuter details which we only get at in recent occurrences."

"I rejoice, my dear, to find you so reasonable; and to-morrow evening dame Eleanor shall be introduced in full form. But you must decide beforehand on the subject on which to question her. Look at the old portraits in this room, and fix on
that personage with whom you wish further acquaintance. I say these portraits in particular, because they represent those De Laceys who have lived within her remembrance. Her mind will kindle with new ardor, and she will immediately begin some strange story as if she had unclosed a book; but we must be careful not to interrupt her, for the thread of her narrative once broken, she can rarely recover it. I will take you to see her in the morning that she may not be disturbed by the sight of a stranger when we wish her to be quite calm and composed. She sits in her own chamber, in the solitude she prefers nearly all the morning, but she does not dislike, when she feels tolerably strong, to come for an hour in the evening and chat with me when I am alone; and many strange bits of family story have I come at in these conversations.

"That I should have been eight and forty hours under this roof, and still a stranger to dame Eleanor," exclaimed Mrs. Audley. "Yes, the first thing after breakfast tomorrow let me see her and make myself familiar to her, that no feelings of strangeness may check the flow of the current we are so anxious to let loose." And much more did Mrs. Audley say on her curiosity to listen to the living chronicle, and of her intense enjoyment in her present position.

According to agreement, the two friends had no sooner partaken of the morning meal than they proceeded to the chamber which, for many a long year, had been known as "Dame Eleanor's." Mrs. de Lacey tapped at the door, and entered at the bidding of the old lady, who was no sooner aware of her presence than she arose from her arm-chair, and, supporting herself on her ebony staff, courtesied lowly and respectfully to the reigning mistress of the family. Mrs. de Lacey kindly took her hand, replaced her on her seat, and made many enquiries after her health; then she called in Mrs. Audley, and introduced her as her dearest friend. Very courteously did the dame receive her, and with form and ceremony sufficiently indicative of her education, having been in the old school. Mrs. de Lacey now requested that she would descend in the evening to the old oak-parlour and give them an hour of her company, adding that she would herself come to conduct her.

When, at the appointed time, the door opened, and Mrs. de Lacey ushered in the ancient serving-woman, Mrs. Audley thought that one of the old pictures had walked out of its frame, so entirely unlike was the being of a former century to one of the present. She stopped at the threshold and made a profound courtesy, and as she paused for a moment, afterwards, Mrs. Audley took a rapid survey of her costume. She had been a tall woman, and although she had lost somewhat of her height, her air was still commanding and her person erect. She was clad in a rich, brown silk of most substantial fabric. Its ample folds retreated majestically from the waist, displaying a petticoat of red silk, wadded and quilted in most intricate patterns, over which descended, in all the perfection of clear starching, an exquisitely fine-embroidered muslin apron. The sleeves of her gown fitting tight to the arm, terminated in an elbow, whence depended long and wide ruffles of that antique, coarse point, which, of late years, has again found favor in the capricious eye of fashion and lies in its time-stained richness in strange contrast with the fair necks it encircles. Her arms were covered with black mittens; her waist, which reached her hips, was of
wasp-like dimensions, and from it hung a thick ribband, securing a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, a bunch of very bright keys, and a hardly-stuffed green-satin pin-cushion. Her silvery hair was drawn up from her forehead, and a cap, simply trimmed with lace to match her ruffles, formed with a high, stiff cawl, and bound with a dark-brown ribbon towered a foot above her head. High-heeled shoes, and large silver buckles, completed her costume. Her features were high; her dark-grey eyes still retained a portion of their former fire, and an air of dignity and seriousness was observable over her whole countenance, befitting one who had witnessed so many of the chances and changes of this mortal life, and who was about to pass into another state of existence. Yet there was nothing forbidding in the expression. It spoke only of hope and benevolence, and a conviction of the worthlessness of the things of earth.

"Here is dame Eleanor," said Mrs. de Lacey, "come, according to promise, to give us an hour of her good company. She shall be seated comfortably in this easy chair, to tell us some of her delightful histories of the by-gone De Laccys. "Eleanor," said she, now addressing the old dame, "Mrs. Audley's curiosity is excited to know something of the characters of the persons whose portraits adorn this room. I have preferred that she should be gratified from your lips rather than mine, for, although I accurately remember all you have told me, I like so much to hear you talk, that you must be the narrator of the scenes none can describe so well as yourself."

The aged Eleanor smiled, and shook her head, as she yielded to the gentle force of her mistress and sat erect in the very middle of the large arm-chair.

"I doubt, madam," said she, "whether you will find it worth your while to bestow your notice on such a crazy old body as I am. My faculties, both of mind and body are failing me; nor is that surprising after both have been used so long."

"But you will not refuse to let us judge of that," said Mrs. Audley, in her cheerful, persuasive manner. "I am as fond as your mistress of all relating to old times, and I am so linked to her in heart and affection, that she does not object to my being admitted into confidential communication with her on all points. Now, in carefully examining the portraits in this room, I find they are nearly all contemporary, and there is something in them which makes me fancy they all have much to do with each other. That handsome, high-featured, pale lady with black hair, in blue velvet, with such a peculiarly sad expression—that cold, severe-looking, stiff gentleman beside her—that portrait, yonder, of a sallow, fair-complexioned young man in the murgy-colored doublet, dark, saturnine and gloomy—that lovely picture over the mantel-piece of a youth in red-velvet, fondling that noble hound, and that dismal, dusky, priest-like looking personage in the shade of the door, all seem to be actors in one drama, and a tragic one, too."

"You must have had a hint, lady," replied dame Eleanor, with a serious smile, "which to select; for, in good truth, all these are united in one miserable history. But there is yet another to be included. You occupy, I believe, madam, the north-east chamber, and over the chimney hangs a full-length portrait of a young lady, of whom I must say much, if I am to relate my story at all. Miss Bohun was
not more than four years of age when a famous limner took her picture, which I have heard my mother say was the very image of her.

Each of dame Eleanor's auditors smiled at the recollection of this portrait, so unlike the modern representations of infancy, exhibited in the unconcealed luxuriance of well moulded limbs, and dimpled knees and elbows, whilst this little Miss Bohn was dressed in a sacque, fitted tightly to her shape; a shirt of ample fullness and a round cap, effectually concealing the cooling locks which here and there straggled from beneath it, and looking as like her great-grandmother as was possible, considering her immature age. It was difficult for the imagination to separate the youthful countenance from its antique disguise, but, if you succeeded, you became sensible that the original must have possessed peculiarly lovely features, with the sweetest expression of innocence, simplicity, and good temper, whilst a certain something in the lips told of firmness and high resolve, if occasion required.

The old woman sighed deeply as the thought of Miss Bohn came over her mind; and then raising her still bright eyes to the line of portraits before her, an air of solemn abstraction stole over her countenance, and she appeared gradually to retreat into the memories of the past.

"Silence," gently whispered Mrs. de Lacey. "You must not disturb her. She will presently begin as if thinking aloud, and she will continue a connected history of whatever occupies her brain, as long as no voice or sound interrupts her."

"That lady in blue," began dame Eleanor, in a low, murmuring tone, which became stronger and more animated as she proceeded, "is Lady de Lacey, the wife of the gentleman beside her, Sir Roger. It was as body-woman to her ladyship that my mother first entered this house. That is now nearly a hundred years ago. Lacey-court had been neglected for some years after Sir Roger came into possession, for he was once a gay gentleman, and, it was said, lived much at court, though neither his politics nor his religion found much favor there, when King William came to the throne, for he had been a personal favorite of the unhappy James. Finding himself suspiciously regarded, he resolved to quit the town and retire to his own estates. I am now speaking of what I heard from my mother. Tidings came, accordingly, and directions that Lacey-court was to be prepared for the residence of the family, Sir Roger being then past the middle age. Great preparations there were, and my mother, who was the daughter of a respectable yeoman on the manor, was engaged expressly to attend on the Lady de Lacey. I have often heard her relate how she stood trembling in the hall with the other domestics who were all assembled there to welcome their master and his lady. Sir Roger spoke freely to all, but my lady scarcely noticed them, only bowing slightly as Sir Roger led her to this very room, and my mother thought she looked sad and unhappy. Presently, Sir Roger called my mother and said to my lady, "here, madam, is Ruth Courtney, who, I trust, will serve you faithfully and well, so that you will have no cause to regret the tire-woman you dismissed in the city."

"Faithful, she may be," answered my lady, "but hardly a substitute for one so skilled as my poor Varley; however, Varley would never have been imprisoned in this solitary spot, so the abilities of her successor may be more suited to the wants of
my future existence." Then, seeing that my mother looked abashed and confounded, she added, in a kinder voice, "fear not, young woman, you will not find me over-difficult to please."

In truth, although Lady de Lacey was very stately and distant, my mother soon became attached to her, for she was a woman of the highest principles; and now and then she shewed a generous consideration and kindness for those about her which seemed to be her true nature, though circumstances had tended to sour her temper and manners. She was wrapt up in her only son, Mr. Roger de Lacey, who was six years old when they came to live at Lacey-court. They brought with them, also, a young gentleman about a year or so younger, who was called Mr. Pole, and who was said to be a distant relation to Sir Roger, and left under his guardianship, he being an orphan but the heir of great estates. Shortly after the family settled here, a young lady arrived who could scarcely have been eighteen months old, the only child of Lady de Lacey's sister, who, left a widow, and dying, had bequeathed the care of the orphan to her nearest of kin. She was of noble birth, and was likely to inherit great riches, and my lady soon loved her with all a mother's tenderness. Young as she was, her temper was so gay and lively that she was soon the life and soul of old Lacey; all doted upon her, and the two young gentlemen, especially, took her directly under their immediate protection, and it seemed to be their only object to indulge the sweet child in all her whims and vagaries. Alas! it was a dark hour when she entered beneath this roof.

There was one other inmate of Lacey-court, whose presence gave not as much pleasure as that of pretty Miss Bohun. This was Father Sanchez, a Catholic priest, who accompanied the family in their retirement. That is his picture in the corner yonder, done when the painter was here who took the portrait of so many of the family; and, like enough it is to him: he was tall and thin; of a stern, severe aspect, and heavy browed as you see, and looked as if he complied rigidly with all the fasts and penances of his religion. Indeed, I myself observed many of his austerities, and, when I was a girl, and busied myself, somewhat more than became me, with business not my own, I have discovered the knotted rope and scourge, with which he was wont to discipline his poor emaciated frame, stained with blood. He was extremely serious and reserved in his demeanour, and seldom spoke to his domestics, excepting to those who professed his own faith. It was said that he was a man of great knowledge and learning, and that he came expressly from Spain to rule the conscience of my master. My lady was of the reformed religion, and I fear the presence of Father Sanchez tended not a little to embitter her life, amongst other trials.

Some few years after my mother was in the service of Lady de Lacey, she married Sir Roger's own serving-man; and as my lady had a high esteem for her, she desired that she would continue to reside in the house and fulfil her usual duties. So I first saw the light beneath this roof, and was brought up as the playmate and companion of Miss Bohun, sharing in her instructions as well as in her amusements, so that my education was much above my station. Mr. de Lacey continued the only child, and Lady de Lacey divided her care and affection between him and Miss Bohun. She
strictly did her duty, too, by Mr. Pole, attending to all his wants and comforts with scrupulous exactness; but when I was old enough to observe, it always seemed to me that there was little of real love which prompted her. Yet he was a youth that few could help loving, for his good qualities were of the high and generous cast, and his errors such as we are often disposed to regard leniently. He was so good-humored that it was scarcely possible even for Father Sanchez, morose as he was, to be long angry with him, though his tasks were unlearned and his hours for study neglected. He was so thoughtless that reproof was thrown away upon him, yet his heart was so tender that an impression made there was sure to be effectual. Never did I see such a spirit, so gay and cloudless; it seemed ever sparkling in the sun-light, shedding its cheerfulness even throughout this dark and gloomy dwelling, and communicating a portion of its gladsomeness to every creature around. At his approach, the very animals bounded more joyfully, and, at the sight of him, all his favorites uttered notes of greeting and pleasure. Often have I seen him in the court-yard, seated at the foot of one of the old, stone statues, with his arms flung round the neck of his hound, who pressed lovingly to his breast; master malkin—his cat—rubbing himself against his legs; the old jackass peering at him over the gate; and the poultry even flocking about him; the jackdaw chattering on his shoulder, and his horse neighing from the stable, as the sound of his happy, merry voice reached him across the court. His was, indeed, the cheerful heart, attracting to itself the love and goodwill of all creation. My lady alone seemed untouched by its influence.

There was a rumour that Mr. Pole's father had been beloved by her in her early days, and that his affections had been drawn away by the arts of her dearest friend, and it was said that the presence of the son recalled more of indignation and hatred of her false friend than of the love she had borne the father; but of this I cannot speak with certainty. Mr. de Lacey was as different from Mr. Pole, as the night differs from the day: He was silent and proud; very cold in his manners both to his equals and dependants; and indifferent to all the pursuits which delighted and occupied Mr. Pole. Father Sanchez used to praise him much oftener than his companion, for he seldom neglected his tasks, but then he went through them with the same steady indifference as he was wont to carry his gun or his fishing rod.

I never looked at or met Mr. de Lacey, without an unaccountable chill coming over me, there was always a frown on his brow and a scowl in his eye. His complexion was, as you may see in this picture, dark as a Spaniard's, and his black hair grew so loose on his forehead, that it increased the unpleasant gloom and weight of his countenance. Any one to have seen him would have thought that some grievous misfortune had blighted his spirit, or remorse for some heinous crime afflicted his conscience; many a time it has made me tremble to see him returning home in the twilight, down the old yew avenue, with his long, raven-hair blowing on the wind, as he glided along, with a step so unlike the joyous motion of youth. He seemed, like my lady, to have a secret antipathy to Mr. Pole; indeed, they agreed in nothing, but in their love to Miss Bohun, and even in that agreement they continually found cause for dissension. It was easy to see that Miss Bohun was afraid of Mr. de Lacey, and, in her earliest infancy, I have heard my mother say, she avoided him whenever
it was possible; but she had a wonderful command over herself, and great prudence for one so young, and she seemed very soon aware of the characters of both: of the young gentlemen, and to exercise her power over them so as to be a constant make-up of peace between them. Years passed away, in such an entire sameness that they seemed like one, long day. Sometimes, Sir Roger was absent for two or three months at a time; but my lady never: very little intercourse was kept up with the neighbouring gentry, though the young gentlemen now and then visited at the chief houses. Lady de Lacey always looked abstracted and melancholy, and from what my mother gathered from words she let fall, she was led to think her marriage had not been one of choice: but of this nothing was known for certain. I believe, poor lady, she was often exposed to great vexation from Father Sanchez who used unceasing efforts to convert her to the popish faith; and after some years' residence at Lacey-court, his unwearied perseverance began to take effect. I remember being one day employed in my lady's room, when she suddenly entered in a state of great excitement; and not perceiving me as I was standing in one of the recesses of the windows, she threw herself on her knees, and, lifting up her clasped hands:—“Gracious Heaven!” said she, “lead me, I pray thee, in the right way; and grant me strength and power to withstand this persecution. If I sink in the conflict, pardon a wretch whose senses well nigh fail her in her sorrows and trials.” She rose, and without noticing me, tossed her arms wildly, and entered a closet beyond, where she was in the habit of passing many solitary hours. Some time after this, Sir Roger, I am sure, aided Father Sanchez' attempts with all his authority and influence; for, frequently, in the long, winter evenings, my lady used to be conducted by him to Father Sanchez' private sitting-room, where was a collection of religious books, pictures of the Crucifixion, the Virgin, and the Saints; relics, and many other things relating to the Popish Faith, and, there, the servants would declare they heard voices in deep and earnest discussion; Sir Roger and Father Sanchez, loud and vehement; and my lady sobbing and weeping. The consequences were such as might be expected. Most of the domestics were Roman Catholics, and it began to be whispered amongst them, that my lady had consented to abjure her faith and turn papist. At this time, it went near to break my heart to see her, poor lady. She walked up and down this old house, like the wandering spirit of the Scriptures, “seeking rest and finding none”: sometimes, she would pace the old dismal, yew-walks which were said to have been made ages ago by the monks of the monastery which had been destroyed in Henry the VIIIth's time, and which stood hard by. It is not now half as gloomy as I remember it, in my early days, for some of the trees being dead since, the day-light is admitted. Then it was a long, lone avenue, clipt so that it was close over head, and so dark that you could but just perceive the way. Not a bird ever sang amongst the black branches, though the owls and bats congregated in the hollows of the old trunks, and would often hoot there in mid-day. Here would my lady walk for hours, in company with the priest, who, clad in the dress of his order, in long dark garments, girdled with a cord, a long rosary hanging from it, and his breviary in his hand, would keep close by her side, and, in a deep hollow voice recite all the arguments by which he sought to convince or overpower her. And so, at last,
he succeeded. Ah! I well remember the time when the Catholic servants so mysteriously assembled together, crossing themselves and blessing all the saints, that Father Sanchez had moved their heretic lady. From them, we gathered that my lady was to abjure her faith at midnight, on the eve of St. John, in the chapel, for there was one in the house, supposed to be the most ancient part of the building. Indeed, it was so dismal and gloomy that it froze one to look into it, though we were carefully excluded from profaning its sanctity.

I had, with youthful curiosity, more than once made way into it; and well remember the fear with which I was always overcome, though now that it is appropriated to our worship its aspect is very different. The light then entered only from the two deep-set, narrow windows, filled with stained glass, and shone dimly on the grey, stone walls, speckled and stained with damp and age. The sculptured stone saints had been partially defaced in the Reformation, and looked strangely grim in their niches; and the low-arched ceiling, from which depended broken stone ornaments, seemed ready to fall and crush those beneath. The altar was very grand, and made the rude antiquity of the rest more remarkable. And on it was a fearful crucifix, the Saviour as large as life, brought, it was said, from Spain, and of great sanctity, and very fine in its workmanship. It was very dreadful to look at, for the blood was as if it were dropping from the crown of thorns, and from the wounded hands and feet; and the agony and suffering of the countenance pierced the heart with awe and sorrow.

In this chapel, my lady was to make her sacrifice, and I resolved to witness it, and to judge whether it was done, indeed, with her own free will, or by persuasion and importunity. If I should be discovered, I could not hope to escape punishment, but my curiosity was great, and would not be baffled. The domestic, whose office it was to clean out the chapel, was my friend, and though she started with horror when I first proposed to her to conceal me during the ceremony, she yielded, especially when Miss Bohun declared she would accompany me. We were placed in a narrow gallery leading to the turret above the chapel, from whence a loop-hole admitted a partial light below; but whether it was from fear, or that my ears but dimly caught the sounds, I heard very imperfectly. I was sure, however, that it was not of her own free-will that my lady renounced her faith. She was paler than marble, and she tottered so much, that Sir Roger was forced to support her to the steps of the altar. Father Sanchez spoke long and earnestly, but in an under-tone which seemed to run along the walls like an unearthly sound. I remember that my lady answered some questions put to her by the priest, in a low, broken voice; that he one while exhorted her, and then denounced upon her some fearful punishment if she swerved from the right faith; then he made the sign of the cross upon her breast, and hung a string of beads around her neck, but I could see little besides. It was not without danger that we escaped from our hiding place, and I was presently after summoned by my mother to assist her in attending on my lady. She fell out of one faint into another, and at intervals she would clasp her hands, wildly, and cry out for pardon. Sir Roger entered and whispered something in her ear, to which my lady answered, "Yes, I need
penance, but not the penance of cord and hair-cloth. Leave me, for pity’s sake, for this night at least."

After Sir Roger had retired, my lady threw her arms around my mother, and
warned her not to barter her conscience for any earthly consideration. “Take
warning by me,” she cried. “Who can never know a happy moment again, Weak,
wicked wretch that I am, to have yielded.”

I remember my mother tried to soothe her by persuading her, that if her heart was
right, God would forgive her weakness; but all she could say made but little impres-
sion. After this, my lady grew more and more silent and reserved: she seemed to
be constantly fretting, and her flesh wasted away till she was mere skin and bone.
Sir Roger and Father Sanchez attempted more than once to persuade her to exert
her influence and authority over Miss Bohun to make her a proselyte, but this she
steadily and firmly refused, and, as Sir Roger had once made a solemn promise that he
would never interfere in the guardianship of the young lady, he did not persevere.

Miss Bohun was by this time nearly grown up, and her beauty was such as I have
never since seen equalled. It was pretty evident that Mr. de Lacey loved her better
than any thing else in the world, and my lady wished for nothing so much as their
union; nor did they fear that their being so near of kin would be an obstacle, as I
believe Father Sanchez had undertaken to procure a dispensation. For myself, I was
pretty sure that Mr. Pole was as fond of her as Mr. de Lacey, and, moreover, that his
love was returned. Both the youths were absent at their studies for the greater par-
of the year, but when they were at home in the vacations, their whole attention was
taken up by Miss Bohun. In one of these, during the summer time, they all amused
themselves, rowing on a piece of water in the pleasure-grounds, and Miss Bohun sat
at the helm and steered as the whim directed her; sometimes into the shallows,
amongst the reeds, or to a piece of rock which stood up in the deepest part of the little
lake. They seemed never to be tired of this new pastime, and, one fair day, after
having passed hours on the water, Miss Bohun complained of the heat and steered
towards the land: but Mr. de Lacey urged her to stay yet longer, and endeavored to
direct the boat into the middle of the stream. How it happened I do not know
exactly, but a dispute arose between Mr. de Lacey and Mr. Pole, and the former
raised his oar as if to strike Mr. Pole. Miss Bohun started up and caught at the
oar, and, losing her balance, fell head foremost into the water. Mr. Pole in an
instant threw off his coat and plunged after her, whilst Mr. de Lacey let the boat
drift from the spot, and did nothing to aid them. Mr. Pole caught Miss Bohun
by the clothes, and with some difficulty conveyed her to the shallower part of the
water, where Mr. de Lacey at last brought the boat and received them. Miss
Bohun had never lost her consciousness, and after a few minutes, when she had some-
what recovered the alarm, she burst forth into warm expressions of gratitude to Mr.
Pole, and upbraided Mr. de Lacey for having caused the accident. I believe she also
let fall some words which showed she was fully sensible of Mr. de Lacey’s remissness
in affording aid in the mischief he had occasioned; certain it is, they landed in no
pleasant temper of mind, each and all entertaining feelings of indignation and jea-
losy one against the other. I became more and more certain that Miss Bohun was
very favorably inclined to Mr. Pole, and, indeed, it would have been difficult to have been otherwise, for, in beauty and goodness, he was unequalled.

My suspicions were confirmed by a little incident which occurred towards the end of this summer's vacation. Miss Bohun brought into her room, one morning, when I was occupied in it, a beautiful, half-blown rose, but she did not wear it, as she generally did any favorite flower, but placed it carefully in a china vase. When it withered, I was again present, and seeing some of the leaves had fallen on the table beneath, I was about to remove them, when she eagerly prevented me. She blushed deeply as she restrained my hand, and when she thought me busied about other concerns, I saw her carefully gather them up and place them in a box in which were deposited keepsakes and gifts of her dearest friends. I was sure the donor of this rose had been Mr. Pole, and from this time I could plainly see symptoms of growing intelligence between them, which made me think some explanation had taken place. I was grieved and alarmed, though I could not be surprised, for, indeed, they were well suited to each other; but I dreaded the effects of jealousy and disappointment on Mr. de Lacey's unhappy temper, and I never saw his scowling brow, whenever Mr. Pole appeared, without a shudder. I grieved, also, for my lady, who, I knew, would feel the disappointment, of the only hope she seemed to cherish in the world, with bitterness. Still, Miss Bohun was so cautious, and had such power over Mr. Pole in restraining him from any obtrusive marks of his affection, that I sometimes hoped I only had penetrated the secret. Miss Bohun was scarcely ever in his company without a third person being present; she allowed no particular attention, nor betrayed in herself any anxiety for his society, but, still, I was convinced that they had meetings now and then which none suspected. It was the day before the expiration of the annual vacation, and the young gentlemen were to return on the morrow to college, when, as I was undressing Miss Bohun at night, she appeared at one moment deeply agitated, and the next quite absorbed in thought. At last, she turned to me, and seizing my hand, whilst she looked anxiously in my face, she exclaimed, “Eleanor, may I trust you? I am bewitched by difficulties, and, to help me, I need your kindness: say if I may depend upon you both for fidelity and secrecy. But first,” and she interrupted me as I was about to speak, “be satisfied that I require no infringement of duty. Heaven knows how truly I wish to act with the most open sincerity, but the tempers of others alarm me with the apprehension of all sorts of dreadful consequences. I must, therefore, use a concealment I abhor, and thus endeavour to avert the misery that might overwhelm us all.

“You must be told, then, Eleanor, that Mr. Pole and myself are attached to each other unchangeably. You are too observing not to have noticed the persecution I endure from Mr. de Lacey, though I have assured him I can never return his affection. Unfortunately, my aunt's heart is fixed upon my becoming his wife, and this makes him more presuming and importunate than he might otherwise be. I have lived in terror for many months, lest he should discover Mr. Pole to be his rival and, thank Heaven, the time is arrived when their absence will release me from this perpetual dissimulation and alarm. Different untoward circumstances have lately occurred to render the slightest communication between Mr. Pole and myself impracticable. He
is wretched at our parting without a moment’s private conversation, and I am most anxious to speak to him apart from observation, because I have matters of great importance relating to my own affairs, upon which to consult him. To night, as we parted after supper, as he shook hands and took leave, he left within it this slip of paper containing these words:—“I must see you, alone, before I depart. Fail not to be at the Old Grange at five to-morrow morning. Bring your faithful Eleanor with you, and fear nothing, only fail not.”

“This is a step I like not to take, but it seems impossible to avoid it. I can scarcely bear to think of his disappointment if he leave me without taking farewell, and, besides this, which it may be a weakness to indulge, I have really urgent reasons for consenting. Tell me, then, Eleanor, do you love me enough to be my companion on this momentous occasion?”

I could refuse Miss Bohun nothing, though I had a thousand fears and forebodings of evil, and endeavored to persuade her to confide in my mother, rather than in one of my youth and inexperience. But I believe she fancied that my mother might be too much in Lady de Lacey’s interest and, therefore, reluctant to thwart her wishes for her son—and she stopped me, peremptorily, when I began to urge her as the safest and best confidant. I ceased, therefore, and promised to be with her very early on the following morning. I was too restless and uncomfortable to sleep, and, whilst it was yet dark, I arose and dressed; but yet when I went to Miss Bohun’s chamber, I was sure, by her heavy eyes and wan cheeks, that she had passed a more disturbed night than myself. She was already dressed, excepting a large, dark cloak which she now put on, and a deep black veil over her face. She spoke very little, and looked at me with a troubled air:—“Come, Eleanor,” she said, at length, “how foolish is this delay when my mind is made up. Let us proceed instantly.” She led the way holding a little lamp in her hand, for the feeble rays of the moon scarcely lit the passages which, even in mid-day, were dark and obscure. As we passed Mr. de Lacey’s room, she hurried on, though her quick breathing and trembling limbs scarcely obeyed her will. As for me I shook like a leaf. There was a deep silence through the house that seemed quite awful, and I had a strange misgiving that something untoward would result from this mysterious meeting.

We left the house through a door in the offices, and stole into the dismal yew-avenue, before either of us ventured to speak. It was a chilly morning; a very faint streak of grey light was rising in the east, but all was dark around us and the heavy dew soon moistened our garments, and made my teeth chatter in my head. Miss Bohun took my arm, urging me to walk “fast, faster.” We had soon passed the limits of the yew-avenue, and had entered a lane which, after skirting the wood for some time, led into it towards the Grange or large Barn, the place which Mr. Pole had named as the trysting spot. Nothing could be more secluded or lonely. The Grange was then never used to harvest the hay and corn, but was dilapidated, and gradually sinking to decay. The lane was nearly grown over by the branches of the hazel, and darkened by the heavy foliage of the large trees, so that we were forced to give heed to our steps, or we should have fallen over the roughnesses and old ruts half filled with grass and weeds. Yet a faint light pierced even these dim recesses;
but the sky was heavy and gloomy, and there was a weight in the air which, though not sultry, was oppressive. The birds began to awaken, and short, shrill chirping, and the rustle of wings from the low bushes disturbed the profound silence. When we came under the black shadow of the Grange, we beheld a muffled figure, which hastily advanced, and I soon knew by the voice that it was Mr. Pole. "You are, indeed, punctual, dearest," said he, in a very low voice, "but I knew you would not fail me. Do not chide me, but hear my reasons for urging you to venture through these chilling mists. It is not alone from a selfish desire for my own gratification, believe me, but come apart and hear me. So saying, he drew her arm within his, and was leading her away when Miss Bohun turned and spoke to me. "Eleanor remain here, but witness that I withdraw out of hearing, only; and now Mr. Pole speak briefly, for I must not linger."

They walked away a few steps, and Mr. Pole talked to her earnestly, but in a low voice, and Miss Bohun replied in the same low tone. He seemed now to be entreatng, now remonstrating, and, at last, he said, in a raised voice, "you are always right and always yourself. I wish I were more like you." Miss Bohun spoke for some minutes rapidly and earnestly; then she held out her hand and said, in a louder tone, "think over all I have said, and believe I will never swerve. I can never change, either to you in my love, or to my aunt in my duty; but a brighter time will come—and for this we must wait. But come what may, we must do right. Now, God bless you and seek for comfort in him." He kissed the hand she offered him and they parted. We were leaving him when he called after me, and requested I would desire his groom to take his horses across the heath to a small hostel about six miles off, for that he would walk thither and join them. "I cannot return to the house," said he, "my mind is too disturbed and agitated, and the walk will tranquillize me." We almost ran homewards, and fortunately entered the house whilst all was still quiet; but just as we passed Mr. de Lacey's door, it slightly creaked and I thought it unclosed a little way, but there was not even yet light enough in the passage to be sure of this.

Miss Bohun threw off her cloak which was bedraggled with mud, and wet with the dew, and then she first missed from her arm a circle or bracelet of gold which, it seemed, Mr. Pole had clasped on it at parting. "Oh! that I should have lost it," said she, sorrowfully; "the first memento of his love: Oh Eleanor, how careless I must have been." I endeavored to console her and promised that I would hasten in search of it, the first moment I could escape, unmolested, from the house.

When the servants had risen, I went to the stable-court and gave Mr. Pole's orders to the groom. He made no remark, "but that it was a queer whim to walk across the dirty country when his favorite Fairy was so ready to carry him." Nothing more passed, for Mr. Pole was a great walker, and frequently sent his horses to meet him at distant points of the country, whilst he wandered with his dog and gun through the woodlands and meadows. Within the next two hours, I contrived to search the avenue, but not finding the missing bracelet I was forced to defer a second visit to the Grange till a later period of the day, when my mother's attendance upon my lady would leave me at liberty to absent myself.
When I saw Miss Bohun next, she said that she rejoiced she had had courage enough to give Mr. Pole the meeting he desired, and that she felt more tranquil and composed. "I may hope," said she, "to pass a few months, if not in happiness, yet free from the perpetual anxiety of the last six weeks. I have lived in constant apprehension lest an unguarded word or action of Mr. Pole's should kindle Mr. de Lacey's suspicions, and it is of the utmost importance that nothing should be known until I can take decisive measures. Time only can remove obstacles and fears, and I am thankful for any portion of it that passes without danger." She looked more composed than I had seen her for many days, and she took up her tapestry cheerfully and went to Lady de Lacey to sit with her and divert her thoughts from dwelling on the absence of her son, in whom her very being was wrapt up.

I saw Miss Bohun, again, before the hour of dinner, when she looked less tranquil than before, and I ventured to enquire if aught had occurred to discompose her. "It is only Mr. de Lacey's unexpected appearance," she replied, "I had felt secure that he had departed after breakfast, but, whilst I was sitting with my aunt, he entered, and looked at me so fiercely, and there was such an air of wildness and malice in his eyes, that he terrified me. I could almost fancy that he knew all that passed this morning, though my reason assures me I may be easy on that score. He was in great haste, made some frivolous excuse for his delay in setting off, talked very incoherently, and, then, taking leave of his mother, approached and took my hand which he pressed with such violence that I could scarcely refrain from crying out. "So, sweet cousin, I bid you, farewell," said he, "you doubtless rejoice at being freed from the presence of two intrusive young men who interfere with your pursuits and claim too much of your attention. I give you joy of your freedom, and I recommend you to make the most of it." And then he stood opposite, and fixed his eyes upon me with the expression of a fiend; I cannot get him out of my sight, but now Eleanor, I entreat you to go, whilst the light is strong, towards the Old Grange and seek for the precious gift I have so carelessly lost."

I obeyed, and though the declining sun sent long shadows into the wood, there was no fear, I thought, that I should not discover the missing bracelet, as I knew exactly where we had passed in the morning. But I reached the old Grange, unsuccessful, and when I was there, I looked carefully towards the long grass, where Miss Bohun had stood in converse with Mr. Pole.

My attention was soon attracted by an appearance in the grass, as if it had been trodden, and on stooping down, I saw with horror, large stains of blood, and the earth soaked in several places. There were plainly evidences of much struggling all around, and at a little distance lay a fragment of rich lace, such as I knew trimmed the bosom of Mr. Pole's body-linen: I felt as if I must have swooned, but I checked the disposition with a violent effort, though I was forced to support my trembling limbs, by leaning against the Old Grange, for many minutes before I could collect my senses and compose my thoughts. The most horrible surmises crossed my mind; there was evidence of fearful violence, if not murder, having been perpetrated, and I could not but have dreadful misgivings that Mr. de Lacey was the guilty one. As soon as I could command my steps, I again approached the spot, which had certainly
witnessed a fearful struggle, and in examining it more closely, I found amongst the long, matted grass, a whip which I immediately recognised as belonging to Mr. Pole. I seized it, and scarcely knowing what I did, picked up the remnant of lace and a button, and entering the Grange, I concealed them amongst the old timbers, carefully marking the place. I then sat down in a prefect maze of horror and wretchedness, endeavoring in vain to unravel this terrible mystery, and to decide on the part it was my duty to act. It seemed to me that I ought to reveal to my mother all I had seen, but then my solemn promise of secrecy to Miss Bohun perplexed me; for I could not inform my mother of one circumstance without also betraying her. Then there rose to my mind dreadful questions—if murder had been committed; and, if so, too surely Mr. Pole was the victim—where was the body, or, if he had escaped with life, where was he conveyed? I looked again, if, perchance, I might discover further evidence, but I could find nothing more, and after endeavoring to restore the grass to its former position, and covering the bloody earth with dust and stones, though with what end I hardly knew, I prepared to return home. I was so weak and exhausted with terror and grief, that I could scarcely crawl, and it was nearly dark when I entered the house. I hoped to reach my own little chamber unobserved, especially by Miss Bohun, but, it seems, she had been long on the watch for me, and meeting me in the passage, she drew me into her room, and began questioning me with eagerness if my search had been successful. But the dimness of the waning light could not conceal my ghastly countenance, and gazing on me with affright, she hastily demanded the reason of my strange appearance. It was my earnest wish to have concealed it, but in my present bewildered condition, and questioned by Miss Bohun, who always possessed an extraordinary influence over me, I felt any attempt at concealment to be vain. And yet what a disclosure for me to make, and for her to hear! I endeavored to persuade her, that, although I did not deny something to have occurred to terrify me, it were best that she should be content with ignorance; but I might have known—only that I really was not mistress of my reason—how vain were all such arguments, and especially to a person of Miss Bohun's keen and powerful mind. "Speak, Eleanor," said she, kindly, but peremptorily, "I am convinced your present agitation has reference to the events of this morning. I shall not, I cannot be satisfied with suspense, and, besides, it behoves me to know all that relates to it."

I could make no further opposition, when she spoke thus; and with fear and trembling I answered her. "Sit down, then, Miss Bohun," I stammered out and, as she complied, I sank on my knees before her, and clasped her hands in mine. "Call up all your courage as you hearken, and put all your trust in Gon, for I have that to tell which will fill you with grief and horror." She started as I spoke, and the color entirely forsook her cheeks; but she uttered not a word, only fixed her eyes steadfastly on my face. As well as I could, I proceeded to unfold my dismal tale. When I spoke of the appearance of struggling and of blood, she uttered a faint cry and, sinking on her knees, beside me, threw her arms convulsively around me, and hid her face in my bosom; but, till I had finished all I had to relate, she remained perfectly silent. Then, she raised her large, wild eyes and, in a low, hoarse
voice she slowly said, "There has been a foul deed done; Mr. Pole is the victim and my heart misgives me that Roger de Lacey is the murderer; and I, miserable that I am, have been the cause of his death. Let us pray, Eleanor, for guidance from on high to lead us through this maze of guilt and woe," and, saying so, she leant her head upon the chair before her, and prayed, earnestly, for some minutes. Then, she arose, wonderfully composed, though never was marble whiter than her countenance. "She again took my hand in one of hers, and laying the other on my shoulder, she said, "now, Eleanor, mark me, well. My senses are bewildered, and I know not what to do, but promise, nay swear to me, that for some hours, at least, not a syllable of what you have seen shall pass your lips. I am overpowered, laid prostrate by this thunderbolt from on high; as one insensible; I am not alive to the reality of an event so inconceivably terrible, yet in the silence and solitude of my chamber I may awake to its truth, and my faculties will cease to be thus dimmed and obscured. Leave me, no—fear nothing," she continued, as she saw me about to remonstrate, "I know myself, and God will give me strength. Beware that you command yourself, and pray that you also may be enabled to do your part." So saying, she led me to the door and closing it after me, I heard her draw the bolt, and then all was silent. It was now nine of the clock, and dreading to appear before my mother, I undressed and went to bed, and when I was summoned below, I feigned a head ache to excuse me from appearing.

It was midnight when, as I lay awake, with all the events of the day passing before me, my door softly unclosed and Miss Bohun entered, with a small lamp in her hand. "Rise, Eleanor," she whispered, "and come into my chamber. It is necessary that I should converse with you. I have made up my mind, though God knows amidst such conflicting feelings how difficult to perform the task." I waited but to wrap a cloak around me, and we softly traversed the passage that led from my room to Miss Bohun's. Hers was the chamber, madam, which you occupy, (old Eleanor addressed Mrs. Audley) and mine was that where your serving-woman sleeps. She made me sit down beside her, and then she spoke deliberately, and with a composure and firmness that astonished me, although I knew she possessed an energy and strength of mind not common in women. "Eleanor," said she, "my first impulse would be to proclaim, aloud, all that you have related; to speak of my suspicions, and at once give up the murderer to receive the recompense of his most foul guilt. But this would be to bring upon the innocent heads of Sir Roger and my beloved aunt a misery I cannot bear should be inflicted by the means of her they have protected and tenderly cherished. And of what avail to the victim. Vengeance belongeth unto God, and, in his own good time, it will descend on him who has wrought for it. It will assuredly be disclosed one day, before assembled men and angels, and on earth the tortures of an evil conscience will be his, far beyond the punishment of any earthly tribunal. I know that it is against human law to conceal a crime so foul in itself, but as yet I can but suspect, and, till the mystery is cleared, I will be passive; and act, afterwards, as prayer and deep reflection shall guide me. We must remember there is still a hope, faint though it be, that Mr. Pole has escaped; he may be wounded but yet alive; it must be our business to discover this and
speedily. Have you the courage to accompany me now to the Grange? The moon
gives light enough both to guide and assist our search, but you must exert all your
powers and strength both of body and mind. Reflect that the occasion is urgent,
and be sure that, according to that which is required, thy strength will be.

It seemed as if Miss Bohun moulded me at her pleasure, for though I would have
given worlds to have refused, I could not. She led me back to her chamber, and
with her own hands fastened my clothes, and wrapped me in a large cloak, and
then we proceeded to leave the house. We hurried along, silently, though now and
then an indistinct murmur broke from Miss Bohun’s lips. And now we neared the
fatal spot, and, by this time, the heavy clouds had parted, and the moonbeams
streamed upon the open space by the Grange. I pointed out all I had observed in
my last visit, and she carefully examined the turf and earth adjacent. It was still
visible that there had been some disturbance and struggle, though the traces were
less fresh than they were a few hours before, for a heavy shower had fallen and
nearly obliterated the stains which were so plainly distinguishable as blood. Miss
Bohun would now enter the old Grange itself.

At this part of her story, dame Eleanor’s voice faltered, her countenance became
agitated and, at last, she paused. Mrs. de Lacey, without speaking, poured out a
glass of wine and held it to her lips, whispering to Mrs. Audley that if her thoughts
were turned from the subject, she would probably not resume it. She swallowed a
small portion and, in a few minutes, resumed her story.

“How dismal it looked with the deep, black rafters lighted by the moon, as it shone
on them through the open door, so cold and bright. The silence was deadly. We
stood on the threshold still and speechless, till Miss Bohun, in a low, trembling voice
bade me show her the spot where I had concealed the hunting whip and the fragment
of lace. I scarcely dared leave her side, even to cross over to the spot where they
lay. It seemed as if there was a murderous presence around me, which pressed upon
my very heart. She looked at the piece of lace. There was a single large spot of
blood upon it which I had not observed before. Miss Bohun pointed to this, but she
spoke not, and when I was about to speak, she placed her finger, first on her own
lips and then on mine. It was as if she feared the sound of her own voice. She
walked slowly round the wall of the Grange, now raising and now lowering the
lamp with which we came provided, lest the moon might be clouded, but nothing
could be seen. We turned to depart, and just by the threshold two dark spots of
blood were visible in the moon-light. Miss Bohun grew paler and paler, and I
thought she would have swooned away, but she had a wonderful strength of heart
and would not be overcome. When she saw these blood-stains, she re-entered
the Grange, carefully examining the floor, but, excepting one doubtful mark towards the
centre, there was nothing besides of a suspicious character. On our way homewards, Miss Bohun spoke, but there was a sort of stern despair and resolve in her
manner, in such strange contrast with her usual, cheerful, open-hearted demeanour,
that I was terrified as I listened to her. “Eleanor,” said she, “I am convinced
the Grange conceals that which we should scarce bear to look upon. To-morrow,
we will return; and take measures to satisfy ourselves—to satisfy ourselves—what a

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term! But, again, I adjure you to the silence of the grave—that grave where, too surely, one has been sent before his time."

I answered her with a solemn promise to obey her injunctions implicitly. She hurried on at a pace I could scarcely keep, and passed directly to her chamber. She pressed my hand but refused further assistance, and I heard her draw the bolt immediately after she had entered.

In the morning Miss Bohun appeared calm and composed, but there was a deadly paleness on her cheeks, such as I never before or since saw on a human countenance. She called me into the yew-avenue, and told me how difficult she found it to make up her mind on the fitting line of conduct. "In the first place Eleanor," said she, "it is necessary to arrive at certainty. We can get no opportunity by day, and I have beethought me of a sure means of discovery. We will take Bevis with us, and if aught lies there which has been unlawfully thrust from life, it cannot escape the faithful hound. Now, leave me, I have a thousand circumstances to consider. We shall probably not meet, again, till midnight, for this purpose at least, as my aunt has summoned me to attend her this morning.

I cannot tell you, ladies, the dreadful horror and reluctance I felt at the thoughts of visiting this place again. I could do nothing but pray for strength, yet every hour that passed my fears seemed rather to increase; and my heart even leaped with joy when, on looking out of my casement-window at sunset, I saw every token of a coming storm. In an hour, it burst forth with a fury that would have alarmed me at another time; but, now, every peal of the heavy thunder, every flash of the forked lightning revived my spirits. I watched the rain descend in torrents and the trees bowed before the might of the wind. I knew we could not venture forth that night. The next morning, I found Miss Bohun too ill to leave her bed; she was a strange contrast from the day before. Now her cheek was flushed, her eyes bright as stars, and an air of wild disquietude rested over her whole countenance: oh! how unlike the cold, white, still being who had once so resolutely confined all feeling to her own bosom. I saw she was in a high fever: already she began to speak incoherently, and I was at my wit's-end in the persuasion, that she might utter that which then lay in the depths of her heart. Lady de Lacey came to her bedside as soon as she heard of her illness; seating herself by her, she desired me to leave the room. I withdrew only to the anti-room and I could catch many of the words that Miss Bohun uttered. "What is the matter with you my Clara?" said my lady, fondly; "you look scared. What ails thee my darling? Nay, lie still love, I can easily hear you speak, no one is by to listen:" and I was sure she laid her hand upon Miss Bohun to prevent her raising herself in her bed. I could hear Miss Bohun murmur, but only caught a word here and there. I think she mentioned the names of Mr. de Lacey and Mr. Pole, for my lady in reply said, "they are gone to pursue their studies at college, and, continuing as if she was fain to believe Miss Bohun's illness was caused by sorrow for their absence, she tried to direct her thoughts to their return. "The months will pass away, dear, and we will write, and bid them send us long letters and tell us of all their doings. How pleased poor dear Roger will be to hear you miss him, for you know, love, he always mistrusts your
kindness for him." But Miss Bohun gave a loud scream, and I entered quickly, and my lady, in great alarm, hastened out to bring Father Sanchez, who was skilful in medicine, and it was usual to consult him when there was any illness in the house. But Miss Bohun never liked the priest, and would not suffer him to approach her. It was evident the poor lady's brain was touched, and she seemed to be for ever dwelling on themes of blood, and describing the most terrible scenes, Mr. de Lacey and Mr. Pole being always the parties concerned. Father Sanchez, however, prescribed for her, and, provided I offered her the medicines, she seldom refused them, but she would only allow of my presence and her aunt's, and in this way she continued for more than a fortnight, either raving or sullenly silent, as the mood came over her. Lady de Lacey would sit like a statue, listening to the strange words she would put into the mouths of Mr. de Lacey and Mr. Pole and looking at me to see what impression they made upon me; but I always endeavored to appear as if I noted them no further than as the delusions of a mind distraught. At the end of this time, Miss Bohun gradually regained her proper senses, but she was left in a state of great weakness and langour.

It was going on for three weeks, since our visit to the Grange, when, as my lady was sitting one morning by Miss Bohun who was reclining on a settee, for she was now able to leave her bed for a few hours in the day, Sir Roger entered. I was standing by Miss Bohun with a cup of medicine in my hand, and I heard and saw all that passed. He held an open letter, and his face was pale and agitated. "Read this, Lady de Lacey," said he, "it is quite unaccountable. Where is Reginald Pole? He has never reached Oxford." Miss Bohun clasped her hands, convulsively, but spoke not. Lady de Lacey turned quite white, and looking, first on Miss Bohun, and then on Sir Roger, took the letter in her trembling hands; but it seemed as if her eyes could not discover the writing, for, with a deep sigh she let it fall and sank back in the chair. Whilst I was attending to my lady, Miss Bohun took the letter and read it aloud by Sir Roger's desire. It was from the warden of the college, to enquire wherefore Mr. Pole was absent, expressing surprise because he was wont to obey the college discipline strictly. He also said that his enquiries of Mr. de Lacey produced no satisfactory answer. He suspected that Mr. de Lacey was aware of some ill proceeding on the part of Mr. Pole, but he kept his counsel, and persisted in declaring he had not seen him since his own departure from Lacey-court. Miss Bohun laid down the letter in silence, but Sir Roger appealed to her if she could throw any light on this mysterious absence, or give him any clue to discovery. But Miss Bohun answered simply, "Uncle, I have nothing to say."

When Lady de Lacey recovered, she fixed her eyes on Sir Roger, and then on her niece, as if she were bewildered. Sir Roger, without heeding her, said he must seek among the servants for every particular of Mr. Pole's departure, and trace him as far as possible on the road; for, in these times travellers were often way-laid on the King's highway, and he feared some mischief had befallen him from robbers, especially as he carried with him a good sum in gold. When Sir Roger left Miss Bohun's room, Lady de Lacey seemed to recover a little, though I shall never forget the bitter anguish that settled on her countenance, and I felt certain that the tidings
of Mr. Pole's absence confirmed some horrible suspicions raised by Miss Bohun's mysterious ravings in her delirium. Miss Bohun, too, seemed conscious of the same, for, raising herself on the couch, she took her aunt's hand and, tenderly pressing it to her lips, she whispered, "beloved aunt, rely on your grateful Clara." Lady de Lacey did not answer, but looking wildly on Miss Bohun and at me, put her finger on her lips and left the room. "Something has struck upon her heart, poor soul!" said Miss Bohun, "I uttered horrible ravings I fear, and now comes a strange corroboration of truths brought forth in madness. What will be the end of this? What am I to do? What ought I to do? Was this illness sent as a lesson to subdue all revengeful feelings, for me to leave vengeance to whom vengeance belongeth, and think only of saving the innocent protectors of my youth from shame and anguish. Oh! Eleanor, if I had a friend to consult." Miss Bohun pressed her poor, aching head with her fair, thin hand and raised her eyes to Heaven. "How dare I say," said she, after a pause, "that I need counsel, when the Word of God is at hand. Give me the Bible, Eleanor, that which stands on the lowest shelf. It was the gift of him who is gone, him whose heart was a stranger to one unkind thought or selfish feeling. He would bid me spare the innocent, and leave the guilty to his unerring judge. But leave me to myself, Eleanor, I need to commune with my own spirit and be still."

I placed the book in her hands and obeyed her, by quitting the chamber.

When next I attended on Miss Bohun, she was more calm and composed, and she spoke with more deliberation than she had for a long time.

"Eleanor," said she, "sit down beside me: listen attentively and tell me if your mind which, I believe, is straight and right-judging, is satisfied with the conclusion to which my earnest reflection has brought me. It seems to me, upon reviewing the course of events, as distinctly as my feeble brain will allow, that an impartial observer would hardly have taken up a judgment as strongly as I have, without further evidence. I have assumed as a certain fact, from some suspicious appearances, that a foul deed has been committed, and I have fixed on the perpetrator with no warranty beyond that of probability. It is true that, in my secret soul, I am convinced, but I need confirmation—or, rather, I ought to need it. Till it can be obtained, then, I am not, surely, justified in bringing upon this unhappy house such a weight of shame and anguish. If all be, indeed, dark and horrible, as I fear, of what avail to the victim is it, that his destroyer be himself destroyed? I well know his angelic spirit demands no vengeance, but is content to leave it in the hands of Him who will reveal the hidden things of darkness in his own good time. My duty, I think, lies rather in shielding the innocent, in averting the stroke from the bosoms which have cherished my infancy and protected my youth. Therefore, Eleanor, we will be silent. We will endeavour to discover the truth, and remember that, although passive now, it does not follow that at a future time we may not act differently. I have waivered long before I could determine, and I am now strengthened in this resolve by feeling that I am at present unfit for any active misery; the fearful struggles of the past month have nearly upset both mind and body, but my energies may return if it is God's will, and they shall be devoted to making plain this awful mystery."
I would never have believed that I could wish Miss Bohun to be otherwise but in health, but the honor I had in revisiting the Old Grange, now connected in my mind with such dreadful suspicions, made me almost dread her perfect recovery. It seemed to me that she judged rightly and kindly towards her friends, and I am sure she acted conscientiously and entirely against her own inclinations, which would have led her at once to declare all she knew and suspected. And yet it was very true that there was little to implicate Mr. de Lacey. No one had witnessed his meeting with Mr. Pole, the torn lace and the whip belonged to the latter, there was no personal vestige of him, he had appeared in his mother's apartment not long after Miss Bohun had parted from her lover, nor was there any peculiar agitation in his demeanour to attract attention; yet, after such a deadly encounter, it was scarcely credible that he should present himself before the family, composed and sedate as usual. Sir Roger had suggested the possibility of Mr. Pole having been assailed by robbers, and it was true that, from the proximity to the coast, there had frequently been alarms from bands of smugglers and lawless sailors, who were wont to land and carry off such plunder as they could bear away.

On inquiry at the stables, one of the men remembered that Mr. Pole's groom had told him of his master's orders that he should convey his horse across the heath to the Woodman's Hostel. Thither, therefore, Sir Roger hastened, but all he could collect there was, that the groom had arrived there on the day in question; had waited there an hour, and then, supposing his master had proceeded on his way, had departed to overtake him. On inquiry being made at the next inn, which was nearly seventeen miles onwards, no tidings could be heard of either horses or man; but, sometime after this, Mr. Pole's mare was heard of at a farmer's at a great distance, who had found her straying in his fields; but of the groom no information was ever gained. Sir Roger set off himself for Oxford, and my lady seemed nearly beside herself: she had no peace by night nor by day, but she kept all her sorrow to herself. Miss Bohun's tenderness was that of the fondest of daughters, but her own misery, and the unceasing attention she paid her aunt, kept her in a state of feebleness that prevented her from re-visit the Grange as she proposed. Many days passed before any tidings came from Sir Roger, and they were but unsatisfactory when they did come. Mr. de Lacey could give no intelligence, for he avowed that he had agreed with Mr. Pole, over night, at what hour they would depart on the morrow; but in the morning, that, hearing that he was not to be found and that he had given fresh orders to his groom, he had pursued his own way, and had reached Oxford without having overtaken or heard aught of him on the road. Such was his statement and there was no one to gainsay it.

After his fruitless visit to Oxford, Sir Roger proceeded in search of the nearest of kin to Mr. Pole, to consult with him what steps they might deem advisable to be taken. His parents, as I have said, were dead, and he had no nearer relations than cousins, who, as they inherited his wealth, neither much lamented his disappearance, nor were very anxious in proposing schemes which might lead to his discovery. However, they acquiesced in all Sir Roger's views and suggestions, and as they could not benefit legally until something certain was brought to light, they were
forced, for the present, to content themselves with the prospect only, of inheritance.

Father Sanchez strongly urged the probability that Mr. Pole had been attacked by some of the smuggling crews who infested the coast, and who might have gained intelligence of his being well stocked with gold, but as to what had become of him, he could offer no conjecture. Every search and inquiry was therefore made along the coast, but without success.

And so time passed on. For some weeks Miss Bohun had been quite silent respecting her intention of revisiting the Grange, and, I thought, feared to expose herself to the trial she might have to endure, but I afterwards understood her motives for remaining passive.

Mr. de Lacey made some excuse for not returning home the next vacation, but the following year Sir Roger peremptorily commanded his presence, and Miss Bohun told me of his expected arrival with mingled desire and dread. Lady de Lacey had borne the unusual absence of her darling son with surprising composure, though her mind continued in a most unhappy state; and, from circumstances which my mother mentioned to me with wonder, I could not but think that her suspicions of Mr. de Lacey's being connected with Mr. Pole's unaccountable disappearance, led her to endeavour to avert judgment in another world from her beloved child, by inflicting heavy penances on her own poor, weak frame. My lady, I believe, had long become a sincere convert to the Popish Faith, chiefly, as Miss Bohun conjectured, because the doctrine of penance was consolatory to her, inasmuch as it was easier to seek for pardon for sin by its means, than by spiritual contrition.

At last, that dreaded day arrived, when Mr. de Lacey appeared. I trembled for Miss Bohun, but my fears were needless. She was braced both in body and mind for the trial, but I thought the alteration in her must strike him, if he had power to observe any thing, he looked so stern and serious, and her former, gay, sweet smile so seldom crossed her countenance. I was anxious to know how they met, and I ventured to enquire of Miss Bohun how she avoided the customary greeting. "I can hardly say," she replied. "I resolved not to touch his hand, and I believe, on his entrance, I held my tapestry frame with both mine, and passed him with a few customary words. I was well nigh overpowered at the sense of his presence. But the time for action is come, Eleanor, and my courage is screwed to the sticking place.

Some days passed, and I had forced myself to meet and observe Mr. de Lacey. There was to me evidently something on his mind: his brow looked blacker than ever, his sallow complexion was paler, he spoke but seldom, and he scarcely ever left the house, spending his time either in his own parlour or with Father Sanchez.

It was one fair and cloudy evening, when Miss Bohun told her aunt she had a mind to walk beyond the pleasance, and my lady said, "but not alone, my love. Let Roger attend you as well as Eleanor." Miss Bohun, paused; "well aunt, be it so," she answered, and I who was by, arranging the colors for Lady de Lacey's embroidery, felt directly from Miss Bohun's manner, that something dreadful was in her mind. My lady herself rang the bell which stood at hand, and ordered the serving-man to fetch her son. We retired to clothe ourselves for the walk, and on
our return Mr. Roger was there, and a somewhat pleasanter expression than usual was on his face, as he advanced towards Miss Bohun, and said, "I am to attend you in your walk, cousin, my mother tells me; you know I am always at your service."

"I thank you," replied Miss Bohun, gravely; "it is long since I have ventured on an evening walk." She passed onward, and leading the way towards the stable-court, she said, "Bevis shall also attend us." Bevis had for many months been Miss Bohun's constant companion, but since Mr. de Lacey's return she had directed that he should be confined to the kennel. He now came forth bounding with delight to greet Miss Bohun, but he looked savagely at her companion, though he spoke to try him in a coaxing voice. Mr. de Lacey offered his arm to his cousin, but she had already taken mine, and saying slightly that she was used to my support since her illness, she walked rapidly on to the yeaw-avenue. I felt sure where we were going, and I scarcely breathed. When we reached the end of it, she turned into the lane, and Mr. de Lacey stopping, said something about the damp and the shade. "It is a favorite walk of mine," replied Miss Bohun, "it is so solitary, I believe few human steps ever intrude on this overgrown path, and no where are the birds so tame and the hares so fearless: one might almost fancy that nothing evil could intrude here, if one did not know that the serpent entered the Garden of Eden itself." She laid no particular stress upon the words, yet they made my heart beat quick. Miss Bohun continued talking as if to lead Mr. de Lacey insensibly forwards, but when we reached the narrow path which turned directly into the wood and to the Grange, he evidently became disturbed, and urged her return. "Oh no," said Miss Bohun, with a sort of laugh, which sounded sadly to my ears; "Oh, no! What! tired so soon." Have you led such a slothful life at college, that you fear a stroll in a summer evening. In good sooth, you are a poor escort for a country-bred damsel. Yet, on a little further on this calm, sweet eve. Bevis would never forgive me if I talked him of his liberty." And on she went, talking louder and more gaily, and she turned repeatedly to Mr. de Lacey, all in such a wild fantastic way, that I was ready to sink into the earth. I was in so much fear, I could scarcely observe Mr. de Lacey, but I believe he answered her in monosyllables only, and kept his eyes on the earth. Presently, we emerged from the close, dim path upon the cleared spot where stood the Grange; when Miss Bohun, suddenly quitting my arm, seized hold of Mr. de Lacey's, and said, "you know this spot well, Roger. How calm the shadows lie along the green grass! all speaks of peace and serenity. I love this place beyond all others; but I will shew you my favorite haunt." We were close upon the door of the old Grange as she pronounced these short, disjointed sentences; and, quicker than I can tell it, Miss Bohun suddenly pulled forth the wooden staple which fastened the large doors;—they flew open—fast she held the arm of Mr. de Lacey as she hastily entered, and, in an instant, they both stood on the floor of the Grange. "Bevis," she called, in a wild, hurried voice, and the hound who had been pursuing the game, came at her call: as he bounded in, he snuffed the air for one second, then, lowering his head to the floor, he uttered a low, shrill whine and sprang to the centre, where he began scratching at the boards, impatiently.
At this moment, Miss Bohun looked like death; with one hand she grasped Mr. de Lacey's arm, with the other she pointed to the floor, and when she spoke, her voice was so hoarse she could scarcely articulate, yet, never were words so heart-searching and terrible. "Roger de Lacey," said she, "Reginald Pole lies at thy feet, and thou art his murderer." He sought to speak, but the words died in his throat, yet, at the ineffectual attempt the dog turned, and, glaring at him with fury in his eyes was about to spring at him, but Miss Bohun's hand and voice restrained him: "down, Bevis," said she, "thou hast performed thy part;" and, obedient to her voice, Bevis drew back with a savage growl, and again scratched at the floor, breaking out into low howls of distress. Miss Bohun seemed to recover her energies and her powers. "Now, mark me, most wretched man," she cried, "the guilt thou thoughtest to hid from every human being, has been known to me—aye—from the day it was committed. My lips once unlosed, and thou diest the death of the vilest assassin. But I have pity on thy honorable father,—on thy fond mother,—and, stifling the feeling of my soul which calls for vengeance, I know I act as he, whose mortal remains lie there, would direct me. The deadly secret of thy guilt lies close in my heart—as long as those yet live whose peace the knowledge of it would blast for ever. But thou must obey me. The dust of thy victim must rest in hallowed ground, and with holy rites must it be interred. Thou must quit thy native land and hide thy shame—I care not where—as long as we breathe not the same atmosphere. Repent of thy heinous crime, oh man of blood—rend thy heart and scourge thy wretched body, if so thy religion teacheth thee, and supplicate, as thou kneelest, the mercy of Heaven. Fear her not," continued Miss Bohun scornfully, as she saw his eyes turned towards me in fear and dismay, "she is guided by me: and, now, arise," for he had fallen on his knees, that proud haughty one, and seemed scarcely capable of receiving the sense of her words into his mind, "give me thy promise, if promise can bind thee, and depart." He rose, slowly—with a choked voice, in which rage and anguish strove for the mastery: he uttered a solemn vow—he would have spoken more, but Miss Bohun sternly repressed him, and hiding her eyes as if she could no longer endure his presence—bade him depart for ever.

He slunk away—no longer the proud Roger de Lacey, but abject as the meanest hind on the land, and, rushing into the thickest of the wood, we saw him no more. But, with the call for exertion, faded all Miss Bohun's strength both of mind and body. She threw herself on the spot beneath which there was good proof lay the corpse of her lover, and, throwing her arms round the neck of Bevis, the faithful animal laid his huge head on her shoulder, whilst hers pressed his, and she burst into such a passion of tears and sobs, as if her very life would have failed her in the outbreak of her grief. I was myself nearly incapable of moving—the terror of the scene—the solemn twilight—the melancholy sighing of the tall trees—the vicinity of the murderer—all combined to overpower me—but my love for Miss Bohun was stronger than my fears, and, kneeling by her side, I soothed and implored her to summon up the resolution and fortitude which so seldom forsook her. After a time, she raised her head; and, unclasping her hands from the neck of the hound, she suffered me to raise her, and support her in my arms. "All is over," she murmured
at last, "and, by the anguish I feel, I know that before this meeting I had not relinquished hope. Now, the darkness that was before me has closed around me, and I am desolate, bereaved indeed. Come, Eleanor, we must tarry here no longer, and you Bevis must quit the spot which contains him who loved you so well, and whom you served so faithfully. Henceforth attach yourself to me. There are none beside us two who will cherish his memory." With difficulty we drew Bevis away, and, carefully closing the doors, we returned home rapidly and in silence.

Enfeebled as Miss Bohun had been by her dreadful illness, she was unable to endure such a scene as this, and she fell again into a state of weakness and feverish excitement which threatened her life.

Mr. de Lacey having gained Sir Roger’s reluctant consent to travel, left the Court whilst Miss Bohun was confined to her chamber—nor did his absence much aggrieve my lady, whose feelings seemed blunted by perpetual sorrowing, and who was surely aware of some terrible mystery which she sought not to unravel—therefore was she content to believe him safe in foreign lands.

After his departure, Father Sanchez requested leave to be admitted to an interview with Miss Bohun, and then he revealed to her, that he was aware of the cause of Mr. de Lacey’s exile, imparted to him in confession. Moreover, that it was the unhappy gentleman’s parting injunction to make known to her that all she demanded had been duly performed. Not far from the skirts of the wood in which stood the old Grange was the church of Holy-cross, and adjoining it was the burial vault of the De Laceys. Thither, at the dead of night, had Father Sanchez, aided by the conscience-stricken criminal himself, conveyed the mouldering remains of his victim, and there, although a heretic, the priest had performed such funeral rites as he could dare bestow on one, without the pale of the Romish church. Miss Bohun told me that in this painful interview, Father Sanchez had gained greatly on her esteem; he betrayed a genuine horror of the deed, but gave Miss Bohun praise for the course she had pursued, as that which best united very perplexing duties. He spoke reluctantly and obscurely on some parts of the details, nor did Miss Bohun urge for clearer information. All had been revealed to him under the seal of confession, and although it was necessary that his knowledge should be partially revealed to Miss Bohun, he volunteered no further information than sufficed to assure her, that that had been fulfilled which she directed. She gathered, however, from some observations he let fall, that it was only by large offerings to the church and the priesthood he could hope for absolution, and it then raised the suspicion in her mind that Father Sanchez was not uninfluenced by this consideration when he consented to aid in duties to a heretic so opposed to his bigotted opinions.

After this, Miss Bohun slowly regained her health, but she was no longer the Miss Bohun of former days. The hopes which lit the morning of her life were darkened, and her gay spirit never rose again; but she was sweet, gentle, kind, as in her happiest times; and never failed in the fondest attention to her unfortunate aunt. That poor lady fell into a sad state of health, partly occasioned, as we all believed, by her rigid observance of fasts and penances. She lingered on for several years with no enjoyment of life, and when her closing scene arrived, a long and touching conver-
sation with Miss Bohun unfolded to her how awaked she had been to the truth, and how gratefully she had appreciated the conduct of her niece. She died blessing her, and Miss Bohun, attached by long habit and compassion to this her second mother, mourned over her sincerely, though she fully admitted that death was to her a release from a miserable existence. Sir Roger was also in declining health, aggravated by his unceasing fretfulness at the absence of his son. He had no suspicion of its real cause, and it was a sad trial for Miss Bohun to hear how perpetually he dwelt on the subject, and sought vainly to comprehend wherefore he avoided his native land. A few months before his death, his life was somewhat cheered by the occasional presence of his nephew, (Jasper de Lacey, the only son of his deceased brother,) and his heir, in default of Mr. Roger. He was a very handsome and noble gentleman, and had served in the wars, so that he had all the bearing of a soldier; it was because he had been absent from his own country for many years, that he had never visited his uncle since he was a boy.

Mrs. de Lacey, who had been anxiously watching the venerable narrator, now arose; and gently laying her hand upon her arm, interrupted her.

"My good Eleanor," said she, "we have been selfish, and in our own gratification have forgotten that you are over-exerting your strength. What more you have to say must be reserved for another opportunity. Now I must lead you back to your apartment, and see that you have a cordial to revive you, after such unwonted fatigue.—There—Mrs. Audley will excuse your courtesy—bid her good night and come with me."

Dame Eleanor looked half-bewildered, but she obeyed in silence, though she would not be restrained from stopping at the door, facing about, and making a very reverential obeisance to Mrs. Audley.

"I hope we have not over wearied the good old soul," said Mrs. de Lacey when she returned, "she had been talking longer than I was aware; yet I feared to interrupt her before she had completed the most interesting part of her tale, lest, the thread, once broken, she would never resume it. That which she has left untold, I can supply, for I have heard all this many a time from her own lips.

The Jasper de Lacey, of whom she began speaking, contrived to gain for himself a place in the heart of the charming Clara Bohun, but it was not till many years after the sad fate of her early lover. It was believed that Roger de Lacey retired into a monastery in Spain, very soon after he quitted this country, but the fact was only revealed by Father Sanchez at the death of his father. How long he survived, there seems to be no record. It was not till Sir Jasper came into possession of the estate that Miss Bohun, after a short interval, returned to inhabit it as his wife. Sir Jasper and Clara de Lacey were my husband's great grandfather and grandmother, and they retrieved the blot in the family honor, for the memory of their good deeds is not even yet extinct in the neighbourhood."

"This is, indeed, an over-strange tale," remarked Mrs. Audley, "and the incidents could scarcely have occurred in more modern times. You have amply fulfilled the hope you held out that the living chronicler excelled the inanimate: but my curiosity requires yet further aliment. The old lady said not a syllable to un-
ravel the mystery of the actual commission of the crime. What led to it? How was it perpetrated? I must question her on those points to-morrow."

"You will question in vain," replied Mrs. de Lacey, "for that was never known. Roger de Lacey never again saw, or spoke to Miss Bohun, after the scene at the Grange, where, probably, he would have confessed all, had she been in a state to have listened, or to have endured his presence, and Father Sanchez held the confessional far too sacred to reveal more than what the wretched man had authorised. But it may reasonably be conjectured that Roger by some means had come to the knowledge of the projected meeting, and had witnessed that which proved Reginald Pole his favored rival. Whether his furious passion led him to a dastardly deed of downright murder, or whether high words led to a mutual struggle, scarcely less terrible, however, because Mr. Pole had certainly no weapon about him, was never known; but I can shew you that with which, in all probability, the deed was committed. In the time of Mr. de Lacey's father, the land on which the Old Grange formerly stood was ploughed, and with the soil was turned up a very rusty, short sword, such as was worn in those days, and it was conjectured to be the identical instrument of the murder, for, on the hilt, the letters R. de L. are yet faintly visible."

"I shall scarcely bear to look upon it," said Mrs. Audley, shuddering; "but I am eager for all the details of this horrible tale. How were the remains of the victim so secretly removed that no observation was incurred?"

"I was also curious on that point," answered Mrs. de Lacey; "and, indeed, it seems hardly credible that Roger could himself have taken part in such an event. Nevertheless, so it was; as far as Eleanor could ascertain from Miss Bohun, who soon began to turn from all that related to the subject, it was effected at dead of night by none but him and the priest. Adjoining the church of Holy-cross is the family vault, the key of which was in the keeping of the father, who was in the habit of praying within it for the souls of the defunct de Lacey. Hither was Reginald Pole conveyed, and, it seems, in one of the ancient coffins, whose original inmate had long since mouldered away, the father scrupled not to lay the half-decayed remains of the victim. When Clara Bohun became the mistress of Lacey-court, she must have revealed the dreadful secret to Sir Jasper and the clergyman of the parish, for Eleanor was present at a solemn service read over the coffin in the vault, at which Sir Jasper and his wife assisted; when, too, Lady de Lacey was so deeply affected, that it was plain how tenderly her heart cherished the memory of her first love. Moreover, in the church of Holy-cross is a remarkably beautiful tomb of the purest, white marble with this inscription:—

To the well beloved memorie of R. P.

"I have not yet done with my questions," said Mrs. Audley. "Pray was it ever known what became of the groom?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. de Lacey, smiling, "you should not require a real history to be detailed as distinctly as a fiction, where the will of the inventor contrives an explanation and clearance for every obscurity. However, it does happen that on this point something is known. Twenty years or more after the murder of Mr. Pole,
that very man re-appeared, though I cannot make out that he gave a very clear account of himself. Eleanor omitted to tell you that he was originally but a half-witted peasant-boy, taken into Mr. Pole’s service partly out of compassion. From what could be gathered from him, he had been at sea and in foreign lands, but how he had been conveyed there had passed from his weak recollection. One may conjecture that Mr. de Lacey had bribed some of the smuggling-vessels on the coast to make sure of him, but how he contrived his plans was never known. There was no trace in the man’s mind of any communication with Mr. de Lacey, nor, indeed, of any of the occurrences of his early life. Bevis was always Clara’s companion, and lived to an age far beyond the usual term of canine life—the most attached and faithful of his race. There is a memorial of him in a flourishing oak which was planted above his grave and you may see a flat stone at its foot, where a letter or two of his name is still visible. And now, whatever of obscure and mysterious remains to puzzle you, your own imagination must supply. I myself discovered in the secret well of an old Japan cabinet which stands in an unoccupied chamber, and which on enquiring of Eleanor she remembers to have stood in Lady de Lacey’s own apartment, a parcel carefully wrapped up and sealed, and which contained a hunting-whip, a fragment of point lace deeply stained, and a gilt button, together with a strip of paper with these words faintly visible, for the ink-marks were of the palest yellow:

"The last memoirs of beloved R. P."

And so end the Chronicles of the De Lacey’s.

"I lament that it is the last," replied Mrs. Audley. "Are you sure that nothing remarkable happened to Mr. de Lacey’s grandfather? I shall scarcely be satisfied until I have seen you examine with my assistance all those splendid old cabinets which adorn every room of this venerable mansion. Who knows what treasures may yet lie perdu in those unsuspected recesses which are often so cunningly concealed therein."

"You are at full liberty to search," said Mrs. de Lacey, smiling, "though I am not sanguine of success. Do you forget my own curious propensities and my keen eyes, and have you the presumption to suppose you outdo me in either?"

"Still, my dear, we will have another search," rejoined Mrs. Audley. "The mere chance of bringing forth another piece of De Lacey biography is worth a world of trouble. I shall live in hope, and, to-morrow, at least, I have something to look forward to, in the sight of the precious testimonials of the truth of this most lamentable history. And, even if nothing more be forthcoming, I shall have to wander under your guidance over all the scenes with which Eleanor’s sad story has made us acquainted. Together, we will trace the wood and its paths—the site of the Old Grange—Bevis’s grave—the tomb of Reginald Pole! Well might you say, my dear friend, when you thought it necessary to urge other inducements than the renewal of our long-suspended intercourse to attract me hither, that you dwelt in a place full of old memories and recollections. Where is there a second Lacey-court to be met with?"

"And where," interrupted Mrs. de Lacey, laying her hand on Mrs. Audley’s arm, "where is there to be found two such genuine devotees of the days of old as our two selves?"
THE CASTLE TOWER.

By W. Ledger.

Oh! the brave old castle tower!
Where the banner unroll'd
Over yeomen bold,
And the baron, in armour of steel and gold,
Look'd sternly down upon foe and fold;
And the tide of battle was backward roll'd;—
Hurrah for the brave old tower!

For dreadful deeds it was fam'd of old;—
For captive pining in dungeon cold;
For many a young and orphan heir,
By kinsman falsely imprison'd there;
For maids in beauty or virtue strong;
And for those accus'd or guilty of wrong,
Oh! the brave old castle tower!

The lords are merry within the hall,—
They've tilted to-day each one and all;
The scarf he wore in the mimic fight,
Is round the arm of the victor-knight;
The boar's head bravely graces the board;
And feasting follows the lance and sword,
Hurrah for the castle tower!

The lady looks from the lattice-light;
And watch-dogs bay through the darksome night,
Quaking at ghosts that sigh'd as they pass'd,
Moaning in woe to the midnight blast;
Trembling she smiles, for the trump sounds shrill;
Her lord and banner are o'er the hill.
Oh! the brave old castle tower!

Now bleak and bare, with ivy o'er-grown,
What tells of the tales its walls have known,
When they rang with the notes of war or mirth?
The cricket is hush'd on the ruin'd hearth;
But the bat broods o'er the mighty dead;
And the owl hoots at joys for ever fled.
Oh! the brave old castle tower,
Where the banner unroll'd
Over yeomen bold;
And the baron, in armour of steel and gold,
Look'd sternly down upon foe and fold;
And the tide of battle was backward roll'd,
Hurrah for the castle tower!
LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SOUTHEY.

BY MRS. EDMONDS.

Oh weep for him that sleeppeth
By Keswick's peaceful wave,
For grief her virgil keepeth
Beside the Laureat's grave.

Mourn, that is quenched for ever,
The poet's Heaven-born fire,
That the Master hand may never
Awake the sacred lyre.

And keep for her, the lone one,
That soothed that mighty mind,
As moves the harp of Eolus
The gentle summer wind.

Who silent, patient, fearless,
When the cloud passed o'er his soul
Sought to chase that mist so cheerless
With affections sweet control.

For him no more the buds of spring
On Keswick's shore may bloom
But Fame a deathless breath shall bring
To deck the Laureat's tomb.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.※

BY THE ABBE MONTELLE.

No. 9.—THE GOOD FOLKS OF ST. DENIS.

CHAPTER I.

The town of A—was happily situated, not midway from the coast but in more fortunate proximity, by some few leagues, to the glorious metropolis of all France, from whence it derived a no unpleasing tincture of its vices, dissipation, follies and fashion, proving itself a tolerable enough imitation of the great original. Now, as there is a characteristic resemblance indicative of a peculiar people, so is there a local one remarkable to certain places of habitation; and this may be observed of all the French provincial towns and of their inmates in general. The towns have

※ 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 Julio."—November, December, 1840.
No. 5.—"The Rich Man's Wife."—March, April, 1841.
No. 6.—"The Republican."—September, 1841.
No. 7.—"The Merry Priest of Alicante."—February, 1842.
No. 8.—"Conrad, the Friendless."—December, 1842.
each its rough-paved, narrow streets; rows of antique houses, somewhat like the un-
seemly edifices of our own manufacturing districts; its grand promenade, and a multi-
plicity of cathedrals, chapels and shrines; and each is moreover enclosed with ramparts
and strong walls, surrounded by deep ditches and moats beneath, and defended with
heavy gates, constantly guarded, and able to sustain the stroke of war. The place
may perhaps boast of other things. For instance, the ruin of some mighty castle
or cathedral, struck down and blasted (not by time but) in the anarchy of revolution,
and this may recall the struggles of the past, or form the subject of ostentatious
record for the future: and, if so, the place is happy. This, of all things, delights
the people of Saint Denis; and the Saint himself would doubtless rise to partake their
satisfaction, but that it might set a bad example to the many saints, whose many
ghosts are laid by a multitudinous priesthood, over-numerous. Thence might arise
a fresh disturbance. However, the town of A—— was fortunate indeed; for the
civil wars had left it some sure tokens both of its coming and departure.

But now, the sun was rising out of an atmosphere of light—cloudless, serene—as
though the very air reflected, mirror-like, the radiance of the sky, and shed its lustre
back again and on the earth beneath;—for such is the clear, morning light of
southern climes, when spring renews her beauty, and has plucked the last wan
wreath of snow-flakes from off old winter’s brow; and so the skies shone heavenly,
and breathed benignant influence on all things. The birds—those votaries of day-
break—were all singing; and in the open meadows, without the city-walls, there
was a bird, wheeling its rising circles in mid-air upwards—lost in the fleecy rack of
silver vapors;—and there, the sky-lark sung its hymn of praise, heard by one
whose melancholy heart wept inward tears, to hear the little songster fill the fields
with joy, while he, as it were, was heaped about with wretchedness, the soul’s dis-
comfort—weariness of fate.

A glorious, beauteous morning! thus, his thoughts expressed themselves. The
sky is full of hope, all earth seems happy. With such a world above and round, we
ought to be content; and others are so—all. None—no one is as I am—half so
miserable. To be the slave—the drudge—of what? why! of—the slave of a slave.
Would he not dig for money into the very earth?—into hell itself—into the hearts
even of his poor fellow-creatures, but he would grasp it. And what am I? neither
Heaven nor earth was made for me—or my enjoyment. I am weary of it—of life it-
self: and thus did the young man meditate in misanthropic mood, not easily
appeased; when the sun’s rays, darting straight on him, instilled suddenly some
electricity, struck from out Nature’s magic, which won him to brighter thoughts.
Before he reached the town, he breathed a resignation more composed, not far
remote from temporary happiness.

The very same sunbeam, glancing through the lattice of old Farette—the shoe-
emaker—glowed with such matchless brilliancy as to awaken a youthful maiden—his
only daughter. She sprung from sleep, but scarce had reached the floor than,
beholding her reflection in the glass, she hesitated, and approached the pretty vision
nearer. It was a face, still new, though seen for some seventeen years or more;
and it was fair enough to hold the fair possessor charmed with self-satisfaction. Her
figure, perfectly formed but plump withal, was not inelegantly displayed by a sleeping-jacket of colored cambric, bespread with many flowers; and her countenance, of delicate grace and hue, though half lost amid redundant waves of golden locks, emerged, sweetly enough, from underneath the gaudy kerchief that was bound about her head; for such is the attire, which, in those parts, replaces the simple one worn by our countrywomen. But, for all this, she felt there was a fault, and she knew not how it was. She advanced her foot, of lily whiteness like the skirt she wore, and then placed down beside it a shoe, certainly of most exact proportions.

"It could never fit me," she sighed. "Sure, her foot must have grown smaller than ever; yet many think me quite as handsome too. She is beautiful, but I—I am very pretty too. I don't know that so small a foot is quite so sought after either," and the mental mind may reflect an ever-varying phantasma, but not so changeful as that of vanity.

Her thoughts ran over how many eyes beheld and, only, to admire: captains and gentlemen, and "great ones in the province, and she was satisfied. She dressed hastily and sped down stairs. Rosalie Farette loved the cool, morning air; but she had scarce opened the street-door than the young man appeared, clad in an uncouth garb, a loose frock of rustic fashion, still more unsightly from its thread-bare texture. He brought her a nosegay of curious flowers, apparently sufficiently rewarded for his trouble by some few minutes of hurried discourse.

"I must go," he murmured. "I must leave the place; I can bear it no longer;" but he was unexpectedly interrupted by a husky cough in the next tenement, and also by the peering out of two, withered female faces from the near door-ways; both sights and sounds evidently altogether unwelcome.

"Hush!" said he, "my uncle is stirring."

"Hist!" said the maiden; "there is that Madame Blase—and the horrid old maid too. Go, Ormond, go;" and he, muttering imprecations, strode down the street with a kind of dignified misery of outline, inherited by disappointed lovers. After awhile, he turned back to behold her; but she had gone, and he continued his way; yet scarce so, than the same two aged features were projected from the same door-ways, and two voices were heard.

"Dear Madame Blase," said a voice of importunate flattery.

"Ah, dearest Grue, is it you?" said the dame. "Well, were there ever such goings on?"

"Never, not in my time."

"Ever seen such sights?" cried Blase.

"Not in my young days," said the spinster.

"It is enough to make the hair of a matron and a mother rise—rise—I don't know where," said Blase. "We ought to have wings, I'm sure, to flee away to some blest region."

"We shall mount aloft in time," said the spinster.

"I wonder it does n't break a single woman's heart to see it," said her companion; "a woman too—who never thought of sin—who—"

"Thought, indeed," cried Miss Grue.
"Horrible—dreadful depravity! but the town's full of it, my angel. I'm sure the priests ought to be paid."

"They are!" cried Blase, triumphantly. "The blessed church fills her pocket somehow!" and she drew nearer. "Now, Grue, what do you really think?"

"I have my thoughts," she answered. "It's a world of wickedness. There never was a pretty girl but she had more impudence than—remember the whitened sepulchre you know my meaning."

"To be sure; I always say so," cried the other. "The officers don't look yonder for nothing."

"And Ormond Casaubon," cried her friend.

"Nor he neither," cried the matron.

"She is a bare-faced—bold—"

"I know," said Mias Grue, her eyes filled with splintering malice, "and, my dear, you shall now hear—"

"Down at the castle," interrupted Madame Blase, "I can tell you something;" but a snarling voice here broke in upon their confab.

A little, old man emerged from the next house, seemingly more sunk by want, or self-denial, than by age. He cried aloud, but peevishly, "why don't ye get in, ye shameless bags, clamouring here. Does gold grow at the threshold or drop from the clouds? To work with you—to work! Set the example, and we should'n't have the young feeding on the old, clawing the flesh from their bones, rending their vitals with woe. All would go smoothe but for such as you.—Away! or the devil will away with you."

"With you first," said Madame Blase, and then whispered, "to-night, my dearest Grue; we can then be at peace."

"Aye, said Grue, hastily, "there's nothing like the night; depend on it!" and they retreated the more hastily, because a wretched mendicant stood asking charity.

"I would give thee something," said the old man, "but the aged have nothing to give away. A life!—I have given away a life!—at work early and late, now worth nothing. I have had too many to protect—to feed—on my substance—gnaw at my heart. I have nothing left, neither pence nor gold."

"Then happy thoughts be with you," said the beggar, "for you want them."

The old man, having opened his shutters, tottered in, just as there appeared two persons coming hastily down the street, to whom the mendicant transferred his application with a redoubled importunity, exactly proportioned to the supposed affluent condition of the parties, thereby shewing himself gifted with some of the sagacity befitting the crafty tribe, of which he was, unfortunately, one.

"Please ye, sirs, gentlemen. The lords of the land may well help their miserable countrymen."

The elder of the gentlemen, a man of iron phisiognomy, in the decline of life, passed on, unmoved; the other, like the sun ere it has reached its full meridian, turned hastily, stooped downwards, as with the grace of true beneficence, and dropped a Louis d'or.

N—(COURT MAGAZINE)—APRIL, 1843.
"Fortune is in your face, sir," said the man, and he called down the care of many saints upon him.

"Does he know me, think ye?" asked the younger.

"Not he—certainly not," said the elder; and they brushed hastily by towards the gates of the town that led to the château, now celebrated, not only for the architectural beauty of the building and the skillful arrangement of the pleasure-grounds, and as the residence of a great family in that neighbourhood, but as the only castle remaining totally uninjured during half a century of civil discord. There was no doubt, though, (as the people whispered) that the owner must have bartered his opinions more than once, or bought such exemption from ill at a price, not to be imagined or divined.

But though the gentlemen walked hastily, as though to shun remark, and the hour was early, they did not escape unobserved, some of the more alert townspeople advancing eagerly to pay homage to the elder, as to one upon whose patronage they in a measure depended.

"The gay d'Estreville is out early this morning," said they.

"The gaming-table pays or his wife's fortune will," was the answer. "But what stranger has he now with him?"

"An officer, sir," said the first speaker.

"A noble-looking fellow, however, and a gay one; it sparkles in his eye," they whispered; "the women's wonder."

In truth, such observations were not without foundation and excuse. The elder, though more carefully buttoned up, bearing too surely the signs of late hours and the previous night's exhaustion in his looks, while the younger wore the same appearance with a better grace—of native ease—of fashionable levity—of worldly indifference—as though the neglected toilet suited too well that courtly exterior and soldier-like deportment.

"You shall see her," said his companion, "and that in a day or two."

"The picture has often struck me," was the answer, "gracing the boudoir of the Countess d'Alençon at Paris; and, for beauty, surpassing certainly all ordinary conception."

"She quite comes up to it, however," said d'Estreville, confidently, in a tone cold, worldly, not paternal, and he was her father too.

"Say what you will, you are a fortunate man," said the other. "But see, the appointed place of parting."

There was a military promptitude in the motion and words that exactly accorded with the salute of the guard stationed at the town gate. The gentlemen bent towards one another, each pressing the other's shoulders amicably, and thus they parted.

The officer halted awhile, watching his friend's departure, and, perhaps, arrested by the country scene and the grove of tufted trees, from whence the turrets of the castle were seen emerging, distinctly, in the morning light, although it lay so encompassed in the shade, that many a traveller had passed by, little suspecting that any abode of man was situate there. The colonel was, least of any individual, prone to idle curiosity; but this mere glimpse and outline of what might lay beyond
awakened a natural desire to know, and an impulse to be satisfied. He watched Mr. d'Estreville enter the wooded copse, where he was lost to the view; and scarcely so, when he prepared to follow him.

Tracing the same path, he found himself at last at the entrance of the shrubbery, and thence beheld enough to lead him on; for the gently-winding avenue, amid a twilight of thick-growing trees, was terminated by two iron gates of noble structure, through which an imperfect sketch of the building was seen, evidently only a half developed representation of something still more excellent. As he advanced, it rose upon the sight, and won him into sudden admiration; the more so, that it was altogether unexpected by him. He stood for an instant, and only so, for, in the distance, the floating of a female dress invited him to approach. He did so, but then drew back, aware of his disordered toilet, and daunted by a sense of shame never perhaps before experienced. How was it that he was as he was, and things about him evidently different?

Upon the lawn and round about, many flowers were springing; the windows of the lower rooms were thrown open, and on the grass before them (for there his whole sight was centered) there was a young lady dancing, light as the buoyant winds when they scarce rough the blossoms they float upon. He listened to catch the sound of her guitar; but, though almost unheard, her footing seemed to satisfy like music; its loss was all unfelt, where such harmonious grace of motion was beheld. He had known courts, and loved the exhilarating waltz; but this was something alike and yet unlike all that he had yet fancied of its charms. She must be the beauty of the castle that the world spoke of as incomparable. He would willingly have hastened to join her circling flight around and round, but then his haggard, night-worn look forbade it—his dress—and he drew back, but not ere she had retreated, and all was silent, so that the buzz of insects, only, sounded.

Colonel d'Arbret had ventured much in many conquests, and he felt she must be beautiful indeed, since only beauty breathes such matchless grace. Yet, as it might appear, full many loves engaged him. As he passed on, his rambling eyes searched every lattice window, and, last of all, that of pretty Rosalie Farette, but she was not visible. The colonel had many expressive methods of being understood, and knew the persuasive language of intrigue adapted to each character and station; he, therefore, halted, and presently whistled a soothing air, and then attacked the maiden's window with a shower of pebbly sand, light as the love he felt. Rosalie opened the lattice quickly, blushed, and smiled to see so great a gentleman was there, and one so constant in his duty; and as she shrank away he wafted her a kiss at parting, eloquent with fire and gallantry. The gay and brave Colonel d'Arbret was thus accustomed to leave conquests behind, and reap it as he went forward; but at this time, certainly much beyond his usual hour, he was hastening to repose.

He halted again at the entrance of a coffee-house, in the interior of which were seen billiard-tables, cards and dice, and other requisites of gambling, and where two shadowy figures were, even then, pursuing visions of games lost at midnight, but now, at break of day, expected to be recovered. Neither turned round nor could be drawn from his purpose.
"What, Sarton! still wrapt in the delusion!" cried the colonel. "Why, you are a greater man than Atlas himself—he bore the world on his back—you, the fate of all the stars on yours! Come, leave off!"

"Then, colonel," said the gamester, "in this respect I'm only like my fellow-men; but my plan is to tease dame Fortune till she favors me."

"A good maxim with a pretty girl," said the colonel; "but the blind woman conquers us, seeing where we do not."

"I will win a game yet though," said the other, "and spite fate;" and Colonel d'Arbret drew to the table to witness the skilful contest of the players.

"See, twenty wins!" cried one, as the ball reached the pocket; "twenty! who wins?"

"Done!" cried Sarton. "Ah! there—there!"

"This game I will win," said his opponent, a tall, heavy, lowering-looking man.

"I have lost all to-night. Now, what say you?"

The stroke was decisive; the other did not reply, but coolly prepared himself for the upshot. If he was too philosophically calm, his antagonist was equally wrought into excitement.

"A false stroke!—again!—mark!—again, there!" cried he.

"Pshaw!" breathed the gamester. "Silence!" and as the game went against him, he added, calmly enough, "I wish you joy; sir; the game is yours!"

"Enough, in all earnest," said d'Arbret. "Remember, major, military duties wait for no man," and, as he spoke, Sarton lay down on one of the benches to slumber, and the ill-favored man pocketed his winnings, and prepared to depart.

"Hark ye," said d'Arbret; "my dear fellow, one word;" and he whispered,

"The shoemaker's pretty daughter—have you heard anything?"

"Nothing," said the man—by title the major—"have bought boots and shoes enough to shoe a whole regiment—have learnt nothing."

"I will go myself," said the colonel.

"No—no, wait awhile; only give me time; we shall learn all we wish. Listen now. What say you?" and, whispering as they went, they arranged plans together, which ended as the colonel reached his chambers, where his worthy coadjutor quitted him on other business.

In this short distance they passed the dwelling again of Rosalie Farette, when, beholding the colonel, secretly, she began to think of his wondrous grandeur and noble person, and wished herself a duchess or any one, rather than what she was; but when her heart turned unto Ormond Casaubon, she did not wish to change her humble state, only that she would much rather that the money which her father had amassed were in his pocket, because of his sorrows and his poverty. Still, though her heart spoke kindly, vanity urged weakly, and when he strolled by again, cold was the recognition when compared with that she had sometimes granted. The lover's heart was seethed and sunk, as it were, into ashes in a moment. He rapt at the next door, and was admitted.

"And what are you come here for?" cried the old miser. "Have you come to dinner? Are there not cabbages, potatoes, luxuries, in the garden yonder? Things
which, if sold, would buy—in time, sir—in time—would buy landed estates, parks, grounds—would buy title, sir, rank—yes, sir, a kingdom itself! But for your maw, young man, Heaven help me, I might have been rich—very rich!"

"I am myself tired of it," said the young man. "I am sorry to have cost you anything. I would rather have died in my infancy than have burthened either you or myself; for yes, my very life, my existence, is a burden to me."

"Don't be ungrateful, boy," said the old man; "you want to work upon me, that is all."

"No such thing, said Ormond, and he spoke with some resolution. "I have long wished to go—to the wars—any where, in fact, to rid myself of myself."

"All very fine, sir!" cried the old man; "but mind, you are my property, you belong to me." Here he stepped towards him, standing in height not above the young man's waist, so that he was compelled to turn his head upwards beholding him. "Yes, boy, there isn't a bit of you but what is mine—brains, body, pith, and sinew—all mine. Have you not lived upon my food, fed on my substance, drunk of my cup?" The young man smiled, and bitterly. "And, sir, your eyes may be bright, but they are mine; your body strong, but it is mine; and though you are the wretch you are, a spender of money, profligate of treasures, a shedder abroad of the earth's gold and silver, a wassailer, a wine-bibber—bad as you are—you are mine!"

"I feel it," said the youth, "and have long felt it, or I had not been the beggar that I am."

"Beggar!" shrieked the uncle, "beggar, truly! and he has worn those clothes scarce more than eighteen months! You spend a property in books and pamphlets—printed rubbish!"

At these words, which appeared to point out the very essentials in which he was most of all deficient, and which, from his age and inclination, he might be supposed to be most desirous to obtain, the wrath and grief of the young man could not repress itself. He drew himself up with a dignity at once striking, and spoke with the deep utterance of intense emotion.

"Old man," said he, "you are my father's brother; you may have intended to be my friend, therefore I say nothing; but I thank you—thank you—for all past bounty—kindness—call it what name you will. I thought you might have one spark of feeling, but the fire is cold. I am going, and shall burden you no longer."

"Can a man do without shelter?—sleep without a resting-place?—live without food?" said his uncle, as in supplication. "Ormond, all this you have owed to me, and now in my old age you would leave me childless and friendless?"

The trembling voice and beseeching accent were what Ormond Casaubon could never resist, and he turned back, though reluctantly, to the old man's appeal.

"You drive me hence," said he, "and yet invite me to stay. I would not be ungrateful; perhaps I was wrong," and, after awhile, he added, reluctantly, "To be sure your money has been your only delight, the prop of your age, the child of your bosom. Where all was desolation, it has taken the place of better feelings."

"It has, boy! you speak truth!" said the miser. "Try to be prudent like me;
cautious, like me; saving, like me, and you may get on. There, sit, my son, and let us feed."

So speaking, he drew forth a remnant of cooked meat, and, cutting a slender portion, pressed his nephew’s shoulder protectingly; cut a lesser portion for himself, and sat down to breakfast, satisfied with the philanthropic and generous action that he had just performed. It is well that little minds can rest self-contented, for great ones seldom claim so dear a privilege.

"Ormond, good Ormond," at last said his uncle, "try to hoard and put away. You know not the comfort and happiness of feeling, in secret, greater than your neighbours; and when you go to confession, you have always a clear conscience. Remember, the time is approaching."

"It is, indeed," said Ormond; and there was that distraction in him which might have led the careless spectator to imagine that he was not altogether free from the pangs of remorse; but he was much like other men: he was not solicitous to discover his own defects—not alert in the enquiry, nor over sagacious in their correction; and in this respect he much resembled his neighbours. Now his uncle, the miser, was not gifted either with the faculty of internal sight-seeing or self-knowledge, which is the highest wisdom of the human being; but the national character is opposed to such metaphysical doctrines, and to enjoy life without any scrupulous analysis of the sources of enjoyment is, we believe, agreed to be the universal custom of the good people of Saint Denis.

CHAPTER II.

It has been thought that this sudden alteration of sentiments in Ormond Casaubon, while threatening his uncle with his final departure, was attributable to the reflection of Rosalie’s figure at that instant seen passing the window, and that this phenomenon also stirred up other inexpressible emotions which remain to be developed. He ate his meal with strange rapidity, gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes till he worked even upon the sensibility of the miser, who began to reproach himself as being too severe in his late attack upon him; and as this led to some further civil treatment, an amnesty took place on either side. Still, the same weight hung on the young man’s heart when he departed to his employment—the cultivation of a certain plot of ground belonging to his uncle situate between the town and the Château d’Estreville.

As he issued forth, the amiable Miss Grue was standing affixed to the door-post, being a kind of locomotive looker-on, or patent-report-machine, a situation to which she was born, or, by nature, had aspired. At this point, however, she was now stationary.

"Ah, Ormond Casaubon! good day to ye! Have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said he. "There are very few things can interest me."

"Look about you," she replied. "The last regiment that came into the town is made up of such fellows, scamps, and——"
"There is nothing new in that," said Casaubon, but he colored with the untold idea that crossed his mind.

The lady did not speak for some instants, and then in hints. "That pretty girl next door wants watching; she has her whims and fancies. A pity but what her poor father knew. People will talk, and there's no knowing! Well, Heaven help us all! she is but young!"

"I seldom interfere with my neighbours," said he. "Miss Farette doubtless knows how to take care of herself, and if not, I am neither brother, nor, in fact, anyone; it can be nothing to me. But time passes;" and he continued his way. The satirical coolness of his manner might have spoken truth to some, but to her was mute indifference; and she was annoyed by the supposition that she had failed in giving pain,—to her an absolute disappointment.

Her hints, however, had searched his bosom deeply, so that it was mid-day, and the same thought resided there, growing more monstrous in its deformity, till it overgrew every other fancy his hopes could form, shading them all in one mysterious darkness. Like this twilight prospect, he selected a nook under the trees, wherein to plant some flowers, and was thus engaged when two ladies on horseback advanced towards him, and he knew them to be the ladies d'Estreville.

"Ormond Casaubon is here," said one; and addressing him, "you know Rosalie Farette, young man?"

"I have seen her,—known her,"—he stammered, "at times,—last week,—this morning, miss."

"Give her this; she knows from whom it comes. Will you oblige me? You live next door I think."

Ormond Casaubon was charmed to hear her say so, and revived at once; for she could never have known this, unless through some report favorable to his wishes, respecting Rosalie Farette. He answered with his usual courtesy; and, beguiling an instant in beholding the lovely Miss d'Estreville pass through the trees of the park at a hard canter, returned more satisfied to his labor.

It was still some hours after, when another object awakened fresh disquietude. This was a party of officers, mounted, and in full uniform, and coming down the road at the leisurely pace of persons riding for exercise or recreation only. They were a formidable group, brilliant in display and high in spirit. He thought of Rosalie, and it seemed as though this whole troop of noble gentlemen were set in array against him, rivals in love, unconquerable, not to be despised, and men, each of whom must be all-powerful in winning a weak woman's love. He knew it,—had been told,—guessed—that they all equally admired Rosalie, and it was his destiny to have to contend against a phalanx—one against a crowd of veterans, armed at all points.

"Miserable—wretched!" he ejaculated. "On whatever side I turn, I must be defeated and cut down; my prospects and my hopes laid low—myself trod into nothing, as a fair field of conquest. Thus is it to be poor, abject in birth, one of nature's servants. But I will contend—fight—struggle—rebel;—who conquers me, may well boast of victory. How contend—how struggle?" and, as he solilo-
quized, he worked so desperately as to drive his spade right through a carnation that he was about to transplant; but he could force it no deeper, and, as he was in a humour to overcome obstructions, he set to work again with vigorous energy, chopping the beauteous flower into fragments, the more so, as he discovered at each stroke that there was something down beneath, but what! was the doubt to be solved? Engaged in unravelling this problem he neither saw nor heard aught beside.

"Young man," said a voice, "young fellow, can you tell us whether the ladies d'Estreville have passed this way?"

The question had been twice repeated ere he comprehended the words addressed to him; but he at last saw that the speaker was one of the horsemen, whose grandeur of display had so much annoyed him;—nor, indeed, did he now see less to apprehend.

The gentleman, from his perfect horsemanship and bearing, displayed to every advantage a figure of just height and proportion unrivalled, and altogether adorned by a bold, martial grace, peculiarly his own. His countenance was set in the stern cast of Roman sculpture; but his complexion tinged, and the deep, blue lustre of his eyes, illumined by sun-burnt hues of color and ardent fires of expression, not inaptly representative of Bacchus or one of those voluptuous deities, converted from the demon into the celestial, and recognised in lands, renowned alike for classic refinement and victorious arms; for softest sensuality; for harsh and inflexible philosophy. Besides, the spark that kindled in his gaze; the dark moustache curled slightly upward; his clustered hair bristled almost with checked impatience, finding himself not answered and at once. As Ormond Casaubon raised his head, the officer however lifted his casque in courtesy, a civility paid solely to his prepossessing aspect.

"The ladies d'Estreville?" he repeated, smiling; and Ormond thought he had seen just such a light break through a cloud on stormy days.

"The ladies have not passed here since mid-day; they seldom ride out later;" and Colonel d'Arbret bowed and was off again, quick as the wind; thus did he join his party in the distance. The young man beheld him with too much admiration ever to forget or mistake him after.

"There is a fellow for you!" he groaned; "beside him, such a wretch as I—I can have no chance to win her—a mere drudge!" and he kicked at the spade in dudgeon; and turning it up with all its strength, an iron box was revealed, which, viewing with curious intenness, he presently stripped the mould and examined thoroughly. Trembling and mute with wonder, for some instants he knelt beside it, bewildered with many thoughts that came and went; lost in confusion.

He had heard many stories relative to the late civil wars; of wealthy families that had buried treasures, jewels, property, to secure them from being forfeit to revolutionary hirelings, who would have first sacrificed their lives that they might make sure of their possessions; and this was a heavy coffer, and not improbably contained gold, having appended to it a key of singular contrivance and of ancient form, though far too rusty and unused, now to be available. If it were gold!—there is no doubt that the very thought shot through his senses with a thrill like that of electricity; and castles innumerable uprose, airy castles, crowding the horizon, and toppling
over one another, till they no longer tenanted the air, but were built in the empyreum—that region of inexpressible bliss. This reverie was broken by a strong ray of sunshine pouring on him. The sun surely told too much, and might discover all. He seized the box and hastened,—but what place was safe?—he took it into the out-house and hid it amid some rubbish there.

He had scarce done so, than an annoying doubt intruded to the destruction of his hopes; for he recalled to mind the avarice and parsimonious habits of his uncle, and began almost to fear that this might be the old man’s hoards, thus cautiously removed from public notice and from the possibility, as he conceived, of loss. Not but what there were many facts against it: his chances of business had been limited, and though his state of penury was exaggerated, there were no reports abroad that could lead to the conclusion of his having amassed any extraordinary sum. Again; did the chest contain money at all? He waited anxiously for the approach of night. He could work no more that day, but employed himself in preparing the key and certain small tools requisite for forcing open the box in case of necessity.

He lay down, in restless ease, at last, upon the grass before the cottage, from whence, after a while, he again beheld the party of officers, and, indeed, with very different hopes and thoughts; for now, it seemed he could encounter their equal weapons for the love of Rosalie, although the polished grace of true accomplishment might be found wanting. And this trance of pleasure was also somewhat heightened by seeing, in the opposite direction, the ladies d’Estreville returning, doubtless, from some distant visit, and pursuing a winding course by which they must encounter the gay troop of officers riding towards the town.

Ormond Casaubon was in ideas above his low condition, and he was just thinking now, if he had been one of the gallant gentlemen, how pleasant it must be to look full on the face of such an angel as Miss d’Estreville. But he saw other things. The first among them, in remarkable exterior, the one who had addressed him, appeared suddenly to lose all management of his steed, which, after careering and careering in various directions, set off, at direct run-a-way speed, unrestrained, unchecked, straight forward to the town gate. The ladies drew on one side beneath the shade of trees that flanked the road, sending forward their groom to afford what timely assistance he could; and Ormond sprung up to see the issue. But had he or the ladies known all the admirable manœuvres of high life, they might have spared themselves all their emotion. The war-horse, trained to the arts of war, was as suddenly reined in; and after various evolutions well adapted to display superior skill in horsemanship, the gallant colonel and his steed turned back again and joined their party. Meantime, the ladies’ groom had reached also his post behind, and, at a sober pace, they were again advancing. Colonel d’Albret was content that the opportunity he sought must now occur.

But, as the hopes of the greatest amongst us are as unstable as the least, he was doomed in this to be disappointed. As they approached, it was due, at least, for the polite assistance intended, that he should salute them; and, on such occasions, he was the man most of all inimitable, for accident even could not catch him at a non-plus. Ere they encountered though, he saw the lady next him was not the one, and
the other fair creature, leaning towards her saddle, played with her veil in idle dalliance; and whether from bashfulness or sweeter mischief, was so averted from them, as scare to catch the bow which women sought and princes envied. The elder sister returned the compliment.

"Is that a waist for Venus' Cestus or for Dian's zone?" said the colonel; and one of his companions turned back. "More like the queen of Heaven than of earth," said he. "I have seen the lady close; she will never live,—one of those exhalations seen and gone: we wonder while we gaze."

"You are poetical," said d'Arbret. "I suppose the subject is so."

"As much so," was the answer, "as others are unpoetical. For instance, Rosalie Farette—"

"A mighty pretty girl!" cried the colonel, "what think ye?" and in lighter strain they talked; but a certain curiosity had been roused in Colonel d'Arbret, that remaining unsatisfied, instigated him to do precisely what Mr. d'Estreville most of all desired and least expected.

He wrote, appointing the following day as the one when he intended to dine at the château, and with the tone of one accustomed to command, and in all things likely to do so, he stated his wish that they should be as private as possible, and that the family should receive him as one of themselves. Mr. d'Estreville was bound and ready to obey. He was rather flattered than otherwise that the incognito preserved by Colonel d'Arbret in the town, and at the head of his regiment, should not be set aside on this occasion. It flattered his secret hopes.

But, meantime, the gallant gentleman was in quest of some amusement, and he strolled, singing Italian ditties before the windows of the shoemaker's daughter but, as he grew weary of such toil, he bethought him if ever there were a coy damsel in the world it must be she, as she remained still invisible. He strolled into her back parlour and found her sitting there alone.

"Young maiden," said he, (and his bow enhanced every woman's charms in her own estimation, being more eloquent than flattery), "I have long wanted a trifle in which, possibly, you may oblige me."

"Sir," said the girl, blushing, "my father will wait on you."

"By no means," and her blushes changed to amazement, beholding him draw forth a velvet slipper inwrought with gold. "I want something of this kind."

"For yourself, sir?—we don't sell such handsome things."

"For myself," he answered; and while she stood examining the workmanship, he drew from off the table a silk shoe she had been binding. "A fairy slipper made by a fairy's hand," said he; "of course, your own?"

"Oh no; it belongs to d'Estreville. She has the smallest foot that can possibly be found, that's why I make her shoes. Look, sir, at the difference. Would you believe it?" and she put forth her foot.

"Beauty is not tested by common rules," said he. "Many objects must be esteemed beautiful, because aught like them was never seen before."

"I know," said Rosalie, "she is one beauty in the town and I the other; but no one would mistake us either;" and she marched off to find out some patterns,
wherein to shew her skill in embroidery, and straightway presented herself again.

"I can make flowers and so on," said she; "pretty much like those that grow in
the garden."

"Enchantingly, indeed!" said d'Arbret, "surpassing gold or silver either; and
will you work them yourself for me?"

"Certainly, for I should like to see any one do them so well," she replied; "and
—and, sir, you shall know the price when they are finished." She said this, seeing
that the colonel was handling some gold pieces.

"Done by so fair a hand," said he, pressing her gently, "what gratitude can
repay it. Sweet girl"—thus, as though borne by admiration beyond his own con-
trol, he, sighing, departed, his motion of adieu leaving young Rosalie altogether
confident that he was overcome by charms too powerful to be withstood.

He had but reached the door-way, when he was encountered by Ormond Casaub-
on, who had come upon an errand of enquire, usual with him every day, to see if
all were as it should be in the domicile of Rosalie Farette.

"Sir," said the young man promptly, "what business ——"

"Friend," said the officer, cavalierly enough, "dig on for wonders in the earth,
and let each man go his way; eh! sir?"

Now, though Ormond Casaubon was breathing hot anger, the other coolly looked
him into quietness, and, smiling derisive pride, passed on in dignified composure.

"Who is he?" gasped the lover.

"One of my father's customers," said Rosalie. "Really, Ormond, you look quite
—quite unlike yourself. What ails you?"

"I wonder your father leaves you here to be intruded on by such a set of profligate
—infernals——"

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said she.

"Say, oh say!" cried the youth, "speak honestly, dear Rosalie;—say what
difference lies between golden happiness and leaden woe—between blissful thoughts
and worn out hearts—or between gay attire and rags like these; I can both see and
feel it, so can you. But taunt me not. I seem like one whose thread of life is
drawn between green-fields and desert wastes, not knowing where his path leads.
Rosalie, you have a weak, wavering heart, dear girl."

"It is my own still, however," she cried; for she was angry that a fine officer
should be so civil, and her homely suitor thus unkind.

"Well, well," said Ormond; "let me find him grimacing here, using soft words,
and I will tear his heart out of his bosom but will know his meaning."

"I am sure he is too great a gentleman to love—to admire me," said Rosalie.

"He does;—admire—fool you—flatter; he does;" was the retort, and the
offended lover strode away, leaving his mistress doubting whether he were not mad
—or if he would look as well, if dressed like the great Colonel d'Arbret. But the
colonel had departed—the memory of Rosalie Farette wiped away for awhile by
other schemes, and the surpassing vision that he had created from the glimpse seen
of the form and person of Adeline d'Estreville. Anxiously, almost so, he awaited
the morrow.
CHAPTER III.

It is stated that it was the custom of the Roman emperors to keep a golden statue of Fortune in their chamber, which at their death they bequeathed to their successor. These were wise men: first, in securing to themselves fortune in any shape, and next, in taking care that it should be of such intrinsic value, that not even the alchemy of time itself could convert it into aught less desirable. Old Casaubon would doubtless argued thus; and Ormond, from his poverty and dependance, for, certainly, the more he knew of life, the more evident it became that, without means, it was a burden that even philosophy could not sustain without resistance.

With such thoughts, by moonlight he left his uncle's house, and returned to the cottage, which was let out for a trifling sum, in consideration of the tenant keeping strict watch over the ground and stock of vegetables and fruits therein planted. But as the existing agreement did not infer a disuse of such earthly goods by the resident, for the time being, these worthy people were accustomed to choose the night to select such dainties as they might require on the morrow.

In such praiseworthy occupation were they employed as Ormond arrived, when he beheld them, to his vexation, wide awake, on the alert, and the path closed towards the outhouse, where his treasure lay. He lingered about stealthily, as they did; till, presently, as they observed that some one was near, they seized up their booty and hastened away, but not, as he feared, before they had recognised him.

"Ormond Casaubon is that you?" asked the woman; but he did not reply. "Come on—it is he," he heard; but he slunk down a shady walk, and, fearing to be seen, lay concealed, awhile, until all was quiet. He felt that this was not the place to open or examine what chance had thrown into his hands; he resolved to seek some other opportunity. Such was his fear of discovery, however, that the hour was late ere he dare venture into the shed and rescue it from the heap of rubbish where he had concealed it. He grasped it firmly, and was retreating, when, through the foliage, he descried the old woman observing him, and hesitated whether he should speak or no; but no, he sped on rapidly, and was soon on the road towards home. But another difficulty now arose: this was the guard-house at the town-gate; for, being beyond the hour, he could not pass there without strict investigation. Still, this was a point where all was to be overcome or all utterly lost, and he went down by the river side, and, seeking a marshy dell encumbered with brambles, concealed it there until the morning.

He heard his uncle grumbling as he entered, for he had long since gone to rest; and after a sleepless night, though he arose with the utmost silence, the old man was muttering still: but this was ere—well the break of dawn. With haste he dressed, and was one of the first to pass the gates, for it was no easy task he had set himself to perform. However, betimes, he had dug up a whole heap of spring-time vegetables, and loading them himself, he drove the donkey to the river-side, found that his treasure was safe, adroitly concealed it amid the verdure, and returned home-ward. Though some few jests were bandied among his acquaintance at the humbled duty he was engaged upon, he arrived without molestation or question at his door. An instant sufficed to conceal the coffer in an obscure corner of the premises.
He was basking in the sunshine, triumphant at his exploit, when he remembered the note given him by Miss d'Estreville. He hastened to Rosalie, but was received with reproaches for his forgetfulness; more particularly so, as it related to certain articles of her trade, ordered and expected by the young lady. "She knew many gentlemen who had better memories," and remarkable enough it was, but Ormond calmly endured the rebuke.

"Boy," said his uncle, beholding his morning's walk, "this is the way to make a fortune! Let them all be sold, not a leaf eaten;" and, with this injunction, they were put in charge of a person, to be conveyed to the market-place, old Casaubon attending to watch the fair barter of the property."

"Look, Grue, look!" cried Madame Blase, projecting herself from her lattice.

"Oh! I know; I see—any one can see," said the amiable spinster, as they beheld together that ill-favored man, the major, watching the house of Rosalie Farette, and whistling as a signal. The thoughtless girl appeared, and took a letter from him, and straight was gone.

"There is no doubt now," cried Blase. "In the morning—at this hour!"

"Her character is gone—first one and then another—I shall openly say so," said Miss Grue; and further still were their suspicions carried out, when, on that very afternoon, dressed in her best attire, she went forth, taking the road to the castle, and shortly after the noble colonel was seen on horseback, attended by his groom, and riding in the same direction. But this was altogether accident, and one of which Colonel d'Arbret was prepared to take advantage. The glance of an instant discovered the maiden crossing the fields. He rode rapidly to a particular turning, dismounted, threw the reins to the man, bade him be at the entrance of the park avenue, and went forward to play his part.

Rosalie did not encounter him, until in the middle of her journey—the château before and her home far behind; but she blushed with fear and vanity, united, on beholding him, having heard a terrible character given of the brave warriors of her land. The colonel perceived and understood. Such courteous greeting few damsels could receive, and none suspect his well-feigned surprise; and it was a pleasure beyond thought and expression; this he politely, elegantly, hinted.

"She was going to the castle to make her apologies to Miss Adeline, and carry her the shoes;" and much was she gratified by his condescension as he strolled by her side, and the more so, that the duties of her condition did not seem to lessen her in his estimation.

"I wrote you a letter," he said at last, "and have felt some trouble as to its reception. We live and see that the most beautiful objects of nature are not presented at once to the sight, but come upon us unexpectedly, as—" and, stooping deep among clustering plants, as though some little, fairy imp had all invisibly presented it, he plucked a lily of the valley, and presented it to her—"for instance, that may be an emblem of what my thoughts would have suggested," and he gave it to her, apparently unaware of flattery as indirectly spoken.

"That is just what I wanted to copy in embroidery," said Rosalie, "therefore I shall take care of it."
"It is an act altogether new to me," said her companion. "Such things are
seen in painting, but in needle-work are curious in the extreme."

"I am always in the back parlour," said Rosalie, willing to enlighten his igno-
rance, "and you will see how easy it is; then you will smile."

"Not at its simplicity, fair maid, but at your skill," said d'Arbret; and just then
a sudden turn in the track they were pursuing through the copse brought them in
contact with one whose presence was least of all expected—Ormond Casaubon. The
blaze of his countenance flashed on them like the sun; but the colonel, nothing
daunted, passed by him, and Rosalie in her confusion also attempted it.

"How is this?" he gasped. "How dare you, sir?—what right—what claim?"
—and Colonel d'Arbret drew up calmly and self-possessed as ever.

"What I dare, young man," said he, "I dare defend," and, smiling, he touched
his sword-hilt; "a pity but your weapon became you better, or became me."

"You have your choice, sir!" cried Ormond, smiling, too, fiercely, and showing
his oaken staff. "In this affair it matters not whether we beat one another's brains
out, or content in a more civil fashion; there can be no mistake."

"Indeed!" said d'Arbret with civil sarcasm; "then, when we are of your opi-
nion, you shall hear from us. Meantime, we claim the right of a fair lady's
presence; and pass on, sir!"

"No, sir!—no Rosalie!—by Heaven, no!" he exclaimed.

"I see," said d'Arbret, "we are here losing time and honor both, young gentle-
man. Send me a cudgel—name the hour—I will do my best; or, possibly, by then
you may have learnt more courtly exercises, or gentle breeding, or—upon my word
—you provoke me into laughter irresistible. Fair maiden, pardon the rudeness—
the folly!" and with such cutting, gentlemanly mirth, and with a gracious bow of
parting, he was gone.

"Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied!" said Rosalie.

"The next time we meet," he threatened in reply, "his life or mine! If you
prefer him—if, Rosalie,—" but she flew away, and reached the entrance to the park
as the colonel was dismounting in the lawn beyond. Mr. d'Esterville received him,
and they disappeared together, while she performed her simple errand, and returned
home.

It was a lovely evening in mid-spring-time, and all the verdure round had caught
the yellow hue of sunshine-green, besprinkled with the hue of gold. The gentle-
men were seated in a shady drawing-room, and talking over past and present poli-
tics. D'Esterville thus concealed feelings and hopes that vibrated in each nerve,
and the colonel even felt some unaccountable curiosity he would have been little
willing that any human being should discover; and while they were conversing,
gradually in the twilight there appeared a vision, at whose coming Colonel d'Arbret
arose in wonder, seemingly, or not quite, himself, yet scarce an instant so, ere he
was himself indeed, inspired by some unspeakable emotion. Mr. d'Esterville
looked proudly—it was his daughter Adeline.

It is in vain to dream of sculpture or of painting where nature's beauty glows;
one may talk of symmetry, but then her form was moulded into charms—touched
into such exquisite development—as baffled imagination, but satisfied the sense and sight. Her face was matchless, angel-like in expression—the look of roseate morning when her tears are wiped away. No one had ever sought the color of her eyes, neither was she pale nor dark; her hair waved in luxuriant grace; her looks were downcast but upspring—shone with untold light. Who beheld her face, might wonder; who her hand, her form, her foot, was well contented; who saw her in perfect presence, well might worship. Alas! passing is beauty, and so is grief!

Her father, a man of the world, was not unobservant of the impression made upon Colonel d'Arbret; and it was evident, by the lively turn and eloquence of his discourse, that he was himself bent upon showing that knowledge of men and manners which is the result of an intercourse with foreign courts and nations; and, besides, no man perhaps knew so well as he how to adapt his conversation to the tone and habits of the person with whom he conversed. The flattery which suited Rosalie Farette was here carefully avoided; yet, doubtless, at times there was a hesitation or deference implied, that few women could resist, and not impute to the power of their charms. Certainly, little as Miss d'Estreville was accustomed to remark peculiar attention paid to her, it was impossible to be altogether blind in this instance; and when dinner was announced, and the colonel handed her to the table, a slight blush revealed her pleasure in the compliment. Yet, so did he manage, that ere this, Mrs. d'Estreville was persuaded that he was the most charming man in the world; Cecilia was delighted with him, and her father convinced that all his speculations must come to a prosperous issue. So gay a party was seldom seen; when, in the drawing-room, at length, the two gentlemen standing in the shadow of the window, whispered together.

"Well, colonel! now what say you?" said his friend, but with no triumph, rather with a calculating tone of inquiry.

"Beautiful, indeed, beyond aught that I have seen!—and probably accomplished too!"

"Why, pretty well; so—so," said d'Estreville; "beautiful women, you know, colonel, are proverbial for—for—being otherwise."

"Impossible! she can have no fault!" said d'Arbret, strolling towards the couch where she was seated; and her father knew that he had too well arranged; the colonel could not be tired out or thoroughly acquainted with his lovely daughter in one short visit.

He seated himself beside her in familiar ease, and yet so elegantly so, as that all thought of intrusion vanished, and she turned to him with a kind of confidence she would scarce have felt with any one but him. Here, lounging with a book, he murmured of foreign poetry, transposing it into poetic diction of his own, touched upon science skilfully, and chatted on pleasing trifles, as though in indolence of thought; all this seeming rather to be the effect of other's guidance only, with such insidious grace was each in turn presented to the fancy. Music and song the next employed him; and though light the subject they borrowed power from, his manly mind and the soft theme became him well, but scarcely more so than the dreaming ease with which he rambled over the harp, recalling some delightful strain; but as he said,
"This was the work for ladies' fingers," Mrs. d'Estreville looked towards her daughter Adeline.

"My love, dare we for once disobey this strict command?"

"Cécile, my dear," said her father, his voice was never heard unheeded. "Colonel, our Adeline has been in too delicate a state; our medical friend forbids her touching the instrument."

"She has already played to day," said Mrs. d'Estreville.

"By no means—I should be sorry indeed," said d'Arbret; and the other young lady having played awhile, he returned to the fair creature, whispering what care and method were to be employed, and if horse-exercise were found too fatiguing, how he had an Arabian steed that should be brought from Paris, of matchless docility, and one the slightest motion would direct.

The colonel had perhaps never been seen to so great advantage as now, when daunted but not abashed by her modest beauty, his tone and look expressed a gentleness always delightful when united with an athletic and warlike exterior. The contrast is the charm; and by the same force of contrast he bewildered them, mingling playfulness and courtly accomplishment, abstruse science and universal knowledge, masculine reasoning and refined sentiment, in one dazzling but equal current of discourse.

They parted from him reluctantly, nor did he fail in parting to cast an unspoken adieu, silently eloquent, towards Adeline d'Estreville; and such idle graces in him outspoke all that words could utter. Indeed, as the power of charming surpasses all other gifts beside, so did he shine apart from other men; and though he declined their invitation to sleep at the château, he promised an early visit to the ladies.

"You have sent forward your servant," said Mrs. d'Estreville, in hospitable ex-postulation. "Is it altogether safe?"

The colonel smiled, and talked of camps—the soldier's bed of rest on the bare ground—sudden alarm, and short preparation for battle—"and," said he, "I like nothing, madam, better than a ramble with the gipsy moonlight, unless indeed it be such sweet society as we meet here. But to resign pleasure is the duty of philosophy, and mine to night. Farewell, fair lady;" and there was a manly character in all this, so opposite to his soft ways with women, that Mrs. d'Estreville expressed regret at his departure, and listened to the last echo of his footsteps through the shrubbery.

"We have had the honor of seeing to-day," said her husband, "the greatest gentleman, warrior, statesman, the most perfect man this country can boast!"

The ladies did not dissent, for each believed that she had been peculiarly happy in her powers of conversation, and had shewn much wit, tact, and cleverness, not well remembered to have been elicited before. But this was generally the case with those who had been in the society of Colonel d'Arbret.
CHAPTER IV.

On this very night, and about this hour, Ormond Casaubon was waiting in anxiety, to search what the iron box might contain, so miraculously thrown into his power and at his own disposal. It was now, at this moment, even, he had no longer confidence in his own good fortune, and began to think that some mischievous demon might have conjured up this likeness of a hidden treasure only to sport with his miseries and betray him, that, after hope, he might suffer the anguish of despair. At length, all was silent within the house; and he looked abroad, and nothing was stirring, and only the beating of his own heart betrayed the secret to himself, which none other could now discover. In the retirement of his own miserable chamber he drew forth the casket. He glanced on the trundle bed, the wooden chairs, the absolute poverty of all around, and quietly he worked until the lid gave way; trembling, he raised it.

The poor may be consoled by visions of future wealth, but no elysium that want could picture could ever equal this reality. Aye, it was gold! the perfect metal which, in this world, conceals all imperfection; and he counted it over till his senses reeled beneath the weight of thought and doubt it brought along with it. While yet he was meditating whether it were his own, what could be done with it, who could lay claim to it, he heard no footstep, but he saw a face peering in upon him,—it was that of his uncle—the old miser.

"Ah! what, boy, what?" he whispered as he crept forward in his ragged dressing gown. "I heard a clink—I knew it must be gold: have you stolen it?—are you safe?—put it away—let no man see it," and he approached the table with expert and noiseless motion, gathering together the money as he muttered, "I am a poor old man, a very poor man. We shall not starve now. You owe me sums—large sums—great sums; now, boy, your uncle is a beggar; now you can pay him he need not die of want."

"I hope you will never find me ungrateful," said Ormond, "but I question much whether this belongs to me at all."

"If you have stolen it, it is yours," said the miser eagerly.

"I have not stolen it," said Ormond; and, as he drew the coffer towards him, he saw a peculiar expression in his uncle's eyes, never remarked before.

"You have boy, you have," he said, "and from me—it is mine."

"I know," said Ormond, manfully, "that I have found it, and without especial proof, I will give it up to no man."

"You are in my power," said his uncle; "known to be a wild young man, if I charge you with the robbery, sir, do you see your position—your danger?"

"Thou base old man," cried Ormond, "but where was it concealed, and when? Have you not even now been talking of your beggary?"

"He is the richest man of all," said the miser, "who seems to be poor; the world gives and he takes. And I will swear where money is concerned;—swear it was concealed in this house and stolen by you."

O—(COURT MAGAZINE)—APRIL, 1843.
Ormond Casaubon held the iron box; and, driven to desperation by all he heard, his mind was seeking out a remedy infallible and sure, against the evils that appeared awaiting him,—that of losing his character as well as the property. In so many degrees as mental surpasses bodily power in magic operation, so did his thought outstep the present circumstance, and light upon the future.

"Here is a date upon this box," he said, "one long before you could have earned this money: I have heard of an unhappy wretch, during the revolution, leaving his property to any one who should have the luck to find it. This, I have found, and if my claim be right, it is mine; if not, happy be he who holds just title. I shall deposit it, to-morrow, where it will be safe till all be settled."

"Are you mad?" said the miser. "Will you hold gold in your hand and resign it? Give me my share and we will keep the secret between us."

"No," said the young man, "no. I am poor and wished to retain it; but since it was found in the garden yonder it may belong to others than me. Besides, I feel there are sorrows that no money will mend."

"You found it in the garden?" said the other, "in my garden?"

"I found it there," said Ormond.

"The land is mine, the property is mine," cried the old man.

"The lease is held from the d’Estreville family," said Ormond, "but we shall see;" and here the old man approached him with menacing gesture.

"You were born to be my curse," he said, breathing his words in lengthened whispers, scarce heard beyond the place where he was standing; "but if you do this, venture, dare, my heart, boy, will resign all ties of kindred. Do we not pass a life in search of gold? It has come, it is granted; and if now you part with it; if now restore it, you deserve to starve—to die of want—and it shall be my prayer that it may come to pass, that I may see you blighted, poverty-struck, more wretched than the wretched. Boy, I know it will be your doom. Harken to words of wisdom—be selfish, and be wise."

"I know this," said Ormond, bitterly, "there are some whose fate nothing can overcome. Good fortune changes countenance when she approaches them, and turns to ill; and so it is with me. This money even will never do me good."

"Because you know, boy," said the miser, "that it belongs to me;" and with intent gaze, searching into the other’s looks, he added, "it was buried there many years ago, to provide for you in your old age."

Ormond Casaubon smiled incredulously and contemptuously, saying, "all this is easily proved, and when so, you shall have the money. But I will know the rights of it."

"Would you see an old man starve when this gold would save him?" he was asked. "Boy, my last penny went this morning; but for this gold or we must die of want. Put down the treasure, give it to my care;" but as he clung about him, other sounds were heard, which roused the youth into such sudden haste and anger that he would have rushed out, regardless of the precious thing he held, and of the consequences that might thereon ensue. His uncle’s words recalled him to himself.
"Hide it, boy, hide it, quickly," he whispered. "They shall kill me on the threshold ere they shall wrest it from us. Though you have stolen it, be secret, be composed, and we are safe. There boy, away with it, lock it in. Are we unseen? what noise is that?" and the miser glared fearfully about him, while Ormond, with more promptitude, deposited the coffer safely, and having locked the closet with an immense key that might defy aught but open force, prepared to issue forth, where the sounds directed him. The miser was so bewildered, that he only now discovered that the disturbance was some few doors off, and was produced by the voices and laughter of men, mingled with the jarring of musical instruments.

Long before his uncle had arrived at any such conclusion, Ormond Casaubon had seized his stick and was in the open street. Breathless was he and full of anger, but he drew aside. The night was clear, the silver moon floating above. A frolic by starlight was what most of all delighted Colonel d'Arbret; and there he was, wrapt in his military cloak, with some few gay fellows like himself come to serenade beneath the lattice of Rosalie Farette. One love-ditty was ended, and being a piteous howl, rather than sweet melody, had wrought them into laughter and boisterous merriment which had caught Ormond's attention. However, now, when all else was mute, d'Arbret began, and silence well might welcome such a sound—of feeling—power—sweetness—passion—all in one. Ormond burned with jealousy and anguish. He doubted not, the maiden might be charmed by such persuasive strains. He cursed his own hard destiny to know that nature could be raised by art to such perfection.

"Again, once more, d'Arbret," said a voice, as the singer ceased," let it be love and wine in one, or love and war; and make the night-air ring again."

The song flowed forth again, buoyantly, freely, and sported with the wind ere it was gone; and Ormond heard and feared no simple maid could listen and not be betrayed. Oh, who can tell the pangs of noble minds in humble guise! His blood and brain were throbbing with the thought; or it might be the gay and martial tune inspired hot vengeance, but the song had scarcely ended, than, mad with rage, he sprung from out his lair, wielding his rugged staff, and dealing blows at random as he went.

"That ye should venture here!" he cried, "into this street—before this house—oh, that I could annihilate—crush—batter—break—your bones—you villains,—strike the life out of ye; scoundrels—thieves—cowards. Oh God! it is too bad!" and thus, beating about, swords were drawn, a struggle followed, and some fled; but the colonel, (whether because skilled in such adventures, or favored by chance or fortune) was heard wildly laughing, as at the very highest pitch of pleasure, but to the distress of Ormond, none of his blows appeared to reach him, till he felt suddenly his weapon caught in the mid-air, and some one disputing strongly with him for the mastery. He saw that it was d'Arbret himself, and wrestled stoutly in the trial of who should be victorious. As though aided by some demon's power, the officer wrenched the staff from out his grasp and threw it from him.

"And who are you, sir?" said the colonel: "upon my word, a youngster! not worth the thrashing."
"Unhand me, sir, release me," cried Ormond. "Shall the fame of Rosalie Farette be the sport of such as you?"

"I see," said d'Arbret, coolly, "the same young fellow that we met this morning," and he relaxed his hold. "An indefatigable lover—a faithful swain; a pretty image in a pastoral scene,—but here—" and he gave a cutting and short laugh; "well, young gentleman, is the contest over, or which begins again?"

"You, sir,—you are an accomplished villain," said Ormond, in high wrath.

"And you are,—what new epithet," said the colonel, "can we select?—adventuresome, brave—a good kind of artisan enough: and so, good night."

Ormond watched him depart, lost in the moonlight, and such was his rage and despondence, beholding his gifts of person and superior rank, that he wept as he turned back towards his home. Indeed, his thoughts were full of wretchedness to see the girl he loved willingly misled by her own vanity, and to suspect that there might lurk some other danger near; to know that she was the object of such public notice as might impugn her reputation or lead to consequences yet more fatal; also that she was pursued by one whose means, condition, and pretensions must render him not altogether unpleasing to her, was agony and bitterness of heart, surpassing ordinary conception. Again, amid all this, other thoughts overwhelmed him. He almost even regretted this windfall of fortune, which had come to him, even if it proved to be so, since it had cost him so much already in feelings of another character. His uncle, with all his peculiarity, he had thought more to be pitied than blamed; but this discovery had revealed qualities in him, shades of despicable selfishness, that he had never guessed, and for which he could find no excuse. He began, in fact, to doubt whether all that he had yet suffered could surpass that which might occur; and no wonder, if, that night, sleep never visited him, but that Hesperus appeared shining in the sky, not as the harbinger of a new morning, but as the past attendant of shadowy darkness, whose beams shed rather a dying light upon the past than coming glory on the future.

Nevertheless, to some others the star shone propitious, and Mr. d'Estreville was one among the number, for, rather earlier than usual, he had risen, and was meditating whether or not to permit his wife to share the anxieties and schemes that engaged him. He decided upon confiding in her to some extent; but, thus far, and no farther, and he was not the man to swerve from his decision, tyrannical in command, and obstinate in opinion. When they were alone, it was thus he opened the discourse.

"I should suppose that you think Colonel d'Arbret rather an attractive man—handsome, pleasing, agreeable to women."

"One of the most delightful men I ever saw."

"I should imagine rank and wealth would not lessen his attraction."

"He is eminently qualified to adorn them," said the lady, "and is in that fortunate position best adapted to his pretensions."

"You judge thus, beholding him as he appears," was the reply; "but you would discover your error, if you knew his real state and dignity, how exalted that, and how degraded this! Enough; it is not my wish to explain further. He walks in
company of princes, as their equal; and I foresee a brilliant fate for one at least of my family, if prudent management, discreet observance of my counsel, submission to my commands, be strictly adopted."

"I shall be happy—no woman more so—to see either of the girls settled," said his wife, complaisant as women are in such things. "Which does he most admire?"

"Which!" cried the gentleman, contemptuously, "why, of course, Adeline; who can come into comparison with her?"

"The colonel pays a very general attention to all women," said Mrs. d’Estreville, "and I like him the better for it—the sign of perfect breeding."

"In this instance—in this one point—all must be left to me," said her husband; "not the slightest interference—not the least demur—whatever be my orders or—my intention. In this, I expect implicit obedience—neither gesture nor look that shall deny;—you understand me."

"You intend that Adeline shall be free to choose—to prefer or otherwise as—as her feelings may dictate," said the mother, timidly and anxiously, and rather as though expectant of the reverse. Her husband paused ere he replied, with an inward laugh of satisfaction, just, and only just perceptible, but an obstinate laugh too.

"I know that the gallant d’Arbret is not easily defeated in love or war, any more than I myself am likely to be won from my design; and as for Adeline, let us suppose, at least, that she is not blind, deaf, impenetrable to sound or sense, not quite so chaste as marble or as indurate; let us pray give her credit for some of the faculties of her sex, although it is averred that she be only fit company for saints and seraphim. But say that she has the qualities of woman, and we cannot be disappointed. There is money; take care she learns that beauty’s charms, though faultless, may lay concealed from want of ornament. But in you, my dear, she cannot have a better counsellor;" and with this short compliment he was departing, but returned to say, "whisper not a word of this. Let your dear daughter fall in love, as they call it; and you, remember my words, you may hope some day to shine in the court circle." This method of explanation was altogether satisfactory to Mrs. d’Estreville.

The lady instantly summoned her daughters, active in furthering their prospects, and particularly those of that dear one whose future destiny had oftentimes too deeply employed her maternal solicitude. Strangers indeed could not gaze on Adeline d’Estreville without experiencing something of this indefinable desire to search into futurity; for, if remarkable in beauty, so also in idiosyncrasy, in habit, and in nature. The exceeding delicacy of her health, combined with her gentleness of character, rendered her peculiarly the object of tender regard, while her acquirements and intelligence, her refined virtues, where all the kindly charities shone conspicuous, made her equally admired and beloved. The news relative to some farther ornaments of the toilet was received by Cecile with better welcome than by her. She was engaged in teaching two little peasants, her pupils and protégés.

"And now, my mamma, you must promise me," said she, "that my villagers must partake of this gift as well; but not to-day—another day."

"My Adeline knows that her father’s wishes are commands," said Mrs. d’Estre-
ville; and as the young lady broke from her occupation and her pensioners retired, she twirled her rustic hat in charming dalliance, and stepping to a fountain that played within the apartment she looked into the basin to see herself reflected.

"It were a pity but one could find," said she, "some one in the wide world to love and admire one in just such a simple, native state as this!"

"I never heard you use the words love and admire in that sense before," said Cecile, and the fair creature blushed.

"Dear Cecile," said she, drawing a delicate flower from the water where it grew, "I mean we ought not to be proud. These little buds look like childhood in tears—nursed in sorrow's tears—and I know, love! such a stranger can't have a kinder bosom to rest on than your own." She tucked the flowret in her sister's dress while speaking, and bounded on to the lawn before them.

The morning was spent as Mr. d'Estreville had wished; the ladies were from home when Colonel d'Arbréot called, and the gentleman, who had certainly expected him, was satisfied to perceive that he was disappointed. This was enough to shew that his curiosity was awakened, and it was the opinion of Mr. d'Estreville that curiosity is the forerunner of love; for what we seek to know, we would wish to approve when known.

He was not in this case altogether mistaken. The colonel had serenaded—kissed hands to Rosalie Farette that morning—wafted her a billet doux—roamed about in quest of amusement—but the unconquerable wish again to see this far-famed beauty could not be overcome. He resolved that it should now be on some occasion least expected by d'Estreville—when he might judge of her without prejudice, and not be inveigled into admiration by mere popular opinion. In fact, he would boast that it was only beauty that could link the chain by which his heart was held; but the beauties of many courts had tried in vain, and he was still free. Perhaps, the freedom of his own thoughts might account for this, being not likely to submit to many established rules or precedents; but when enslaved by love, the votary of liberty may be forgiven if he recant his vows and bear his bondage bravely. Not that the brave colonel was likely to be in any such position, for several attempts that he made to behold Miss d'Estreville, when he was himself unseen, were so utterly unsuccessful as to afford him very little hope; yet, nevertheless, these disappointments stimulated him to fresh endeavours: the tactics of war instruct in perseverence.

CHAPTER V.

For some days, the Château d'Estreville and its walks in the park and shrubberies were frequently visited by the colonel in secrecy, but without avail, excepting that he caught some few glimpses of the ladies, and discovered that the sound of footsteps in the shady alleys was sufficient to frighten them thence; since, probably from the proximity of their residence to a fortified town, they were accustomed to suppose themselves likely to be intruded upon by visitors or officers anxious to view the localities of a neighbourhood altogether new to them. The fame of the young lady's
beauty also led many there. At last, however, accident aided him; and as he was lounging beside Rosalie Farette, and she embroidering the slipper, while he conversed as though in mere idleness of thought.

"You are acquainted with Miss d'Estreville?" said he, indirectly.

"We have worked for the family for many years," said Rosalie, who spurned equivocation in any form.

"I have seen the celebrated beauty: she has attractions; but these rich women, assisted by the elegancies of dress——"

"Oh, indeed! She owes little enough to her dress," said she. "You should see her in her straw-hat, going to visit the poor, and teaching the villagers to read. It is very well; but I really think she is handsomer than I am, though I don't say so."

"It would be something new to see a court-lady with half your frankness," said the colonel, and this was true. "So she visits the poor—when?"

"To-morrow is one of the days," said Rosalie; "but you are mistaken, they are not rich; Mr. d'Estreville has spent too much money for that;" and she went on to state that it was a great misfortune for a lady so lovely not to have a fortune, for the great would seek her, and yet she might not marry; "but I," cried she, triumphantly, "shall have more money than many in my station; besides, the poor and the rich make friends with me; I don't know how it is."

From such passing discourse, Colonel d'Arbret gleaned enough to know that if he were content with the charms of the young lady, and she not averse, there could be little or no interference with his schemes through any other channel, and some connexion of the kind he had long wished with such a man as d'Estreville, whose opinions of life were squared so precisely to his own. Because of this, he went into the village on the morrow, and sauntered, distributing charity as though it were to him a most familiar task. Neither was this all hypocrisy, for he was a man of affluent mind, and would have blushed to pass a beggar unrelieved: too generous—too reckless—to calculate closely. Munificence and liberality walked with him; none could be left poor whom he had passed. Thus was it when he encountered once more Adeline d'Estreville.

"My dear lady," said an aged peasant woman, "the free-giving hand has been here before you; a merciful warrior, sure, and a generous man—a beautiful person truly! Happiness be with him!"

With the benign intelligence of elder life, she thus expressed herself. The ladies questioned her; and shortly after, when they had entered another humble dwelling, whilst Cecile stood at the door conversing with the children, as Adeline had taken her seat beside the bed of wretchedness, the colonel, much to their amazement, appeared. From his spirited, gallant, soft, persuasive bearing, he was the last gentleman they had expected.

To murmur wonder and pity, to combine these with courteous graces of reception, to look pleasure and admiration, to drop hints of alleviation and political contrivances of remedy were easy indeed to d'Arbret; and these things were as nature in him, quite as powerful and as convincing. But through all this, there was a slight
shade of embarrassment that gave to grace a double graciousness, and to him was peculiarly becoming.

"It is seldom that we find a gentleman engaged in such kindly offices," said Adeline; "and yet, when we behold flowers and fruits of nature spring beneath the sun, and all for us; to protect our fellow-creatures seems to be the least of all our duties, taking so much to give so little. Do you not think so?"

"I seldom think," said d'Arbret; but the thoughtful smile belied him. "We men act from conviction—impulse—the necessity of action; women, on the contrary, are gifted with sublime inspirations, and the wretched woman here is the best evidence of the truth spoken!" He then apologized for this intrusion upon them—upon suffering indigence—and he would hasten hence, and wait their leisure. Ere he departed, he approached the woman, leaving a donation seldom received before; and as to give is a great merit, to give with generous want of pride enhances the gift. Through the village they well might watch his footsteps, for even the curly urchins that played in the wayside caught radiant light and smiles, and bounty scattered as he passed along.

Beneath the shade of some tender trees he paused at last, bewildered by his own sensations; for he had never before been dashed by the presence of woman. That she was exquisitely beautiful he could not doubt, more like an angel than a mortal; this his love did not dispute. Now, he might love indeed. He felt that he was under some influence beyond his control, neither did he attempt to deny the possession of his heart to such an enchanting presence.

As the ladies approached, he hastened to encounter them. "I envy," said he, "that happy calm of feeling where we can live alone, intent on doing good; but the rough soldier's life teaches a rude humanity at best."

"Great minds must do great things, in whatever station, though not in their own way," said Adeline; and, at the soft refulgence of her gaze, the colonel colored, as many men have done before. Quite unaware, he found himself entangled in an argument upon the sympathies of nature and the afflictions of the poor, a conversation in which he shewed less ability than upon topics with which he was more familiar. He strolled thus beside her during the morning ramble, then lounged near her worn-table, and the day was almost gone ere he remembered how; and this was but an imperfect sensation of delight that he had never known till now. Miss d'Estreville was apparently equally happy, enjoying the society of one whose attentions must flatter—whose person must charm—whose manly airs inspire confidence, and implied protection. She was more gay than usual, and so much diverting in her vivacity, as only virtue breathes into the heart it animates; and this is the odor infused into the bosom of the rose.

Her father watched in quietness, but his thoughts broke forth in spite of some attempt to check them, in words such as these:—"Now, Mrs. d'Estreville, not the slightest interference—not word, nor look—all will be well. Let but this once take place, and you may acknowledge that the fortune spent in prospects of aggrandizement has been most wisely laid out to future interest and profit; nay, strewed along that path that only leads to greatness!"
"What is his name—his rank?" asked she. "There can be no good in keeping such a secret."

"It is one that must be kept," said Mr. d'Estreville, "and must not be even hinted here or elsewhere. The imperative tones of his voice were stronger than the words themselves; but Adeline entered, drest for dinner, and holding a small bow and quiver full of arrows tastefully ornamented, this innocent archery being one of her favorite amusements. The colonel quickly followed.

"A bow and arrows, fair Diana!" he cried, and she was fixing one to let it fly. The colonel thought whether she were more beautiful now than she had been before, and doubted it, though much she resembled the bright goddess of whom he spoke.

"When I am alone," she said, "it is my favorite game, but now——" and she hesitated. Her lovely hands, her arms of perfect form stretched out upon the fragile weapon, employed his sight, and wrought him into admiration. She saw; and faintly blushed; then added, hastily, "Take care, or I shall shoot you through, sir!"

"Pierced through and through with beauty's darts!" said he, "inulnerable to all else, fair lady!" but in playful retreat from his words, with sportive, defying smiles, she stepped back a pace, and let fly the arrow quickly: it lighted in his bosom harmlessly. He caught her hand ere it descended. How well he knew the medium between gallantry and freedom! He scarce had touched ere he released it.

"Miss d'Estreville must pardon me," he said. "Mercy is the charity of noble minds;" and he paused from pure confusion at her presence. "But for this," he added, placing the arrow back where it had fallen, "where the beam of the moon falls it hallows the earth with recollections of Heaven!"

"Hush!" said she, "do you hear the silence, yonder, whispering?" They listened, but at that moment the dinner-bell summoned them away.

Before the star of evening had risen, the colonel's heart was well nigh lost. Miss d'Estreville, rather from her own choice than from the suggestion of her father, had gradually revealed some of those accomplishments in which she most excelled, and which in her had the peculiar gift of seeming the effect of intuition rather than of acquired art. In all that she did, the sensibility of her mind was apparent, and as it was altogether natural; it was a real fascination. Colonel d'Arbret returned home so wrapt in meditation as to pass by the residence of Rosalie Farette, forgetful of her existence.

But not so, the unhappy Ormond Casaubon, for late events had worked him almost to phrenzy; to watch her and his new-found treasure being an herculean task that absorbed all his energies by night and day, and left him spiritless and heart-broken. He foresaw that she would be snatched away by this daring rival; that his uncle, having fixed his keen eye upon the money, was not likely to let him or it rest until he gained the entire possession of it; and, moreover, many doubts as to his own honesty or honor in retaining it mightily perplexed him. Whichever way he turned, sources of annoyance arose.

"Good Ormond," said one, "the blithe bird don't see the fowler's net;" and Madame Blase hinted "how it would be well that the poor man should be told,
lest the news should come with too great a shock upon a father's heart. The young—shameful—shameless—with her assignation, and letters, and love-suits from soldiers and fellows indeed!"

"Would you believe it?" cried Miss Grue. "Day and night they are there; one watch after another—in and out—and she smiling on all; but worst of any is that Colonel d'Arbret, and she making love to him! but he will never marry her, let her work him as many slippers as she will! No man will have her!"

"Does she work slippers, and for him?" cried Ormond; and the red flush of his countenance was reflected in his very eyes.

"Black velvet ones! she told me herself!" cried the lady; "and that she is to be paid in gold pieces, and how else, I wonder—the young jade!"

Ormond Casaubon muttered something about neglecting his business, and rushed from her presence; for it was hard to hear, and more difficult still to resist.

"Oh, dear! faithless, perverse, unhappy girl!" he cried unto himself; "but I will go to her—expostulate—entreat. Impudent, worthless! It cannot be! Who shall defend her if not I? If that heart is silent upon whose truth she can only rely."

He went straight to the house. All heated and excited; flushed and trembling with emotion he stood before her. She was, as usual, at work in the back parlour: but alone.

"I hear, Rosalie," said he, almost breathlessly, "that you work slippers for that Colonel d'Arbret—that you——"

"These are for him," said she; "and pray what then, sir?"

There was an audacious composure in her manner that transfixed her lover at once. He changed to ashy paleness and answered nothing. She continued her embroidery, copying some spring-time flowers that were placed in a small glass vase before her.

"I hear other things," said he, reluctantly.

"You knew that there was something particularly beautiful to be done," said she, with some evasion, "for you yourself brought me the flowers to copy from your own garden. I asked you to do me this civility."

"You told me—doubtless you told me—for whom and for what," he cried, in bitterness of spirit; "but my heart can hold out no longer. They say, Rosalie, that you take gold in return for this—this what?"

"I shall not be dominated over, however, said Rosalie. "If people will admire me, it is not my fault, but my good fortune."

"I would still have some regard for the feelings of my friends," said he. "I would not bandy words and receive presents from every scoundrel that knew how to flatter; and if Colonel d'Arbret is the chief favorite, I would, at least, allow him the high honor of such a conquest," but scorn and anger here prevented the further expression of his emotion.

"I shall not deny," said she, "that the colonel is here every day and several times a day."

"The evening—the night—speak of the night also!" he answered.

"He pays me great attention," said Rosalie.
"He pays you gold," said he; "writes to you, follows—betrays you!"

"It is all perfectly true," said Rosalie, in her turn roused; "and what is it all to you, pray?"

"This it is," he cried. "I would have had these hands chopped off, ere they should have lent themselves to aid him in his villainy, or ever reared and brought these paltry flowers: and now!" but he seized the glass vase in the desperation of his rage, and dashed it on the floor. "There is but one step more, Rosalie," he exclaimed, after a short interval," one step more to end my wretchedness, and that is to see you—you, dear to my heart!—oh! too nearly resembling that fragile glass now broken, the tender flowers scattered."

"I do not want your care," said Rosalie, "nor do I regard it;" and being highly offended at his violence, she added, "I find other gentlemen can behave very differently; and I know this, whenever I marry, it shall not be Ormond Casaubon."

"He is poor!" was the reply: "but when the box of gold comes to be counted, he may be valued as he deserves."

Rosalie Farette stared at his words, and laughed outright. There was an exquisite anguish in his motion as he drew her towards him in embrace; but the stronger passion wrestled with him, and the tears bursting from his eyes, he turned away and was gone.

One hour had sufficed to alter the views and hopes of the unfortunate Ormond; and, certain as it appeared, that nothing now could change the darkness of his fate, he resolved upon a measure that the memory of his extreme poverty had hitherto prevented; and this was the total renunciation of all claim to the property which was thrown accidentally into his power, unless some legal right were proved to his retaining it. He would have willingly conveyed it, unseen, to the premises of a gentleman in whom he could confide; but he knew that his uncle's unceasing watchfulness would prevent this, and also what he must have to encounter in the attempt, as the old man had never once quitted the room in which it was deposited, but was seated there night and day, guarding it with the indefatigable zeal that the love of gold engenders. As he had expected, the miser was at his usual post. Having watched his nephew for awhile, the old man came to the conclusion that some ill design was in contemplation, and he began to address him thus:—"Where a man is rich he should relieve his poor relations, boy. You are rich and I am poor, for you have lived upon me. I have made my calculation, and you must pay me."

"I am not rich," said Ormond, "for I am your servant; but when I am so, and you can show just means of payment, none will be more liberal."

"You have means, mighty ones; riches for which you have never labored, but have fed upon my earnings."

"I know my obligations," said Ormond.

"You have lived upon me twenty years, had half my earnings, half my income, and I must now live on you—have half this money. Nay, boy, I will."

"When it is mine we will talk. If mine," said the youth.

"Whens are doubts; ifs, difficulties," said his uncle;" but here is neither. The money is yours, the half is mine."
"Not altogether so," said Ormond, "I have delayed but am now resolved. I have come to give it into the hands of one who understands the law—a man of honor."

His uncle started up,—a withered object, clad in rags of penury. There might be amazement in him, but shaded over with the deeper passions of vindictive wrath, malice and disappointment. He whispered in high but suppressed tones:—

"What is law, boy, and what honor? Booby! dolt! innocent idiot. Honor grasps gold; law filches gold; we love the sun because it reflects—it looks like gold and a baub you resign—part with your life’s blood. Better, far better do it. But dare to rob me—take it from the house, your life shall answer."

"Folly, uncle, nonsense," said Ormond, "if any one should hear that we had found it, great harm might come."

"Might—might!" gasped the old man. "What now, boy?" and while Ormond drew forth the box, he struggled with him, when, beholding the fierceness of his purpose, he drew forth a pruning knife, and would have plunged it into his heart. Ormond flung the old man away, and, holding the casket, they stood opposite one another for an instant. The young man was resolute in his purpose; the miser was evidently vacillating between his fear of discovery and desire to retain the property. There were evidently passing through his mind other schemes, either unmatured or of too varying a character to be now explained.

"Go," said he, at length, "yes go. But bear my lasting curse along with you; all that my mind can compass to your destruction—to your ruin—shall be my consolation, so be prepared to meet it. I have skill, boy, to murder—betray; gold is to me dearer than human life—than your life. You shall see this property shall yet be mine; you—you, the sufferer, the victim. But, Ormond, I know that you have pity; the poor old man implores—entreats. May Heaven rain down destruction on you!"

Thus, he whispered in entreaty as he clung to him, and threatened as he saw himself cast aside.

"No farther curse can reach me," said Ormond; "already cursed in feeling and in fate, I have been taught to suffer. There—let me go." And he broke hastily away.

But, singularly so, before he reached his friend’s house, other, more placid feelings had succeeded; for, though he had no rational cause to give for the step he had taken, only that Rosalie Farette was faithless, and his condition hopeless, yet, the sense of doing right brought with it that unspoken happiness which is the reward of virtue. A short explanation sufficed. To the amazement of Ormond, his learned friend advised entire secrecy, remarking, "that it was now to be proved if possible, that he was the only person living entitled to the possession of this money;" and though Ormond gloated as much as any one in acts of heroism and self-devotion, it was not perceived that this intelligence was found to be disagreeable to him; but, on the contrary, he smiled as those who foresee themselves victorious. But on his return to the misér’s dwelling, the prospect was again overcast. He found him more morose than ever.
“There is no money,” said he, “and therefore, no bread; and meat can never enter this threshold again. The roots of the earth and water from the spring must be our only nourishment. You can feed no more at my charge, and the bedstead and two chairs I shall sell to-morrow. You can sleep here, no more. They will provide money for my burial, lest my poor bones should be left to the mercy of strangers. Oh! that I should live to see the day when my substance is consumed, the last mite departed. But this it is to have others’ mouths to fill; their jaws working, grinding, rending,—bread becomes powder, meat rags,—they vanish into nothing.”

“IT is not improbable that the property will be sent to me afterwards,” cried Ormond, willing to adopt the soothing system, for the old man was evidently alive to mischief.

“Will it belong to me?” was the retort; “and he sprung from his seat—out of my doors—out of my house,” he cried, raising his voice at each word:—“thief—scoundrel—robber—I am a ruined man—a miserable man,” and with such expressions he drove forth into the streets; by his loud abuse and incoherent ravings attracting the remark of his neighbours, who thronged around them.

“I can find a home somewhere, and let me go at least in peace,” said Ormond. “What is this? why, friends!” said one: “come, come, you ill-treat the youth—the old fellow is mad,” cried others; but Ormond turned back, and said, “Blessings are thrown away upon you—poor—miserable man:” and he could have departed from the place with some shew of philosophy, only that, unhappily, Colonel d’Arbret just then strolled by, on his way to the château, and a comparison between their fates struck keenly on his heart. Pride kept its station still though, as he encountered his rival; and this very air told against him with others to whom his uncle related accounts of imaginary losses and injuries sustained, though altogether untrue, sufficiently exciting. They mostly agreed that the young man deserved his fate; though, for the credit of Rosalie Farette, we are bound to state, that she was not one among the number.

CHAPTER VI.

It would be matter of some difficulty to explain the exact position of Colonel d’Arbret at this time. He could not even creditably to himself, as a man of gallantry, discontinue his civilities to Rosalie Farette, and every hour was drawing him by the irresistible force of attraction more and more towards the charming Adeline d’Esterville. He was perplexed, not that a diversity of loves was new or uncommon, but that, in this instance, it was like profanation, which his mind even could not entirely approve. Possibly, had he investigated his feelings farther, the truth would have arisen. It was no longer a passing sense of admiration, the Colonel was, for the first time in his life, in love, or fast tending towards that irremediable ill, which not even great minds can well overcome.

Every day he was at the Château d’Esterville. If the fair creature rode out, he
handled the bridle or was beside her; if she sauntered in the flower-garden, his footsteps echoed to her own; if she played and sung, he listened; and it was whispered that she, who never before had waltzed but with her sister’s arms embracing her, had been seen floating through the saloon with him to guide her—with him, who knew so well to touch, and yet not touch the slender waist—whose refined courtesy could reconcile and shed a grace on all things. The simple mother said, beholding the noble sights, "Ah, Colonel, I think waltzing so healthful, and you are just the height for her; but, dear girl, I never would trust her with any one before, her figure is so slender, I always feared some accident."

"It is nothing, Madam, but to think of your partner," said d’Arbret, "and whoever dances with Miss d’Esterville cannot fail."

"Soft, Colonel," said the innocent girl, "do you hear the nightingale?" and they broke off the dance, for she had an artless mind, not pleased with flattery; but as Cecile said, "the Colonel only offended that he might plead his cause more eloquently."

How are we to paint her feelings? Love’s enchanted dreams rising before her vision, youthful aspirations thronging in her heart, and the dear object filling up all thought, all sense, all fancy, that pure radiance of affection indeed, that sheds around lovely woman a consecrated halo, too often melted away in clouds and tears. She saw an incomparable being devoted, as she thought, to her alone; and one whose outward perfections too well implied greatness within. Above all, he was the man who nearest of all approached that standard of excellence in mind and manners, which she most approved. She could not guess nor imagine his errors, his freedom of action or opinion; her method of life had excluded her from all such knowledge, the purity of her nature was exalted above such ideas—she was as a temple into which no unhallowed thing can enter. The first evidence of the impression made upon her heart, appeared in that tender melancholy which gives fresh grace to womanhood; and after finding her frequently listening to the song of nightingales in the cedar groves when the shades of night had fallen, and perceiving that the joyous morning dance was discontinued, and other little flights of merriment familiar to her, the anxious mother explained her fears to Mr. d’Esterville.

"In love!" said he, "nothing more natural or sooner to be expected. The Colonel is unaccustomed to defeat; he sees—he sees—he conquers; and well for us if it be so."

"I hope that you perfectly understand his intentions," said the lady.

"I do," was the reply, "and in every respect. There is no remedy for the gay Colonel now, but—" and Mr. d’Esterville chuckled with a kind of unspeakable satisfaction, and said no more. His wife was content that all was as it should be; and about this period an event happened that promised to accelerate the plans and wishes of all parties.

The same pleasant river that ran near the ramparts of the town, after winding slowly through the country, expanded itself into a broad lake or basin close to the Chauteau d’Esterville, and then fled away, rambling and lost in the pastures that
lay beyond. Its banks were here planted with stately, embowering trees, whose broad foliage was reflected in the clear waters beneath; and in the midst of the lake (whether a natural beauty, or artificially raised does not appear) there was an island planted with flowers and shrubs, and the resort of two beautiful swans, much favored and admired by Adeline d'Esterville, and for this cause guarded and strictly tended by all the household besides. The river was here deep, and the banks of the island overgrown with reeds and flags and lilies, whose floating blossoms lay diffused upon the bosom of the waters. In a shady cove beneath the trees in the park-ride, boats were moored, and here often they resorted to pass the idle hours, plying their way upon the glossy stream. But the young ladies had never been accustomed to venture forth alone.

It so happened, that one day in early summer-time, they were prepared to take their morning ramble, but because Colonel d'Arbret was later than usual, and because sweet Adeline thought that to wait for him might seem too much like condescension, and that a wicked triumph sometimes played within his eyes when she was so indulgent, the young ladies went abroad together, leaving word that the gentleman might find them strolling on the borders of the lake. They had scarce arrived there, however, than a novel spectacle, indeed roused them from their playful contemplation.

The first thought of Miss d'Esterville was, to be sure that her favorite birds were safe, and she turned towards the picturesque spot were they were generally found, expecting that they would approach her. The two birds were fighting furiously; fierce as lions quarrel, was their wrath and blind distraction; one of them was already faint and well nigh defeated.

"Heavens and earth!" cried the gentle Adeline. "Oh! let us call some one, they will kill one another!" said Cecile, and away she flew.

One glimpse, and Miss d'Esterville, seeing the dearer of the two sinking beneath her adversary, sped to the creek beyond, unmoored the boat, and launched herself upon the water, regardless, so that she could save the bird. She shewed considerable tact as a navigator in her first expedition, and steered her bark across the river skilfully, calling out to the birds by tempting invitations as she was accustomed. It is more than probable that she could have reached the other side in safety. It has never been clearly ascertained what was the real cause,—whether beholding her swan cast prostrate by her opponent,—or that the boat got entangled amidst the reeds,—or that Colonel d'Arbret, watching her from the opposite side, and his sudden appearance, swelled her tender spirits,—but the boat overturned,—a shriek was heard, re-echoed by the piercing cry of d'Arbret himself, who, ere an instant, had plunged in, hastening to her rescue. With what speed he swam—with what sure hold he caught her ' floating raiment, with what fervor he pressed her in his arms—what triumph bore her back to shore! The sweet girl, with terror, was quite insensible.

"Come—come, dear Adeline, it is all safe. My dearest creature," he whispered, and swept the water from her brow, and chafed her hands, and breathed into her lips,—and just then he became aware that they were alone upon the island—that
shrieks and cries were sounding everywhere—that Cecile and others were hurrying hither and thither to come to their assistance—that she was the most heavenly being in all created earth—that he—that he was in love. As his heart beat out this truth, he stooped and kissed her; at the kiss, she blushed into life anew. "By all that is most tender, honorable, true, believe in me and you shall not repent," he murmured; but, as her radiant eyes were cast upon him, dreaming, or but half aware of what he uttered, he added, "forgive me, dear Miss d'Estreville, this moment quite unnmans me," but, in pale amazement, she sighed and answered nothing. He raised her trembling in his arms, and held her to his bosom.

All equally admired now, as the other boats approached; his gentle ways and manly strength, the ready skill with which things were contrived; and the solicitude he shewed that nothing should interfere to delay the necessary arrangements for her daughter's quick recovery, so entirely won upon the heart of Mdm. d'Estreville, that she resigned to him at once a considerable portion of her maternal regard. The Colonel himself wrapt Adeline in a heavy cloak, himself carried her to the castle, and was more than forgiven by them both, when, with one strong pressure of tenderness, he laid his lovely charge upon a couch in her own sleeping chamber.

It were vain to tell, in the course of this attachment, all that followed; the delicate attention that d'Arbret knew so well how to offer, when the fair invalid was permitted again to appear; his incessant assiduity, his unwearied attention, the winning ease with which he laid aside the brave armour of war, and assumed the slippered softness becoming a lady's presence. It were wrong, indeed, to aver that these were the mere arts of fashionable dissipation or successful profligacy. We forbid it. Deeply was his heart engaged, and irrevocably; and, in truth, he who had never loved before, whom court intrigues had only presented with the base counterfeit of pure passion, he now loved truly. And reproach not the human being, since he is enough accursed, who, educated in a false theory of existence, beholds all things under the delusive phasis which has been presented to his mind, until he knows the truth too late.

The affection of the young lady, bright souls may imagine, but may not so clearly define. She might divine that the gay man of the world was won from the ways of the world, to reside in the haunts of wisdom and peace; and she guessed that of all the beauteous dames of all countries that he had encountered, she was the one whom he loved more than all. She argued not at all, indeed. This was the outgushing of an exalted sentiment, such devotion as women may feel, but men can never understand; and yet, with much of a sublimier character, is combined all the most perfect friendship and domestic duty of the woman.

One morning, soon after this accident, she was about as usual, and sauntering up and down the breakfast parlour, in a white, muslin wrapper, and then d'Arbret perceived or imagined she had grown thin; it might be that the full outline of her figure, thus developed, too well depicted the living grace of sculpture. D'Arbret enquired after her and sighed.

"She is better and not better," said Cecile, "in a constant tremor—never herself.
—and such a pulse!"

"Indeed, no, dear Cecile; for shame," she said; and, "ah! sir, I shall allow no such thing," as the Colonel attempted to touch her couch, but then she was in a flutter, and blushed, and somehow the Colonel was so taken unaware that he blushed also.

Cecile saw that she was one too many, and left the room.

"I am wonderfully well," said the young lady, "and never can be grateful enough to you, Colonel, for your kind assistance and—your care;" but she here got embarrassed, because the Colonel fired up, never having heard a word so sweet to him before as that one—gratitude—as she expressed it. "Dear Miss d’Esterville," he faltered, as she would have quitted him,—this is no word for you to speak—for me to hear. Your father knows my feelings and my hopes. You may reward—I may yet live to shew—why this terror; but this whispers hope. May guess it all, dear lady, "and, with such words, beneath his protecting arms, that touched, but scarcely so, she was well—to hear him, trembling with joy and terror, and he, inwardly cursing his unlucky stars that, so often as he had whispered lover’s vow before, he was not altogether as skilful as might have been expected. But, by his diffidence, he won the more, seeming all that her hopes and love imagined, modest and gracious too.

But Colonel d’Arbret could not forget himself or, rather, the habits of his life; and, from day to day, he strolled in and out, and courted Rosalie Farette, till she was utterly bewildered by the grandeur of his offers, and had discarded Ormond Casaubon for many more reasons than she pleased to repeat. That unhappy young man had found temporary revenge, having now to contend with the alternations from hope to fear respecting the ultimate destination of the money, with all the horrors of want and objects of necessity, and, above all, with the disreputation incidental to his learning, his uncle’s house and the charges alleged against him.

"He is my brother’s son," said the miser, "but he has nigh wrought my ruin; a mouth for other’s food;—sight, for other’s property;—hands diving into the products of the thrifty; but I will get back my treasure—punishment shall light upon him." Meantime, all began to think that the old man must be very rich, to lose such an immense sum and not expire of grief; Ormond Casaubon was in melancholy mood, though watchful of Rosalie as ever, and Miss Grue and Madame Rosalie were almost the only two who condescended to recognise him, and these merely to obtain such information of his whereabouts, as that their character, as specimens of telegraphic repute, might not materially suffer by lack of news. By such sudden impulse, Miss Grue pounced down upon him, about the hour of even twilight, and thus began her information.

"Now," said she, "the other day, Ormond Casaubon, you talked about proof—what proof will you now want? That pretty creature you see, forsooth! the whole town is talking of her, and Colonel d’Arbret is now in the house; her father is out all night, no doubt. However, watch; patience is a useful virtue; it will be late enough before he leaves her."

"I am ill and weary," said the young man, "and I will sit down," for now,

P—(Court Magazine)—April, 1843.
harassed with reports on all sides, it seemed that confirmation of his doubts would be repose to all that he now suffered. He had seen the Colonel escorting her about; she had boasted of his presents; he knew that there could be no honorable intention in all this; he wanted but one conclusive evidence, and then he could forget her and himself.

"To see such depravity is dreadful," said Miss Grue. "To be with a Colonel in regimentals kissing and hugging in the dark, by moonlight, my spirit would vanish into the realms of bliss, evaporate; away it would fly—away! away horrible thought! frightful circumstance!" and, as she ran on, her voice was like sharp pincers tearing and nipping the flesh of the distracted lover. But Blase now thrust her head in at the door, crying, "Grue, Grue, did you see him? There again, upon my word."

"Shew a little mercy to her," said Ormond, regretfully, "for she is but young."

"Too young for sin," cried Madame Blase, "the greater shame! Where do you think she has been? I was told last night."

"Where?" cried Miss Grue, with a woeful expression of face, that she had not herself conveyed such valuable information. The old scandal-monger leaned down and mentioned a place well known as one of infamous character.

"Oh! impossible!" cried Ormond, "not there—not, surely."

"I know it for a fact," said Blase. "She goes to the tea-gardens with every one in turn," said the spinster, "in the public walks flaunting in her trumpery."

"Now with that ugly Major," said one.

"Now with the great Colonel d'Arbret," echoed the other.

"With Sarton, the gamester."

"With the young Abbé, attempting even to mislead the priests," shrieked Miss Grue.

"With Bleville, the justice's son."

"With poor Tournearu, her father's shoe-binder."

"With Mr. Tout le monde," echoed Miss Grue, significantly.

"You, Mrs. Blase, you," cried Ormond, starting up, "you knew her mother; if you expostulated—"

"I knew your mother," said Blase; "she would start out of the grave to see you married to such a—" and to be silent is oft-times to express much meaning.

"The whole town will laugh at you," said the spinster; and at the last word Rosalie Farette appeared walking down the street, attended by Colonel d'Arbret. "I thought you told me that they were at home," cried Ormond, in an agony of mingled emotions.

"Gone out by the back door, a common thing," said one; and the other nodded her assent.

"Say no more," said he, and sighed so heavily that the spinster started as though the ghost of poor Rosalie's mother had really assumed a living shape to defend the reputation of her child. The amiable friends continued their conversation for awhile, when the spinster departed into the other's habitation, leaving Ormond to watch events that could only add to his own unhappiness.
Rosalie was smiling in perfect peace of mind. The Colonel entered with her. She had finished the slippers, and was pleased with herself and everything about her. He, of course, admired the performance; and while she stooped to examine their appearance when on, he spoke to her in such terms as these:—

"A man ought to venture a great deal to get such a pretty little maid as you out of this terrible state of life. If I were a prince, what then, my pretty one?"

"You are a prince by the side of me," said Rosalie; and the Colonel, taking off the slipper, cast idly some uncounted gold into it, remarking that no money could reward her kindness.

"No, no, I have had enough, you have given me some before," she expostulated.

"How rich you must be."

"I wish, my nymph," said the Colonel, "I had only to give, and you to receive," and from this their conversation diverged to other topics, the charms of Paris, the ease of living there unknown and unobserved, and how very few there possessed any religion whatever that could interfere with those contracts or settlements that were equally binding with marriage ties, but of a less wearisome and troublesome character.

"In this place, they would be the star of the whole town," said Rosalie; "and what would they be able to say at the time of confession, and that is to-morrow."

"Say? that they loved one another. But these things are understood, and easily managed," said d'Arbret; and forthwith he cited the customs of many strange lands that he had visited, in corroboration of his statement. Rosalie replied, "that all this was very remarkable."

"A man may be peculiarly situated," he said, "of too elevated rank—too highly connected."

Rosalie sighed, and yet her vanity was pleased to think that he might be in just such a predicament, and that her charms had worked all the mischief.

"A man's attachment, if unsuccessful," said d'Arbret, "leads him to desperate resolutions—to lose himself in the vortex of the great world—to dare the storms of the oceans—to brave death itself in the battle-field—hopeless, careless, a cast-away—one to whom death has lost its horrors; but a woman's faith is of another kind, she sacrifices herself for her lover, resigns all for him, or perishes in the attempt to part from him—the heart of a woman breaks at once."

Rosalie was bewildered by the romantic picture so ably portrayed; the one representing the Colonel and his fearful plight; the other herself and all her woes. He had still no plan in this, but the necessity of saying something. He was also half weary of the amour, but then such recreation was to him what practice is to an experienced archer, enabling him to be secure of certain victory, when the occasion worthy his prowess shall arise.

It was no wonder if, in such entertaining discourse, the hours passed away, and it was late when Colonel d'Arbret prepared to retire; for, as the period of confession was come, the ladies at the château had forbidden his visits for awhile, that they might strictly perform those devotional exercises of conscience enjoined them by their faith. This was the opportunity, therefore, that he chose to
make Rosalie Farette acquainted with some of his opinions, and though she blushed, she listened, nor had courage to reject altogether his advances.

The Colonel had departed some distance from Rosalie’s dwelling, when, in the moonlight, a trembling voice addressed him.

“Colonel d’Arbret, for one minute,” and the speaker trembled with contending passions; “I don’t know, sir—”

“I don’t know you,” said d’Arbret, careless as ever. “Oh, the young gardener; speak on, young fellow.”

“I don’t know, sir,” said Ormond, “what satisfaction—there is none that you can give me for all your conduct costs me—in feeling—now and for the future.”

“Indeed! relatively to what subject may I enquire,” said the Colonel coolly.

“The girl—the girl I have loved!” gasped Ormond fiercely. “Her honour has been—is, sir,—is dear to me.”

“Well, and what, then, young gentleman?”

“It is not well, and this is it,” said Ormond, dwelling with passionate emphasis on his words. “My wrongs have made us equal; we must meet and end this; I must have your life, or you mine.”

“A very agreeable arrangement, truly!” cried d’Arbret mockingly, satirically.

“Young wrongs have lent you courage, as it appears.”

“They may have done so,” said Ormond, “as wealth lends impudence.”

“I owe you some chastisement,” said d’Arbret; “a thrashing—a kicking. I have no objection to a fray myself.”

“Your weapons?—your hour?” said Ormond, as impatient for the contest.

“My good fellow, this is out of our way entirely, upon my word,” said d’Arbret; and his tone was as one addressing another infinitely his inferior, that Ormond, filled with rage, whispered hoarsely, “Swords, Colonel, let it be the weapon that you wear. I may be poor—despised—but this is insufferable. Appoint the place.”

“On the green, behind yonder ruin,” said the Colonel. “There with you! we may pass unseen; I will let you know the day—the hour.”

“I thank you, sir,” said Ormond.

The Colonel stood aloof, and looked on him with a decisive smile. “I have ever thought you a mighty pretty fellow,” said he, “a sprig of tolerable growth, that might have flourished on a better tree. You have my good wishes, youngster,” and Ormond returned it by a broad blaze of looks, and then turned away.

CHAPTER VII.

Of all dreams that haunt the human mind, waking ones are least likely to come to pass; and much metaphysical enquiry would be created in the attempt to show how such hallucinations bewilder the rational being; what species of intellect is most prone to it, and to what natural conformation it is attributable. The philosopher is, doubtless, herein, about equal with the unenlightened, only that he stands
The Good Folks of St. Denis.

in the position of the juggler, who, seeing through such sleights of fancy, enjoys them the less, because he knows their deception; and yet, is he not less a lover of the occult science, because he delights in the phantasmagoria of the imagination. Still, in these deceits, Ormond Casaubon had been accustomed to indulge, and beholding them pass, and nothing rising in the wide waste of thought—the world was as a vacuum. It is, indeed, from the inspiration of hope, such visions are born, and he was now acquainted only with the reality of despair. This feeling was increased in poignancy, when he encountered his uncle at the house of the gentleman, in whose care he had left the treasure.

"You seem, young man," said he, learned in the law, "to have some just claim. Years ago, an unfortunate member of this city left money, by his own avowal, buried in the lands he possessed, bequeathing it to him who should have the good fortune to light on the gift. His domains were those which now pertain to the d'Estreville family. There is no doubt of your right, saving——"

"I swear that the property is mine," said the miser, "stolen from my house, where I, an ignorant man, concealed it."

"A falsehood—base and infamous!" cried Ormond, "but it shall not succeed."

"It is a pity," said their sagacious friend, "that, if you dispute, you do not consent to agree. One can scarcely be blind to the wisdom—the prudence of the measure."

"I shall not agree to such dishonest claims," said Ormond.

"He has stolen it from me, the savings of my youth—the comforts of my secret thought," said the old man, "buried in mine own garden."

"The date is anterior to this," said the lawyer.

"A chest belonging to my father, and his father before him," cried his uncle. "Regain it—it is mine."

"We call on you to bring your proof;" was the answer.

"Alas! alas! Oh miserable wretch!" cried the old man; and Ormond said doggedly, "I found it digging in the garden, on a sunny day, in the broad daylight, precisely one day week after that infernal d'Arbret come into this town with his company of cuirassiers."

"I consider you the just claimant," said his friend, and hearing Ormond break forth, asserting that money could not mend the human mind, he thus reprimanded Ormond; "Ormond Casaubon, I pity you," said the counsellor, "if, thus young, you view the only means of respectability and consideration in this life with contempt; what security better can be procured for the future?"

"I know not. I care not," said Ormond, but until I am degraded, this old man shall not possess the money."

"You know from whence you took it—you stole it—you know you did. But I will have, boy, your heart's blood or that."

In such useless debate and fabricated evidence, proved or disproved, the time was spent, and nothing conclusive decided respecting this event, which Ormond now ranked among the most unfortunate of his life; but he was pleased to believe that this turmoil, this incessant dispute with fate, might have speedy termination in his
combat with the great Colonel d'Arbret. If he could not live with honor, to die as
was permitted him.

In this tone of mind, the amiable Grue darted out upon him with fresh
intelligence, holding a letter towards him.

"Now, here is proof! she cried.

"Proof! what?" he said, "of what?"

"That the girl is the worst among the bad. This is from Colonel d'Arbret, and
she wears a gold chain that he has given her.

"Why, why father, torture me," said he; and he looked enquiringly as though
to search out the motive of such pertinacity; but envy lies hidden; no act shines
forth.

"I thought," said she, "if you took it to her, it would be but quits;"

"I will," said he, and the spinster vanished, smiling pleased applause.

"I shall" at least be able to bid her farewell," thought he, and just then receiving
a note from d'Arbret, appointing the hour and place, he was content to think that
all his earthly wishes were here comprised, and also romantically enough, that if he
could but obtain this large property, it would be taking glorious vengeance, and
break the faithless one's heart at once, if he could but leave her, dying, this rich inhe-
ritance; and such was his resolution. He found her seated in melancholy mood,
in doubtful thought about the Colonel, and in some awful dread respecting the real
position of Ormond himself. But that young gentleman had lost none of his pride
or spirited confidence of airs. He entered and threw the letter carelessly before her.

"It is a lucky thing for me," said he, "to be the servant of Colonel d'Arbret;
there is a letter for him."

Rosalie Farette, conscience-stricken, was now red, now pale; but she was angry
because she felt humbled, and said, "You might be worse employed than that, Mr.
Ormond, and can scarce wait upon a better gentleman."

"I have been in a more degraded condition," he replied, "when I dallied after
one without heart or soul, who can sell herself for gold. Aye! Rosalie is held by
a golden chain."

"I shall do as I please, said she, receive letters, take presents, wear chains,—but
I will not be insulted."

"I beg pardon," said he, "in trembling tones, and he broke out in an uncontrolled
emotion,"—at one time—oh, Rosalie, who should have dared to breathe aught that
could offend you, who should have whispered words that now are common. Modest
and good and joyous-hearted, your love seemed happiness, that I could scarce think
upon: but now;—oh, my poor girl! " and he approached her solemnly, and placed
his hands upon her shoulders," turn back, since I entreat, who am grown weary of
this world;—turn back, in time.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Mean?—poor girl!" he sighed. My meaning is scarce known to myself.
They talk, Rosalie—they say—

"What of? What do they say?" and she looked into his eyes, so that he turned
more than half away.
They talk of letters—presents—from the Colonel;—tea-gardens; midnight walks; houses fit for demons.—Why bid me repeat? why wring from me"—

"I have been to some of these places," said Rosalie. "The Colonel, courts me, and—"

"You have been with others—others—the Major," said Ormond, nigh choking with grief and wrath.

"Only to meet him," said Rosalie; and she blushed in a kind of wonder so charming, that he advanced and drew from her bosom the golden chain she wore concealed.

"Look here," he said, "and dangled it insultingly," when we see humble girls with trinkets such as these, we know their price."

"It costs a great deal of money, no doubt," said Rosalie, "but why should I refuse it?" and she arose indignantly, but, on a sudden, he held her from him by the waist,—viewing her with looks of sorrow.

"To have so much beauty," he muttered, with so little modesty. Though I must no longer own you—when he tires—casts you off—and all despise,—come yet to me, if living—oh, my Rosalie."

"Leave, go, I don't know what you mean, said she; and seeing a sort of wildness in his manner, "of what are you dreaming, Ormond?"

"Of Heaven and hell," he answered;—of you, the mistress—the paid mistress of d'Arbret;—then, of my wretched self."

"Dare you insult? dare you repeat?" cried the girl, as she sprang from him with blushes, deep enough, indeed, for anger.

"Your friends, say so—the whole town says so," he exclaimed.

"And you," she gasped, "you Ormond?"

"I believe it:" these were his words.

Rosalie Farette stood transfixed, till all the colour faded from her face, and she was still standing there in mute wonder. The lover, at last, approached her.

"In a day, or so," he said, "if you should hear that harm has happened to me, then, remember there was one who loved, at least, your honor better than the world beside; farewell."

Rosalie advanced one step—but pride—wounded pride—that imperative sentiment of self-respect with-held her: she met his gaze of passionate emotion cast back upon her, and so they parted. Ere he was well gone, she repented her folly and weakness, and wondered at the difficulty in which she found herself, and much would she have given to be able to retrace her past steps upon the road of life, never travelled but once.

Now the main origin of all this evil, Colonel d'Arbret, was precisely in the position he best of all preferred; having an excellent recreation in anticipation, and one that mightily suited his whim, in the duel with Ormond Casaubon; and, moreover, an amour with a pretty girl in the town, and a confirmed penchant for the far-famed beauty residing in its vicinity. The latter sentiment, of all, was the most agreeable to him, because the most true and rational—possessing so many extra degrees of bliss to all other, as real gems surpass the counterfeit in brilliancy;—as rays from
Heaven the artificial light; as, in strength and perfection, the flower of the earth, to
that raised in hot-house culture.

It was at the gaming-house with Sarton, the gamester, and the worthy Major,
that he divulged his intention of meeting Ormond Casaubon in a duel, as to exclu-
sive right in the charms of Rosalie Farette; for, with this view, the event was
regarded; and he had no doubt, whatever, that such a step would inallibly secure the
affections of the damsel herself. It would make her at least proud of the conquests
she had gained. "What say you, Sarton?" said he, "behind the cathedral ruin.
Will you be our second?"

"Anything," said the gamester. "You know that I am not particular."

"Next to a bottle, give me a duel for the women? said the Major.

"The young fellow is a brave one," said d'Arbret, "I like him much, and want
to see him sword in hand."

"If he happen to please the Prince," said the Major, "will he be appointed
Aid-de-camp or—"

"H-u-s-h!—hush! silence," cried Sarton, and his words came hissing off the
tongue, and tingling on the ears with somewhat remarkable meaning. The Major
bowed differentially to d'Arbret, who, glancing round the apartment, watchfully,
continued speaking.

"The youth has not a bad choice, and some of the true blood in his veins; for,
what he seeks, he will have, nor will quit half way."

He is—who is he? "Sarton enquired," the nephew of the old miser yonder.
"He is reported to have found a considerable treasure hereabouts," said his com-
ppanion. "For my part I should like to have the handling of the miser's money bag?"

Sarton here winked to him in the way of a quiet rebuke.

"The young man wanted money, doubtless," said d'Arbret. "I hope he has
found it. There is something wrong when we behold the topping pine spring up
amid low trees. I like him mightily, or should scarce have honored him with a
tilting bout."

Thus, they went on conversing on the intended meeting and on different topics,
for the name of Miss d'Estreville could not be mentioned here; but ere they left the
billiard table, while the Colonel was meditating over such arrangements as might be
deemed expedient in such affairs, her father unexpectedly entered.

To be concluded in our next.
ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

A. H. of this series of full length portraits.

Robbe and C. Court Magazine II. Cary Street London.
CHAPTER VIII.

There was, of late, a singular change in the deportment of d'Estreville; he was far more sedate and distant, almost like one involved in abstract ideas remote from objects of the material world; and there was a pride and serenity, too, in all this, that rendered it the more peculiar. It was not, however, observed by the Colonel, or, if so, regarded as nothing offensive, but, rather, excusable under the circumstances of their relative position. The gentlemen had played some time, lost and won considerably and drank champagne in bumpers ere they prepared to separate. At last, they did so reluctantly; but d'Estreville, and, the Colonel, too, had that upon his mind which must be communicated, and they were restless till each could learn the other's thoughts.

By seeming tacit consent they took their way through the town towards the ruined cathedral; one, asserting that the evening was inviting, the other, that it

(Concluded from page 224).
would not increase his walk a quarter of a mile, but both selecting the place as one where they might discourse unobserved and unheard; or, possibly, each felt that his intentions and thoughts best agreed with this sombre and lonely scene. The moon was hidden behind clouds; the night was dark, with a myriad stars shining as through a veil, and their rays blunted in the mid-air. It was with some difficulty they discerned one mighty tower of the ruined edifice rearing itself on high—a darker shadow lost in the shade; but this one object, visible, added unto the gloom: and, afar off, one solitary light was gleaming—a little speck of brightness, still revealing nothing, and this stifled to farther mournful contemplation. The two gentlemen were too busied with their own thoughts to heed aught around them: after a lengthened silence, the Colonel began to speak, but with some embarrassment.

"Adeline d'Estreville are the words I would speak," said he. "Your daughter—you know my admiration—and, my good friend, you know—"

"I do. I can suppose—can guess—"

"You can guess my wishes," said the Colonel. "In faith, d'Estreville, lovely is she, indeed; and, for her sake, much might be done—granted—given."

"The worst foes of the Prince have never charged him with want of generosity to women or of just treatment to his friends," said the other; "I shall, therefore, in all confidence rely upon him."

"Let us drop our rank, in Heaven's name," cried d'Arbret. "Upon this point, I would speak as a man to a man, and of the woman whom he prefers to all else ever seen or fancied. By my life, she is a charming creature!" And there was quite enough of love's delight in the voice to rouse her father at once into joy and hope beyond control.

"May the heart of our Prince long rest content with her," cried d'Estreville, in a kind of momentary transport, only interrupted by the Colonel saying:—"Ah! strip me of the paltry distinction, I should be a happier man;" and, speaking more urgently, "what can be done? what? to reconcile—to give her entire confidence?"

"The family, is bound in all submission and humility," her father said, pausing between each word, "and all must equally feel the honor done us."

"Who is there but would blush to breathe to her—to her! to tell her, d'Estreville, the truth," whispered d'Arbret; and, after awhile, he laughed as though casting aside some troublesome emotion. "You know, for impudence, I am the fellow; but, I dare not. She is as the day-light—like Heaven itself, as powerful, too, in staying wickedness. You know me: often has she tempted me to press too closely, but—oh! (by Dian! who watches her to-night), the lightning of her eye abashed me—cut through me at a glance. It might be thought but cannot be done."

"Tush! my Lord," said d'Estreville, "the Colonel is then in love."

"By the Prince's honor and his heart! I believe—nay—it is so," said d'Arbret, and again he laughed; but after a pause, he added, more seriously:—"but one thing; who sees her, beholds my excuse. Now, my friend, what is to be done?"
"Be guided by me, all will be well," was the father's reply. "She has, doubtless, a woman's heart and is to be won by wealth."

"I will settle a fortune on her," said d'Arbret.

"I think she loves you," said the father.

"I were indeed a happy man," cried d'Arbret, breathing audibly from the heart.

"If I have a heart—I think I have—she shall daily with it at her pleasure. For yourself, d'Estrevelle, you cannot doubt my friendship."

"And for my sons?" said d'Estrevelle.

"All my protection—instant promotion—emolument—final establishment. The dear creature, leave her to my care; it brings her a crown of jewels, rank, fortune—she shall be happy."

"Rest satisfied as to your success," said d'Estrevelle, "you cannot fail."

"Break—break it to her; attempt—arrange—this, shew yourself—be—my friend," repeated d'Arbret, in evident agitation; and, with farther strong assurances of mutual interest and regard, they parted.

The following day, the towns-people rose all alert to visit the cathedrals; the time of confession was come, and we question very much whether all the enshrined saints of this church were more accredited for goodly works than were the worthy folks of Saint Denis in their own estimation; and this is the magic-power of self-love. It is an undoubted fact, that the miser, though prepared to swear away his nephew's life, believed himself an injured man, nor, in this confessed his crime; neither did d'Estrevelle—the base system of depravity by which he intended to aggrandize his family; nor Colonel d'Arbret—past or present schemes of dissipation which must end in inevitable ruin. As for Ormond Casaubon, his pride taught him to revolt from that great law by which we all must suffer; but pride also concealed it: neither did he whisper the hot passion which bade him seek the life of his more successful rival. Rosalie forgot her vanity and indiscretion, and was blind to them; and so of the rest, saving only a few, resembling the innocent Adeline, who, having nothing to conceal, had nought to acknowledge. Still, there is joy in the town of Saint Denis, for, among our pleasant neighbours, church solemnities ever lead the way to holiday and merriment.

Summer morning-twilight was breaking over the hills, whose tops were crowned with many hues of fire, now kindled and now quenched, ere it broke forth into broad day; while, down below, the vallies were still hidden from the sight. There is a deep serenity of nature ere night retires, and the bright presence of new morn appears, and so it was; for the happy were still sleeping over the past—the miserable would not awake to the future—it was too early for aught else to rise from willing slumber. But some there were, in this our history, whom the strong force of time and circumstance roused into sudden action. Sarton and the Major were among this number. It was the period appointed for the meeting between Colonel d'Arbret and young Ormond Casaubon, and those two gentlemen were engaged to attend them. The only intimation they, however, received of this, was in the gradual retirement of such persons as frequented the gaming-house, and who were...
not altogether prepared to be seen issuing from thence in the full daylight. As
the place cleared, the Major, having met with considerable losses, broke forth:—
"Devils and imps!" said he, "What shall we do? Giant devils—dwarf imps—
gigantic demons—what can be done? Can you tell, Sarton? You are acquainted
with the fraternity below:" and the man grinned to cover his wrath, expressing
himself by ludicrous blasphemy, as though nothing were emphatic enough to
describe his real meaning.

"How desppicable is that gamester," said Sarton, coolly, "who, if he raised up
and knocked down worlds in the spirit of play, could regard either one or the other,
unless, indeed, he could prove that there is no science which can outwit chance; but
if he can once prove that, then he is himself the tennis-ball of fate—and, when tired
of being so, may pitch himself from the fifth floor window—and become atoms."

"You are always losing," said the Major sullenly, "and arguing in your own
favor. By the angels of the infernal regions, of which there are many, this I don't
understand."

"I do," said Sarton, "I put my science, which I know to be something, against
the players and their chances besides. I therefore calculate my knowledge against
others' good luck."

"Something that never yet succeeded," said the Major, "When it comes to
what wisdom can do in this world, it amounts to nothing. So, you have lost a
fortune."

"And would again," cried Sarton.

"I know of something better," the Major whispered, "the science of him who
knows how to rob,—by him who does not know how to keep."

"Eh! what is that?" said Sarton.

"Yonder old miser. The youth who found the treasure is his nephew—well! the
property is doubtless in the old man's house."

"What then? what is it to us?"

"What then! what to us!" cried the major. "Shiver my intellects! guess man.
The least of all demons, the greatest in power, is the human mind: well, sir, guess."

"I don't know—I can't," said Sarton.

"We go to the house—at midnight. We take from the superannuated wretch
what is of no use to him.—Well! this, Sarton, is wisdom that outwits the world."

"There is doubtless science in that," said the gamester, satirically; "and—but;
—but, at that instant, Colonel d'Arbret entered, and they glanced at one another
and were silent.

"How hopeless," said he, "to expect night-birds to fly by day! You both look
flagging—with lazy wing—like owls in search of slumber,—while I—!"

"How can you, colonel, make up your mind to risk your life in such an encoun-
ter," said the major, with altered tone, "your highness forgets how, in your one
life, you may sacrifice a nation."

"Nonsense—trash," said Sarton, "the colonel relies on science—the science of
the weapon;—the boy upon nothing,—upon chance,—upon accident,—these are
mere straws that lie in the broad path-way."
"Ah! then," said the colonel, "who can guard against the straws, is the only safe man after all; but let us speed onwards, or the youngster will be there before us."

As they retreated from the house, in the twilight above them, there were such light sparkles breaking as indicated the morn—all the hues of the braiding of the rainbow merged into one. But when pressed on, indifferent of such glories. The colonel held a sword, besides his own girt at his waist,—and sung love-ballads as they hastened along; far too conversant with such adventures to feel anything at their approach, and too skilled in his weapon to anticipate defeat.—The major and his companion carried cloaks, and had very much the aspect of men who attended as drudges in an affair, more troublesome than pleasing. They, at last, halted behind the ruins of the cathedral or, rather, on a wide greensward, where once the mighty edifice stood, but where now the wild weed grew and the verdure abounded, forming a pleasant enough pasture to the sight—being one of native luxuriance. Having chosen the ground, the gentlemen looked around them, expectant of the appearance of Ormond Casaubon, but, nor sight was seen, nor sound heard. The view itself now engaged their attention.

The remaining columns of the cathedral were still visible to the left—interspersed with many arches and oriel windows, more or less destroyed by warfare and time, but now overgrown with moss and climbing weeds, and all such parasites as cling and triumph over the fallen. Through the desolate niches and opening wastes, wrecks of statues and triumphal monuments were faintly seen; and from the midst of the ruins there arose, mounting above the columned aisles, one mighty tower—pre-eminent above the whole,—where there was an interior winding staircase, which, opening into a kind of cell at the very summit, was famed for the extensive view it afforded of the surrounding country,—and was also reported to have been at one time the dwelling of some holy brother, so strict in his devotions, as to have attained the honor of sainthood, and thence it was called St. Bernard's loft.

The gentlemen were still contemplating these remains of architectural beauty, Sarton and his companion from want of better entertainment, and the colonel with an eye familiar with excellence of all kinds, and pleased while beholding it. Their attention was so wrapt, that nothing, probably, but the present sight could have arrested it farther. Many had doubted whether the winding stairs reaching to the top of yonder turret were not an idle tale, but here was evidence indeed, since, through the decayed loopholes, a figure was beheld descending.

"See, would it be believed," said the colonel, with some vexation. "We shall be now interrupted. Go, Sarton, and lure the night-wanderer away."

"If not a shadow, I will," was the answer, "but he scarce had spoken, than, through one of the grass-grown archways, walking with the majestic pace of thoughtful melancholy, Ormond Casaubon appeared (for it was he), and truly the ragged garments that he wore set about him gracefully enough.

"That young braggart might tread a court without much personal discomfort," said the colonel, "and let him shew himself not chicken-hearted at the prick of a sword, and we will do something for him."
"If he knew the prince's bounty and the prospect before him," said the major, "he would be brave indeed."

"Good morning, sir," cried d'Arbret, as the young man approached, and his hat was raised to the exact point of etiquette with that of the colonel, as they greeted one another.

D'Arbret's manner rather implied an assumed indifference; that of Ormond, a remarkable self-possession, which, from his heightened colour, on accosting his rival, betokened anger, too, as well as pride.

"The clocks have scarce yet chimed the hour," he said, and he spoke somewhat inwardly, but firmly.

"We scarce expected you, young gentleman," said d'Arbret.

"Indeed! then this is a disappointment."

"An agreeable one," said the colonel, laughingly. "I find my sword pleasant exercise on a summer morning; and, for a pretty girl, the most pleasant of any."

"Except to fight in defence of her honor and one's own," said Ormond, in bitter scorn; there, sir, I have the advantage. Sir, come on."

"I think you rash, upon my word," said d'Arbret. "Where is your second, sir?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ormond.

"Do you understand your weapon?" cried the major.

"Young man," said Sarton, "you place your fair chances against the full power of science."

"And what then, sir?" cried Ormond fiercely, "Colonel d'Arbret! renounce all right, sir, in this young girl, or—"

"Rosalie Farette is too fair a conquest," said the colonel. "Pardon me; well—there—there—my fine fellow," and his coaxing manner—the name of Rosalie pronounced by him, the thought it suggested, wrought her lover into sudden madness. He scarce saw, and waited not to take choice of the weapons offered, but, seizing upon one, plucked it forth from the scabbard with such violence, as that it whizzed again, as he swung it through the air. The motion might not be critically correct, but was daringly striking. The colonel drew back and placed himself on the defensive.

"This is too much. Come on, sir, come on," gasped Ormond; "death, ruin, destruction—annihilation—Oh God! anything, anything, but this."

Now, who is to describe the combat. Imagine a shower of hail bearing down all before it; with such rapidity he dealt his blows,—pell-mell, without judgment or science,—here and there—lightning strokes of manual velocity,—while he leapt up and down, springing, as with electrical magic, in circles round his antagonist, diverging or contracting at a bound, and setting cool courage and skill at open defiance. The colonel was altogether unprepared for this, but, taken unaware, handled manfully his weapon, laughing between, at each stroke, until the other's singular evolutions sufficiently warned him of his great danger and personal risk in the contest.

"Take care," cried d'Arbret, breathlessly, "again there! ah! I shall drive you through with my sword."
"Down—down," almost shrieked the major, "down with your arms, you villain, the prince will be hurt;" but Ormond heard nothing.

"Part them; we are ruined, give over—infernal! stand apart," shouted the two lookers-on; but d'Arbret here cried, "Ormond, my dear fellow, I shall be through you—ah! God! there! It is fortunately no worse," he said, as his sword-arm dropped, wounded by his desperate opponent. Ormond ceased; his countenance of rage sinking into ashy paleness.

"Young man, this you must answer for," said the major, solemnly, "a prince of the blood cannot be wounded—slain," and he seized Ormond by the collar, who said, "let me give what help I can, however."

"Be content," said d'Arbret, "the wound is slight, I have well deserved it. Young man, there is my hand."

There was something dignified, and generous too, in the manner; it won upon Ormond Casaubon at once.

"I have acted up to my own feelings in this," said he, "and am unfortunate here as elsewhere. Had you luckily killed me, there would have been an end to a life altogether miserable."

"Young fellow," said d'Arbret, "I ask your pardon heartily. Henceforth, be sure of my protection and esteem."

"Neither can benefit me, sir," said Ormond, tearing his garments in pieces to bind the wound, and aiding in the task with alacrity and expertness; but still there was so princely a superiority in the air with which d'Arbret submitted to all this, that he added, though almost unwillingly, "if we had ever remained as much strangers as fortune intended, this would never have happened. Good morning, sir;" and having performed this courteous civility, he lifted the sword from the ground, where he had thrown it in haste, and presented it to the major. His parting bow to Colonel d'Arbret blended respect to his supposed rank, with no ill-timed assumption or degradation of himself. He had scarcely gone, when d'Arbret pursued him."

"Young gentleman," said he, "we cannot part here."

"How, sir?" said Ormond.

"You have pleased me. I have power to serve you, and you must be poor."

"No, sir, not so poor," said Ormond, "as that I can be served by you! Excuse me."

"Take from yourself a little pride," said d'Arbret, "grant to me some share of humility in this, at least. The son of a prince may offer benefits not so easily rejected."

"Insult—laugh, sir," said the young man.

"The truth—and nothing else," was the reply; and he drew from his breast a watch, whereon his rank and titles were engraved. Ormond was lost in wonder. The colonel added, "You have won this day great honor with me—privilege that few besides shall boast."

"Your highness may rely upon my silence," said Ormond, and he held himself uncovered. "Your protection cannot in honor be accepted, nor can serve me."
"We shall see," said d'Arbret. "You know me now, at least, and know me as your friend. Farewell."

"If all you offer," said Ormond, now, in some agitation, "is the price, sir, of my love for her,—all, is nothing."

"I see," said d'Arbret, "you are just the young fellow that I thought you; nor do I now change my opinion. You shall hear from me. Again, adieu."

Ormond Casaubon watched him out of sight, with something very nearly resembling admiration, and yet it cut keenly on his heart too; for if he had gone to the meeting, desiring to die, how doubly insufferable was life now, when he knew the whole extent of his rival's power; how impossible it was to hope that such a humble girl as Rosalie should withstand the temptations of rank and fortune so elevated, as that many women of infinitely better condition than herself could hardly resist. As to the duel, he perceived that at several passes the colonel had spared him, and, though some credit might be due to himself in the combat, his price whispered that the whole affair might prove but civil mockery of his misfortunes. Besides, other difficulties were now thronging fast upon him.

Ere mid-day, the events of the morning were known all over the town; and as the colonel did not conceal his defeat or the cause of his wound, but treated them both with a laughing indifference or as necessary terminations to such a mad encounter, Ormond became, in his ragged habiliments, the remark of every one;—the rara avis of popular notoriety in those parts—the common talk;—and as his garments had undergone considerable dilapidation in binding the colonel's wounds, human pride could not brook such ignominy, and he shot into his sky-high abode, a miserable garret, whence he did not emerge, again, except by night.

Meantime, before the sun had set, he received a packet, ostensibly, from Colonel d'Arbret, but adorned with the seal manual of royalty, and enclosing the valuable chain and watch worn by him on that day; accompanied, too, by an epistle, wherein all such honorable regard to his feelings was shewn, and dignified assurances of friendship expressed, that a man must have been made of meaner composition than was Ormond Casaubon, not to acknowledge that his rival had many excellencies, which all, even his enemies, must equally admire. The gift was so sent as that it was impossible to refuse it, and the note farther said, "Whenever this token shall be presented, our protection shall in all cases be granted, whether to you or your connexions—this being the emblem of our princely friendship towards you."

He was satisfied with the honor—he placed it carefully away; and as the wretched draw consolation from trifles, we have no doubt, in his state of abject penury, the possession of this valuable present, though altogether useless, conferred upon him some secret delight, not to be overclouded but by the memory of Rosalie Farette and the difficulty of obtaining other articles of apparel fit to meet the eye of the public.
CHAPTER IX.

It was on that afternoon that old Casaubon, in moody contemplation, took his seat at the door of his premises, to bask in the rays of the declining sun. The chest—the treasure—had been taken away by his nephew, and, day and night, sunshine or tempest were merged in that one loss. He had visited their legal adviser many times, but all the claims that the old man could devise, being unsubstantiated by proof, were as thin air to one skilled in forensic lore, to whom evidence was law; or who in this instance would listen to no other. The miser was devising fresh, and other more profound speculations. Madame Blase darted out at one side upon him, Miss Grue on the other. "Have you heard?" said they, as with one voice.

"A poor, lonely man—robbed—left destitute," said he; "what should I hear?"

"He has been ———" said Blase.

"Fighting!" said Miss Grue.

"In a duel!" cried one.

"Wounded his adversary," cried the other, "right through the arm."

"In the arm," repeated her echo.

"You deafen me with clamour," cried the old man. "What is it all about?"

"Ormond—Ormond—your nephew,—he has been fighting," cried Madame Blase.

"And with swords too," cried her friend.

"Is he dead?" cried the miser, springing from his stool. "Have they killed him?" and there was a wild glee in his aspect that made the women shrink back, sorry almost that they had not such agreeable information to convey.

"He has wounded an officer in the army," cried Miss Grue.

"The gentleman is in the King's service," said the matron. "I should not wonder ———" and they looked at one another inquiringly.

"I will appear against him," cried the old man; "he had always a thirst for blood—for crime—theft—robbery—murder. Away with him to prison—to the galleys."

"Why, here comes the unfortunate gentleman. I dare say near dying," said the tender-hearted spinster: and they made way in the narrow street for the carriage of Colonel d'Arbret to pass on its way to the château d'Estreville.

"If the boy were but dead," groaned the miser, "I should be happy."

"He will cost you dear, yet," said Blase.

"Be your ruin," said Grue.

"I am a miserable man," said the miser.

"Suppose the d'Estreville family took offence at his conduct," remarked one.

"They would strip you of your garden-ground, yonder, in no time," urged the other; but the old man, who had remained standing, now doubled his fist in their visages, in gestures between rage and despair, as he cried:—"In with you—you hags—into your dens. Am I to be driven mad? I shall be mad—I am mad," and he stood as if he were locked up in his wrath—shrank up before them.

"All I know is, the gentleman is going to be married to Miss d'Estreville," said Madame Blase; "there, is that for your comfort."
"I know the very day," shouted Miss Grue; and they vanished together, leaving the miser heartily wishing that he had thrown himself even beneath the carriage-wheels of d'Arbret, so that he could have sworn away the life of this wretch, who was expected to attain, by one minute of good fortune, more than he could grasp from the savings of a life. He thought deeply, how—how, if he could compass the means of his destruction—how grateful he would be; what church benefits should arise from thence—what healing of the conscience; and, in wild schemes, his hopes pursued the rich man's equipage, hopeful that he might carry out his views, with respect to his unhappy nephew.

But Colonel d'Arbret was smiling upon prospects of another sort, for, having skillfully set afloat the report of his accident and taken care that it should be wafted towards the château, he was hastening there to see the effect of this intelligence upon Miss d'Estreville,—bandaged up, and dressed in a fashion altogether becoming to an invalid gentleman, and calculated to increase the anxiety and solicitude of all who beheld him. He arrived there, unheard; this was sufficient evidence that the family was in some consternation. It left him time, also, to arrange himself upon a silken couch in the most elegant possible attitude of manly distress. Mrs. d'Estreville was the first who entered. "We ought, indeed, to be gratified," she said, "that we see you no worse. But—colonel—our dear girl."

"She must not be alarmed," said he, with the effort of one suffering from some excruciating torture. "But for her sake—or—or—I should not have been here."

"You are always very kind," said the lady, and she left him to break the news of his arrival to her daughter.

The colonel was dreaming over the delightful embrace in reserve for him, when, from a far-distant apartment, he heard a sound—a cry,—the room-door was thrown open—in she rushed—it must be Adeline. He turned—beheld her—heard her voice—"Oh, my dear love! my dearest—" she cried;—these were—he was sure—the words,—but, ere she reached him, she sunk down. He sprung up as quickly. "I did not mean this," he said, catching her well-nigh before she fell. "I am a wretched wretch, dear Adeline, quite unworthy this."

"She could never bear much," said the tender mother, entering, "and now, colonel, less than ever. It is merciful that we are not visited by heavy afflictions; but Adeline here placed her arm over his shoulder and smiled herself into tears of joy; and d'Arbret, again defeated, said in manly tenderness, "had I kingdoms to give away, by the word of a prince, they should all be thine."

"Let me be sure that you are safe," said the young creature, forgetful of the meaning of her words. "But how was this? Who has done this?"

"A very fine young fellow. It was my own fault," said d'Arbret. "But these kinds of adventure are to my taste."

"Would you risk a life so precious," said Adeline; and, seated together on the sofa, holding her hands in his, the colonel explained the accident, as he best could.

"We quarrelled—had high words. A brave youth—he would fight—knew nothing of his weapon,—I, from fear, spared mine, and, by good fortune, he wounded me. A slight flesh-cut—no more."
Miss d’Estreville looked like one who wondered at the heroic fortitude that bore such anguish patiently; and, perhaps, she the more admired his hardihood, from the contrast it afforded to her own gentleness of nature. Certainly, the colonel managed in a few hours to persuade her that he suffered far more acutely than he pleased to reveal, and needed the utmost care and attention, but particularly her own tender offices in the arrangement of the sling that sustained his arm, and the pillow of the sofa where he reclined during the paroxysms of pain.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, he began to think that bodily suffering was as nothing in comparison to mental disquiet,—or that anxiety, which is as the rack of exquisite agony—the rasp acting upon all the finer sensibilities—indescribable misery not to be portrayed. This is it, when we feel that circumstance has thrown us into trammels from whence we cannot—we would not—escape, but which, if we remain or go, must prove, equally, the destruction of our happiness and self-content; and this it was that cast a paler shade upon even the countenance of d’Arbret himself; for many are prepared for the struggle of fortune, but not for those of the affections. In some such mood, he spoke at last:—“Miss d’Estreville performs so inimitably the duties of her condition,” said he, “that one is left to divine which are to her the most agreeable, those of dignity or of softer sentiment.”

“I am fond of simple things,” she answered. “Simplicity seems an essential in the female character, nor should I ever seek for anything beyond.”

“You mean refined simplicity,” he said, “such as accompanies elevated rank, or positions of life where women shine loveliest in seclusion.”

“I should never wish for any thing superior to my present, happy home,” said Adeline,” with enough to be content oneself, and kind and good to others.”

“If Miss d’Estreville could find that the heart of a prince were all her own,” said d’Arbret, in considerable embarrassment, “she would not, could not, value it less, on that account.”

She laughed in a most musical kind of mirth; and the true woman’s-blush sat with such grace upon her, that, angel as she was, he was pleased to discover that she was so much of mortal mould, and, as repeated, rather more audaciously, “You would not value it less on that account.”

“I scarcely know, indeed,” she cried. “I am sure that I should not esteem it more.”

The colonel was perplexed, but, as she shewed a timid confusion, he took the meaning, as intended for himself.

“Then, Adeline,” he said, deeply sighing, “a man may, indeed, be unfortunate in the inheritance of distinctions, useless to his happiness and hopes, which yet he could not with honor resign.”

“It is a dreadful position indeed,” said she.

“He must necessarily be excluded for ever,” faltered d’Arbret, “from many sweeter associations of life—from domestic ties.”

“I see now,” said Adeline,” as our gracious prince is coming to review the troops, you, being his friend, are thinking of his fate.”

“Oh, think of him—pity him—excuse him!” cried d’Arbret, with passionate emphasis, “If, led into errors—he dare hope; if, wretched—he dare aspire.” But
he ceased, for he had caught the fair creature's hand—and there was a pale wonder in her looks, that he asked himself if the truth could be spoken,—he felt that it could not; for, who dare whisper sounds of shame, where the embodied spirit of all chastity resided;—as well profane the holy temple itself by heathen blasphemy. He shrunk into his own thoughts, abashed. They were for some time silent.

"The prince is an unhappy man," he sighed, at last, "irrevocably, for ever."

"They say he is very handsome," said Adeline. "Is he so?" and the colonel's smile well-nigh betrayed him.

"Very clever—very brave—the most elegant man of his time," said Adeline; "and open hearted and generous too."

"He has a high character indeed," said he; and she wondered what that smile could mean.

"I should like to see him very much," said the young lady; and the colonel sighed more deeply than before.

"Suppose, dear Miss d'Estreville, suppose that he loved one," said d'Arbret, in accents almost inaudible from emotion, "that he could not marry—but that he loved honorably and truly,—" and, after a lengthened interval, he added in deeper tones, "if the prince loved such a lady, and her affection were equally sincere, what then would be their fate?" He was half-reclining on a couch, and she, seated, rather behind him; but he had turned his looks upon her, with melancholy consideration.

"She would most probably bid him adieu for ever," said Adeline, "and retire into a convent. In this life, she could never be happy again."

"And if I were the man," he asked, dejectedly and, rising, slowly, but she had risen, in trembling agitation,—"if I were the man?—Then, dear Adeline—then, dearest of women!" and he folded her in his embrace, "what would my Adeline reply to me."

"But I know that you are not so," she said, alarmed, yet smiling; and she pressed his arm, gently, as she spoke. "If you were,—but you frighten me. No, no,—kill me—but don't look so." And what was it in the terrible beauty of her aspect that awed him; that bade him forswear, that instant or never after, the words that he had spoken; but there was an imperative necessity implied, and he obeyed it.

"Let me yet whisper," he said, soothingly, "how, if blest by thy affection, princes might lavish kingdoms, worlds, nor feel their loss. Forgive me, dear Miss d'Estreville."

"Twice, in one day," said the innocent girl," to terrify me so; "you are incorrigible, too audacious. Take care, sir," and with all her charms, in such a trembling flutter, d'Arbret felt that "audacious," was a dangerous word, and, sighing heavily, released her.

On Mr. d'Estreville's entrance, he found his daughter reading aloud, and the colonel precisely in that state of lover-like aberration, most favorable to his mercenary schemes, and the views he encouraged. "The colonel must be detained, must be nursed; could not depart," and, forthwith, every one in the household displayed befitting seal and interest in his recovery. Doubtless, also, her mother, to whom of late
some further hints had been given relative to the illustrious rank of their visitor, 
felt no little pride in the conquest gained by her daughter's attractions; and, besides 
this, d'Arbret had managed to insinuate himself into her good opinion, the same 
with Cecile—with every one. Now, whether the wound were really more severe than 
was imagined, or that certain anxieties of mind and sympathies of affection produced 
other symptoms than were anticipated, is not now material; but d'Arbret was enough 
indisposed to awaken the ladies' pity and care, and rouse even the fears of Mr. 
d'Estreville himself: and, certainly, the tenderness of Adeline, though timidly shewn, 
might have whispered the truth to ears less willing than his; but now, this only 
heightened the unhappiness of his condition, since he knew that she could never 
honorably be his; and prophetic fears, doubts, never felt before, precluded all other 
hope or probable issue of his attachment. It was after some such presentiments 
that, late one evening, he sent for Mr. d'Estreville to attend him in his chamber, 
and the summons was gladly obeyed.

The prince was seated at a table, beside the splendid couch which had been pre-
pared for him; and, whether the deep hue of the hangings cast their shadow upon 
him, or the lamp threw into fuller relief his features, but it seemed that his high 
spirit was daunted, or reckless nature quenched and sunk into itself by some unto-
toward turn of fate. Pride was there still, but it was pride, humbled by the presence 
of some passion, too strong even for its mastery; and yet how noble a semblance of 
princely dignity was there, and graces that too well might cover every failing.

Mr. d'Estreville halted, ere he advanced, as one unprepared or doubtful of the 
part he must assume; and, when he stepped forward, it was rather like the attendant 
of royalty than its familiar friend and companion.

D'Arbret felt that his difficulties were rather increased than diminished by this, 
but Mr. d'Estreville thoroughly understood his own intentions, and meant that it 
should be so.

"'D'Estreville,' said the prince, without looking up, "you have not yet told your 
daughter our position or revealed what now we would scarce wish should be concealed."

"I have not,—but have waited for the full expression of your commands," said 
d'Estreville; and the prince motioned him to be seated, turning over some papers 
which he held; and he replied hastily and in agitation, "I have issued orders for 
the furtherance of your own views, d'Estreville. These papers relate to an estate, 
set aside for her private benefit, liable to no contingencies whatever; to no change 
but such as her wishes may suggest—totally at her own disposal—free even of her 
regard to me. I would be, in this, utterly disinterested. Afterwards, she has but 
'to express a wish,'—and he ceased suddenly.

"Is it possible? Do you mean this, sir?" said d'Estreville; for, even his cupidity 
was herein satisfied; and d'Arbret's generosity had far surpassed the expectations of 
selfishness, though almost without limits.

"Let her know all," said d'Arbret; "now—now indeed—there is no time for 
further delay or concealment."

"Your highness," said her father, running over the document while speaking, 
"by one whisper may dissolve the illusion and create enchantment."
"I have tried—and have failed," said d'Arbret. "Upon my life, I dare not!"

"Ah, a pretty woman's foible!" said d'Estreville, and, pronouncing with distinctness every syllable, "Women, my lord, have some cunning, veiled by much modesty. She is my daughter, but, still, a woman."

"Tush, I see it otherwise," cried d'Arbret impatiently. "How impossible to pluck a star out of the heavens, though we may covet its brightness."

"You will allow my power, in this instance, at least," said the other. "My own child can scarcely refuse to obey."

"No authority—no compulsion—" said d'Arbret; "her affection is, I think—I believe, my own—mine, entirely."

"This will have no influence," said the father, and he laid the deed on the table, just as the prince drew a casket towards him, and, raising the lid, displayed a set of brilliants of inestimable value.

"Nor will this win her," said the father, pausing; "but let your highness play the lover still, we have her interest too much at heart—our own hopes too deeply involved, and she must, in time, consent. You will find this maiden-bashfulness wear off. Rely upon my influence on me; and, when the time arrives, I will secure success;" and, thus, half the night was spent in the perusal of agreements, and the debate of settlements that were to aggrandize her family, but of which she must be inevitably the victim. The colonel was enough reassured, that, when she returned from her ride the following day, he hastened after her into the drawing-room to present his gift.

The glow of exercise was on her cheek; and, because her mother and Cecile had remarked the colonel's attachment, and that he openly displayed it, she had of late yielded gentle deference to his opinion upon some points, and therefore her radiant tresses were let loose, clustering around her as a veil, upon her shoulders and her bosom, and reaching to the waist—for, this, he had admired. So many times seen before, he thought she was for the first time seen, so sweet her presence; and other truths were whispering in his heart, like fresh-grown hopes made welcome.

"Miss d'Estreville grants me," said he, "the indulgence of a friend, and permits me to believe that, in acts of friendship, I cannot offend her; but, if a more tender sentiment has overcome me, the fault must be in her own excellencies—as these trifles too surely, but too faintly, depict either my admiration or my love." The colonel felt that he must say something, and how vain was the attempt.

"If, indeed, they are trifles," said the artless girl, and with such charming embarrassment that d'Arbret caught her to his bosom, murmuring inwardly, deeply—"Consider not my gifts—think not of my condition—though you blame my love, believe in it; stronger than all ties else, ties never to be broken. Whatever have been my follies, the first and last truth of my passion lives in you. Dear Miss d'Estreville—nay, dear Adeline," and, as blushes invite to kisses, trembling (and d'Arbret never trembled before) he touched her with his lips, but one touch led to more.

"Fie!" she faltered, breaking away. "What a very strange man! Pray, dear sir!"

"You are an angel," sighed he, "and yet a woman, too;" and afterwards, when viewing the jewels, remarking on their splendor and wondering what it could all
mean, she expressed her thoughts; what more natural? They were said to be heirlooms of the family; she was told that he inherited large estates, unknown to many; and while she was as the tender plant that is supported by the oak, she feared no storms, since they had never blown upon her, and lived on, in the sunshine of hope.

"You may confide to her," he said, to soothe the anxious mother. "If wealth and exalted state will make her happy, these she may command. These are the least benefits conferred on those I love; and, for her family, it shall be as second to herself. We gay men may for awhile forget ourselves, till taught by one such instance, for ever, to remember."

"Her gentleness and her sweet qualities of mind, setting aside her beauty," said her mother, "have made us love her dearly, and we should indeed grieve that any connexion should separate us."

"Teach her but, madam, to consent to our wishes," said d'Arbret, "to listen to our offers, not quite to cast aside our hopes: a life of gratitude and service shall repay her."

"Ah, colonel," said the lady, "I fear by this time you know too surely your own power over her. The dear girl is too tenderly attached, we hope, that any difficulty now should intervene to prospects so totally pleasing to us all."

The colonel expressed his satisfaction. He doubted not that his views and real rank had been sufficiently explained by d'Estreville to his lady, and that some delicate means would be resorted to, to acquaint the fair creature of his true position; and when further news arrived to inform them that their two sons, through the influence of d'Arbret, had been raised to posts of considerable honor in their professions, when,—every day there were fresh arrivals in the town of superb equipages and suites of attendants,—of articles of expensive luxury and magnificence,—and when, moreover, the good lady and Cecile were made participators of this good fortune by the gift of sundry curiosities in jewellery and ladies' elegancies, the conquest of Colonel d'Arbret was complete, and he roamed the mansion, as one whose will was law in all things, and whose wishes they were far too happy to dispute.

CHAPTER X.

Meantime, Rosalie Farette was miserable indeed; like one recovering from some desperate fit of folly, whose cause could not well be explained, and whose errors nothing now could remedy. She no longer saw the pleasing form of Ormond Cassabon, early and late keeping sentinel's watch before her premises, so that the street was as a desert to her; and, besides, that worthy disciple of St. Crispin, her old father, had been mightily scandalized that any military biped whatsoever should cross his sanded floor, and venture into that inner domicile—the harem of his establishment—and regarded with equal veneration,—and, thereupon, he propounded such doctrines of parental law, issued in such tones of thunder, as did not permit of excuse or of reply; nay, threatening the alienation for ever of his whole property, if
she dared so much as cast an eye upon those dare-devils and blood-thirsty marauders, both officers and soldiers, and did not keep those looks of hers to the level of such a handsome face as that of Master Ormond Casaubon.

Most excellent reasons, truly, he had, for this, since he was one of the persons whom Ormond had consulted relative to a fitting disposal of the contents of the iron-chest, and had been also particularly struck by the exemplary patience of that young gentleman, while listening to his sage counsel respecting it.

We do not know upon what train of conduct Rosalie would have decided, when, suddenly, the whole town was talking of young Ormond’s duel with the great colonel d’Arbret, and this struck upon her heart at once; and when he passed their house, either his poverty or her own ill treatment, his rags or her comparative prosperity, wrought on her so, that she fell into tears, from which she was not easily recovered, expressing herself with such terms of pity and attachment, as, if he could have heard, would have amply rewarded him for past unkindness.

It was only the next evening that a step was heard creeping up the stairs to the garret of Ormond Casaubon, and, much to his amazement, some one rapped at the door, asking if he were within.

"Who is there," said he, for he was seated in the dark.

"It is I," said a contrite voice; and he lit his wretched lantern, but not ere the person entered, and then he said, "who is it." The growing light discovered Rosalie, all blushing and embarrassed, bearing a basket of provisions. The young man was equally disconcerted with herself, and was silent.

"I have been very wrong indeed," said Rosalie, "though I know, now, we can never be anything to one another. Still, as we have been friends from childhood, it is right we should be friends again."

"I have never said one thing and meant another," said Ormond hoarsely, "and can’t now; your friendship, Rosalie, can be of no use to me, I am too unhappy."

"I know that you are very poor," said Rosalie, "and—and unfortunate;" and to beguile her agitation, she arranged her little packets on a table apart; "but then my father is your friend, and so am I."

As she turned, the light shone upon her; the tears hung in her eyes so heavily—there was so much sincerity in her manner, that Ormond, full of regret, sunk in despondence back in his chair, palid and faint with conflicting passions. Rosalie hurried for some water, which she presently brought.

"What is the matter?" she cried, "what has happened—Oh Ormond!"

"Go from me," he sighed heavily, "let us never meet again. Keep from my sight, and, if not happy, I may be content at least."

"I would not have come to vex you," said Rosalie, and she prepared to go; but Ormond caught her garments entreatingly.

"Have some respect for the old man, your father," he cried, "and don’t carry shame and dishonor to his heartstone, Rosalie," and he paused; "don’t let your own home be as a common thoroughfare to every comer. Do have some regard for yourself—pity—consideration—for me."

"I can’t tell what you mean, indeed," said the girl. "Good bye, Ormond."

[CONVY MAGAZINE.]
The Good Folks of St. Denis.

He sighed, and, with melancholy earnestness, said, "I saw colonel d'Arbret leave your father's house at—near midnight."

"Well—what then?—" she asked.

"Tell me that I am wrong—prove me so," he whispered, "and I will bless you."

"Wrong! in what?" said Rosalie, "I know I have been to blame."

"They say—the women say," said Ormond, more palid than ever, "they call you his mistress." Deep were his tones, and difficult of utterance, but they were heard.

"Who! what? who says so?" she gasped.

"All—every one," he answered; and as the color faded from her cheeks he added; "but oh! you must be innocent—you are so. Say the word, dear girl—one word."

She threw herself upon her knees before him, with folded hands, and said, "So help me, God! in all extremity," and there was so much of solemn fervor in the expression, that Ormond sat gazing for an instant ere he held her to his bosom, saying, "For this I have suffered, and for this risked all things; for thee and for thy modesty, for thee and for thy sake,—my dear—dear girl. Though but a beggar I love thee heartily;" and because she wept, he smiled in triumph; and such was the transition from sorrow to delight, that in about an hour they were seated, revelling over the homely viands she had brought, with such appetite as contented thoughts can only give. There, he told all the prospects of wealth that awaited him, in the money-chest found in the garden; and hinted, too, something relative to the rank of Colonel d'Arbret that made Rosalie Farette tremble indeed for the imprudence and folly that might have ensued, but for this lucky visit to her lover. But she did not conceal, nevertheless, that all this was additional proof of her charms, and the irresistible force of her beauty, that so many should admire, and, among them, one so great as this.

"I wish that I had never been so good-looking," said she, with a pouting lip that mightily became her. "A great deal of trouble might have been saved;" but, with this, Ormond Casaubon did not, seemingly, agree.

"I thought it my duty to let you know," said he, "that this gentleman's rank places him far above the possibility of connecting himself with ordinary people; but what other plans he might have formed, I know not—and—."

"I admire his conduct indeed," said Rosalie, "that he should come and visit me—and send letters by his fellows—and expect—that the beauty of the town is to demean herself to please him. I shall let him know something of my opinion."

"He's a great man," said Ormond, "and can do great things. I admire him certainly."

"And he is very handsome," said Rosalie.

"Why, yes, pretty well," said Ormond.

"And, somehow, one likes to be admired," said Rosalie; and the spirits of the lover, which had mounted like quicksilver, sunk down as fast.

"But you will promise me not to see him again," he urged, as he left her at her door.

"Yes, yes, dear Ormond, faithfully," replied Rosalie; and, as he wandered away, she beheld, through the moonlight, the sharp visage of Miss Grue peering from her window, and then hastily again withdrawn.

R—(COURT MAGAZINE)—MAY, 1843.
It is true that Rosalie knew she had been in the wrong, but also true that she was not prepared to believe herself entirely so; and therefore a certain portion of anger and vengeance, arising from the malevolent conduct of these worthy dames, she was resolved to wreak upon them; but, as the butterfly does not bear the hornet’s sting, her stratagem was innocent enough, though doomed to end more seriously than might have been anticipated. But while she was arranging this manoeuvre to her fancy, as the night was warm, and she sat behind the open lattice of her bedroom, watching the stars, her attention was arrested by movements in the terrestrial world, to her some what remarkable.

There were the figures of two men, muffled and disguised, watching either her house or one immediately near; sometimes, one departed; at others, both reappeared, but there was something unusual in this at such an hour; and the young girl went to ascertain if her father were safe and the shutters and doors well defended, for she had heard of celebrated beauties being carried away per force by their admirers, and even Colonel d’Arbret might resort to such an attempt; it, therefore, behoved her to be watchful. To shew that she was so, she thrust her head forth into the street, until gradually they retreated and were seen no more, when she hastened to bed and was quickly lost in dreams and slumber.

If we dream, the time appears long; if dreamless, short; and, to calculate at a thought such periods, is difficult enough; nevertheless, after awhile, she was roused by a cracking and grinding down below, not perhaps in her own dwelling, but in one close at hand.

She listened, it ceased; she started up, another creak again; she lifted the curtain cautiously, nothing was seen; the stars had all gone in, and desert darkness reigned everywhere. But we may listen till silence seems to sound, and so did she: no, it was not so. There was something whispered too, that stirred without, unlike the peace and repose of midnight. She crept to the back of the house, but all was quiet: it must be some mistake; till, frightened at her own fears, she went back to bed.

Another unmentionable space of time elapsed, and she was roused at once with faint and smothered cries of “murder, thieves, murder, help me, help.” She sprang up and wrapt her clothes around her.

“Father! are you safe? father! are you there?” she cried, and, rushing to his bed, awoke him. “Do you hear these dreadful cries.”

“I do hear something,” said the shoemaker; and the same cries again were heard.

“Get up, get up” cried she; and, throwing open the window, saw that in the street all was quiet.

“Murder, thieves, my money, my life, my money.” Such were the cries; and terrible sounds will inspire courage!—she ran to the back of the house just time enough to behold a man leaping the wall of the miser’s garden, and, as she now shrieked for help, another figure darted through the walks, escaping in the same direction, just at the instant that the night-guard, roused by the tumult, was hammering against the front of the houses, with cries and blows demanding entrance. But above all other voices was there one still calling out, “Murder, thieves, my money, save me, help me.”
The Good Folks of St. Denis.

Rosalie and her father hastened into the street. Upon battering in the door, the miser was found in a truly miserable plight:—raving—distracted—insensible to all consolation, beaten and bruised as well, for he had struggled desperately to save his property, but in vain.

"Kill me, I must die," he cried, "they have taken my little hoard. Help—thieves, murder—I will live no longer. But who comes into my house now? My furniture, my food—all will be stolen,—and they have broken in my doors! What shall be done? I am ruined—lost—mad!"

"Who can have done this," cried the shoemaker; but no one answered, for the neighbours had fled in pursuit of the robbers.

"Who could have been so wicked?" said Rosalie; and the miser was roused from his stupor.

"I know him," he said, fiercely, "and I will be the death of him yet. It is Ormond, my nephew,—I saw his face—I will swear"——

"And I will swear that it was not," said Rosalie, in high excitement, "I saw the men lurking about."

"Go to his lodgings," said the shoemaker, "for there is nothing like proof."

"Am I going to leave my furniture to be run away with," said the miser. "I'll take an inventory—leave them in charge of the police—to-morrow morning."

"It shall never be said that Ormond would do this," said Rosalie; and her father replied, "I will go and see after him, or the poor young fellow will be brought into fresh trouble." And in spite of the miser's entreaties that they would remain to protect him, the shoemaker departed, and, erewhile, returned, but in some distress of feeling, that he did not care to express.

Rosalie retired to slumber, but was awake with the lark; and being intent on her design went to the house of a man, noted as a letter-writer, to whom she dictated two epistles, or the subjects of them, and, having paid for the labor, retreated in haste. Untoward as had been the events of the night, she was in high spirits; and having watched the amiable Grue and her friend, until they were in close confab, with a more demure aspect than usual, she greeted them. "I don't know whether I have done right," said she, "but you know the Major, who is always walking up and down the street."

"We do—yes—certainly," said Miss Grue.

"He is always with a slender man," said Blase, "rather genteel."

"Would you believe it, said Rosalie, with great simplicity. "I could never tell what made them come up and down so."

"What?" cried Miss Grue.

"Why?" said her companion.

"Both of them are in love," said Rosalie; "but it is not my place to say anything."

"In love? with whom?" said Madame Blase, looking at herself in a glass, infinitely too small to reflect her rotund outline.

"There never were such creatures as these men are," said Grue.

"However, I know one secret," said the girl, "if people won't look out, they can't get married. A woman may be a widow, and yet they may be madly in love with
her; or an old maid—but you know, all that heavenly purity men don't understand.
I have heard, through good authority, how much they admire—how wretched they are."

"I shouldn't wonder, indeed," cried Madame Blase, her color varying from
blood-red to a purple hue.

"It is all set down in the stars," said Miss Grue.

"Well, I thought it would look unneighbourly not to tell you;" said Rosalie,
"but I know it for a fact.

"The thin man is an agreeable creature," said Blase, sentimentally.

"My thoughts are at times so en trance," said Miss Grue. "However, my dear,
it's meant kindly, no doubt;" and, after some further explanation, Rosalie tripped
home again.

Shortly after, Madame Blase appeared, bedizened in a head-dress nearly as broad
as the window where she sat; and Miss Grue in one, so delicately slender as not to
intrude beyond the slit of the curtain from whence her visage was permitted to shew
itself. On that day, love-letters reached them, inviting them to an interview in St.
Bernard's-loft. The Major and Sarton received the like civility in a delicate hand,
couched in such terms of love as that they could not but consent.

While this was passing, the Miser had not been inactive in the attempt to recover
his property; but, by the break of day, appeared at Ormond's lodgings, accompanied
by two officers. As he was still sleeping, it was with some difficulty that they
obtained admittance, and this was before he had risen from his miserable pallet,
and was sufficiently awake to know if what he beheld might not be the effect of a
disturbed imagination.

"Guilty, I swear him to be guilty," cried the old man, "this shews it. He
never slept, before, after the sun had risen. You thief—you villain—not satisfied
with eating me to the bone; but must rob—murder—pillage—destroy me."

"Young man, you must come with us," said one of the men; and, amidst the
miser's needless ravings, he was, at last, made fully aware of the crime with which
he was now charged. Ormond Casaubon did not offer the least opposition, seeming
to think that his ill-fate was too powerful for him to contend against. They con-
sumed to ransack his apartment, and it was only when he remembered the gift of
Colonel d'Arbret there concealed, that he recovered his energy.

"Not there, gentlemen," said he, putting his hand upon the door, "you cannot
intrude there."

"Cut him down," cried the Miser.

"You had better submit," said the man; and Ormond, to his mortification, was
compelled to give way, while they possessed themselves of the watch and chain,
and having examined it closely, said, "This is an evidence at once, of robbery com-
mitted somewhere; for this, young sir, you must answer. Here are the royal arms."

"It is mine," gasped the old man.

"This, I will answer at my leisure," said Ormond, and, turning to the old man,
"As for you, what did you possess that even a starving wretch could take from
you?"
"A bag, with five pounds in it."
"I remember it well," said Ormond, "it was always in your grasp."
"Many articles of silver—cups—goblets."
"False-hearted old age is indeed frightful to contemplate," said Ormond;
"however, you may swear away my life," but his uncle pulled him by the sleeve
and drew him aside.

"Be quiet—peaceful—kindly—man," said he, whispering. "Promise me my
share of yonder money-chest, boy, you see I am merciful—have got my feelings
about me. Have pity on an old man. Give me a written title to my share, boy,
and all will be well—let us be friends."

Ormond gazed at the miserable creature, with silent contempt; and, pressing to
his heart the letter from d’Arbret, which was concealed there, said, "Gentlemen, I
am willing to go and answer any charge against me;" and, at this announcement,
he was conveyed away to the common prison, to await his examination.

Not an hour after, Rosalie Farette, who had learnt his fate, was with him, heaping
upon him her advice, consolation, and kindness; for, according to the true spirit of
contrariety in women, when all the world believed well of him, she would not, and
now he was rejected by all, she most of all pitted and approved him. Besides, the
town applauded his rash bravery in the late affair with d’Arbret, and, undoubtedly,
in her own opinion, she could never do too much for one who had dared the sword’s
point in defence of her charms, and who had thus exalted her beauty in public esti-
mation. Moreover, Colonel d’Arbret had not lately ventured to appear at her house,
frightened away, as she conceived, by the unconquerable valour of her suitor. It
was whispered, too, that the colonel was going to be married to Miss d’Estreville;
and, considering his deceits towards herself, and his conduct to one quite as hand-
some, and younger than himself, he deserved his wounds and his fate. But the
great secret of her feelings she did not guess, which was, that Ormond was the victor
and the colonel vanquished.

But, though she parted from her lover in tears, they were wiped away in smiles,
on her return home. Her father was highly indignant at this foul charge and
incarceration of his friend Ormond, and was resolved to find some proof that he was
not the person implicated. Whether, by ardent search, therefore, or quite by chance,
has never yet been substantiated, but, roaming the fields behind his dwelling, he
found a man’s cap, with something inscribed therein, precisely what he would most
have desired. This was shewn to Rosalie, who clapped her hands, and bade him
come with her to St. Bernard’s-loft; and great was her pleasure to behold Madame
Blase sail forth at last in all her furfurbelows, followed by the interesting Grue in more
unique attire. It was some time after, when Rosalie and her father appeared, for
she knew the keeper of the turret, and had hinted that she wanted to play a trick
upon her friends, and the shoemaker had other arrangements to make, previous to
the completion of his scheme.

"We must take care or they will escape," said he.

"They are not half so modest as I am, after all," said Rosalie, "though they are
so prim, and don’t think much of ruining me, either."
Now, to those who have fine ears, there is decidedly much pleasure in hearing sweet sounds; to those who have souls, in reading noble poetry; to wrestlers, delight in the ring; to astronomers, in the contemplation of eccentric planets; but nothing is equal to the exstasy of knowing that the meanly malicious are caught in their own snare at last. In such transport, she accompanied her father, saying to his friends as he went along, "We will not have the wrong man charged and imprisoned,—come along with me, and we will soon learn who is a thief and who not. I say that it is not Ormond Casaubon, and I have got the proof too. He is a good young fellow, and persecuted; and we wont allow it."

"Depend upon it," said Rosalie, in her turn, "whenever women begin to talk about other women, and pretend to be saints, they are never worth much, but dreadful creatures;" and with such discourse they at length reached St. Bernard's-loft, or, rather, the arched entrance that led to it.

"Are they safe?" asked Farette.

"Are they there?" enquired Rosalie; and being now dead-dark and late, besides, her father took a lantern, and, groping upwards, rather a lengthened train followed.

"Directly Master Farette sent word to me," said the keeper of the tower, "I thought the safest way was to lock them all in, and he must be a cunning thief that can escape from such a turret as this." But his words were now almost inaudible, sounding as through a hollow tube; and the party were too deeply engaged in the difficulty of ascent to attend to aught else. Her father entered first of any, and there, truly, were Madame Blase and Miss Grue, the major, and his friend, Sarton. The ladies were in high spirits, as rather entertained by their company; but the men had seemingly anticipated their doom, and were cool and confident.

"Hallo! who is here?" said the major.

"I told you," said Sarton, reproachfully, "a system of science would have held at bay such chances as these."

The women started up in a flutter and somewhat confused besides.

"Before old people talk of the young," said Rosalie, "they should think of themselves. I knew if you received a love-letter, how it would be."

"The same young minx as ever," cried Madame Blase.

"Dreadful indeed! cried Grue.

"Come, come, neighbours," said the shoemaker, "I think you have been rather hard upon my child. She is but young, and the hearts of the young are ever taken with the vanities of this life,—and you are not proof yourselves, ye see."

"By all the impsthe devils that attend us night and day!" said the major, "why are we detained here?"

"This hat belongs to you, sir, I believe," said the shoemaker, addressing Sarton, and you must have been the man who entered old Casaubon's house; so you must come with us."

"By the demon of darkness, we might enter, but found nothing," cried the Major.

"You must come with us, however," repeated the officer.

"When a man acts upon principles of science, he knows what he is about," said Sarton. "I told you, major, you see."
"One night in the prison will be a change, the other answered—"We have a friend in the back-ground, therefore, come on, Sarton."

"A friend?—that reminds me," said Sarton. "Throw dice against time and the old man dies at once;" so saying, he drew a dice-box from his pocket and prepared to follow his companion.

But now, amid the din of many voices, upon enquiry being made whether the women might not have had some share in the late attack upon the miser's house, Miss Grue threw herself into a fainting fit, and Madame Blase into such storms of passion, that Rosalie heartily repented of her trick, and wished to be safely home again; but it was late indeed before everything was peacefully readjusted, and then Rosalie Farette was somewhat discomfited, that, after all her endeavours, Ormond should remain in prison, and was not discharged on the immediate evidence of property, inscribed with another name, being found in suspicious vicinity to the miser's dwelling.

CHAPTER XI.

In the present perplexity of all parties, he, who was most confidently secure in the success of his machinations, or the ultimate completion of his hopes, was Mr. d'Estreville. In fact, he was resolved that nothing should interfere to their defeat. As he held one secret fast, so would he keep it; and devise some apparent contingency or circumstance, by which the one great event might be produced, from whence both wealth and increase of dignity were to arise. He was aware that none of his family could be intrusted with the real title of Colonel d'Arbret; that his wife would revolt at such a connexion—that Cecile would indignantly and openly reproach such cunningly—that the tender Adeline, whose affections were irrevocably engaged, would repel the idea even, but not improbably sink under this sacrifice of her happiness. But Mr. d'Estreville flattered himself that he had studied human nature too well, not to know that there were methods of propitiation, adapted to all the accidents of life; and that there were compromises of feeling which, in the day of our glory, we disdain, but, in the humility of misfortune are rendered acceptable. The evil past and over, rejoicing and applause would follow.

His schemes, as regarded Colonel d'Arbret, were not of such decided character or conclusive surety; since he, who had ever displayed an open defiance of ordinary principles of action, herein evinced a sensitiveness of refinement, equally remarkable and inexplicable. He, the daring—the gallant—the gay—was no longer so; as though the fire of the sun were quenched beneath the chaster beams of the fair planet that now shone paramount. He spoke of his attachment as of a presiding evil in his destiny; urged his princely rank as the cause and apology for intrusion upon a modesty so pure; and by the lavish prodigality of his gifts in estates and money, placed out of his power to reclaim, testified such munificent generosity as betrayed indeed that this passion was stronger than himself, or ties of worldly policy or privilege besides. As to the young creature, her feelings—the sacrifice of her delicacy—were hinted at with nervous excitability or timid reserve. Had less of
this appeared, less might have been risked; but this taught Mr. d'Estreville the value of his prize, if won,—how great the loss, if lost; he was resolved it should be, as it should be.

With this view, he restlessly solicited or entreated the prince from time to time.

"Your Highness sees," he would say, "how the whole hopes of my family are unhappily bound up in this. It is not for me to speak of service to you, who are bound by unspeakable obligations,—but now, a mother's anxieties—my daughter's feelings are—and still there are every-day obstacles arising, only to be surmounted by yourself."

"You have, probably, mentioned to Mrs. d'Estreville my peculiar circumstances," said the Prince, "nay, I think there has been sometimes a kindly sympathy shewn by the lady; but what does she think, d'Estreville?"

"We have not conversed upon so delicate a subject; one, where womanly prejudices— you understand me "—said her husband; "but I have no doubt, whatever—"

"Well, well,—it must be known sooner or later—some time," murmured d'Arbret; "'and Miss d'Estreville—have you succeeded there? have you—but no, the same unsuspecting—inimitable—Oh, God! how is it?"—and, in such broken exclamations, outbreakings of thoughts—he paced the wide apartment—during a long interval, when the cold tones of Mr. d'Estreville were heard again.

"Your Highness forgets the nature of the woman," it said, "how, at its will, it can display, or conceal; its very refinements being but soft artifice; its modesty, the veil of many minds in one; in fact, how easy it is to them, to understand or not—to consent or not; by flying, to lure to the pursuit, and by denial, to grant consent."

"She does not guess it, know it," said the Prince, "certainly not."

"I will say no such thing," said the father, "since she is one of the sex."

"I would have sworn not," said d'Arbret, "not, upon my life."

"I would have risked nothing so precious on the chance," was the reply. "How easy for many whispers to reach ears, even, that are unwilling to attend. What woman spurns the love of princes, though her seat were on the lowest steps of the throne? and to be raised to one only beneath the first—to hold the heart, if not the hand! my lord—my lord—you under-rate the blessing and the bounty of your friendship. How is this?"

"How? I know not," said d'Arbret, coloring deeply. "Here,—I am not myself."

"The most impudent seek some excuse of modesty," urged d'Estreville; "a woman may be modest, yet not have courage to take her own fond heart and dash it, as a glass, into fragments, broken. This you must allow."

"I do," said d'Arbret; and, with hesitation, he added, "It must be supposed, at least, that she would have shewn some sign of concession—given one word of hope—or of encouragement."

"Question her," said the Father, "hint to her the truth. Do you not know, your Highness, a man may offend the woman that he loves, just to the point of being forgiven."
"Question—hint—offend?" repeated the Prince, and he laughed with matchless irony; "her scorn would annihilate me; so soft—and such an eye!"

"Your Highness is mad," said her Father, coolly; "forgive me, sir."

"I am indeed, mad," said the Prince; "but if she had pleased, she might, ere this, have made me the grateful wretch that such self-devotion—my dear d'Estreville—"

"How, d'Arbret?" cried the Father, eagerly, "how, your Highness, how could she do this?"

"She, evidently," said the Prince, pausing, breathing hardly, "she thinks nothing of wealth—of state—and she cannot be bought. The same simplicity in action, thought, and dress; and this is why I love her. No, d'Estreville, this must be managed by yourself—for my sake. It shall not be forgotten."

After such high-wrought discourse, armed with such incentives, Mr. d'Estreville appeared among his family, brow-beating the mother that she had not incited to bolder action, and taught the gentle Adeline to please him, whose patronage alone might make them the envy of the world.

"The dear child loves him, that is enough," expostulated the mother; "she likes her own simple ways, but I will speak to her."

"She has never worn the diamonds—the coronet—the—that Colonel d'Arbret gave her," said he, angrily. "I have known men that, so little complimented by the women of their choice, would have—have turned away, and there have ended it."

"He loves her quite well enough," said the lady. "Look at the estates given—pearls—presents—Adeline is frightened at the money he expends already. What, d'Estreville, would you have?"

"This:—obedience, and that only," said her husband; "and that she should appear grateful—that is the least. Let her wear these jewels!" and, at that instant, their daughter entered;—the imperative tone of the father sunk in soft persuasion.

"Your father is fearful, my love," said the Mother, "for the sake of your brothers—and we are not rich."

"Would you lose the Colonel's love for ever, shew him, by your neglect, that you reject him," he said to Adeline, and she turned pale.

"Have I offended him? Ah, no! surely not," she faltered.

"You might have done so," said Mr. d'Estreville; and seeing she flinched before his rigid eye, the mother said, "You are too harsh, d'Estreville. Leave my dear child to me, and you shall be satisfied;" and he, seeing that his will would be obeyed, departed.

"What is it?" said Adeline, "what have I done?"

"Nothing, my dear, your poor father is angry,—proud of all that has occurred. He wishes you to wear those splendid jewels; and, indeed—it is rather cold—too unkind—considering all they have cost. Come now, love, we will startle the Colonel all at once."

Perhaps any indifferent observer might have imagined it something peculiar, that a being of such refined affections as Adeline d'Estreville, should have been won by a man so essentially the reverse of herself, in mind and person; he, so bold, she, so
timid,—he, proud, she, artless,—he, strong, she, gentle,—he, representative of the tribe
of mythic divinities—she, of the legion of other skies, here, in temporary thralldom.
But the mother was pleased with him (all women were) and now, beholding her
arranged in the riches of the earth, proud of her daughter.

"Dear mamma," she entreated, "pray don't dress me out. He is so warm-
hearted; he will crush me up—you don't know how he goes on." The mother
smiled, and thought of the beauty of her child, nor did she wonder.

This was the manœuvre of Mr. d'Estreville; for, if the prince would be satisfied
with such symbols of observance, or if they were considered as prognostics of the
future, most willing was he that it should be so, and that accident should thus lead
the way to his wishes. If he had pre-arranged the scene, it could not have better
occurred. D'Arbret was gazing from the window upon tufted groves of trees,
bespangled over with sunshine—the distant stream—pasture and sloping lawn,
when the lovely young lady entered; and from the dream of melancholy he was
roused at once.

She came, clad all in white,—of texture so soft, that it was as fleecy clouds enfold-
ing her; and round her waist she wore the diamond girdle, sparkling in front
through all the flowing tresses that drooped round her; and those tresses were con-
finèd by fillets of like brilliancy, that shone upon her brow, only bedimmed by rosy
blushes that beamed from out the glory of her face, and by luxuriant locks that
strayed from their confinement. To a poet's dream she might have seemed a
vision, and, to his, much more so. He gazed an instant ere he approached her.

"Art thou the same, or art thou different?" he said. "Different, but still the
same I;" and, taking her hand, he gazed again, bewildered, doubtful if this were true,
if thus she recognised his claim to her affections, or had thus appeared in innocent
ignorance of his sorrow. He could not divine it; but she had come and bliss was
with her. If he embraced her, it was with such gentle kindness, she knew not
if it were so.

"You have seen," he murmured, diffidently, "seen that I am lost—and have
come to save me."

"Mamma says I am unkind," said Adeline. "You know that it cannot be so."

"I know that if heaven be open unto mortals like me," sighed he, "you are the
spirit that might lead me there; if not, in sorrow and guilt, you might console."

"Hush! you are not yourself," said she; "you do not look well—so anxious—
wild,—how can you—dear—"

"Dear what?" he cried; "say the word again, my dear Adeline—once more."

"Dear, is a pretty word, since you are fond of it," she said, and he drew her to
the light, but she was fair as day itself.

"If this is meant in kindness to my hopes, I thank you," faltered the Prince; "if in
consideration of my misery, doubly I thank you; but, if in self devotion, here, on my
knees,"—and well he knew the graces of this life,—for, bending there, queens might
have had themselves and kingdoms won, and not ignobly. "If a life of grateful
service can repay you, dear Miss d'Estreville."

"Rise, sir, rise," said, the timid Adeline; and, beholding her confusion, the colonel
The Good Folks of St. Denis.

said, "True, dear Adeline—but it is these chances of fate that make men fools, and no wonder it masters even me." So he apologized, misconstruing her embarrassment as so many evidences of kind consent, granted to his claims and unhappy condition.

It is but justice to state that, long previous to this, the colonel had written to Rosalie one of those skilful epistles, for which he was so famed; so polite as to seem to indicate something, but in reality nothing; and here he spoke of Ormond Casaubon with applause, and resigned his claim to her in his favor, with grace enough to flatter her vanity, and still so indistinctly, as to intone rather generous than willing renunciation. For the first time in his life, one love-suit was enough for the colonel, and one passion absorbed all others of weaker or more frivolous character. Indeed, all sentiments of all other kinds were merged in this only.

"Did your Highness see—remark the jewels?" asked her father towards evening.

"I found her more transcendently beautiful than ever."

"Do you, now, believe it?" said d'Estreville; "every woman may be won, go but the way to win her;" and the Prince thought that he understood him.

Upon the unfortunate, sorrow can scarce make deeper traces of its passage, but on the happy, the impression is seen at once;—the difference is, that we do not observe the flaws of granite, but those of marble and alabaster are instantly discoverable. Therefore, Adeline could not but behold, henceforth, the change in d'Arbret, and she was more confiding then ever, the colonel, if possible, more attentive. It was remarked that she treated him with loving familiarity, and that when they strolled unobserved in retired walks, or lingered in shady saloons, she yielded him a playful caress, or fond words escaped her, unawares. But there was one thing in which, according to the opinion of his lady, Mr. d'Estreville acted with considerable imprudence, and this was in the encouragement given to Colonel d'Arbret to lead his fair charge into moonlight rambles in the park and shrubberies; this was, he declared, beneficial to the health, while the anxious mother trembled in fear of some fatal consequences to a constitution so delicate.

Meantime, repeatedly, when the prince retired for the night, he was followed to his apartments by Mr. d'Estreville; who, at last, let fall more than hints of his true meaning. "Does not your highness know," said he, "you must offend, and she must forgive; this is not found disagreeable to most women. Be sure, my lord, so to offend, and she, even my daughter, will forgive."

The prince was reclining on a silken couch, thoughtfully; the lamp set far aside; his face averted into the dim shade; there was the pale outline alone visible.

"I know—I feel—I hear," said he; "why speak so loud."

"Towards evening," said the other; "and let, my lord, to-morrow be the day."

"Prince of the kingdom and lord of many lands truly," said the colonel; "yet, least of all, I like it from your mouth. Call me, d'Arbret."

"What say you? In the pavillion;" said the same calm—cold—inifferent voice, but no one replied.

"In the cedar grove," it said, but still no answer; a deeper tone succeeded.

"Does your highness understand me?" asked Mr. d'Estreville; but he ventured not to speak again.
"She—does she know it," said the prince, "guess—imagine all. Does she consent?"

"Has she ever refused to wander in moon-lit groves?" was the question. "The colonel was reported to understand the women."

"The women, truly," said the prince, satirically; "but this woman—girl—angel—her name is Adeline; who understands her? He is more than demon or than angel who does,—a presence most inimitable!"

There was one glance of the prince's eye while speaking, so hot, so keen, that it quelled even this man—base as he was. He did not speak for some time again; when he did, it was in broken phrases—in the tone of inuendo. "In the pavilion," he suggested, "beyond the cedar grove—at twilight, or at night,"—and the sound ceased; silence ensued, followed by earnest thought.

"Does she know—does she consent?" said the prince, in violent agitation.

"She knows—she does, or will consent," said Mr. d'Estreville. "I do not say consent,—but she will forgive, no doubt."

"I will think," said d'Arbret, "of—of her and of myself. Good night;" and as he lounged there, he remembered the pavilion, deep in, amid the shrubbery, a splendid room where he had often lingered to hear her soul-touching voice; and he recalled the glory and the guilt that dwelt in courts, the region of his birth, and though he wondered, still it was not improbable that this enchanting being might,—but he did not venture to ask himself—might do what?

On the following day, by the contrivance of her father, she came forth, at the setting of the sun, arrayed in the same robes of virgin whiteness.

It was observed, during the morning, that d'Arbret was absent, pale, agitated, and by no means himself; but then, she had been less with him than usual, or he had retired from her society, and this might account for it; but when she perceived it, because he was melancholy, she was more gay that she might enliven him. Still, however, when he reappeared towards dinner, clad in sumptuous garments, flushed and high-spirited, and as prepared for perfect conquest, the remembrance of all depression vanished and happiness was restored. The young lady, believing that this was the effect of her affectionate kindness, was still more delighted. The prince remarked that she wore the same jewels given by himself; and this was, as he was made to understand, one of the signs of her approval of his suit.

"You have not seen the pavilion to-day, d'Arbret," said Mr. d'Estreville. "Adeline has been decorating it with curious plants, quite after your own taste."

The prince blushed in spite of himself; Adeline, beholding his confusion; but this again was taken by d'Arbret as a fresh intimation of the future.

After dinner, the gentlemen certainly drank more freely than usual; and, much to the astonishment of his lady, even after coffee, Mr. d'Estreville again called for champagne, and twilight had come and gone ere their revelry was ended.

"I shall be glad, my love," said Mrs. d'Estreville, "when you are married, "for really your father teaches the colonel very imprudent habits."

The young lady blushed, and, taking her guitar, warbled an air of mournful sweetness, that brought at once the colonel to her side; and, as he came, she blushed
The windows were open that led upon the lawn, and she turned aside, plucking some flowers from a vase just by. Some of these she gave to d'Arbret; but though the night was shining with all her stars, as though to invite them forth, he did not dare to whisper the word so often spoken before.

At this instant, a servant appeared, bearing her shawl.

"No, not this evening," said she, "surely; it is getting late."

"You have left me nearly alone all day," said d'Arbret, diffidently. "How have I offended, not to be once more indulged?"

"Look at the stars," said Adeline.

"Let us have no more evening rambles, pray now, colonel," said the mother; "not to-night, however."

The colonel had resigned the shawl, when Mr. d'Estreville interfered.

"D'Arbret will take another bottle with me, my dear, if the ladies are not in want of his company."

"No, indeed, Mr. d'Estreville, after that wound too," replied his wife. "Nay, go along, colonel; go, Adeline, if this is to be the case."

"It is, indeed, heavenly," said the innocent girl, "and the nightingale yonder makes the woods thrill with his music."

The colonel folded the shawl round her and whispered, "to wish a few short moments with you, is this a crime, dear Adeline, not to be forgiven?"

The accidental answer given by the young creature seemed to carry out the fatality of that night, for she said, "you must offend that I may forgive, is it not so?"

Very nearly the precise words which her father had uttered. The prince was elate at once, believing that he too well understood her. He pressed her embracesingly, as they reached the lawn.

"Would that all the faults of this night," he murmured, "could be so forgiven! Is it possible?"

"I fear that they are, already," she replied; and he turned into the walk that led beside the cedar grove, now all radiant with moonlight, and as they strolled along, he beguiled the way, remarking on the loveliness of flowers in such a silver atmosphere; and he faltered out a wish to see even those, with which she had decorated this favorite pavilion. The diffidence of his manner gave her confidence, and she consented.

"The scene is charming," said Mrs. d'Estreville, beholding their last, faint shade lost amid the umbrageous wood, and sinking into nothingness.

Scarce had they vanished than Mr. d'Estreville ordered more wine, asked Cecile to play, and, shortly after, complaining of the chill evening air, had the glass doors closed, and then as suddenly quitted the apartment. The ladies continued their little occupations; now observing the dark shadows sink down upon the distant hills and trees; now listening to the lone night-bird's song; now watching one bright star that shone the brightest; and it was only when weary of their pursuit, and as their sensation of loneliness increased, that they began to remark on the lengthened absence of the lovers, but this they had scarcely done, than Mr. d'Estreville entered.
"Shall I go and look for them?" said Cecile.

"What is all this?" demanded her father, peremptorily.

"It is indeed dangerous, considering Adeline's health," said his wife; "and it quite alarms me."

"Hush! hush—hush," said he, as though checking some disagreeable sensation; and after pacing the room for awhile, he hastily again retired.

"I wonder at Adeline," said Mrs. d'Estreville, "do you hear, Cecile, yonder? there is her own bird singing, she knows the hour by that,—she says it never sings till late."

In such tedious suspense, the ladies sat, still longer, listening; and, as the hours passed on, every sense was stretched upon the rack of one thought only—a fatal presentiment of evil.

Mr. d'Estreville opened the door, and looked in upon them both, intently.

"Your father is very strange in his conduct to-night," said Mrs. d'Estreville, and Cecile, who had perceived this some time before, did not reply.

It was after another weary interval that Mrs. d'Estreville spoke again.

"Hear you nothing?" she asked. "Cecile, listen, love."

"I hear nothing," was the answer. "Listen," said the lady. "It seems, as though, in the farthest distance, shrieks—cries were sounding."

"It is nothing, sure," said Cecile, pale as death:—but, scarce an instant, and they both started up. Shrieks—cries—following fast—were heard too truly,—and they would have rushed out, but Mr. d'Estreville entered.

"It will soon be over," said he, with ghastly calmness. "Be prepared; and all will then be safe."

But one cry more!—it thrilled to every heart. A crash—and—and—flying through the window — the apparition came—the phantom of Adeline. It sunk kneeling—crouching on the ground, in horrid silence.

"Oh God! bring help," cried the poor mother. "My dearest child—my angel—my Adeline—speak to her, Cecile."

"Tell us—tell us," whispered her sister, "what has happened?"

"My dear mamma," said the spectre, terribly beautiful to look upon,—and as she raised her clasped hands, the streaming blood flowed from her arms. "Your poor child has come to ask you for a home. Innocent—mamma—innocent,—but the road is long—too long—walking on the stars, love."

"My injured saint, come to my heart?" said Mrs. d'Estreville, and turning round, "hasten—bring help—there is madness in her eye." The servants fled at once. Then she beheld, advancing, another shadowy form of more majestic misery, and soul-struck;—it was the prince himself.

"You, sir, have been the cause of this," he said, as he passed Mr. d'Estreville; and he raised the young creature in his embrace, saying, "more dear—more honored for the past, my Adeline; my kingdom shall repay you—I am not sunk more than yourself, my girl?"

"Look at her, sir, oh my poor child!" cried the mother; for over her daughter's looks were passing clouds of another world to quench the light of this.
"Had I but known—oh, Heaven! had I but guessed!" cried d’Arbret; and as the last torrent of his passion burst from his eyes, he whispered, "Nay, my dear one, believe me—more wretched than yourself:"—but, ere he laid her down upon the couch, she was insensible.

Two messengers were dispatched to Paris to bring medical assistance, and great were the rewards he offered for all or any that could now prove available; and if grief and quick distraction reigned around, in every heart,—more deeply still they raged in his,—knowing, how he had been deceived, and how betrayed, and all she was, whom most he had offended, how far too worthy such a wretch as he to covet or to keep. Restlessly, during the night, he wandered up and down and waited without her chamber. No news was brought that night that could convey either hope or consolation. It was grey morning-twilight when Mr. d’Esterville again appeared before him; but d’Arbret’s looks, wanly outshone the light. Mr. d’Esterville had no doubt that all would yet end well.

"All that has passed between us of idle gifts is ended," said the prince, "and being past, let them be forgotten. They are your own, sir. If we have sometimes outstript discretion, we have never yet stooped so low—so very low as this. I would have had the object of my love,—she who has been—is so—sacred from—from—leave me, d’Esterville. So much as I have valued her—what is my greatness to me—but as nothing."

Though incoherently spoken, it told enough. Mr. d’Esterville saw that he had offended, and felt that he dare not explain; but, shortly after, he revealed to his lady the real circumstance of this sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER XII.

It was many days before any of this unhappy family were about again; all being engaged in attendance on the sufferer. The Prince remained there, closed in his private apartments; but the spring of action, from whence all without was moved, since, at his summons, every one obeyed, and the most eminent men of science in the medical world, at his command, hastened there, but, as it seemed, in vain. The mind of the human being has not been found, as yet controllable by science; and the heart is of some ætherial texture (wherever the heart exists) not to be analysed or too rudely investigated. The young lady recovered of her wounds; but, during the malady, shewed a restlessness still to be rising—to behold the morning light—to listen to songs of birds—to watch the flowing stream—the growing flower,—for so she expressed her fancies; or was sunk in melancholy, inexpressible, since by herself unexpressed. The mother mildly pleaded, but imperfect speech replied; her sister touched the harp, and gushing tears but followed; her father came, and, from terror, she shrunk into idiocy—vacant—dull—dreadful,—as though life had lost its spirit, itself alone remaining. She prayed and murmured hymns; but not as she was wont to do.

After many letters and some solicitation on the prince’s part, Mrs. d’Esterville resolved to see him. It was after the day had past she visited him, as though night
could hide her grief. She was clad in black, the dress that she had worn since that too-fatal night. The prince started from his seat to welcome her; and though to his memory there came all that the faculty had judged incurable—all their incapacity to manage a complaint, so totally mental,—he yet believed that she might be the bearer of some other news—some kind remembrance of her—of Adeline d'Estreville.

He was scarce prepared for all he witnessed—of grief—of care-worn maternal love. He met the lady at the door, and from thence supported her till they were seated together.

"Oh, sir!—dear Colonel.—Oh, my Prince," for so the mother cried, and sunk upon her knees. "What is to become of our child? our hope;—her life depends upon you—upon you only."

"Rise, Madam," said d'Arbret, and he said no more; but took her hands in his, nor once looked up. She sat beside him.

"Recover her," said he, at length, and paused again. "Did it depend upon me to save her—to re-assure her—give me the opportunity,—oh, God! there is nothing now in this life;—tell me—bid me act—and it is done."

"Our child," said the mother, "has been too tenderly nurtured, or has met with an untoward fate. To this, she never can be reconciled."

"Bring her to my arms again," said d'Arbret, "teach her to honor me, and—Mrs. d'Estreville—she shall be my wife; as much so, as—as the laws of princes can make her. I will be restrained ever to remain single—and be united to her only."

Mrs. d'Estreville did not reply, but her tears flowed faster than ever, knowing what had been—and what might have been. "I fear she will never be herself again," she said. "The events might have been amended, but the feeling never. She has lost something that she cannot find again."

"There is a picture," said the prince, "she once wished for it. Could she be made to look upon it, she might recall—"

"The picture of yourself," said Mrs. d'Estreville. "I remember—she shall see it;" but, while she spoke, the door opened, and the lovely invalid entered on tiptoe, stealing, in the cuning of true madness, as she thought, from all observation. The female attendant, who followed, drew back; Mrs. d'Estreville started up, the prince stood aside, beholding her.

The unhappy young lady was in her night dress; a lace cap, confining those tresses and shrouding the face he had loved to look upon; it was now worn and changed indeed, with eyes, too, bright like wandering stars.

"My dear mamma is gone, Cecile too, aye! I am all alone," she murmured, "but day never comes—night, always night," and she approached the vase of blossoms, whose flowers she had last presented to her lover,—and, plucking some, she turned away. "It was the night changed him," she said, "and the spectre came. He can't come now; ghosts hide from one another. Hush—hush! and no one hears me,—no, no, indeed." There was a pretty triumph in her manner, only too like herself.

"Shew yourself, my lord, just one glimpse," cried the anxious mother, "and may the Almighty listen to us."
D'Arbret was pale, awfully so, as he advanced, and yet there was love's softness in his aspect. "Suffering saint—my Adeline," he whispered.

She stood still, and gazed, changing from pale to white,—from wildness into horrible tranquillity; the soul sank into itself at once, and she passed on. The prince drew back; the mother advanced, accosting her with epithets of love.

"The shadow comes again," said she; "pray, mamma,—with prayers it will keep away—and day will come."

"It will soon be morning," said Mrs. d'Estreville, with soft conciliation. "When Cecile sings love, the morning comes."

"Oh, yes," said Adeline, "come then to bed, the spectre can't come there;" and plucking another blossom, she glided from the room. D'Arbret was sunk in tears.

Afterwards, by the recommendation of their medical advisers, such airs were played as she was wont to sing to him; passages read, that she had read to him; the same scene presented, where she had sought his company; but sad relapses followed or mournful aberration. The most hopeless symptoms of any, were incessant watchfulness and want of sleep, restless activity by night and day, and changing from place to place, as fearful of herself and every one.

The prince's picture was at last placed in her bed-room immediately opposite her sight; and Mrs. D'Estreville, at times, cautiously whispered his name. The likeness was admirable, depicting him to the very resemblance of life. At first, she faintly smiled, then, wildly gazed, and then was fascinated by some inward feeling, as though spectre-struck, till madness came as short relief; and so she raved incessantly of how the vision haunted her—and would not go away; and, saying, "she would enchant it away," sang hymns and muttered prayers, that all in pity wept for her.

The attempt was given over, and, latterly, all that could be done was to follow her and indulge her; and, because her ways were simple and gentle as nature's self, all honored even her sorrows.

Thus, so it was, summer had past and winter come, and Mrs. d'Estreville, who now seldom left her daughter's chamber, began to think that, as the paroxysms of the malady were less violent, hopes might be entertained. D'Arbret had been called by military duties elsewhere, only to return to the one point where all his affections were centred; and hearing of some prospect for the better, farther advice was forthwith summoned, that nothing might be wanting to such a blest conclusion. This confirmed the happy expectation; and all that might alarm or disturb her tender spirits was still more anxiously than ever kept from her sight and sense.

It was mid-winter. The snow lay deep upon the ground, the trees were bare—the scene barren; and, over all, the pale moon floated alone in a wide sky. The whiteness of the earth made the night full of light—a kind of clear serenity; when, at a late hour, Mrs. d'Estreville retired to rest. Her daughter had been during the day more than usually melancholy; but now no living thing must stir, for she was sleeping. Some hours passed and her mother suddenly awoke, roused by some dream, imagination—fearful surmise—of she knew not what, but she arose.

"Dear love, did you call?" she asked, but no one answered. On looking in the bed,
the lovely prisoner had flown,—gone. "Where?" cried the mother’s heart, and, an instant after, the house was roused, d’Arbret among them. Through chamber, halls,—through parks and woods, they rambled, but in vain, till morning dawned. Then only they discovered that the little boat, moored in the shady creek, was floating on the stream, and dreadful thoughts possessed all who were there. The wave was still flowing, though bound in with ice, and the current was driven onwards by the keen winds that blew from off the hills. The prince questioned not, for his soul told the prophetic truth. The morning sun was rising, and, on the snowy islet he saw something that was not snow,—a ruin of the past, reclining there. He went there, as to his doom. True, it was herself, lapt in soft sleep, with dreaming smiles, lost in immortal trance. He bore her home, and would believe that she was still breathing, but the spirit rested, and her once happy home was left the house of mourning.

During this period, d’Arbret had been twice applied to, to interfere in behalf of the unlucky major and the gamester Sarton, and to obtain their deliverance,—also, to identify the valuable token of his remembrance, given to Ormond Casaubon; and in each of these his explanation supplied to exonerate the parties from all farther reproach. It is also remarkable, that, by the proof of the tenants, holding his uncle’s premises, and by the singular will of an unknown individual, Ormond Casaubon was secured in the possession of his treasure; and managed so to satisfy the capacity of the miser, and others connected with him, that he was regarded as a miracle of generosity and good fortune—and altogether deserving of so charming a wife as Rosalie Farette.

As years elapsed, the family of d’Estreville rose into high influence at court, and it was said that the children of Ormond Casaubon could never have so succeeded in the world, but through some patronage of a more than common kind. As for Colonel d’Arbret, he passed under that name as a dissipated, reckless character,—but was known otherwise as a prince of generous and magnanimous disposition, and beloved for such high qualities; yet, judging from all outward evidence, those acquainted with human nature would have asserted that he was anything but a happy man.

The good folks of St. Denis still attend confession; and such crimes remain unspoken—and such follies unchastised. In fact, wherever vice and vanity exist, in their ignorance they cannot know themselves, and in their falsehood they will not avow themselves, but blindly hasten on; in all errors, by confessing the false, believing that they escape the punishment due to the true. Nevertheless, our friends of Saint Denis are a gay and a light-hearted people enough, and joy wait on their merriment.
THE FAIRY GIFT.

"Twas Flora's birth-day, and her graceful nymphs,
Brought each the flower she deemed the loveliest,
To deck the fairy bower of her Queen,
Or form a wreath t' adorn her flowing hair.
Some brought her blushing roses, emblems meet
Of Love and Beauty; some, the Lily fair,
The maiden Jasmine and the Myrtle green,
The Hyacinth, sweet-scented Heliotrope
The bright Geranium and the Passion-flower,
The lovely Oleander, and the Clove;
The Pansey, or the Tulip rare and gay,
Were each selected as a fairy gift,
And graced the bower, wherein Florella sat,
Upon a throne of moss, o'er-canopied
With delicate Clematis, Honeybine
And drooping Fuchsia. On her snowy brow,
A diadem of floral gems she wore.
Her Nymphs surrounded her, and gaily sipped
The Nectar cup; and deemed that every flower
Dearest to Flora had adorned the feast.
The gilded vault of Heaven grew darkly blue,
And 'neath the moonshine, on the velvet green
The lovely elves their revels had begun;
And, Zephyrus, Florella's lover, waved
His gauzy wings upon the balmy air,
And to his beauteous goddess, softly told
His tale of love and breathed into her ear
His dreams of bliss, and vows of constancy.

A laughing Hebe, whose luxuriant hair,
Toied with ambrosial breezes, and whose eye
Of sparkling azure brightly beamed with love,
Forth from the wildwood came, and o'er the green
With airy footsteps tripped—then lowly bent,
Presenting to the Queen her birth-day gift.
"Queen of the Wildwood and Parterres, accept
This modest tribute of my faithful love
Thine elder Nymphs had searched the garden through,
And each one chose for thee, her fav'rite flower,

"Scarse knew I what to bring; when, by the side
Of yonder streamlet, pensively I strolled,
And chanced to see a Water Lily fair,
Then, thought I, this shall be my Ivory Vase
And therein will I put two Violets,
The purple and the white, and dog-rose red:
A white Convvolvulus and Harebell blue,
A valley-Lily, darling of the Vale;
A Primrose, and a pink Anemone;
A sprig of Speedwell, and Forget-me-not;
Dear, loved Forget-me-not, with golden eyes!
Oh! wilt thou not approve my simple choice?
Thine are the garden's-beauties, now, accept;
Sweet Wood-flower Queen! this vase of Forest flowers."
Florella took them, and with rapture said,
"Yes, though, all flowers of loveliness are here,
Wildings of Nature, ye I love the best."
PAUVRE FIDELLE.

BY MISS VINCENT.

During a recent tour through the south of France, I stopped for a short time at a small village on the shores of the Mediterranean. Oppressed by the heat of the weather, I found it impossible to continue my journey, but was well repaid for my delay by the beauty of the surrounding country, and the joyous faces of the inhabitants. Ah, la belle France! with vineyards, bright skies, with thy fruitful pretty village-maidens—I love thee much, and have spent many a pleasant hour gazing on thine light-hearted children, threading the mazes of the rustic dance, neath the shade of wide-spreading trees.

One evening, after a hot sultry day, I left the inn where I was staying, to enjoy the refreshing sea breezes. It was one of those lovely nights, known only in the south. The air was redolent of sweets; the orange and lemon trees threw their fragrance over all around, whilst the tall palm and the waving cypress shook their green leaves softly to the wind. The moon had risen high in the Heavens and threw her beams in a long stream of light over the blue waters, which apparently slept beneath her benign influence, and the distant Alps, raising their hoary heads one above the other, were all tinged with the silver light. This scene, so calm, so beautiful, so unlike the turmoil of the world, to which I had been long accustomed, threw a melancholy but pleasing sensation over my heart, and I remained enjoying it for a longer time than I had imagined, until reminded by a distant bell that it was fitting time to return to the inn.

Willing to diversify my walk, I took another path from that through which I came, which led to the village, when my eye was attracted by one of the prettiest cottages I had ever beheld. Its construction was simple, but the vine, twined round the windows, and the rich bunches of purple-grapes hung temptingly to the view. Roses and honeysuckles were twined round the door, and the garden, in the centre of which the cottage stood, though not of large extent, was tastefully laid out in beds of flowers, intersected by winding paths. On the left of a small shrubbery, I discovered a gate, and I leant over it, inhaling the delicious odours of the flowers, for the zephyrs, as if afraid to awaken them from their slumbers, seemed to repose upon their very leaves.

Whilst I stood lingering on the spot, with a feeling of unwillingness to quit a place of so much beauty, I distinctly heard the sound of some person sobbing near me. I felt assured that it proceeded from the shrubbery end: on looking through the trees more intently than I had before, I perceived the slight figure of a female, apparelled in deep mourning, weeping over a small mound of earth raised at the foot of a tree: my curiosity was excited, for the mound was too small to cover even
the grave of an infant; for what, then, could these tears be shed? Whilst I was still gazing on the inn before me, the mourner raised her head, and I beheld the features of a young girl apparently not more than fourteen years of age. She was not to say pretty, but there was something very interesting in her appearance. Her complexion was as fair as alabaster, but not the least tinge of the rose appeared on her cheek, and, as the pale moonbeams fell upon her, they gave her an almost unearthly appearance. I longed to address her in the voice of consolation, but knew not how to intrude upon her sorrows. Chance, however, effected what I had vainly tried to do, for a part of my dress was caught in the hinge of the gate, and the rustling I made, in my endeavours to extricate myself, aroused the attention of the young girl, and she politely came forward and offered to assist me. There was an ease and elegance in her manner which charmed me, and after apologizing for my awkwardness, I entered into conversation with her, and soon gained from her open, simple heart the cause of all her sorrows, which I shall describe in almost her own words. She had already invited me into the garden, where, seated upon a rustic bench opposite that little mound of earth, she related to me, with all the ardor of youthful earnestness and confidence, the following history of her short and inexperienced life:—

"I was happy, very happy in my childhood: my parents loved me dearly, and did everything that lay in their power to make my days pass gaily, and my nights tranquil. They were well off in the world; so Louise had everything that money could procure to render her a happy being; but there was nothing I prized so much, nothing I loved so well, as the warm kiss of my parents’ lips, and the smile of affection that beamed upon their countenances, when they bade me the usual morning welcome. They had, also, a son—my brother—but he was a great many years older than myself and held a commission in the army. I was, therefore, the only one at home, and thus absorbed all the care and attention of my fond parents. Time passed merrily on, till, last year," here her tears choked her utterance, and it was some time before she could proceed with her piteous narrative, "when, during the epidemic that was raging through the country, both my beloved parents caught the fever and died within a few hours of each other. My brother was far away, for he was in Algiers with his regiment, and I was, at once, left lonely and de-olate. Oh! I could not express how wretched, how very wretched I felt. Tears were my only solace; and my sole remaining comfort was a small spaniel that had been much prized both by my father and my mother. The poor creature was now doubly dear to me; but his howlings, as he roamed through our desolate apartments in search of his late, kind friends, used to cut my very heart.

"I was not, however, long fated to remain in the home of my infancy, for my guardian, considering that change of scene and air were requisite for my health, boarded me and my poor little dog with the family who inhabit this cottage, which is situate about a hundred miles from my home. They have all been kind to me, very kind, indeed; and, what with their attention, and the kind caresses of my affectionate Fidèle, I had once more recovered a certain tranquillity of mind, when, last week, my poor, poor dog was taken very ill, and there," said she, pointing to the mound of earth, "he lies stiff and cold."
A long pause ensued. "I miss him," she continued, rising, and going towards the tree under which he was buried, "for I have lost the last thing that loved me; at least, that loved me, fondly."

I followed her mechanically to his grave, where, cut upon a piece of wood, I read the simple inscription of—

"Adieu pour jamais, le pauvre Fidel'e."

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**THE WHITE ROSE.**

A Lady walked in a garden fair,
And she marked a white rose blooming there,
And would have borne it to her bower,
But sorrow passed o'er the lovely flower;
And it clung to the trembling leaves with dread,
While sadly drooped its graceful head,
And its mournful sighs did the Lady move,
Till she left it there in its home of love.

The sun looked out on the garden gay;
And again the Lady passed that way,
But a ruthless blast had swept through there,
And bent and crushed was the rose so fair;
Bowed was its stem, and strewn around,
Its white leaves lay on the mossy ground,
And the mourning buds looked sadly on,
For the parent rose from its bower was gone.

"Ah! fairest flower!" the Lady cried,
"My watchful tending you defied,
And lingered, blighted here to be,
When fondly I'd have sheltered thee."—
But a soft voice stole on the Lady's ear,
("Twas the Rose's spirit hovering near)
And it whispered low, "ah! Lady bright!
I looked to the last on my home of light.

"And oh! it was sweeter far to die,
With my kindred buds in their beauty nigh,
Than to pine in a fair but distant spot,
And sadly live where my heart was not."—
The spirit swept through the still air by,
And the Lady listened with gentle sigh,
And shaking the dew from the trembling spray;
She wept o'er the spot where the White Rose lay.

M. H. Atwood.
YOUNG ROSE OF CASTLE-CONNELL;

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY W. LEDGER.

CHAPTER I.

About six miles from Limerick, on the Dublin mail-coach road, is situate the little village of Castle-Connell. Although, in point of grandeur, position or celebrity, having no pretensions to be considered the rival of an English Bath, or a German Wildbad, &c., it still has its mineral waters recommended by 'the faculty,' and it used to be much frequented, during summer, by the fashionables of that commercial city, the more plebeian portion of which made it an object of ambition to spend a few weeks there, thus endeavoring to establish a temporary equality with their aristocratic neighbours. And, truly, many a rural glory hallows this delicious and romantic spot. Whoever has seen that landscape, growing tender in the golden decline of a summer-evening with the elite of Limerick's celebrated beauties promenading along its quiet street; the sounds of rippling waters and rustling trees broken only by the laugh of merry people and frolicsome children echoed from bank to bank; the speckled trout bounding after the flies that swarm over the river in dense and detached masses, and fill up every silent pause with their musical, drowsy hum, while the soft beams of dying day linger warmly upon the waves, as if reluctant to leave the bright and loosely-flowing bosoms where they have so long sparkled and sported; whoever has seen, or can imagine all this, will know how description must fail to give an idea of the countless beauties, gathered, like hovering graces, round this retired country Spa.

At a short distance from the village, as you descend the stream, embosomed in trees, and offering a pleasing picture of repose and seclusion, stood the residence of Mr. Gerald. The lawn, unfolding into hill and dale, and richly diversified with meadow and woodland, slopes gracefully away towards a precipitous declivity, clothed with brambles and underwood, between which and the water intervenes a space, floored with uneven stones, many of them wave-worn and moss-covered, stretching into the river, which is precipitated over them by an irregular descent of several feet, and is dashed into a boiling mass of spray and foam. Here, at a certain season, stemming the adverse current, may be seen the salmon, their scales shining in the sun, and, in their powerful efforts to surmount the impediment, springing high, and often unsuccessfully, above the surface,—a circumstance from which the immediate locality borrows its name, and what home-tourist, disposed to view the beauties of the Shannon, will forget to visit the 'salmon-leap' of Castle-Connell?

Mr. Gerald's family consisted of a wife and daughter, and a guest, at present nameless, besides several domestics and followers, among whom were two, whose
singularity of character, especially, distinguished them. One was Shawn Hogarty, the old fisherman, so constantly employed by Mr. Gerald and the family in telling fairy stories, and rowing them about the Shannon, that he had become a kind of heir-loom, or, as he pretended to divination, a walking dream-book and vade-mecum oracularum, from whom the females, especially, (but sometimes for a frolic the males) exacted answers in cases of love and perplexity. The other was Teague O'Shanter, of mongrel extraction, whose infancy had been nursed on 'Arthur's-seat,' and who, having afterwards imported himself to finish his education among the radicals of Munster, had ludicrously united in his mode of delivery, so strange a mixture of Scotch patois and Irish brogue, of Gaelic and Milesian phrases, that the most skilful linguist or traveller, unless intimately acquainted with the brogue, might be puzzled to detect his meaning. In all other respects, he was good-natured and kind-hearted as a sucking babe, but his great failing, and most prominent trait, was a rooted political prejudice, constantly manifested in a hatred of the Tories, and an absorbing wish for their destruction.

It was a fine morning in early spring, and the revolving year was calling the beauties of the vegetable creation from their annual torpor. All the world was smiling and jocund, and the red-breast trilled its matin-song outside the window of the apartment where the breakfast tea-urn had not yet ceased to send forth its comfort-breathing incense, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald were yet enjoying their repast, when a young and lovely girl, with all the buoyant gaiety of "quick seventeen," burst into the room, and, throwing her arms affectionately round her mother's neck, exclaimed, "shall we have a walk this morning, mamma?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Gerald, smiling; "but Rose, what have you been about? you seem out of breath."

"Oh! I was having a race in the garden," was the answer, "the sun shines so beautifully—do, mamma, do let us go. Papa won't refuse."

"Yes, Rose," replied her mother having first received a token of assent from her somewhat taciturn and obstinate husband, "since the morning is so fine, you may go and get ready," and a look of pride and affection followed the wild and merry maiden, as she bounded away humming snatches of a sprightly tune, to obey the welcome order.

"Rose looks bloomingly, and seems in excellent spirits this morning," remarked Mrs. Gerald to her partner, after her daughter's disappearance.

"Humph!" responded Mr. Gerald, shaking his head, "she at all times betrays great levity and want of feeling, I had rather see her more sensible and reflecting—her giddiness will one day bring her into misfortune. Beautiful she is, to-be-sure whatever merit may be in that, but none will ever give her a solid understanding or permanently fix her affections."

"On the contrary," rejoined his wife, rising to leave the room, "I fear she is but too susceptible for the snares of the world into which she has been born. Under an exterior of gay indifference lie hidden the embers of devotion and enthusiasm—a soul capable of high energies and great endurance—and a depth of feeling formed to cling for ever to the object that wakes its dormant impulse—God grant it may
never be directed to the treacherous or unworthy—if so, poor Rose will be miserable indeed!"

Her auditor frowned his disapproval, and saw her depart in sullen silence; for, albeit plain, sincere and irreproachable in heart and morals, he was inflexible and rigorous in every pre-conceived notion, and resolutely refused to conform to any doctrine, however reasonable, which contradicted his fixed rule of feeling, and standard of behaviour. He had mixed much in the world, yet knew little of its artifices. Possessed of no very enlarged understanding, and unendowed with the power of penetrating the mask of human virtue, he saw not beyond the rays which sparkle over the surface of things, and never detected the foulness and deformity within. Under such circumstances, candour must regard him as peculiarly liable to deception and misconstruction, equally disposed to receive hypocrisy as virtue, and innocent, light-hearted worth, as big with the elements of natural depravity.

Leaving Mr. Gerald, then, for the present, to doze over his own ideas in dreamy meditation, the scene is changed, as with the rapid wand of sleep, to the bracing, outward air and river's bank, where life and beauty and animation are breathing lightly round us. As in this, our clime, winter sometimes appears to conceal his terrors, while stealthily encroaching on the territories of spring; the hoar-frost of an April morning had not yet vanished, when Rose Gerald and her mother issued forth on their excursion. They took the beaten path, leading through a fine pasture-ground and flanked, on one side, by a row of large birch, ash, and elm-trees, and on the other, by the steep and thick copse already mentioned, beneath which the river pursued its fertilizing course.

The sun shone brightly upon the landscape, yet had not entirely dispelled the mist, that rose curling from the waters as if Nature were laying aside her veil to meet in freshened loveliness the salutation of the god of day. Our young heroine paused often in her walk, expressing warm and frequent admiration, as some favorite object, or one possessing more than common interest, solicited her attention. A taste naturally elegant, and alive to all the beauties of creation, had been improved by study, and fostered by the care of a fond and anxious mother into the judgment and skill of an artist. "Oh! mamma!" she exclaimed, giving uncontrolled scope to her imagination and enthusiasm, as the charms of one particular view broke successively into perspective through the intervening wreaths of fog, "Oh! mamma—look at the mill—how dull, and gigantic, and indistinct it lifts itself against the horizon!—how like an old fortalice it looks, towering through the gloom of the mist, with the broad river winding along its base;—and see those fishermen in the middle of the stream—poor creatures! they must be very cold, so exposed on such a morning;—and I declare there is old Shawn Hogarty poling up the rapid—what hard work!—he hardly gains a foot at a time;—see, now he approaches that island—he grasps the twigs and brushwood upon its side—ah! now he proceeds more quickly;—don't you think, mamma, all that, and the woods behind, and the hills in the distance with their bases veiled in partial obscurity, and their dark-blue summits, so cloudless, except in yonder spot, where two or three light, fleecy vapours seem resting upon Heaven's verge—like birds preparing for flight—don't you think all
these would make a pretty picture?" And, taking out her pocket-book, she immediately began to sketch the scene she had been describing; while her mother leaned over her, enjoying a feast of maternal pleasure, commending her execution, and occasionally instructing her how to increase its correctness.

By the time she had finished what she termed her minute touches, Shawn Hogarty, who was himself conspicuously placed in the foreground of the sketch, having just tied up his boat, approached them in his usual, familiar manner.

"Good morrow, Shawn;" said Rose, observing him.

"Musha, good morrow, Miss," responded the fisherman, "and God save you kindly, Miss! and here's that you may be the better o' that same, Miss!—and good-morrow always to you, too, ma'am, by course," he added, touching his hat respectfully to Mrs. Gerald, who graciously returned his salutation, when Rose beckoned him to her side, saying; "very good, Shawn!—now, come and tell me, can you discover any resemblance between this figure and yourself?" pointing out the place in her pocket book.

"Oh! Miss!" he exclaimed in rapture, for Shawn set no bounds to his admiration of his young mistress, "well—you won always a fairy at the drawin';—call me pinken if one wouldn't think you had the larnin' out o' the good people; the holy cross be about us, seein' there's a great many o' them same watchin' over—right us every way this minute; the resem—fadha! I can't spake that word, but you mane can I identify it may-be—faix thin it looks very like my own ould ridin'-coat, with the tail tucked up behind to be light and handy—no, it is'n't sure, Miss?"

"Yes, but it is, though," laughed the young lady; but Shawn, almost too delighted to believe his senses, would have the fact reiterated by Mrs. Gerald, ere he yielded to so flattering a compliment, and then exclaimed—"What! it's myself, then, an' sure, done by these little dawny hands as white as milk, an' so tender that you might blow 'em through a quill. Arrah! good souther (husband) to you, Miss! an' talking of husbands, I wonder who'll be after tachin' Shawn Hogarty to dance in his ould days at your weddin', Miss. Musha! God be wid the good ould times! Och! Miss, them wor the times, when, whoo! a spirited jontleman 'ud think no more of whippin' away a handsome slip of a colleen (young girl) no more nor yourself used—och! it does'n't seem a day since—used to think of turning the wild cat out of its skin on the ould sally-tree beyont."

Rose blushed crimson at this reminiscence of her childhood; "turning the wild cat" being an evolution performed by clinging to an elevated branch or bar, and swinging the feet upwards, until, getting them between the hands on the inner side, you roll head over heels, hanging in the air by the bough, and, after executing a kind of somerset, drop upon the ground. Mrs. Gerald stood by and listened smilingly, much amused at her daughter's confusion; for Shawn was too old and faithful a follower not to be permitted the remarks that to him were perfectly harmless, innocence united to the pleasures of memory; and Rose, herself, who, in days gone by, had prattled in the old man's ear, and danced upon his knee, knew all this, and was much too amiable and good-tempered to resent his freedom, though maiden diffidence caused her to feel awkward, but it also made her look more
lovely. "Was'n't there Sir John O'Toole, an' did'nt he runed away wid Miss Larkinsohn that was, before her mamma's face," proceeded the loquacious and communicative fisherman, "widout as much as sayin' by y'r lave, save and except will you come and have a row on the Shannon. Och! may-be he did'nt do it nate and clane; but I'm afeard," he added, observing Mrs. Gerald show symptoms of impatience, "I'm afeard I'll be late wid the work, and the story's rather long, so I'll tell you of it another time, or you'll hear it whether or no, Miss, seein' there's more nor one that knows it—ha! ha! if there is'n Teague O'Shanter just divartin' himself the same as when I passed him this morning, slashin' about him for the bare life to practise himself against the Tories—he's cracked an' sure;" and he drew their attention to a spot at some distance where they saw Teague, armed with a weapon called a bill-hook, making furious blows upon the empty air, and occasionally striking its crooked extremity into one of the large surrounding trunks, his other arm swinging rapidly about; and his oratorical flourishes and words of menace were wafted in hoarse murmurs over the intervening interval. "Listen, ladies, how he talks to himself. I wondher, now, would a jury agree to a verdict o' 'non compis mentes' if he murdered one o' them he calls his enemies; for faix he's a queer sort of a good-natured slob in some things, an', moreover, a dangerous bit of a genious the same Teague. 'Weel, weel,' siz he often to me of a day, 'the Tories have unco gowd (very much gold) that gars (makes) them aboon corruption; but,' siz he, goin' on in his own gibberish, 'they have a fiahoolah meikle (plenty) of spite, an' if I had ilka wish o' my heart,' siz he, 'nabocilish (never mind it) that's never tenit, in plain Irish,' siz he, and I often thinks that Teague is a considerable genious, only so few is able to thranslate him in these parts;" and, once more touching his hat, Shawn pursued his way, leaving his fair auditors laughing heartily at his observations, and their eccentric subject, Teague O'Shanter. Rambling on, they at length found their further progress impeded by a kind of fence, commonly known by the name of "double ditch," consisting of a double bank of earth, with a small dyke on each side.

"Perhaps we had better return now," said Mrs. Gerald, glancing at the obstacle; "it may be dangerous to clamber over this."

"Ah! mamma, not so soon," entreated the young enthusiast; "there can be no danger indeed—I will help you over;" and, bounding across the trench, she gained the top of the bank, and extended her hand to assist her mother, who, carried away by the animation of the ardent girl, suffered herself to be overruled and attempted to comply, when, in descending on the other side, her foot slipped, and she was precipitated to the ground. A severe sprain was the consequence, the extreme pain of which rendering her unable to walk, she was obliged to sit down upon the damp sward, exclaiming, in a reproachful tone, "What is to be done? we are far from home; I am sorry, Rose, I yielded to your persuasion."

The luckless girl, not knowing the full extent of the injury, and exaggerating every thing in her alarm, looked round despairingly, without reply. No house was at hand. The very fishermen were no longer in sight.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, at length, bursting into tears and wringing her hands,
"can you ever forgive me for causing this terrible accident; and you will get cold, too. What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

As there is no apparent likelihood of speedy assistance in your remaining here," returned Mrs. Gerald, more mildly, uncertain what course to adopt between perplexity at her own situation, and pity for her child's distraction, "I would advise you to go home as fast as possible, and bring relief from thence."

"And leave you here all that time?" enquired the other, sobbing bitterly.

"You forget, Rose," answered her mother, "how long I have been here already. I can receive but little additional injury, and, at all events, it is your part to obey—only take care, for the sake of both, that your giddiness may not cost you a similar casualty."

Miss Gerald felt the force of the rebuke, and complied in silence, merely murmuring as she turned disconsolately away, "what will my papa say?" naturally dreading her reception from one whose inert and saturnine faculties could never excuse an error, nor form a just estimate of her character and feelings—always stern in his prejudice and harsh in his reproof. On ascending the bank, however, she descried a gentleman at some distance, to whom she beckoned with a frantic gesture of haste, and then returned to communicate the tidings. The person soon came up, and, observing Mrs. Gerald on the ground, enquired what was the matter, at the same time regarding the beautiful countenance of her young companion with a much deeper interest than the patient. Having received an explanation, he declared himself to be a medical student residing in the neighbourhood for the benefit of his health, and tendered his services, which were thankfully accepted. The nature of the hurt being ascertained, he expressed sanguine hopes that care would prevent any serious consequences, apprehending more danger from cold than from the accident itself. Mr. Richard O'Neill—the name indicated by his card—a young man of handsome and elegant exterior, apparently scarce one-and-twenty, then assisted the sufferer to rise, and, supported between him and her daughter, she proceeded slowly, and with great difficulty, towards her home.

On their arrival under such circumstances, the utmost confusion and curiosity prevailed. The explanation of her mother, and the presence and handsome apologies of the young stranger, saved Rose from her father's severity, except a few muttered reproaches. The female domestics thronged round, lamenting their mistress in loud and pathetic strains—for among that class in Ireland, on all such occasions, emotions are violent and extravagant as transitory. Shawn Hogarty expressed an honest, manly grief at the misfortune, and Teague O'Shanter, who had also returned from his amusement of hewing piece-meal the gigantic vegetable effigies of his political enemies, and was sharpening his bill-hook upon a stone in the yard preparatory to similar conquests, drily remarked, "The gorsoon (boy) callan is unco dainty, but if he's a Tory, or Teague catches him blethrin' (talking idly) to the burdie colleen, Miss Rose, we'll find a way to turn him to a banshee or a bogle." So saying, he seemed to trouble himself no further about it, but simply continued sharpening his weapon with redoubled vigor, occasionally talking to himself as he was accustomed to do. Mr. O'Neil recommended that Mrs. Gerald should imme-
diately retire to bed, and prescribed some simple remedies, which were forthwith administered. Her husband, who, as before-said, was rather superficial for one of his years and experience, was equally struck by the physician's prepossessing appearance and urbanity of manners, and, to prepare the way for a more intimate acquaintance, insisted on his staying to dinner. The next day, his admiration had so far increased, he pressed him to remain in the house until the patient's cure should be complete. His wife's illness was neither protracted nor serious. A few days witnessed her perfect restoration; but her husband's friendship had by that time ripened into ardor, and, in the true tone of old Irish hospitality, he invited O'Neil to give up his lodgings, and consider his present abode his home while in the neighbourhood, or whenever, at any future period, his leisure permitted him a sojourn there.

The individual thus established as a member of Mr. Gerald's family, was precisely of that class so dangerous to the peace of society, when characterized by a want of principle, being possessed of a soft and insinuating address, elegant conversation, calm and concentrated demeanour, occasional wit, and delicate compliment, qualities that charm the unwary victim into destruction, like those climes, whose cloudless skies and slumbering zephyrs offer to the trusting traveller a smiling and deceitful homage, while but harbingers to the ruin and desolation of thunder and hurricane. The spell of witchcraft seemed thrown round all his actions. Affable, gentle and entertaining, everybody liked him; apparently steady and sincere, everybody trusted him. We may presume that his political creed was the exact antipodes of Toryism, for he soon became as great a favorite with the phlegmatic and impracticable Teague as with the rest. Even Mrs. Gerald, whose mental superiority to her husband was conspicuous, albeit several years his junior, yielded up her wisdom and discernment to the general fascination, and believed him the almost perfect being which everybody thought him.

The enchanted wand of time is waved over the dream of our existence, spring hath warmed into summer, and summer ripened into autumn, and Richard, now familiarly addressed by his christian name, is still a loved and honored guest; and the entire dominion he had acquired, might have led to the conclusion that he was the heir, rather than Rose the heiress, of her father's property and effects. So successful also had he been in beguiling O'Shanter's vigilance, notwithstanding the threat about the bill-hook and bogles on the day of his introduction, that the latter, though frequently witnessing the youthful couple's affectionate intercourse, kindly placed it all to the account of the 'beuks an' larnin', with which our hero was adorning the mind of the 'dainty colleen.' He was seldom from her side; she often accompanied him upon the river, in his fishing excursions, and stayed with him through the fields. He listened to her simple songs and innocent conversation, superintended her studies, shared her amusements, and dealt largely in that description of praise, of all others the most delicate and seductive, which gratifies and attracts "rather by deference than compliment." Her imagination was dazzled; her ambition flattered; her heart won; and he knew it, for, more than once, in artless
confidence had she confessed the truth. But, alas! has not experience forced upon thousands the conviction, that love, soft and graceful as it is in aspect, sometimes resembles a small cloud rising into a serene sky from the ocean of our futurity which is destined to spread its deadly pall over the morning of our lives, and dart its lightnings upon our blighted bosoms.

But even while we narrate and moralize, the flying hours have clothed the advancing year in a mellower foliage, and brought the more rapid nightfall of the equinox.

Richard O’Neill and Rose Gerald were sitting in that apartment where they had so often pursued cheerful discourse or social application. It was the evening of the 20th of September; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald were absent, and would not be home till late that night. The weather was fine and sultry; and the youthful pair gazed admiringly upon the scene. The Shannon rolled proudly on its volume of waters at the foot of the lawn, which bloomed with an exuberance of verdure. The sun was sinking beneath the far-off hills, in spotless splendor. No wind seemed awake among the trees—the very aspen caught the departing beams, and scarcely trembled. The music of the red-breast and thrush came mingled with the hum of the distant waterfall, interrupted by the harsher revelry of sparrows congregating from a neighbouring farm-yard, before retiring to roost. Gradually, the sun disappeared; and the tints over the landscape grew pale beneath the rays of the moon, that now succeeded as vice-gerent of the skies. The melody of birds was hushed, and objects were wrapped in mysterious shadow—all was silence, beauty and repose. Both seemed equally impressed with what they contemplated, and a long interval of wordless enjoyment elapsed, their emotions apparently being as tranquil—yet as deep, as the religious spirit that even then sighed through the immensity of space.

"Is it not lovely?" he said, at length, in a murmured, but enthusiastic tone; "is it not lovely?"

Rose replied but by raising to his face her beautiful eyes, suffused with tears, while a smile of rapturous assent lighted up her animated features. Then, as if struck with a sudden recollection, she exclaimed, laughing; "do you know, Richard, that on the very morning that you and I met, Shawn Hogarty, as he stood to catter to us some of his ludicrous nonsense, alluded to a story of a gentleman, one Sir John O’Toole, I think, that ran away with a young lady by means of a row on the Shannon—he promised to tell me another time, or that I’d hear it from somebody else—but it just came into my head whether it was a row by moonlight—eh, Richard?"

"And so you may hear it from another," replied O’Neill, catching up her gaiety of tone and manner; "for Shawn, never reluctant to communicate when he can procure a patient listener, has made me the depository of this anecdote, which, with your permission, I will relate forthwith, begging to know if it will be less agreeable, told in my own style and rescued from the brogue, the ‘siz Is,’ and ‘siz hes,’ the prayers to saints and invocations of the fairies, with which old Hogarty encumbered it."

"Clothed in your language, Richard, it will sound pretty and romantic—you’ll be sure to make something of it."
"To begin, then, by expressing myself honored by your compliment, arch one," answered the young physician, whom nature had not gifted in vain, and whose invention knew how to turn accidental circumstances to his own advantage; "suppose the baronet and the young lady seated together, as we are now, with this exception, that her mamma was by to watch them, a vigilance which the gentleman is resolved to get rid of, and, by flattering the old lady into good humour and confidence, has persuaded her to permit her daughter to accompany him in a row round the island and back to tea. The point is gained, Rose, and the two lovers, for such they were, have arrived at the slip or wharf at the bottom of Lower Cecil-street, in the city of Limerick. The evening was closing as they stepped into the boat, and before they had reached the gloomy arches of old Thomond bridge, the scene was shadowy as this we look upon. The lamps from the quays threw trails of light, like fiery serpents, along the water. Here and there, a vessel's rigging traced its gigantic web upon the sky, while a creaking windlass, or a clanking chain, gave a lifelike reality to the indistinct hulls, otherwise so dull and motionless. The vague and confused hum from the city filled the ear of busy fancy, with the voices of departed generations.

"Is it not strange," softly continued the baronet, pressing her hand, as I do yours, Rose, "is it not strange, that the same bustle, which, when in the midst of it, animates us to exertion, made musical by distance, produces delight and languor?" The delicate hand he held trembled, as its fair owner replied in the same low tone, with a visible effort to conceal her emotion, "I am glad to find that your romantic imagination, in an hour like this, does not conjure up unwelcome or dismal forebodings." A sudden bend in the river, at that moment shut out the prospect of ships, lamps, and city; and the solitude was unbroken, save by the tread of an occasional straggler along the high embankment, that excluded the tide from the adjoining fields. The stars, aided but by an infant moon, shewed these lovers a mysterious light—even dimmer, Rose, than that which redeems our lawn from total night.

"It is an hour," whispered Sir John, in reply to his Charlotte's last remark (Rose, her name was Charlotte), "an hour when love should not be frugal—how soft—how soothing—how voluptuous!

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word."

Only that here we must be content with the thrush instead of the nightingale—no disreputable substitute, however,—but," he added, "this is the spot," and directed the boatmen to turn towards the shore. The men exchanged shrewd glances, "How long can you wait!" enquired Sir John of them, assisting Charlotte from the boat, "Och! then, not long, y'r honor;" was the answer, "we had better be down wid the turn o' the tide, or it won't be over and above say to pass the rapids." "And how long until then?" asked their employer, "Faix, an' I'm sure its about that now, y'r honor—a couple o' minutes will settle it any way;" said the fellow, scratching his head, "very well!—you need not delay," returned the baronet,
handing him the fare; and the men pulled rapidly away, apparently glad to escape being involved in so suspicious an adventure. Sir John then took the lady under his arm, and they proceeded towards an old abbey, that appeared about a hundred yards off, dilapidated and ivy-grown. As they approached, a figure, disguised in snowy vestments, emerged from the decayed porch, who exchanged a slight salutation with the new-comers. "Is all ready?" asked the baronet; "all," was the concise reply; and, walking quickly forward, the whole party were soon lost to sight within the ruins.

Meanwhile, on the departure of our lovers, the old lady had lain down to enjoy a comfortable siesta. She awoke with a sense of chill and uneasiness; feverish apprehensions of evil had crowded upon her sleeping fancy. She rang the bell, Charlotte had not returned, and it was eight o'clock. Another hour passed in perfect restlessness, and then alarm succeeding to resentment, messengers were dispatched in different directions—all in vain—they returned breathless; and, panic-stricken, declaring their enquiries fruitless—another hour of indescribable agony followed, during which little was heard but sobs and inarticulate prayers. The clock struck ten—there was a thundering knock. The grief-worn mother held her breath while the door was opened—no voice was recognised—a gentle rustle at the parlour-door, and Sir John and Charlotte entered.

"Wretch?" exclaimed her mother, starting up, her indignation rekindling on seeing her child again in safety, "wretch! how dare you thus trifle with my feelings, but this puts an end to my indulgence—I shall keep a stricter eye on you for the future—account to me this instant how you have spent your time." "I am no longer accountable to you, mamma," retorted Charlotte, mildly, "ask him whose wishes I obeyed, as I trust I ever shall." "And pray, Sir John," screamed the old lady, foaming with vexation, "by what right do you dare to supersede the authority of a parent." "By the right of a husband, madam," replied he, with the most provoking coolness, "we were this evening united by a worthy old priest of the older abbey—aye—beyond the power of woman to divide us."

The cheated mother tried to speak, but her voice was inarticulate; and, laughing wildly and vacantly, she sank upon the floor in a fit of violent hysterics.

"Then they were really married?" gasped Rose Gerald, taking in a very full breath, as the other paused in his narrative.

"Certainly—as a natural reward of their ingenuity and fidelity," said O'Neil, drawing her close to his side. "Her mother, Rose! was rather more than fifty, and, like many people of that age, prided herself upon her experience, and practised a high degree of surveillance over her daughter's conduct; but, being exceedingly open to flattery, was easily imposed upon by witty artifice. She had interposed delays to the union of the youthful pair, quite unsuited to their ardent inclinations, and they had mutually agreed on this evening, Rose, to consummate their wishes in the manner related. Charlotte, who towered proudly above her comppeers in intellectual attainments and powers, while pretending the most entire dependence on her mother's will, had the resolution to pursue the suggestions of her own mind. She disdained the petty scruples of imbecile or inferior capacities. Yet, tinged with
deep coloring of romance, her character was formed to bow before superior genius. At once haughty and docile, imperious and submissive, she despised fools, but, heart and hand yielded to the object of her choice, as the heaving billow follows the motions of the lunar orb."

"She was a noble girl;" remarked Rose, softly.

"That is—emulated, and might be excelled, by Miss Gerald—" he added, pressing her unresisting hand, "May Richard O'Neil venture to hope that Rose would do aught for his sake; that she loves him?"

"She does," answered the maiden, with gentle timidity.

"Then is it not the hour of love?" rejoined the other, "should the pleasures now plenteously showered over the world, be rejected by creatures, that, like us have hearts thrilling with mutual sympathies prepared to snatch the offered bliss?—surely angels might love now."

"I do not understand you, and it is growing quite dark," remonstrated Rose, seized with a sudden consciousness of error, and endeavoring to extricate her hand; but he held it firmly, urging with increased energy, "darkness affects but the guilty—innocence and honor fear it not—we are alone—dear Rose, you trust my love—you will be mine." Miss Gerald answered not; but her head sank upon his bosom—her breath grew quick, and her frame trembled. The tear of lively affection fell upon his hand, and the heart he had gained throbbed in unreserved confidence against his own.

It was an hour to suppress the tumults of unholy passion; when the Creator through his works spoke peace and truth, and happiness. But there are human hearts too proud to be awed by the convulsions, too stern to be affected by the tranquility of nature—as philosophers professing to admire, but sacrificing the emotions of the worshipper to the sordid selfishness of the voluptuary.

None but the servants occupied the mansion on the return of Mrs. Gerald and her husband. The premises and grounds were searched in vain; but a note in Rose's hand-writing, found upon her dressing-table, told the startling tale—she had departed to share the fortunes of Richard O'Neil.

CHAPTER II.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the moon
When, thron'd on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet, both, so passing wonderful!—Shelley.

The talisman of change is touched again, and Richard O'Neil is the proprietor of a princely mansion. A considerable period would seem to have elapsed since he had bereaved Rose Gerald's parents of their only child, for enough of the scenes described in the foregoing chapter hardly remained to determine their identity, and yet our hero had but just attained his 21st birth-day. His manners, if not his character,
had also participated in the alteration, so that, in his present wild recklessness of outward bearing, little could be traced of the soft, retiring demeanour for which he was formerly remarkable. His impetuous daring, profusion, and gay generosity, made him a most especial favorite with his Irish tenantry, who delighted to repeat several anecdotes of his eccentric liberality and enterprising adventures. To speak truly, he had established a considerable reputation as a rake, spendthrift, and duellist—terms, however, which, to a peasant of Erin, conveyed nothing but ideas of chivalry, gallantry, and good-nature. Being said to have visited the coast of Norway, and to have had several personal “sprees” with the Northern bears and boors, the mode in which these had resented the knock-em-down nature of Hibernian friendship afforded abundance of mirth to the village gossips and the “boys” of the district. He had harpooned whales, but merely for the sport, nobly reserving to himself no share of the prizes, except some half dozen hearty saline immersions, by which he was as often nearly drowned; and, among his intimates, it was a standing joke upon his volatile temper to say that he escaped by effervescence. A warm patron of “the ring,” a conspicuous personage on the turf and at regattas, or wherever mischief and excitement ruled supreme, was this Richard O’Neil, the calm, literary, and elegant, or some changeling of a “mind diseased,” that sought to forget in tumultuous riot the deep and dark despair of unrelenting destiny.

Enjoying boundless credit, and now come into the possession of a princely fortune, and whimsical as extravagant, he affected to display in his domestic arrangements all the magnificence of feudal splendour. The decorations of chivalry were employed in his apartments, and mock tournaments amused his friends and dependents. Shawn Hogarty and Teague O’Shanter were among his staunchest and most attached retainers; the former having grown mysterious, reserved and moody, frequently absenting himself for days together, circumstances which, though apparently understood by his young master, were generally ascribed to a more intimate intercourse with the “good people;” O’Shanter, continuing equally bitter against the Tories, yet, excepting the insects on some stunted trees, having yet done no murder; but the Geralds, scarce remembered, and never spoken of, had like a vision passed away, and ‘not a wreck’ remained to tell where they had been. Our hero, then, is twenty-one—the day has dawned which places him in the full and uncontrolled inheritance of all his rich estates, and all pains and expense are as nought to give zest and éclat to an entertainment which is to display the wealth and character of the host.

The world has its eventful periods, so has man; and there are times when circumstances of such diversity and importance throng so thickly upon us that our characters, fortunes, nay, our very lives, seem compressed within a span, offering a vivid and painful contrast to the wide vacuum and monotony of our other years. When the world comes of age, might some philosopher say, the planets, with their satellites and dependent powers, will hold a solemn banquet: and the music of the spheres will roll its concerted harmony through boundless space; and the sun will stand still, as in Joshua’s time of old, to smile on their gigantic revelry, and lead them light and joy. But what mortal genius or astronomer, in his plenitude of inspiration or wisdom, will fix the epoch of this—nature’s grand universal festival?
But, from every day that dawns do men by hundreds date their emancipation from a guardian's guidance, and it is signalized by a low convivial song, a sparkling jest, an appropriate toast, a sounding sentiment; our light the insect's labour, our music a harper's lay, or an orchestral burst; all mean and feeble for immortal, chainless spirits, such as experience teaches us we are, yet ending as they began in less than nothingness. Somewhat in this strain, bitterly yet sublimely moralized the apparently thoughtless Richard O'Neil, when, seized with a moment's reflection, he sat in the retirement of his own private study, on the morning of his becoming in propriety a man, while the bustle of preparation reigned throughout the lower part of the establishment. He remembered how chequered is life with good and evil, and counted the friends that, after an actual torpor of mind and body, had experienced, in a comparatively brief interval, the extremes of pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, power and weakness, and considered how, with one exception—the intercourse with Rose Gerald—not an incident had occurred to him worthy of being the landmark of a human career, when he was startled by a gentle tap at the door, and, on his giving the usual permission to enter, a lady, closely veiled, presented herself before him. There was an interval of deep silence. Quickly recovering, however, from the embarrassment occasioned by her sudden entry, Richard O'Neil gave way to an impulse of curiosity, and advanced towards her, but she waved him back, while she addressed him with dignified firmness, and in a tone of studied respect—"Your friends, sir, have reason to thank you for so ready an access to your privacy."

He started on hearing her voice, but bowed low, and enquired the object of her visit.

"To be brief then, sir," she answered, "though you are reported to be of dissipated habits, your liberality, especially towards our sex, is said to be as boundless as your influence among them; but coming as I do to ask a favor, or, more plainly, to solicit personal relief—nay, be not surprised, sir—I say, under these circumstances, I think it proper to convey an idea of my situation, past and present.

"My youth was happy. I lived under a humble but comfortable roof, in a retired dale, which Heaven meant should be far from the ambition or avarice of the sons of pride. A kind, confiding parent was my care—the lamb and sheep-dog were my playfellows; my recreations were cultivating flowers, and training the woodbine and sweet-briar; the breezes and woodland songsters were my choristers. What attraction dwelt in these for wealth or rank? From the books I see upon these shelves, I should conclude, sir, you had studied history, and will remember the exclamation of Caractacus, when carried a prisoner through the streets of Rome:—"Alas! how is it that a people possessed of so much magnificence at home, could envy me a humble cottage in Britain!" But my mother is in her grave, and the only other being that"—

"Is he a husband—shall I shoot him?" interposed O'Neil, with affected nonchalance, but he quivered to his heart's core.

"Allude not to such horrid deeds," she replied, scornfully; "know, sir, it is a child—a child, too, which has a double claim upon your much-praised charity, in being an innocent infant as well as a female."
"A child," he repeated, listlessly, "a double claim! Ah, madam, you are yet, I am sure, too young and lovely to be troubled with such a burden; but name any sum you require, and though I have it not in the house, I will send it to your banker's."

"Have it not in the house," said she, who had now become an inquisitress in voice and gesture; "and are you Richard O'Neil, the benevolent, that wantonly asserts so bold a falsehood?"

"That is my name, madam," answered O'Neil, in a mixed tone of awe and irony. "Then, sir, I know you, and it is time you should know me—behold!" she exclaimed, in thrilling accents, raising her veil, "behold the features whose beauty you have commended, while you have for ever blasted the heart that panted but for you, although my soul you could not sully, nor terrify to bow to yours. I already knew your love to the unfortunate and confiding—I have now proved your liberality to the desolate and stranger. I have done, sir. I doubted of your entire depravity—came to make the experiment, and have found the reality worse than what I deemed calumny had fabricated. Would, sir, you could restore the independence and peace of mind you have treacherously stolen from me."

O'Neil gazed upon her in petrified amazement, as she moved like a phantom towards the door; and clearing his sight with his hand, he sprang forward to open it, when Shawn Hogarty appeared upon the landing-place to whom he muttered his conviction that this intrusion was of his contrivance, and directed him to follow his charge. The old man accordingly attended Rose Gerald (for she it was) down stairs. His master waited till they had disappeared, then descended to the hall, demanded a pair of gloves from one of the servants, and, in five minutes, with characteristic wildness, was in the saddle, galloping along at a furious rate, and whistling the popular air of 'Rory O'More.' Common sense would have supposed him mad.

CHAPTER III.

Seven o'clock has arrived, and Richard O'Neil, abandoned to reckless gaiety, presides over the guests assembled in his dining parlour, which represented a genuine Irish gentleman's dinner-table, of a comparatively recent period, and such as it still exists in many parts, or under the auspices of those whose veteran years entitle them, spite of the advance of our new political teetotalism, to adhere to the ancient Hibernian regime of conviviality. The cloth had been some-time removed, and more than an hour's free circulation of the bottle had predisposed the excited party to dispense with the feeble restraints of etiquette and decorum. Some, loll'd back in their chairs, trolling snatches of songs in all possible keys; while, others argued, with vociferous incoherence, on hunting, fishing, politics, women, and other subjects, each endeavoring to overcome by clamor the force of his opponent's logic, until calls for the waiter, and the ringing of glasses and decanter-stoppers were the only intelligible sounds. A degree of tumultuous deference, was, however, paid to the hero of the orgies, who certainly seemed, in some respects, to deserve such distinction,
his gestures being more frantic, his look wilder, his potations deeper, and his whole language and behaviour so inarticulate and extravagant, that even the thyrsi-armed Bacchanalian priestesses of old, in their most furious moods, might have admitted him a worthy member of their community. He had enumerated the qualifications of his ancestors—their courage, generosity, good-fellowship, &c.—virtues which he claimed as descending to him by hereditary right, and received, of course, repeated and deafening applause. Proceeding to relate the accidents by which these illustrious scions terminated their lives, he said:—"My great-grand father's skull was fractured by the brother of a girl of whom he was enamored; my grandfather drank down a dozen of the soundest heads in the united kingdom, and died game—under the table; my father leaped down a precip'ee at which all the other sportmen shyed; and, for variety, I shouldn't wonder if I'd shoot myself in a duel some day;" and, with scowling brow and insane vehemence, as if intending to illustrate the scattering of his own brains, he shattered his glass against the opposite wall.

"Hitherto shalt thou go and no further," said a deep voice, which seemed like that of destiny to check profaneness.

Richard's eye quailed, and his lips quivered, while the guests, who had been attending to his declamations, on looking to ascertain the cause, perceived a man of elderly years and gentlemanly appearance standing near the door. The stranger advanced to the foot of the table, all the time steadily regarding O'Neil. The company, too intoxicated to draw accurate conclusions, yet turned on each other bewildered glances, evidently astonished to see their young and reckless host, who never blanched before the most terrible danger, now shrinking appalled from the apparently harmless figure that confronted him. Presuming their entertainer's wishes from his agitation, many voices vociferated, "turn him out—turn him out!" But seeing their leader motionless, the call was responded to like that to the spirits from the vasty deep—not one obeyed the summons; and, presently, all, though previously so boisterous and excited, became impressed with the same unaccountable awe.

"Speak—what brings you here?" at length demanded O'Neil, in a husky tone, breaking this harassing suspense by a violent effort.

The mysterious personage slowly raised his hand, and, pointing upwards, replied:

"I was present when you were instrumental in saving the life of a fellow-creature—I am present now at this your twenty-first birth-day-banquet, and, if you live to be wedded, I shall be present at your bridal—a second life."

"Hush!" startlingly exclaimed the other, "there is gold—begone."

The man coolly placed the money in his pocket, merely observing, without noticing the general outcry of the complaisant sycophants around him, "on a future day, sir, this shall be accounted for along with the rest—but I have not yet declared my business."

"My old friend, you are fastidious," returned Richard, recovering a portion of his self-possession, and suddenly assuming a courteous and conciliating manner, "to-night for mirth, and to-morrow for business—come, fill your glass, and drink "To ladies' eyes a round, boy!" as sings the poet of our native isle—come, it is only fair you should either join our revels or not interrupt them."
"Come—be civil, be civil," responded the obsequious chorus of applauders, "you should 'nt refuse the gentleman's kindness."

"Gentlemen!" said our hero, turning with a smile to his company, and the air of a perfectly sober man, "gentlemen! you, no doubt, conclude my conduct strange, but will cease to do so on explanation. This gentleman is a friend of mine—a—an old follower of my father—I have known him from my cradle, and, having been some years absent, I had supposed him dead. I am not apt to be superstitious, gentlemen; but, really, for the moment, on his sudden entry, I did think I looked upon a ghost, and, as all of us prefer encountering living enemies to dead friends, I presume I shewed some signs of terror—I mean embarrassment, but it is over now, and so, gentlemen, with your permission, being an old acquaintance, I hereby formally invite him to make one among us."

"I join in no revels," said the stranger, his solemn accents contrasting powerfully with that scene of riotous gaiety, while three or four decanters of different wines were immediately handed for his selection, "I join in no revels, when the life of a fellow-creature is in jeopardy—the second time, sir."

"Ah!—life of—a fellow-creature," repeated the other, with well-affected ignorance and concern, "how—where—speak, friend."

A savage growl, accompanied by a stifled cry for help, saluted the ears of the now breathless auditory, who began seriously to regard their new guest as some unearthly visitant.

"Hark! you are answered, sir," he said, sternly, "for heaven's sake put an end to your brutal pastime, ere too late."

"Go it, yoicks, go it, my bullies!" vociferated O'Neill, in a kind of desperate bravado, "why, old fellow, you would 'nt rob the poor brutes of their play. The fact is, gentlemen," he added, once more condescending to explain, "I have a lame lion to which I am particularly attached, so sent this evening for a surgeon, and that he might be more at leisure to feel his patient's pulse, I took the liberty of locking him in the chamber—Achilles has had a good feed, so you hear with what courtesy he describes his ailments—surely, gentlemen, to say the least, if you had a menagerie of beautiful beasts, you would 'nt deprive them of a little occasional amusement."

"No, of course, not," was the instant and general response. The growl was now repeated more nearly and fiercely, and a rushing and trampling of feet gave reason to fear that a struggle for life and death was in progress over their heads.

"I appeal once more in the cause of mercy," again interposed the clear, calm, tones of the stranger. A wild laugh of derision was the only answer vouchsafed.

"Help, help, or I am lost!" reiterated the unseen sufferer, in the accents of distress and entreaty.

"By Pluto!" half-ejaculated our hero, in some alarm, "the joke, after all, may have gone further than I intended—Teague," he called out, as that individual appeared just then in the person of an attendant, "go for the keeper."

"I fear, sir," observed the stranger, "your interference is already too late—another victim——"
"Silence! old man," interrupted the other in an agitated tone, now half-frenzied with anxiety and impatience. The growls and cries for assistance became terrible and incessant. The stillness of death pervaded the lately jovial assemblage. Their attention was riveted, as by a spell. A balcony, whose iron balustrade communicated with the ceiling, ran entirely round the summit of the apartment into which the eccentric O'Neil frequently admitted his beasts, in imitation of the old Roman story of Pyrrhus and Fabricius, sometimes terrifying and sometimes amusing his company. At one extremity of this was a door which led to this menagerie, and which now shook upon its hinges, while the shrieks and trampling continued to increase. Then followed a sudden, and violent plunge against it—the barrier gave way, and the doctor first emerged with his clothes torn, bleeding, pale, breathless, and nearly exhausted. An enormous lion next appeared, his eyes glaring with rage and appetite, lashing his sides with his tail, and lazily pausing to gloat upon his victim, as if willing to feast his sight with human terrors, before gratifying his palate with human flesh. The wretched man threw round the assembly a despairing look, which kindled into an expression of fierce reproach on recognising O'Neil. "Is there no outlet?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"None, but through that door," was the answer. The lion moved forward. The doctor tugged frantically at the iron bars, and then attempted to retreat along the balcony, but, on the instant, the ferocious animal made an agile bound, and, alighting with tremendous force upon his back, threw him to the ground; then, raising him in his enormous jaws, turned and deliberately surveyed the company, his huge face and ample chest placed in full view, as if displaying with what ease he could conquer, and how he scorned all interference.

"Achilles, let him drop, I say!" absolutely screamed his master; but Achilles, if ever sufficiently docile, now heard the order only as the hurricane listens to the mariner's petition. There was a moment of terrible suspense. Then a loud explosion ran through the apartment, and while a cloud of smoke rolled above the heads of the party, they observed with dumb amazement the fierce eyes of the lion turn upwards; a convulsive shudder shook his mighty frame, and he fell motionless on the balcony, the surgeon, as by a miracle, springing up unharmed. Averting their gaze from the object on which the spell of terror had fixed it, to discover the cause, a pistol in the stranger's hand, which he was lowering from the level of its unerring aim, while a smile of exultation at the success of this desperate rescue lighted up his pale and melancholy features, announced the secret. O'Neil, himself, at first appeared bewildered, and hurriedly gave orders to release the surgeon, but his eye having caught the face of Rose Gerald, peering with a look of calm triumph through the open door, it was instantly withdrawn; but Richard felt the warm blood tingling in his temples with a sensation of giddy madness—a horrid idea occurred that he was pursued by fiends, and, approaching the stranger, he whispered, or, rather, hissed forth; "I am tired of life—you have a sure aim—fight me on this pretended quarrel—do your work upon me, and you will find yourself provided for."

"Another fate awaits you," was the answer, "I slay you not."

The other's eyes flashed with unearthly fire, as he said, "Gentlemen, however I
may have erred in a frolic, which, contrary to my anticipation, was near proving fatal, I have no less a right to demand satisfaction for the death of my favorite animal, and, accordingly, insist that on this spot the offender meet me in single combat."

"Now, sir?" questioned the stranger, with the most imperturbable and provoking indifference.

"Without delay—Teague, my pistols—quick, sirrah—quick!"

His adversary took another pistol from his bosom, and laying it on the table, handed the one he had discharged, with a powder-flask and paper of bullets, to the next person, desiring him to load it. This was quickly accomplished—the company fell back—eight paces were measured, and, with mad eagerness, O'Neil called for the signal: it was given, but his fire was without effect, and the stranger's bullet struck the ceiling. The affair, which our hero could not now fairly press to an extremity, had thus terminated, when Teague returned with the weapons, and unexpectedly confronting the stranger, approached his master by a kind of retrograde motion, and asked, "May I gar bowld, yr' honor, to spake a word or two wid'y' Laird-ship?"

"Aye," was the brief and careless answer.

"Does y'r Lairdship ken that the man that's aither shooting you is'nt himsel' at al, yr' honor?"

"Not himself—who, then?—what mean you?—no trifling, rascal!"

"He's not the deil," pronounced Teague slowly, without intermitting his scrutiny of the suspected individual's features, and pronouncing each epithet with increased emphasis; "he's not the deil, nor a bogle, nor a Tory, but"—and he whispered in his master's ear.

"Enough!" exclaimed O'Neil. "Gentlemen, there has been some mistake here. I must leave you for the present; in the mean time resume your seats, and make yourselves at home, until my return."

So saying, he abruptly left the room, and the guests proceeded to avail themselves of his wish to recommence their revelry, casting a supercilious look upon the stranger, who glided from the apartment as noiselessly and mysteriously as he had entered it. Meanwhile, O'Neil had passed through the outer portal of his mansion, giddy with undefined delirium, and ordered a gig from the stables, into which, excited and heated with wine, he sprang without any extra clothing, dashed through the avenue-gate, and might be heard driving furiously along the road; nor that night did he rejoin the banquet.

CHAPTER IV.

At the summit of a steep and rocky declivity, overhanging the highway, and crowned with a dilapidated castle, sat Shawn Hogarty, absorbed in silent meditation, when the galloping of a horse, and the sound of wheels broke his reverie; and, presently, Richard O'Neil came up, whipping his steed to the utmost possible exertion. However, on hearing a familiar voice calling on him to stop, he drew up with surprising alacrity, threw the reins over the animal's head, and, jumping from the vehicle, hastily clambered to the side of his faithful follower, whom he approached with every symptom of terror and exhaustion.

"Shawn!" he exclaimed, wildly, "my brain is burning—burning—twice to-day
The Philosophy of Phantasmagoria.

have I been crossed by the Geralds—this morning, by Rose, whom you suffered by
some means to escape from confinement, and, to-night, both by her and her father,
whom I thought buried—and I have fought him—fought Rose’s father, Shawn—
aye,—and as I fled from the scene, the song of some unseen thing buzzed perpet-
tually in my ear, and the faster I fled, the louder it grew—the words were these,
for ever will they be indelibly engraven on my memory:—

Mild in times of tranquil mirth,
   Wild in passion’s stormy sway;
From the stars, where love had birth,
   Sprang her own as warm as they.

Then came hell’s seductive power
   Blighter of the budding Rose;
God be thank’d, though spoil’d the flower,
   Still the thorn his bosom knows!

Where has loveliness departed?
   Where hath fled the soul of song?
Shall the spoiler, hollow-hearted,
   Hush the notes were tun’d so long?

On that eve when Love’s soft finger
   Loos’d thy magic virgin-zone,
Could’st thou deem a cloud would linger
   In a sky which seem’d thine own?

Hapless maid!—the spell, that bound thee,
   In that frail and evil hour,
Now darts all its lightnings round thee,
   Where is shelter from the show’r?

Could he see the pale, wan mother,
   View the heart himself had worn,
View the wasted babe, and smother
   One cold sigh from sternness torn!

Oh! that sight should ever haunt him,
   Meet his eye in bow’r or hall;
In gloomy midnight daunt him,
   With a virgin’s gory pall.”

"Was not this a spirit’s song, Shawn?" but the old man seemed to have lost all
his natural loquacity, for he replied not by word or motion. O’Neil resumed:—

"You, Shawn Hogarty, who have bestowed so much reflection on the subject of
dreams, have observed how, on such occasions, by the unaccountable inconsistency
of fancy, we are here and not here, there and not there, see others without scarcely
knowing where, and be unseen ourselves without a place of concealment—how
persons appear the same and different—how distances, situations, seasons, are anni-
hilated—how things are changed and tossed in remediless confusion, sometimes
returning to former scenes with painful fidelity, sometimes bringing an entirely
unexpected order, in which new characters and events are developed with a sud-
denness of transition perfectly amazing, but which produces no surprise in the
sleeper, but, on the contrary, appears easy, natural, and, indeed, unavoidable. At
times, too, all is wild, fantastic, and grotesque; then, again, the train of events is
preserved with such astonishing accuracy and distinctness, that minute details, vivid
descriptions, sensible or philosophical dialogues, pass in beautiful and uninterrupted
progress, so that it is indeed a hard task, when once our waking senses lose their
power, to determine the limits of possibility, for miracles and marvels become as
simple and practicable as a morning salutation. People will dream they are telling
their dreams to others, and even that they are discussing their theory, as I am now,
Shawn; aye, even now I feel as if I had been peopling some desert with the varied
forms, and coloring it with the many hues of sleep (which is nothing, after all, but
our waking lives in masquerade), associating familiar and endeared characters in
some tremendous drama, in which myself am the hero, and Rose Gerald the heroine
of the piece; but it is all horror—horror; why should spirits shriek or sing to
me, Shawn? I have never harmed them; but you have the privilege of seeing and
conversing with these beings of an aerial world, and of revealing what they know of
destiny. I have often laughed at such things, but I am quite serious now; let me
see them, and learn my fortune."

"Ah! y'r honor," replied Shawn, shaking his head, "it isn't to every one that
its given to see the 'good people,' or know the future; but o'uld Shawn Hogarty
howls the power, and will give y'r honor a dispensation of it worth spakin' of, if
y'r honor will be said by me. Take this shamrogue (shamrock) with four leaves,
and these nine grains of wheat, and put 'em on this leaf, in this book," handing a
book to his young disciple; "it's a favorable time, now, to-be-sure, for the moon-
light is down, full on the fairy-ring;—now let me wash your eyes wid a drop out
o' this enchanted phial. Ah! but stay asy a-while a-cush-la—I'm afeard I can't
tell y'r honor; don't you know the story about Sir John O'Toole, that I promised
to tell Miss Rose? you forestalled me wid her."

"It shall be no obstacle," said O'Neil eagerly; "I will pay you one for that
which I stole." Shawn smiled complaisantly, and our hero felt the strain of inven-
tion and melancholy eloquence thrilling and expanding through every nerve, as he
began:—"The tale is mournful, Shawn, but those of Savage and Otway, known
to you, and familiar to many, will at least render it credible, nor have I any wish it's
issue should not be my own; albeit such things are calculated to make us play the
woman, and remind us of what Beattie sings with so much beautiful pathos:—

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star!
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war,
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, and Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar!

But to my story. In England's sister-land, whose poetry, music, and romance
combine to weave a bright halo above the sunken fortunes and dark enthusiastic
spirits of its race, there grew a pair whose youthful hearts were moulded for each
other. Oft had they trod the moon-lit solitude, as lovers are said to do; but to you, Shawn, I shall introduce them as they sate together on a gentle hill at evening. A broad river flowed before them, bordered by meadows and interspersed with woods. A mill near at hand mingled its hum with the bleating of sheep and the voices of fishermen, while, farther off, an ancient ruin, on a commanding height, like this we occupy, partially appearing above the surrounding trees, announced the tender mercies of a fanatical age—the havoc of a Cromwell. Their names were Catherine and Morgan, and the latter looked into his fair companion's eyes, tenderly enquiring why they glistened so with moisture.

"They are not tears of sorrow," was the answer, "but the dew of pride. I have read the poetry you gave me; the lines are very pretty, but I thought—I thought—"

"And what did you think, you blushing rogue?" asked her lover.

Playfully taking up a piece of slate which lay upon the grass, she wrote upon it with a pencil, and handed it to him: what were the words?—"I only thought how I should wish to be an author's wife!" And Morgan felt himself kindling with the fire of young ambition, even as when the hand of the alchemist causes the smouldering embers to blaze around the crucible. He sighed, however, and met her eager glance with a serious aspect, as he said; "Catherine, you have touched the chord that trembles in sympathy with the fibres nearest my heart—but"—he paused.

"No buts—the chord will not cease to vibrate until its music shall have rung forth an immortal peal," exclaimed Catherine, with enthusiasm.

"The hope is too flattering—should I attempt it, friends would laugh at me, forsake me—tell me of difficulties to be encountered, of penury, presumption, starvation, wretchedness," reflected Morgan, mournfully.

"I would be by your side," responded Catherine, in accents that thrilled him into silence. What deserts did they traverse; what mountains climb; what giants vanquish; what glories win in that interval!

Youthful imaginations, buoyed up and excited by the same emotions, can alone conceive them. 'Tis certain they often embraced each other, and, though they spoke not, their hearts and heads were eloquent enough. The last crimson streak had left the heavens, and the stars were clustering forth by scores, when the pair turned homeward from that spot.

* * * * * * * * *

Years passed, and the former youthful lovers wandered, grief-worn, friendless and destitute, in the wide wilderness of England's vast metropolis. But they were not there alone. Two infant pledges of that union of affection which the sneering, heartless world calls imprudent, shared their privations, but knew not all their parents' agony. And, in a lone chamber, lighted by a flickering fire, these two babes slept upon their lowly couch—and that single apartment was ill-furnished and comfortless, and desolation and despair seemed traced on every thing within it. And there, near a little table, on which lay torn sheets of manuscript, sate Morgan, with Catherine by his side.

Where, then, was the smiling river, and humming mill, the castle and the meadows? The scene was changed, indeed; but she twined her arms round his neck,
and ran her fingers through his hair, and pressed his quivering hand to her burning lips. But both were wasted, pale, and feeble. Yet, while he muttered the bitterness of wounded feeling and insulted genius, and his eye flashed with the fire of vengeance and misanthropy, her face beamed with the light of hope, as, ever and anon, she whispered him to be patient. Anxiety for him had weakened her frame and depressed her spirits, more than all the load of accumulated ills; yet, with a power of endurance, denied to her more impetuous husband, she wept not even above her babes—how happy were they in sleeping through that fearful night!

"I can but die," said Morgan, speaking very calmly,—"my last effort has been made, and failed. Live, Catherine, and feed my children, for you will find friends whom my pride drives from me—alas! the last drop is poured into the poisoned chalice, and I drink it—I must die."

"Morgan—dear Morgan!" implored Catherine, "you know not what a day may bring forth—live, until I behold you as I wish, and I shall be happy."

"Perhaps," replied he, with a demon-like laugh of frenzy, "you will die with me—if so, Providence will feed my children, and you and I may still bear company."

"Alas!—I am ready for any thing," was the answer.

"Farewell, then," he exclaimed, moving towards the door, "we shall meet in another world." But his wife sprang forward to detain him, yet he repelled her, in the cold, stern accents of despair, adding, "you, Catherine, first urged me to make the terrible experiment, and, now, feed my children."

"Morgan!" she retorted, her controlled feelings breaking forth with sudden violence on hearing the words of unmerited reproach, and grasping a knife from the table, "Morgan—you say I urged you to this—being to blame, therefore, I will first pay the penalty."

"Stay," gasped her husband, subdued by her vehemence, and sinking, utterly exhausted, into a seat, "do yourself no harm—I will live."

"Did you say 'live'?" she asked, dropping the knife upon the floor, and bursting into a hysterical laugh, as she knelt before him, bent her head upon his hands, and, for the first time that day, wept freely. Then rising, relieved, she offered him the remnant of a cordial, her last article of decent clothing had that morning procured for him, alone—and, on his reviving from that cold, awful stupor, she drew him gently to his couch, and watched, while, in troubled dreams, he seemed to meet opposing hosts, or battle with embodied fiends, frequently starting and muttering, "Behold!—'tis bloody—ye shall not torture me—revenge—death—triumph and revenge!

Then would Catherine clasp him with trembling arms in the midnight darkness, and pray to the God that rules the destinies of man, to smooth the afflicted pillow, and calm the anguished brow.

Another period marked the march of time. In a neat and comfortable apartment of a house which overlooked the Thames,—the peaceful retreat of literature, unapproached by rumbling omnibus and drayman’s whip, sate Morgan. The table beside him was strewed with scraps of manuscript, which, now unorn, conveyed an idea of arrangement through apparent confusion. A loose dressing-gown enveloped his
person. And, from time to time, he wrote hurriedly a line or two on a sheet of paper, then paused, and again dashed on. His countenance—a bright index to his varied thoughts, glowed with the ruddy hue of health, and his eye flashed with mental vigor, pride and animation. And now he was interrupted by the merry voices of happy children, and the next moment the door flew open, and a posse of little ones entered the room, followed by Catherine, blooming with renovated youth, and laughing as gaily as the cherubs whom she conducted.

"Oh!" exclaimed Morgan, throwing down his pen with a gesture of disapprobation, "how could you disturb me at such a time?"

"Well—I am sorry if I have," replied his wife, soothing his irritability, with a soft caress, "but these would have a kiss from papa—will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" repeated he, looking unutterable things, and giving the desired paternal embrace, while Catherine began turning over the papers, but her husband seized her hand, saying, "these are all arranged for use, and, you, reckless rogue, you would make them a heap of confusion. But as your curiosity more than counterbalances all your other qualities, so give me your opinion on this which I have just completed."

Catherine glanced along one or two pages, and appeared struck with early recollections, for, raising her head, with a melancholy, tearful expression, she said in a low voice; "and were not my words fulfilled?—Did not the morning sun bring forth good fortune?"

"You are a prophetess, Kate—say no more;" answered he, with awakening emotion; "who could have dreamed of success in that dark hour?"

"I was at your side," she whispered, "and, you know that women, being always unreasonable, will entertain extravagant expectations—but I was right, and glory in having urged you to the task."

"Aye!" ejaculated Morgan, thoughtfully, 'twas terrible, but 'tis past."

Catherine twined her arms round his neck, as she was accustomed to do, and speedily chased her husband's momentary dejection, and both smiled proudly, for their hearts were full of joy, which remembered misfortunes only increased—it was the mutual triumph of hard-earned success. Such, Shawn, is an epitome of three steps up the hill of Fame.

O'Neil having finished his narration, looked to judge of its effect upon his auditor;—what was his astonishment to see Shawn Hogarty at a distance, waving what appeared to be a willow-wand, but possessing marvellous power. At its every motion, thousands of tiny beings, all clad in snow-white vestments, flashed into sight—here—there—along the ground—upon the trees—through the air; until every blade of grass, and leaf of foliage, seemed alive with their beautiful agile forms, and the very atmosphere loaded and harmonised by their mirth and music. Then, gathering into a wide circle, they danced with the most untiring energy to the sound of many harps. At length, breaking their order, they formed a line on the brow of the hill; the one next the precipice stooped down, with the hands clasped under the knees, and tumbled, tumbled, head-over-heels, all the way down the declivity, followed by the rest in succession, until they disappeared in the gloom of the valley beneath.
With the vanishing of this phantom-scene a spell was removed from the faculties of O’Neil, he thought he felt almost himself, again, but oh! so unnerved in body, so humbled in spirit and chilled in heart, that all the world seemed a lifeless void, and he the sole remaining inhabitant upon its withered surface. And, then, through all the darkness and solitude, a sweet, yet awful voice came to him, which said:—

"There is nothing new under the sun—no, though little is known, all is old. The immutable laws of nature have continued since the sun shewed his light, yet how few of them do we know—not they, but their discovery, is new to us. That which we call the 'New World,' was old when we found it, and many parts might still be termed new, because unexplored. And, as a consequence of this rule, how many thousand wonderful things are there, the discovery of which, and not themselves, would be a novelty. In the same manner, are ideas new, for who can assert they have not existed through the lapse of ages, yet those not generally known, or that have not been communicated from man to man, are surely as infinite as space and eternity; or, as we will approach for ever nearer and nearer to what is unattainable by created beings—the perfect knowledge of the Deity; and thus it is, that the agent that transmits to the human race some newly discovered thought, has been, by the joint consent of his fellow-men, considered worthy of the title of its originator, just as a mechanic or projector, is called the inventor of a design or piece of mechanism, whereas he only discovered and announced the principle, which, if true, must have perpetually pre-existed. Richard O'Neil!—hearken to the commentary of reflection, and remember that the voice of philosophy, when regulated by inspired truth, is but an echo of the unerring and everlasting wisdom."

The voice ceased, and O’Neil was startled by a confused and rumbling noise; an immense curtain was dropped before him from the sky—this divided in the centre, discovering a tremendous and chaotic chasm, in which, innumerable, monstrous shapes appeared engaged in hellish orgies. Forms of terror, dark visages presenting every possible distortion of hideousness and menace thronged round and grinned upon him. Horror-stricken, he rubbed his eyes, and the phantoms vanished; but the clamour and uproar grew louder and more distinct. Then a dim outline, stretching out in long and undefined perspective, became faintly perceptible, until buildings and streets stood forth in sharp and clear relief, like an illuminated panorama of architecture—and does it not greet him with the aspect of friendly recognition? Yes—there is no mistaking that circular colonnade of the Bank of Ireland, nor that square structure in front, with its outer court railed off from the street, and its narrow arch-way, within which he remembered is the porter's lodge on one side, as you pass through, and, on the other, the museum of Trinity College; nor yet that broad space, whose centre is adorned with the statue of King William III., of glorious memory, &c.; it is Dame-street, in Dublin, that expands broadly before him, associated in his mind with his youthful studies and amusements; and it was wonderful how far even the knowledge of the locality tended to re-assure our dismayed and deflected hero, who began rather calmly to reflect how very pleasantly Shawn Hogarty told fortunes; and he unconsciously pressed the book which the latter had given him, when the subsiding tumult suddenly swelled into a deafening yell.
The morning sun shone out bright and glowing above the scene. A dense multitude filled the upper part of the street, resembling in turbulence and confusion, the gathering strength of some struggling volcano, and, to render the whole of painfully intense interest, the form of Rose Gerald herself appeared at one of the adjacent windows, in her night-dress, heedless of exposure and observation, watching, with an expression of extreme alarm, the movements of the crowd. Then, as by the speed of light, he became aware that it was an especial Corn-Exchange day, and that Daniel O'Connell was to declaim there against assassination, profess attachment to the sovereign, and urge the people to avoid physical force, and win their rights by constitutional agitation, this unruly assemblage of half-drunken rioters being merely a popular demonstration in his favor, which proved beyond a doubt, the people's power and forbearance. Banners, inscribed with party or seditious devices and mottoes waved in the air. The various bodies composing the 'Trades' Union,' marched in close and seemingly endless procession, ornamented with badges, broad green-ribbands, and staves with top-knots. Shouts, and songs, singularly indecent and characteristic, chorused the music, or, rather, discord, of numerous bands, which, in the pride of amateur dignity, some on foot, some in cars, adorned with evergreens and staring daubs—designated pictures—sent forth certain strains, which, to their surrounding friends, were tones of genuine inspiration. According to the almost invariable practice of popular demonstrations in Dublin, the vanguard consisted of coal-porters; and, on this occasion, the quays and barges had been even more than usually bountiful in their supply of the black fraternity. These, armed with huge, short, heavy clubs, which they brandished incessantly, as they alternately rushed and bounded along, covered all over with mud, barefooted, and bare-throated, their white-looking blood-shot eyes flashing fiendishly through the encircling smut, their shirts open, legs and arms naked, and knee-breeches dangling unconfined by brace or bandage, gave to the beholder a terrible idea of Herculean vigor, and barbarous ferocity. And woe to the unhappy individual, who, unsupported by a strong party, should venture to offer a personal insult to these legislators of the hour; or insinuate by word or gesture they were not gentlemen bred and born; or hesitate to stand aside, or even take off his hat at the cry of 'faugh-a-vollaugh!' (clear the way). The head of the procession had now nearly reached the Bank, and the neighbourhood of Trinity College, considered to be the stronghold of their political enemies, had a stimulating effect, which was evinced by groans and yells of fierce defiance; when, strange to relate, from the interior of the studious and quiet-looking precincts thus rudely saluted, rose up a mighty shout, answering the rabble-thunder with like voices. And presently, through the above-mentioned arch-way, poured forth a throng of students, girt and equipped for combat, who, with a down-right roar of uncontrolled wrath, threw at once the full weight of their compact phalanx on their advancing adversaries, the coal-porters. Their violent and unexpected shock was, however, as resolutely met; and then instantaneously succeeded the mêlée and din of conflict. Each side had its leader, for, by some curious magic, Teague O'Shanter appeared at the head of the coal-men, shouting, quite characteristically, for the annihilation of the Tories; while, on the part of the college-men, exerting himself
with tremendous energy and effect, was conspicuous a tall, athletic man, in a frockcoat, with huge black whiskers and embrowned complexion, whose fists rose and fell like a pair of mallets, dealing dismay and discomfiture round him. This was no less a personage than a Fellow of the College, to whom friends and foes alike delighted to affix the epithet of 'Bully,' and acknowledged to be the only man, whose masculine and popular eloquence and hardy character could compete with the prince of demagogues and agitators; and his physical powers seemed at least to equal his mental superiority. Then, amidst oaths, cries of exultation, streams of blood, and prostrate men, was heard a tremendous and discordant crash, as if every instrument of sound in that disordered multitude had united their expiring energies in one harsh blast of doom, and Rose Gerald appeared in the very thick of the fight. With the looks and strength of a maniac, she forced her way, unsathed, as by a miracle, through the racks of death and danger, carrying in her arms an infant, which was also as wonderfully preserved from injury. On, on she came, and approached O'Neil—vain was every exertion to escape her steadfast eye, or retreat, or avoid her:—and, now, she is at his side, exclaiming, "Oh! save me, save me—they are coming," and she clung to him with desperate tenacity, while he, continuing to make several efforts to shake her off, thought a soft voice, that was her's still, but not of terror, whispered in his ear, "how fast asleep you are, Richard, awake, we are all going to bed."

O'Neil looked about him with a drowsy, half-stupified stare, but seeing none but familiar faces, murmured, smillingly, "why, Rose, it is, then, surely you—yet, if you only knew what I have done, and where I have been—I have lived over a whole life—I have been myself, and not myself—the one, as yours, and to you all that is dear; the other, as a villain, which I can never be to you."

"You have been dreaming," exclaimed Rose Gerald, laughing, "I know what has put it into your head—do you remember papa was reading a case from the Old Bailey of delicate and absorbing interest, and how earnestly you condemned the delinquent—old Shawn has been here to give you the blessing of the 'good people,' and Teague has capered out of the room in ecstasies at the thoughts of seeing the 'bonnie gorsoon' and 'dainty colleen,' that's you and me, married to-morrow—and there's mamma just going to drink our healths before we all retire to rest."

Richard himself joined heartily in the mirth occasioned by the idea of his being the villain they had been discoursing about, and at his doing so much in so short a time; and, seizing a decanter, poured out a glass of wine, saying to his beautiful betrothed one, "come, dear Rose, pledge me and kiss me—may the sun shine brightly upon our bridal, and all our succeeding suns be happy—may all our sorrows be but dreams, and end, like mine, which I will tell you to-morrow, with a caress of pleasure!"

"And my wife and I," added old Mr. Gerald, his paternal feeling glistening in his bright keen eye, "will join in wishing with my favorite Sir Walter Scott:—

"To each and all a fair good night,
And happy dreams and slumbers light!"

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

MARIA BEATRIX

QUEEN CONSORT OF H.M. JAMES II, KING OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND

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MARIA ANGEL,
"THE BEAUTY OF ST. JAMES'S."

By the Author of "Margaret Fairbairn," "The House of Death," "Mary Sinclair," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Brompton, reclining in a fauteuil, was sipping his chocolate in his chasteley-furnished chambers, in the Albany,—surrounded by all those little domestic felicities upon which gentlemen, who have attained their grand climacteric without incumbrance, are wont to plume themselves as their own peculiar inheritance. Though half a century had given considerable latitude and expansion to his once elastic frame, and though potential art had been summoned to renew the hyperion curls of youth, yet within the magic circle of those luxuriant whiskers, which still garnished his ruddy countenance, there beamed an expression of gallantry and unfailing bon-homnie, that prompted mothers and chaperons, as judicious trustees of maiden susceptibility, to regard him with watchful suspicion, informed as they were of those mighty 'conquests' of early days, upon which his lordship would not unfrequently expatiate with true poetical fervor and pride.

U—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JUNE, 1843.
His lordship had been a widower for some years, and rejoiced in an only son—Algernon by name—who, in addition to a faultless figure, generous disposition and elegant manners, laid claim to his mother’s blue eyes, and (we are quoting his lordship’s own words) all his father’s most enviable characteristics.

“Algernon, my child ;” said Lord Brompton, laying down a volume of Waller’s Poems, as his dear son entered his chambers, “Al—I have been dreaming of you all night.”

“Indeed, sir?” said Algernon, “then I am afraid your slumbers were not of that refreshing nature which your medical attendant could desire.”

“Talk not to me of medical attendant, my dear boy, or I shall be very angry,” replied his lordship, taking off his crimson-velvet cap, and adjusting an elaborately curled wig, “I have been thinking, Al., that it is high time that you should abandon the unmeaning frivolities of single life, and it has been my constant study and anxious care for some months past to discover for you an eligible alliance.”

“You alarm me, sir!” cried Algernon, laughing, “the shock is so sudden—so unexpected.”

“Of all the responsible duties,” resumed his lordship without noticing the interruption, “that devolve upon a tender and reflecting parent, that of choosing a wife for a son, in whom we see our own image and our sweetest sentiments reflected, is the most embarrassing—many fathers, we know, shirk this responsibility, altogether; but I, with an ardent, parental solicitude, that you are almost unworthy of, you dog—I hav’nt forgotten your criticism on Cowley——”

“But, my dear sir—you’ll allow——”

“Don’t interrupt—I have selected for you a wife who is pretty, witty and wise—what more can you desire to make your home a paradise?”

“Nothing, sir! unless perhaps,” and Algernon looked pensively into the crown of his hat, “it would be as well for security’s sake that the paradise should be surrounded by a little bit of a bank.”

“You’re a mercenary,” said his lordship, taking up a small, agate snuff-box, “why, when I was at your age I’d have married a peasant girl with a spinning wheel or a couple of milk pails for her dowry, provided I could have got nobody else to have had me.”

“Very true, sir! but I trust my situation is not quite so unbearable as that already.”

“Well, I don’t know!” rejoined his lordship, although you take after your parent, in some respects, I rejoice to say, yet, in many delicate and nicely-shaded traits of character—in all that relates to what may be termed the diplomacy of the heart, the likeness is woefully deficient—I am by no means sure that I shall not avail myself of the opportunity offered.”

“O pray, sir,” cried Algernon, with affected earnestness, “do not think for one moment that I am insensible to your unprecedented regard for my connubial welfare.”

“Unprecedented, sir!” exclaimed his lordship, with animation, “havn’t I given you bed and board?—havn’t I endowed you with grace and understanding? and
shall I—your natural guardian—leave you to your own unguided judgment and thoughtless precipitation, to play at blind-man's-buff for a wife?—No!"

"That's very excellent philosophy, sir!" said Algernon, tapping the heel of his boot, "but might I be permitted, if it be not asking too much, to see the lady in question—before any further steps are taken—or, adopting the oriental custom, is the veil not to be withdrawn till I have accepted her tender of obedience?"

"You ought to have more confidence in your father's discrimination," replied his lordship, spreading some marmalade on his toast. "I am not a Sir Anthony Absolute, who would peremptorily insist upon your going down on your knees and falling into raptures before a red-haired girl with a long neck—no, my son, I have too great a regard for the honor of our ancient and good-looking family—my father, it is true, left me entirely to my own resources, but then, I was a younger son, and a very discreet one, I may add, too—you are my only born, and a wild and thoughtless dog; therefore it is that I interest myself so much to see you established as the son-in-law of a respectable robe-maker."

"A robe-maker!" exclaimed Algernon, laughingly, "may I expect to be taken into partnership, sir?"

"Don't jest with a parent—it's wicked: I'll tell you how it came to pass—yesterday forenoon I was walking down Pall-Mall when, as accident would have it, my coat came in contact with some scaffolding, and a slight rent was the consequence; to have due reparations made I stepped into Mr. Angel's the robe-maker's in St. James's-street, where I was received by a remarkably sensible, pretty and obliging young female, who, in reply to my enquiries, informed me that she was Mr. Angel's daughter—whether she be or not is immaterial."

"Have you any reason to doubt it, sir?"

"Attention, sir! Instantly procuring needle and thread, she repaired the fissure with wonderful neatness and celerity—a more beautiful hand I never saw in my life—excepting, perhaps, that of Nelly Robinson, who was a celebrated toast when I was at Oxford."

"Were you kind enough to mention my name, sir," enquired the wondering Algernon.

"No," replied his lordship, "I never once gave you a thought. Her engaging manners and pertinent replies quite charmed me."

"It's greatly to be deplored, sir, that fortune should not have been more liberal to one, upon whom nature has bestowed so much."

"Fortune! you dog. Listen to me. I have been told by a highly respectable authority, privately and confidentially, as a secret worth knowing, that she has a relative, an uncle, or something of that sort, worth about a plum. Now, if she be not a lady, already, she is likely, at some future period, to have all the essential qualifications for one. And now I have put you in possession of this important information, let your motto be that of the ancient Orators—'Action—action—action,' and, by so doing, shew yourself worthy of your parentage."

So saying, his lordship turned to the table and resumed his gastronomic functions which had been suspended for some time in the warmth of debate.
"Certainly, sir," observed Algernon, pondering with averted eyes; "but before I proceed to action, would not filial affection suggest, that I should first inquire whether, by availing myself of your kind information, I am not trespassing upon parental privileges."

"Quite proper, my boy," replied his lordship; "but have I never before made sacrifices for you? Are there not at least thirty eligible widows, whose overtures I have systematically declined in order that I might give my undivided attention to your permanent establishment in life? but hark—I hear footsteps—we'll talk further upon this subject anon; it is that parliamentary hippogriff, Sir Gregory Grunsell—hang him."

His lordship's anticipation proved to be correct. At this moment a gaunt, hard-featured old gentleman in a duffell dressing-gown and his chin partially invested with lather, as if he had been interrupted in the operation of shaving, abruptly entered the apartment with a razor in one hand and a newspaper in the other:

"Well, Sir Gregory!" cried Lord Brompton, whose frank, rubicund countenance contrasted forcibly with the stony cynical and querulous physiognomy of the baronet, "what news?"

"News!" replied Sir Gregory, grasping the journal in his hand as if he would have annihilated the very spirit of it; "was ever such scandalous conduct known in this world? my speech which I read over to you yesterday afternoon, and which, as you may remember,"—

"Yes—yes," murmured forth his lordship with a sigh.

"Occupied three quarters of an hour in the delivery, and here reported in half-a-dozen lines."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lord Brompton and Algernon as if with one voice.

"If you don't believe me, read for yourself," returned Sir Gregory, handing his lordship the paper and pointing out the offensive paragraph with his agitated forefinger.

"I don't doubt your word for one moment," said his lordship, sipping his chocolate; "but I never study politics—without a glass—and mine I dropt last night at the opera."

"Why, sir," said Algernon smiling, "those subjects, I believe, are generally viewed through a distorted medium."

"Hush!" whispered his lordship with a furtive wink as Sir Gregory, putting on his spectacles, coolly intimated that he would read the paragraph himself:

"An honorable member, whose name we could not learn, made some observations in reference to the Bill for improving Waste Lands, but which, from the confusion occasioned by honorable members leaving the House, were almost totally inaudible in the gallery. We understood the honorable member to propose that a portion of waste lands should be set aside for the erection of Boarding-schools, as, owing to the annoyance created by academies in different places where he had resided, the honorable member had experienced great inconvenience. He thought that Gunpowder-mills, and Ladies-schools, in particular, should be placed on the same foundation."
"The Beauty of St. James's."

"No question of it, Sir Gregory," cried Algernon, laughing; "a spark would be equally dangerous in the vicinity of either."

"Fie!" said Lord Brompton with amusing gravity, "if I hear another pun—you know my prejudices—respect them."

"Pecavi, my lord," said Algernon, taking up his hat and cane; "but nemo mortali omnibus horis sapit. However, I will not trespass further upon your lordship's indulgence. I have an appointment at Robins's, at eleven. Sir Gregory, good morning; my lord, au revoir."

"Ah!" exclaimed his lordship as he was about to leave, "reflect upon my lecture this morning."

"Distrust me not, my lord; I hear the chains clanking already," and, laughing, he waved his hand and withdrew.

Sir Gregory was about to resume his denunciations of the press, when he was fortunately interrupted by the entrance of a young man with a portfolio of prints beneath his arm.

"Sir Gregory," cried his lordship opening the portfolio and holding up a portrait of Mrs. Billington—the prima donna of that day—"you are a patron of the fine arts—what think you of that?"

"Pahaw!" cried Sir Gregory, snappishly, and throwing down the picture with contempt: is this a time to waste your attention upon frivolities like these, when the kingdom—nay, the whole social fabric is being shaken to its very centre. Lord Brompton! I say it openly before your face as I have said in other places, if ruin and destruction come to your order, you, my Lord Brompton, will incur a fearful responsibility. Nero, they say, fiddled when Rome was in flames."

"My dear Sir Gregory," said his lordship rising, and taking Sir Gregory's hand affectionately, "Nero never received the education of a fireman; it was not for him to carry buckets; that was a duty he left to the Helots. Nero we will suppose to be a person of refined and cultivated taste—a person in fact of high musical attainments. It is not asserted by any historian that he played a jig tune—that he danced to his fiddling or displayed any unbecoming levity. What he performed was, probably, a requiem. Most likely his own composition inspired"—

His lordship was prevented from concluding these historical speculations by Sir Gregory, whose rage had been wound up to its highest pitch, suddenly stamping his foot and rushing into the open air.

"It's a pity," said his lordship, contemplating a beautiful print of the dainty Ariel, "it's a pity that people should suffer themselves to be hurried into absurdities by their political passions. There are Calibans in the House as well as in 'The Tempest.' It would really seem as if legislation and lunacy had sworn eternal friendship. For my part, if I were bound to become an 'M.P.' of some sort, I would rather take my seat among the 'Melancholy Poets' than be yoked to the 'Mad Politicians; but as Torrens says, 'chacun à son goût.'"
CHAPTER II.

Some fifty years ago—if his experience extend to that remote period—the reflective reader may probably recollect that there stood on the western side of St. James's-street, a very quiet and antique-looking shop, (if we may so term it,) over whose elaborately carved portal of polished oak the name of "Angel, robe maker," was inscribed in letters of quaint device. The windows, which were of hexagonal form, presented nothing particular to attract observation, saving, perhaps, the crimson-moreen curtains, over which were suspended a barrister's gown, or a pair of clerical bands, and which were just sufficiently high to shield from public gaze the beauteous nymph who inhabited that temple, where many sighing pilgrims of love would fain have knelt in ardent worship, and deemed it very innocent idolatry.

Maria Angel, the nymph alluded to, was generally known as the "Beauty of St. James's." At the period of which we are writing, she had just attained her nineteenth year, and a sweeter specimen of pure English loveliness was never depicted by fancy in her happiest moments of inspiration. Of fair complexion, with features of exceeding delicacy, there was a charm in her countenance, of which words can convey no adequate idea. Her figure was tall and slender, but not so much so as to excite apprehensions of premature decline, and its symmetry was artfully displayed by the elegant simplicity that uniformly distinguished her attire. Though frosted in accordance with the barbarous mode of the times, her hair (naturally of a beautiful chesnut-hue) was arranged with infinite taste. Her small, pearl-like teeth had been pronounced by the dilettanti the perfection of dental architecture. Her eyes—of whose precise color there is no authentic record, possibly owing to the biographers not possessing sufficient strength of vision to enable them to make the necessary examination—sometimes sparkled with a sweet-tempered vivacity—sometimes beamed with the milder radiance of pensive love. On one of her taper-fingers, we forget which, she wore a very small sapphire ring, which captious old bachelors insinuated was assumed only to invite attention to a hand so beautifully modelled and so pre-eminently delicate, that if manual signs be any criterion of nobility of birth, Maria Angel must assuredly have been born the daughter of a duke, and should have worn in her own right those robes of ducal splendor which she so frequently assisted to fabricate.

Maria was sitting by the window engaged with her needle in finishing a surplice for a young rector—the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Lovedale—when a stranger of prepossessing appearance entered, and, with a captivating inclination of his elegant person, smilingly said that he wished to be shewn a barrister's gown.

As an affectation of mystery is in no case so tormenting and unjustifiable as where a handsome young nobleman is about to make love to a maiden of "charms divine," we may as well inform our readers that the stranger was our hero Algernon, the son and heir of the gallant Lord Brompton.

"I'll ring for my Father, Sir," replied Maria, placing her hand on the bell-pull communicating with an upper apartment.
"The Beauty of St. James's."

"I beg you'll not trouble yourself," cried Algernon, drawing off his cinnamon-kid glove. "I merely wished to look at that gown, yonder; I have not yet decided whether I shall have one of silk or—"

"Bombazeen, Sir?" said Maria, with an arch smile.

"Yes, bombazeen," replied Algernon, striving hard to maintain his gravity. "I am not acquainted with the technicalities of robe-making."

"We never," said Maria, laying down the young Rector's surplice, "I believe, my Father very seldom makes silk-gowns for any gentlemen but those who rank as King's Counsel."

"Indeed!" said Algernon, biting the top of his clouded cane. "I was not aware what your practice might be. I've no doubt that your Papa has very excellent motives for his scrupulousness on that particular point."

"My Father has no motive in it, Sir," rejoined the artless Maria, who was evidently much diverted by the young gentleman's increasing embarrassment. "None but King's Counsel ever require silk gowns, at least so I have always understood."

"O, indeed!" cried Algernon, with an air of such unsophisticated surprise that Maria was compelled to turn aside to prevent her feelings of the ludicrous from overcoming the nice sense of propriety which she generally preserved. "I have heard that there are many eccentric persons in the legal profession, but probably it arises out of motives of economy. Pray which may be the least expensive?"

"Why, Sir!" said Maria, her articulation almost impeded by the gentle laughter which she was no longer able to restrain. "It's only King's Counsel that are permitted to wear them."

When a plaintiff in an action of law—we speak from hearsay, (which, by-the-by, a professional friend has kindly intimated to us is not evidence,) finds it impossible to proceed from want of some important ingredient in the composition of his grievances, he is said, in forensic parlance, to be non-suited, that is, he must pay all costs and commence his suit de novo. This was precisely Algernon's position: the prompt repartees of his fair judge, if we may so designate her, had completely non-suited him; he was consequently obliged to abandon his present line of proceeding, pay the costs which invariably attend upon baffled ingenuity, and if determined to go to court again, there remained no alternative but to sue, not in formâ pauperis, but in proprâ personâ.

During the time occupied by the above digression, Algernon and Maria had remained in tranquil contemplation of each other's smiling countenances, and then ensued one of those awkward pauses which are generally experienced when a gentleman, being detected in a little innocent chicanery, forfeits his self-possession, and the lady, taking a wicked delight in the spectacle of a lover's agonies, stretches forth no friendly hand to extricate him from his manifold dilemmas.

"You must pardon my errors on account of my youth," said Algernon, laughing, though his complexion betrayed that he felt his annoyance. "I am not one of his majesty's counsellors, therefore, of course, as you justly observe, have no right or ambition to envelope myself in silken robes. I am only a poor, very poor advocate"—
Maria shook her head and smiled, as if anticipating the context of his discourse. 
"Of a very worthy client," continued Algernon; "need I say that it is Love."
"You are frequently in the habit of pleading, then," said Maria.
"No—sincerely; this is the first time I ever pleaded at the throne of beauty, and let me hope and trust that he, whose cause I represent, may not suffer from the inexperience which his pleader acknowledges and deplores."
"Do you think that he requires any advocate," said Maria, becoming more and more interested in the elegant and impassioned young orator. "I should say that, considering how frequently he has been tried, he ought almost to be able to plead his own cause."
"Say you so," cried Algernon with ardor, "then, let him plead his own cause, not in airy syllables, but in a mute impression of the lips; let him thus acknowledge his guilt, and cast himself upon the indulgence of his sovereign mistress, whose sweetest prerogative is mercy, and by whose spontaneous sentence he must either live rejoicingly, or, languishing, die."
Having delivered himself of this pretty little speech, Algernon dropped on his knee, and gently raised Maria's not unresisting hand to his lips.

In what terms Maria would have responded to so touching an appeal it would be vain for us to conjecture; for, although one of Eve's loveliest and kindest daughters, she was still a woman, and we have long since declined to undertake the solution of enigmas. Unfortunately, at the moment when Algernon was gazing up in her sweet face, in momentary expectation of a favorable verdict, he was cruelly interrupted and compelled summarily to relinquish his picturesque position by a carriage driving up; and presently an old-fashioned-looking, little page, who, in his powdered wig, violet-colored small-clothes, and a broad-skirted coat, looked like the Lord Mayor's coachman in miniature, made his appearance with a purple-velvet robe, and informed Maria that Lady Gresham desired to speak with her at the carriage-door.
"Lady Gresham?" cried Algernon in apparent alarm; "she is not coming in, I hope."
"Why so?" inquired Maria.
"Because—the fact is—boy you can retire—to be candid," said Algernon, taking Maria's hand in a confidential manner, "Lady Clementina is my cousin—you understand.

Maria answered with a look replete with comprehension, and retired to ascertain Lady Clementina's command.
Algernon waited in a state of nervous trepidation, and, biting his nails most devoutly, wished that, like Riches, he could make for himself wings and flee away.
"Surely," he soliloquized, as he passed stealthily through the window—"surely she'll never be foolish enough to come in and discover me here."
The remark was scarcely uttered when the sound of the carriage-steps announced that Lady Clementina was about to alight and perpetrate the folly that her agitated cousin so severely deprecated. What was he to do? Not a second must be lost.
He looked hurriedly around him, in search of a place of concealment. There was a closet near to the fire-place; he opened the door and had just stepped in when he felt himself arrested, and turning sharply round beheld, to his confusion, a little, punctilious-looking, old gentleman, with a tie wig and a quaker-like black coat and buckles, who very composedly inquired what business Mr. Algernon Brompton had there, and before that unhappy young gentleman could render any explanation of his mysterious conduct, Lady Clementina Gresham walked in with a stately air, followed by Maria, who, though sincerely sympathizing with poor Algernon, could scarcely refrain from smiling at his multiplied embarrassments.

"Algernon!" said Lady Clementina, fixing her penetrating eyes upon her cousin's excited countenance.

"Is this gentleman known to you, my lady?" inquired the little, old gentleman in the tie-wig.

Lady Clementina made no reply, but, with a quick glance at Maria, who was calmly contemplating the collar of the young rector's surplice, she waited to hear what Algernon might have to offer in his justification.

"Very singular!" said Algernon, tearing the finger of his glove as he endeavored to look steadily at Lady Clementina: "I called here respecting—you've heard of Charles Manning getting up private theatricals—I think I mentioned it to you."

"Whether you did or not is of little importance," said Lady Clementina, with a slight expression of contemptuous indifference.

"Exactly so," replied Algernon; "but I was going to observe, that he has prevailed upon me to take a character—Shylock, or—or Bassanio, and so I came here—"

"To provide yourself with the necessary costume," said Lady Clementina, with a smile of disdainful scepticism.

"Precisely," rejoined Algernon, breathing with less difficulty than he had done for some time.

"This is not a masquerade warehouse," observed the little, old gentleman in the tie-wig, with an air of chilling severity.

"Indeed!" said Algernon; "I was not aware."

"But you might have seen, had you looked before you entered the door," said the old gentleman; "there's my name—'Angel, Robe-maker to the Royal Family.'"

There is a venerable adage which teaches us to believe, that when misfortunes have attained their climax they will sooner or later show signs of amendment. As Algernon's perplexities were scarcely capable of any further aggravation, he was not surprised, though manifestly gratified at a violent hail-storm which, at this critical moment, suddenly came to his relief, whilst a gentleman on horseback dashing up to the door, hastily dismounted, and rushing into the shop begged for shelter from the storm.

On perceiving Algernon and his cousin, however, he appeared somewhat confused, but immediately recovered his self-possession and made an obeisance to Lady Clementina.
"Count Torrens!" cried Algernon, advancing, and shaking the stranger's hand.

"My friend, Brompton," returned the Count, who was a tall, handsome man of eight and thirty, with fair moustaches, a Roman nose, and the most charming complexion that discriminating rouge ever produced.

"This is a singular re-union," said the count, looking at Algernon, and laughing; very—'pon my life! I did not anticipate meeting you under such remarkable circumstances. Lady Clementina, allow me to apologise for the abruptness of my intrusion."

"Have you, count, also come to order a clergyman's gown to perform the character of Shylock or Bassanio?" said Lady Clementina, with a smile, in which the faintest possible trace of sarcasm was perceptible.

"Mercy forbid!" exclaimed the count, bending his riding-rod into a bow, "surely, neither your ladyship nor my friend Brompton, suspect me of such delinquency. But—that's that—my horse has run away—oh, that stupid old man not keeping hold of him."

So saying, the count, followed by Algernon, who was delighted at this opportunity of effecting his escape, rushed into the street where the count's steed was tearing along in defiance of all opposition and, after terrifying several elderly ladies he was stopped and brought back without injury to any one, and the count remounted and bade his friend Brompton adieu, first intimating that he should probably meet him at Earl Gresham's party on the following day.

CHAPTER III.

EARL GRESHAM, whose daughter, Lady Clementina, we have already introduced to the reader, had been a widower for many years prior to the period at which our story commences. He had twice entered the nuptial temple, and, by his first wife—a lovely and accomplished woman—he had two sons, one of whom died at Eton in his youth, the other, his lordship's heir, was still living, a member for a county, universally respected, and beloved—Clementina was the issue of his lordship's second marriage and, in addition to the injurious and exacting disposition which she inherited from her mother, had attained a certain proficiency in finesse, for which she was probably indebted to her noble sire, who occupied a distinguished position in the cabinet.

The natural disposition of Lady Clementina had been fostered and corroborated by the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed. An only daughter—the sole mistress, from an early age, of her father's house, to rule had become an elementary principle of her being. Even her step-brother, he, whose amiable character had endeared him to all, found it difficult to brook the pride of one who, incapable of sympathy, had long regarded him with feelings of aversion. Lord Fulworth married the youngest daughter of an admiral before he had attained his majority, when the slight intimacy that had previously existed between him and Lady Clementina was extinguished, and they held no further communication than that which was presented by the etiquette of the circle in which they moved.

Although Lady Clementina had never dreamt in her tenderest moments of yield-
ing to the weakness of an attachment for her cousin Algernon—the portionless son of her father's younger brother—even could Earl Gresham have been induced to countenance such an alliance—a supposition not to be entertained by any rational creature. Still, as Algernon knew, and, more than once, with mingled vanity and bitterness had been heard to acknowledge, her ladyship would never consent to his paying homage to another: not, however, that any want of attention on the part of those, who might be deemed eligible candidates for her hand, rendered her desirous of securing the exclusive devotion of one, whose pecuniary position forbade him aspiring beyond the melancholy office of an useful and interesting companion. Lady Clementina, on the contrary, had many suitors, recommended both by birth and affluence, but, while Algernon lived, they sighed and wooed in vain. It would be injustice to woman's heart to say that she wished him dead, but had that event fortuitously happened it would have relieved her of an apprehensiveness that engrossed her thoughts by night and day, and an impulsive jealousy that she had neither power to banish nor control.

Such being the position in which Algernon stood with Lady Clementina Gresham, it will readily be conceived with what feelings she contemplated the possibility of an attachment springing up between her cousin and Maria Angel. To destroy such mischance in its earliest stage—to prevent an union, the degradation of which, so far as family connexions were concerned, she overlooked in its iniquity to herself—occupied Lady Clementina's undivided attention, and her ingenious mind was not long in framing a plot for this purpose which, elaborate and impracticable as it might appear, was conducted with a tact and energy proportioned to the importance of the object they were required to accomplish.

An Italian, named Leoni, who was employed by Earl Gresham in the capacity of courier, presented himself to Lady Clementina, as an agent well qualified to carry her plans into execution. He was a young man of seven or eight and twenty and, in his thin, sallow face and pale-arched forehead one might trace at a glance the passionate and romantic temperament of the Florentine. His flowing, black hair was divided in the centre, and fell in long, clustering ringlets on his shoulders. His eyes were dark and prominent, and had a peculiar versatility of expression changing in an instant from the deep gloom of despondency to the sparkling lustre of one whose imagination is suddenly excited by quick impulses. Leoni had seen much of society, and was the hero of many romantic adventures, amongst which the latest and most remarkable was his elopement with the daughter of a wealthy English baronet. Being pursued and overtaken, the lady was carried back to her father's house, which a few months subsequently she quitted as the bride of a German nobleman, one Count Torrens, who had little to boast of, excepting a showy figure, unflagging powers of conversation and a storehouse of the most delicious flattery. By virtue of these essentials, the count had attained some distinction in the world of ton, and it was rumoured that a gay and genial member of the Royal Family had occasionally condescended to make the count's attentive ear the chosen repository of those tender secrets which may steal in midnight whispers even from the susceptible bosom of a prince.
The count's accession to marital dignities was not attended by much felicity on either side, but, inasmuch as he married, to use a mercantile phrase, solely "for the benefit of creditors," neither he nor his friends evinced much surprise or disappointment on that point, and the count's free and social disposition enabled him to bear up against his domestic trials with philosophic resignation and complacency. The countess, in whom passion and romance were as strongly developed as in her Italian lover, could not banish Leoni from her thoughts, and some affirmed that she maintained a correspondence with him. Whether or not this report had any real foundation, the count never troubled himself to inquire, notwithstanding he knew that Leoni entertained feelings of the bitterest hostility against himself, and would not hesitate, if opportunity offered, to wreak a fearful and sanguinary revenge.

It was late one evening, about a week subsequent to the events detailed in the last chapter, that Lady Clementina sat alone in her boudoir, whilst Earl Gresham was entertaining a party of gentlemen at dinner, amongst whom were Lord Brompton, his son Algernon, Count Torrens, and Sir Gregory Grunsell—Clementina looked paler than usual. She had been reading for some hours, and the work which now engaged her attention, was the Memoirs of the Marchioness de Beawilliers, whose beauty and crimes in connexion with the secret poisons of the Italian Alchemist, have invested her name with so dark a notoriety. Clementina laid down the book, and for some minutes was absorbed in deep thought, when, suddenly, she was startled by the sound as of one tapping for admission. She arose, and, drawing aside the curtains, beheld at the bay window, opening on to the lawn without, a man, whose features, by the light of the small wax-taper by which she had been reading, she discovered to be those of the courier Leoni. As she opened the lattice-door to admit him, he raised his finger to his lips, and smilingly motioned her to be silent.

"Hush!" he said, in a whisper, and stepping lightly to the door of the apartment to ascertain that its fastenings were secure, he continued:—"I don't wish him to be aware of my presence."

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Clementina.

"Torrens!" replied the Italian, knitting his brow; "he is here, and his Father-in-law, too."

"Is it Sir Gregory, then, whose daughter you—"

"Loved to madness!" cried the Italian, folding his arms, while his breast heaved with excitement; "whom, in my dreams, I worshipped as a spirit, too fair, too pure for mortal arms to clasp, and she is now his bride; aye, his miserable bride. But no matter: I have that here that shall avenge her wrongs and mine," and he held his clenched hand to his breast, while his eyes glittered like those of a basilisk.

"No more of that, Leoni," said Clementina, sitting down, while the Italian paced the apartment; "answer me! where is the Countess?"

"She?" replied Leoni, "she has turned Catholic, and has entered a convent to prove her devotion to me."

"They are separated, then?"
"The Beauty of St. James's."

"Romance, again, Leoni; if you were other than an Italian, I should be angry with you."

Leoni shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and said:—"You English have no hearts, then!"

"How came you to know that Torrens had arrived in town?" enquired Clementina.

"As I was passing through St. James's-street this afternoon," replied Leoni, "I observed him enter a robe-maker's."

"A robe-maker's!" cried Clementina. "What business had he there?"

"Business!" returned Leoni with a sneer; "it is the abode of an angel."

"You jest, Sir; the person's name is 'Angel,' he is employed occasionally by Earl Gresham; he has a—"

"Daughter," cried Leoni, "a divine creature—an incarnation of morn."

"Leoni," said Lady Clementina, struggling to conceal the painful emotions which his words were calculated to excite, "Leoni, you are surely mad—or—or foolish—you speak so strangely, so absurdly. Well, proceed; is Count Torrens in love with this 'divine creature'?"

"He love? he the base, mean reptile that crawls along its slimy path with a soul immured in blackest darkness—were the bright stars of heaven created and lit up for such as he? Insensible to love's thrice-hallowed flame, he worships but one idol, and that is gold. Hark! I hear his voice!" and Leoni suddenly drew a poniard from his breast, and started up. Clementina arrested his arm:

"Leoni, I conjure you—remember, Sir, in whose house you are, this is no place for assassination."

The Italian gazed at her with a melancholy brow, and shrunk back abashed.

"Listen to me," said Clementina, with an earnestness that compelled attention. "Count Torrens has, doubtless, conceived a passion for this girl—'the Beauty of St. James's,' as she is termed. Will you stand calmly by and let him carry off the prize when, by a slight exertion, you might obtain it for yourself? He has injured you deeply, you say, and you would, therefore, take his life. Leoni, this is folly—nay, worse; 'tis wickedness and the extreme of madness. Would it not be better, wiser, safer, to seek that revenge which will leave a rankling wound in your enemy's bosom of greater agony than death—which will expose you to no danger, and will excite, instead of horror and detestation, the applause of the world. Think of it calmly, Leoni."

The Italian pondered for a few moments, with his eyes bent on the ground; then, looking thoughtfully at Clementina, he said:—"You mean by supplanting him; carrying her off by stealth, or, aye, force, and making her my bride. But how know you that she returns his overtures? Were I sure—"

"Granted that she returns them with scorn, what, then, would it not be a triumph for you to succeed where he has failed?"

"True!" replied the Italian.

"Besides," continued Clementina, "if your object be wealth, where could you make a better election?"
"Their hearts were always so—"

"I'll think of it," said Leoni, rising, and preparing to retire.

"Stay!" cried Lady Clementina, opening a drawer in the bulle cabinet, "you may require money in this matter; here is a pocket-book in which you will find sufficient to answer your purpose."

The Italian took the present, and looked earnestly at Lady Clementina. "Do you really sympathise with me, my Lady?" he said in a low voice. "Are you sincerely anxious that I should be avenged upon this destroyer of my heart, upon him who has made me unhappy, and condemned me, perhaps, to celibacy?"

"Leoni," replied Clementina, and a slight blush suffused her cheek, "if he has wronged you, retribution is now within your reach. Listen: to-morrow is the levee at the Palace, immediately after which Earl Gresham and myself leave for Paris. You will accompany us. My Father, as I mentioned before, has frequently employed this person, Angel, the robe-maker; I also know him well. Supposing that my Father or even I were to write to him, requesting him to come to Paris, he would, I am assured, do so instantly."

"I see, I see," cried Leoni.

"Stay. On his arrival it will be my pleasure to detain him at our Château at St. Cloud, which can be easily done, as Earl Gresham will have occasion to return to town for a day or two. Then should he be suddenly indisposed—elderly people are always ailing, you know, Leoni—then I shall dispatch you to his daughter to inform her of the circumstance, and to bring her over to see her dear parent before it be too late."

"Admirable," exclaimed Leoni, clasping his hands with an air of enthusiasm, at which Clementina appeared much gratified—"how shall I ever repay the debt of obligation your goodness imposes upon me?"

"Beautiful lady! Let my lips testify the gratitude I have no words to express," and raising Clementina's hand he kissed it with grace and tenderness.

A slight knocking without, accompanied by the familiar sound of her cousin Algernon's voice prevented further consultation, and Clementina having desired Leoni to meditate seriously upon her suggestions, and to see her again as soon as his resolution was taken, the Italian cautiously withdrew by the window at which he had entered.

"I just peep in to bid you good bye," said Algernon, as Clementina admitted him into her boudoir, "and to say that I shall be your most obedient cavalier tomorrow morning at ten precisely. By the bye, on Thursday my father and myself start for Dover, whence, perhaps, we may run over to Paris for a day or two."

"Paris!" cried Clementina with surprise, "are you not going to Naples?"

"Naples?" exclaimed Algernon, "no—Heaven forbid."

"I thought you had obtained the appointment of Secretary of Legation."

"Yes—Earl Gresham was kind enough to offer it to me, but I declined it."

"And why so, Algernon?"

"O, for no particular reason, only one does not like to break up old associations. Would you sanction my tearing myself away for ever from my dear, my native land?"
"That depends upon circumstances—you are best able to judge whether your position require some little sacrifices of that nature. I should say that your uncle has acted very kindly in making you such an offer, and I should be sorry were you to incur his displeasure by rejecting it. Of course, Algernon, I am not interested either way. Earl Gresham mentioned it to me this morning, and I thought you would have been delighted at such an introduction to fortune and distinction."

So saying, Lady Clementina took up a small volume from the table, and commenced reading, while Algernon, with all his inborn innocence could not imagine why her ladyship should be offended, as she evidently was, at his non-acceptance of an office which would deprive her entirely of his society, and for which he entertained no desire whatever.

The truth was that Clementina had first suggested the subject to her father, and importuned him to confer some post upon Algernon that would remove him for ever from the dangerous vicinity of "the Beauty of St. James's."

Algernon was about to resume the conversation, when a servant announced that Lord Brompton's carriage was waiting. He, therefore, merely intimated that he would be in attendance early next morning to accompany her ladyship to the palace, agreeably to previous arrangement—and took his departure without receiving even a parting glance from his cousin, who seemed deeply mortified at the failure of her first scheme.

"No matter," she said, "if Leoni have sufficient energy and discretion, my hopes will be accomplished yet." With this reflection she took up the taper and retired to her chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following day, lady Clementina Gresham was to be presented at Court; and foremost among the train of equipages that lined Pall-mall on their way to the palace, was that of her noble sire. On reaching the gateway opening upon the court-yard, the attention of Algernon, who happened to be sitting opposite his cousin, was excited by a sudden shout, and looking from the window he discovered a sedan-chair carried by two burly porters, who, having no ambition to be run over by as fine a pair of horses as ever displayed their motions of self-importance in harness, had occasioned the tumult above alluded to.

"Has any thing happened?" enquired lady Clementina as Algernon continued to gaze with much curiosity on some object without.

At this moment the fair occupant of the chair gently raised her face and revealed to lady Clementina's surprise and Algernon's embarrassment, the lovely features of "the Beauty of St. James's!"

"Surely that is Mr. Angel, the robedmaker's daughter—is it not?" said Clementina gazing earnestly at Maria who, on being observed modestly dropped her eyes upon the ivory fan attached to her delicate, little hand.

"Is it, indeed?" returned Algernon, sedulously endeavoring to avoid any accession of crimson to his guilty countenance.
Lady Clementina answered not, but with a glance of distrust, almost approaching to scorn, (she turned away) and a long pause ensued that continued till the carriage drew up at the entrance-hall which was lined with yeomen of the guard.

As they were ascending the grand stair-case, conducting to the state apartment, where, amidst a blaze of diamonds and clouds of plumes, appeared the sovereign attended by his matronly consort and amiable family, Algernon perceived Count Torrens in conversation with a personage whom, by the star on his breast, he instantly recognised as the heir-apparent to the throne. The count affected not to observe his friend Algernon, and they passed without any tokens of recognition being exchanged. The circumstance, however, of Torrens being in company with that exalted personage, in addition to the fact of Maria’s visit to the palace, so perplexed and bewildered poor Algernon that, when he approached the royal presence, his mind was in such an unintelligible state of abstraction that he unconsciously stretched forth his hand till it fairly clasped the monarchical digits, which were graciously extended for him to impress with a reverential salute, and when his majesty, with a humorous smile, looked at the assembled courtiers who felt themselves justified in responding with a quiet titter, Algernon gazed for a moment with an aspect of dreaming amazement, till recalled to himself by a lord-in-waiting, who compassionately twitched his sleeve, when, in startled confusion, and blushing acutely, he made a most rustic-looking bow, and hurried out of the presence, while a gentle peal of laughter re-echoed through the state apartments, and followed him into the ante-room, where, on turning round, he beheld Lady Clementina leaning on her father’s arm, and biting her proud lip with an expression of intense disdain.

“Bitterly reproaching himself for his gaucherie, and in a state of feverish excitement, Algernon walked about for some minutes, wanting confidence to follow Clementina, and feeling utterly incapable, had he done so, of framing any apology for his mysterious behaviour, insomuch as he felt assured that Lady Clementina’s jealousy would ascribe it to its natural cause. While occupied in these reflections, he strolled along a gallery communicating with the offices in connection with the palace, when his ear was suddenly arrested and charmed by a voice from an adjoining apartment which reminded him forcibly of one to whose silvery tones he could listen for hours without fatigue or satiety—need we say it was the voice of Maria? of his own dear Maria—for whom, whatever the mercenary world might insinuate, Algernon had conceived, on his first interview, a passion, that was as ardent and as holy as it was disinterested.

While Algernon stood with a palpitating heart hesitating whether he dare present himself before his enslaver, without committing a breach of privilege, the door was suddenly opened by a tall, elderly gentlewoman, with a pyramid of powdered curls, a fawn-colored brocaded gown, a scolloped, white-muslin apron, to which was suspended an antique pin-cushion, and a pair of embroidered shoes with buckles, and high red-tipped heels, that gave her carriage additional loftiness and dignity. The old lady, who seemed to be the housekeeper of that department, surprised at finding a stranger, with his ear so closely approximating to the key-hole, was about to express her indignation at such indecorous conduct, when Algernon, looking in, was
recognised by Maria, who kindly flew to his protection, and informing the sceptical old lady that Algernon was an intimate acquaintance she conducted him to a seat, and in another moment they were enjoying a tête-a-tête of the most delightful and delicate description imaginable.

"May I be permitted to inquire from whom you obtained your passport to these royal dominions?" said Algernon, with a countenance in which natural cheerfulness was strangely blended with an anxiety which he strove in vain to conceal.

"From whom would you suppose?" replied Maria with a smile—"guess."

"Oh, I am very unfortunate in the solution of problems," rejoined Algernon, "whether moral or mathematical."

"Well, if you fail in these endeavours," said Maria, "I will tell you."

Algernon contracted his fine manly forehead, and, with his blue eyes averted, plunged at once into deep cogitation.

"You cannot guess?" said Maria, after a pause, and with an oblique inclination of the head that rendered her more fascinating, Algernon fancied, than the finest specimen of sculpture that ancient or modern art had ever produced.

"Pon honor, I've no conception," said Algernon, with melancholy candour.

Maria laughed, and turning to the old lady, whose ancient features were beginning to lose something of their native severity, she said—"Would there be any impropriety, madam, do you think, in my acceding to his wishes?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the old lady, "it depends upon who he is and what right he has to ask such questions; is he a brother or a cousin?"

"O, he is no brother," said Maria, looking down with a slight mantle of crimson upon her cheek.

"Then I think it's highly impertinent in him," returned the old lady with a toss of that high pyramid of curls before described, "and I shouldn't indulge his curiosity."

"Pray don't say that, madam," cried Algernon.

"But I do say it and mean it, too," replied the old lady tartly; "if you'd been a brother you might feel some little anxiety about the young lady."

"Are brothers, then, to enjoy a monopoly of anxiety in regard to inquiries of this nature," said Algernon. "I assure you, madam, that altho' no relation—"

"No relation at all!" ejaculated the old lady, bridling up most alarmingly; "I must say, then, that your assurance exceeds that of any young man of your age that I ever met with, or I hope I ever shall." And with this pungent philippic the old lady gave Algernon a look that was worth a whole volume of sermons, and retired from the apartment, probably to make her rebuke more lasting and impressive.

"I hope the old lady isn't offended," said Maria; "she is very touchy."

"I am exceedingly glad she's gone," said Algernon, drawing his chair closer to his fair interlocutor; "and now, if you have any regard for my mental tranquillity—if I am to close my eyes in blissful slumber for weeks to come, tell me who introduced you to these state apartments; tell me only half of his name—I'll guess the other," and Algernon gently squeezed the hand that he had not relinquished since he first clasped it.

X—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JUNE, 1843.
"If you had a garden with a great many beautiful roses in it, and you wished to ascertain their number, what would you do?" inquired Maria.

"Count," said Algernon, thoughtfully.

Maria smiled, and paused to afford him an opportunity of guessing the remaining portion of the enigma.

"Count Torrens!" exclaimed Algernon with sudden alarm; "you mean he that came in to your father's while I was present during the hail-storm?"

"Yes," answered Maria, "he has called several times to see my father, but generally when my father has been away from home, respecting a robe that he has been commissioned to obtain for some foreign prince—the Count mentioned his name, but I have forgotten it."

"I understand," said Algernon, in a state of extreme agitation; "well?"

"And yesterday he called, and asked me if I should like to go to the palace and see the company on their way to the levee. I acknowledged that I should, if it were with my father's consent, when he very politely presented me with a card which he directed me to deliver to the housekeeper, who would allow me to sit in her apartment—you appear unwell; I trust you are not?"

"I have a severe head-ache, nothing further," said Algernon, applying his hand to the region of pain.

At this moment the sound of footsteps announced that strangers were approaching, and starting up, with his face as pale as a corpse, Algernon walked or more properly speaking staggered to the door of the apartment, which he was about to open, when he was anticipated by Count Torrens, whom he encountered in company with the distinguished personage to whom allusion has previously been made. Torrens looked surprised at this unexpected meeting, but made no remark, and Algernon, supporting himself as he best could, descended into the palace-garden to inhale the fresh air, and relieve the sense of oppression under which he suffered.

There was a throng of carriages in the quadrangle, waiting to set down their beautiful occupants, and as Algernon cast his eye along the line of sparkling hours, with white-satin fans and nodding plumes, he perceived his revered parent, Lord Brompton, sitting in a chariot in close converse with a little lady, fat, fair, and forty, whose dimpled, rosy chin, combined with the exuberant good nature that nestled within it, contributed, to use Lord Brompton's epigrammatical eulogium, 'to the amusement of millions, and to the happiness of all.'

"Why," exclaimed Lord Brompton, looking with astonishment at his offspring, "in the name of the worshipful company of — Plasterers, I was going to say, had not a lady been present, what makes you look so pale?"

"He's in love," observed the little, fat lady; "poor fellow—no wonder he appears so delicate—heigho!"

"I always thought that love was found amongst the roses," returned Lord Brompton, with a glance at the little, fat lady's rosy chin.

The little, fat lady laughed, and shook her head with a sigh that seemed to be lifted up with infinite labor from the foundation of her benevolent heart.

"The heat was so oppressive," said Algernon, "that I was obliged to withdraw."
"Where is my Lady Clementina?" inquired his lordship.

"She and the Earl have been gone, some time, replied Algernon, "and I should have accompanied them, but I happened to meet with"—

"A tiger that obstructed your path?" interrupted his lordship, taking a satisfactory pinch of snuff.

Algernon turned away, as if slightly displeased at this unseasonable badinage.

"Ha!" cried the little, fat lady, with an insinuating glance, "there is some fair enchantress, whose magic spells have detained him here—I know there is."

"Very like—very like," replied his lordship, and, at this moment, the chariot drove on, and Algernon, bowing to the little, fat lady, was proceeding to quit the palace, when, as he was about to pass through the narrow postern, he encountered with a sudden shock, that disconcerted both parties, his testy friend, Sir Gregory Grunsell.

"Sir Gregory, I beg your pardon," said Algernon, as the Baronet was about to pronounce an anathema.

"If people would only exercise a little more caution," returned Sir Gregory, as Algernon restored to him his hat and stick, which had fallen in the collision, "there would be no necessity for any begging at all."

"But, Sir Gregory, I assure you"—

"None of your assurance for me," rejoined the baronet disdainfully; "I repeat, that of all abominations with which this metropolis abounds I detest the begging system. Why don't persons use their eyes, or else have their eyelids sewn up at once. There was a drunken fellow of a chairman ran against me not five minutes ago, and nearly knocked me into the gutter, and he also begged my pardon. Are fellows like these, who cannot control their appetites—whose habits of intemperance are as notorious as that one and one make two—are they qualified for the duties they are called upon to perform? Who can foresee what awful consequences might arise from the incapacity of a soffit chairman? Driving along pell-mell—hustling everybody—neither awake nor asleep! but I'll bring in a Bill next Session to abolish that nuisance, as well as to compel the removal of Girl's Schools to isolated situations. I heard a party of giddy, young minxes screeching as I came past a seminary this morning. It jars every nerve—it's horrid. I would sooner lodge on the first floor of a coppersmith's—have you seen anything of Torrens?"

Algernon replied that he had seen him in company with a distinguished personage, and believed he was at that moment in one of the apartments opposite.

"What!" exclaimed Sir Gregory, gazing up at the open window where Maria sat in lively conversation with the Count and his friend, who were standing beside her, "what! Torrens there? and who is that female?"

"Mr. Angel, the robe-maker's daughter," answered Algernon, biting his thumbnail.

"If Sir Gregory had been suddenly attacked with paralysis, his countenance could not have assumed a more extraordinary expression. For a moment he looked at Algernon as if doubtful whether he were speaking in jest or earnest; but when he saw that Algernon's demeanour presented every appearance of sincerity,
Sir Gregory clenched his teeth, and shaking his stick in the air, he muttered some desperate epithets, and striking across the court-yard, proceeded to seek an interview with his son-in-law, which was apparently of a rather angry character, for Algernon could plainly see Sir Gregory with uplifted arm and violent gesticulations, as if upbraiding the Count in good set terms, and in a few minutes Maria came down, escorted by Sir Gregory, and entering the chair which was in waiting took her departure from the Palace.

If Algernon had been perplexed and bewildered by previous events, this last occurrence completely confounded him. What sort of interest could Sir Gregory Grunzell entertain with respect to Maria? What authority had he to interfere at all? Surely, she was no relation of his. Surely—the suspicion of Sir Gregory's being in love, made Algernon laugh, and, unable to answer the preceding interrogatories, he summoned a coach, and drove homewards. As he passed Earl Gresham's mansion, he observed his Lordship's travelling carriage, in which were Lady Clementina and the Earl about to start for Paris, while, in the seat behind, enveloped in a cloak that almost concealed his sardonic visage, Leoni, the Italian, was just recognisable.

CHAPTER V.

A week had elapsed, and the scene of our story changes to Paris. The plot invented by Lady Clementina, and partially carried out by her agent had so far succeeded, that Angel, the robe-maker, had left town to wait upon Earl Gresham, in compliance with the Earl's wishes, as expressed by her ladyship in a letter to him, and Leoni had been despatched to execute his part of the scheme, which was to inveigle Maria to Paris by representing her Father to have been suddenly seized with indisposition, which rendered her presence imperatively necessary. Instigated by feelings of bitter animosity against Count Torrens, who entertained (so at least Leoni believed) an ardent passion for Maria, more particularly as his wife, the Countess, was in a rapid decline that precluded all hopes of recovery, the Italian proceeded in the prosecution of his object with an alacrity and resolution which shewed how little he suspected being the hired instrument of the Lady Clementina's unhallowed machinations.

It was growing dusk, one summer's evening, when Clementina, who had been walking for some time alone amongst the gay promenaders in the garden of the Tuileries—Earl Gresham having returned to London on official business—was suddenly accosted by a person whose figure was concealed by a dark cloak, and who, in a hurried whisper, desired her to follow him to a remote part, where, having reached a sequestered seat beneath some spreading elm-trees, the stranger threw open his cloak, and Leoni stood revealed.

"Leoni!" cried the Countess with surprise, "what means this needless mystery?"

"Mystery?" returned the Italian. "I do not wish to be seen by every carping fool; besides, Torrens, the accursed—"
"Is in Paris, I am aware," interrupted Clementina. "Tell me, what have you done since you left Paris?"

"Done? Everything. I have just arrived by the Diligence."

"And she?" cried Clementina, with an anxious gaze and suspended breath.

The Italian paused and regarded the Countess with his glittering eyes as if her earnestness had awakened within his mind a misgiving of her assumed disinterestedness.

"Have you succeeded in your object?" demanded Clementina, unable longer to restrain her impatience.

"My object was to decoy from her home that divine form, whose eyes are like the stars of heaven—to woo—to wed her; and thus, while enjoying the ecstacies of love, to feel the tumultuous throbings of revenge."

"These rhapsodies are puerile," said Clementina, petulantly; "a man should shew himself a man."

"'Ah!" cried Leoni, with intense emotion, "'tis well for you, who never loved as I have loved, into whose bosom the burning thorns have never pierced—'tis well for you to say, 'be calm—be wise.' Yes, when a wretch is stretched upon the rack—when all his soul is wrung with torture, you, Countess, stand by and 'bid him look up to heaven with gratitude and smile.'"

"Leoni," exclaimed Clementina, "I will not hear such words from you, remem-
ber, sir! your station—this presumption is insufferable."

"I've done—I've done," murmured the Italian, with an air of abject despond-
ency, "pardon me, my lady, I did not mean offence."

"Answer me, then, once for all," said Clementina, "where is the person of whom you were speaking? is she in Paris?"

"Yes," cried Leoni, with sudden enthusiasm, "at the hotel on the quay yonder,
waiting my return to conduct her to her father."

At this moment, Leoni perceived three gentlemen approaching, at whose appear-
ance he suddenly started, and shading his face beneath his cloak, stole away, as if desirous to avoid observation. One, who proved to be Count Torrens, accosted Lady Clementina, inquired after her father's health and, making his obeisance, accom-
panied by his friends, bade her good evening.

The Italian suddenly stepped from behind the tree where he had concealed him-
self, and with an expression of demoniacal joy, looked at Clementina, and muttered,
"'tis he—now shall my wrongs be avenged." Clementina would fain have detained
him, but before she could speak, he had torn himself away and was tracking the
steps of his victim.

The count, with his friends, proceeded to the Palais-Royal, where they entered
a gaming-house, Leoni following them up stairs as far as the door of the saloon,
where the reckless votaries of fortune were engaged in their desperate 'play.'

It was a spacious and splendid apartment, with furniture of the most recherché
description. The ceiling, from which three elegant chandeliers depended, was
painted in the first style, and ornamented with gilt mouldings of exquisite design
and workmanship. The walls, faced with looking-glass, produced a most lively
effect, and even the moody Leoni, as he peered through the half-opened door, was startled at the haggard and fierce countenances which he saw reflected all around, and, for a moment, he was agitated by a thrill of fear.

Standing around a large circular table covered with green baize, which occupied the centre of the apartment—there being smaller tables on either side—some eighteen or twenty persons were playing at Faro. One was a tall, grey-headed old man, whose hand trembled violently as he rattled the dice, which were to determine the fate of his last crown. Beside him was a person of mulatto complexion, in a slouched hat, and his arm in a sling, who never spoke, but staked his money and lost with a fortitude that long acquaintance with adversity only, could have induced. His neighbour was a short, hump-backed individual, on black-leather crutches, who played with an energetic desperation that was at once fearful and ludicrous. On the opposite side, a person of military appearance stood calmly looking on, pricking holes in a card. He had lost his last louis d’or some hours previously, and was now a philosophical inquirer into the doctrine of probabilities. At some distance from the table, a young man was sitting alone, with his neck-cloth loosened, his hollow eyes cast down, his pale lips, from which the blood was trickling, presenting the very image of despair. The croupier was a grave, business-like man in a peach-blossom coat and white cravat, and as he drew towards him the glistening coins with a silver rake, he did so with an air of such unaffected integrity that you might almost have fancied he was collecting subscriptions for some highly benevolent and laudable purpose.

Count Torrens staked a few crowns, which he speedily lost; then, looking at his watch, he shook hands with his friends and retired. Leoni, who had been vigilantly watching his motions, suddenly became pale and agitated, and concealing himself in a recess on the stair-case he anxiously waited the Count’s approach. His heart throbbed fast and violently, and every vein in his face became dilated, while his cheeks glowed with the passion of anticipated vengeance. At length, Torrens descended the stairs, and had just passed Leoni, when the Italian sprung like a tiger from his place of concealment, and drawing a poniard from beneath his cloak stabbed Torrens in the back, who fell with an exclamation of horror at his feet. The Italian gazed upon his prostrate foe with an expression of fiendish exultation, while the Count, raising his arm, made an effort to speak, when Leoni brandished his weapon over him, and he sunk into a state of insensibility. For a few moments, Leoni calmly contemplated the pallid form of his victim, but, startled by the voices of the gamesters in fierce altercation, he cast down the poniard and prepared to make his escape. Before he could reach the street, however, he was met by a party of gens d’armes who had come to search for some political conspirator—seeing their object, Leoni immediately turned back, and proceeding hastily to the room above, he walked in and mixed with the gamesters, carefully concealing from observation his hand, which was still wet with blood.

In a few minutes, the door of the saloon was thrown open, and, one of the gens d’armes announced that a gentleman was lying murdered on the stairs. Thrice he repeated this announcement, but excepting the military man, who was pricking
holes in a card, no one present took notice of it, but continued to play with an
imperturbability and nonchalance which, if not confirmed by experience, would be
supposed to be impossible even on the part of the most infatuated and callous of
mankind.

"Gentlemen," cried the soldier, in a louder voice, "one of your friends is basely
assassinated—the murderer must be among you; here is the weapon with which
the assassin accomplished his bloody purpose; does any one know to whom this
belongs?" So saying, the speaker held up the poniard, while the gamesters, who
were at length aroused from their state of mental absorption, regarded him in dread
astonishment.

"No one answers," cried the serjeant; then, throwing open the door, he called
to his comrades and desired them to enter. The soldiers advanced and ranged
themselves in a line with fixed bayonets, so as to prevent any person from retiring
without their authority.

"Serjeant!" cried the coupier, who was still sitting at the table making up a
pile of crowns, "we know nothing of this affair—why do you intrude here?"

"Monsieur Sargeant," replied the soldier, "I know my duty better than you can
instruct me; none leaves this room without my permission. The assassin, I repeat,
is amongst you, and it will be well for you to discover him; and so doing the sooner
we shall relieve you of our company."

The gamblers looked at each other with an air of extreme perplexity, and, at
last, their eyes, as by some supernatural agency, rested upon the ghastly figure of
Leoni, who was standing apart from the group with one end of his cloak thrown
over his breast, and his eyes glancing vividly around him, as if prepared to resist
any attempt that might be made to arrest him.

"Whoever has done this deed," cried the serjeant, "must have some stains of
blood about him. Gentlemen! I request you, one and all, to hold up your hands."

The words were scarcely spoken when Leoni, who had been furtively taking a
survey of the apartment, perceived a panel, which his quick eye told him presented
a means of egress of which the persons connected with the establishment were some-
times prompted to avail themselves. The Italian immediately sprung towards it,
and, drawing it aside, discovered a flight of stairs communicating with the roof of the
house, which he speedily attained, and, shielding himself behind the parapets, stole
cautiously along his rugged and perilous path.

His retreat had not, however, escaped observation. Some of the gens d'armes
ran out and fired at him from the street, but without effect, while the serjeant, a
bald-headed old soldier, with grisy moustaches, and a medal decorating his blue coat,
followed Leoni over the house-tops, till he was within a few paces of him, when the
Italian suddenly drew forth a pistol and discharged it at his pursuer. The old
soldier, though the ball had penetrated his lungs and he felt that he was mortally
wounded, summoned up all his remaining energy, and with a dying shout—the
echo of his old battle-cry—staggered onwards till he closed with his assailant, and,
seizing the Italian by the throat, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in hurling
him over the parapet into the street—a height of fifty feet; then, reeling back
with a faint exclamation of triumph, the veteran fell dead, just as his comrades, who were pressing forward to his aid, arrived and caught him in their arms.

The wretched Leoni was lifted up, and conveyed on a shutter to a neighbouring hospital, but before he reached it, he, too, was a corpse.

CHAPTER VI.

A sharp-featured, punctilious-looking old gentleman, with a pig-tail, spectacles, a black quaker-like coat, and gaiters, was sitting in a small apartment in the Faubourg St. Antoine, engaged in examining sundry memoranda, which he had extracted from a letter-case that lay on the table before him, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a young and interesting couple—our hero Algernon and his beloved and loveable Maria.

"You are doubtless surprised, Mr. Angel, at this unexpected visit," said Algernon, as the old gentleman looked over his spectacles in mute astonishment; "but a few words will explain all to your satisfaction."

The old gentleman pushed his spectacles above his shaggy, grey-eyebrows, but made no attempt to enter into conversation.

"Understanding that you were taken suddenly ill—"

"Ill!" interrupted the old gentleman, "never had a day's illness in my life."

Algernon smiled, and proceeded. "Acting upon the information conveyed to her by a person who is, or rather was, in Earl Gresham's service, and prompted by feelings of filial affection, your daughter, sir, was induced to accompany that unprincipled individual to Paris, where she arrived yesterday evening."

"And how did you come to know all this, pray?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Why, sir, by a singular coincidence I happened to arrive at the hotel where this young lady was staying."

"A plausible story, truly," returned Mr. Angel, quitting his chair. The old gentleman then advanced towards Algernon, and regarding him with an air of unequivocal suspicion, he said:—"Young man, you are tampering with the feelings of an innocent and unsuspecting female, decoying her from her home under false representations, for purposes best known to yourself."

"Sir," exclaimed Algernon, with indignant demeanour, "I repel your accusation with the scorn which it merits. I love your daughter, sir, dearer than my life, and I call heaven to witness that my intentions are as honorable as my love is sincere; in proof of which I am ready, sir, this instant, although the son and nephew of a peer, and notwithstanding that by such a step my prospects may be blighted for ever, still I am prepared to sacrifice every worldly consideration, and make your daughter my wife."

A generous glow overspread the countenance of the lover as he uttered these words in a manly and impassioned tone, and, as he concluded, he took the hand of Maria in his own, while she turned aside and wept.

"Your sentiments," said the old gentleman, coolly wiping his spectacles on his handkerchief, "your sentiments are very good—very noble—very much so; but it
would be doing all parties an injustice if I were to buoy you up with false hopes. Mr. Brompton, I am sorry to tell you that that young person never can be your wife."

"Mr. Angel," cried Algernon with quivering earnestness, "pause—pause, sir, I implore you, before you pass a sentence which must inevitably consign two persons (I speak, sir, for your daughter as well as for myself) to everlasting misery."

The old man shook his head.

"I appeal to you, sir, as a parent, if you have one spark of affection for your daughter"—

The old man folded his spectacles, and replaced them in their shagreen case with philosophical deliberation.

"Yes, sir! on my knees, I, who never bent to man before, pray you listen to my suit."

And Algernon was about to assume the humiliating posture of supplication, when Maria, unable longer to suppress her emotion, flung herself into his arms and sobbed upon his bosom in unutterable anguish.

"Mr. Brompton," said the old man, tying up his letters with a piece of tape, "you justly observed that you were the nephew of a peer; now, supposing that you could even obtain the consent of your uncle, Earl Gresham"—

"Sir, I am not dependent upon Earl Gresham's favor, nor upon that of any man breathing. My affection, sir, is consecrated by heaven and virtue—no power on earth can control or destroy it."

"That's all very well," said the old man with a philosophical sigh; "but Earl Gresham is one of my best customers—I wouldn't offend him on any account."

"What!" exclaimed Algernon stamping with rage, "would you set the custom of Earl Gresham in opposition to your daughter's happiness? Can you be so dead to the common feelings of humanity that, rather than sacrifice a few paltry pounds, you would see your daughter stretched a bleeding corpse at your feet? O God!"

And pressing his hand to his forehead, while every muscle was convulsed with emotion, he was about to rush from the room, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Lord Brompton and Sir Gregory Grunsell.

"What's all this about?" cried Sir Gregory, looking with amazement at Maria, who had sunk on the couch overwhelmed with grief.

"Ask that old man," said Algernon, pointing at the Robe-maker—"ask him who, rather than risk the loss of an earl's patronage, would consign to misery and destruction his own child."

"His child—pooh," ejaculated Sir Gregory with a scornful aspect, "he has no child."

The abruptness of this announcement, so opportune, so welcome, and so unexpected, had a paralyzing effect upon Algernon, who stood gazing at Sir Gregory as if he could scarcely credit his senses, while old Angel continued to tie up his papers with provoking equanimity.

"That young female is his niece," continued Sir Gregory; "she is the only daughter of my brother, who secretly married the sister of that greedy, grasping, Y—(Court Magazine)—June, 1843.
old robe-maker. She was a governess in our family. Her mother did not long survive her birth, and my brother died shortly afterwards. I was in India at the time, and there being no one else who had an interest in her, old Angel took her and brought her up as his own daughter, in order that he might secure for himself the property to which she will be entitled on her coming of age. I've had my eye upon him for the last three years, as I told my Lord Brompton, in confidence, about a fortnight ago."

"So you did, Sir Gregory," said his lordship, "and your confidence has not been abused. I refrained from communicating it even to my own son, as he can bear me witness. If he has fallen in love with this amiable and interesting young person he has not been dazzled by any golden visions. I acknowledge having first suggested the match to him, and of course I should not have done so unless I had known what Sir Gregory had been kind enough to communicate to me. Beyond that, however, I left him entirely to his own discretion."

"And he shall have her, too," cried Sir Gregory, striking his gold-headed stick with vehemence on the floor.

"I am her uncle and her guardian," said old Angel, putting his letter-case in his pocket, and buttoning his coat, "and she won't have a farthing till she's one and twenty."

"Sir," returned Sir Gregory, "she shall have £30,000 out of my own pocket—my daughter, Count Torrens's wife, has just died in a convent at Nice. I've no one that I care about, now, and if Mr. Brompton is willing to marry my niece tomorrow, he shall have the money down, not otherwise."

On the following morning, Algernon and Maria, anxious to oblige Sir Gregory, as he seemed to wish it, without (of course) feeling any personal interest in the matter, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the residence of the English ambassador, and a promissory note for £30,000 payable on demand, was handed over to Mr. Algernon, prior to his setting out with his beautiful bride, for sublime Switzerland, where they purposed spending those elysian hours which have been most felicitously designated 'the honey-moon.'

Count Torrens, whom we left wounded, soon afterwards recovered, and having paid due respect to the memory of the deceased Countess, was induced after a lapse of six months to sue for the hand of Lady Clementina Gresham—a suit which, contrary to general expectation, was eventually crowned with success. They lived at Florence for many years, but whether they lived happily, with a recollection of Lady Clementina's imperious and exacting disposition, must be a matter of doubtful speculation.

Two personages, however, remain, whose destinies are worthy of record—and, first, of Lord Brompton. Who, with prophetic vision endowed, will not foresee at a glance that the little, fat lady with the dimpled chin was sent into this world of tears and cambric handkerchiefs to make that fine-looking and worthy man supremely blessed? As for Sir Gregory Grunsell, after many futile attempts to carry his celebrated bill for 'the removal of establishments for young ladies from the neighbourhoood of towns, for the improvement of the health of invalids and the inhabit-
The Motherless.

Come back to me, my Mother! come back to me, I pray,
I’ve sat beneath the chestnut tree, to watch for you all day,
I’ve lingered neath its branches until the sun hath set,
And still you are not coming, I cannot see you yet.
Come back to me, my Mother! my heart is sad and lone,
I cannot play as I was wont, alas! that you are gone;
The only thing I care for here, is this your favorite tree,
Come back to me, my Mother! come back, come back to me.

When last I saw you, Mother, how silently you slept!
My Father too was weeping, I know not why he wept,
But though I called upon your name, and stood beside your bed,
And held your hand so long in mine, you would not raise your head.
I ask for you, my Mother! and they say that you are now
In a brighter, better world than this, with a crown upon your brow.
Where is that strange and distant land? tell me, that I may come
My Mother, oh! my Mother! and restore you to our home.

Come back to me, my Mother! I’ll seek the sweetest flowers,
The lily, and the woodbine, and the gold laburnum showers,
And place them near that sunny spot, where once you sat with me,
And twined a wreath to deck my hair, as I stood beside your knee.
Come back to me! Come back to me! the night is stealing on,
How long the time appears to be, since from you have gone!
Another day, another! I must watch beneath the tree;
Come back to me, my Mother! come back, come back to me.

M. H. Acton.
LARRY QUINLAN, OR THE FLYING HORSE OF THE O'BRADYS.

By W. Ledger.

CHAP. I.

In one of the most fashionable parts of Dublin stood the mansion of the O'Brady's, a habitation where the Bacchanalian revel had often defied sobriety, and a cup of salt and water punished its votary—alas! the banners, mottoes, oratory, processions and economy of the tee-total society produced but little reformation in the patriarch of the O'Brady's, as fine, hale and hearty an elderly gentleman as you would meet in a days' walk. Two ladies, his daughter and ward, shed a gentle sweetening influence over these scenes of boisterous enjoyment, like guardian spirits sent to redeem the rudeness and excesses which they could not prevent. They were both of amiable, though opposite, manners and dispositions.

Catherine O'Brady was generous, affable, wild, though not always thoughtless, and certainly less capricious and self-willed than might be expected from a child spoiled by a father's indulgence. Ellen Semple, on the contrary, was sedate, reserved, and sentimental. Having in early life lost both her parents, she had been consigned to the care of Mr. O'Brady, along with an only brother, who, receiving an appointment in the West Indies, was supposed to have been drowned subsequently, in a vessel homeward bound; and from that hour she became what sorrow and bereavement make of the young and sensitive. An ample provision was secured to her from the family estates, which reverted to Lord Barnaby, the next male heir, and admitted as Miss O'Brady's suitor, though almost as old as her father. The young lady, however, far from approving of his addresses, already entertained a rather singular rival in one Larry Quinlan, in the service of the family, to whose history attached a high degree of interest. He was the reputed son of a small farmer, but was nursed by a woman, designated the 'Widow Brady,' (which by omitting the 'O,' was meant to express her illegitimate relationship to the principal genealogical stock,) who bestowed on him an education far exceeding his station and expectations. Certain secrets which she had revealed to him on his coming of age, determined him to enter O'Brady's service, perhaps to gratify a romantic propensity, or to watch Lord Barnaby, whose designs were suspected by many not to be of an open and honorable nature. He had become exceedingly anxious and restless, as if eager to secure Catherine, lest some dreaded denouncement should strip him of imaginary wealth, on which alone he was sensible his influence depended, and he might be heard frequently giving utterance to his apprehensions, when supposing himself without an auditor. Gilbois, his foreign valet, and understood to be the confidant of all his intrigues, was generally detested, and contributed to deepen the gloom of suspicion that surrounded his master. As a coadjutor and co-operator in his schemes, Larry Quinlan had chosen Denis Shanahan, another small farmer, of a shrewd and enterprising character, who was on the eve of wedlock with the Widow
Brady, but entered into his friend's views as zealously as he conducted his own love-engagements. Amidst this maze of plot and counter-plot—the usual routine of intrigue, Denis himself had to combat the pretensions of Scanlan the poet, who had aspired to the widow's hand, but whose personal hideousness, creating in the fair ones ridicule and aversion, rendered his rivalship dangerous only from its malignity. Of dwarfish stature, blind of an eye, with hair that hung in matted locks over a projecting brow, the tout ensemble was completed by an immense nose, or rather protuberance, that, like the grenadier's cap on the little officer's head, would have effectually concealed the mouth and chin, had they not been saved by their own enormous breadth and capacity.

He had gained a notoriety among the peasantry by his uncouth rhymes; and, having been rejected by several fair ones, fastened his attentions upon the Widow Brady, and being comparatively rich, endeavored, by repeated presents, to soften the heart of his inexorable mistress. But Larry Quinlan was a genuine 'broth of a boy,' and could drink a glass, turn a jest, or back a horse with any man in the province; qualities which recommended him beyond measure to old O'Brady, who was devoted to the amusements of the turf, but combined with it a passion for a singular and whimsical pursuit. This was the study of the science of aerostation, in which he was an indefatigable and visionary projector, maintaining there was an intimate connexion between race-horses and aerial machines; the former flying on earth, the latter in heaven. He had constructed a rocking-horse, and fitted it with wings, which the rider was to work in the air; often asserting to Lord Barnaby that the mythus of Pegasus was only a successful effort of some ingenious, scientific ancient, which, being uncommunicated to any contemporary or successor, modern dullness had in vain endeavored to accomplish. When fired with his daring theory, nothing seemed impossible, and he gravely calculated how far our horseflesh might be improved by importations of cattle from the other planets; also, proposing to establish a line of aerial telegraphs, by which domestic and political proceedings might be transmitted to us from thence, without the trouble or expense of postage, intending thereby to outrival Rowland Hill, Esq., in his wonderful post-office contrivances.

Probably Miss Catherine had her whimsical eccentricity by right of inheritance, when she began to look on Larry's comely person with other eyes than those of a mistress; a preference which she, no doubt, justified to herself by the most elevated notions, nor, certes, was it more extraordinary than that a queen should court a subject, or Peter the Great marry a peasant. She had also seen something resembling this upon the stage, where the interesting situations, sweet and stolen interviews, and startling and delicious denouements had forcibly impressed her imagination; and the affair having ended happily in marriage, &c. left her mind to dwell agreeably upon the possibility of such a result. And why should she be more unfortunate than the parties represented? Her greatest excuse, however, was, that Larry's address and conversation were much above his station, which, whenever chance left him alone with "his young lady," he took care to discover in numberless attentions and sallies, such as might have done honour to the noblest in
mind and birth. She was obliged, notwithstanding, to receive Lord Barnaby's addresses, well knowing that, to suppose her father would countenance her union with an inferior, would be an useless presumption. Yet could she not forego the secret choice of her heart, nor help hoping that Larry would one day fill a station equal to her own—was this, indeed, a whim?

The most aerial and divine of the sex candidly admit they have fancies (so have the men, say they, in laughing retaliation)—true; but then how dull, insipid, and selfish are the mass of masculine whims, compared with the sportive, soaring, disinterested creations of feminine fancy! Why, the latter are as superior to the former in singularity and fascination, as O'Brady thought his flying horse was to all preceding aerostatic contrivances. A day was already fixed for making the experiment. The newly-fledged animal was to take its first flight from the top of the Royal Stand, on the Curragh of Kildare, and Larry Quinlan was to be its first jockey. Placards were posted, and hand-bills and advertisements circulated, to announce to the public when they should expect this novel gratification, which old O'Brady declared would improve the aerial sciences, and open a source for new discoveries in meteorology. Denis Shanahan was to bring the Widow Brady to witness it; Scanlan having vainly endeavored to obtain that favor. Such, then, were the relative domestic positions of the O'Brady family and its dependents, when, at length, the appointed morning dawned—it was a lovely cloudless morning, in the blooming month of June. The clock had struck ten, when Catherine and Miss Semple issued from their boudoir dressed for the occasion; the former exclaiming, "Thank you, Ellen; through your assistance at my toilet I shall pierce hearts to-day, my own remaining as invulnerable as Papa's old oak-stick, which, he says, is like himself, all the better for wear." But her gaiety was checked by the appearance of Larry Quinlan, who ascended the stairs with a large tumbler of smoking hot syllabub, to which mixture of milk, spirits, and sugar his master was particularly partial. He bowed low, and Catherine's cheek was slightly flushed, as she asked, with apparent nonchalance, "Well, Larry, how do you like me?"

"Like you, Miss?" echoed Larry, pausing to survey her with admiration.

"Dolt! I say how do you like me?" she repeated in a louder voice.

"I was just trying to think, Miss," he answered, "of all the most beautiful things in the world, to know which of 'em would do: and I think the top of the morning, Miss, when the sun is just up, the dew shining upon the grass, and all that's soft and fresh and sweet in nature seems to be coming out forlorn you; and of all the beautiful things in the world, Miss, that's what is most like you."

Catherine laughed at Larry's fanciful comparison; and Ellen Semple remarked,

"Many are poets who have never penned Their inspiration, and perchance the best."

"By my troth, yes, Miss," observed Larry quickly, "beauty and nature, they say, inspire everybody, and I'm sure its no wonder they'd lend a morsel to a humble individual like me, that's only following the example of my betters. Lord Byron writes well there, I think its in the 'Prophecy of Dante.'"

"And so you read Lord Byron?" interposed Miss Semple with some surprise,
"A—a—little, Miss;" was the reply, "but I'm one in humble station, Miss, and have other business to mind; but yourself and Miss Catherine, God bless ye, would coax one to tell one's ideas out and out."

Miss O'Brady strove to conceal her interest by arranging a flower in her friend's bonnet, when a bell rang violently; Larry hastened away to his master, and the ladies presently overheard the following altercation.

"This syllabub is not to my taste, Larry—it isn't hot enough," remarked Mr. O'Brady.

"In troth thin I'm sorry for it, yer honor," was the answer, "but it was entirely owing to an argument I had—"

"An argument, sirrah—what do you mean?" questioned the old gentleman angrily.

"Why, yer honor, there was one wanted to persuade me, that as this was a warm day, yer honor would prefer your syllabub could; now I knew better than that, so I talked agin him until the bell rang, as I did'nt want the syllabub to burn yer honor's mouth."

A loud burst of merriment from his master proclaimed Larry to be forgiven, and a thundering knock at the hall-door, made the ladies rush to the drawing-room. Catherine ran to the window, exclaiming with her usual gaiety of manner, "Here is Lord Barnaby, my husband that is to be, come to escort me to the Curragh; I'll serve him some pretty prank before our return."

"Many a true thing's said in jest," observed Miss Semple, thoughtfully, throwing herself into a chair. "I confess I am not without some unaccountable misgivings regarding this day, however ridiculous it may be to indulge such weaknesses."

Before Catherine could reply, his lordship entered, and advanced towards her, saying, "Why, my darling Miss Catherine, you look as beautiful as a day in May—faith and honor you do."

"And you, my lord, look like a recruit after a ten months' drill—faith and honor you do," was the answer.

"Humph! jocund as ever," commented Lord Barnaby, not in the least disconcerted; when a beggar-woman, who stood in front of the area-railings, and had caught a glimpse of his lordship as he approached the window, called out:—"Musha, thin, would y'r honor give a poor woman a ha'penny, for God's sake!"

Lord Barnaby muttered a curse as the recognised accents reached him, and turning to the ladies, observed, almost fiercely, "This woman has been tormenting me all the way here. I'll have her taken up as a vagrant." His assertion was, however, false; the pauper having been watching his arrival from the opposite side of the street, and having come under the window on purpose to assail him the moment he entered. Her motive will be seen in the sequel.

"Your lordship ought certainly to relieve her," said Catherine, mischievously, throwing a sixpence upon the pavement.

"Arrah, thin, do, y'r honor," added the woman, "for these three days, bad luck to the bit o' me's tasted a ha'porth, barrin' six could praties, that wor so raw and stringy, I couldn't get my owld teeth through them same, y'r honor."
Her petition was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. O'Brady, who, slapping Lord Barnaby on the shoulder, shouted, "Morogath, (good morrow) tallyho! Haste, old boy, no more delay; Come, my sportsman, come away!"

His lordship offered some common-place compliments upon the business of the day in reply to this rough salutation, and, overwhelmed with many a jest and taunt by Catherine, accompanied the family party from the drawing-room to the carriage, on the top of which was braced, ornamented with a profusion of ribbons and streamers, the miraculous Pegasus of his own invention. The mendicant was seated on the door-steps, and invoked a blessing on the head of the O'Bradys, fixing a keen look upon Barnaby, and exchanging an intelligent glance and sign with Larry Quinlan. To the old gentleman's utter disappointment, as soon as the ladies were in the carriage, his lordship mumbled a hurried apology about being obliged to leave on some business he had forgotten, but promised he would speedily overtake them.

"Upon my soul," said his friend in a pique, "if you are not in time, I'll never forgive you."

Lord Barnaby re-iterated his regret and assurances, and walked away at a rapid pace. The beggar-woman almost immediately stood up, and, making a low curtsey, departed in the same direction. "There's a good riddance for the time being—it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," observed Larry, as, mounted on one of his master's best geldings, he dropped to his proper distance in the rear of the vehicle.

"Hip, hip, tallyho!" called O'Brady to the postillions, whose whips cracked simultaneously, and the whole party went along the street at a canter, followed by the cheers of the crowd assembled to view their departure, and get a first sight of O'Brady's flying-horse.

After making his abrupt excuse, Lord Barnaby retired only to a short distance before he was joined by the mendicant, and they proceeded together in earnest conversation, his lordship waving the ceremonies of rank, and permitting an intimate freedom, totally inconsistent with their different stations and his previously professed aversion. At length, he dismissed her with a friendly shake of the hand, saying:—"I commend your zeal for my safety, and will consider what measures may be best under the circumstances you suggest."

The woman departed with evident satisfaction, but the nobleman, reaching his abode, and alone in his study, laid aside the exterior of courtesy, and gave vent to the sentiments then paramount within his bosom. "Thus thwarted in my purposes, and persecuted by her—my tool—the constant claimant on my purse—the only surviving witness of my schemes—pshaw!—it must be done—then may I bid defiance to fate, unite the Semple estates with the O'Brady's, and Lord Barnaby is at once the wealthiest and most influential man in the county."

So saying, he sat down, took paper, and his brow lowered, and his hand trembled slightly while he wrote. Then folding the sheet and enclosing with it a bank-note, he rang the bell. "Gilbois!" said he slowly, and fixing his eye meaningly upon the latter, who appeared at his summons, "Gilbois, here is a note; I go to the
race-course, but you will know where to find me, and mark me—you will fulfil its contents to the letter."

"I will, my lord," returned Gilbois, who, from his intelligent look seemed either by habit or intuition to understand more than his master chose to express.

"Very well," added Lord Barnaby, "I confide in you; the rest, I mean the other contents of the paper, you will appropriate; it is but a trifling remuneration for past and (with emphasis) present services." Then, pouring out and drinking several glasses of wine in quick succession, he mounted his horse which stood ready at the door, and rode towards the scene of attraction—the Curragh or race-course of Kildare.

CHAPTER II.

Neither Ascot nor Epsom could convey a stronger idea of bustle and animation than was afforded by the race-course itself, as well as the various roads and avenues leading to it, on this morning when O’Brady was to make his anticipated triumphant display of aerial science. All was life and excitement, from the high-bred lady to the chattering waiting-woman, from the perfumed dandy, with mock moustache and pencilled eye-brows, to the liveried domestic. Long before the hour specified for the ascent of the flying-horse, that wide plain was thronged to an immense extent round the royal stand, with equipages and spectators of all classes. The mechanic had foregone his usual occupation, the labors of the husbandman were neglected, and groups of peasants in their best apparel strolled along, lighthearted and eager for the approaching wonder. Nor were wanting the usual accompaniments of picturesque tents, with their refreshments, banners, and blazonry, nor the yet more dangerous attractions of gambling, harlequinade, and thimble-rig.

About the time the O’Bradys arrived upon the course, a few dark, heavy clouds had risen, and there had even been some drops of rain, but these indications passed unnoticed amidst the general enthusiasm for the spectacle, the preparations for which, superintended by O’Brady himself, proceeded with spirit and expedition. Having obtained leave to refresh himself, Larry entered one of the largest tents. It was full of people, but he recognised several of his acquaintances, with whom he entered into conversation, but was surprised to see Gilbois, Lord Barnaby’s valet, come in shortly after, accompanied by two strange-looking men, all three considerably the worse for liquor. Rudely saluting our hero, he sat down close beside him, and from their rather incautious discourse Larry concluded that this tent was an appointed rendezvous. Soon after, in taking some money from his pocket, Gilbois let fall a paper, which Larry dexterously picked up unnoticed, and going to the further extremity perused its contents with evident astonishment and horror. Suppressing his feelings, however, he continued to watch the valet’s motions. In vain the cheers of the multitude without announced the near approach of the experiment in which he was to play so distinguished a part. The sky grew darker and darker with the coming storm. At length, there was a deafening shout—
many rushed from the tent, and Quinlan knew it to be the moment when O'Brady's Pegasus appeared on the summit of the 'Royal Stand;' still he moved not, and almost instantly that loud huzza was drowned in the yet more tremendous roar of heaven's artillery, and the rain poured in torrents; but obstinate in his purpose, Larry Quinlan remained within the tent, which was soon crowded more than ever, keeping his eye upon Gilbois and his companions.

CHAPTER III.

While the tempest had thus early commenced its ravages, the widow Brady, having been from home the whole morning on a secret errand of importance, had been some time anxiously awaiting the arrival of Denis Shanahan, who had promised to come and escort her to the race-course, when the deep gloom that heralded the storm spread itself above her solitary habitation.

"How black it looks!" she exclaimed, gazing into the heavens, when a bright flash that played across her face, made her start back; a muttering sound followed—another flash and a louder peal; and in a few minutes the mingled tempest of rain and hail burst in remorseless fury over her dwelling.

"Och! glory be to God!" she ejaculated, wringing her hands with a sense of utter desolation, "Och! glory be to God! poor Denis!—he'll be murdered intirely out and out; for no one could face that lightning out o' doors, and sure, an' ever see the day after!"

As if in answer to her words, the clattering of a horse's hoofs became suddenly audible through the pauses of the storm. She listened. They approached and stopped outside the door, at which some person presently knocked.

"Who's there?" demanded the widow, springing forward, when a shrill discordant voice replied:

"I'm Scanlan the rake,
That conquered of late
Ould Reilly the great,
From Killarney."

"Scanlan the poet!" exclaimed she, laughing in spite of her alarm, "what can bring him here on such a day?—the cratur must be dripping with wet—ha!—I know it all now—tidings of Denis—dead perhaps—" and with the wings of renewed terror she flew to admit her visitor, who, having waited to secure his horse under an adjoining shed, entered with the customary salutation of "God save all here!"

"You bring me news of Denis—will he soon be here?" rapidly questioned the widow in reply to his salute, and Scanlan's eye flashed with some secret meaning, as he answered;

"Denis Shanahan—och don't talk of it, avich—sure am'nt I come to you like Leandher of ould,

Leandher who was nightly wont
To lave his limbs in Hellespont."

"But you hav'nt told me about Denis?" persevered his hostess.

"In troth as to what's about him," returned the poet with imperturbable coolness, "if he keeps his skin about him this day, its myself that thinks he'll be very
lucky; but as to what he's about, I can tell you about anything but what he ought, or will be, if he stays long wid Biddy Cormac."

"Ould Biddy Cormac!" she echoed, a feeling of jealousy being suddenly roused and becoming stronger from the insignificance of its object; for the mind, once discarding reason, considers not the absurdity of its own suspicions; "Ould Biddy Cormac—and on this day."

"Och! you need'n't be a bit unaisy," continued Scanlan, "for he's very comfortable—Biddy had a drop of the native; and the day was bad, so, as we sat together in Biddy's house, Scanlan, siz he to me, 'I dunna that I'll stir from this till tomorrow morning—I know you like the widow Brady,' siz he, 'and so you wo'nt mind the wet, and you may tell her from me,' siz he, 'that I think Biddy's not as ould as she looks,' siz he, giving a rogue's eye at Biddy, and kissing her cheek. (bl ess the mark) at the same time."

"And he promised to take me to the shew to-day," gasped the widow.

"It's not clear to me that he won't go there wid Biddy Cormac," remarked the other, "but never him—I'll comfort you, a-cush-la,—

And the beams that warm my love
Live for ever in your eyes."

"I will seek him," she exclaimed, without heeding the poetical complement, "aye—the storm may rage—but he shall know that a wronged woman's love is more terrible—may be you'd go with me to Biddy Cormac's?"

"Or to the course, if he's not there, avich, oh?" enquired the other; she replied affirmatively.

"Then, by the powers!" he shouted, his hideous and diminutive figure appearing almost demoniac by excitement, "then, by the powers, I'll die for you, a-cush-la! or perish in the attempt."

The widow had already put on her cloak, and Scanlan having brought his steed to the door, she mounted behind him, and being forced to clasp his form to secure herself in her seat, fancied she was embracing some ugly imp of night, while he laughed loudly, as if in mockery of the still furious tempest.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was just visible above the horizon, when Denis Shanahan, forgetful neither of his promise nor affection, had set out for the widow's house—a distance of nine or ten long miles, through a wide and desolate waste and wooded tract, within which was situated one of those holy wells, so much, in Ireland, the subjects of traditional superstition, carrying in his right hand the trusty shillelagh, which had served him in many a hard-fought encounter, and he had enough of the mountain dew (it being a holiday) as would enable him, like Tam O'Shanter, to imagine, if not defy, a legion of witches between him and every running brook. The storm had reached its height as he approached the well, which was shaded by a neatly-cropped hawthorn-thicket, and decorated with rags and pieces of cloth—the free-will offerings in honor of the tutelary saint.
Singing merrily, Denis pursued his way, ejaculating, as if in reply to the tumult of the firmament, "In troth, thunder and lightning ar'n't such bad company, neither—how they talk to a body, and help one along the road! Why these flashes are kinder and brighter than the finest mould candle that ever threw a blessing on a Christmas dinner."

"Now is the time," muttered a gruff voice from behind the thickest, and two men, armed with bludgeons, emerged from it.

"God save you!" said one of them to Denis.

"God save you kindly!" he answered, not a little surprised to find himself so unexpectedly in company, but unable to ascertain the character of his new associates, "I wonder did ye come from the other world up through the well, or are ye what his reverence calls Boneriges—sons of thunder, abo—hoord—who!"

"Never doubt we're true friends any way," replied one of them; "but you don't see that house o' fire there beyond, I suppose?"

"House o' fire!" echoed Shanahan, turning round in the direction indicated, when a heavy blow was aimed at his head, which he escaped only by an accidental stumble. He heard the whirr of the stick through the air, and, swiftly recovering his guard, wheeled face to face with his adversaries, who hesitated to advance on finding themselves opposed to the vigorous and skilful cudgel-player.

"I humbly beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, in a sarcastic tone, "I was mistaken in your inclinations; but as ye seem a decent pair o' gorsoons, and the best way to thrate such spirits is to give 'em a taste o' the kippeen—I'm at y'r service—so here's Denis Shanahan! abo! hoord!" After a brief pause, the fight began, his murderous adversaries pressing upon him with silent desperation, and Denis' superiority occasionally displaying itself, as his well-seasoned blackthorn rebounded from his assailants. At length one enemy's cudgel snapped in twain, and by a swift back-handed stroke, the other fell like an ox to the ground. His weaponless accomplice, not feeling disposed to continue the combat, effected a precipitate retreat, while Denis, as if nothing material had occurred, and as steadily as his condition would permit, pursued his way.

CHAPTER V.

The merry assemblage in the tent, whence we left the widow hastening under Scanlan's escort, did not suffer their hilarity to be disturbed by the pelting storm. Some figured still upon the floor; but Shanahan's approaching wedding formed the principal topic of conversation among his and Larry Quinlan's acquaintances. "She has that bit o' ground in the small county," said one, alluding to the widow, "and a nate acre behind her cabin for piatoes and cabbage, besides furniture for two rooms, and a sty for a pig, wid, I believe,—blankets for as good as a dozen."

"And a chest of clothes that 'ud do her till she's a grand-mother, bless the mark!" exclaimed an old woman.

"And hasn't she the orchard beyond behind Phil Mulcahy's," added the former, "that brings her at least fifty yolla boys of a season, and that purty slip o' bog that makes a fortin in itself every year?"
"An' may-be its she that doesn't feed the men well when they're diggin' the piaties and clamping the turf," responded Mulcahy, "Och! she's no huckster any way—an' if she has plenty she deserves it—good suoner (husband) to her!"

"'Faire thin' said the old woman before-mentioned, "Denis himself isn't without wherewithal to begin the world wid, and myself thinks she'll be happy wid him."

As if in response, a voice was heard outside singing,

"The girls of Glynn,
And Bally-Flynn
Mixed kisses with our potions"

and Scanlan presently entered, accompanied by the Widow Brady.

"Where's Denis?" exclaimed several, astonished at seeing the Widow so strangely attended. She made no reply, but gazed round muttering the name of Biddy Cormac.

"If its for Biddy you're looking, she left this before the storm," said one in reply to her silent gesture. Scanlan repeated his former account of meeting Denis and Biddy, adding, that they had called at her house on their way, and she was out.

"I'll lay my life on Denis Shanahan's honor!" exclaimed Phil Mulcahy; but the Widow had fallen upon her knees, vowing in accents of jealous phrenzy, "he witness all of ye, that if I do't see Denis by twelve o'clock to-morrow, Kate Brady consents to become the wife of Jim Scanlan."

That deformed individual's eye flashed at this unexpected fulfilment of his cherished hopes; while the rest were evidently concerned that jealousy should urge her so far.

"'Tis a rash vow" said Mulcahy, "and I propose one against it—if it be'n't true as he says, let him be forced to marry Biddy Cormac himself, is it agreed?"

"Agreed" said Scanlan with some hesitation.

While the Widow thus indulged in a paroxysm of groundless jealousy and vengeance, and vows and counter-vows were made, Larry approached, and drawing her aside, shewed her the note, which produced an instant and wonderful alteration in her manner, while he whispered, "see your son, and let him acquaint Mr. O'Brady; the place you perceive is distinctly specified, but I know not how many more agents may be employed, and will stay to watch the favorable moment for arresting Gilbois." But on turning round, he was surprised to find the valet gone with his ruffianly associates, and taking advantage while Scanlan was paying for some liquor which he had ordered, he and the Widow hastily left the tent together.

CHAPTER VI.

But during this time, the motley concourse without had become a mass of remediless and ludicrous confusion. Women screamed, men hallucined, coachmen and ostilions swore and lashed each other, horses reared, and carriages jostled; parties of equestrians, mounted on all sorts of steeds, from the spirited hunter to the clumsy and crazy cart-horse, galloped in all directions over the course; bodies of drunken men issued from the tents, declaring their intentions to refresh and enjoy themselves, and shouting forth the war-cry of their respective factions.
Every place of shelter was instantly thronged, but the greater number were obliged to remain exposed to the weather, and endeavored to neutralize with whiskey the extreme cold. Groups of girls, rivals in fun and finery, stood huddled together with their gowns turned over their heads, laughing in unison with the roaring thunder, and rapidly passing the glass of mountain-dew. The occupants of the carriages were no better off, most of the ladies wearing white chip-bonnets, which flapped and clung about their faces, affording infinite amusement to their more humble fellow sufferers. As Mr. O'Brady's carriage was moving off among others, a gentleman approached, and politely requested to speak with him in private. Although not much liking the interruption, still considering it something connected with the business of the day, he told Catherine to drive to the house of an acquaintance, and promising to rejoin them there when the storm should abate, he retired to a tent.

After much delay, the postillions with difficulty gained the high road, when they set off with greater speed perhaps than prudence warranted. The storm raged with greater fury than ever, but they passed along with safety, until a large and shattered tree, torn up by the roots, and lying across the road, impeded their progress. The postillions dismounted with the intention of striving to remove the obstacle; but the horses, thus suddenly arrested in their progress, snorted and grew restive. A tremendous peal shook the firmament, and tossing up their heads, they darted at top-speed down the lane. The two ladies, under the impulse of terror, stood up and clung to the back of the carriage, when a voice shouted, "Shoot the horses, all of them!" and a party of men with levelled fire-arms, arose from the brambles beside the road. The leaders fell dead beneath the volley, but the remaining steeds being slightly wounded, and goaded with pain, plunged until they disengaged themselves from the encumbrance, and dragged the vehicle forward with greater fury than before. As Gilbois gave the order, the beggar-woman appeared on the top of the mound beneath which she had been crouching, like an incarnation of the storm-demon, and screaming with vehement gesture.

"Larry, acushla!—whoa!—now if you ever loved yer own soul, make for the burren," (little lane,);

At the summons a horse and rider bounded forth from a grove at some distance, impelling his noble steed to a swiftness resembling the lightning's flash, and crying out to Gilbois' retreating party, "Now, by the cross of St. Patrick, ye murtheria' varmint, may be ye wo'nt look purty when ye're dancin' upon nothin' for this."

"By all that's bad," said one of them, "the never a sowl else it is, barrin' Larry Quinlan."

"Aha!" shouted Larry, "I know ye; and I'll know ye all after this, as well as ould Nick knew ye before."

But there was no time for altercation. Larry continued to urge his steed after the carriage, while the clouds still poured, and the skies lightened, as if Nature herself was accessory, and scattered her horrors over this scene of gloom, mystery and danger. His progress was retarded by double ditches: but the animal nobly seconding his efforts, had already got before the vehicle, and drawing forth a pistol,
he was preparing to shoot one of the horses, when another horseman approached from the opposite side.

"Demons are leauged against me to-day!" he muttered, levelling his weapon against the stranger, whom he at once concluded to be another foe, but without drawing the trigger. The other, who was well mounted, taking no notice of this hostile menace, leaped the intervening hedge, reached the carriage, and receiving one of the females in his arms, instantly turned his horse's head.

"Villain, stop!" yelled Larry.

"Fool!" retorted the other, "waste no time in words. I have saved mine—save yours."—"Save whom?" shouted Quinlan.

"Catherine O'Brady," replied the stranger, riding off. Our hero was too agitated to distinguish which had been rescued, and felt a transient pang of jealousy that another should be instrumental even to Catherine's safety. The frightened carriage-horses had again got considerably in advance, rushing directly towards a deep dell. Reproaching himself with his indecision, he once more spurred forward. A wide chasm yawned between him and the object of his pursuit, and with a feeling almost of despair he recognized Miss O'Brady, her face wearing the expression of mortal terror. "Now, Ganymede," he cried, reining back his steed, and then urging him forward, "you and I must perish, or save our mistress."

The gallant animal refused not the leap; but it exceeded his powers. His forelegs resting on the opposite brink, he hung for an instant in the mid-air, then rolled to the bottom with a horrid crash; but Larry, with agile promptitude, had flung himself from the saddle, and, clambering up the acclivity, waited with cocked pistols the approach of the carriage. It came—he pushed the muzzles against the chests of the foaming steeds, and fired. Both fell in the agonies of death, while Larry, raising Catherine, who had sunk senseless, carried her to a little cavern in the hill-side, which afforded a tolerable shelter. "Safe, safe—great God, I thank thee!" he ejaculated, as, supporting his precious burden, he drew a bottle from his pocket, and administered some cordial to the sufferer, the effects of which were soon exhibited.

"Cling close, Ellen," she murmured, heavily unclosing her eyes, "there is the precipice—if Larry were here this would not have happened—heaven! we shall be overturned—ah! where am I? she added, staring wildly about.

"Miss Catherine," whispered Larry softly, "dear Miss Catherine!"

"What! Larry Quinlan," she cried, looking into his face, and breaking from his support, "ha—I remember—these dripping garments, torn and disordered—surely you have not combined with Barnaby's emissaries to take advantage of the helpless?"

"Miss O'Brady," he answered proudly and indignantly, "your suspicions wrong me—I have more than once to-day risked my life to save you, be these raging elements witnesses of my integrity!"

"I believe you, Larry," she said, re-assured by his words and manner; "there—there is my hand—my head is giddy—I am weak—I can seek your support with confidence."

"May I address Miss O'Brady by the name of Catherine?" he asked respectfully.
"We are alone," was the reply; "and when none witness the neglect of ceremony, it can be no insult."

"And may the humble Larry Quinlan presume to go one step further, and love the proud daughter of the proud O'Brady's?"

"Sir," said Catherine, in a distressed tone, "this weakness must not be. Would that circumstances had not made such a difference between us; you are my deliverer, and ought to be my—my—"

"Husband, Catherine?" "Aye," was the immediate answer.

"Then the time may soon arrive when even that—" began her lover, when she interrupted him, exclaiming:—

"Oh! save me from that horrible man—the employer of the assassin Gilbois!"

Larry placed himself so as to shield the trembling girl, and presently Lord Barnaby stood before them, and addressing him, "What do you here?"

"I protect the innocent from the designs of the ruffian," answered his rival sternly.

"Villain and beggar's brat," said his lordship, "do you bandy words with me? Resign the girl, and begone."

"If I am a villain," sneered the other, "you and I, as brothers, should love each other. As to beggar's brat, my Lord, I know your secret and my own; and Miss O'Brady is mine, sir—mine at the peril of my own life."

"Then lose her with the peril of your life," retorted Barnaby savagely. "I witnessed Gilbois' failure—your rescue. I tracked you to this retreat, and will now effect single-handed what my servants were unable to execute. The elements have warred with me to-day, but I have to thank them for placing you in my power, and their interference will not save you from the punishment your insolence merits."

His enemy answered but by a contemptuous smile, and his lordship drew forth a brace of pistols. Catherine shrieked, and Larry was springing forward, when a brilliant flash illumined the cavern, playing in a stream of vivid light upon the burnished metal of the weapons, which harmlessly exploded, and Barnaby, convulsed for a moment, sunk heavily upon the ground—a livid and distorted corpse. His face was scorched—his clothes torn and burned. Catherine clung shuddering to the arm of her supporter.

"The elements have indeed warred with thee," said Larry; "and to thy defeat and confusion, for the arm of God has dealt the blow of retributive justice."

The sun shone out once more through the rifted clouds, and the pair ventured from their shelter, and ascended the hill to search for traces of their friends, about whom they were still painfully anxious, when they saw at some distance a woman, whom they recognised as the widow Brady, exhibiting the most violent gestures of grief, and pouring forth the following accents of lamentation:—"Och! vo! vo! an' sure wor'nt you as dear to this heart as my own gossoon? (little boy) God bless him! an' was n't it I that reared you an' gave you the bit o' larnin', that you might n't be afeard to spake up bowld forenint the gentlemin; an' now, instead of seein' you coortin' wid the colleen that's dear to you, the bowld cowld grave will have ye both, glory be to God! och! vo! vo! they 're murdhered, dead or alive, wherever they are, asthoragh! och! vo! vo!"

[Court Magazine.]
Then, catching a glimpse of Larry and Catherine, she hurried joyfully towards them, and embracing them alternately, fell on her knees, and offered up thanksgivings to several saints. This had scarcely passed when their party was further increased by the arrival of Mr. O'Brady, Miss Semple, and the stranger, whom Larry at once identified as the horseman who assisted him in the rescue, and concluded to be the widow Brady's son, whom he had never before seen. Gladness was mingled with anxiety in the old gentleman's face, as he took his daughter in his arms, and shook hands heartily with her deliverer, saying, "Upon my soul ye are all welcome to life again, but a pretty wild-goose-chase ye gave us, no doubt. But where is Lord Barnaby? I have a few scores to settle with him."

"Dead—by the visitation of God," answered Larry solemnly, and he related the recent occurrence in the cavern.

"Aye, aye," said O'Brady, recovering from the silent horror produced on all present by the awful announcement, "and after all now I shouldn't wonder if you had been making love over the dead body, Larry—aha! I knew;" he added, seeing Catherine colour to her very temples, "but of course you have declared your real pretensions?"

"No, sir," replied Larry, making a low bow, "for I preferred having it done by the gentleman whom I so long have served."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the other, "Now then, ladies, I am going to astonish you—Catherine, this humble servant of yours, is Lawrence Semple, your brother, Miss Ellen! and this other hero, who called me from my carriage on the course, is the Widow Brady's son, and if he can obtain the consent of a lady for a wife,—I'm not the man to say 'No'—whoo!—I see you don't believe me—very well, come forward, Mrs. Brady and state to these infidels what you know about the matter."

The widow obeyed with alacrity, and related briefly that being engaged as wet-nurse by Mrs. Semple, Lord Barnaby had proposed to her to make away with the child, and substitute her own, threatening death to both in case of non-compliance, on which, pretending to agree, she sent Lawrence Semple to the Quinlans, to be reared as their son, employing the money which the nobleman lavished upon her in paying them and educating him, her own son being brought up as Miss Semple's brother. On the demise of her parents, young Brady, the reputed Lawrence Semple, was sent beyond sea, and Lord Barnaby bribed the master of a vessel to remove him also, but the captain, like the widow, had taken the money and saved the boy, who, having landed the very night previous to O'Brady's exhibition, was accidentally met by the widow, and acquainted with his real history. Resolving no longer to delay discovering the truth, she agreed with Larry to seek an interview with his Lordship, which she did, disguised as a mendicant, and urged him to adopt measures which should reveal the fact, and save himself from personal consequences. Affecting to be convinced, but secretly determined not to sacrifice his long-cherished projects, he immediately planned the murder of the widow and both the young men, entrusting its execution to Gilbois and Seanlan, the latter of whom by hiring ruffians to waylay Denis Shanahan, pur-
posed to add a hated rival to the list of victims, and afterwards possess the widow himself.

In the midst of the congratulations and caresses consequent on this recital, a man rushed up to them, breathless, wounded and almost exhausted, exclaiming "My lord, they pursue me—you alone can save me," but Larry instantly seized him by the throat, and delivered him to a party of constabulary, who immediately came up, headed by Denis Shanahan, flourishing his shillelagh triumphantly. It was Gilbois, who traced and hunted by the police had been wounded in attempting to escape, and had now fallen into the hands of justice.

To complete the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice, Scanlan was shortly after killed in a faction fight. Denis Shanahan was happily united to his enterprising and faithful widow. Ellen Semple found a brother indeed in the ci-devant Larry Quinlan, and a lover and husband in him who had ever possessed her more than sisterly affection. The Semple estates enjoyed a direct male heir; and old O'Brady having grand-children to dandle and teach the charms of the 'good old times,' re-signed himself and his high-flying aerostatic propensities to the good sense and careful attendance of the still mirthful but maternal Catherine, who, as the wife of Lawrence Semple, established hospitality with economy, and profusion without excess, in the household of the O'Brady's.

"I SAW THEE MID A GORGEOUS THRONG."

I saw thee, mid a gorgeous throng—
I mark'd thy graceful form—
And felt at once my throbbing breast
With glowing passion warm.
Again we met!—on my charmed gaze
The same fair figure burst—
With mingled grief and hope I found
I had that feeling burst.
We spoke not—for we were apart;
I was to thee unknown;
The pleading language of the heart
My looks might tell alone.
I thought that once thy joyous eye
Glanced kindly bright on me;
But ah! my sigh thou could'st not hear
Though mine was bent on thee!

What thoughts were thine, that thrilling hour
None, save thyself, can know;
Suffice it—those I welcomed then
Have proved a source of woe.
We parted—and thy last, light look
Was to another turned;
My wounded soul could scarcely brook
The fire that inly burned.

Though since that day long months have flown,
We have not met again,—
Nor do I wish to see thee now,
It were too sharp a pain;
Yet memory must in silence brood
O'er charms in vain beloved,
Until the pang, time cannot soothe,
Shall be by death removed.

Banks of the Yore. W. G. J. Barker.
Between Savona and Genoa stands an ancient monastery, which from its secluded situation seems indeed the very retreat for penitence and sorrow. This monastery was erected by Matilda Countess of Savona, and endowed with the whole of her vast estates, to purchase pardon for her sins. The order is one of the severest of monkhood; obliging its votaries to every act of humiliation, abasement, deprivation, and self-denial, in memory of the overweening pride and selfishness which urged the Countess to those acts at once the cause of the misery and extinction of her race.

It is not difficult to gain admission to this holy house, as the wayworn and weary traveller is ever hospitably received, but as the store of relics is but small, and the paraphernalia of the order of the strictest simplicity, there is little to attract the attention of the passer by. Yet its library is rich in antique and beautifully executed manuscripts, and that which contains the history of the Abbey itself, is so almost beyond description. Splendidly illuminated, and most elaborately worked, it is at once a curiosity and a bijou: nor is the legend with which the work commences without its interest and moral; with this view, I offer it to the public, but, as the language of the writer is very old, and the manner of relation tedious, I shall merely give the subject, resorting, as it may suit my purpose, to the original text.

Rinaldo, Count of Savona, a knight of the most generous and noble sentiments, honored in the lists, and beloved by his retainers, had married in early life, Matilda di Barozzi, a celebrated beauty of her day, whose only faults were unconquerable pride and overweening vanity. He had died in the battles of his country, whilst his only son and heir, Julio, was yet a child. The last of his race, it is not surprising that the young Count should have met with the utmost care and affection from his mother, and that he grew up a pattern of chivalry, possessed of all his father's virtues.

A fair and beauteous girl was likewise reared with him under the protection of the Countess. She was the daughter of an old friend in arms of the late Count, who had received his last sigh, when he fell by his side in a fierce engagement, and the dying man had bequeathed her to his care. Rinaldo accepted the trust, and punctually performed it; for when he likewise fell in battle, with his latest breath he dispatched a message to the Countess by a trusty squire, and in addition to his sad farewell, charged her, on her love to his memory, to continue the kind and faithful guardian of the orphan Elvira.

Nor in any instance had Matilda swerved from her duty; her protégé had on
every occasion shared the advantages of the young Count, and scarcely could any difference be perceived in the bearing of the Countess towards the youthful couple.

In this manner, Julio had arrived at his twentieth year, while Elvira had not yet completed her seventeenth. Beautiful as the day, and virtuous as an angel, she had ever been the loved companion of the young Count, and the affection which had taken root in childhood, had strengthened with years, till it had assumed the form and force of ardent love.

Both felt and acknowledged the flame, but knew how useless it was to hope the Countess would ever grant her consent to an union between them, and to allow her even to gain an intimation of their feelings. It would be but the sure prelude to a separation. Young and confident in hope, thinking only of the present, and leaving the future to provide for itself, they contrived a secret marriage, and, shortly after, Elvira was missing from the Castle of Savona.

Long, but fruitless, was the search after the lost fair one, who, safely concealed in a delightful villa, chosen and procured by the care of her husband, passed her time happily and serenely; while, under the pretence of seeking her, Julio found opportunities of passing days and weeks with her.

Many were the brilliant offers, and noble alliances, which only awaited the approval of the young Count, but he looked carelessly on all; he lived only for Elvira; and the remonstrances and applications of his mother, to form some match worthy of himself, were either immediately silenced by attestations of personal disinclination to the one proposed, or promises of consideration of the affair.

These repeated refusals on the part of Count Julio to form any matrimonial connexion, added to certain whisperings which had reached her, gave rise to conjectures in the bosom of his mother, and she resolved to have him watched. For a long time, by his habits of extreme caution, this plot failed; and the Countess hesitated not to accuse him of the abduction of Elvira, and denounced the most awful curses on his head, if he should think of abasing his name and rank by a marriage with one so beneath himself in birth and rank.

Surprised and astounded at his mother's violence, and no less so at her having any suspicion of his share in her disappearance, and seeing that it would be no longer prudent to continue Elvira in the same retreat, he determined to remove her at the earliest opportunity. For this purpose, as soon as he could quit the Castle, he hastened to prepare his lovely bride for the change; while, indeed, she was anxiously counting the tedious hours of his absence, and inwardly chiding his delay.

But to the eyes of love, although he met her with the smile upon his lip, and words of tender reproof at her impatience, he could not conceal the traces of agitation caused in his breast by all he knew, and all he feared.

"How is this, my dear Lord?" cried she. "You bid me be cheerful, yet your face is pale, and the very accents with which you attempt to cheer me are faltering. While you kiss the tears from my cheek, you stain it with your own. Julio, dear Julio, something goes wrong! Has the long-lounging cloud at length broken over us? Tell me, love, tell me the whole—the worst!"
"Elvira, I did not wish you to observe it, but I see 'tis vain to attempt to hide the winter of the heart under a summer garb; nay, do not fear, love! all is well! but we must leave this place, here is no longer rest for us. The spies, I have long been aware my mother has employed, have almost traced us hither, and she hourly hopes to surprise us by her presence; but be of good heart! Open violence we need not fear, and ere her subtle wiles can weave their web around us, we shall be safe in some distant shelter."

Elvira trembled—she could not cheer herself; but Julio, her husband, was with her, and she would trust in him. She threw herself on his bosom, and embraced him as she exclaimed:—"You tell me we shall be safe—Alas, dearest! I have all my woman's foolish fears about me, yet will I trust, for it is you who bid me do so. Yes, Julio, I'll trust in hope for once! I know her light-built-nest weathers a thousand storms, which fear or foresight vainly battle with, so I will trust, and cheer me."

Scarcely had she uttered these words—scarcely had she tried to banish fear, when her attendant rushed wildly in, and announced the arrival of the Countess Matilda. Elvira fell almost lifeless, while Julio endeavored by every reasoning to recall her to herself.

"Elvira," cried he, "rouse! Fail not at this moment when most we need exertion; rouse, love! My mother knows not of our marriage, nor must she learn it yet; retire, dearest, I'll watch over you," and fearing lest by any delay his mother might break upon them even there, he left Elvira to the care of her tiring-woman, and hastened to meet his incensed parent.

The Countess had not deliberated, on the quick departure of her son; she had seen and well-read his agitation, and deeming that his then state of anxiety might, perhaps, in diminishing his wonted caution, cause his route to be more easily traced that evening than any another, she resolved to follow him herself. We have seen how far she succeeded in her purpose.

On her arrival at love's abode, her doubts were fully confirmed. In the first apartment which she entered, her eye fell upon some volumes she herself had formerly presented to Elvira; and she at once and boldly resolved to separate the pair by force, should she not be able to prevail by stratagem. So fixed was she in her purpose, that, in her heart, she swore, "sooner should Elvira moulder in the grave than wed with Julio!" The thought, that the high and princely race of Savona should mingle with plebeian blood, was death to her; and she decided that her woman's wit should aid her, and she'd tell some

"Fabricated tales so preciously,
That the fond boy should shudder at the vision,
Her potent art might raise!"

The Countess' plan was hardly matured when Julio joined her. In reply to his faltering, though respectful greeting, she commenced an attack of abusive anger, which he wisely allowed to pass unanswered, in the hope that its violence would destroy itself.

"How," cried she, "is this your duty,—this, fit occupation for Savona's heir, to
waste in the inglorious lap of dalliance his youth's best days, and slur the fair fame achieved by his forefathers?"

"Madam, cease, upbraid me not, thus!—lure me not, I beseech you to empty fame and honor. What, though I should gain ambition's prize? It is but at the best a shadow!"

"Vain, weak boy," pursued the Countess, "argue you, then, with the sophistry of these degenerate times, and because your feeble eyes, when they would gaze upon the sun, see nought but darkling motes; think you the eagle there views not unutterable glories? But I come not to play the casuist with you, I come to warn you of the hideous precipice, upon the brink of which you tread; to tell you that each step you take is desperate, and each breath you drawest pollution; but thou hearest me not—turning a deaf ear to my warning!—do you know me?"

"My mother, dearest mother, I do know you; I know you for the author of my being, the dear fountain of my life, the arbitress of my destiny, who can make the title which I hold an empty honor, when bereft of the possessions of my ancestors."

"Ha, you know that; then listen—never shall those possessions, descend upon a beggar's offspring! The blood thou bearest in thy veins, thou mayst well be proud of, but, better were it moistening the dull earth than mingling with that of a churl's descendant nursed and reared by the bounty of the house it would fain disgrace."

"Pardon, madam, the fiery blood I owe to you; but even from my mother will I not listen to such vile charges. Elvira merits not your reproaches, nor did she spring from a sire less honest,—though less noble than Julio di Savona's!"

"Perhaps you might add, kind son, not less noble, and err not."

"Once more, dear madam, cease: old Gaspard de Mancini's virtues were numerous; and my father loved him, and when the grave closed over him, gave his daughter that protection he had promised:—when he, too, died, he bade you be kind to poor Elvira, and by your command I have learned to love her as a sister."

"Love her, for her sacred self, say you! and would make her, then, your wife! But, Julio, listen to me. I did not mean to make these lips the accusers of your dead sire. His after-life atoned by many a year of love and tenderness, for one repented crime. I had intended to take the secret with me to the grave, but you are pressing towards a yawning gulf whence I have tried to lure your rash steps, but the hour is come, and even though your father's ghost should rise and frown me into silence, I must speak the story of his shame—"

"Merciful Heavens! delay not, speak, mother!—speak——"

"Gaspard di Mancini's wife was one, such as poets love to dream of; hers were charms, which taught your father's heart to stray, and proved her ruin whom they graced."

"Go on—Countess di Savona—proceed!" gasped Julio—"go on—there is a hideous chasm in your tale, I would fain overleap, it is so black, so horrible. Say, then, the offspring of this unhallowed passion, was——"

"Elvira!" shrieked his mother.

Julio fell senseless at her feet:—when he awoke again to life and feeling, his mo-
ther had left him, and he was laid on the couch which had served for his nuptial bed; Elvira watching near him. At sight of her, he started to the centre of the chamber, as though stricken with sudden madness, while she gazed on him horror-struck.

In faltering accents, she bespake him: "what ails my Lord? wherefore starts he thus? why shrink from me, your own, your beloved, your wife?"

"Wife!"—groaned forth the unhappy youth, and he thrust her from him, with hard words, and harder looks. His mother's voice still rang in his ears, and the tale which she had told seemed yet even more vivid by recollection. At length he turned to her, took her by the arm—and gazing wildly on her, asked her, if she had prayed.

"Prayed! Julio!—when?"

"To-night!"

"Nay, love! the hour of prayer has not yet arrived."

"Not yet arrived, Elvira? 'tis folly thus to regulate the hours of prayer for stated periods," he muttered in a hoarse murmur, "Elvira, pray—I tell thee, pray—pray—pray!"

She thought his brain wandered, and seemed not to hear him, but sought by gentle care to calm his feverish mood; again he gloomily bade her pray, and beseech those heavenly powers, who never turn a deaf ear to prayer of faith, to save all erring mortals from sin and sudden death.

Now she trembled; she feared she knew not what—he played with the handle of his poniard and looked so wild, she knew by instinct her own life was in danger; but was it he, her husband, who could strike? Was it that hand, which, never wearied in its caresses, should aim her death-blow? The idea seemed incongruous, but yet it appeared as no improbable result, and as she wound herself still closer around him, she shuddered, and conjured him to cease his talk, and not jest so cruelly with one who loved him as her life.

Still, Julio bade Elvira pray.

At last, she feared to irritate him more; and, to comply with his fancy, she commenced a prayer! A prayer to the Virgin to bless their loves, and prove a guardian to their happiness.

"Cease! this moment cease that impious prayer! Did I not charge you that the burden of your orisons should be as those offered for preservation from pending evil or sudden death?" exclaimed her lord.

"Julio, loved Julio, why talk of death? We both are young, and yet there's happiness in store for us. Oh! look not on me thus; your eyes seem to say, 'tis I must die!"

"And what of that, Elvira? better to die than live in sin; the spotless soul, unconscious of its errors, meets, in a future state, an eternity of bliss; but to sin on with open eyes! oh, 'twere foul, unnatural! Pray, Elvira, pray—for you must die!"

"Ah, 'tis, then, as I feared! Yet, no, I do but dream! I did not rightly understand! You are ill at ease, my Julio—you did not say I must die—did you?"
“Yes, Elvira, you did hear aright, and what is there in the fact that seems
uncommon? I have known, ere this, a lovely being, who, when the morning-sun
first beamed, was full of life and gaiety, loving and beloved like you:—thus she
lived and basked in the ray of happiness, nor dreamt it could not last for ever, but
the shadows of the evening came, and the pale moon gleamed on her bleeding corse!”

“And what is that to me, my lord? Surely you do not read my cruel fate in
that sad tale? Ah, Julio! do not hug me thus! take—take those gleaming eyes
away! release me—put back that weapon! do not—do not kill me! for pity’s sake
spare me! If you are not marble, save me! What is my crime?—why must
I die?”

“Elvira! sister! wife! I will not shock your chaste ears with the cause, but,
 alas! it is too true, that you must die! and I will not survive you. We have
loved in life—in death we will not be apart! You shall not fall by the hand
of hatred or revenge, but, like the tree round which the ivy clasps, find the fond
embrace fatal.” With these words he raised his poniard—for one instant it gleamed
aloft, in another it was sheathed in her bosom, and, while yet reeking in the warm
life-blood of his beloved, he plunged it repeatedly in his own.

Such was the fate of Julio, Count di Savona, and his lovely and innocent bride.
His mother, the haughty Matilda, on learning the fatal effects of her damning pride,
and baleful lie, became a prey to the most bitter remorse, and after causing the
monastery from which this legend is extracted to be built, and endowed with the
whole of her possessions, retired to a nunnery, where she lingered on through many
tedious years of severe and lasting penance.

The Castello di Savona was left to moulder away, and in those chambers where,
erst, the rich and figured tapestry, with its golden ornaments, shone in the light of
festal magnificence, the moon now sheds a melancholy radiance, and the blast
agitates the festoons of joy on its walls. Where rich carpets formerly received
the footfall of the gay and noble, now the poisonous hemlock, and other noxious
weeds impede the progress, and, instead of being pointed out to the weary pilgrim,
or benighted traveller, as the hospitable residence of the country’s lord, ’tis marked
only by the tongue of record, as the memento of the fall of pride,—and hideous

crimes.

The bodies of the ill-fated pair were consigned to a tomb, in the cemetery of the
monastery, which is still to be seen; and the lay-brother, as he shows it, mutters a
pater-noster, and addresses the visitor with—

“Oras pro animis suis!”

[Court Magazine.]
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT

OF

MARIA BEATRIX ELEONORA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II.

_Embellished with an Authentic full-length colored Portrait (No. 121 of this series._

The regal mantle of rich Genoa velvet lined with amber satin, hangs most gracefully over the figure of this interesting Princess, who shared the throne and fortunes of our ill-fated monarch, James II. Her robe is of white satin, the skirt being long and full, exactly as they are worn in the present day; and the bodice of the stomacher-form reminds us of some of Sir Peter Lely's portraits. It is cut very low in the centre of the bust, and surmounted by a falling tucker of rich point. The sleeves are those now called "à double sabot," and are finished below the elbow by a ruffle of point lace. The jewels worn are of the most costly description, and are composed of emeralds and fine pearls. The bodice, sleeves, and the front of the skirt are thickly studded with these ornaments, which are intermixed with a rich trimming of wrought gold. The _agraffes_, which fasten the royal mantle on the shoulders, as well as the bracelets, are of the same precious gems. The hair is simply arranged with strings of pearls interwoven therein, and falls in luxurious curls over the neck and shoulders. Her Majesty holds in her right hand an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which is ornamented with tassels at the corners.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No 1060. First or sitting figure. DANCING COSTUME. Dress of rose satin ornamented with passementerie; corsage à pointe and very low in the neck; white kid gloves with a little guirlande of flowers, white satin shoes.

Second or standing figure. TRAVESTIMENT.

No 1064. DANCING AND EVENING COSTUMES. First or standing figure. Dress of blue satin ornamented with montants en chemise; the corsage is décolleté; the sleeves are short at the shoulder and à la religieuse at the elbow. Black cashmere turban with a deep rich torsade fringe.

Second or standing figure. Dress of rose satin; corsage low in the neck, half high sleeves; kid gloves; satin shoes.
LE CHATEAU DES ATRIDES

Par M. Jules Lacroix. *

On se rappelle la vogue immense qu'ont obtenue autrefois les romans d'Anne Radcliffe. Certes les Mystères de Paris auront moins d'éditions que les Mystères d'Udolphe; non point que ces derniers soient une œuvre plus remarquable, tant s'en faut; mais alors cet honneur public de cabinets de lecture était moins blasé, et frissonnait plus facilement. Aujourd'hui notre système nerveux est beaucoup moins irritable, et tous les sortilèges, tout l'attirail fantastique, toute la terre terrienne est de plus perdant, que la lanterne magique ou les spectres de M. Comte. Cependant nous aimons toujours le mystérieux; dans l'homme il y a toujours quelque chose de l'enfant. Voilà pourquoi les drames et les romans énigmatiques, sombres et terribles, ont infiniment plus de succès que les conceptions sérieuses et calmes d'un ordre plus distingué peut-être, mais beaucoup moins saisissantes.

M. Jules Lacroix nous paraît fort convaincu de ces vérités: ce qu'il recherche surtout dans ses livres, c'est l'intrigue et les complications scéniques, l'étrangeté des caractères, la bizarrerie du sujet. Nous sommes loin, pour notre part, d'applaudir à un pareil système, et nous verrions avec plaisir le traducteur énergique et fidèle de Macbeth poursuivre courageusement cette grande œuvre poétique (une traduction en vers de Shakespeare); mais le public de cabinets de lecture ne pense pas comme nous malheureusement. Ce qu'on demande au poète, à l'artiste, c'est du mouvement, des cris, des larmes, des fracas, c'est une agitation fébrile comme celle des cauchemars. Quoi qu'on en dise, il faut donc bien que l'auteur obéisse, sous peine de ne trouver ni libraire, ni acheteurs. Alors, adieu l'analyse fine et savante, les nuances des caractères, et toutes ces demi teintes qui font le charme de Tom Jones et de Clarisse Harlowe.

Hélas! M. Jules Lacroix n'a pas voulu prendre pour modèle Richardson ou Fielding, mais Lewis et Mathurin, ces deux sombres imaginations orageuses comme l'Océan du nord. Le Château des Atrides est une composition diabolique, effrayante; c'est la fatalité antique qui pèse sur tout une famille, comme dans ce drame lugubre de Wernes, le Vingt-quatre février, M. J. Lacroix a merveilleusement choisi le théâtre où s'accomplissent tant de funèbres événements: le château des Romandas domine cet âpre défilé qu'on nomme les gorges d'Ollioules; rien de plus sinistre que la description de ce vieux manoir; l'auberge de Wernes, sur la crête épouvantable de la Ghenmi, est moins terrible peut-être.

X.
Le Follet

Boulevard St Martin. 81.

Urban de Mme Bombry, rue Richelieu. 87 — Coiffe en crin de fleurs et de marabout de Mme de Richelieu, 95 — Robe en crin de montants et d'une sorte en chenille avec perles en fav de Mme Meilhat des petits champs. 69 — Robe en satin crin de mouton de Mme Laurence Lallement, r. de l’Echiquier.

Plumes et Fleurs de Chagoz — Chaussures de Mivo à la Grace de Dieu, rue du Bac, 6.

Court Magazine N° 5, Balthama Place Oxford street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Veston renfermant du passementerie d'argent de M. Thiry, 11 Rue Montmartre, 15 — Coiffe de Scamce, rue Castillon.

Rue de la Paix, 10 — Coiffures et soins de M. Lallier, 11 Rue de la Paix, 11 — Coiffures de la Paix, 12 Rue de la Paix.

Maison de Chasot — Grands de Marcou, 1 de la Paix, 20 — Gantois de M. Thielle, 1 Richelieu, 68.

Courta Magazine, N° 5 Raybone Place Oxford street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

[Address information not legible, possibly a list of shops or businesses related to the fashion theme.]
1er MARS 1843.

Le Follet,

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES MODES,

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 1069. Walking dress.
N° 1070. Dining and visiting dress.

JEANNE D’ARAGON.
REINE DE SICILE.

Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir offrir à nos lectrices un portrait authentique de cette célèbre princesse dont la biographie est trop connue pour que nous la rappelions ici.

Ce portrait est tiré du tableau original de la galerie du Louvre : la tête a été peinte par Raphaël et le reste du corps par Jules Romain.
Modes.

Il paraît à peu près décidé que nous ne devons pas avoir d’hiver, et c’est une nécessité à laquelle nous nous résignons d’autant plus facilement que tout le monde paraît en avoir pris son parti. Il y a comme un parfum de nouveauté et de printemps dans les ateliers de nos industriels, et nous pourrions déjà vous parler des tissus printaniers que préparent le magasin des Deux Nuits, mais nous leur réservons une mention spéciale plus détaillée et plus opportune. Aujourd’hui, nous voulons seulement consacrer un dernier souvenir aux articles d’hiver de cet établissement, et rappeler à votre attention ses camais en velours noir doublés et bordés d’hermine (vous remarquerez que les fourrures donnent un démenti assez impertinent à la clémence de la température), et principalement sur ses pantalons en velours de diverses nuances à taille ajustée, doublets et bordés d’hermine, petit col et revers en hermine, manches à la religieuse, couvertes mais assez larges pour laisser voir l’hermine qui double les manches. Les Deux Nuits ont glorieusement soutenu cet hiver leur réputation d’une des premières maisons de confection de la capitale, nous nous plaissions à le reconnaître.

Nous ne doutons pas que la saison prochaine ne soit pour Madame Pollet une occasion de triomphes aussi remarquables que ceux qu’elle a obtenus cet hiver dans tous nos salons. Mme Pollet, l’habile lingère, l’intelligente couturière, la moîse supérieure, Mme Pollet, qui traite si bien tous les genres, a dans tout ce qu’elle fait une sûreté de goût qui l’inspire toujours parfaitement. Nous ne saurions résister au plaisir de vous décrire quelques-uns de ses derniers modèles. Nous commencerons par une toilette d’intérieur et une toilette de ville : la première est une redingote en drap vert brodée en soutache sur le devant de la jupe et ornée d’une rangée de boutons de soie ; corsage montant, fermé d’une rangée de boutons par devant et brodé en soutache ; la broderie large sur l’épaulette, diminue gracieusement jusqu’au bas du corsage où elle s’arrondit en entourant le corsage comme d’une ceinture ; petit col brisé également brodé, manches plates, ornées aux poignets de broderies simulant les parements, manchettes de dentelle descendant sur les mains ; col masculin en batiste et petite cravate de satin vert ; petit bonnet en dentelle très court des jolies, orné de choux en satin rose. Cet ensemble est d’une séduisante simplicité. La seconde toilette est une robe de moire noire, ornée au bas de la jupe de deux grands biais en velours noir, corsage montant à ceinture avec revers de velours ; manches plates, doubles jockeys et poignets de velours, ceinture en velours, petit col en valencienne ; chapeau en satin blanc orné de fleurs roses. Nous serons plus explicite pour les toilettes de bal, et nous ferons passer devant vous trois modèles : une robe en satin rose, ornée au bas de la jupe de trois ruches de satin découpé, corsage très décolleté en pointe, orné également d’une ruche découpée autour des épaules, manches courtes, avec une petite ruche posée sur le bord de la manche ; turban en gaze d’argent garni de longues barbes terminées par des effilés d’argent ; une robe en moire rose, ornée à la jupe de deux hauts volants d’angle et surmontés d’une ganse d’or, le second volant relevé de chaque côté par des glands d’or ; corsage décoté avec un godet sur le milieu et quatre nervures de chaque côté prenant de l’épaulette à la ceinture, chaque
couture recouverte par une ganse d’or analogique à celle qui règne autour du corsage; petites manches formées d’un double jockey de satin bordé d’une ganse d’or, cordelière en or, ganse d’or dans la coiffure avec glands retombant sur le côté, et couronne de roses posée en diadème; — enfin une robe en crêpe rose à trois jupes dentelées et bordées de roulants en satin rose; la robe de dessous, en satin blanc, fait transparent; les jupes de crêpe, de longueur inégale, sont de différentes nuances de rose harmonieusement fondues; le corsage est décoté en pointe avec drapé de crêpe sans couture sur l’épaule, formant berthe; manches courtes ornées de deux bouillonnes de crêpe; roses et nœuds de dentelle dans la coiffure.

Les garnitures de fleurs pour robes de bal conservent toujours une distinction parfaite, et la Moïe doit des actions de grâce à Chagot pour l’heureuse application qu’il a su faire des produits de son art à cette partie de notre toilette. Aucun genre d’ornement ne convient peut être mieux aux femmes, car aucun ne réunit au même degré la grâce, la coquetterie, la souplesse, qualités qui servent à caractériser le beau sexe et que l’on aime à retrouver dans tout ce qui l’entoure. La poésie a souvent comparé les femmes aux fleurs, et c’est la même idée qui a conduit Chagot à les rapprocher en les identifiant. Nous n’entreprendrons pas de vous décrire les diverses garnitures de robes que nous avons pu remarquer dans ses ateliers: cela demanderait une description trop longue, car l’imagination féconde de Chagot a mis dans cet accessoire autant de variété qu’il en existe dans les toilettes elles-mêmes. Nous ne vous donnerons pas non plus, par la même raison, le détail des délicieuses coiffures que l’on trouve dans ses magasins; mais pourtant il nous est impossible de passer sous silence ses énormes bourelets en violettes et violetttes de Parme, pour contourner les nattes, ses coiffures Carlotta, ses pompons Pompadour, ses jacinthes doubles, fantaisie si parfaitement imitée qu’elle déguise entièrement l’art; toutes ces créations s’appliquent aussi bien aux robes qu’aux coiffures, et il est peu de salons où l’on n’ait pu admirer l’exquise simplicité des pompons Pompadour, charmante fleur sans feuillage, la séduisante fraîcheur des Carlotta, la grâce légère des jacinthes doubles, et la majestueuse dignité des bourrelets en violettes de Parme, qui vont si bien aux brunes d’une taille avantageuse. Mais de toutes ces coiffures, celle qui nous paraît mériter un témoignage tout particulier de distinction, c’est la guirlande Corinne, formée de raisins verts et de roses mousses habilement entremêlés. Rien de frais et de pur comme les nuances de la guirlande Corinne, qui assure à celle qui la porte d’incontestables succès d’élégance et de coquetterie.

Nous avons remarqué, à peu près partout, l’adoption des nouvelles sous-jupes Oudinot en tissu crinolisé. Il est certain que les toilettes de bal comme celles de ville ne peuvent que gagner à avoir un soutien régulier, aussi fin que léger, et n’ayant d’autres résultats que de donner aux toilettes une bonne grâce plus déterminée et en même temps plus durable. Les tissu-crinolins, dont le dépôt de gros est toujours chez Oudinot, seront bientôt généralement adoptés.

La douceur un peu équivoque de la température fait valoir les produits de notre célèbre Guerlain, produits appréciables dans toutes les circonstances et dans toutes les saisons, mais précisément surtout aux époques où les variations atmosphériques sont, pour ainsi dire, journalières. Le baume de la Ferté prévient les gerçures en empêchant les lèvres de se dessécher sous l’action du froid; le cold cream et le camphor cream conservent à la peau du visage une délicieuse fraîcheur, un éclat tout à fait juvénile; la pâte aux quatre semences et
l'oléine émusive sont la Providence des mains auxquelles elles donnent ou conservent une douceur admirable et une aristocratique blancheur; enfin la mixture balsamique prévient ou guérit les engueules, ce fléau peu distingué, et dont le nom seul fait frémir nos élégantes. Que de titres à notre reconnaissance! Pourtant l'habile chimiste de la rue de Rivoli en a d'autres encore, et nous n'oublions pas que c'est à lui que nous devons aussi nos plus délicieuses essences pour le mouchoir, nos parfums les plus suaves, la scotia flora, la caprifolium, le bouquet de Gentilly, celui de Victoria, l'extrait de géranium, etc., etc.

Pousse père et brû, dont les merveilleux corsets ont eu pour l'élegance de nos toilettes une si heureuse influence, ont apporté à leur œuvre, successivement et peu à peu, tout le perfectionnement dont cet article était susceptible. Aujourd'hui le corset de Pousse peut être regardé comme parvenu à son plus haut point de perfection.

STUARDS ET BOURBONS

Par M. J.-A. DAVID, *.

Il y a deux familles dans l'univers, deux familles royales qui, après celle d'Agamemnon et d'Atrée, sont en possession de défrayer les poètes et les romanciers: ce sont les Stuarts et les Bourbons. Également attaquées par les haines et défendues par l'amour, elles ont fini toutes deux par l'exil ou la mort, destinée de toutes les races royales qui ne peuvent surmonter les indifférents et sont trop faibles pour leurs ennemis.

M. David a emprunté à ces deux familles les données nécessaires au drame et à l'intérêt de son ouvrage. Ici, ce sont les infortunes d'un Prétendant qui, ballotté par les traitres et les têtes, finit médiocrement une aventure de chevalerie. Mais à côté du grave sujet de cette histoire, une espèce de parodie comique met à côté du véritable Prétendant un fantôme revêtu de ses habits, ayant presque ses traits, et qui, la comédie politique finie, est laissé comme un comparse derrière la toile. Il y a là rire et drame, ce mélange heureux qui fait et relève l'intérêt.

Dans un autre cadre, nous retrouvons la belle et suave figure de Marie-Antoinette, placée entre les dangers de la politique et les embûches de l'amour-sauvage d'un grand personnage de l'époque, mal déguisé sous son costume et fort reconnaissable à ses actions; elle apparaît là-majestueuse et outragée, cette reine contre laquelle on accumula tant de calomnies, à cette époque où, peu avancé, le peuple avait encore dans le cœur le respect de la royauté, et n'osait faire tomber une tête royale qu'en prouvant qu'elle était indignes de la couronne.

En reconnaissant dans M. David un habile peintre de la passion et même de l'époque, nous lui reprocherons d'avoir mêlé aux acteurs du grand drame révolutionnaire la physionomie de Panotet, cette création moderne de la caricature, qui grimace comme un placage neuf dans une vieille mosaique. L'ouvrage est un rôle noble et digne: c'est le peuple dans sa mâle énergie, mais avec son penchant à la générosité et au bien.

Ces deux volumes ajouteront à la réputation de M. David, comme peintre de scènes et comme conteur; il a déjà fait largement ses prouesses en fait de dialogue et d'imagination.

IMPRIMERIE DE A. APPERT, PASSAGE DU CAIRE, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 81.

Coiffure de M. Namelou, passage du Temple. 21—Robe de damas, avec le de satin, de M. Thierry, 15—Chapeau de M. Philbert, s. t. favori. 34—Robe en cachemire garnie de passement de M. Decombes, B. du Faubourg. 22—Écharpe des Deux-Îles, pl. de la Bourse. 24—Tous papiers en tissu, échelé du fondier Jutel, s. t. Joseph. 3—Chaussons de Mos, à la Grâce de Dieu, rue du Bac.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Bonnet de Seclère, 6 de Réville; 10 bis — Robe de chambre de M. Mercier, 17 des petits champs, 89.
Robe en pongé de soie de M. Decombes, B. des Italiens, 24 — Etoffes des Deux Arts pl de la Bourse, 38.
Gants de Mayer, 12 de la Praie, 26 — Chaussures de M. Més, à la Grâce de Dieu, rue du Bac, 26.

Courts Magazine, N°3, Rathbone Place Oxford Street.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 1074. Visiting and walking dress.
N° 1076. Visiting dress.

Lady Arabella Stuart.

Lady Arabella Stuart, plus connue sous le nom de lady Arabelle, peut être comparée à la fameuse Mademoiselle, fille de Gaston, duc d'Orléans. Fille de Charles Stuart, comte de Lennox, frère de Henry Darnley, Arabella naquit en 1575 ou 1577. Après la mort de son père en 1579, on chercha plusieurs fois à la marier sans y réussir. Elle voulut plus tard contracter un mariage secret avec le fils du comte de Northumberland, et elle fut renfermée par ordre d'Elisabeth. A la mort de la reine, un parti voulut porter Arabella au trône; cette tentative échoua. Elle recouvra alors sa liberté; mais, en 1608, elle encourut le déplaisir de Jacques Ier, pour avoir épousé sans autorisation Jacques Seymour, fils de lord Beaufort et petit-fils du comte d'Hertford. Les deux époux furent renfermés. Tous deux parvinrent à s'échapper; mais Arabella fut reprise, renfermée de nouveau à la Tour de Londres, où elle mourut le 27 septembre 1615.
Modes

Nous voulons aujourd'hui vous détailler une toilette d'intérieur et quelques toilettes de bal dues au talent de madame Thiéry. La toilette d'intérieur se compose d'une robe de chambray en damas vert, jupe ouverte avec revers en poul de soie orange et bordée dans le bas par un haut biais en poul de soie; corsage montant, ouvert, avec revers orange venant rejoindre ceux de la jupe; col carré en damas bordé en poul de soie; doubles manches, la première longue et plate, la seconde plate du haut et à la religieuse en bas, relevée sur le devant par des olives en passementerie et lais ant à découvrir la manche de dessous; cordelière verte terminée par de gros glands; robe de dessous en batiste d'Écosse garnie d'un volant de dentelle et corsage décorté, brodé et bordé d'une petite dentelle. Quant aux toilettes de bal, nous en avons distingué quatre qui avaient un cachet de séduction tout particulier: une robe en satin jonquille, jupe ouverte de toute sa hauteur en partant des deux côtés de la pointe du corsage et laissant à découvrir dans l'ouverture un fond de satin blanc orné de revers en angleterre et de nœuds de satin jonquille; corsage plat, décorté, en pointe; manches très courtes; — une robe en satin gris ornée d'une bordure de laitier de bouquets de fleurs de couleurs différentes; corsage décorté, en pointe orné de trois bouquets dans la longueur du corsage; — une robe en damas gris ornée tout à la hauteur, en partant des deux côtés de la pointe du corsage et laissant à découvrir dans l'ouverture un fond de satin rose orné d'angleterre posé en zigzag et attaché sur la jupe grise par des clous en dentelle, corsage décorté en pointe, manches courtes; — une robe en crêpe blanc à double jupe, ouverte du côté gauche jusqu'à la ceinture et arrondie du bas, garnie tout autour d'un chef d'orfévrer travaillé à jour; robe de dessous en satin blanc, corsage gris, cordelière en or, manches courtes ouvertes dessous et fermées par de petits laçets d'or terminés par des glands de même nature retombant sur le bras.

Puisque nous parlons des toilettes de bal, c'est l'occasion de vous rappeler les riches et délicieuses coiffures de Lucy Hocquet. — Il n'est pas de salon un peu élégant où l'on n'admire quelques-unes de ses créations, soit ses riches turbans en gaze d'argent ornés d'effilés d'or retombant sur l'épaule, soit ses turbans arabes en cachemire bleu brodé en argent, ses coiffures en velours bleu et en drap d'or ornées, du côté gauche, de plumes blanches, et, par derrière, d'un long gland arabe à longues franges d'or et de soie.

Nous voulons aussi vous donner de longs détails sur les toilettes de ville dites de transition, mais l'espace nous manque, et nous nous bornerons à vous détailler quelques jolis modèles de Madame Lallemand, dont le gracieux talent a souvent déjà défrayé nos colonnes. Rien de plus coquet que ses robes en poul de soie gris ornées tout autour de la jupe d'une passementerie guipure noire remontant de chaque côté du le de devant jusqu'à la pointe du corsage qui est juste et montant avec manches plates. Rien de plus séduisant que ses robes en casimir noir et en cachemire écrue, les premières ornées sur le devant de la jupe d'une rangée de gros boutons de soie, corsage montant plat et à pointe arrondie, orné d'une rangée de boutons venant rejoindre ceux de la jupe, manches plates; les secondes ornées de montants en passementerie, corsage montant en pointe, manches plates. Rien de plus riche que ses robes en velours noir, à jupe unie, corsage plat, montant, à pointe arrondie, manches plates.

Toutes ces toilettes ont un cachet de distinction auquel une femme de goût ne saurait jamais se méprendre, et ce qui en relève surtout l'élégance, c'est, on peut le dire, l'emploi de la sous-jupe en tissu crinoisé, dont nous
sommes redevables à Oudinot-Lutel. Le nouveau tissu a tous les avantages des anciennes sous-jupes en crinoline, mais il n’a rien de leurs inconvenients, la lourdeur, le ballonnement, contre lesquels on a beaucoup crié, et qui appartiendraient plutôt encore aux imitations de crinoline qu’à la véritable crinoline Oudinot. Quoi qu’il en soit, aujourd’hui les détaillateurs n’ont plus aucun prétexte, et tout le monde s’accorde à reconnaître qu’il n’y a rien de léger, de frais et de gracieux comme ces nouveaux tissus, qui d’ailleurs n’ajoutent rien ou peu de chose à la dépense générale de la toilette; aussi le chemin qui conduit au dépôt de crinolines d’Oudinot-Lutel, commence à être bien connu et bien fréquenté, par le monde élégant est moins futile qu’on ne le suppose généralement, et l’on est presque toujours sûr de captiver sa faveur quand on sait concilier aussi bien son utilité et ses plaisirs.

Le succès des nouvelles sous-jupes Oudinot-Lutel a dépassé nos prévisions. Tout le monde rend justice à cette invention qui est un vrai miracle d’élégance et d’économie. Le nouveau tissu mérinos crinisé est d’une légèreté et d’une finesse à laquelle on ne peut vraiment rien comparer. Il a tous les avantages qu’avait la crinoline primitive, et il n’a rien des inconvenients qu’on trouvait à cette première création d’Oudinot. Si la crinoline était le premier pas de l’heureux industriel, on peut dire que les tissus crinalisés sont la perfection du genre, et nous ne croyons pas possible de rien faire de mieux dans cette spécialité.

Il faut bien avant de finir que nous vous disions un mot des magasins de M. Baudry, ils se distinguent par un article de bon augure qui promet, nous n’en doutons pas, des miracles. Nous engageons nos lectrices à

visiter le petit salon de notre modiste favorite; elles y verront de bien coquettes nouveautés, des chapeaux en moire rose ornés de plumes, des chapeaux en velours vert ornés d’une longue plume; des chapeaux en velours d’Afrique vert ornés d’une plume, d’autres ornés de trois plumes frisées et à l’intérieur de petites fleurs roses, etc., etc.

M. Challamel prépare en ce moment son album annuel sur l’Exposition, cette importante publication consacrée par quatre ans de succès et qui figure maintenant dans la bibliothèque des amateurs de beaux livres d’art. Rien n’a été négligé pour que l’Album du Salon de 1843 soit supérieur encore à ceux des années 1840-41-42. M. Challamel vient de mettre aussi en vente la première livraison de l’Album de l’Opéra, charmante collection des principales scènes, des décors, des costumes les plus remarquables et portraits des célèbres artistes de ce théâtre. Un texte sérieux et piquant tout à la fois accompagne chaque livraison, et sera ainsi de l’album de l’Opéra une œuvre intéressante pour l’artiste et pour l’homme du monde. Il paraît une livraison par mois.

La troisième matinée musicale de M. Bonnien aura lieu, comme les précédentes, dans les salons de cette dame; elle fournira l’occasion d’entendre les talents les plus élevés en tous genres, qui s’expriment à l’œil d’offrir leur concours à l’une des plus brillantes pianistes de l’époque.

LA COMÉDIE

AU PAS DE CHARGE.

C’était sous l’empire. Le 8e de ligne, en garnison à Byzance, avait trouvé dans son sein tous les éléments d’une excellente troupe de comédiens, outre des peintres et des machinistes. Deux fois par semaine il y avait spec-
tacle, où la ville était invitée ; à défaut de femmes, on couvrait quelques Pantinois imbibés et dégourdis des vêtements du beau sexe et la mère, la grande coquette et l'amoureuse étaient trouvées ; c'est le cas de dire : À la guerre comme à la guerre ! Le colonel de ce corps, qui encourageait les efforts dramatiques de ses soldats, avait fait établir un vaste fourgon où, dans le cas de départ, on plaçait le matériel, et, au besoin même, une partie du personnel de la troupe, et l'on y lisait ces mots, qui produisaient d'ordinaire un assez viv étonnement : "Fourgon de comédie."

Le 5e régiment de ligne, qui, à la même époque, occupait une partie du littoral dalmate, avait aussi ses acteurs, et l'emportait même sur le 9e, en ce qu'il possédait un auteur ! tandis que son émule était forcé de se contenter des ouvrages de théâtre que le hasard lui envoyait, vu l'éloignement où l'on était de la France, et la difficulté des communications, le 5e régiment avait son poète qui travaillait sur tous les sujets et faisait même au besoin la pièce de circonstance, absolument comme à Paris. Un officier supérieur était chargé par le colonel de la direction comique, et traitait l'affaire si militairement qu'une fois l'ingénue fut mise en prison par lui pour avoir refusé positivement (était-il dit au rapport du matin) de faire sa barbe.

Terminons par le récit d'un assez malin tour joué par les Pantinois de la troupe à leur directeur. A l'insu de celui-ci, il signor poeta eut un jour la fantaisie de composer ce qu'on appelle au théâtre une cacophonie. Aussitôt qu'elle fut achevée et que les rôles eurent été copiés, il m'a l'œuvre en répétition sans en prévenir qui de droit, et en recommandant, au contraire, aux acteurs, le plus profond secret. Comme il fallait surprendre les spectateurs ou renoncer à les divertir, on comprit que ce secret devait être soigneusement gardé.

Le jour de la représentation, on annonce une comédie en vers ! Au lever du rideau, deux personnages entrent en scène, et s'expriment, ma foi, en beaux alexandrins, bien alignés, deux par deux. Le public, sentant qu'il doit encourager cette noble audace, applaudit. Tout à coup un des acteurs, soigneusement travesti, placé dans une loge supérieure, apostrophe ses deux camarades en scène ; un autre, enfoui dans une baignoire, imite cet exemple ; en habile connaisseur, il cherche noie aux personnages, et prétend qu'ils cassent les vers ni plus ni moins qu'à la Comédie-Française de Paris ! Une lutte de paroles s'engage alors entre les personnages et les deux spectateurs mécontents.

Jusque-là notre officier supérieur, bien que prodigieusement étonné, s'était tenu coi ; mais se croyant engagé d'honneur à prendre la défense des acteurs dont il avait la direction, et complètement dupe d'ailleurs, il élève la voix, et, à son tour, il apostrophe les mécontents. Alors un fou rire, un rire inextinguible, éclate dans la salle : on s'aperçoit qu'il est pris dans les filets de ses propres acteurs, et qu'il accepte, sans le savoir, un rôle dans l'ouvrage, comme les autres personnages. Poussé par la charité, cependant, un camarade lui explique enfin le malentendu, et la toile tombe au milieu des bravos universels de l'assemblée.

Imprimerie de A. Appert, Passage du Caire, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard S. Martin, 61.
Coiffure de Normandie, passage Chevalier, 19 — Chapeau de Mme. Baudry, rue Richelieu, 87.
Robe en crêpe de Mme. Desombres, bout' des Italiens, 22 — Robe de Mme. Lallemand, rue de l'Echaugueter, 3.
Jusqu'au 1er. tissus céruléens d'Oudinot-Lutel, rue St. Joseph, 3 — Plumes de Chagot.
Gante de Mayos, rue de la Paix, 26 — Chaussures de Meir, r. du Bac, 6.
Court Magazine, N° 3, Rathbone Place Oxford Street.
1er JUIN 1843.

Le Follet,

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES MODES.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 4086. Walking dress.
N° 4088. Dining and visiting dress.

MARIE BÉATRIX
DE MODÈNE,
Reine d'Angleterre.

Modes.

Parmi les accessoires de toilettes, il en est un auquel personne n’avait encore songé, et qui, pourtant, de l’avis de quelques femmes de goût, dont l’opinion fait assez ordinairement loi, méritait bien qu’on s’en occupât. Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir annoncer à nos lectrices que cette lacune a été enfin comblée, grâce au zèle intelligent de Pousse père et bru, auxquels on ne peut montrer trop de reconnaissance pour cette dernière innovation. Nous voulons parler d’une sorte de sous-corsage, qui tient le milieu entre le corsage de la robe et le corset lui-même, de manière à protéger ce dernier contre les robes de couleur que la transpiration fait déteindre ; ce qui, en nécessitant de trop fréquents nétoyages, amène la prompte déformation des corsets. En outre, le sous-corsage, qui dissimule entièrement les épaississeurs des coutures et des baleines, ainsi que les garnitures de toutes sortes auxquelles on est trop souvent obligé d’avoir recours, peut remplacer, avec un incontestable avantage, les robes de dessous et procurer à la fois une économie de corset, une économie de robe, en même temps qu’un grand allègement, considération qui n’est pas à dédaigner dans la température caniculaire.

Le sous-corsage, qui s’exécute en gros de Naples ou en percale, reproduit exactement la forme du corset sur lequel il se moulé. On le ferme par devant au moyen de petits boutons presque imperceptibles. Celles de nos abonnées qui désireraient juger par elles-mêmes de l’utilité réelle de cet accessoire de toilette, qui deviendra bientôt aussi indispensable que le corset lui-même, pourront consulter la manière de prendre mesure des corsets, qui est absolument la même.

L’emploi du sous-corsage de Pousse fait
Justine obéit. Les építres en question ressemblaient à toutes celles qu’on adresse communément à une actrice en vogue; c’était tout ce qu’on peut imaginer de plus assommant, de plus monotone, de plus ridicule. Une vingtaine de lettres avaient été parcourues, quand, jetant un rapide coup-d’œil sur la signature d’une nouvelle épître, Justine tressaillit, et s’écria, d’une voix étouffée par la terreur :

—Mandrin! c’est Mandrin qui vous écrit... 

—Mandrin! répeta la Camargo tremblante d’émotion et de terreur.

A cette époque il n’était question que des méfaits et des brigandages que le célèbre Mandrin exerçait dans la Flandre, et nos lecteurs s’expliqueront sans peine le trouble et le saisissement que dut éprouver l’illustre voyageuse en voyant son nom au bas d’une lettre qui lui était personnellement adressée; et puis la nuit était si sombre, la route si déserte, que les plus intrépides auraient certainement été alarmés.

Foudroyée par cette découverte inattendue, la Camargo resta muette, saisie, immobile, et elle n’avait pas encore repris l’usage de ses sens, quand un fort coup de sifflet retentit à quelque distance; bientôt après les chevaux furent retenus par deux mains vigourees, la voiture s’arrêta, le cocher fut maintenu sur son siège, la portière s’ouvrit et bientôt un homme se présenta.

C’était Mandrin en personne. Il salua nos deux voyageuses avec infiniment de grâce, et s’apercevant de l’état de trouble et d’anxiété dans lequel se trouvait la Camargo, il s’efforce de la rassurer.

—Je serais désespéré, Madame, lui dit-il, si ma présence pouvait vous causer quelque émotion pénible. Mais vous ne devez, ce me semble, éprouver aucun effroi; la lettre que j’ai eu l’honneur de vous écrire hier vous explique clairement mes intentions, et vous avez

LA CAMARGO
AU PALAIS DE MANDRIN.

Vous avez entendu parler de la Camargo, une des illustrations chorégraphiques du dernier siècle, la Camargo, la Fanny Elsser de ce temps-là, et dont le talent gracieux, souple et varié, a inspiré à Voltaire une de ses plus délicieuses épîtres. À l’exemple des célébrités dramatiques d’aujourd’hui, la Camargo profitait du congé que lui donnait chaque année l’Opéra pour faire quelques excursions dans les contrées étrangères; chacun de ces voyages lui valait des bénéfices considérables et de brillantes ovations. C’est ainsi que l’Espagne, l’Allemagne et l’Angleterre lui avaient tour à tour jeté à profusion de l’or et des couronnes, et à l’époque dont nous parlons, la célèbre danseuse venait de parcourir les principales villes de la Belgique.

Après un séjour de deux mois dans cette contrée, elle repartit pour la France; mais dans le cours de son voyage, elle reçut des offres si brillantes de quelques directeurs, qu’elle dût céder à leurs sollicitations, et les théâtres de Lille, de Cambrai, de Valenciennes, purent admirer à leur tour ses pas si gracieux, sa pantomime si animée, si expressive.

Elle venait de partir de cette dernière ville et se dirigeait vers Paris. Tout à coup il lui vint une idée. Pendant son séjour à Valenciennes elle avait reçu un grand nombre de lettres qu’elle avait jetées, sans les lire, dans une cassette. Tout cela formait une correspondance assez volumineuse, et elle pensa que le dépouillement et la lecture de cette correspondance pourraient lui offrir un piquant intérêt.

—Justine, dit-elle à sa femme de chambre, prends cette cassette et lis-moi les lettres qu’elle contient.
pu voir qu'elles n'ont rien d'hostile. Mes camarades et moi, nous avons voulu avoir un échantillon de votre admirable talent, et vous nous pardonneriez si nous interrompons pendant quelques heures le cours de votre voyage. Seriez-vous assez bonne, Madame, pour venir jusque dans mon palais; vous y trouverez de sincères et fervents admirateurs. Mais comme les chemins sont excessivement mauvais, je vous engage de laisser ici votre voiture; j'ai fait venir un charriot qui va vous conduire dans mes domaines.

La terreur qui d'abord s'était emparée de l'imagination de notre danseuse, se dissipait graduellement à mesure qu'elle écoutait et qu'elle regardait Mandrin. Car cet homme, qu'on lui avait dépeint comme un être féroce, avait des formes de la plus exquise politesse, un ton de très bonne compagnie; un regard plein de douceur, les inflexions de la voix les plus suaves et les plus gracieuses. Camargo le trouvait charmant. D'ailleurs cette aventure offrait un piquant intérêt, et excitait au plus haut point sa curiosité. Aussi ne balança-t-elle pas à accepter la proposition qui lui était faite. Elle laissa donc sur la grande route son équipage et son cocher et s'élança lestement sur le charriot, où Justine prit place à côté d'elle.

Au bout de quelques minutes, on arriva au palais de Mandrin. C'était une caverne creusée dans un immense rocher, où se trouvaient réunies toutes les délicatesse du luxe, toutes les commodités de la vie. Immédiatement après l'arrivée de la célèbre danseuse, on servit un magnifique souper, riche en mets succulents et variés, et dont Mandrin fit les honneurs avec une grâce parfaite. Sa conversation était enchantée, piquante, semée de traits, d'anecdotes. Quelques-uns de ses compagnons le secondaient merveilleusement, et la Camargo pouvait se croire encore au foyer de l'Opéra, au milieu de l'élite des beaux esprits de la capitale.

Cependant le festin fut court, car Mandrin avait hâte d'admirer le talent de l'illustre danseuse. Aussi, dès qu'on fut sorti de table, il s'approcha de la Camargo et la pria de danser quelques-uns de ces pas délicieux qui venaient de populariser son nom dans toute l'Europe. Elle s'exécuta de bonne grâce, et débutta sur cette scène nouvelle par une de ses plus ingénieuses créations. Jamais elle n'avait été plus vive, plus gracieuse, plus légère, plus aérienne, plus piquante; elle semblait ne pas toucher la terre, ou si parfois elle y posait le pied, on aurait dit que c'était de sa part fantaisie, pur caprice.... Ce fut pendant toute la nuit une pluie de fleurs, un déluge de bouquets, de couronnes; des applaudissements convulsifs retentirent, les voûtes du palais de Mandrin en furent ébranlées....

Puis, quand la Camargo eut terminé ses brillantes évolutions, les sons d'une musique délicieuse se firent entendre. Un violon soupira une tendre et plaintive élégie qui arracha des larmes à toute l'assemblée. L'artiste habile qui maniait cet instrument, c'était Mandrin lui-même, qui venait de se révéler poète et musicien à la Camargo émerveillée.

Cependant le jour commençait à poindre, et il fallut mettre fin à cette scène intéressante. La Camargo prit congé de ses hôtes, alla rejoindre sa voiture et continua sa route vers Paris, où elle arriva le jour même.

Depuis cette époque, elle ne parla de Mandrin qu'avec admiration, et lors de l'arrestation de ce brigand fameux, elle éprouva, dit-on, une affliction profonde.

LOUISE MÉHUL.

(Gazette des Femmes)
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Capote de Mme. Follet, rue Richelieu, 23 — Mantelet des Deux-Nuits, pl. de la Bourse, 31.
Robe de Mme. Laurence Sallemard, r. de l'Échiquier, 38 — Robe à revers de Mme. Clause, r. de l'Étoile.
Homm de Chagot — Chambre de Cavat, 17, des Halles, 55 — Chaise en prè ree de Sandilot ainé, 3, Belleforest.

Court Magazine, No. 5, Bathbone Place Oxford Street.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 4084. Walking and visiting dress.  
N° 4082. Walking dress.

ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA,  
IMPÉRATRICE DE RUSSIE.

Modes.

Nous commencerons aujourd'hui par une rapide inspection des étoffes qui sont destinées à avoir les honneurs de la saison, et, pour nous édifier complètement sur ce sujet, nous ne saurions mieux nous adresser qu’aux Deux Nuits. Notre avant-dernier bulletin vous a d’ailleurs fourni quelques détails qu’il ne s’agit plus que de compléter. Nous vous dirons donc que les étoffes les plus recherchées, pour grande toilette, seront les brocards Pompadour et Charles VI, les taffetas nacrés, ceux de Touraine et ceux de Perse; la royale Fontanges et le royal mandarin; les pékins de toutes nuances et de tous genres, pékin nacré, pékin agate, pékin caméléon, etc., etc. Pour visites et promenades, il y aura une variété trop grande assurément pour que nous puissions en donner la nomenclature, mais nous appellerons votre attention sur le rep royal et la moire zébrée, les taffetas arabes pékinés,
es taffetas de l'Inde quadrillés, les taffetas de Batavia, les taffetas écossais ombrés et glacés, ces gros de Naples imprimés à grands rameaux, les damas de Lahore et de Téhéran, etc. Nous aurions le même embarras et nous nous en tirerions de la même manière pour les étoffes de fantaisie dont le temps d'ailleurs n'est pas encore arrivé, et nous ne citerons provisoirement que les foulards imprimés, les toiles de Chine, les mousselines de laine, les cachemires imprimés, les barêges à filets de satin imprimés en couleur, les barêges marquises, les crépes de Chypre, etc., etc.

On sait avec quel talent les objets de confection sont traités dans le magasin des Deux Nuits. Nous y avons remarqué surtout deux délicieux mantelets : le premier en taffetas d'Italie gris, très long par derrière, garni d'une double ruche en taffetas découpé tombant devant en bouts arrondis qui ne dépassent pas les genoux, et retenus, à la hauteur des bras, par quelques points qui arrêtent régulièrement les plis ; le second en tulle noir coullié, arrondi des bouts et garni tout autour d'une haute dentelle noire surmontée d'un boubillon doublé de satin noir.

L'incertitude du temps a fait ajourer, comme on le pense, beaucoup de préparatifs ; aussi les toilettes que nous avons été à même de voir s'en ressentent, et elles ne distinguent de celles que nous voyons chaque jour que par des innovations timides et encore peu importantes. Pour donner une idée de ce qu'il y a de plus saillant dans les toilettes de ville, les seules qui puissent nous offrir aujourd'hui quelques modifications, nous allons vous détailler quelques modèles sortis des ateliers de Mme Pollet et de ceux de Mmes Thiéry.

Nous avons vu chez Mmes Pollet trois robes en poulis de soie exécutées avec un gracieux talent que vous connaissez. L'une gris lapis, jupe unie, corsage plat, montant, manches plates avec jockeys formés de trois biais roulés sur le devant par des boutons de soie ; l'autre vert de mer, ornée sur le devant de la jupe d'un large bouillonnet allant en diminuant jusqu'à la pointe du corsage, séparé au milieu par une natte de passementerie, la même natte posée de chaque côté du bouillonnet, corsage montant, en pointe, orné d'un bouillonnet très étroit à la pointe du corsage et s'élargissant en éventail jusque sur les épaules, manches plates ; l'autre bleu de France, ornée tout autour de la jupe, au-dessus de l'ourlet, d'une riche guirlande brodée en souteau, s'arrondissant de chaque côté du le de devant et remontant en tablier jusqu'à la ceinture, corsage montant, juste du haut, un peu froncé du bas, dos froncé. Ces toilettes sont remarquables par cet admirable mélange d'élegance et de simplicité qui se retrouve dans toutes les créations de Mmes Pollet. Avant de sortir de chez elle, nous voulons vous parler encore de trois fantaisies toutes gracieuses : — une robe en écossais Gitana à petits carreaux verts à reflets roses, jupe unie, manches plates, corsage montant à pointe arrondie ; une robe en arménienne à rayures brochées, ornée à la jupe d'un volant de dentelle noire de cinquante centimètres de haut et surmonté d'une ruche découpée en étroite pareille ; corsage juste, montant à triple couture, à pointe arrondie, manches plates avec jockeys formés d'un volant de dentelle.

Les toilettes de Mmes Thiéry ont aussi un cachet de bon goût tout particulier dont nos lectrices ont pu juger plus d'une fois, et que les modèles suivants serviront d'ailleurs à faire apprécier. Une robe en taffetas persan, ornée à la jupe de trois hauts volants distancés les uns des autres d'une demi-hauteur, corsage plat, montant, à triple couture, manches plates ; une robe en gros de Naples écossais bleu et blanc ornée sur le côté de la jupe d'une ruche de gros de Naples découpée, corsage juste, montant, manches plates. Citons encore deux toilettes d'enfants, où Mmes Thiéry a mis une
grâce vraiment ravissante. D’abord une petite robe en foulard bleu chiné blanc, ornée à la jupe de deux plis séparés par une broderie en soutache bleue ; corsage décolleté, froncé du bas et juste du haut, manches plates avec jockeys brodés ; — ensuite une robe en gros de Naples rayé gris à reflets bleus, avec deux plis à la jupe espacés de trois quarts de hauteur ; corsage montant à pièce, manches plates. Ces deux toilettes étaient complétées, la première par une délicieuse capote en poulton de soie blanche ornée de marabou disposés en guirlande autour de la forme ; la seconde par un chapeau en paille d’Italie cousue, doublé en gros de Naples blanc et orné d’une plume blanche tournante posée sur le côté, nœud de ruban blanc derrière la forme. Ces deux nouveautés sortaient de les magazines de Mme Baudry, où le bon goût a depuis longtemps été domicile. La visite que nous avons faite ces jours derniers a mis à même d’admirer, parmi les plus fraîches nouveautés, de coquets chapeaux de gaze rose ornés d’une branche de fleurs roses posée de côté et de feuillage en plume sous la passe ; des chapeaux en poulton de soie blanche de moyenne grandeur, à grand bavolet, ornés d’un plumeux russe blanc et de fleurs roses à l’intérieur ; des chapeaux en poulton de soie bleu recouverts de crêpe blanc formant transparent, ornés d’une plumesaulle ; des capes en crêpe bleu à forme un peu relevée entourées de quatre biais et ornés d’une couronne de bleuets, des chapeaux en poulton de soie violet, à forme légèrement cambrée et évasée un peu vers le bas, de manière à laisser les cheveux en liberté, orné d’un côté d’un bouquet de plumes de coq bien fourni, et de l’autre d’une ruche de ruban vert portant un bouquet et s’arrondissant en demi guirlande jusque sur le bavolet qui est très haut. Parions aussi des nouveautés de Lucy Hocquet, dont le chapeau Pénélope a dépassé les espérances. Cet ravi-
sante fantaisie attire chez lui foule de charmantes visiteuses qui ont dû se contenter de délicieux petits chapeaux de crêpe entièrement recouverts d’un voile d’angleterre. Nous avons aussi remarqué chez Lucy Hocquet des chapeaux en crêpe citron recouverts d’un voile et ornés de ruban de gaze zébré et d’une simple demi guirlande de pensées couleur violet tirant sur la tawane, nuance tout à fait de mode aujourd’hui parmi les femmes élégantes ; d’autres en crêpe gris perle garnis d’un saule marabout gris frimaté de rose ; en crêpe vert pistache recouverts d’un voile d’angleterre à broderies riches, bouillié à la tête et entrelacé de trois branches d’arbre de Judée ; en crêpe gros bleu avec triple guirlande de lianes et de convolvulus, piquante originalité, commandée par une des célébrités aristocratiques de la mode ; enfin en crêpe blanc, ornés très simplement d’une branche d’accacia rose. Le seul chapeau Pénélope que nous ayons pu examiner lors de notre visite était brodé d’une guirlande d’épis verts et jaunes mêlés de nèles qui, au lieu d’être mauves, étaient presque pensées, ainsi que le bouquet de plumes et le ruban. Ce chapeau était destiné à une jeune Anglaise. Mais ce qui nous a frappé le plus, c’est un chapeau commandé sur les dessins de Mme la duchesse de M… Jamais peut être Lucy Hocquet n’avait rien fait de plus distingué. Ce chapeau était en crêpe blanc et brodé au point de tapiserie d’une guirlande de clochettes blanches légèrement nuées de vert pomme avec feuillage de mêmes nuances. Il était orné d’une branche de sapin de Chagot. Nous n’avons vu chez Lucy Hocquet que fort peu de pâillers de riz et pas une capote de crêpe, ce qui nous porterait à croire qu’ils seront sacrifiés aux chapeaux, du moins pour cette saison. Attendons pourtant, avant de nous prononcer définitivement.

Nous avons à vous parler aussi des fleurs
que Chagot prépare et qui soutiendront digne-ment la réputation qu’il s’est depuis longtemps acquise. Il n’est personne, selon nous, qui traite la spécialité des fleurs avec une imagi-nation plus brillante, une intelligence plus sûre, un goût plus épuré. Aussi la supériorité du célèbre fleuriste est maintenant hors de doute et de contestation. Voyez ses touffes de lilas et deviolettes de Parme, ses roses de haies entremêlées de feuillage de velours, ses fleurs de marabouts ornées de feuilles de velours ondulées, ses panaches péruviens glacés de marabout. Quelle intelligente harmonie d’ef-fet, et avec quel soin minutieux les détails sont étudiés et rendus sans que cela nuise en rien à l’ensemble. Qu’il y a d’orgueil naturel dans ses tulipes! Le velouté de ses scabieuses pou-vait-il être plus harmonieusement fondu? Ad-mirez avec nous ses fleurs de roseaux et ses fleurs de bruyère, ses grappes de raisin rosé et vert pâle pour guirlandes de robes, ses ca-mélia de velours pour agraffes aux robes de crépe, ses fleurs de cédrat et ses branches d’é-bénier, son cotonnier des Indes, et que sais-je encore? Tous les pays, tous les climats sont tributaires du talent de Chagot, dont les heureuses créations réalisent nos rêves les plus brillants. Nous vous dirons, dans un prochain article, les nouveautés spéciales préparées pour l’été par notre habile enchanteur qui recherche et cultive avec tant de succès l’élegance, la fantaisie, le caprice, sans jamais leur sacrifier le bon goût.

Un mot, avant de terminer ce bulletin, sur l’ombrelle, fantaisie dont l’importance grandit chaque jour, grâce à la supériorité exception-nelle avec laquelle elle est traitée par Cazal. Nous vous avons dit par quelques innovations l’habile industriel était parvenu à donner à l’ombrelle toutes les qualités que pouvaient désirer les caprices les plus exigeants. L’ombrelle, entre les mains de Cazal, est devenue un indispensable accessoire de toilette, qui ne se borne plus à protéger un joli visage contre les rayons indiscrets du soleil, mais qui complète la parure à laquelle il donne le dernier cachet. L’ombrelle était jadis une sorte d’instrument aussi disgracieux qu’incommode, aujourd’hui l’ombrelle est quelque chose de gracieux, de léger, que le coquin-Cazal permet d’ouvrir et de fermer à volonté par un mouvement facile et presque imperceptible.

A ces qualités utiles, Cazal joint la richesse et la variété des tissus qu’il fait confectionner exprès, l’exquise élégance des manches en bois précieux de toutes sortes, en ivoire, etc.

C’était une véritable solennité que le concert donné par M. et Mme Boulanger-Kunzé à la salle Herz. Une nombreuse et brillante réunion s’était pressée de se rendre à cette fête, dans laquelle M. Dorus-Gras, MM. Géraldy, Baumann, Dorus, Offenbach et les bénéficiaires ont excité tous les suffrages.

La matinée musicale de MM. Gentile et Wigan, même salle, a été aussi des plus charmandes. M. Gentile a dit avec beaucoup de goût différents morceaux de chant.

Parmi les compositions dansantes que la saison des bals a fait éclore, nous signalons aux personnes de bon goût deux délicieux quadrilles pour piano, la Loge infernale, de V. Lazard, et Don Quichotte et Sancho, de A. Marquerie, publiés par Lacoste frères, éditeurs. Tous les motifs en sont remarqua-bles de fraîcheur et d’originalité ; aussi ces quadrilles, qui envahissent déjà nos salons, ne peuvent-il manquer d’obliger beaucoup de succès.

Nous sommes toujours sûr d’entendre exécuter les plus frais, les plus ravissants quadrilles aux soirées de Mme la marquise de G...nay. Nous en citerons deux surtout, Pierre-le-Cruel, de Désiré Martin (écrivain, Chabal), et la Grande fête chinoise, d’Henri Bohman, (éditeur, Sauzeau), qui ont fait les délices de son dernier bal.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Modes de Longchamps — Chapeau et Redingote de M. Scandol, r. Montmartre, 165 — Robe avec Camail de M. Laurence Sallemont, r. de l’Echauguette, 52 — Flans de Chagot — Mouchoir de Chapron, r. de la Paix.

Essences de Guerlain, r. de Rivoli, 42 — Emballe de Casal, B. des Italiens, 25 — Chaussures de Meis, r. du Bac.

Court Magazine, N° 5, Rathbone Place Oxford, street.
MONTHLY MISCELLANY AND MONTHLY CRITIC.

Cobbett's English Housekeeper.

It was never our good luck before to see this 'otherwise well-known' work, which, from a general inspection and its family comprehensiveness seems to be well entitled to the fame it has acquired. It is said in some of the cookery books, 'first catch your hare then skin it.' Here, then, we are pictorially introduced, at starting, into a well-stored larder, and in progressive order into all the duties of housekeeping, making preserves, pickles, wines; along with medical receipts, the work concluding with observations on laying out a garden.

But the introductory part must not be passed hastily over; the authoress (Anne Cobbett, famed Cobbett's daughter), desires to inculcate thoughts of usefulness into the minds of her sex, generally quoting Mrs. Randall, 'that habits of usefulness, and the cultivation of talents may be combined.'

Our object has ever been to elevate the female character; far, then, are we from agreeing with those who would only instruct woman in such things which are comparatively useless. Some may pride themselves upon a capability to work a slipper; embroider a footstool; work rugs for the table, and many other such time-killng diversions, who would scorn to spend a moment in gaining a knowledge of even one domestic duty. Alas! alas! Look at the fate of many a well bred, well born immigrant, who, unable to find an expected employment, is forced to see where he (or she rather) can be useful—as is the lot we read of many just at this time. Look, too, at the situation of the decayed gentlewoman; look likewise at the lot of many, who, without any fault of theirs, are reduced to sudden want by the failure of their banker, or such similar disaster—and we think that there are thousands at this instant who repine at the early neglect in this department of information, they themselves being now left wholly dependant upon elemosynary support.

We do not say make this your study, but we say, do not close your eyes and your ears, and, above all, do not despise a talent whereby you can possess the power amiably and admirably of directing your household. The men make their cellar and its contents no small portion of study, let the ladies learn well how to use their stores, and it will make the house happier.

"A knowledge of housekeeping is not difficult to attain. It needs no natural superiority of talent, and no painful application. It is rather a habit, than a science, and, like the neatness so characteristic of English women, this knowledge rarely comes to perfection at all, unless it be partly formed in early life, and by means of our very earliest associations. Little girls are always prone to imitate the ways of older persons, particularly in housekeeping matters. They very soon begin to find amusement in learning to make preserves, pastry, and such things. Those children, therefore, who are brought up at home, and have the daily and hourly practice of domestic duties before their eyes, will naturally fall into habits of usefulness, and acquire, by degrees and imperceptibly, a knowledge of what belongs to home, which should constitute the elementary education of every woman who is not born to rank and to luxury. But the unhappy little creatures who drag through seven or more years of continuous monotony within the walls of a school, their minds taking little or no part in the tasks which their memories are racked upon, have but little chance of learning anything which will benefit their after lives."

"Alas! how often do these daughters return from school with false notions of the lives they are to lead, and with mistaken ideas of their own consequence, such as lead them to despise the humble occupations of their home, although their 'education' may not have given them one single idea to justify any pretension of the kind. It is generally acknowledged, that girls educated at schools are seldom far advanced in learning. Where history and geography, and other sciences, are learnt by rote, "a page of Greece on Monday," "a page of Rome on Tuesday," "a page of Universal Biography on Wednesday," with occasional readings of the middle ages, of modern times, and application being made to maps, globes, charts, &c., to fill up the time which
is not devoted to the fine arts (for it all goes on at once), the stock of real solid information which is gained by the end of the year, will be very scanty, or will probably have resolved itself into such a confused mass of imperfect information that all practical benefit may be despaired of. No wonder, if, after having undergone a course like this, a young girl is often found to have gained less from books than others have gained from vulgar report, and be puzzled to say whether it was Scipio or Washington who was the first President of the United States of America.

"Girls so educated are very much to be commiserated. They live, through that part of their lives in which the mind is most open to receive impressions, without any opportunity for exercising their powers of observation, till, at last, they fall into a state of inertness; and their education is finished without their having gained the least knowledge of what the world really is, or of the part which they are to be called upon to act in. Having had no intimate association with persons really well informed, it is no matter of surprise, if they become deceived of their supposed attainments, or if they remain in ignorance of the fact, that a little music, a little drawing, and a very little French and Italian, are not sufficient to make an accomplished woman, and that merely going the round of primmers will not, of itself, constitute what it looked for in a "good education." Nor is it, indeed, to be wondered at, if the home, which has been so cherished in recollection from one holiday time to another, fail to realize all the anticipations of pleasure and of happiness which the thought of it has excited. Its staid walk is too often a kind of torture to them, as novelties, attractive to one who is only a fine lady; the want of capacity to fill domestic duties will, of course, render them rather disagreeable than otherwise; and it is but natural that young women who, during all the early part of their lives, have been accustomed to think of household cares, should entertain some degree of aversion to them, and feel dissatisfied when called upon to take a part in them. Many a father has repented that he did not rather lay up for his daughter, the money which has been expended to no better purpose than to cause her to repine at the condition in life in which he must leave her. And many a mother's pride, in the fancied superiority of her daughter, has been saddened by the recollection, not only that her daughter was incapable of helping her, but that the time must come when that incompetent daughter would be left to take care of her."

"There are, however, not a few, who do think that qualifications of a refined nature render it unbecoming in their possessors to give that personal superintendence to the affairs of the kitchen, of the store-room, and of all the other branches of household arrangement, which is so necessary, that, from the want of it, moderate fortunes often prove inadequate to the support of families in the middle rank. Young persons cannot be expected to entertain a proper estimation of the value of useful habits, as compared with the value of ornamental acquirements, unless they have grown up in the exercise of those habits. The idea that capability in the domestic, is incompatible with taste in the elegant accomplishments, is so deeply rooted in the minds of most persons who aspire to be fashionable, that I despair of the power to do much towards eradicating the fatal error. And yet, I would fain represent to parents, the wrong which is done to children by suffering this idea to plant itself in their minds; for it not only reduces young women to a standard of comparatively little consequence, by making them helpless in all the ordinary business of life, but it produces incidentally, a variety of injurious effects on the health, on the spirits, and even on the temper. It is proverbial, that the largest portion of happiness belongs not to the higher ranks of society; and the reason is not that the rich and luxurious are, as a matter of course, unworthy and consequently unhappy; but that their minds are not diverted by necessary cares; that their amusements are easily obtained, and that the enjoyment of them is never interrupted by their having duties to perform. Pleasures fail to excite and interest the mind, unless they come in the way of relaxation. Therefore it is, that even in youth, something by way of employment is necessary to keep gaiety from subsiding into dulness; and in mature life nothing is more salutary than occupation. To have something to do, to be obliged to do something, withdraws the mind from the contemplation of fancied sorrows, and prevents its being subdued by the recurrence of unavailing regrets. Women who have been accustomed, in their youth, to be industriously engaged and to contribute to the daily happiness of others, are sure to enjoy the greatest share of tranquility and satisfaction in a review of days gone by, to show the most courage in adversity, and the most patience in sickness, and to be the most cheerful and resigned under the infirmities of age; and those parents, therefore, who instil into the minds of their daughters the principle of making themselves useful, will confer upon them one of the greatest of blessings."

"Ladies who have houses and servants to look after, should be capable of superintending the whole in a manner so systematic, as that they may have a due portion of their time, and of their thoughts to give to other, and, if they deem them such, higher matters. I by no means recommend, as patterns, the fussy people, who are always busy and have never done, who let you know every thing that they have to do, and who, some-
times, do very little after all. Neither is it advisable to imitate, too closely, that class of housewives who are distinguished by the phrase—"very particular": for even the virtue of neatness, when incessantly exercised, or manifested too much in matters of little moment, becomes an intruder upon comfort, and, consequently, offensive. What I recommend is, that quiet and orderly methods of conducting the business of a house, which tends rather to conceal than to make an appearance of much to do, which puts all that part of the family, who are not immediately engaged in it, as little as possible out of the way, and which may enable strangers to remain under the roof without being consciously reminded of the trouble they occasion. Every woman who presides over a home, and who wishes to preserve its attraction, should bear in mind the many minute cares which all contribute to give to that home, not only the semblance, but the substance of enjoyment; and I earnestly impress upon my youthful readers the important fact, that, as far as mere fortune is concerned, those often prove to be the most poor in reality, who may have been thought to be the most rich. Competence and ease may be changed for narrowed circumstances, and a struggle may ensue, to stem a torrent of difficulties which follow in succession, and threaten to destroy the home which has been hitherto considered secure. Then, she who has passed her life in total listlessness, possessing no acquirements but of a showy kind, and ignorant of what is wanted to preserve the foundation of a family's happiness; then such a woman will prove as unfit to lighten sorrow, as she has been careless to avert it: for herself, she can but quail as difficulties assail her; for others, she can only seek for protection where, if she were capable, she might be of assistance; and, instead of aiding to alleviate distress, she will become the main cause of rendering the common burden intolerable.

"The great art of economy in domestic life, is comprised in the two very homely phrases, "to turn every thing to account," and "to make the most of what you have." But their meaning is often perverted, and the habit of turning every thing to an account, and of making the most of every thing, is ascribed to those who are actuated, not by a laudable desire to produce as much comfort as their circumstances will admit, but by an inclination to indulge in a strong propensity to stinginess. But of this class of persons I am far from being the advocate; between extravagance and parsimony the widest possible interval exists; and that economy, that management and application of means, which I deem perfectly consistent with the most rigid virtue and the most generous impulse, is of too admirable a character to partake either of the spendthrift's criminality or of the miser's meanness."

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, 1843. Dickinson & Son, New Bond-street.

The first and foremost amongst the new-year's gifts appears Her Most Gracious Majesty, drawn by J. D. Francis, and engraved by F. C. Lewis, Esq., an exceedingly good likeness.

To such of our readers who may not have been previously aware of the nature of the publication before us, the preface informs us, that the object is to give elaborate and careful translations from almost all the great painters of the age, executed under their immediate superintendence and approbation of the artists themselves. A most praiseworthy object truly, and which have raised the lithographer, Mr. Lane, A.R.A., to the rank and reputation he enjoys. "These pears," the preface continues, "of lithographic art, may be justly considered standard productions, comprising drawings which must live for all time, far different from the ephemeral outpourings of the day, which perish soon after they come into being." Another meritorious declaration on the part of the publishers is, "that the utmost care is taken in selecting the choicest impressions (which can now be obtained); so that each specimen will bear the stamp of that perfection in the art of Lithographic printing, for which Mr. Hallmandel has been so long and so justly celebrated." Thus far we have allowed the Editor to speak for himself; now for ourselves.

It is proper to mention that the plates have not been expressly executed for the work, as several of the prints have long been favorites with the public, but as 'a new-year's gift for 1843,' the whole presents itself for increased patronage in its united form. Here we have 'Dash,' by Landseer; 'Miss Fanny Kemble,' (the last of Sir Thos. Lawrence's works); 'La Musique,' by G. Hayter, M.A.S.L., representing a female on whose fascinating countenance the eye can never weary gazing. 'Lord Alexander George Russell,' by George Hayter, whose mode of finishing the same it would be unfair to criticize, since the original is not before us. 'The Lady Harriet Clive,' 'The Hon. Mrs. Seymour Bathurst,' both by Sir Thos. Lawrence. 'Louis XIV. and La Vallière,' designed by Deveria. 'A Girl at her Devotions,' after Stuart New-
ton. ‘Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still,’ after J. Martin. ‘Lord Cosmo George Russell, and his pony Fingall,’ after E. Landseer. ‘Lord Alexander George Russell, and his Pony Emerald,’ after E. Landseer—which pony is preferable to the former; it is, in fact, the very counterpart of one (in our minds’ eye) in a field before us. ‘His Majesty King William,’ after A. Morton. But we hasten onwards until arrested by a sweet, fair lady. ‘The Toilet,’ after George Hayter, painted and lithographed with highly pleasing art. ‘Mrs. Siddons,’ after John Hayter. ‘Rebecca carried off by the Templars,’ A. Cooper, R.A. ‘Mahmoud LL.’ after Dafteria. ‘Reflection,’ J. Wood. ‘H. I. M. Nicholas I.’ ‘The Right Hon. Lady Nugent,’ after Sir Thos. Lawrence, concluding with ‘Hyppolite,’ Queen of the Amazons. We have been lengthy in this notice, and, perhaps, the preface has said a little more than we would have said, but give these spirited publisher’s time, and the Grand Art-Union of London may have a tough competitor for public favor.

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SIR HENRY POTTINGER, Bart., G.C.B., Her Majesty’s Plenipotentiary in China.

Messrs. Dickinson and Son, of Bond-street, have favored us with an exceedingly well lithographed portrait, (by Lower Dickinson), after the original, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the possession of Lady Pottinger. It is not impossible, now that a peace is happily established with the ‘Celestial’ empire, that this picture of one, whose exploits perilled the whole empire, though a Barbarian, may meet with no small countenance, and thus add new, and certainly unthought of honors to Sir Thos. Lawrence, in a kingdom, and amongst a race, where, we were going to say, he could never have thought of appearing. Of the General himself, we might as Physiognomists declare, that although he might play a little with his mouse, yet would he (from a quick, first-resolve), in the end kill it. It is the aspect of intelligence of a high order, coupled, however, with no small self-appreciation, and a more than doubting opinion of the value and importance of other men’s opinions.

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THE LADIES’ HAND-BOOK OF BABY LINEN.


This will be found a very useful and instructive work to young females entering that most holy state of Matrimony, which, under happy circumstances, such as ought to attend every union, should correspond with the joy experienced by our first parents in paradise. Nothing can be more delightful when a union springs from affection than the hope that at the time appointed by nature, a being should be produced that will strengthen and cement the bonds of mutual love; a being whose very helplessness and inability to take care of itself, calls forth the warmest exertion of the parents, particularly the mother, not only to prolong its existence, but to render that existence comfortable. That much misery is frequently brought upon the hapless infant through inexperience must be both admitted and deplored. Of what value, then, to a mother to have at hand “The Ladies’ Hand-book of Baby Linen,” to instruct her previously to the event, in the articles necessary to be procured for the happiness of the “dear little creature,” directly the time appointed should arrive to give it existence? We make but two extracts, for those at a distance, who may not be able immediately to procure the work, the cost of which by post would only be four-pence, though the whole book would be perused with satisfaction by one thus tenderly situated both for the value of the instruction, and for the pleasure by which the mother can economically engross her thoughts, whilst preparing many of the articles herself, instead of resorting to a shop for everything that may be required.

“Cradle Furniture.—The following are the articles required. First, a bed, or mattress, composed of chaff, finely cut; sea-weed, properly prepared; or beech leaves. This, for an infant, is all that is required; but, if you furnish the cradle with a bed in addition, it should be very thin, and made of the best feathers that can be procured. Some have them made of down; but we think such beds decidedly injurious, as having a tendency to produce an unnatural degree of warmth, which is very detrimental to the infant frame. Besides the bed, you should have three blankets of the best Welsh flannel, which should have the edges worked with colored worsted, or bound with flannel binding. You must also have a coverlet, of a light and
fanciful appearance. A patched cradle-quilt looks extremely neat. Some persons use sheets, but nothing can be more injurious; when the child has a good bed, a soft pillow for its head, warm blankets, and a piece of flannel, in which to wrap its feet, it has all that is required for the supply of its natural wants; it will discover artificial ones quite soon enough.”

“Pincushion.—This should be made of a rich satin, nearly half a yard long, and six nails broad; the depth should be three nails. It should be ornamented with a deep silk fringe all round, and have silk tassels at the corners to correspond. A motto, formed of small pins, should adorn the centre. This article of the baby toilet, is usually the preparation of friendship, or the gift of affection.”

We admire the concluding recommendations (chapter 4th), encouraging the mother to seek scenes of joy, fervent in hope that the event will increase her happiness.


“The Play’s the thing.”—Hamlet.

We opine that publishers think we belong to the fraternity of Whist-players—those quiet-evening-stay-at-home eight-or-ten-men-party companions or go-a-broad-associates. The last rules under our notice were those of Major A. for short whist, published for Messrs. Longman & Co., and much to the point; these, however, are, moreover, sprinkled with that seasoning of humour, (in teaching, too, the long game of whist, as well as the short) that not only beginners, but old stagers, when they ‘cut out’, may really sit by and enjoy ‘the game’ o’er which their minds are pondering.

But, independently of humour, there is much of sound sense, (wittily and prettily illustrated too! so that, truly, may it be said Messrs. Bell & Wood the publishers have made belle wood-cuts), and even an occasional setting-aside of acknowledged customs in the game, is not done so, merely for the sake of humour, (we allude to good and not ill humour), but from evident judgment and sound experience. But we will commence from the author’s early account of the game; and, first, with the introductory quotation of chapter I.

“Who a tame discourse regards
When Whist is named?”—Crabbe.

“He whistled as he went.”—Dryden.

“And kings and queens familiar at that board.”—Smith.

It is remarkable, and reprehensible as remarkable, that whilst our age abounds in histories and biographies of men of little eminence—whilst a guinea, and even an atom, have had their adventures recorded, and the combats of mice and frogs been married, and by most approved banns, unto imm mortal verse—it is passing strange, that, amidst all this prodigality of the press, the noble game of whist has yet found no historian;—‘tis a national pursuit, and our national literature has no properly elaborate record of its origin or its growth. Shall this longer be said of whist? Of Whist! What—which, despite the manifold revolutions in states, feelings, and fashions, retains its predominant sway—is still the ‘unconquered lord’ of the board of green cloth.

First, as to its importance. At the beginning of the present century it rivalled hard drinking—could supersede ‘healths five-fathom deep’; now, it even dares to emulate: “the charming of those charmers” who delight our drawing-rooms with the strains of Mozart or Rossini: and if it be co-excellent with music in our day, what else may be named its fellow?

Whist “bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,” among the thousand and one games to which fifty-two pieces of stiffened and painted paper have given birth; it has no equal with equal pretensions—or, rather, none with anything but pretensions: fashion may give to other games a temporary currency, but no sterling and enduring stamp.”

But to proceed with its history.

It is certain, from the recollection of many people now living, who have heard the tale from their grandsires, that a rubber at whist was a very common amusement in remote country localities, about the middle of the last century—a further proof of the game’s antiquity, for such establishment amid rookeries, villages, and farm-steads, would be slow and gradual, as neither the squirearchy, among whom jacobitism and old prejudices still lingered, nor the forefathers of our hamlets, were wax to receive any new impression, or ready to adopt any change in their pursuits, feelings, or amusements, though, when once adopted, they might be marble to retain it. In the pastoral district of Craven (West Riding of Yorkshire), for instance, it was universal; even among the smallest farmers and graziers, “two by honors and the odd trick” were as regular an indication of Christmas as frosts, yule logs, mince pies, and plum-dumpling: little whist-societies existed and, during the dead time of the year, the
lovers of the pastime "cut in" periodically at each others' houses; these gatherings were composed alike of young and old—

"Striplings and grey-beards, every one was there.
And there all should be."

Whist called upon them all, and 'twas merry then in Craven.

The author takes from the Court of the afflicted Charles VI. of France, the attributed honor of having created the game of cards:—

Its pedigree, under one guise or other, may, perhaps, not unfairly be dated from the close of the fourteenth century—from the era when cards were invented, to effect what medical skill failed to accomplish—to solace the madness of an unhappy king; such, at least, is the popular version, but, like many things that have attained popularity, it has an indifferent foundation. Playing-cards were known in Spain, and in some of the kingdoms of Germany and Italy, long before the reign of Charles the Sixth of France. The very old playing-cards furnish an interesting study to the antiquary; the figures are rude and grotesque, and some of them have evidently been worked from wood engravings. Their knave of hearts was very dissimilar to ours. At an early period cards were in such demand as to have become matters of legislation, and were included in the tariffs of the ages we complacently call barbarous. In 1441 the Government of Venice issued a decree prohibiting foreigners from printing or selling play-cards; the art and mystery of their manufacture having fallen into decay in Venice, owing to the great quantity of cards, &c., made out of Venice. Even when the civil wars of the Roses vexed merry England through its length and breadth, the Parliament found leisure to pass an act (1163) against the importation of playing-cards. Reginald Scot, in his black letter book, "The Discoverie of Witchcraft" (1534), among some curious accounts of legerdemain, as "how to make a shoale of goslings heave a timber log," and "how to tell where a stolen horse is become," details several conjuring feats with cards, which must then have been in established and popular use, for the Herr Döbler of that day would not have played his fantastic tricks with things unappreciated by the many. No man conjures, now-a-days, with mathematical figures—and why? Because the cleverest sleight-of-hand achievements with such abstrusities would be lost upon the million—the trick is naught if the materials be unintelligible. Other authorities give an oriental origin to cards; be that as it may—whether they came from the lands of the rising or the setting sun,—whether, like Hardicanute—

"Stately stept they east the way,
Or stately stept they west,"

their European existence preceded the European knowledge of printing, and may have been a step towards that most important of discoveries—the findings of Columbus not expected.

The knave here exhibited is a chub-faced, large, long-curbed, squatting, naked boy to the waist, when the figure is lost in invisibility. On his head is a boarish, flattish, feather-trimmed hat, with a fine white plume. At his back is a well-filled quiver, and wings flying from his shoulders. In his hand is the heart with which he is toying, and, for the sake of his presumed victims, we can venture to say that such a heart only merits such a captor, for he is a beauty, indeed. However, it is wholly different to ours, and may therefore be fairly presumed to have a totally different origin.

We now conclude with a few extracts to give fair exhibition of our author's talent in the game, and proud defiance of sometimes inconvenient rules, no less than the witty garb in which he exhibits the same. Here, then, are they, without sifting.

"Much has been written, and more been said, about leading trumps. All the printed and spoken treatises, duly filtered, seem to resolve themselves into this two-fold and somewhat antiquated rule—lead trumps when you are very strong in them, or very weak.

"Enter into a saw with your fellow-workman whenever you can; there is no better way of getting through the deal."

"Always remember your partner is last player, and that the last word is of importance, both with cards and juries."

"Beware what you throw away; he is a bad gardener who roots out flowers for weeds; eschew, therefore, throwing away from your long suit; shun, too, ejecting a card that leaves an honor untended; though you may, in this manner, without reproach, sometimes leave a knave to his fate."

"If you attain the trick over a low card of the third hand, generally return the suit; it was your left-hand adversary's lead, and probably from a good suit; you thus put him and his fellow to a double disadvantage—"a dire dilemma, either way they'reoped." Your confederate hangs in terrorem over the strong hand, and nothing is to be apprehended from the weak."

"Be not forced to disadvantage—tis a vile kind of non-suit—that is, disown the trick if you think you can make more by the retention of the trump, and this may be faci-
litated by your seizing the occasion legally to exile an unworthy card.

"When, after the acquisition of a trick, you return your partner's suit (either his primitive lead or otherwise), do it with a tolerably good card: if you induce your lowest, "like many of our players do," you weaken your fellow-combatant when you ought to strengthen him—you but "encumber him with help," for he must play the higher as you have done nothing to abet him in his finessing, or in his still retaining a potential card. This is a rule too much neglected.

"Whist masters bid the dealer retain the turn-up card, playing, in preference, one of equal value. We do not see the policy of this: if your partner is cognizant of your possession, so are the gentlemen on the opposition benches. We know, from everyday experience, and the authority of a not every-day poet, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" and a little piece of card knowledge, thus diffused, can little benefit either side. Fling away the turn-up card, if you wish your play to be in masquerade.

"A card played in error may not be resumed; the player must be ceremonious and "leave his card," provided it do not subject him to a revoke.

"Tricks count before honors, as is generally the case in the world."

One word at parting. We have been evidently a long while in our author's company, yet say we (to the reader) we have left him an abundance of agreeable matter useful in his craft.


This is a song that may be considered to exhibit some taste and feeling. The music is pretty, and, though not entirely perfect nor strikingly original, may be safely recommended to all lovers of music that are fond of airs at once soft, simple, melodious, and plaintive. The words are not strongly expressive of the sentiments intended, but in this respect are not inferior to many of the librettos of our fashionable operas.

Soldiers and Sailors; or, Anecdotes, Details, and Recollections of Naval and Military Life, as related to his Nephews by an old Officer. With more than Fifty Engravings on Wood, from Designs by John Gilbert. J. J. H. Harris. St. Paul's Church-yard. 1842.

In these pipping times of European tranquillity, some work of this nature is necessary to inspire our youth with warlike sentiments. We know little of the wars of days gone-by but from report—Chinese and dreadful Afghanistan warfare being mere child's play compared with some of these recorded doings of the past. To a very numerous class, "Anecdotes of Soldiers and Sailors" must be extremely interesting, and we have often indulged our readers with biographical sketches of the olden time. Here the old warriors can by the fire-side, surrounded by a listening and admiring throng of quondam messmates, fight their battles o'er and o'er again, and attended perchance by a host of eager juveniles, inspire their souls with a love of that glory in which they themselves were participants, and of which the English nation in particular has every reason to be so justly proud.

The sailor will find many anecdotes and scenes to his taste; but we think that to many of them, and even to those not accustomed to the sea, the construction of ships in ancient days will also awaken no small curiosity. Here, we have a representation of a ship in King Alfred's days, there one of the time of William the Conqueror. Sailing forward, another in the days of Henry III., then, in the reign of Edward IV.; an account of the improvements occasioned by the discovery of gunpowder, and the consequent change in the construction of a first-rate man-of-war in the British navy. How puzzled would be the sea-clad warriors of Alfred's days were they introduced blindfolded on board a modern man-of-war, to say nothing of a steamer of war. Hence, ship-building, like everything else, has been steadily progressing, till it has approached the perfection in which the English navy now is. We firmly trust, however, that the treatment of sailors has also progressed for the better, and that the government both from inclination and duty attend readily to the just representations of the British tar, and, as far as practicable, remove every grievance of which he may have cause to complain.

To sea-captains we recommend the perusal of the following:—

"A captain of a ship of war, whose sole object of ambition was to distinguish himself by capturing an enemy's vessel, conceived that his surest mode of obtaining the fulfi—
ment of his wishes was by disciplining his crew so strictly, that, in the event of an engagement, he would be sure of victory by his superiority in this respect; but, in order to obtain this, he harassed his crew by such strict regulations, such constant and unremitting exertions, and such excessive severity, as to alienate all affection, and to bring his crew to the verge of insubordination.

"The day at length arrived when his expectations seemed about to be realized. A strange sail appeared in sight, which was soon made out to be an enemy. He summoned his crew, and addressed them in an energetic speech; reminding them of their duty, and of the glory which awaited them; he gave orders to clear for action, and was instantly and scrupulously obeyed. But the hour of retribution was at hand. He knew of his oncoming enemy; he knew it to be the source of their suffering, and determined to be revenged in the tidiest manner. Their own spirit forbade them to do anything cowardly or mean, but they stood to their guns, and, when the enemy began the engagement, they kept their places, and refused to return a shot; in vain their commander and his officers reproached, exhorted, supplicated; with their arms folded they waited their fate, nor flinched while broadside after broadside struck them down. The battle, or rather the attack was soon over; the enemy, surprised at the non-resistance, boarded the English vessel, and found the officers and their crew nearly all destroyed. The captain lived long enough to feel the bitter anguish of disappointment, and to be conscious of having been the cause; but he fell at last before the vessel was taken possession of."

Discipline is needful; but excessive severity paralyse the seaman’s efforts, and, in the end produce mortification and disgrace to the commander.

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THE BALL-ROOM ANNUAL FOR 1843.

H. G. Clarke & Co.

Our indefatigable publishers attack us on all sides. We are now in the "Ballroom," where, from long habit we trust we will fill to the letter the rule laid down at page 26:—

"Ease of manner, perfectly free from constraint, but entirely removed from either affectation or effrontery, is an essential requisite in a gentleman. Indeed, if he cannot be as easy in a ball-room as in his own domicile, he had better never quit the latter. He must never forget, that the ability to dance well, does not, of necessity, constitute him a gentleman, and that good sense and an obliging disposition are essential to the real possession of that estimable character."

Alas, then, for the uninitiated—we tremble for them, though, where they are to be found we hardly know, as infants' balls &c., make men children now-a-days. We prefer simplicity for any ball room in a ready reply, where an actual pre-engagement is the cause of refusal, to the 'delay' here inculcated:—

"An invited guest should return a distinct reply: and, in cases where from any cause it is found necessary to decline an invitation, the refusal should not be sent immediately, as this would indicate, to say the least of it, a want of that polite attention, which is so indispensable to be observed in the intercourse of respectable society."

As there may chance to be some one young lady among a thousand whose wayward inclination may lead her into error, we, on the following point, make this extract solely on her account, that not even one amongst so many may longer cast a blotted upon the character of the fairer portion of creation.

"First, then, let our fair readers remember, that in order to enjoy, they must ever do all in their power to secure the happiness and enjoyment of others. It is always advisable, in frequenting public balls, to make up a party of your own; but this must not engender a spirit of exclusiveness. You expect the whole assembly in some way to contribute to your enjoyment, and your conduct and manners must be such, as to add something to the general harmony. To this desirable end, good nature and propriety of conduct are especially conducive. All affection should be studiously avoided, and all that frowning and pouting sullenness, which so much disfigures the face of beauty. This kind of conduct will not only destroy your own pleasure, but will cause you to be 'marked'; whereas, it has been well observed, 'it should be the grand object of your life, whether in public or in private, to pass along noiselessly and beloved, and leave only the impress of fairy footsteps.' Of one thing we warn you to be especially careful. Pain not the heart of a lover by any unjustifiable preference for a new acquaintance, whom you may meet in a ball-room. It is the height of folly, and evinces either a weak, or a vicious heart, to excite the feelings of jealousy, and to delight in the power we possess, of giving pain, or planting a thorn in that bosom which has reposed its all of happiness in our keeping. The deliberate coquette is one of the most contemptible objects in creation."

After these preliminaries follow the figures of the generally favorite and new dances.

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[Court Magazine.]

The Family Topographer for Middlesex, London, and Westminster, must be considered by those fond of acquiring a knowledge of many great persons and great places, including not only mansions but palaces, now-a-days turned to quite a different use, a most amusing, instructive, and curious volume. It exhibits much research and exceeding diligence. Of the authenticity of its statements there can be little doubt; as a work of reference it cannot, therefore, be too highly prized. Alas, for greatness! but for the Family Topographer, how many persons who once played their parts in the way of life’s varying scene would be forgotten, or known only to the searcher of dull records for private amusement. Their existence—their places of birth—their residences—and where buried, alike forgotten. To those who are ambitious of being remembered for having lived not in vain, or fond of quoting a remote ancestry, this work must be highly gratifying. Even to those who look upon a modern warehouse elegantly adorned, as far as the roof and other parts of the building are concerned, and wonder why so much expense has been lavished upon a place occupied with goods, a reference to the Family Topographer will in very many instances furnish them with the interesting particulars. And many are the persons desirous of acquiring such information, which would so vividly recall to mind bygone days. How often would such a store of information in mixed societies after dinner, when such subjects happen to be discussed, render the man of memory an invaluable guest, where real learning would be rejected as ostentatious pedantry? Chiswick, for instance, a place renowned in modern times for its gardens and floricultural exhibitions, has become the subject of conversation. From flowers, the discourse may lead, imperceptibly, to persons or things. How agreeable, then, without the parade of learning to be able to impart the particulars.

From Chiswick, the discourse turns to the gardens, and then in due time to Chiswick-house:—

"The present Chiswick-house, (says the topographer), was built by the classical Richard, Earl of Burlington; in it, died in 1806, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; and in 1828, George Canning, both prime ministers of Great Britain; and here, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia dined with the Duke of Devonshire. In an avenue near the house, is the gate of Beaufort House, Chelsea, built by Inigo Jones, in 1625, and given to the Earl of Burlington, by Sir Hans Sloane, 1737. On this removal Pope wrote these lines:—

Passenger.

Oh gate, how com'st thou here?

Gate.

I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Battered with wind and weather,
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone,
Burlington brought me hither.

"The beautiful iron gates recently erected at the entrance of the ground, were removed from Heathfield House, Turnham Green, when that house was pulled down in 1838."

We think these extracts will be sufficient to show that for amusement or reference the Family Typographer may not only be generally available, but also most agreeably so.

SEQUEL TO MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES FOR HER LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS. J. Harris, St. Paul’s Church-yard. 1842.

Considering the value and importance of sound religious instruction to youth, and the necessity that exists of implanting feelings of veneration, during very childhood, we are far from surprised that the authoress, whilst aiming to create the blessing of moral and religious sensations, should consider that other parents may have young children, like her own, for whom a similar course of instruction might be equally available. The thought is truly maternal. That many portions of the sacred volume are with difficulty understood, will be generally acknowledged; while other parts contain words far above the comprehension of children. Thus, much of the benefit that would otherwise be experienced is lost to those for whom it is intended, until they are advanced in learning. We are happy to say that the able and judicious plan of the authoress of "Bible Stories" and "the sequel," has removed the difficulty, and made evident to the minds of even children 'the jewel without price,' of religious instruction.

With what pleasure must not, then, a parent possessed of "Bible Stories" hail
“the Sequel,” which contains something fresh for and fitting to the capacities of their growing-up little boys and girls, keeping them quiet and in humour during many an otherwise troublesome hour.

From listening, how natural is the transition to “Pray do teach me, mamma, to read one of those pretty stories,” and having from motives of interest become learners, they will soon be able to afford each other instruction and delight. In this manner the minds of children are almost unconsciously stored with appropriate religious feelings, which after years may shake but can never erode. The training of the child in the way he should go will at some period of life produce its good effect, and bear fruit a thousand fold, leading the once child, but then man, to bless the religious feeling early implanted by his parents, in the first lesson learned from “Bible Stories,” and their sequel. But we would strive to render this effort still more useful. When a little older, what fitter subject for copies, instead of oft times using unmeaning sentences? There are twelve woodcuts.

How the authoress has executed her task (in two syllables) we leave to the judicious observer:—

LESSON XI.—NAAMAN.

Mamma.—You liked the last Bible story I told you, about the good prophet Elisha, my dear. Perhaps you would like to hear another about him.

W.—Oh, yes, Mamma, I should like it very much.

Mamma.—There was once a great man whose name was Naaman. He had a fine palace to live in, and fine clothes to wear, and a fine carriage to ride in, and many servants to wait upon him. Still, he was not a happy man. Fine houses, and clothes, and servants, do not make people happy. Naaman was very ill, very ill indeed, and none of the doctors could do anything to make him better, so that his life was a burden to him. At last, it pleased God to cure him in a wonderful manner.

W.—How, Mamma?

Mamma.—There was a little girl, who had been stolen away from the land in which the prophet Elisha lived, and brought into the country where Naaman lived. She was a good little girl, and she waited upon Naaman’s wife. I hope she was not only a good little girl, but a pious little girl also. When she saw her master so ill, she was sorry for him, and wished she could do something to help him. One day she told her mistress, that in the country she came from, there was a very good man, a prophet of God, named Elisha, who was sure could cure him of his illness, if he would only go and ask him. And her mistress told Naaman what the little captive maid had said.

W.—Did Naaman go to the prophet, Mamma? I wonder whether the little girl told her mistress about his having raised that little boy to life again.

Mamma.—It was a long journey to take, so he did not set off at once; but he went to the king, who was very kind to him, and very fond of him, to ask his advice about it. The king was very glad to hear what the little maid had said, and he wrote a letter to the king of Israel, for Naaman to take with him. When Naaman had got the king’s letter, which was to beg the king of Israel to cure him of his illness, he set off on his journey. He had a great many miles to travel, and it took him a long time to get there. He took with him a great many fine presents, gold and silver, and fine clothes. At last they reached the king’s palace, and Naaman sent in the letter. But, no! the king of Israel said he could do nothing for him. Poor Naaman was just as angry again, not knowing what to do, when Elisha the prophet, who had heard of his coming, sent to beg that he would come to him, for he could cure him.

W.—I think it would have been better for Naaman if he had done what the little maid told him to do, and gone at once to the prophet, instead of going to the king.

Mamma.—I think so too. But he was a proud man, and I suppose he liked this plan best. However, when he heard Elisha’s message, he was very glad, and he drove with his horses and his chariot to the prophet’s door.

W.—What did Elisha say to him, Mamma, and how did he cure him?

Mamma.—He sent out a servant to him to bid him go and wash himself in a river called the river Jordan, seven times. But Naaman was very angry when he heard this, for he thought that Elisha would have come down to wait upon him, as he was so great a man, and he turned away from the prophet’s house, quite in a pet, and was so proud and so angry that he was just setting off home again without being cured. His servants were sorry when they saw their master going back to his own country just as ill as he came, and they tried to persuade him to do what the prophet had told him to do. They said to him, “If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, wash and be clean.” When Naaman heard them speak thus, he thought he would try, and he went and dipped himself in the river seven times, as the prophet had told him to do, and was made quite well. How thankful he must have felt! He went back to the prophet and said...
to him, "Now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel." And he wanted Elisha to take the presents which he had brought with him, the gold and the silver, and the fine clothes, but he would not receive anything. Then Naaman set off to return to his own home.

W.—How glad he must have been to go back quite cured, Mamma.

Mamma.—Yes; he did feel very thankful, and I trust it taught him to love the One true God, who lives up in Heaven, and who alone could give power to the prophet to perform this great cure. Soon after Naaman had set off on his journey home, he saw some one running after him behind the carriage. It was the prophet's servant, whose name was Gehazi. This is a long name, but, perhaps, you will try not to forget it. When Naaman saw Gehazi running after him he got down out of his carriage, and went to meet him, to hear what he had to say. And the naught servant said that his master had changed his mind, for that some young men were come to visit him, and that he should like to have some of the presents, some of the silver, and some of the clothes, to give to them.

W.—But that was not true, was it, Mamma?

Mamma.—Oh, no, my dear, it was not true. It was telling a sad story, for no young men were come to see Elisha, and he had said no such thing. But Naaman did not know this, and he gave Gehazi the things that he asked for, and sent two of his own servants to carry them. And when they were come to the tower, which was, I suppose, a sort of store-house, he took the presents from them, and laid them up in a secret place, and sent the two servants back to Naaman, who then went on his journey. This wicked selfish servant was very much pleased to think he had got all these fine presents for he did not mean his master should know anything about them. He meant to keep them all for himself, and to buy olive-yards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and such things with them. But people who do not speak the truth, are sure to be found out sooner or later. God knew all that the prophet's servant had done, and Elisha knew it too. When Gehazi went in, his master asked him where he had been, and he said, No-where.

W.—How very wrong of him, Mamma, to tell such an untruth, for you know he had been after Naaman's chariot.

Mamma.—Yes; the prophet asked him if he had not been after Naaman, but he said he had not. And he asked him if Naaman did not get down out of his chariot to meet him, and Gehazi could not answer his master a word. God thought it right to punish him for being so wicked, and instead of buying vineyards and oxen, and sheep, he became ill, and was ill all the rest of his life of the very same illness that Naaman had had.

What a sad thing it is when people do not speak the truth. There is nothing to be gained by telling stories. God knows all the thoughts of our hearts, and he tells us in the Bible, his own most holy book, that all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.


This work contains many amusing stories and much varied information. Where the author picked up his tales we cannot tell; but, if his conversation should be as agreeable as his work, he must be a very excellent companion. We should not have the least objection to partake with him a solitary ramble through any country upon three conditions:—1st, that he entertained us with his remarks while we jouneyed; 2ndly, that he kept a book of the particulars of such scenes as presented themselves, and picked up many of the national tales, which bear a character so totally different from our own, and 3dly, that having done so, he should publish them for the gratification and instruction of mankind. These are our conditions of having the author's society for a solitary ramble through many lands; and we flatter ourselves the conditions are not hard. In a work like the present, abounding in great variety of scenes and situations, it might be somewhat difficult to make fitting, short extracts. Though romantic, we do not dislike the tales of "The Jewel-hunters;" we smile at the natural simplicity of the Jewel-hunter's journey to Cracow, while we feel ashamed at the rapacity of the great Bassora merchant Haranza-bad. To what dishonesty will avarice lead: we may be told that, on account of his wealth, he was respectable—perhaps so—but yet he was evidently nothing but a dishonest knave, who deserved the punishment due to cheats and swindlers. The story of the Scotch Laird and Italian scenery is amusing—a gentle hint to see wonders at home before one goes abroad. The story of Lord G—will be a lesson to vindictive parents of the misery resulting from revenge—let them pause ere it be too late to grant forgiveness as they wish to be forgiven. With great good-
will we recommend this excellently got-up work for perusal, from which we have no doubt the reader will derive every satisfaction he can reasonably expect.


To those curious to know the customs of our ancestors and their quaint bequests, this work, from authentic records, must be of great value. We hear often of the wisdom of our ancestors, but seldom of their extraordinary bequests; at least such as, in these march-of-intellect-days, appear extraordinary to us degenerate moderns. We give as an instance, "Bequest to awaken sleepers, and whip dogs out of church."

"Claverley, Shropshire.

"Amongst other directions mentioned in the deed of feoffment, 23d August, 1659, whereby Richard Dory, of Farmcote, granted certain premises to John Sanders and others, viz. cottages or buildings, over and adjoining the churchyard and churchyard gates of the parish church of Claverley, is to place in some room of the said cottages, and to pay yearly the sum of 8s. to a poor man of that parish who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverley during divine service.

"It appears by the evidence adduced before the Commissioners, that the sum of 10s. 6d per annum had been paid for the above purpose for upwards of 20 years prior to their inquiry."

We should have considered that some indulgence might have been shown to sleepy gentlemen, which was no doubt owing to their wisdom, and the intense anxiety of the listeners to pay due attention to the reverend clergyman's instructions, which produced, not sleep, but merely a lengthened closing of the eyes, accompanied, perhaps, with hard breathing through the nostrils!! Truly, the inexperienced might consider it sleep—though it might appear it was not really so. We have known some modern gentlemen so deep in thought, that they have, in its intensity, closed their eyes, not to sleep, but to assist reflection, and it would have been worse than cruel to have made any reflection on their piety. We give one more extract. Puppies, two-legged we mean, often appear in church, but dogs are by this special bequest and request to be kept out:—

"Peterchurch, Herefordshire.

"From time immemorial an acre of land in this parish has been appropriated to the use of a person for keeping dogs out of the church, such person being appointed by the minister and churchwardens.

"An exchange has lately been effected of this land for another acre near to it, which is considered of a superior quality and more valuable than that given in exchange by the parish."

In a word, Messrs. Nichol have presented the public with a highly interesting publication.

The Nabob at Home, or the Return to England. H. Colburn, 1842.

The first volume of this work is more particularly interesting to those who are going to India, or returning from it, as full of scenes of Indian life. The interest commences for the general reader with volume 2d, which introduces "the Nabob at Home," to his paternal mansion at Fernbraes, and the honest welcome which the worthy nabob receives from his Scotch dependants: an affection of which he seems to be every way worthy. There are some well-drawn characters in the novel, particularly that of Miss Jamesina Sinclair. This young person affords an instructive lesson to selfish, scheming and avaricious young ladies, that, however well-laid their plans, they are most frequently for their own destruction, and the benefit of those to whom they are obliged to give their confidence and trust. That, directly a young female forgets the duty which she owes to her father, mother, brothers, or benefactor, and thinks only of selfish ways, that instant she puts herself into the power of the low, cunning, and intriguing, whom she is obliged to trust, and who will use her for her own purposes, without caring to blot her degradation, whenever a favorable opportunity shall present itself for sacrificing her. Stoneyards himself, furnishes also an instructive lesson of the wisdom of praying "that we may not be led into temptation, and how actions, of themselves considered trivial, and inconsiderable to human scrutiny are when least expected discovered and punished—if not by an earthly tribunal, at least by
him, who has written "thou shalt do no murder";—that "murther will out" and carry its consequences with it—painful and fearful—Stoneyard is a warning. Avarice led to theft;* and theft to murder;—endeavoring to conceal murder, to actions which led to a rencontre, retaliation, pain and death—a death, preceding which the author has exhibited the miserable Stoneyards as enduring far more torture than could have been inflicted by any human tribunal.

The following is the horrid catastrophe:—

Tormented by the goadings of his own evil conscience, he made desperate efforts to escape from the fiends whom he fancied were fastening upon him, and often struck with such violence at those whom he believed to be with him, that the bed shook under his frantic efforts, and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his inflamed features.

To witness his desperation was an effort beyond Robina's strength, and she retired into an adjoining apartment, promising to watch that no person came up stairs while his fearful paroxysm continued.

Jamesina, whose harder-strung nerves fitted her to endure all that did not include personal suffering, remained in his room; but seated herself in a corner out of his sight, as she observed that the presence of any one only exasperated his mind, and she quietly waited the exhaustion which she knew must follow such wearing exertion of body and mind.

For hours did Stoneyards continue to rave on in the same frantic manner, the violence of fever supplying his want of strength, and in a manner rendering him insensible to the acute pain of his wound, irritated by his fruitless attempts to escape from what he considered his place of punishment.

"What?" he said, thrusting out his huge brawny arm, on which the muscles were as strongly marked as on that of a blacksmith accustomed to wield the sledge-hammer,—

"What has this right hand done that I should have such a pain in it, and what has my brain conceived that it should burn as if the flames of hell were there?"

He struck his forehead violently with his clenched hand, and tearing off the handkerchief which bound his head, showed his gray hair in melancholy contrast to his bloated countenance and glaring eyeballs. Even Jamesina's heart shrunk when he violently drew back his dark-blue curtains and exposed features working with every evil passion, like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. She hastily cast a shawl over her head, and drew herself further back into her corner to escape the hideous sight.

He raved of his mother—of Madge and of Duncin, and Jamesina was now convinced that another crime had been committed, of which she was until then ignorant, and no longer wondered at the uncommon agitation he had shown on catching a glance of her as she escaped into the apartment of her mother. But she was his own child—self-interest was her governing principle, and though she was frightened by such a disclosure, she was not to be daunted in the path she had marked out for herself, though at the moment she was thankful that Robina was not within hearing.

This violent access of fever past, left the wretched sufferer in a state of exhaustion which resembled death; the color which violent irritation had inflamed to a crimson and purple tint, now ebbed from his stiffening features, and was succeeded by the clayey hue of suspending animation. He still breathed, but his eyes were closed and his hands fell by his side; then his respiration became so very low that Jamesina went in quest of Miss Ross, thinking for a moment that it was finally suspended. That, however, was not the case, but it was plain to them both that the next return of fever would be the last.

From this distressing scene we gladly turn to the worthy Nabob at home, who, full of calm enjoyment himself, endeavors to make all others equally happy; and he finds his reward in the success of the plans in which his wishes and his heart are most concerned—the double union of his beloved nephew—Malcolm Sinclair—with Eleonora Ross, and Mr. Manning with Barbara Sinclair.

The most gallant bonfire that had ever been seen in the country for 100 years, blazed on its wonted site, and Colonel Ross had the satisfaction of giving away his daughter, and Fernbraes of standing father to his dear Malcolm and to Barbara on the day which joined the ancient houses of M'Alpin and Ross, and made the excellent proprietor of Fernbraes rejoice in having fulfilled his determination to take upon himself the character of "The Nabob at Home."

Here we have the life of the most remarkable man of modern times, with the exception of the great captain of the age, his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Considering the recent and deplorable assassination of the Right Honorable Baronet's private secretary, Mr. Drummond, from motives which are at present involved in great mystery, an enquiring public will be induced to search for the particulars of the political life of the master who more fortunate than his servant, happily still exists to direct the government of these realms. The information these volumes profess to give will, therefore, be extremely interesting, embracing, as they do, times of the most stirring interest. One circumstance we must mention with pleasure, the evident Toryism of the Peel family, and their liberal and effective assistance to the government, whenever it was for the welfare of the state, and the security and peace of the country. In the present Baronet we are beyond measure glad to record the same line of Toryism, now Conservatism, which has led to his elevation to his present proud and exalted situation. Long, for the benefit of his country, may he direct Her Majesty's counsels with wisdom and moderation, yielding to the popular will such changes as long experience in politics may enable him safely to make. We give one extract. It does not relate exactly to Sir Robert Peel, and yet the position of Spencer Perceval, shot by Bellingham, as premier, in the fiftieth year of his age, and the assassination of Mr. Drummond in mistake for Sir Robert Peel, bears a striking resemblance, with this difference, Perceval fell—Peel lives. But another has died for him, that other sacrificed from political, and not private motives.

The horrid murder of Mr. Percival, and, as appears by the confession of the murderer, unprovoked assassination, took place on the 11th May. On the very threshold of the House of Commons: on that day, the first Minister of the Crown was, (while crossing the lobby of the house on his way to his place, with a mind no doubt fully occupied by the weighty concerns of the empire, in a state of high health, and probably anticipa-
ing a long career of worldly prosperity), in a moment deprived of life, by the cool, deliberate, unprovoked act of the assassin Bellingham. The following is the account which appeared in the public journals of the day.

"On Monday afternoon, May the 11th, 1812, at about a quarter past five o'clock, as the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, was entering the lobby of the House of Commons, he was shot by a person of the name of Bellingham, who had placed himself for that purpose, at the door leading from the stone stairs into the lobby. Mr. Perceval was in company with Lord Francis Osborne; and immediately on receiving the ball, which entered his left breast, he staggered and fell at the feet of Mr. W. Smith, M. P. for Norwich, who was standing near the second pillar. The only expression he uttered was, 'Oh! I am murdered; and the latter word was inarticulate, the sound dying between his lips. He was instantly raised by Mr. Smith, who did not recognise him until he saw his face. The report of the pistol drew several persons to the spot, who assisted Mr. Smith in conveying the body of Mr. Perceval into the Speaker's apartment; but before he reached it all signs of life had departed. Mr. Perceval's corpse was placed on a bed, and Mr. Lynn, the surgeon of Great George-street was sent for. That gentleman arrived in a few minutes, but even before his arrival Mr. Perceval had ceased to exist. On examining the wound, Mr. Lynn found that the ball, which was of an unusual size, had penetrated the heart near the centre, and had passed completely through it. Death had been almost instantaneous.'

"In the confusion which followed no heed was taken of the murderer; at length, a person belonging to the House exclaimed, addressing himself to Bellingham, 'That is the rascal who fired?' Several persons rushed towards him, and some of them seized him; he did, not, however, attempt to escape, as he might have done, but calmly said, 'I am the unfortunate man—I wish I were in Mr. Perceval's place. My name is Bellingham. It is a private injury—I know what I have done—It was a denial of justice on the part of the government.' On searching his person, to which he made no resistance, a steel pistol, loaded, about seven inches in length, was found in his pocket. The pistol with which the deed was perpetrated, a steel one about six inches long, was also found upon him. It is not our intention to go into a detail of all the circumstances of this diabolical murder, which have already been so frequently told as to be familiar to most persons; it may suffice to say, that after being kept in custody at the House of Commons during the examination of witnesses before Mr. Alderman Combe, he was taken before the Privy Council, and from thence to
Newgate. On the Friday following, his trial came on, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, Mr. Baron Graham, and Sir Nash Grose, when the Jury found him guilty, and sentence of death was passed upon him. On the following Monday the execution took place.

"It is now necessary that we should take a brief view of the proceedings which immediately followed the murder of the late Prime Minister in the House of Commons. On the evening following the death of Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh brought down a message to the House from the Prince Regent, recommending that a provision should be made for the widow and family of the deceased out of the public purse. On the following day, the Prince’s message was taken into consideration, when, on the motion of Lord Castlereagh, a resolution for granting 50,000l. from the consolidated fund, to be vested in the hands of trustees, for the benefit of the deceased Minister’s children, was unanimously agreed to; and was also a resolution for granting to Mrs. Perceval an annuity of 2,000l. for her life, with remainder to the next male heir of the deceased. Mr. Perceval, Mr. Whigge, Mr. Ponsonby, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Wilberforce declaring their full concurrence in these proceedings.

"Thus perished the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, in the 50th year of his age, by the hand of an assassin; a writer of the day, opposed to him in politics, speaking of him, says, ‘He was a man who was not more distinguished by the singular variety and extent of his talents, than by the possession of almost every public and private virtue. Descended from an ancient and honorable family, and inheriting in his day, perhaps, the marks of those high qualities which afterwards became so conspicuous, he was better entitled than most of his contemporaries to indulge the hopes of an honorable ambition, and to look forward to the attainment of the most gratifying distinctions to which a great and vigorous mind can aspire. It may be added, that if Mr. Perceval’s public virtues commanded the admiration of his country, his private character secured him the love and respect of all who had the happiness of knowing him—mild, affable, sincere; a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a kind and faithful friend; it may, perhaps, with more truth be said of him than of any other of our modern statesmen, that he possessed all the virtues which are at once the ornament and solace of private life. Never, perhaps, was there so rare a union of the qualities which inspire respect, with those which create affection for the individual; and it was the singular fortune of this great and good man, that his political adversaries vied with his friends in the panegyrics which they pronounced on his spotless and amiable character.’"

Assassination of Mr. Edward Drummond,
Sir R. Peel’s Private Secretary.

The present age shall be the theme of song
To future ages—when the mists of time
Have softened down the outline now too strong,
Making the dim and shadowy seem sublime;
And as the walls of many a ruined pile
Outlast the lovelier but the trailer part,
The daring deed survives, though dark and vile,
The gentler feelings of the human heart.

‘The Past,’ in a work entitled Dionysius,
the Areopagitie, by Mrs. Kershaw.

Among the incidents of a month, more than usually prolific in terrible events—hurricanes, shipwrecks, and deaths—our feelings have been most painfully agonised by the horrible assassination and subsequent death of Mr. Drummond, an event that recalls us forcibly to a former assassination of a Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, whose tragic death we have noticed in the previous review of the Life of Sir R. Peel. We must do our duty to our readers, however horrified they have been at so terrible a catastrophe.

On Friday afternoon, Jan. 29, 1843, Mr. Drummond left Downing-street at about half-past three o’clock, in company with the Earl of Haddington. They proceeded together as far as the Admiralty, where Mr. Drummond left the Earl of Haddington, and went to the banking-house of his brother of the same name at Charing-cross. On his return therefrom, and when he had proceeded as far as the space between the Admiralty and the Horse Guards, he was shot at by a man who approached him from behind. The assassin walked close up to Mr. Drummond, and, showing a determination not to fail in the perpetration of the foul deed which he contemplated, actually put the muzzle of the pistol into the back of the unsuspecting gentleman. He then fired. Immediately after the pistol was discharged, a policeman, who had witnessed the act, rushed up, and seized the criminal. In the mean time he had returned the pistol with which he had shot Mr. Drummond to his breast, and had drawn out another loaded pistol from the same place, and was in the act of pointing it at Mr. Drummond when the policeman seized him and pinioned his arms from behind. The pistol was discharged, but the aim of the assassin being thus diverted, the contents did not touch Mr. Drummond, nor was any other person injured by them.

Mr. Drummond was immediately conveyed to his brother’s bank, which, as our readers are aware, is only a short distance from the
spot where the shots were fired. Here a medical man from the immediate neighbourhood was called in, and he examined the wound made by the ball. He found that the ball had penetrated the skin of the back, through the coat and under garments, but he could not trace it farther, not having with him at the time the necessary instruments. As, however, Mr. Drummond did not seem too much debilitated by loss of blood to bear being removed to his own residence, he advised his being immediately conveyed there. He was accordingly taken there in a carriage.

Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Bransby Cooper, the eminent surgeons, and Mr. Jackson, surgeon and apothecary, were in attendance, and proceeded more fully to examine the wound. It was then ascertained that the ball had entered near the spine, and that it had made a circuit either over the hip-bone or under the lower rib, and then lodged near the pit of the stomach under the breast; thence the ball was extracted by Mr. Guthrie without any difficulty, as it lay near the surface.

It was at first thought that the wound was of a dangerous character, on the supposition that the ball had taken serious effect internally; but, on further examination, it did not appear that any vital part was injured. The symptoms exhibited by the patient, after the ball was extracted, were found to be favourable, and there seemed to be no reason then to apprehend that the event would be attended with fatal effects.

The assassin, on being secured by the policeman, was conveyed to Gardiner’s-lane police-station, where he gave his name as M’Naughten. He refused to give his place of residence.

He was then searched, and there was found on him two 5l. notes, 4l. in gold, and a deposit receipt of a Glasgow bank for 750l. made out in the name of "Daniel M’Naughten." The receipt confirmed the statement made by the prisoner with respect to his name. The prisoner was well, though not goutily, dressed.

Nothing transpired that could with certainty lead to a knowledge of the motives which induced the prisoner to commit this dreadful act. It does not appear that he had any previous correspondence with Mr. Drummond, or that he had preferred any claim or complaint to the Treasury, or was a disappointed applicant for office. His demeanour throughout was cool and collected, nor did there appear any evidence of insanity.

The policeman who apprehended him heard him say, on his being arrested, "He" or "she," the policeman is uncertain which, "shall not disturb my mind any longer."

It is stated that the prisoner had been seen loitering about the public offices for some days previously. On one occasion the office-keeper of the Council-office, who had observed the prisoner staying about the door, asked him what his object was in so doing, and inquired whether he was in the service of the police. In answer to this question the prisoner said that he was, and that the gentlemen of the office need not be afraid for their property.

Soon after the ball was extracted, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. B. Cooper reported that no vital part was injured, and that they had every reason to believe he was doing well.

In the examination at Bow-street, the prisoner appeared to be a young man, rather above the middle height, having the appearance of a mechanic, and was respectably dressed in a black coat and waistcoat and drab trousers. He is rather thin, has a good colour, and his countenance betokened nothing ferocious or determined.

The clerk.—What is your name, prisoner?

The prisoner replied in a very broad Scotch accent, "Daniel M’Naughten."

The first witness examined was James Silver, police constable A 63, who said—On Friday afternoon, about ten minutes or a quarter before four o’clock, I was on duty at Charing-cross, when I heard the report of a pistol on the opposite side of the street—the same side as the Horse Guards. I immediately directed my attention to the spot, and then saw the prisoner with a pistol in his hand. He immediately put it into his left breast pocket, and at the same time drew another pistol, which he cocked, and was about taking a deliberate aim at it, when I ran up to him and seized him.

Mr. Hall.—Did you observe whether the prisoner was pointing the pistol at any person?

Witness.—Yes; he was pointing it at a gentleman.

Mr. Hall.—Had you previously observed that gentleman?

Witness.—Yes, I saw him reeling near the spot.

Mr. Hall.—That was after the first shot was fired?

Witness.—After the first shot, and before he drew the second pistol. I then observed that the gentleman’s coat tail was on fire, in a small place, but not in a flame, and I also saw something which looked like a small piece of paper burning at his feet. The gentleman appeared to be wounded, and placed his hand to his side. He took the second pistol from his breast. When he presented the second pistol, I seized him by the arms, and it was discharged in my struggle to secure him. I have since searched for the ball, but could not find it. He struggled with me violently, till I overpowered him. The second pistol was aimed at the same gentleman? As soon as it was discharged, I took it from the prisoner’s hand, and also took the other from his breast. I then sent...

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veyed him to the station-house, and on our way there he said—"He," or, "She," I cannot say which, "shall not destroy my peace of mind any longer."

He said it voluntarily. I searched him, and found in his pockets the articles mentioned in the police sheet. The pistols were not of the same pair, but appeared to be quite new. The percussion caps fitted the pistols exactly? After the prisoner was locked up at the station-house, I went and searched his lodgings, where I found, in the pockets of a pair of trousers, which his landlady said belonged to him, two more percussion caps, similar to the others.

The prisoner was then asked by Mr. Hall whether he wished to put any questions to this witness, to which he replied that he did not.

Another witness (Benjamin Weston) being examined, the following colloquy took place:

Mr. Hall.—We are informed that, at that time, the pistol was pointed towards the gentleman.

Witness. It was. I immediately ran to the constable's assistance, and laid hold of the prisoner's collar, and during the scuffle which ensued the pistol was discharged.

Mr. Hall.—Did you see what became of the gentleman?

Witness.—Yes; I went to look after him, and found him in Messrs. Drummond's bank.

Mr. Hall.—Did you see the constable take the pistol from the prisoner?

Witness.—Yes, after it was discharged, but he struck him on the hand in the first instance, in order to make him drop it.

Prisoner (to witness).—Did you not state that I struck the officer?

Witness.—Certainly not. I said that he struck your arm.

Prisoner.—Did I at all resist the officer?

Witness.—You did, till after the pistol was discharged, and you found yourself overpowered.

Prisoner.—I have nothing else to ask you.

James Partridge, A 136, said.—For some time past I have been doing duty in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, and during the last 17 or 18 days I have frequently seen the prisoner walking up and down near the Council-office and the Treasury, and generally observed that he looked earnestly towards the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. I have several times seen him standing on the steps leading to the Council-office. I particularly recollect seeing him there on the morning of the 15th inst. I then asked him whether he was waiting for any person, and I believe his reply was that he was waiting to see a gentleman; but he spoke in a hurried manner, and instantly walked away. On Friday last, about half-past ten o'clock, I again saw him walking to and fro in front of the Council-office, and after watching him a few minutes I went up to him and asked him whether he had yet seen the gentleman he wanted, to which he hastily replied, "No," and walked hurriedly away. I saw nothing more of him for about half an hour, when I next saw him standing near the entrance to Lady Dover's residence: he was then eating a piece of bread. I then left the neighbourhood for an hour or two, and, on my return, saw the prisoner near the Treasury, and between that time and half-past three o'clock I saw him several times in the neighbourhood.

Prisoner.—Are you quite sure you ever had any conversation with me?

Witness.—Certainly I am.

Prisoner.—I have no recollection of anything of the sort.

Mr. Cooper.—My attention was called by Mr. Jackson to a wound in Mr. Drummond's side, which upon examination I found to correspond with openings in his shirt and flannel waistcoat. I then searched the course of the wound for the ball, and in order to do so was compelled to enlarge the opening made by the ball in the skin. I could not, however, during this period of the examination find the ball. In the course of a short time Mr. Guthrie, who had been also sent for, arrived, when the wound was again examined, but still we were unable to find the ball. We then directed Mr. Drummond to be turned upon his back, in order that we might examine the anterior part of his body, when a small projecting lump was observed, which, upon examination, was found to be the ball immediately under the skin, so that a mere incision of the lancet led to its extraction. The opening then made showed that the ball had traversed round the left half of the wounded gentleman's body.

Mr. Hall.—What has become of the ball?

Mr. Cooper.—I at once gave it to Miss Drummond.

Mr. Hall.—It was a pistol ball, I presume?

Mr. Cooper.—It was slightly marked, and had the appearance of having been rifled.

The prisoner was remanded for a fortnight, and was removed to one of the cells attached to the court, but had not been there more than a minute or two, when he sent a message to the magistrate intimating that he wished to say something; he was accordingly again placed at the bar.

Mr. Hall.—I understand you wish to say something; if so, I am ready to hear you.

The prisoner, after a slight pause, said—

The Tories in my native city have compelled me to do this; they follow and persecute me wherever I go, and have entirely destroyed my peace of mind. They followed me to France, into Scotland, and all over England; in fact they follow me wherever I go; I can get no rest for them night or day. I cannot sleep at night, in consequence of the course they pursue towards me, I believe they have driven me into a consummation, I am sure I

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shall never be the man I formerly was. I used to have good health and strength, but I have not now. They have accused me of crimes of which I am not guilty; they have done everything in their power to harass and persecute me, in fact they wish to murder me. It can be proved, by evidence—that's all I wish to say at present.

The clerk.—Is that all you wish to say?

Prisoner (hesitatingly,)—I can only say they have completely disordered my mind, and I am not capable of doing anything, compared to what I was. I am a very different man to what I was before they commenced this system of persecution.

The clerk.—Do you wish to say anything more?

Prisoner.—Oh! yes, I wish to know whether I am to be kept in that place (pointing towards the cell), for a fortnight? If so, I am sure I shall not live.

The clerk.—Oh, no, you will be taken to a proper place of confinement, where you will be taken care of till you are brought here again.

Prisoner.—Oh, very well, then I have nothing more to say.

Mr. Hall.—Have you any objection to sign the statement you have made?

Prisoner.—No, I have no objection.

The statement having been read over to the prisoner, it was handed to him in the dock, where he immediately signed it.

He was then removed from the bar.

A short time after the prisoner had been locked up in the cell, he expressed a wish to have some dinner, and was accordingly supplied with a plate of beef, some bread, and potatoes, of which he made a hearty meal; he was in the gaoler's room, and was allowed to remain until taken to Tothill-fields Prison. He was then conducted into conversation with Tyrrell, the gaoler, and other persons, but did not once mention the crime for which he had been apprehended. He appeared very attentive to any conversation which passed, and frequently laughed at any jocular observation which happened to be uttered. His demeanour throughout the day was precisely the same.

Towards evening he expressed a wish to be supplied with a pint of coffee, a penny loaf and some butter, which he ate.

When the constable searched the prisoner's lodgings, there was found a powder horn filled with gunpowder and a quantity of newly cast balls, which exactly fitted the pistols.

Colonel Berkeley Drummond, of the Scots Fusiliers Guards, lately appointed one of the Grooms in Waiting to her Majesty, was on duty at Windsor Castle at the time of his brother's assassination, on Friday evening. Shortly after 8 o'clock a special messenger arrived at the Castle, from town. Colonel Drummond, upon the arrival of this painful news, was dining with her Majesty, but from the important nature of the messenger's mission, it was almost immediately communicated to the Colonel, who soon after left the Castle, and proceeded to town, to his unfortunate brother's residence in Grosvenor-street. As soon as the intelligence had been communicated to the Queen and the Prince, both Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert manifested the most intense anxiety for the fate of the unfortunate sufferer. Early on the following morning a message was despatched from the Castle to Grosvenor-street, to ascertain the state of Mr. Drummond, and a second messenger arrived at Windsor late the same afternoon, despatched by Sir Robert Peel to her Majesty. The accounts returned to her Majesty were extremely favourable, so much so that, on Sunday, Colonel Drummond returned to the Castle, confirming the intelligence that his brother had been considered by his medical attendants out of danger.

On Saturday, the 21st, however, the decidedly unfavourable change took place, which continued till Mr. Drummond's death, on the 25th ultimo.

The deceased, throughout his severe illness bore his sufferings with great resignation and remained perfectly sensible till the time of his death.

He was in his 50th year, bore a most estimable character, beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance; and the melancholy event cast an indescribable gloom over the circle in which he moved.

Shortly before 8 o'clock a messenger from the Queen called to make inquiries, and returned to Windsor with the intelligence of his hopeless situation; another messenger was, however, immediately despatched to convey the final and melancholy news to her Majesty. A messenger from Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, also called a very few minutes after the deceased had expired in the presence of Mr. Guthrie, three brothers, and his sister.

M'Naughten is stated to be an illegitimate son of Mr. M'Naughten, formerly a turner in Glasgow; having quarrelled with his son, still living, he has had no recent communication with him. He appears to have apprenticed his son to his own business, and the latter had afterwards carried on a concern on his own account, and, after seven years, retired two years since. His workshop was first in Turner's-court, and afterwards in Stockwell. On leaving the business he disposed of it to a young man, who still carries it on. He appears to have been very retired in his habits, avoiding society, and occupying much of his time in reading. He usually spent about 16 hours a day between working and reading. His disposition is very parsimonious, and he is understood to have saved a good deal of money. Although generally well dressed when he went abroad, yet his habits when within doors were filthy. During the
time he was in business he lived in his workshop, and cooked his own victuals. He was a Radical in his politics, and inclined to infidelity in religion. Both his politics and religion, however, were regarded as more speculative than practical.

Upwards of two years since, he showed symptoms of mental aberration. To the landlady with whom he at the time lived he had repeatedly declared that devils in human shape were seeking his life. One day he showed her a pair of pistols, and declared his determination to use them against his tormentors. About a year ago he reported that he applied to the Glasgow police for protection against Tory persecutors, who sought his life. In a letter addressed to the prisoner from Mr. A. Johnston, M. P., in answer to some communication that gentleman expressed his belief that the writer was not of sane mind.

In the final examination on Saturday, the 28th ult., the only important admission appears to be that made to Inspector Tierney, that he supposed the gentleman shot to be Sir Robert Peel." Hence, it would appear, the assassin’s motives were wholly political. Immediately after the examination, Sir R. Peel left town for Windsor: the Right Hon. Baronet had an audience with Her Majesty. Her Majesty had been previously informed that McNaughten had admitted that he thought it had been Sir R. Peel he had shot. Her Majesty is reported to have evinced the most gratifying emotion at the Right Hon. Baronet’s providential escape, mingled with feelings of deep and earnest regret for Mr. Drummond’s death.

It appears that McNaughten had resided for the last sixteen weeks in the house of a very respectable widow, named Dutton, in Poplar-row, New Kent-road. It is three years since he first lodged in her house. He was considered to be of a very quiet turn of mind, and appeared to have no occupation, as he seldom rose before a late hour in the morning, when he left the house, and returned about ten o’clock in the evening. The impression of Mrs. Dutton was, that he was in search of employment. The rent he paid was 2s. 6d. per week, and the payments were always regularly made. On leaving Mrs. Dutton’s house he stated that he was going to France, and that lady heard no more of him for many months, when he took the same apartment. He stopped only three weeks in England on this occasion, and then told Mrs. Dutton that he was leaving for Scotland. About the first week in October he returned, and on Mrs. Dutton opening the door to him he smiled, and said, “I see you have a bill in your window. Is it for my old room?” Mrs. Dutton answered, “Yes, sir;” and McNaughten replied, “You see I am come back. I said I should do so.” Nothing particular was then remarked in his manner, but the gloomy temperament of his general character was considered rather increased. He seldom spoke to any one, though always civil when addressed; and never took meals at home. About three weeks since he caught a violent cold, and Mrs. Dutton supplied him during three days in which he was confined to bed. He was never observed to read a newspaper or any other publication, and during the confinement above alluded to, Mrs. Dutton lent him a religious volume, which he appeared to peruse with much interest. The impression of Mrs. Dutton has always been that he had something on his mind. Though not communicative, yet on one occasion he told Mrs. Dutton that he was in Scotland when Her Majesty paid her recent visit to that country. He always appeared to be very moderately off; and on his taking up his abode at Mrs. Dutton’s on the last occasion, he had only one shirt. He purchased a second after the first fortnight, and Mrs. Dutton regularly washed them for him alternately. His wardrobe, in other respects, seems to have been miserably provided. He had only two pair of socks and a flannel waistcoat. He had no change of dress, and until within a fortnight, he purchased a new pair, his trousers were patched and darned in every direction, and full of holes. About a week since he asked Mrs. Dutton if she could lend him a pair of old boots while his own were mended, and at her desire he applied to a shoemaker in the neighbourhood, who lent him old pair till his own were mended. He had no boxes or property of any description. His habits were remarkably sober and steady. The room he occupied was the back apartment on the second floor, and he seldom remained in it after nine o’clock in the morning, if not labouring under indisposition. He rose about that time, cleaned his shoes in the back kitchen, and then went out for the day. He seldom remained out after ten o’clock at night. On Friday mornings, he was usually about nine o’clock as usual, and after being absent from the house a short time, returned and went up stairs for a few minutes. He went out again soon after, and Mrs. Dutton heard no more of him until he was in custody. Mrs. Dutton states that she never saw much money in his possession, and her belief was that he was in confined circumstances. She also says, that she never heard him mention Mr. Drummond’s name, or allude to politics. It is very difficult to reconcile his apparent poverty with the possession of so large a sum of money as 800l.

The singular narration of Mrs. Dutton, relative to his mode of life and habits, attaches a degree of mystery to the motive which influenced the prisoner to the commission of his deadly crime, to the solution of which at present no clue has been obtained. McNaughten is not known in any public department.
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.
Bill, the lady of John, esq., jun., of a son; at Farley-hall, Staffordshire, Jan. 8.
Brown, the lady of Thomas, esq., of a son; at Heaton, Jan. 1.
Curtes, the lady of George, esq., of a son and heir; at Eaton-place, Jan. 3.
Dunlop, the lady of Robert Buchanan, esq., of Drumhead, near Cardross, Dumbartonshire, of a son; at Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, Jan. 2.
Fraser, lady of John, esq., of a daughter; at York-terrace, Dec. 30.
Gawthorpe, the wife of the Rev. P. S., of a son; at Hastings, Dec. 29.
Grant, lady of W., esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Dec. 29.
Hill, the lady of the Rev. Alfred Bligh Hill, curate of St. George's, Leeds, of a son; at Wotton Rectory, Hants, Jan. 5.
Haggard, the wife of Dr., of a daughter; at Doctors'-commons, Jan. 7.
Heathfield, the wife of Richard, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Jan. 8.
Hubbard, the Hon. Mrs. John Gellibrand, of a son; at Sussex-square, Dec. 29.
Hughes, the lady of Walter, esq., of a son; at York-gate, Jan. 4.
Hulton, the lady of Wm. Ford, esq., of a daughter; at New Brook-house, Lancashire, December 31.
Julius, the lady of the Rev. H. R., of a daughter; at Parnham, Surry, Dec. 28.
Kerr, the Lady Henry, of a daughter; at Ditmarsham, Devon, Dec. 26.
Lawson, the wife of the Rev. C., of Richmond, of a daughter; Dec. 31.
LonerGAN, the lady of Wm., esq., of a daughter; at Nottingham-terrace, Regent's-park, Jan. 4.
Levinge, Mrs. R. Hastings, of a son; Jan. 2.
Lewis, the lady of George, esq., of a daughter; at Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Jan. 7.
Lucas, the lady of Bennett, esq., of a son and heir; at Manchester-street, Manchester-square, Jan. 2.
Merewether, Mrs. Henry Alworth, of a son; Jan. 2.
Moore, the Lady Harriet, of a daughter; at Frittenden, Dec. 31.
Protheroe, Mrs. Evan, of a daughter; at Camden-road Villas, Dec. 31.
Rooke, the wife of the Rev. G., of a son; at Embleton, Alnwick, Dec. 30.
Roxburghe, the Duchess of, of a son; at Fleurs Castle, Dec. 31.
Sandham, the wife of Brigade-Major, Royal Engineers, of a daughter; at Woolwich, Jan. 4.
Shawe, the lady of N. B., esq., of a daughter; at Holm-park, Jan. 6.
Utterton, the lady of the Rev. J. S., of a son; at Holmwood Parsonage, Dorking; Jan. 3.
Wheeler, the lady of Thomas, esq., of a son; at High Wycombe, Jan. 1.
Wint, the lady of John Pusey, jun., esq., of a son; at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dec. 30.

MARRIAGES.
Barclay, Andalusia, 2d daughter of G. P. Barclay, esq. of Epsom, to G. Barnard Hankey, esq., of Fetcham-park; at Saint George's, Hanover-square, Jan. 19.
Bradley, Anne, daughter of the late H. Bradley, esq., to J. J. Browne, esq., M.D.; at Deventry, Oxon, Jan. 15.
Brenton, Louisa Mary Diana, second daughter of the late John Brenton, esq., of Fetcham, Surrey, to Edward Pelham Brenton von Donop, esq., lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and second son of Baron von Donop, of Wöbbel, Westphalia, late of the King's German Legion; by the Rev. Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the diocese of Chester, at Colwich, Staffordshire, Jan. 3.
Brewin, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Brewin, esq., Leicester, to Robert Worthington, esq. of Sale Hall, Cheshire; at Leicester, by the Rev. C. Berry, Jan. 4.
Castilla, Rebecca, third daughter of the late M. R. Castilla, esq., to J. Eddy, esq., M.D., 7th Bengal Indian Cavalry; at Cawnpore, Bengal, lately.
Clarkson, Ellen Carolina, youngest daughter of the late Richard Clarkson, esq., of Fairwater-house, near Taunton, to Edward Herbert Fitzherbert, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law; by the Rev. Thos. Fitzherbert, M.A., at Calne, Jan. 6.
Crofts, Eliza Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. P. G. Crofts, of Malling-house, near Lewes, in the county of Sussex, to James Ingram, esq., of Ades, in the same county; by the Rev. John Barlow, M.A., at South Malling, Jan. 5.

Dale, Elspet, only daughter of the late Wm. Dale, of the Poultry, to Mr. H. Robinson, Kirkby Lonsdale; at St. John's, Hoxton, Jan. 24.

Douglass, Anne Jane, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Douglass, of Earl's Gift, Tyrone, to Frederick Richard Sartres, esq.; at Dunman nella, Dec. 3.


Dendy, Emily, 3d daughter of Arthur Dandy, esq. of Marlborough Plain, Brighton, and Dorset, to Henry Napper, esq. of Guildford, Surrey; at Brighton, Jan. 19.


Fountain, Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Fountain, esq., of Narford-hall, Norfolk, to John Bennet Lawes, esq., of Rotherham-st park, Hertfordshire; by the Rev. John Fountain, at Easton, Dec. 28.


Houbon, Mary Anne, daughter of the late J. A. Houbon, esq., of Hallingbury, Essex, and Welford, Bucks; to William, eldest son of the Hon. John Hay Forbes, of Medwyn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session; at Great Hallingbury, Dec. 29.


Jones, Jane, youngest daughter of John Jones, esq., of Crosswood, Montgomeryshire, to Griffith Jenkins, esq., Lieutenant Indian Navy; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Jan. 4.

Jones, Sarah, of Naseby, in the county of Northampton, to Edward Purcell, esq., nephew of Alderman Peter Purcell, of Dublin; at Southampton, by special license, Jan. 2.


May, Maria, daughter of Wm. Henry May, esq. of Plymstock, Devon, to C. Grant, esq., late of the King's Dragoon Guards, nephew of the late Sir Wm. Grant, Master of the Rolls; at Dulsilh, Jan. 9.


Merrick, Sarah, of Manchester, to Edward Richward, of Ross, Herefordshire, banker; by the Rev. J. G. Breidenstein, principal chaplain to his Serene Highness the Sovereign Landgrave of the State, and member of the Order of Merit of His Majesty the King of Bavaria, at Hesse Homburg, in Germany, Dec. 29.

Miller, Mary, only daughter of Rowley Miller, esq., Moneymore, to William Saurin Cox, esq., youngest son of the late Rev. Richard Cox, Caercomilish, county of Limerick; by the Rev. A. R. Miller, at Moneymore, county of Londonderry, Jan. 5.


Nettleship, Miss, of Culland, Derbyshire, to the Rev. Dr. Dencaster, rector of Navenby, Lincolnshire, and master of Oakham Endowed School; at Ancaster; by the Rev. Z. S. Warren, the vicar, Jan. 26.


Pocklington, Catherine Frances, widow of the late Sir Robert Pocklington, K.M.T., of Chesworth, Suffolk, to Sir Henry E. Austen, of Shalford, Surrey; at All Souls Church, Langham-place, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester, Jan. 25.

Price, Harriet Anne Isabella, only daughter of the late Fowler Price, esq., of Huntington-court, Hereford, to Richard John Griffiths, esq.,

Price, Harriette, daughter of the late Fowler Price, esq., of Huntingdon Court, to J. Griffith, esq., of New Court, Hereford; at Langham Place, Jan. 2.

Richards, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late Dr. John Richards, A.M., of Beaumont-west, Bath, to Dr. Maclure, of Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square; by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, A.M., at Trinity Church, Bath, Jan. 4.

Richards, Julia, daughter of the late J. Richards, esq., of Hythe, Blackdown, Hants, to H. W. Hooper, esq., of Exeter; at Corsham, Wilt's, Jan. 9.

Richards, Julia Evelina, youngest daughter of the late John Richards, esq., of Hythe Blackdown, Hants, to Henry W. Hooper, esq., of the city of Exeter, solicitor, and eldest son of Henry Hooper, esq., of Mount Radford, in the county of Devon; by the Rev. T. Conyers, brother-in-law to the bride, at Corsham, Wilt's, Jan. 7.

Ridout, Miss Helene Robinson, granddaughter of Thomas Ridout, esq., surgeon, to William F. Evans, esq.; by the Rev. George May, at Hearne, Kent, Jan. 4.

Rogers, Caroline, daughter of the late Robert Rogers, of Newmarket, to James Scarling, esq., of Worlington, Suffolk; at St. Mary's, Newmarket, Jan. 16.


Shearburn, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Shearburn, esq., to Robert Vaulder White, esq., of Sussex Gardens; at Smith, Yorkshire, Jan. 14.

Spicer, Eliza, daughter of the late Captain A. E. Spicer, 12th Regiment of N.I. and D.A., late of the North Divine, to Alex. Jamieson, esq., of Huddersfield, York; at Exmouth, Devon, Jan. 11.

Stuttard, Sarah, second daughter of John Stuttard, esq., of Colebrooke-terrace, Islington, to Mr. C. N. Wells, of the City of London School; by the Rev. T. H. Woodroffe, at St. Mary's, Islington, Jan. 24.

Townsend, Laura, eldest daughter of the late John Townsend, esq., of Grove-house, Clapham, to William Watts, M.D., of Nottingham; by the Rev. Dr. Deatley, at Trinity Church, Clapham, Jan. 5.


Watney, Ellen, eldest daughter of Daniel Watney, esq., of the distillery, Wansworth, to J. Jones, esq., of Wansworth-common; by the Rev. T. C. Delafosse, of Wansworth, Jan. 3.


Wing, Sarah, widow of the late Wm. Wing, esq., of Steeple-Aston, Oxfordshire, to William York, esq., of Mitcham, Surrey; by the Rev. John Thorp, at St. Giles's Church, Oxford, Jan. 2.

Winthrop, Elizabeth, 2d daughter of the late Stephen Winthrop, M.D., to Charles Baring Young, esq., 2d son of the late Sir Samuel Young, Bart., of Formosa, Berks, by the Rev. B. Winthrop; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, January 25.

DEATHS.

Allan, Anne Harriet, relict of the late Lieutenant-Col. Allan, of Inchantine, Perthshire; at Woodside, Old Windsor, Dec. 31.

Allison, Ambrose, esq., Streatham place, Brixton-hill, aged 77; Dec. 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Arnott, Neil, eldest son of Dr. James Arnott, aged 13; at Brighton.


Barron, Agnes Enfield, daughter of Mr. Edward Enfield Barron, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark, aged 16 days, Jan. 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Beeching, Thomas, esq., banker, aged 76; at Tunbridge-wells, Jan. 1.

Binn, Thomas, of Mount Vernon-street, Liverpool, a member of the Society of Friends; Dec. 27.

Bishop, Martha, daughter of Mr. J. Bishop, Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell, aged 4 years, and 1 month, Dec. 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bold, Mary, wife of the Rev. Thomas Bold, aged 74; at Liverpool, Dec. 30.

Booth, Gertrude, only daughter of the late J. H. Booth, esq., of Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, aged 18; at Nelson-place, Broadstairs, Jan. 6.

Bristow, Frances, fourth daughter of J. C. Bristow, esq., of Emsworth, Westmorland, aged 19; at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Jan. 7.

Byron, Mary, wife of the Rev. John Byron, vicar of Elmstone Hardwick, and daughter of Wm. Richardson, esq., of Leatherhead, Surrey, of pulmonary consumption; at Hastings, Dec. 30.

Cardale, the Rev. George, M.A., Rector of Millbrook, and Vicar of Fliitwick, Beds, aged 53; Jan. 1.

Charleson, Lawrence, esq., late of St. Alban's, Herts, aged 71; at Islington, Jan. 6.


Comptape, George, esq., aged 61; at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, Jan. 5.

Cooch, Edward Franklin Brooks, esq., Charlotte-place, Kennington-lane, aged 1 year, Jan. 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cooper, Henry, 2d son of the Rev. J. Cooper; at St. Paul's School, Jan. 1.

Crooks, Lucy, wife of Mr. Robert Crooks, Carter-street, Walworth, aged 46, Jan. 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Darby, John Lee, son of Mr. Darby, Caroline cottage, Brixton, aged 7 weeks, Dec. 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Davis, Rebecca, 2d daughter of Mr. James Davis; at Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, Jan. 3.

Dawes, Helen Maria, daughter of Mr. Dawes, Great Dover-road, Southwark, aged 4 months, Jan. 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Dockray, Abigail, the wife of David Dockray, aged 59; at St. Michael's, near Liverpool, Dec. 24.

Drummond, Major-General Percy, C.B., Director General of Artillery, aged 68; at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.

Dury, Alexander, esq., magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the counties of Hertford and Middlesex, in his 87th year; at Hadley, Middlesex, Jan. 4.

Du Rovray, Edward, son of Stephen Du Rovray, esq., merchant in Havre, of a brain fever; at Havannah, Nov. 24.

Dyson, Miss Mary Ann Cowley, Terrace, Brixton, aged 19, Jan. 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Fisher, Thomas, esq., aged 76; at Montague-square, Dec. 29.

Froggatt, Mary Jane Clemson, eldest daughter of Mrs. Froggatt, of Brixton, Surry; at Kingston, in the province of Canada, of decline, much lamented, Nov. 16.

Gisborne, Mary, the beloved wife of the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, Prebendary of Durham, aged 82, having nearly completed the 69th year of their union; at Yoxall-lodge, Jan. 2.


Haggett, the Rev. John, aged 82; at Ditton, Cambridgeshire, Jan. 7.

Hall, Sarah, relitig of the late John Hall, esq., of Portsland, in the county of Sussex, to the deep grief of her family, in her 72d year; at Brighton, Jan. 1.

Hanblin, Mr. Wm., Kennington-oval, aged 43, Jan. 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Harwood, Sarah, wife of Benjamin Harwood, esq., Manor-park, Streatham, aged 74, Jan. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hay, John, esq., late of the Madras Medical Board, deeply and affectionately regretted by all his relatives and friends; at Ramsgate, December 29.


Head, Mrs. Mary, West-street, Walworth, aged 74; Dec. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hendrie, William, esq., much lamented, in the 60th year of his age; at Crescent-place, Burton-crescent, Jan. 1.

Holloway, Esther, wife of John Palmer Holloway, esq., aged 79; at Boston, Lincolnshire, Jan. 1.

Iverson, Henry, esq., of Block Bank, Yorkshire; at 10, Stanhope-terrace, Hyde-park, Dec. 5.

Iveson, Henry, esq., of Blackbank, Yorkshire, aged 78; at Stanhope-terrace, Hyde-park, Jan. 5.

Jaguier, Mr. John Lewis. He was much respected as a public servant, and greatly esteemed by his numerous friends; at the Post-office, Epsom, Surrey, Jan. 3.

Kirk, Charles, the only son of C. Kirk, esq., aged 27; at College-street, Islington, Jan. 2.

Knapp, Thomas George, esq., in his 77th year; at Norwood, Surrey, Jan. 5.

Keene, W. C. L., esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, and one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Cinque Ports and county of Kent, aged 63, deeply regretted, and leaving a numerous family to lament his loss; at Dent de Lion, in the Isle of Thanet, Jan. 3.

McVicar, Daniel, son of Captin McVicar, Manor-street, Clapham, aged 30, Dec. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

MacWilliam, Robert, esq., aged 68; at Torrington-square, Jan. 1.

Millington, Eliza, wife of Crowley, esq., aged 37; at Hastings, Dec. 31.

Milward, John, esq., of Loxley-house, near Stratford-on-Avon, in the 71st year of his age; Dec. 30.

Morrow, Mrs. Mary, Ludgate-hill, aged 76, Jan. 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Neylor, James, esq., in the 73d year of his age, regretted by a numerous family; at Belle vue-house, Cheltenham, Dec. 30.

O'Brien, Mary Anne Lydin, wife of Donough O'Brien, esq., aged 44; at Hastings, Jan. 1.

Pakington, Mary, the beloved wife of John S. Pakington, esq., M.P.; at Westwood-park, Worcestershire, Jan. 6.

Page, Mr. John, Chapel-street, Westminster, aged 63, Jan. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Phillips, John, esq., aged 72; at Clayton-place, Kennington, Jan. 6th.

Piper, Benson, son of Thomas Piper, junior, esq., Grove-hill, Camberwell, aged 11, Jan. 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Plinston, Henry Collett Berners, 2d son of Charles Berners Plinston, esq., of Watlington-hall, Norfolk, in the 19th year of his age; at Berlin, Dec. 23.

Potter, Mrs. Winifred, aged 76; at Bromley, Kent, Jan. 1.

Priest, Elizabeth Neale Frances, the eldest daughter of the late J. F. Priest, esq.; of typhus fever, at Norwich, Jan. 3.

Raines, Julia, wife of Major, 95th regiment, of brain fever, aged 38; at Sheerness, Jan. 4.

Salter, Jane, relitig of the late Samuel Salter, esq., aged 78; at the Broughhouse, Rickmansworth, Herts, Jan. 5.

Sawyer, Jane Hannah, wife of Wm. Sawyer, esq., Valentine Cottage, Peckham, aged 40, Dec. 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sherlock, Alfred Frederick, 3d son of the late Thos. Sherlock, esq., of John-street, Fitzroy-square, of dysentery, in the 26th year of his age; in the Bay of Bengal, June 30.

Sier, James, youngest son of the late Thomas Sier, esq., of Dewsbury, in the county of Hereford, aged 22; at Ross, Jan. 5.

Simpson, Jeremiah, esq., of No. 7 King's Bench-walk, Inner Temple, London, where he had resided for upwards of 50 years, in the honorable pursuit of his profession as a solicitor,
and a member of that Inn, universally respected for his integrity and abilities, by a large circle of friends, in his 75th year; at Brighton, Jan. 8.

Smith, Jane, relict of the Rev. James Smith, of Clapton, aged 76, at the house of her son-in-law, Regent-square, Jan. 3.

Smith, Elizabeth Martha Julia, 2d daughter of T. Tringham Smith, esq., of Bolton-street, Piccadilly, of scarlet fever, aged 14 years and 5 months; at Old Park-farm, Theobalds, Herts, Dec. 29.

Smith, Miss Margaret, Kennington-green, aged 25, Jan. 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Stocking, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Charles Stocking; in Surrey-square, aged 46, Jan. 2.

Tattersall, Mary Grace, wife of Richard Tattersall, esq., Grosvenor-place, Hanover-square, aged 51, Jan. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Thompson, Miss Elizabeth, aged 81; at Cadogan-terrace, Sloane-street, Chelsea, Jan. 4.


Turnbull, Emily Jane, only daughter of Robert Turnbull, esq., aged 5 years, after a few days' illness; at Thurlieares Estate, Island of Grenada (West Indies), Nov. 11.

Wall, Henrietta Marianna, daughter of Lieut. Henry Wall, R.N., Kennington-lane, aged 2 years, and 9 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wallace, Sarah, eldest daughter of Professor Wallace, deeply and justly lamented; at Putney, Jan. 1.

Weldon, Julia Palmer, wife of Mr. James Walter Welden, Palestine-place, Hackney, aged 29, Jan. 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Williams, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Williams, esq., late of Her Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer; Cambridge-street, Connaught-square, Dec. 31.

Wilson, Frances, youngest daughter of Geo. Wilson, esq., aged 23; Dallam-tower, county of Westmoreland, Dec. 30.

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COURT MOURNING.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, JANUARY 27.

Orders for the Court's going into mourning (January 29th.) for Her late Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager of Schleswick Holstein Sonderbourg Augustenbourg, mother of Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark, and great-grand-daughter of King George II., viz.—

The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklace and ear-rings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets.

The gentlemen to wear black, full-trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the mourning on Sunday, the 5th of February, viz.:

The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, colored ribands, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribands.

The gentleman to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, colored swords and buckles.

And on Sunday, the 12th of February next, the Court to go out of mourning.
A Genealogical and Historical Table of the Royal Family of England, from the Norman Conquest to the present time; shewing the births, marriages, and deaths of its illustrious members, together with those of the collateral branches, and the accessions and coronations of the Sovereigns. Compiled by John James Yates. Bell & Wood, Fleet-street.

Truly Mr. Yates has taken upon himself a task of no ordinary search and labor and, upon a general glance, he seems to have executed it in a most comprehensive, admirable, and perfect manner. We will not take upon ourselves to test its accuracy, the purchaser must be guided by the respectability of the publishers, and they again by the character of the compiler. In a single sheet we have a volume of names and dates, and historical data of the utmost interest, and one, indeed, to which we shall often gladly refer, for none can tell, save those who have to obtain the information, how many hours may be oft-times devoted in vain, before discovering even one of these particulars. The explanation given by the author will shew, in some measure, his general plan. Sons stand according to the order of their births, from the left-hand to the right, by which the seniority is shewn at one view. Daughters are stated in the same order, the only difference being, that sons have always the precedence, whether younger or not. Second and subsequent marriages are denoted by an Arabic numeral. Sovereign heads are denoted by a crown prefixed to the names, and the addition of a numeral to denote the order of succession, the author adding that 'it has been found necessary to be thus particular, in consequence of the irregularity, with respect to time, in which several of the Royal accessions took place.' The abbreviations made use of are similar to those long adopted by ourselves, viz., b. born, m. or mar. married: cr. crowned, dau. daughter, d. died, k. killed or a violent death. Marriage is shewn by a double horizontal line. The issue by a single perpendicular line.

If accurately done, and we have every trust in the statement, it is, indeed, a treasure, whether for the school-room, or for the lover of history.

The following is the succinct table of the duration of the several dynasties of houses.

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Great, then, as is its comprehensiveness and utility, we trust the author's well-directed toils will gain for him an abundant harvest. We cannot take our leave without also commending the excellent printing of W. I. Parkin, 2, Church-street, Millbank, Westminster.

Mr. Huggins' Commemoration Print of the Visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty to Scotland, in August, 1842. Engraved by E. Duncan.

Here we have at one view the General-Steam-Navigation-Company's ships, the Monarch and the Trident, when joining the Royal squadron off Abb's Head, on that memorable pleasure-trip, which gladdened the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects of the north. The Bass Rock and North Berwick law are slightly perceptible in the distance, as when, just after sunset, they came in view; and the animated scene depicts the union of all hearts in fervent singing of the national hymn upon so joyous an aquatic meeting, when graced by the presence of female Majesty in company with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Court. Here, behold the Monarch with its myriad flags—there, the Trident. The Trinity yacht maintains a prominent
position in the foreground, whilst highest to the Monarch is the Royal George; the Shearwater and Black Eagle hovering in the distance. Mr. Huggins, long known for his marine views in South America, and as marine painter to his late Majesty William IV., can gain but little by our encomiums, we will, therefore, leave his work, difficult of execution as it undoubtedly was, to the acuter judgment of nautical men better able to appreciate his task, and conclude by mentioning that the plate is of size sufficient to form a very handsome picture.

Footsteps to the Natural History of Birds and Beasts. HARVEY & DARTON.

A splendid Zebra in gold decks one side of the cover, when we proceed onwards to the contents, divided in the following order:—part 1, a description of the most interesting and remarkable English birds and beasts:—part 2, a description of the most remarkable and interesting beasts and birds found in foreign countries.

The typo is large and clear, the woodcuts good, particularly ‘the cock,’ and next to it ‘the sheep,’ and the whole well adapted for instruction and entertainment.

The Flamingo attracts our attention:—

This singular bird, though formerly well-known in Europe, is now only prevalent along the American and African coasts. It is the most remarkable of the crane kind; the tallest, the bulkiest, and the most beautiful. The body, which is of a bright scarlet, is no bigger than that of a swan; but its legs and neck are of such an extraordinary length, that when it stands erect, it is upwards of six feet high. The bill is formed like a bow, partly red and partly black, and is above seven inches long; the legs and thighs are extremely small; and the toes are united by a membrane, like those of a goose.

These birds generally reside near saltwater lakes or marshes, and form themselves into a rank along the sides, which often extends nearly half a mile; being red, they look, at a distance like a company of soldiers. One of the party stands as sentinel, to give instant notice if any danger should approach, which he does by a shrill, loud noise, equal to the largest trumpet in sound. They make their nests in marshy places, of heaps of mud and weeds, about twenty inches high. In shape they resemble a sugar-loaf with the top broken off, which is hollowed like a basin. The birds can sit on them, and their legs hang down on each side, like the legs of a man astride upon a cask. They seldom lay more than two eggs; the young ones are a long time before they can fly, but are soon able to run with great swiftness.

The chief food of these birds is fish; and the rough edges of their bills enable them to hold their slippery prey.

In speaking of bears the author thus concludes:—

Bears retire to their dens in the winter; but, as they lay up no store of provision, they have no other nourishment during that time than what they get by sucking their feet, where the fat lodges in great abundance. They are very fat when they enter their retreats, but come out lean and ravenous.

After this we shall ever imagine when we see a school-boy sucking his thumb, and becoming very thin, that he has been half-starved—though we should be puzzled to know what to say, if he continue to do so, after three weeks’ holidays! and moreover get fat, except that it is a very outlandish preference.

Young Naturalist’s book of Birds. HARVEY & DARTON.

This volume of some 160 pages, which modestly enough appropriates to itself the name only of ‘young’ naturalist’s book, gives nevertheless so clever, sensible and well assorted an account of the feathered tribe, that it seems to have adapted itself to readers of any age, who are not really learned in ornithology.

The wood-cuts, too, are very superior; the Peacock with its spotted tail; the Raven, black as jet, with all the characteristics of life; the turtle-dove, excellent.

To shew, however, the quality of the publication, here, as is our wont, the author shall speak for himself, on the subject of a once highly popular and royal, though very cruel amusement, hawking.

The Hawk.

According to those naturalists who have undertaken to determine the rules of precedence among birds, if the eagle be the king, the hawk should certainly be heir apparent; since it is merely in size that he ranks second. The hawk or falcon has always been celebrated for his sagacity, which, joined with indomitable courage and perseverance, renders him peculiarly useful in the chase. But, as with men, bravery of the most exalted kind
is often masked by gentleness and meekness of demeanour, so in the hawk, all the above-mentioned qualities prevent not his possessing great gentleness and docility. Indeed, the mere circumstance of his having been used, like that faithful creature the dog, in hunting, may be regarded as proof sufficient of his tractableness. Hawking, as is well known, has from time immemorial been a favorite amusement, and till lately was so in this country, among all those varieties of the human family who have more wealth and leisure than wit. But, as civilization advances, the services of the hawk are generally declined, and he is permitted to convert his instincts to the uses for which nature bestowed them upon him. Nevertheless, certain old-fashioned country gentlemen, linked by tastes and mental habits to the past age, still scour the fields occasionally at a hawk's tail; but they are merely another branch of the class, who, delight, as the Utopia expresses it, “in the howling of dogs,” and the infernal orgies of the cock-pit. Cromwell to his eternal honor, abolished this latter brutal pastime during his protectorate, though it was of course revived with the monarchy, which the wise men of those days would have thought endangered by the banishment of cock-fighting, which they regarded, perhaps rightly, as pre-eminently a "royal game."

FALCONRY IN THE EAST.

In this part of Russia, (Zabachzar,) according to Bell, the best and largest falcons in the world are caught, which being highly valued for their strength and beauty, particularly by the Turks and Persians, are sold at enormous prices. These falcons might have been expected, taken from the nest; but after they are full grown, when their natural instincts have been developed by exercise, and their physical powers have acquired, by struggling with storms and tempests, their utmost maturity and vigour, they are then taught to fly at swans, geese, herons, hares, and even antelopes; and our traveller saw one of them take a wild duck out of the water when nothing but the bill, which she had put up for air, could be perceived. Many of these falcons are as white as doves. Bell afterwards saw, in Kurdistan, the beautiful species of hawk called cehrik, which is trained for antelope-hunting. This is done by buffing the skin of one of these animals, and placing the food of the hawk between its horns, which afterwards, when the bird comes to be employed in the chase, induces it to pounce upon the head of the antelope, and either strike it to the ground, or retard its movements until the greyhounds come up. Sir John Malcolm, who witnessed this singular sport at Abuheber, observes, that "the huntsmen proceed to a large plain, or rather desert, near the sea-side. They have hawks and greyhounds, the former carried in the usual manner on the hand of the huntsman, the latter led in a leash by a horseman, generally the same who carries the hawk. When the antelope is seen, they endeavour to get as near as possible; but the animal, the moment he observes them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen are instantly at full speed, having slipped the dogs. If it is a single deer, they at the same time fly the hawk; but if a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed upon a particular antelope. The hawks skimming along near the ground, soon reach the deer, on whose head they pounce in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks it over."

“The Persian style of hare-hunting, which few travellers have noticed, is scarcely less interesting, and is thus described by Sir J. Malcolm:—” When at Shiraz the elchee (Sir John Malcolm,) had received a present of a very fine shâhsâz, or royal falcon. Before going out, I had been amused at seeing Nuttie Beg, our head falconer, a man of great experience in his department, put upon this bird a pair of leathers, which he fitted to its thighs with as much care as if he had been the tailor of a fashionable horseman. I enquired the reason of so unusual a proceeding. ‘You will learn that,’ said the consequential master of the hawks, ‘when you see our sport;’ and I was convinced, at the period he predicted, of the old fellow’s knowledge of his business. The first hare seized by the falcon was very strong, and the ground rough. While the bird kept the claws of one foot fastened in the back of its prey, the other was dragged along the ground, till it had an opportunity to lay hold of a tuft of grass by which it was enabled to stop the course of the hare, whose efforts to escape would, I do think, have torn the hawk asunder, if it had not been provided with the leathern defences before mentioned. The next time the falcon was flown gave us a proof of that extraordinary courage which its whole appearance, and particularly its eye, denoted. It had stopped and disabled a second hare by the first pounce, when two greyhounds that had been slipped by mistake, came up and endeavored to seize it. They were, however, repulsed by the falcon, whose boldness and celerity in attacking the dogs and securing its prey, excited our admiration and astonishment.”

“Bell was informed of a circumstance, while travelling in Kurdistan, which raises still higher our admiration of the falcon’s courage; for it is trained by the Tartars to fly at foxes, and even wolves.”

There is one strange inconsistency upon which we feel it our duty to remark; Bell was praised, (and, deservedly if such be true) for his humanity, in a previous passage, yet, in an introduc-
tion to the article, 'Goose Abattoir'—'Sir George Head, in his 'home tour' is quoted as giving a very amusing account.' We lay the passage before our readers.

The first boy, by virtue of his office, drove the geese, a dozen at a time, from the grand depot into a pen parted off in one corner of the apartment, and there, batch by batch, were usually disposed of as quickly as he could go to the depot and return. The second boy, though in point of fact he acted the part of a hangman, did nothing more than, taking each goose one by one out of the aforesaid pen prepare it for execution. To this end, by a dexterous twist, he entangled together the pinions of the bird behind its back, and inserted its legs in one of eight nooses that hung suspended five feet from the ground against the wall, over a long trough on the floor to catch the blood. The third boy's business was simple and sanguinary,—merely that of cutting throats. Of this young matador, although scarcely twelve years old, the trenchant blade had not only passed along the weasands of all those geese that had already given up the ghost, but ere the sun had passed his meridian, the death-cackle of the whole devoted six hundred had sounded in his ears. His whole care and attention was necessarily occupied with the dying; though frequently unaware, and in despite of his best efforts, he received a flapping from a gory neck, or a tangling stream of blood spirited in his eye; whereas his countenance would gleam with a ludicrous expression of alacrity and surprise; he would then compose the limbs of his victims in death with double diligence, yet only precociously so long as they showed by fluttering in their last moments, a disinclination to behave decently. Afterwards, he allowed every goose to go out of the world in the best manner it could.

Now, to turn any account of slaughter into fun, is, we think, unfitting; but to treat lightly, even by quoting an inconsiderate writer, the so painful exercise of the necessary duties of the slaughterhouse, in a book for the young, is highly injudicious. The public voice has been raised against executions as tending only to brutalize the multitude, and children, in particular, should be taught that God permits the sacrifice, and at the same time expects the offering of a truly grateful heart, for his goodness to them, in providing his creatures to supply their wants; But we are hasty in our condemnation, for presently, beyond, the Editor is equally severe, and evidently fully coincides with us in our remarks.
It is the duty of an editor to review all works, however humble, that are not of an irreligious or immoral tendency, which are sent for his perusal. This little production, of small price, now claims our notice. It professes to be Chronicles of, we fear, in these times, a numerous class, which, from accounts that frequently appear are likely to increase. We are sorry for it; we would that the deserving, however poor, should be happy—the undeserving reclaimed. This is a Christian wish, and will find its way to the hearts of Christian readers. Much may undoubtedly be done by individuals to remove the canker that feeds upon careworn beings—much, by timely relief—more, perhaps, from kindly feelings. That much deception is practised, we are aware; that many worthy persons, owing to frequent impostures are refused relief, is natural; still, in large towns, with prudence, and, in country villages, by due enquiry, much good may be done; and we know of no feelings more delightful than those which arise from the consciousness of having lightened the griefs of the careworn. We, therefore, recommend this small work to the perusal of our readers, who may thus easily obtain information of the distresses of their fellow-creatures, without being pained by witnessing them. The rich, too, may learn a lesson, that wealth and happiness are not the same; and from that portion of the history which commences, "I was born rich," to the end of the number, be induced to recollect, that although God in his wisdom has thought proper to make distinctions amongst men, as there are inferior and superior conditions in Heaven, yet that he has implanted similar feelings in every human heart; each has similar wants to have removed; the same desire for enjoyment; let him remember, where convinced that the suppliant for bounty is deserving, that "charity covers a multitude of sins;" that in the varying scenes of existence some go up, some go down, yet all are still under the care of the same superintending Providence; that, in that hour, when we must take a long farewell of the world and all its greatness, there can be no greater comfort, no greater source of consolation to the fainting heart, than the remembrance of good done, evil removed, and misery relieved; then, indeed, may the dying man say, "Oh! death, where is thy sting! Oh! grave, where is thy victory! I quit an earthly mansion for an heavenly abode—sorrow for joy—an uncertain existence for a perpetual inheritance!" Well may the dying man, who thus feels, experience happiness, as he hears his Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

The work before us is, as we said, trivial—but the welfare of a numerous class must ever be important, and we know no charity more entitled to public sympathy than that of which the Secretary who has forwarded this work belongs the Society for the Relief of Shipwrecked Mariners. To a commercial nation, a sailor's comfort is a nation's safe-guard; for whilst the seaman, from principles of honor, loyalty and gratitude will defend us abroad, England's shores will be ever secure against a foreign foe; and thus, in promoting the sailor's happiness—rendering assistance when terrific storms as of late, sweep the coast—England herself will have her reward in greater general security, and the greatest of glory, a nation's chief pride—the relieving of the unhappy condition of that portion of her Majesty's subjects, the greatest perhaps of all careworn beings, shipwrecked mariners.

We know well that the poor themselves are charitable—the rich, too, though very often imposed upon; whence then comes that class of men, whom worse than fiendish avarice induces to possess themselves of all that remains of some awful wreck which chance has placed within their unhallowed reach. A new law should be enacted—showing at once the barbarity, iniquity and wrong of such a course, and that neither by law nor any imaginary custom does any right of the nature exist by which these worse than thieves carry on their heartless calling.

The Ladies' Work-Table Book with numerous engravings, illustrative of the various sketches in those useful and fashionable employments. Clarke & Co., Old Bailey. 1843.

It must be evident that, on the due occupation of woman's time, a great pur-
tion of man's comfort must depend; that should it be of a domestic and endearing character, home will be comfortable; and that should it be a thoughtless, giddy hankering after vain pursuits that only consume her leisure hours, the domestic hearth will be proportionately uncomfortable. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that females should have some inviting domestic pursuit that may entice them to seek happiness in the enjoyments of home, rather than none, except from abroad. Of the various accomplishments necessary to form the female character, none appear to be more useful and lasting than skill in needle-work. Besides a considerable saving of expense, the mind, without undergoing fatigue, becomes amused, and the female of taste can look back with satisfaction at the close of the day to her handy work. She can thus, like the bee, 'improve each shining hour,' and gather the honey of approbation from a husband's, or affectionate brother's smiles, as she displays the style and chasteness of her skilful conception of design or correctness of execution. Yet, great as her natural requirements in the needle may be, she can derive many increased helps to enjoyment from published designs and explanations of various terms suited to the business of the needle; and should our fair readers be of the same opinion, the designs and information contained in the Ladies' Work-Table Book will be found to be exceedingly acceptable.


This little issue from the press bears the emphatic title Io Triumphi! a song of victory, on our glorious entry into Cabul; to which is added the massacre of Cabul!—Rejoicing! aye, indeed, rejoicing! but whether for the manner in which we got into the war, or for the manner in which we got out of it, far be it from us to determine.

THE MASSACRE OF CABUL.

Yet torrid sun, nor gem of the deep,
Nor the drought of Mecca's sands,
Nor Turk, nor Copt have that eternal sloth:
He hath tidings in his hands.

Now rides in Albion's port the bark,
With her colours half-mast-high;
And safe to his home is the runner come,
With evil-boding eye.

Why bears that bark the sign of woe?
And why doth the new-return'd
Meet with eye so sad the greetings glad
Of the hearth for which he yearn'd?

The latter poem we are informed appeared last year in another periodical; to give, however, to the author that fame for which his muse is aspiring we transfer it to our critical pages.

We bear little feeling in common with the writer's introductory note, neither with the language of the Governor-general of India. We quote the author's words:

'The writer feels that some apology is due for thus soon reprinting lines in themselves so insignificant; still more for allaying the exultation of the moment by any thing like a wailing note. To the last objection he returns the language of the Governor-general of India.

"Thus have all past disasters been retrieved and avenged on every scene on which they were sustained." The calamity enhances the joy. And, considering how closely the subject of these verses is allied to the more glorious theme which he now ventures to celebrate, he has thought that they might prove a not inappropriate pendant to his song of victory.

He hath render'd his sable-sealed charge:—
You pocket shall utter all:
And 'tis some relief, that, 'mid shame and grief,
Not a tongue a curse lets fall.

Why answers he not their oft request?
And why do his tears fall fast?
Is it shame—or grief? Doth he doubt belief?
Or fear lest a curse should blast?

Woe—woe to the aged and the fair!
Mourn, Britain, this heavy day,
O'er the gory grave of the young and the brave,
Who lie murder'd far away.

Mourn for the youth untimely slain:
For the hero of threescore;
And the perishing thres, as they dropp'd on the shores,
Of thrice three thousand more.

Weep for the dying, and weep for the dead,
And weep for the living too,
In barbarian's hand who captive stand—
The scanty residue.
Awake, each heart that's Briton-born!
Husbands and sires, awake!
For your daughters and wives—for their jeopardised lives—
Their peril'd honor, quake.

The dead are at rest; nor ignobly press'd
The battle-slain their sod:
And each weary rank that expiring sank
May be sleeping with their God.

Oh! break not their sleep with detraction's cry,
Be the tongue of malice still;
And record on their tomb no ungenerous doom,
In the grave their fame to kill.

Peace to thine ashes, gallant chief,
Farewell to England's Queen!
In her cause didst thou fall by a traitor's ball,
Decoy'd 'neath princely mien.

Shame on the coward infidel,
That a trusting foe betray'd;
Who his victor o'ercame with a murderer's aim,
And urged th'o' assassin's blade!

Shame on the traitor, that work'd our fall
With heaven-attesting lies!
Whose safeguard deceiv'd, while he plann'd and achiev'd
His myriad butcheries!

—And a British host ten thousand strong
Retreats before its foes,
Like sheep, to befell'd, when famine hath quell'd,
Mid Himalaya's snows.

For deep in the heart of wild Cabul,
By mountains fast lock'd in,
They have enter'd the snare, to be trap'd un
By the hordes they look'd to win.

Ten thousand human souls set forth
The barrier-heights to scale;
And from hunger, and cold, and the Afghan's hold
Came but one to tell the tale.

The ice and the rocks are ruddy yet,
And the torrent sweeps redly past;
And spirits of wrath o'er that guilty path
Ride shrieking on the blast.

Three hundred once from Sparta thus
Annihilated fell;
E'en such their tomb; e'en thus their doom
Escaped one to tell.

Henceforth with Thermopylae be writ
Judguluk's deadlier pass;
And in annals lore, join our victim-corps
With the band of Leonidas.

Oh! marvel ye, if her pennon droop
On the deck with such huge woes freighted?
To his cheek if clung the herald's tongue,
And his tears the news related?

Mourn for our soldiers who bravely fell!
Whom the knife, or north-wind slew!
Weep for the dying, and weep for the dead,
And weep for the living too!

However, in the concluding portion of the song of victory, we see much of merit in metre and sentiment.

Here is one stanza of very redeeming character:

Io triumph! To the God of Heaven
The glory and the victory be given.

Oh! magnify
The Lord Most High,
For He hath set at liberty.
To Him belong
The shout, the song:
His arm was in the battle strong.
Sing, clap your hands;
For among the lands
None blest like favor'd England stands.
Laud we His Name
With loud acclaim;
The praise be His, and ours the shame.
Hie to His courts with joy, and bow before Him,
While the millions of the realm with one heart
and voice adore Him!

Deo, Deo gloria!
Bless the Lord
With one accord,
And the triumphs of His name record:
Deo laus et gloria!

Io triumph! Swell thanksgiving's cry!
Let hymns of praise mount up with songs of victory!

Governesses, or Modern Education. By Madame B. Riofroy, Author of "Private Education." Twelve monthly parts, forming one volume. 22, Newman-street, 1812.

We are of the liberal-minded in science; we think that learning, like virtue, is to be found in every nation under the sun, and we thank God national prejudice has no effect upon us. We can prize merit wherever it is to be found. Once, indeed, England was foolish; we liked nothing French but their fashions; but twenty-five years of peace have done wonders, and united England and France, notwithstanding an occasional brush, in the bonds of the closest intimacy, and each nation is at heart aware of the value and even the necessity of mutual depend-
ance. We take their wines and brandies, they, in return, purchase our goods, though rather too warily. The exchange of traffic leads again to an intercourse of thought, both verbal and epistolar; and, further, we import their books, and they have recourse to our literature. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we refer to a work published by Madame Bureau, the English lady of a French literary gentleman, of no small science, upon modern education. As long as the intercourse of the sexes takes place, and love and marriage form a part of human happiness, so long will education be requisite to teach the young idea how to shoot. This is by far the most important step, for it is wisely written, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when old it will not depart from it." Hence the value of watching first ideas, and making them subservient to morality and justice. The way the twig is bent the tree's inclined. The value of early training having been known and appreciated, even in the days of Solomon, it is not wonderful that in times like the present, when the advantages of education are so well understood, that any work on education should meet with encouragement, and much less so when undertaken by a lady whose talents have been well known in the educational world. Parents feel a lively interest in the welfare of their children, yet it often happens that they may be otherwise engaged, so as to be prevented from instructing them, or not sufficiently practiced in the art to direct their education. In such a case a governess is required, and the greatest judgment is necessary in the selecting of one. How much depends upon a right choice! Yet, as great care is necessary in the selection, it is an important service to know the qualifications a governess should possess. Under such circumstances, Mad. B. Riofrey's "Modern Education" will be perused to advantage. The authoress, in her January edition, states "that she did not anticipate the success with which her views on education would be attended." Why not? Was it from the diffidence that accompanies merit? We are glad, however, to see that a discerning public have removed those imaginary bands, and given the authoress free circulation with a more favorable welcome than was, it seems, anticipated.


Here we have a subject of first importance to every human being, in infancy, youth, manhood and age; every stage of existence is interested in the preservation of health; without it, farewell to genius; to relations and friends; farewell, indeed, to all life’s blessings. Being of such importance we are highly pleased to see a work by Mr. Curtis, treating on this deeply interesting subject, wherein are given plain and simple directions upon the preservation of health. Among numerous directions and good advice, we highly approve of using water instead of beer, wine, or spirituous liquors; particularly during dinner, especially by those off full habit, whose debilitated constitutions cause them to consider exercise generally, but especially in the open air, as a fatigue; nothing, however, is more destructive to health than immoderate indulgence followed by ease or sedentary employments wherein concentrated thought is required, which fatigues the mind, without, in the least, wearying the body. Such persons as are devoted to any of the liberal professions should, as a task self-imposed, compel themselves to devote two hours a day, at the least, to motion, either on foot or on horseback, and when the weather is wet, foggy or unsuitable, they should use dumb-bells which would afford motion and relieve the mind—nor would there be the loss of time, which the studious might suppose, as the motion, besides being a relief for a time, would promote a healthy state of the brain and contribute to clear the intellect, without which studying only breeds mental confusion. But while we recommend water, medicinally, particularly the first thing in the morning, directly the student, or luxuriously inclined, gets out of bed, yet we are no enemies to the good things of this life, and are convinced there is as much danger to health in living too low, as in living too high: neither do we admire living by stated rules; but would have all men on every occasion deal with health, as with science, and all the affairs of life, exercising judgment and discretion. Our rule, if we were asked, would be, "mo-
deration in every thing; in eating, drinking, sleeping, exercise, study—allow a certain portion of time to each—mark well their boundaries; let not the one enter upon the estate and commit trespass against the other. Should there be an inclination to do so—let the penalty awarded, by reason, pay back what has been unlawfully taken; if you will possess overmuch to-day—pay back, even as quickly as to-morrow. Such a habit would bring all straight, quickly. The most fearful diseases, if this good rule has hitherto been unattended to, would gradually disappear—gout, rheumatism, palsy, liver, head-ache, confusion of intellect, irritability, madness, and the prize, by excess often lost, would, by moderation, be secured.

But whither are we wandering. We almost fear to be brought before the board of health for destroying trade. Chemists, doctors, physicians, all crying out against Curtis on health, or against our observations, as having done more mischief to trade than Peel’s tariff! Well, if some are injured, some are benefitted, and a train of evils disappearing from the land it will be an ample equivalent.

We are of Mr. Curtis’ opinion as to the great benefit that the country would experience by the removal of that disgrace to civilization, burying in churches and church-yards, now so overcrowded that the authorities of some parishes have been openly denounced for most revolting acts of brutal desecration. It was Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who first turned church burial to his profit; let, then, we would pray, the archbishop of the same see in 1843 have the honor of putting a stop to the disgraceful practice. What can be more indecent, as well as more injurious to morals, more averse from the character of a pure religion, more disgusting to every feeling mind, than turning up the dead after ever so short a period, to make room for others. What are you about, ye Bishops? What answer get ye to your printed forms, whether your church-yard as well as church are well and decently maintained? What say ye, clergymen? Where are your enlightened legislators who state that by the constitution you are empowered to make laws; you peers of the realm, by constitution wise, that you, from private motives, from blindness, or from the want of moral courage, let this foul stigma, this plague-spot, this pestilence, fasten itself upon the people as the stench of putridity assails their nostrils; and we will speak thus boldly, lest the efforts now ostensibly making in one House of Parliament should be nullified in part or wholly by any untoward influence.

Act firmly and fairly and you will insure your country’s gratitude in this as in every other measure, if not, the pressure from without on the part of the people may show, if not greater intelligence, at least a quicker perception of their own acquisitions. At the same time your legislative measures compel religion to be decent in all her offices, and avarice to give up for the public good a portion of her wealth. But how is this thought of by some of your own body? The famous, but happily defeated measure of Viscount Ingestre proposed to apportion, even before trial, some tens of thousands of thousands of pounds for an invention by his Lordship’s friend of a new explosive power to destroy shipping. Yes, the very same Viscount Ingestre, who, as a senator, would thus for a friend attack the public purse, when, from the nature of the discovery, every benefit ought to have been left to the consideration of the government. Has his Lordship, we say, ever in his place in Parliament thought either of private claim or public interests, in speaking one word for the arduous founder of the ex-urban cemetery system, whom and whose scheme he knew so well; but, on the contrary his Lordship, with others, leagued to rob, not only the founder of his scheme, but even of the fair fame which, in any other country but England, might have secured to him some public favour, by entrusting to his hands the carrying out of his single-handed effort, his benevolent purpose as conservator of the public health. His Lordship, however, thwarted, delayed, the grand project, which he declared he so much admired that he sits at the company’s board in testimony only of course of his continued approval of the measure. We would, however, earnestly hope that all others setting about the task are less shackled!

But shame that he who had been the first who labored at the oar for twenty years should be passed over, whilst mere juveniles in the project usurp an almost
prerogative of the founder to be allowed—shall we say—yea, rather be called upon to accomplish all that he intended, which was useful. Nor would it be to him only a stirring reward—this is the grand means by which we would stir up a patriotic administration to be useful, and not suffer this or any founder to lose his just reward; for what think our readers that we care about Mr. Carden, his Harrow-road Cemetery, or his scheme of ex-urban burial? The honour of that measure, whatever it may hereafter be, the toil, fatigue, expense of the design, the scoffing, the ridicule, were undoubtedly his—his alone, for years, with many a knave to deal with to boot, yet, say we firmly, that more has been done for the public health by this measure, concocted by the individual we have named, and by him, alone, in a few years, than by any measure which has for years been entertained by the legislature for any purpose touching the public health.

No act can be more injurious to loyalty, more destructive to patriotism, to every generous impulse, than the coldness of official neglect where yet the public voice speaks favourably. We feel persuaded that at this time there is a secret measure on foot to obtain the, if properly executed, most useful appointment of Conservator of the Public Health, and that this is in reality the reason why some are so backward in doing Mr. Carden justice, and others so forward in proclaiming their own merits and setting forth their own exertions: not to take too lofty a flight by the comparison—Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of his own lasting fame—the other we have in view, the founder of his wholly new, admired, and healthful project, which, too, will carry its name when the proud fabric of St. Paul's shall lie crumbling in the dust; the project of the latter become far more universal, for these cemeteries will establish themselves everywhere, whether with leave or without leave; animated by lofty sentiments of utility, he thought he could, and he said he would, and he did overcome all prejudice, even the very greatest to which the human heart would be likely to attach itself most closely. Trusting, then, that we observe a more just and generous spirit in the present acts of the combined legislature, we need hardly urge this subject further.

Individual selfishness in his Lordship's friend's case (?) was most properly frustrated, and if the spirit of honest frustration on the one hand, and unflinching justice on the other, be the rule of the present Houses, as the language of the chief would lead us to imagine, great, we doubt not, will be the number of those who will exert themselves for the general good. If otherwise, such damper would breed a cancerous hot-bed most injurious to loyalty, most destructive to patriotism. How unjust, how unchristian like, that unless wealth and power unite themselves in one's favor, the promoter of a good purpose should be without reward! That the very name of a founder shall, if possible, be buried in oblivion. We hear often of gratitude from the poor; ought there not to be justice among the rich? He that has benefitted his country, whether peasant or peer, ought to have the merit of his project! the prime minister his friend! the government his patron!! If not, to contend were the extreme of folly, and the planner of his own fortune sows wheat to reap only chaff and vexation of spirit; so that the worldly-wise (a very numerous class, leagued in with participating associates, relying upon none, because secretly conscious of their own strength), forgetful of all, help themselves in a manner which, disgraceful as it is foul, has of late been but too apparent in a great number of very notable instances.

Before taking leave of our author we recommend his book among many other reasons for encouraging travelling generally as a change, and highly conducive to health, and admire his recommendations for low fares, to enable the multitude to get a holiday often, whilst we conclude with shewing his opinion of the value of cemeteries as a sanitary measure.

"The salubritv of the metropolis would be increased if the practice of interring the dead within its boundaries were abandoned. For this reason, I rejoice to observe that the number of cemeteries round London is rapidly augmenting; and in a few years they will, I doubt not, entirely supersede vaults and churchyards,—a result highly desirable on many accounts. Of the moral benefits arising from the use of cemeteries, and the admission of the public into them, much might be said,—the advantages in regard to health must be obvious to
all. It is highly desirable that interments in towns should be prohibited by act of parliament; or, at all events, that no new burying-grounds should be set apart within their precincts, nor vaults constructed in any of the numerous new churches now in progress of erection. The Kensal Green, the North London, and the Norwood Cemeteries, are beautifully laid out—indeed, they are all admirable places.

- A dreadful account appeared in the public journals a short while ago, of the state of Aldgate churchyard, which, it seems, is so crowded with graves that not a single vacant spot is left, and hence graves are reopened before it is safe to do so: a few months ago a man, whilst engaged in this occupation, was deprived of life by the mephitic air arising from the graves. Many others of the London churchyards are in an equally shocking state.—Curtis.

† Precisely what we remember to have been published by Mr. Carden in the year 1824 which he stated might occur, before the public would consider the project in the light of a necessary sanitary measure.—Ed.

No account could be worse than the Parliamentary evidence of St. Clement’s churchyard.—Ed.

Cottage Economy. By Wm. Cobbett.

Anne Cobett.

Those who will now read the preface to this useful little help-mate for the cottager, dispassionately laying aside all prejudice, will, we think, be ready to declare that the author had really at heart at least the good of his fellow-creatures of the humbler sort, yet what state can be thriving for a long season where the interests of all are not held in equal reverence. We greatly admire his definition of economy, and concur that it is often found in the most liberal disposition, a disposition precisely the contrary of that of the miser; this he says is perfectly consistent with economy. The object of this work he declares to be to convey to the families of the labouring classes in particular, such information as may enable them to effect an economical management; and, truly, in this respect, he is a good domestic guide, barring the improvements of modern times by which many things are done in a far easier and more economical manner, though the directions are equally good now as at the time he wrote.

We are not called upon to deal with his political creed, which, in these times might not be unfavorably regarded even by the highest. Many of the changes he speaks of have taken place—we have re-

turned to a metallic currency, and private persons, with little taxation, can brew their own beer. But Cobbett, like many others and the wisest, too, has this notion conspicuous in his writings, as many M. P.'s have in their speeches ‘do as I say, and all will be right.’ Alas, his changes have been rung, their opinions and views followed, yet far at this time is the nation from not suffering. Extend the principles of free trade, says one party, free trade is the cause of all our misery says another—whilst all seem to forget that perfect happiness, the absence from sufferings and privations is not to be the lot of man, and we fear, as Cobbett too truly says, that there is more of actual wretchedness (mental of course we both mean) amongst those who want for nothing which wealth can give, than among the so-called multitude of poor, of that class gaining subsistence by the daily sweat of their brow. On that subject he very properly condemns as degrading, the epithet, poor, substituting more justly the term less wealthy than those who are richer; for we are all rich or poor by comparison, until we arrive at that class which is wholly destitute—destitute, we fear, as well of the goods of this world, as of that energetic spirit and uprightness of character, the real cause of their low, degraded, and forlorn situation.

How playfully does the author speak of the early initiation of youth into those domestic endearments which shall fill his soul with an early love for something give the boys their doves or pigeons, says he.

It is curious to see Mr. Cobbett’s condemnation of tea-drinking as an effeminate beverage:—it may be so, but living as so many thousands do in close, pent-up cities, malt liquor, assuredly, would not do, but see by the present statement how the monster is taken by the hand.

Tea.—The daily quantity consumed in the United Kingdom, is about 100,000 lb., and the annual consumption has reached 36,000,000 lb.; the sum annually paid by consumers is estimated at about £3,000,000, £1,502,000 of which pass to the revenue for duty, while the remainder goes to the importer and the wholesale and retail dealer.

We do admire his general instructions, whereby the man in humble life may make himself independent. Now-a-days men are so grand—they must have a
host of blue liveried varlets pacing before their doors to gaze at all the pretty things, and pretty folks too, as well as in couples to count the people going to church—one solitary beadle with his cocked, gold-laced hat and cane was at once the wonder and the dread of naughty little boys and girls. Now, there is a batoned army, for whose support the parish of Lambeth alone, a very poor but extensive parish, pays almost £10,000 annually! Not, however, to trench upon parochial matters, let us return to the cottage, where the author would have the inmates do all possible for themselves—Brew, Bake, &c. &c. How silly, he remarks, to be dependent upon the baker, the brewer, that without them, you can have nothing; but think, he says, of the gratification of independence—the goodness of the article you consume—the saving—add a trifle to the wages of your domestics out of the gain, and then it will be pleasant service for them to do the work. Such are the passages with which this practical manual abounds, which deserves no less consideration from the cottager than the peer on whose estate he dwells. Let any one try a country loaf, or bread made only of flour and balm, and he will ever long for such afterwards. Baker's bread of the morning, is delicious when hot, yet the same loaf is often sour before the close of the day. To overcome the adulteration, much alum is used, which, with potato to make it light, gives to the consumer no half the nourishment which it ought, besides clogging the stomach and laying the foundation of disease. How strange it is that we should so grudge ourselves a quality that is good, when the subject is as important to the mind as to the body. And touching malt liquor—we are inclined to think that the use of known-to-be-wholesome ginger beer is often preferable. Lighter on the stomach and of a stimulative character, the circulation of the blood is more general, and that stagnation which gives cold feet, cold hands, cold extremities, we are inclined to think would be often wholly prevented.


Here we have a poem of great length, containing passages of great beauty, and possessing touches of true poetic character. The Areopagite of itself is far too long to be introduced into our pages, but we have no doubt the perusal will afford satisfaction to persons possessing a poetic vein. We shall, therefore, content ourselves by introducing to our readers some of the authoress' minor poems. We think that, at a time when the right of search, a regular anti-slave question, is making such a noise in France, and when England, with native generosity, has taken from the national wealth so large a sum as twenty millions to set her own slaves free, that the following lines, "Why am I a slave!" must go deep—deep to our fair readers' hearts. The verses, "Why am I a slave?" were occasioned by an occurrence in the Isle of France, where we are informed one poor wretch died broken-hearted, constantly exclaiming, "Why am I a slave?"

**WHY AM I A SLAVE!**

"One poor wretch died here (Isle of France) broken hearted, constantly exclaiming, 'Why am I a slave!'"—

**Bennet and Tyrman's Voyage round the World.**

Why do I hear that cursed name?
Why, why am I a slave?
Why doomed to drag a wretched life
In sorrow to the grave?
Born 'mid the mountains solitudes,
And as the lion free,
Who had a right to bind these limbs
And make a slave of me?

I looked—there stood the white man's home,
'Mid pleasant founts and flowers,
'Mid waving woods and waters clear,
Green vines and rosy bowers;
It had an air of loveliness
That suited not despair—
I turned away, for well I knew
That happy hearts were there.

I knew that happy hearts were there,
For voices full of glee
Came on the air, and from their tone
I knew that they were free;
Unlike the low faint murmuring sound,
That marks the wretched slave,
Words wrung from misery's quivering lips,
That sound as from the grave.

I turned—there stood my lonely hut,
I call it not my home,
For no beloved face is there,
And no familiar form,
No voice to break its solitude,
And none to soothe the woe
Of him who was but born to sigh,
Whose tears must ever flow.
Why does the rose bestrew his path,  
And mine the pricking thorn? 
Why was the white man born to smile,  
And I to sigh and mourn? 
I know not, only this I know, 
Till in the silent grave 
There is no hope, no joy for me, 
I am a slave—a slave!

We, too, have asked ourselves the question, why man, who has committed no crime, should be torn by *monsters*, Christian-infidels and murderers, from the home of his childhood, from his country beloved. Why he should be separated from his wife, or forced to endure slavery with them, were even such his good fortune. We are glad Christian England speaks in a language not to be misunderstood by unthinking, worse than heathen, nations, though they profess, but do not practise Christianity. We are on this occasion proud of our country; we rejoice that she has set a religious example to all the nations of the earth—to Spain, to Portugal, to America—even to America—the boasted, the free, with her millions of slaves!—nay, to France herself. That there may be some bravado about the right of stealing human beings for gain, and in revenge murdering them for non-obedience to the hated application of the whip, alias slow death, and consequently, murder by torture, we consider highly probable; but, in the slave's cause, in defence of the rights of humanity, now so dearly interesting to all civilized states, let one or all together offer the least resistance; let them if they dare, in a cause so sacred, rouse the feeling and face the vengeance of the British lion, under our present able Conservative ministry and strong Conservative government—though we offer our hearty thanks to the late government for their ever memorable carrying the great question of emancipation—and we dare stake our credit, as we often have, that the settlement will not long be doubtful. Yes! professing Christian nations, it is useless! You may get yourselves into difficulty, but under Peel you will never get out of it. Yours, the cruel and unjust cause, the end will be your utter discomfiture.

We must not, however, forget our authoress at parting, whose poetry, well matched in quality with the contents of two small volumes by Mr. Milne, M.P., has delighted us exceedingly.

_Sonatas, Rondos, and Airs, for the Pianoforte, selected from the most celebrated composers, by R. Barnett. Coventry & Hollies._

A Sonata, by Dussek, Op. 24 arranged with considerable taste and judgment—the legato passages are expressive—the bravuras brilliant and spirited. A Rondo Pastorale, pleasing and judicious, concludes the number, which, as a specimen of Mr. Barnett's collection, is calculated to satisfy the critical professor, and improve the pupil.

_Rondo Piacevole, by W. S. Bennett_ cated to R. Barnett.

To the admirers of Mr. Bennett's music this piece should afford much gratification. It is light and graceful, and, though not difficult of execution, scientific, and some of the modulations are refined and skilful.

_Chefs D'Œuvre de Mozart, by Cipriani._

This 37th number comprises a Sonata, a Rondo Alla Polacca, and a Theme with variations. The Sonata is an elegant composition, sufficiently recommended when described as a fair specimen of the style of this far famed composer; the Rondo is a very pleasing Andante, and the variations present an agreeable interchange of the brilliant and adagio movements, well adapted for practice.

_Walker's Patent Silver Polished Needles._

We, editorially speaking, cannot give a practical opinion, our defence being the pen not the needle, but since the Patentee has requested our decision, we know not, that we can do better than let him, like other authors, speak for himself:—'By a process he says, 'known only to their inventor, a brilliant silver polish is affixed to his needles, which not only makes them almost impervious to rust, but enables them to work with unusual freedom, while their mechanical toughness renders them so little liable to break, that they would be more economical than the old steel needles, even at four times their price. Accompanying our 'present,' in handsome morocco, was Walker's Almanack, which in a very small compass comprises a great deal of useful and agreeable reading: the whole could be received by post for 2d, and would be a most agreeable Easter gift.
Papier Maché.

We have before us a specimen of the papier mâché of which the paper-tea trays are formed, brought by us from the very extensive manufactory of Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge, Halkin-street, Belgrave-square, London, and Birmingham, who are honored by the patronage of her most gracious Majesty the Queen. Ourspecimen is a Prince of Wales' feather, wherein the gold-work is admirably brought out with a jet-black-polish. It would be absurd to speak of this manufacture as a novelty, yet we may be allowed to give our attention to it as a variety in its many changes towards extreme perfection in an elegant and much esteemed manufacture, having been kindly permitted, for the gratification of our readers, to obtain a thorough explanation of the process. To return, however, to the specimen; its specific gravity is considerable for its bulk; in thickness it is about half an inch, and, regarding it from the broken off, or somehow severed base, the various folds of the paper (subsequently explained) give to the article the appearance of the grain in wood, and we are free to own that, unaware what it was, and—indeed until the process was explained—we were incredulous that it was not wood. Not certainly for the sake of deception to give it the character of wood, but for greater strength to prevent the article from pealing off, the folds of paper are placed, laterally, thus, combining, external beauty, great strength and solidity: we know by experience, that is—use—that there is no article with moderate care more durable, neither more economical, and certainly none capable of being more beautiful in shape, make, appearance and execution.

The various styles of painting used at this establishment are beyond number, embracing every thing beautiful and interesting, as well in imitation of the old school—including the works of China and Japan itself, in all that the modern decorative art of the brush can accomplish. However, say what we may, a visit, such as we have paid to Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge's establishment would, in a few hours, both highly gratify the beholder and furnish all the desired information of, in true words, their exquisite paper-gallery of Paintings.

The Process of Manufacturing the Paper Trays and Papier Maché.

The paper used in this process is in its texture similar to blotting paper, but of a grey color, and of firmer texture, and as well saturated with a paste specially prepared, which is composed of lime and glue in about equal proportions; it is then laid upon an iron, brass, or copper model, of the form of the intended article, only smaller in size to allow for the thickness of material of the specific article when finished—it is next subjected to a moderate heat of 90 to 100 degrees for 12 hours,—then smoothed carefully with a file, and the heating also continued as before—as well as the hardening and smoothing between every layer of the paper. The quantity of paper, or number of layers used, depending entirely upon the thickness required for the article under process of manufacture. The house, of whose extensive works we are speaking—that of Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge, have made the paper as thick as six inches. A tea tray of a quarter of an inch in thickness, takes about thirty sheets or ten layers—averaging three sheets to form each layer. When the blanks are taken off the model (which is done by cutting round the edges)—the several parts are carefully planed, filed, and trimmed, so as to be correct and level, according to what every eye must have noticed in superior fabrics. The whole next undergoes the process of stoving, as it is technically called: which is the varnishing and rubbing down to produce the smooth, hard and brilliant surface. Having proceeded thus far in forming and preparing the mere skeleton, or inner works, the whole is coated with a layer of shellac varnish mixed with black, and hardened twelve hours in 230 degrees of heat — the article is then scraped down level—next coated again with the shellac varnish only, and again hardened as before, and scraped down level with a smoother implement:—the day after, the varnishing is repeated, and in the night, the hardening, and so on during a period of from twelve to eighteen days; the time varying according to the purpose for which the article may be required, but the whole of the manufacture undergoes the process of hardening between each layer, and being rubbed down from time to time, with smoother mate-
rial, by that means the beautiful texture is produced, which must be admired by every one acquainted with the fabric—when just before the finish, it is manually polished with rottenstone and oil, but the brilliancy itself, which is so attractive in our bazaars and shops, and sets off the colors to such advantage cannot be produced otherwise than by the hand, the rottenstone being only used to prepare the surface for "handing.”

Burford’s Leicester Square Panorama of Edinburgh.

Among the few treats which our health has allowed us to enjoy during the rigor of the earlier part of the past month, was a visit to Mr. Robert Burford’s new Panorama. As a whole we like it exceedingly; though we wished the elder branch of the old town would have kept a little more of its smoke to itself—so anxious were we to peep into every nook and cranny after old acquaintances. Elevated nearly as high as the base of the National monument on the Calton Hill, whose pillars cost each, they say 1000 l., the eye wanders at ease, down to the Frith of Forth, and crossing the blue waters gains a peep of the irregular surface and distant mountains of the opposite shore. Princes-street is one other amongst the attractions of the panorama, and, indeed, it was difficult for us not to be pleased, for independently of our own recollections of this city of the land of cakes—the execution of the whole, artistically considered, does the artist very great credit, and is fully worthy the particular occasion for which, and time when, Mr. Burford took the same—viz., on the arrival of Her Most Gracious Majesty to Edinburgh on the 1st September, 1842.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND MR. GEORGE HERWEIGH.

As a reminiscence that such a correspondence has taken place between King and subject, we publish the following, very indiscreeet letter, and much as we like the press to be free, free we mean to exert itself for the public good, yet must we say that under the Editorship of so imprudent a subject, as by his self avowal he has shewn himself to be, we hardly think that his premature condemnation really inflicted upon him a punishment which he would not have ultimately brought upon himself. Our readers will remember a tale by M. Alex. Dumas, translated in this Magazine, which we have often quoted—where a poet who wrote pasquinades against the state had his hand cut off—then, on repetition, his tongue cut out, and ultimately went raving mad—having—as in our solitary prison system—no vent for his thoughts. There was in that character, though his fall was greatly to be mourned, as much of rashness, as little of prudence; and, really, a king must not be thus personally interfered with—though a king, yet his government must be carried on by the instrumentality of others and we have much reason to believe that His Majesty and his Royal Consort have deeply at heart the best interests of the nation at large. Would that the affair had never happened!

"Konigsberg, Dec. 1842.

"Your Majesty,—We will be honorable enemies," were the words which Prussia’s Monarch lately addressed to me, and these words give me a right, may, impose on me the duty, with the same openness and sincerity with which I expressed my confidence in your Majesty, now to lay my complaint, my bitter complaint, before your throne, without affecting a devotion which I know not, or feelings which I do not, and never shall experience. "We will be honorable enemies;"—and, on the same day on which your Majesty graciously uttered these words, your Ministers were pleased to prohibit the circulation of a journal which I am about to edite, of which not one syllable has yet appeared under my redaction, and the circulation of which was permitted two months ago, before I undertook the editorship—to prohibit it solely on account of my name. That this name can sound so ill in the ears of your Majesty, I cannot, will not believe, after the expressions you used to me a few days ago. Your Majesty is doubtless unformed of this transaction; and the aim of this letter is to make you acquainted with this simple fact, in order that your Majesty may further decide what is right. I do not ask for the revocation of the prohibition, for I know that my limited comprehension of the duties and advantages of subservience, my consciousness of a new era, must be forever at variance with the antiquated views and governmental routine of most German Ministers, whose right of opposition I should readily admit, would they but generally take notice of what is passing around them; passing in the depths of human nature, instead
of fighting with a little froth and wind that play upon its surface. If these Ministers were capable of discovering the elements of a new religion, and not merely of scenting out petulance, mischiefousness and licentiousness;—in short, if these Ministers, over and above the accident of their birth, and of their often valuable administrative and political talents, also possessed the talent and the good will to enter into an honorable contest with their enemies, instead of first superciliously ignoring them, and, then, without knowing them, treaing them with reckless harshness, and thus deceiving prince and people, while they talk of tranquillizing the public mind, which, in fact and practice, is not effected, and which never can be effected by external compulsory means;—

"But there are men who are not to be frightened (and I count myself among them)—men who will cry out their souls till right and justice be done in the world, with so much the greater confidence as even the enemies of progress no longer possess the courage to use violence, because they see how dangerous are martyrs, and how, for one man whom they succeed in crushing, twenty spring, full armed, out of the earth.

"For I do not recantation of the prohibition, however painful it is to see the child of one's muse threatened in its mother's womb—to live as an individual, in eternal collision with a whole principle of state. I do not ask for a recall of the prohibition, for I am no author by profession, and seek to obtain no material advantages from that which I say, because I must say it. But even the material prosperity and the circulation of a journal are not put an end to by a prohibition. Prohibited books fly through the air, and what the people desires to read it they do read, in spite of all prohibitions. Your Majesty prohibited my poems a year and a quarter ago, and I am at this moment so fortunate as to be correcting the fifth edition. Your Majesty's Ministers have ordered their confiscation as dangerous books, and I have convinced myself through my whole journey that these books are in everybody's hands. I do not ask for the recall of the prohibition, for I can ask nothing in a country which I intend to quit. I am by the necessity of my nature a Republican, and at this moment citizen of a Republic. I can no longer, without wantonly condemning myself to everlasting hypocrisy, live in States where even the censorship has ceased to be a truth, as is sufficiently proved by the confiscation of books which had already passed through the Censor's hands. But my heart was oppressed by the necessity of addressing to your Majesty these last, honest, though perhaps vain, words, live in States where the words of thousands; they are uttered in the

full and sacred zeal and confidence of my soul to your Majesty, and your Majesty will estimate and respect them accordingly. With the profoundest respect, your Majesty's most devoted,

"George Herwegh."

"Loss of the brig, Liverpool, and navigation of the Yang-tse-kiang."—"I left Amoy, August 28, 1842," says Captain Ord, of the brig Liverpool, on the 21st of May, for Chusan, and after a very severe dead beat along a coast and through channels very little known, and almost without charts, with the exception of a rough sketch, I at length arrived safely at the latter place on the 11th of June. I completed loading on the 8th of July, and proceeded to join the convoy lying in the outer harbour. Here many misfortunes commenced. Among the Chusan islands the navigation is the most intricate of any part of the globe, the currents, running with fearful rapidity and in whirlpools, and rendering ships totally unmanageable, an account of which and the accidents that have happened would be too lengthy for this letter. On the evening of the 8th I was obliged to anchor with 28 fathoms, in a dangerous part, to avoid being driven by the currents on the rocks, where the ship and cargo would have been totally lost. At 10 p. m. the best bower parted, and we came too again with the small bower close on the rocks. The windlass having carried away, we rode by the mainmast. This damage was all done by the rush of the tide, there being but little wind. I fired signals of distress, which were promptly answered by Her Majesty's ship Thalia, and by several transport ships sent about 70 hands. At 4 a.m. on the 9th, when the tide ceased, we succeeded in getting the small bower, but not until heaving off one of the arms which had hooked a rock. After losing another stream anchor and hawser, we got into safe anchorage by 6 a.m. We proceeded with the convoy on the 10th, and after a quick and fine passage, arrived at Woosung in this river on the 14th of July, where we remained quiet until the 4th of this present month, when we received orders from the senior naval officer at Woosung to proceed to Nankin in company with the Baretta, jun., and the Sir Robert Peel, under convoy of Her Majesty's ship, Harlequin, and reached this point of the river on the 6th instant. It is about 50 miles above Woosung, and about 100 from Nankin. It is the most dangerous part of the river, with rapid tides and shifting banks, so that the channel is very uncertain. The width of the river at this point, from shore to shore, is about 20 miles.

Steering after Her Majesty's ship Harlequin, we observed her suddenly ground; the
Liverpool's anchor was immediately let go, and in turning round she grounded also. The two other transports, being a little more eastern, dropped their anchors also, and avoided the bank, which is not correctly laid down on the chart. We had immediate assistance from the transports, and when the ship was once again swinging to the stream the capstan gave way, and the bare end of the hawser being fast, slipped, and the ship was then immediately forced on the bank again, and all efforts to get her off failed. In the meantime, Her Majesty's ship Harlequin had got off. On the 8th, the wind blowing strong with a swell, the vessel strained a good deal, and became leaky. On the 10th we commenced discharging the cargo into the junks on the ebb, and throwing overboard on the flood, as they could not then lay alongside. We toiled incessantly day and night with every possible assistance; but on the 11th I was convinced the ship would become a wreck, there being six feet of water in the hold, and both pumps constantly going. I then, with the assistance of a number of men from Her Majesty's ship Harlequin, commenced saving and putting on board the junks every valuable article on board, which was done. At this period the ship had broken her back. On the 18th I abandoned the wreck of the Liverpool, nearly buried in the mud, and divided the crew on board the two junks.

On September the 11th, we had reached within seven miles of Chin-kiang-foo (the last place taken by the English), 42 miles from Nankin. Peace is now concluded, and the fleet leaves on the 12th inst. The whole of this fleet, consisting of seven sail, have been on shore some three or four times, so intricate is the navigation of this river.

The Rover Steamer.—On the evening of Friday, Feb. 3d, while on her passage from Glasgow to Slieo, saw a brig with her sails shivered to ribs, apparently deeply laden, go down within a few miles of Maline Head, on Donegal Island, and all on board perished with her. Although the steamer was within a short distance from the ill-fated ship, the hurricane, that was then blowing with a tremendous sea, prevented a boat being launched to render assistance to the unfortunate sufferers, many of whom were to be seen swimming towards the Rover, but they soon became exhausted, and sank to rise no more. The vessel, the Salus, of Greenock, had a cargo of coals and hardware. Besides the crew, who consisted of eight persons, there were four passengers on board. There is no doubt that they were all drowned. The vessel, loss, and cargo, are estimated at £600.

The Betsey, of Lynn, a schooner, was totally wrecked on the 3d Feb., on the rocks between Mable and Shedleton, with the whole of the crew and the master, Mr. Part-ridge. The catastrophe took place during a heavy fall of snow, and nothing was known of the wreck until the following morning, when the beach was found situated with the remains of the vessel.

The Mary and Isabella, of Wick, struck upon a ridge of rocks, on the 9th Feb., near Fern Island, within a mile of the shore. The mate and two seamen saved themselves by swimming to the beach, but the commander and remainder of the crew, with two female passengers, went down with the vessel, which soon broke in two, and slipped off the rocks into deep water. She was laden with a general cargo. The vessel was valued at £600.

The Chatty, of Newcastle, was totally lost in the Humber, on the evening of Feb. 8th. The information is detailed in a letter written by Lieutenant Hood, chief officer in the coast-guard service at the station at Sandness, who states that the vessel was seen running for the beach with signals of distress flying at her mast-head, but when within a few yards of the breakers she hauled off and ran towards the Humber, and was soon lost sight of. On the following morning a great quantity of the wreck came ashore, with the name of the vessel branded upon it, and a seaman's chest, which was found to contain the vessel's register and other papers. There is no doubt but that all on board, consisting of twelve individuals, met with a watery grave.

The Native of Limerick sloop, from London, foundered about 12 miles E.N.E. of Dorleston-head, near Poole, on Feb. 8th. The master and crew were saved by a fishing-boat which happened to be within a short distance when the vessel went down.

The ship Porter, from Sydney for Manilla, was lost in the Palawan Passage—crew saved; and the Delphax, Captain Gooley, from Exeter, lost near St. Malo. The loss of the latter vessel is reported to exceed £20,000.

Goodwin Sands—Safety Beacon.—The shaft or mast (40 feet in height and 12 in diameter) is sunk into the sand, through a strong frame of oak, in the form of a cross, firmly secured by four long bars of iron, and laden with several tons of ballast, chalk, &c. The mast is also sustained by eight shrouds, in pairs, and attached to iron piles, 17 feet long, which are driven close down into the sand, backed by mushroom anchors, to prevent their coming home or towards the mast. On the shaft is fitted an octagon gallery, capable of holding thirty or forty persons, and never less than 16 feet above high water mark. Beneath this gallery is a temporary safety for twenty persons more. The mast is fitted with a light topmast, on which a blue flag (always at hand) can be hoisted as a signal when aid is required from the shore, but which is kept struck, or down, to give the whole the appearance of a wreck—thus answering the double purpose of a beacon.
of warning and a place of refuge. Directions how to proceed, to those persons who may fortunately succeed in reaching the safety beacon, are given in eight different languages; and bread and water, with a small supply of spirits, are always left upon the beacon, properly protected from the weather. To the beacon is also appended a chain ladder of easy ascent, as well as cleets to the mast, and a large basket-chair is kept in readiness, with stores and blocks, to aid and secure the exhausted.

DOVER ANTIQUITIES.—The Dover Telegraph mentions, that as some men were lately digging in a field at Water's-end, near Dover, they discovered at a depth under the surface at least twenty human skeletons, arranged in regular order, with their feet towards the west. This singular position of the remains seem to indicate that they were placed there by Pagan hands, either before the introduction of Christianity, or at some period when it was banished from the country, or the island invaded by Pagan foes. Some of the individuals appear to have been of immense stature; and two of them were distinguished from the rest by a spear placed by the side, and a pyramidal device formed of chalk deposited at the head.

A BEAR STORY.—Galligani publishes a letter from Jakoutak (Siberia), of November 28, in the Gazette de Hanau, containing the following strange account:—"The colony of Wesmaä-Laba has just been the theatre of a sad event. Three colonists, Sananief, Dmyreff, and Bialohorsky, were out hunting in the forest of Laba when they got possession of two little bear-cubs, which they took home. Three days had elapsed, and the rough strangers had already begun to get familiarised with their hosts, when, on the night of the fourth day, dreadful howlings were heard in the village. The colonists, more curious than alarmed, went out to see what was the matter, but their surprise was extreme when they beheld the cottage which contained the cubs surrounded by bears, standing on their hind legs, howling dreadfully. The colonists ran for their fire-arms and hatchets, and a fierce combat arose. The bears rushed on the men, and, though several were killed by the first discharge, they furiously continued their attack, and could only be routed when a cabin was set on fire. The flames frightened them, and they at last retired. Eight large bears remained lifeless on the ground; five men were killed and thirty wounded, some of them grievously."

PORTUGAL, HER AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES.—It should never be forgotten, that Portugal is peopled far below her capacity sustain a happy and thriving society. The most trustworthy estimation of her actual population is 5,000,000, which gives (including towns and cities) but 113 souls to the square mile. True that Spain, with a population of 15,000,000, has but 90 souls to the square mile, but the burning plough-share of civil war has left traces in the soil of the neighbouring kingdom a hundred-fold more shocking than there; and the people, more than the mischances of their dynasty, are there to blame for their manifold deficiencies. Portugal, in territorial extent about the size of Ireland, might well give support to twice her present numbers; which would still leave her millions short of the overcrowded Irish population. Were a proper system of irrigation introduced, reservoirs for the torrents of water which fall in the rainy season constructed in Alentejo and Algarve, Artesian wells sunk at intervals throughout the unwatered districts, the splendid product of the brilliant climate and its sol erudir might be readily multiplied fourfold, Donna Maria reign over her seven, instead of half that number of millions, and the entire world gladdened with her natural wealth. But all these blessings, for which Heaven designed her, have been frustrated by the blowing of a five years' bubble, which sooner or later must burst and disappear; and diverted into a ridiculous manufacturing competition with the richest and most powerful nation of the earth—a competition which presents but the name of local manufacture—which shortens the country's exports of wine, oil, and fruit, by every shining worth of British manufactured produce excluded by prohibitory duties, and suffers hundreds of the people of Maderia to whiten yearly with their bones the pestilent fens of Demerara, and thousands of the peasantry from the north of Portugal to be kidnapped and seduced to the torrid campos of Brazil—expatriated, in the miserable hope to ameliorate a miserable condition, from the fairest tracts of the habitable globe, because Portugal chooses to be a bad manufacturing, instead of an active agricultural, nation.

THE LATE BARONESS DE FEUCHÈRES ALIAS DAWES.—Administration has been granted of the effects of the late Sophy Dawes, Baroness de Feuchères, to her immediate relations in England. The suit had been in the first instance opposed by the Queen's Proctor, and by the Baron de Feuchères, her husband, from whom she had been divorced by the law of France. Both had, however, withdrawn from the suit.

The remarkable history of the deceased lady, made known to the world by the proceedings in the civil tribunals of France, will be found in a former number.

Dr. Adams was about to open the case, when

Sir H. Jenner Fust said he had read the allegation, and did not see any necessity for troubling the learned counsel to enter into the details of the case. The deceased was a domiciled subject of France, and had been divorced from her husband, who, by the law of France, had therefore no control over her
property. Of the fact of her being a domiciled French subject, there could be no doubt; there could be as little doubt of the title of the parties before the Court. It was quite clear that Richard Daw and Jane Callaway were married in the Isle of Wight in 1775, and had had several children, of whom the deceased was one, though there was no baptismal register of her birth. The fact that they had a daughter named Sophia was, however, proved by an extract from the books of the House of Industry, into which she was introduced at the age of six years, and where she continued some time. Her identity was proved by the fact, amongst others, that she placed her mother in the Carmelite convent at Paris. Indeed, the only difficulty in the case had been created by the deceased herself, in representing her name to be Dawes, and herself to be a widow, when she married the Baron de Feuchères. She was evidently a person of very extraordinary talents, and her history was a romance of real life, more extraordinary than any he (the learned Judge) had ever read. She became acquainted with the Duke of Bourbon, from whom she obtained the large property which had now to be distributed. The facts and documents were so strong and clear, that he had no doubt that the parties were the legitimate brother and sister of the late Baroness de Feuchères; and though she had gone by the name of Dawes, there had been no family in the Isle of Wight of that name. He had no hesitation in presuming that the proctor for the brother and sister had proved their allegation, and that they were entitled to administration of her effects, she being a French subject legally divorced from her husband. It was to be said in favor of the deceased lady that she never deserted her family, whom it was her great object to aggrandize, which will give to the family of the deceased all the property in England and France, amounting to about £200,000, except some property assigned to the Baron by the marriage settlement.

In concluding this account it must not be forgotten, that the husband of the late Baroness de Feuchères refused to touch or possess himself of the large property devolving to him on her death, and disposed of it in donations, with various benevolent objects. The Moniteur lately published a Royal Ordinance, "authorising the Minister of War to accept the donation of 100,000f. made by General Baron de Feuchères to the army." This sum is to be vested in the Five per Cent., and the interest accruing therefrom to be divided into sixteen equal lots or prizes, and given, by way of encouragement, to such of the sons of officers and soldiers as should be deemed by the councils of administration of the different corps most deserving of that recompense.

ZURBANO.—This man is popular in the mountains of Catalonia.—"Don Martin," as he is called, is not found to be the demon they expected to behold. The free and easy, off-hand, brusque, and simple habits of the man have won the affections—yes, even the affections of the mountaineers. They had ever been accustomed to see their Generals and their Viceroy decked out in all the gorgeousness of military pomp; distant, reserved, and haughty in manner, at least so thought the peasants, and generally followed close at heels by staff-officers and aides-de-camp, more gaudy still than their superior. To their astonishment and pleasure they now see a little, thin, dark-complexioned man, dressed in trousers and sheep-skin jacket, shoes, or sandals, a round hat, or a Catala bonnet, his shirt collar open, and not to be distinguished from the field labourer, except that the crimson and gold-embroidered faja of the Mariscal de Campo now and then peeps out from beneath the Catalan manta which is thrown, Catalan fashion, over his left shoulder. His unsententious and frugal manner of living is much in his favour. He walks about the streets of Gerona, eating a piece of bread and cheese, and offering a piece to any one (no matter whom) he may chance to meet.

Martin Zurbano never wore anything but a jacket in his life. His wife, who, wished him to appear as a Mariscal de Campo, in a frock-coat, unknown to him, ordered a nastre to make one. When brought home, Martin was engaged on matters of high importance with the authorities of Gerona, and with his own hands and snip's own shears, cut the tails off the coat, and converted it into a very odd-looking vest, which in cold weather he wears under his zumauad.

He has been heard to declare that he never ordered a single man to be put to death whose sentence was not previously weighed, judged, and approved of, by the Auditor de Guerra, the Deputy Judge Advocate.

Another cause of the favour with which he is regarded by the mountaineers of Catalonia who are not smugglers or robbers, is his manner of accosting or receiving those who have anything to say or do with him, or who visit him. He receives all with a rough, jovial, patriarchal sort of frankness, which is so pleasing to the Catalan; and, still more, there is no difference in his manner towards any one. Peasant, mechanic, noble, general, officer, private soldier, mazo de escuadron, man, woman, and child, no matter of what degree, rank, or calling, are accosted and received by Don Martin with the same frank and open manner.

NELSON'S OPAQUE GELATINE.—Of this article we have had trial made, and it is pronounced to be double in power to isinglass. The purchaser must therefore calculate the respective cost.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.
Arbuthnot, the Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Bishopseness, near Windsor, Feb. 1.
Argles, wife of the Rev. Marsham, Chancellor of Peterborough, of a son; at Cranford, Northamptonshire, Feb. 10.
Armstrong, wife of William Jones, esq., of Kippure-park, county of Wicklow, of a son and heir; at Hull-house, Kent, the residence of her mother, Lady M'Creeagh, Jan. 28.
Astley, lady of Sir F., bart., of a son; at Warrington, Feb. 4.
Bastard, the lady of John P., esq., Royal Horse Guards, of a son; at Eaton-place, Feb. 12.
Bevan, Lady Agneta, of a daughter; in Upper Harley-street, Feb. 4.
Boyle, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; at Brighton, Feb. 6.
Brown, lady of William, esq., of a son; at Wimborne, Feb. 1.
Clifton, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; in Eaton-place, Feb. 8.
Colville, wife of the Rev. Aggill, of a son and daughter; at the Rectory, Livermere, Feb. 4.
Dowdeswell, lady of John C., esq., of a son; in Tilney-street, Park-lane, Feb. 8.
Douglas, the lady of the Rev. Alexander, of a son; in Upper Harley-street, Feb. 4.
Dugmore, the lady of William, esq., barrister-at-law, of twins, a son and daughter; at Craven-hill-lodge, Bayswater, Feb. 6.
Goolden, the wife of W. H. Goolden, M. D., of a son; at John-street, Adelphi, Feb. 8.
Hance, the wife of Charles, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Alexander-square, Brompton, Feb. 12.
Hepburn, Lady Buchan, of a daughter; at Shabden-park, Surrey, Feb. 7.
Jackson, the wife of George, esq., of a son; at Hennerton-house, Wargrave, Berks, Feb. 10.
Kennard, Mrs. Stephen, of a son; at Clapham New-park, Surrey, Feb. 15.
King, Mrs. John, of a daughter; at Portland-terrace, Regent's-park, Jan. 6.
Mayoress, the Lady, of a son, Feb. 12.
Mophry, the lady of Francis, esq., of a son; at Montagu-place, Russell-square, Feb. 11.
Robinson, the lady of Augustus, esq., Eaton-place, of a son, Feb. 16.
Rooper, the lady of George, esq., of a daughter; at Sussex-place, Regent's-park, Feb. 9.
Ryder, the wife of the Hon. Frederick Dudley, of a son; at Tickford-house, near Hitchin, Feb. 10.
Simeon, the lady of Capt. H. M's 4th Regt., of a daughter; at Woolley-green, Hants, Feb. 9.
Smith, the lady of Abel, esq., M. P., of a daughter; in Berkeley-square, Feb. 12.
Stuart, the lady of William, esq., of a son; at Cowes, Isle of Wight, Jan. 30.
Tatum, the lady of Thomas, esq., of a daughter; at George-street, Hanover-square, Feb. 13.
Usborne, Mrs. Major, of Upper Bedford-place, of a son, Feb. 1.
Wigram, the lady of Money, esq., of a son; at Wood-house, Wanstead, Feb. 16.
Woodcock, the lady of William Henry, esq., Bengal Civil Service, of a daughter; at Nice, Jan. 31.
Wright, the lady of John, esq., of a daughter; at the Pieta, Malta, Jan. 26.
Wynne, Lady Anne, of a son and heir; at Haslemwood, Sligo, Feb. 8.
Yardley, the lady of Edward, esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Serjeant's-inn, Feb. 4.

MARRIAGES.
Bell, Margaret, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Bell, late of the 48th Regt., to Capt. J. Webber Smith, eldest son of Major-General Webber Smith, R. A.; at Limerick, Feb. 6.
Bradley, Anne Burton, only daughter of the late Henry Bradley, esq., to Joseph J. A. Brown, esq., M. D., Oxon; at Daventry, Feb. 17.
Clementson, Mary Anna, daughter of Frederick Penby Clementson, esq., Madras Civil Service, to Robert Hall, esq., of Merton-ball, Tipperary, Feb. 10.
Conolly, Georgina Frances, daughter of the late P. Conolly, esq., to William Sugden, esq., of Ryde, Isle of Wight; at St. James's, Piccadilly, Feb. 17.
Cumberlege, Harriet Maria, youngest dau. of the late Capt. John Cumberlege, to John Mordaunt, esq., late 17th Lancers; at Heath, Bedfordshire, by the Rev. S. F. Cumberlege, Feb. 9.
Dacre, Cecilia, of Baker-street, Portman-square, to Lovat Ashie, esq., youngest son of Captain Henry Ashie, of Balleklet, county Clare, Feb. 4.
Deaths


Menzies, Amelia, daughter of the late J. S. Menzies, esq., of Foss, to David Campbell, esq., late of the 91st Regt.; at Fortingal, Feb. 6.


Ottley, Matilda Elwin, 4th daughter of the Hon. George W. Ottley, of Parry’s, Antigua, to George Peeton Fletcher Boughley, esq., Capt. to 59th Regt., 3d son of the late Sir J. F. Boughley, bart., and brother of the present Sir T. F. Fen ton Boughley, bart., of Aqualate-hall; at St., Peter’s, Antigua, Dec. 16.

Palmer, Frances, youngest daughter of Philip Palmer, esq., of Cippenham-house, Burnham, Bucks, to James Bedingfield Bryan, M. D., of Slough; at St. James’ Piccadilly, Feb. 22.

Pope, Louisa, daughter of the late Andrew Pope, esq., of Gotham, near Bristol, to Thomas G. Bunt, esq.; at Brunswick Chapel, Bristol, by the Rev. T. Haynes, Feb. 11.


Roebuck, Susan Hussey, youngest daughter of the late H. D. Roebuck, esq., of Dawlish, formerly of Ingress-park, Kent, to John George Hacket, esq., Moort-hall, Warwickshire; at St. David’s Church, Exeter, Feb. 5.

Robinson, Anne, elder daughter of the late G. Robinson, esq.; of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, to William Henry Coote, esq., of Austinfriars, solicitor; at Plumstead Church, Kent, Feb. 9.


Seaward, Esther, sister of John Seaward, esq., of the Canal Iron-works, Limehouse, to J. Joseph Brunet, esq., of St. Omer; at St. Anne’s Church, Limehouse, by the Rev. W. Rawlings, and previously at the Catholic Chapel, Chelsea, Feb. 18.
Seymour, Ellen, 4th and youngest daughter of the late Major General Seymour, Governor of St. Lucia, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 13th Hussars, to John Gamble Horne, esq.; at St. George’s Church, Kingston, Upper Canada, by the Ven. Archdeacon, Nov. 16, 1842.


Thorpehill, Elizabeth, 2d daughter of Mr. E. Thorpehill, of Stepney-green, to Mr. James West, of Pangbourne, Berks; at St. Dunstan’s, Stepney, Feb. 16.

Treadwell, Margaret Ann, 2d daughter of J. Alexander Thwaites, esq., of Knowle-lodge, Hampstead, to T. Boyce, esq.; at the Cathedral, Bombay, Dec. 3.

Trigg, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Trigg, esq., of Quebec, and widow of the late J. M. Perkins, esq., of Nicolet, to J. Maharg, esq., M.D., surgeon of H. M.’s 70th Regiment; at Nicolet, Lower Canada, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, Jan. 6.


Vertue, Anna, eldest daughter of Stephen Vertue, esq., of Queen-square, to Charles Archer Brooke, esq., youngest son of the late Major Brooke, esq., 3d Dragoon Guards, of Littlethorpe, near Ripon; at St. Margaret’s, Westminster, Feb. 9.


Wright, Harriet Septimia, daughter of Ichabod Wright, esq., of Mapperley, county of Nottingham, to George Le Blanc, of Lincoln’s-inn, barrister-at-law; at Basford, Nottingham, by the Rev. J. A. Wright, rector of Eckham, Kent, Feb. 12.

DEATHS.

Aldahie, Anne, widow of Benjamin, esq., late of Park-place, Regents-park; at Seven Oaks, aged 74, Feb. 15.

Anstie, Elizabeth Esther, wife of Mr. Alfred, and daughter of the late Joseph Smith, esq., barrister, Bristol; at Lansdown-place, Hackney, aged 53, Feb. 20.

Asher, Lieutenant-General, St. George, upwards of 42 years in India, and senior officer in the Bengal army; at Albany-street, Regent’s park, aged 86, Feb. 8.

Atkinson, John, esq., many years a member of the Court of Common Council and Deputy of the ward of Cripplegate Without; in New Basilica-street, aged 57, Feb. 18.

Bais, Sarah, wife of Mr. W. Arnold, Elmgrove, Peckham, aged 32, Jan. 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Barth, Mr. Jesse Curling, Chester-row, Kennington, aged 21, Feb. 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bathe, Anthony, son of Mr. Anthony Bathe, York-place, Walworth-road, aged 3, Feb. 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bentham, Mrs.; at her residence, 75, Baker-street, aged 73, Feb. 9.

Bird, Penelope, wife of the Rev. William, of Church Eaton, Staffordshire, greatly regretted, aged 70, Jan. 31.

Birkett, Emma Brock, wife of Daniel, jun., late of Bordeaux; at Guernsey, aged 38, Feb. 12.

Blake, William Jex, of Swanton Abbotts, for many years a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for the county of Norfolk, aged 85, Feb. 12.

Bridge, Charles Berners, eldest son of Capt. Bridge, of Harwich; at Hull, aged 41, Feb. 17.

Campbell, William John, son of Mr. William Campbell, New-street, Kennington, aged 3, Jan. 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cawthorn, John, youngest son of the late G. Cawthorn, esq., of Rotherhithe; at Cadiz, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, aged 24, Jan 18. He was a young man of great promise in his profession, beloved by all who knew him.

Clements, Mrs. Mary Cos, Cowley-place Cowley-road, Brixton, aged 38, Jan. 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Clements, Mary, daughter of the above, aged 4 yrs. 6 mths., Jan. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Colman, Mary, widow of the late G. Colman, esq., of Hugnaby Priory, Lincolnshire; at Southport, Feb. 1.

Cotter, Peter, esq.; at Belle Plaine, Island of St. Lucia, aged 27, Dec. 2.

Cox, Roger, esq.; at Spondon-hall, county of Derby, aged 69, Feb. 9.

Cox, Jane Wright, wife of the Rev. J. E., perpetual curate of St. Mary’s Church, Southtown, Great Yarmouth, and only daughter of the late James Bell, esq.; of Trowse, near Norwich, Jan. 30.
Cox, William Henry Guy, son of James Cox, esq., Grove-hill-terrace, Cumberwell-grove, aged 18, Jan. 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Croy, Margaret Frances, 8th daughter of the late James Croft, esq., of Greenham-lodge, Berks; at Chichester, Feb. 11.

Dale, Anne, sister of the Rev. T. Dale, vicar of St. Bride’s; at the house of her brother, New Bridge-street, Feb. 10.

Dallas, Janet Cockburn, wife of Brigadier-General Charles, late Governor of St. Helena, aged 76, Feb. 9.

Dickinson, James Esten, Capt. 86th Regt., most deservedly lamented; at Brompton-barracks, Chatham, aged 44, Feb. 11.

Dickson, George Cochrane, esq., Capt. 84th Regt., from injuries received by a fall from his horse, four days after his arrival from England, deeply regretted by all who knew him; at Moulmein, Nov. 17, 1842.

Dobson, Mr. Edward, of Worcester; at Hastings, aged 26, Feb. 14.

Dodsworth, Mrs.; at her residence, Northbank, Regent’s-park, aged 66, Feb. 17.

Doorman, George Alexander, esq.; in Euston-square, aged 53, Jan. 22.

Doracrey, Robert Morow, Capt. 40th Regt.; at Ramapo, Feb. 11.

Draper, John Gray, esq., of Crewkerne, Somersetshire; at Paris, Feb. 11.

Ellis, G. A., purser, R.N., younger brother of Capt. Ellis, R.N., Great Yarmouth, and of Lieut-Col. Ellis, C.B., Royal Marines, greatly respected for his worth and talents by all who knew him, and after many years suffering from a severe wound received in action with a fortilla of French gunboats off Dunkirk, Feb. 1.

Ettridge, Grace, the beloved wife of George, esq., of Carshalton, Surrey, Feb. 1.

Fairburne, Ann Eliza, daughter of Mr. Fairburne, Russell-street, Lambeth, aged 6, Jan. 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Frederick, Lieut-Col. Edward Boscowen; at his residence Berkeley square, aged 80, Feb. 5.

Fripp, Mary Ann, wife of the Rev. Samuel, and daughter of the late N. Pocock, esq., of Great George-street, Westminster; at Bristol, aged 55, Feb. 11.

Garratt, Frances Foster, wife of John, after a long and painful illness; at Bishop’s-court, Devon, aged 47, Feb. 2.

Goldsmith, Alexander, esq., of Tavistock-place, after a lengthened illness, aged 63, Feb. 4.


Greenly, Elizabeth, relict of the late William Greenly, of Tiley-court, and of the Whitehouse, Mompomthshire, and mother of Lady Coifin Greenly; at Tiley-court, Herefordshire, aged 92, Feb. 8.

Hewittson, Mr. William, Albany-road, Cumberwell, aged 65, Feb. 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hercz, Charles, esq., of the Inner Temple, at his house, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton, aged 60, Feb. 10.

Hodgson, Christopher Charles, ensign 1st Grenadier Regt. B.N.I., son of Major-General Hodgson, Bombay Artillery; at Kurraheche, Seinde, of typhus fever, aged 21, Nov. 26, 1842.

Hodges, Rebecca, wife of T. L. Hodges, esq., of Hemsted, Kent, aged 64, Feb. 2.

Hough, Frances Mary, 3d daughter of the Rev. George Hough, senior colonial chaplain, Cape Town, drowned by the wreck of the Conqueror near Boulogne, Jan. 14, aged 17.

Howes, Agnes Maria, wife of Edward, of Lincoln’s-inn, esq.; in York-street, Portman-square, Feb.

Hummell, Francis Marcus, 7th son of the late James P. Hummell, esq., Conduit-street; at Malta, aged 21, Jan. 28.

Humphrey, Miss Patience, after a protracted illness of nine months, which she bore with Christian fortitude; at Addington-square, aged 51, Feb. 13.

Jones, Margaret Maria Isabella, wife of Major, Royal Denbigh Militia, and eldest daughter of the late Major-General D’Arcy, R.E.; at Egontville, near Havre, Feb. 1.

Kenworthy, Eliza Louisa, wife of Captain, Madrns Native Infantry, and only daughter of the late Lieut-Col. Isaacke, of the same service; in camp, at Hoobee, near Dharwar, Nov. 23, 1842.


Koller, Dr. W. H., of Zurich, sincerely regretted by all who knew him; at the house of his friend, Professor Wittich, Warren-street, Jan. 28.

Lambert, Mr. Thomas, Brixton-place, Brixton-road, Lambeth, aged 57, Jan. 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Leigh, the Hon. Mrs., sister of the Right Hon. Lord Saye and Sele, and relict of the late J. H. Leigh, esq., of Stoneleigh Abbey and Adlestrop-house, Gloucestershire; at Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, the seat of her son, the Right Hon. Lord Leigh, aged 72, Feb. 8.

Luckins, Mrs. Martha, wife of Mr. William, Pill-street, Southwark, aged 63, Jan. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lutwidge, Rev. Charles Henry, M.A., vicar of East Farleigh, Kent; at Hastings, aged 42, Feb. 15.

Muskett, G. A., of the Jury, Rickmansworth, esq., several years M.P. for St. Albans; aged 57; suddenly, at the residence of his brother, at North Brixton, of an affliction of the heart.

Mainwaring, Miss, eldest daughter of the late E. Mainwaring, esq., of Chester; at the house of her sister, Mrs. Kingsley, Dulwich, Feb. 12.

Mesiter, Emma, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Mesiter, chaplain to the Royal Artillery; at Woolwich, Jan. 22.

M’Intyre, Captain Lorn, of the Bombay European Regiment, son of Major Archibald M’Intyre, of Edinburgh; at Bombay, Dec. 2, 1842.

Moore, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Moore, esq., Lincoln’s-inn, barrister-at-law, aged 15, Feb. 5.

More, Robert, formerly a captain in the 40th Regt., at Ramsgate, Feb. 11.

Moxon, Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas, esq., of Twickenham, Middlesex, aged 83, Feb. 16.


North, Sophia, wife of Thomas, esq., late of Devizes; at Dawlish, Devon, of consumption, Feb. 5.
Nott, Rev. John, B.D., vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London, formerly Fellow and some time Tutor of St. John's College, and vicar of St. Giles's, Oxford; suddenly, at his house in Mecklenburgh-square, after having preached a sermon in his church in the morning apparenly in his usual health, aged 65, Feb. 12.

Pate, Jane Hickin, the beloved wife of Major George Thomas; at Colombo, Ceylon, Dec. 22, 1842.

Parker, T. J., esq., late of the 13th Light Dragoons, aged 47, Feb. 17.

Parson, James, esq., solicitor; at Haslemere, Surrey, aged 56, Feb. 2.

Pigou, Eliza, wife of Henry M.; at Hamcommon, aged 62, Feb. 3.

Pike, Matilda, daughter of John Pike, esq., Gloucester-villa, Old Kent-road, aged 11 months, 15 days, Jan. 28; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pollard, Mary Ann, the beloved and affectionate wife of Mr. E. W., surgeon, Brompton-square, leaving five infant children to deplore her loss, of spasmodic affection of the heart, aged 33, Feb. 11.

Renshaw, John Mitford, eldest son of James Renshaw, esq., of West-heath-house, Erith, Kent, aged 18, Feb. 4.

Richardson, Ambrose, son of Mr. Edward Richardson, Hales-place, South Lambeth, aged 1, Jan. 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sayer, Charles, esq., formerly of the sheriff of Middlesex office, Red Lion-square; at Hurstperpont, Sussex, aged 69, Jan. 28.

Scorer, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr., of Regent-street and 182, Piccadilly, after a lingering illness, Feb. 6.

Seffarth, Louisa, one of the members of the Old Society of Painters in Water-colors; at Dresden, Jan. 28.

Seymour, Henry, esq., son of Lord Robert Seymour, and for many years Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons; at Woburn, Beds, aged 67, Feb. 13.

Sharman, John, esq.; at Hammersmith, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, Feb. 17. His loss will be severely felt by his bereaved wife and surviving relatives, as in him was blended all that was kind, generous, and affectionate.

Simms, Ann, daughter of Mr. W. Simms, of Fleet-street, aged 10, Jan. 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Smith, James, esq., of Ashlyns Hall, Herts, aged 75, Feb. 16.

Snell, Rev. Thomas, rector of Windlehamcum-Bagshot, deeply regretted by all who knew him, Feb. 2.

Springman, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late John George, Edward-street, Blackfriars-road, aged 87, Feb. 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stahl, William George, son of Mr. Emanuel Stahl, Villiers-street, Strand, aged 2 yrs. 11 months, Jan. 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Tomlinson, Henrietta, the beloved wife of J. T. Tomlinson, esq., Sloane-square, Chelsea, Feb. 6.

Turner, Mr. Robert, Upper Dorset-place, Clapham-road, aged 89, Feb. 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Wainwright, Mary, the beloved wife of George William, esq.; at Poplar-house, West-end, Hampstead, aged 44, Feb. 11.

Walker, William, esq., late of Barton-hall, near Mildenhall, Suffolk; at Ramsgate, aged 65, Feb. 8.


Webster, Capt. Alexander, 44th Regt. R. N. I, eldest son of James Webster, esq., Landsdown-place, Cheltenham; in Camp, while returning from Cabul, Nov. 17, 1842.

Williams, Harriett Mary, daughter of Commander Edward Williams, R. N., Greenwich Hospital, Feb. 8.

Wilcox, Mrs. Elizabeth; in the house of her son, Dorset-square, aged 83, Jan. 31.

Wimburn, Rowland, esq., of Sloane-square, and formerly of Chancery-lane, aged 80, Feb. 8.

Wood, Jane, wife of Mr. Charles Henry, East-street, Walworth, aged 27, Feb. 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Woodley, Mary Ann, wife of John, esq., Holywell-street, Westminster, aged 31, Feb. 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wynard, Lady Matilda, widow of the late General Henry John; at her house in Upper Brook-street, aged 69, Feb. 3.

Malibran's Mausoleum.—The exquisitely finished white marble statue of Madame Malibran, which presented itself as one of the most interesting objects at the late exhibition in the Gallery at Brussels, has been placed in the mausoleum which M. de Beriot had erected in the cemetery of Laecken to the memory of the celebrated cantatrice. The monument itself is about 10 feet long, and nearly as many wide. The interior is circular, and is crowned with a cupola. The door is composed of open work, which allows the statue to be seen towards the other end. The white marble is thrown out from a brownish ground, so that Malibran appears quitting the tomb, and rising towards Heaven, where she is about to be received by angels, painted on the cupola. In the centre of the cupola a lamp is placed, which sheds a subdued light over the whole statue. On the front of the pedestal is to be placed a basso relievo, representing the Genius of Music bewailing the loss of the celebrated singer.

The late Lord Hill.—The following anecdote, for which, says the Salopian Journal, we are indebted to a correspondent, shows that like his great friend, "the Duke," Lord Hill was on principle opposed to warfare. The truly valiant warrior lamented the necessity of war when winning victories:—"The late Lord Hill, when he heard of the successful results of the Indian and Chinese wars, was so overcome that he exclaimed, with tears of joy bursting from his eyes, 'Thank God I have lived to hear of these glorious victories, and to know that there is an end to war, horrid war.'"
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Anson, Hon. Mrs. of a son; at Melton Mowbray, Feb. 24.

Barlow, the lady W., esq., M.D., of a son; at Harrowgate, Feb. 26.

Bicknell, Mrs. Bihan, of a daughter; at the Lawn, South Lambeth, March 6.

Cowper, the Countess, of a daughter; in Stanhope-street, March 17.

Ellis, the lady of F. Jervoise, esq., Wilton-crescent, Belgravia-square, of a daughter, March 10.

Farquhar, Mrs. of a son; at Alibemarle-street, March 2.

Freeman, Mrs. Wm., of a son; at Fawley-court, near Henley-upon-Thames, March 16.

Harman, Hon. Mrs. Ring, of a son; at Cheilenham, March 1.

Holgatesdale, Viscountess, of a daughter; at Montreal, Kent, Feb. 23.

Lawrence, the lady of W.L., esq., of a son; at Brussels, March 15.

Leggett, Mrs. Alfred, of a daughter; at 12, Watkins-terrace, Eaton-square, March 7.

Lush, the lady of Roberts, esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter, March 10.

Lyall, Mrs. David, of a daughter; at Ochtertony-house, Forfarshire, N.B., March 11.

Moore, the lady of John Calvert, esq., of a son; at Glen Cottage, near Southampton, March 2.

O'Connell, lady of John, esq., M.P., of a daughter; at Carylford Avenue, near Dublin, March 1.

Parnaby, the lady of George, esq., of a son; in Russell-square, March 4.

Price, the lady of Ralph C., esq., of a daughter; at Sydenham-hill, Feb. 24.

Ranyard, Mrs. Benjamin, of Swanscombe-cross, Kent, of a daughter, March 12.

Shaw, Mrs. R. H., of Dalton, of a daughter, March 1.

MARRIAGES.

Barlow, Maria, daughter of Major-General Sir W. Knott, resident at the court of Lucknow and widow of R. Barlow, esq., to C. H. Nichollets, esq., late 28th regiment, March 4.

Bell, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Daniel Bell, esq., of Wandswoth, to John Filling Turner, esq., of the Albany; at St. James's Church, March 8.


Colquhoun, Mary Anne, younger daughter of the late J. C. Colquhoun, esq., of Liverpool, merchant, to the Rev. William Hodgson, M.A., of Sidney College Cambridge, perpetual curate of Brandy, in the county of Lancaster; at the parish Church, Preston, by the Rev. G. N. Smith, M.A., Feb. 22.


Forbes, Johanna Agnes, daughter of John Hopton Forbes, esq., of Westwood, Southampton, to George Forbes, esq., son of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., at Southatanchan Church, Southampton, March 16.

Gosling, Mary Elizabeth Hele, elder sister of the late Thomas Edwin Gosling, esq., of Plymouth, Devon, to John Stroud Arscott, of Plympton, Devon, solicitor; at St. Pancras, Middlesex, by the Rev. Daniel Haigh, March 10.

Green, Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Major William Green, late of Lota, county of Cork, and grand-daughter of Hugh, second Baron Lord Massie, to Major F. H. Massie Wheeler, son of Hugh Wheeler, esq., late of Burlington-street; at Walscot Church, Bath, by the Rev. W. Hutchins, March 1.

Hardman, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late John Hardman, Esq., Cheltenham, to Thomas Johns Smith, of Her Majesty's 56th Regiment, by the Rev. S. Gambier; March 9.


Heighington, Louisa, daughter of the late Joseph Heighington, Esq., to Joseph Middleton, Esq., Middle Temple, at Leeds; March 7.

Hibden, Georgina, eldest daughter of the late George Hebben, Esq., of Appleton street, Yorkshire, and Gottenburg, Sweden, to Alfred Kellberg, merchant, Gottenburg, Sweden; Feb. 20.

Humphries, Catherine Ansell, niece of Thomas Wight, Esq., of Perey street, Bedford square, to William Matthewson Hindmarsh, Esq., barrister, by the Rev. Frederick Vane, of Bletchington, in the county of Oxford, at St. Pancras; Feb. 23.

Lachlan, Anne, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Lachlan, Esq., of Great Alie street, to Captain Robert Lachlan Hunter, by the Rev. Neville Jones, A. B., at St. Mark's Church, Tenter green, March 15.

Lestourgeon, Anne Maria, second daughter of Charles Lestourgeon, Esq., of Sawbridgeworth, to George, youngest surviving son of the late T. C. Husband, Esq., of Manchester, Island of Jamaica, by the Rev. J. W. Barnes, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Swineshead, Lincolnshire; at Sawbridgeworth, Herts, March 7.

Lyall, Mary, youngest daughter of George Lyall, Esq., M. P., of Park crescent, and Findon, Sussex, to William Forsyth, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge; by the Venerable Archdeacon Lyall, at Trinity Church, Marylebone; Feb. 22.

M. C. 9—(COURT EAGAZINE)—APRIL, 1843.
Mackrell, Jane, only daughter of the late Colonel Mackrell, of the 44th Regiment, Alder-Camp to the Queen, to Captain Gillespie Danlevie, late of the 98th Regiment, by the Rev. H. A. Veck, incumbent of St. John’s, at Alverstoke Church; March 2.

Nelson, Lucy, second daughter of George Nelson, Esq., Albion street, to M. D. Hudson, Esq., of Spring Villa, Anlaby; by the Rev. Thomas Dikes, L. L. B., at Sulcoates Church, Hull; March 2.

Parker, Alicia, Elizabeth, younger daughter of R. Parker, Esq., R. N., of Hareden Forest; Bowdler, York, and Grove Hall, Earling, to Jonathan George Moon, Esq., Dorset square; at Ealing, by the Rev. J. Smith, Rector; March 20.

Patteson, Elizabeth, daughter of James Robertson, Esq., of Latingford Lodge, Kent, to W. T. White, Esq., youngest son of Captain J. L. White, of Theresa Place, Middlesex, and grandson of Major-general John White; at Richmond, Surrey, by the Rev. J. Fernie, March 21.

Robinson, Henrietta, daughter of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart., to Colonel Sir Henry MacLeod, K.H.; at St. John’s Church, Paddington, by the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Cavendish, Feb. 25.


Sharpe, Nancy Maria, widow of the late R. Sharpe, Esq., of Brancaster, Norfolk, to J. Hillman, Esq., of Caister, near Great Yarmouth; at Combs, Suffolk, by the Rev. R. Daniell, rector, M.A., Feb. 28.

Sparks, Eliza, youngest daughter of the late James Bird Sparks, Esq., of the city of Norwich, to Thomas Thompson, of Chancery-lane, solicitor, third son of the late R. chord Thompson, Esq., of the Clapham-road; at St. Michael-at-Thorn, Norwich, by the Rev. Charles Turner, March 16.

Stoddart, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Lawrance Stoddart, Esq., of Cambridge, to the Rev. Robert Buchanan, D.D., Glasgow; at Sudbury Priory, by the Rev. James Hamilton, of the Scotch Church, Regent-square, London; March 16.


Wethered, Arabella Sarah, daughter of Thomas Wethered, esq., Deputy Commissary General to the forces, to Bernard Duffy, Esq., son of the late Bernard Duffy, Esq., of Seatown, Dundalk; at Plymouth, Feb. 28.

DEATHS.
Ashburnham, the Rev. Denny, rector of Catsfield, and vicar of Ditton, in the county of Sussex; at his house in Warren street, West, Gloucester-pate, Regent’s park. March 2.

Alexander, Robert, F. R. S., F. S. A., one of the benchers of Lincoln’s Inn, and the senior Queen’s Counsel on the Northern Circuit; at his house, in Duke-street, Westminster, aged 48; Feb. 21.

Atttred, Mrs. Jane, wife of Thomas, Esq., Chichester-place, Wandsworth-road, aged 71, Feb. 13; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Baldwin, Laurens, Esq., of St. John’s College, Oxford, youngest son of Charles Baldwin, Esq., of Grove hill, Camberwell; at his father’s house, in the 26th year of his age; March 4.

Barton, John, Esq., Cheltenham-place, Westminster-road, aged 72, March 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Beaton, Mr. Stephen Lowdon, Thornton-street, Southwark, aged 46, March 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Beaven, Arthur Frederick, Captain and Adjutant of the 39th Madras Native Infantry; at Hong Kong, on the 18th of October last, in the 37th year of his age; March 18.

Blewett, Fidelity, wife of George, Esq., Coldharbour-lane, Camberwell, aged 59, March 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Booth, John, Esq., Windham place, Bryanston square, in his 85th year; Feb. 27.

Borradaile, William, Esq.; on Tuesday, the 28th February, at Ludbrooke, in the county of Devon, in the 83d year of his age.

Broom, Major Saville Broom, Her Majesty’s 10th Regiment of Infantry, deeply lamented; on the 16th of December, at Fort William, Calcutta.

Brown, Henry Sabine, Esq., late Captain in the 85th Light Infantry, only son of the late Henry Browne, Esq., of Portland place, London; at Stonehouse, Plymouth; Feb. 24.

Browne, Emily Evelyn, second daughter and youngest child of Philip Augustus Browne, Esq., of convulsions, at his house in Devonshire place; March 12.

Bowler, Henry Hale, Esq., only brother of the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq.; at sea, on his way from China; Jan. 2.

Burke, W. E., Esq., late of New inn, in the 61st year of his age, at Old Brompton; March 11.

Bresselau, M. August, Esq., merchant, third son of the late M. Bresselau, Esq., notarius publicus, of Hamburgh, of 15, Fish street hill, London; much regretted by his numerous friends and acquaintances; on Sunday, at his residence, City road; Feb. 19.

Broadwater, Charles, youngest son of R. Broadwater, Esq., of Her Majesty’s Customs; on the 6th inst., at 25, Steepney green, of consumption; aged 24; March 6.

Butt, John, Esq., Rye-lane, Peckham, aged 47, Feb. 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Clark, Joseph, Esq., Effra-road, Brixton, aged 78, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Coates, Henry, son of Mr. Thomas Coates, Stockwell, aged 6 months, Feb. 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cood, Manners Benson, Esq., at Copiapo, in Copiapo, in Chile, aged 31; Sept. 28, 1842.

Coode, Thomas, Esq., deeply lamented by all who knew him. He held the appointment of special messenger to the Sovereign during the period of 22 years, having been appointed by His Majesty George IV.; at his residence, Wickham house, Notting hill, in the 72d year of his age; March 12.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths. 75

Cole, Benjamin, Esq., at his house, Frogmal, Hampstead; Feb. 24.

Comberbach, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann, at Congleton, in Cheshire; Feb. 24.

Copland, John, Esq. of Surrey street, and of Harrow, aged 84; March 3.

Cotsworth, Edwin, son of Mr. Thos. Cotsworth, John's-place, Holland-street, Southwark, aged 10 months, Feb. 23; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cutler, John, esq., Camberwell New-road, aged 49, March 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Dallaway, Mary, daughter of the late J. Dallaway, esq., of Stratford-green; at Vicarage-terrace, West Ham, March 4.

Davies, Edward, esq., deputy registrar of the Close of Sarum; at his residence Feb. 24.


Eatton, Richard, esq., of Stetchworth-park, Cambridge, aged 57; March 17.

Edmonds, D. B., esq., late of the Surveyor-General's Office, Tower, aged 62; March 5.

Ellis, Arthur, youngest child of C. Heaton Ellis, esq., in his 6th year; Feb. 27.

English, William, esq., of Denmark-hill, Surrey, in the 63d year of his age; Feb. 28.

Fripp, Rev. Samuel Charles, formerly of Queen's College, Cambridge, of apoplexy, aged 67; at Bristol, March 9.

Erlam, Amelia, wife of Henry Erlam, esq., of Porchester-terrace, aged 28; March 6.

Evans, Linnea, wife of James Cook Evans, esq., of Lincoln's-inn and Huns-place, Chelsea, in her 51st year; Feb. 20.

Finch, Charles, esq., of Kentish-town; March 14.

Forster, Eliza, of Surbiton-cottage, Kingston-on-Thames; March 1.

Fraser, Mary, at her son's residence, Flamborough, Herzs.; March 16.

Freeland, Francis Edward, youngest son of James Bennett Freeland, esq., aged 27; at Chichester, Feb. 24.

Gambrill, Jenny, wife of Sir James Gambrill, after a few days' illness, aged 67; in Upper Seymour-street, March 13.

Godhart, George Henry, Earl of Athlone, after a long and tedious illness, at Bath, March 2.


Grant, Alexander, esq., of Grant, late of the Madras Civil Service, at his residence, 1, Ulster-terrace, Regent's-park, March 20.

Gunn, John, son of Mr. James Gunn, Norwood, Surrey, aged 9 weeks 3 days, March 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hale, William, esq., Dulwich, aged 73, March 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Hare, Samuel, 3d son of the late Luke Hare, M.D., of Upper Gower-street, of typhus fever, at Ilminster, March 2.

Harrison, Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. John Butler Harrison, at the Vicarage, Evenley, Northamptonshire, Feb. 28.

Hawkins, Mrs. Frances, daughter of the late Sir Caesar Hawkins, bart., greatly lamented, at the advanced age of 87; at the house of Miss Pakington, Greenstreet, Grosvenor-square, Feb. 22.

Hawes, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John B. Hawes, Howley-street, Walworth, aged 2 years 10 months, March 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Harwood, Isabel Union, daughter of Joseph Unwin Harwood, esq., Camberwell-grove, aged 14 months, Feb. 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hewitt, William, esq., Parade, Harlesford-road, Kennington, aged 47, Feb. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hough, Frances Mary, daughter of the Rev. G. Hough, senior chaplain of the Cape of Good Hope, wrecked in the Conqueror off the coast of Bouslogue, aged 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hutchinson, Miss Isabella Harriet, Chester-place, Lambeth, aged 9, Feb. 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hoppe, Captain John, of the 16th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, Grenadiers, 3d son of Charles Hoppe, esq., of Withercombe, Devon, at Sukkur, on the Indies, Nov. 12.


Hughan, Right Hon. Lady Louisa, wife of Thomas Hughan, esq., and sister of his Grace the Duke of St. Albans, after a short illness, at 34, Grosvenor-place, Feb. 18.

Hunt, Stanley, the infant son of James Hunt, esq., 149, Sloane-street, March 16.

Hutchinson, Frances Christiana, daughter of the late Hon. A. A. Hely Hutchinson; at Oxford, March 11.

Hutchinson, John, esq., of Cairngall, Aberdeenshire, in his 83d year, deeply lamented March 7.

Ingram, Charles Eastmond, only son of Captain Charles Ingram, of Blackheath, Kent, in the 16th year of his age; having fallen overboard from the ship Thames, he was unfortunately drowned; at Madras, Jan. 22.

Jackson, Thomas, esq., at Barboill, Rothberham, Yorkshire, Feb. 24.


Jeanneaux, Charles Warren, esq.; at Abbey, near Guildford, Surrey, aged 31, March 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Justice, Francis, esq., of Abbey-house, near Abingdon, Berks, March 9.

Kennard, Sophia Agnes, second daughter of John Kennard, esq., of Walthamstow, aged 11 years; at Brighton, March 13.

Langton, William, esq., in his 81st year; at Sutton, Surrey, March 10.

Leighton, Sir James, Greenford, Middlesex, physician to their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of all the Russians, March 7.

Lever, John Richard, aged 4 years 6 months, and Anne, aged 3 years 3 months, children of Mr. George Levey, Claridon-terrace, Camberwell New-road, March 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lucas, John, Esq., of Hyde vale, Greenwich, aged 61; March 7.

Lynch, Sarah Anne, Mother to James Lynch, Esq., Dublin; March 7.
MCVICAR, Mary, daughter of Capt. McVicar, Manor-street, Clapham, aged 33, March 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mell, William Owens, Esq., of No. 21, Cannonbury square, son of the late Thomas Edward Mell, Esq., of Malta; March 18.

Moon, Emily, youngest child of Mr. F. G. Moon, of Finsbury square, at Blackheath, after a short illness, aged 12 years; March 12.

Murray, Sir James Pulney Murray, Bart., of Hill Head, and Englefield green, Robert, second son of the late Rev. Sir Wm. Murray, Bart., succeeds to the Baronetcy, in the 29th year of his age; Feb. 22.

Nation, Mrs. Lucy, Bond-street, Lambeth, aged 36, Feb. 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Noble, Frederick, son of — Noble, esq., Dulwich, aged 2 months, Feb. 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Nethersole, William, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the liberties of the Cinque Ports; formerly of Essex street, Strand, after a very long and severe illness, at Crescent lodge, Margate, Feb. 22.

Neville, George, esq., of Shelbrooke-park Yorkshire; at Osmond, March 9.

Normansell, Henry Thomas, superintendent of the Royal Botanical Garden, aged 29; at Peradenia, Ceylon, of brain fever, Jan. 7.

Onley, Arthur, son of Onley Savill Onley, esq.; at St. Ives, March 2.

Osborne, Elizabeth Martha Jane, wife of Robert Osborne, esq., Lower College-green, Bristol, aged 19, March 17.

Oxendon, Louisa, wife of Sir Henry Chudleigh, Oxendon, Bart.; at Broome Park, Kent, aged 36, March 4.

Richardson, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. James Richardson, of 12, Evelyn-street, Camberwell New-road, aged 36, Feb. 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Rollison, Jane, relic of the late W. Rollison, esq., Upper Tooting, Surrey, aged 70, March 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Smart, Henry, son of Mr. J. Smart, St. James' street, Westminster, aged 21, Feb. 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Schrabe, the Rev. Dr., of Stamford-hill, for 43 years minister of the German Lutheran Church, Little Allie street, Goodman fields, very suddenly, aged 64; Feb. 23.


Sharpe, Sutton, Esq., Queen's Counsel, at his chambers in Lincoln's inn, aged 45; Feb. 22.

Sharp, Catherine, the last descendant (of the name) of Dr. John Sharp, Archbishop of York, and niece of Mr. Granville Sharp; at Clare hall, near Barnet; Feb. 10.


Smith, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. John, Nelson's-place, Southwark, aged 55, Feb. 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Soames, Miss Sophia Ann Gainsford, eldest daughter of Mr. Nicholas Soames, Middlesex; at Homerton, 32 days after the death of her brother, aged 16 years; March 16.

Sosady, Anna Watson, third daughter of the late William Sosady, Esq.; at the residence of Theophilus Hawkins, Esq., Harbury, Warwickshire, aged 60; March 9.

Steele, Thomas James, Esq., only surviving son of the Rev. James Steele, of Cockpen, near Edinburgh, and afterwards incumbent of St. Mary's, Jamaica; at his residence, Spring hall, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, aged 59; Feb. 19.

Steel, Captain Anthony, of the ship Mary Gray, fifth son of Joseph Steel, Esq., of Cockermouth, on the voyage from Calcutta to London, aged 46; Dec. 22.

Streatfield, Mrs. Barbara, Upper Seymour street, aged 53; March 17.

Talbot, Hon. Robert, at Hampton Court Palace, aged 67, March 17.

Tait, Magnus, esq., after a short illness deeply regretted; at the Dock-yard, Northfleet Kent, aged 49, March 5.

Taylor, Major, J. G. D., 13th or Prince's Light Infantry; at Peregore, Jan. 18.

Taylor, Mrs. Ann, Lambeth, aged 66, Feb. 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Trimmer, Emma, wife of Frederick Edmund Trimmer, esq.; at the Vicarage, Hoxton, Middlesex, March 19.

Turnley, Harriet, the beloved and affectionate wife of Joseph Turnley, esq., of the Middle Temple, London, Feb. 21.

Twiss, Robert Thomas, esq., Walcot-place, Lambeth, aged 61, March 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tyler, Mrs. Ann, York-place, Camberwell New-road, aged 75, Feb. 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Verrall, Charles, esq., M.D., in the 65th year of his age; at his residence in Camberwell, Feb. 20.


Walker, Major-general, Foster, Commanding the presidency division at Calcutta, aged 61, Dec. 16.

Whichelo, M. A., esq., of No. 79, Lombard-street, aged 42, March 12.


Wickham, Sally Wentworth, the beloved daughter of Thomas Provis Wickham, Esq., aged 5 years and 7 months; at 3, Pulney-buildings, Weymouth, Feb. 28.

Wightwick, Francis, esq., in the 79th year of his age, March 3.

Wilkins, Richard, Esq., of Stanwick, in the county of Northampton, aged 53, March 5.

Williams, Hubert, the only son of Folkstone Williams, esq., of water on the brain, in his third year, March 16.

Wood, Henry Charles, son of Mr. Henry Charles Wood, Willow-walk, Bermondsey, aged 14 weeks, March 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Yearwood, Margaret, wife of Mr. William, Woolwich, Kent, aged 81, March 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
Governesses, or Modern Education. By
MADAME B. RIOFREY, London.

At a time when the education of the people is commanded from the throne by the special Proclamation of our most gracious Queen, who, like another Elizabeth, would have the people enlightened and happy—at a time, too, when the Parliament has, with a spirit of concord exerted itself in an earnest and most laudable manner to promote the same object, works on Education become more and more the fit subjects for repeated comment. Wit_h our present notions of the ground of dissent we are almost inclined to think, that now-a-days, at least, there is abundant opportunity for every man to be as much better as he pleases than the Church of the state, without in any degree doing violence to his religious scruples. It would, indeed, be a glorious day for the church of Christ, to see these jarring interests of Christians duly reconciled, to see the dissentients, in fact, one fold under one shepherd. But, relative to the education of the people—though we are not dissenters, yet—we are amongst the foremost to acknowledge, and with no small feeling of gratitude, that the British public owes a vast debt to the dissenters for the instruction imparted by them, and even that, but for their aid and exertion, the public, so called—that is, a great mass of the community—might have remained in the depths of ignorance. Impressed with such opinions of the debt owing by the state to those laborious churchmen, we should have been glad that, whilst their labors were duly acknowledged, their continued good-will and superintending care might be secured in this labour of love. It is, as we have often expressed ourselves, hard, indeed, that the cultivator of the soil should derive but little benefit, that those who buy the seed, prepare and make ready the way, should be deprived of their office, as soon as the tree begin to flourish, and the fruit ripen for gathering. But ceasing all figurative converse, does it not, we ask, savour not a little of injustice, thus to cast aside the very men who have already served the cause of education so zealously?

The circumstances of the times in which we live have induced these remarks, but our real object at starting was, that having last month taken our leave of this work on education rather more abruptly than we intended, we desire to continue our comments upon a point of the utmost interest to families, viz. the education of the heart, without which all education must fail of producing a beneficial result.

Again then felicitating our authoress upon the success which she announces at the close of her year's labors, we quote Madame Riofrey, who states, "that in the course of my experience, and in the books I have perused, I have found the education of the heart neglected, and the qualities of the soul either unknown, or not called into play, by the greater number of parents and governesses."

We suspect this must arise from the difficulty of the subject, or probably from mere inattention to a part of education of really more importance than any other, or may be from the fear of offending the parents of the children themselves, many of whom might have peculiar notions of their own; or, again, because (and we are almost ashamed to give expression to our thoughts) many governesses, though not positively treated as such, are yet regarded only as a species of upper servant, a necessary sort of appendage in a family with children, instead of the treasure of treasures for young children, if, besides abilities, she be true of heart. Under such circumstances, we would give her control almost beyond appeal; we would place her in loco parentis—make her their father, mother, instructress—their all. She would not, then, think of exercising petty acts of tyranny, neither the children provoking resistance.

But to return to our authoress. Having made the discovery, and pointed out the remedy for so glaring a defect, as neglecting the cultivation of the affections, she has conferred a great benefit on society, for, on the due regulation of the passions depends, for the most part, all human happiness. How many of both sexes, but particularly many of the some times falsely called gentler sex, might now be happy, instead of wretched, had the early culture of the heart, the due restraint of the passions, particularly in
the control of the temper, formed a part
of the governess' educational duty and
she had not neglected the task. Accom-
plishments are undoubtedly what one
would delight to behold, and many
branches form an essential in polite so-
ciety, such as music, dancing, singing,
languages, each in their turn, but they
sink into comparative insignificance when
put in juxta position with moral duties.
We are glad Madame Riofreys first chap-
ter commences with sentiments such as
these—"cultivate brotherly and sisterly
affection," instead of, as too often happens,
these young creatures exhibiting a cutting
rivalry, which soon engenders hate, whereas
the course recommended being pur-
sued (and which it is our bounden duty
to follow) the peace of families is secured,
and the welfare even of society itself
promoted. This is one of the passages in
Cobbett's Cottage Companion, which we
noticed in our last, and his method of
cultivating the affections—"Give the
child something it can love and be kind
to." A good brother or sister makes a
good friend, and an early training to
assist each other produces that concord
which makes earth a paradise. But while
a governess does her duty to the children,
parents should also do theirs: they should
show no inconsiderable partiality, which
creates jealousy, and breeds lasting quar-
rels. Next follows a desire of revenge,
uttil, at length, the favorite, or those who
think they are slighted, if they be not
very good of heart, indulge the gratifica-
tion of every evil passion. Should, in-
deed, parents feel inclined to be so in-
judicious, let a governess by her conduct
to the children, generally, quietly shrew
the parents the advantages to be derived
from treating children alike. The hint
may not be lost, and this will be one of
the best features in modern education.
In conclusion, we think the plan ex-
cellent of giving one part in English and
another in French. It is an admirable
corrivance, and must tend greatly to
facilitate the advancement of children in
both languages, and fix her sentiments
upon their hearts. Need we then add, that
the 'Memoirs of a Governess' natural and
interesting as they are, deserve to be re-
commended to the perusal of our fair
readers.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Vol. II., con-
clusion, and Vol. III. the Appendix. By
Walter K. Kelly, Esq., B. A. Whittaker
and Co.

Although we have been far from doing
justice to the merits of the translator and
the author, with whose interesting writ-
ings we have thus become familiar, still,
as strongly as words can express the del-
ight and gratification we have expe-
rienced, all this would we say to the ut-
most. But his labors are not in hollow
expressions: these pages of history em-
brace periods and events mixing up the
romance of real life in forms sometimes
the most agreeable, sometimes the most
painful. Here, there, any where, might
we have taken an extract, and the reader
would have been satisfied; we might, too,
have chosen many, very many, chronicles
of those who have been depicted amongst
our band of "celebrated women," but we
are inclined rather to keep to those pas-
sages which bear a beneficial religious
character. These are times, even these,
in which some hot-headed enthusiasts
seem disposed to breed anew all those
unholy flames of religious warfare, the
disgrace, not the honor of bygone ages.
But we agree with our author that the
mental activity which characterizes the
age will save all. For wise ends, there
has of late been a wholesome unbending;
the stubborn oak will ultimately break,
though long it may withstand the blast,
whilst the gently bending will come off
unscathed and whole. But we prefer
taking the directions of our author, and
whilst with him delighting to gaze upon
the brilliant progress of Catholicism in
Europe, yet are we glad to cast our eyes
towards those distant regions, in which it
likewise made vast strides through the
force of kindred impulses.

"Religion had part in the very first idea
which prompted the discoveries and con-
quists of the Spanish and Portuguese; it
constantly accompanied and animated them,
and it came forth in great strength in the
newly founded empires both of the East and
of the West.

"In the beginning of the seventeenth
century, we find the stately fabric of the
catholic church in South America fully
reared."

The attempts made about this time
(1621) at the court of the Emperor Ak-
bar are no less worthy of note.

"It will be remembered," says our author
"that the old Mongol Khans, the conquerors of Asia, had long maintained a peculiarly indifferent position amongst the various religions that divided the world. It would almost seem that the emperor Akbar held similar views. On summoning the Jesuits to his presence, he told them that "he had taken pains to become acquainted with all the religions on earth; he now wished to be made acquainted with the Christian religion with the help of the fathers, whom he honored and prized." Geronimo Xavier, the nephew of Francis, was the first who took up his residence permanently at Akbar's court in the year 1595; the insurrection of the Mahometans contributed to make the emperor incline to the Christians. Christmas was celebrated in the most solemn manner at Lahore in the year 1599; the holy manger was exposed to view for twenty successive days; numerous prosettes entered the church in procession, with palms in the hand, and lived shows." The emperor expressed much pleasure on reading a life of Christ composed in Persian, and he had an image of the Virgin, executed after the model of the Madonna del popolo in Rome, brought into his palace to show to his women. The Christians indeed drew from this dispensation labor, and the court was no longer fined, still they did really accomplish a great deal: after Akbar's death in 1610, three princes of the blood-royal solemnly received baptism. They rode on white elephants to the church, where they were received by father Geronimo with trumpets sounding and drums beating. Gradually Christianity appeared to gain some firmness of footing, though here too opinions and dispositions fluctuated with the more or less friendly political understanding subsisting with the Portuguese. In 1621, a college was established in Agra, and a station in Patna; and in 1624, the emperor Jehangir gave hopes that he would become a convert."

But it is towards China that we the more anxiously direct attention, towards that country, shut up as it were, "hermetically sealed" against all foreign internal intercourse. But see, reader, what was done by these singularly persevering, and united men, the Jesuits:—

"At the same time as the above they had already penetrated into China, where they sought to allure the skilful, scientific, studious people of that empire through the inventions of the west. Ricci obtained his first success by teaching mathematics, and by getting by heart and reciting certain striking passages from the writings of Confucius. A present he made the emperor of a striking clock, gained him admission into Pekin, where nothing raised him so highly in the favor and good graces of his imperial majesty as the construction of a map, that far surpassed all the attempts which had ever been made in that way by the native artists. It was characteristic of Ricci, that on receiving an order from the emperor to make him such maps on silk, to be hung up in his apartments, he took the opportunity of doing something for the promotion of Christianity, and filled the vacant places on the maps with Christian symbols and texts. Such was the general spirit of his teaching: he began usually with mathematics, and ended with religion; his scientific talents procured respect for his religious instruction. Not only were his immediate pupils gained over, but many mandarins, too, whose garb he assumed, joined him: a society of the Blessed Virgin was formed in Pekin as early as the year 1605. Ricci died in 1610, worn out, not only by excessive labor, but chiefly by the numerous visits, the long dinners, and all the other exactions of Chinese social etiquette; but after his death others observed the advice he had given, "to go to work without parade or noise, and in such stormy seas to keep close to the shore." Thus he followed his example as regarded science. An eclipse of the moon occurred in 1610: the predictions of the native astronomers and of the Jesuits differed by a whole hour; the event proving that the latter were right, added greatly to their credit. Not only were they charged, in conjunction with some mandarins, their pupils, with the astronomical tables, but Christianity, too, was promoted by their success. In 1611, the first church was consecrated in Nankin; in 1616, there were Christi in churches in five provinces of the empire. In the opposition the Jesuits sometimes encountered, nothing was of so much service to them as the fact that their pupils had written books which met with the approbation of the learned. They had the art to elude the storms that threatened them; they complied, too, as closely as possible, with the usages of the country, and this they were empowered to do in several points by the pope in the year 1619. The consequence was, that not a year passed in which thousands were not converted; their opponents gradually died off; in 1624, Adam Schall appeared, and the accurate description of two eclipses of the moon which happened in that year, and a treatise by Lombardo on the earthquake, added fresh lustre to their reputation.

"The Jesuits had struck into a different course in the warlike Japan, incessantly rent by factions. From the beginning they made themselves partisans. In the year 1554 they were fortunate enough to declare for the party that proved victorious; they were secure of its favor, and by its aid they made extraordinary progress. By the year 1579 they counted there 300,000 Christians: Father Valignano, who died in 1606, a man whose advice Philip II, gladly consulted on East India affairs, founded 300 churches and thirty Jesuit houses in Japan.

"But this very connexion of the Jesuits with Mexico and Spain provoked the
jealousy of the native Japanese authorities; they had no longer their former good fortune in the civil wars; the party they had adopted was defeated, and from the year 1612 it was subject to fearful persecutions.

"But they made a very bold stand. Their proselytes invoked the death of martyrs: they had formed a martyr society, the members of which encouraged each other to endure all sufferings; they distinguished those years as the Α'era Martyrium. Violent as waxed the persecution, says their historian, yet every year produced new converts. They will have it that from 1603 to 1622, exactly 298,539 Japanese embraced Christianity."

"And if Christianity was not and is not more successful, it must ever be borne in mind, as a painful truth, that never did many of those who bore then the name, as, indeed, in far later times, shew less of the real spirit of their Master. The only wonder is, indeed, that, disagreeing so greatly amongst themselves — were its origin not Divine — its promulgators were ever tolerated at all, until they had at least decided amongst themselves what was true, what false; and fully comprehended what was averse from, what agreed with the doctrines of the Holy Jesus. And in that year (1621) Selten Segued decided the old controversy respecting the two-fold nature of Christ, and, according to the views of the Roman Church, he prohibited the offering up of prayers for the Patriarch of Alexandria; Catholic churches and chapels were erected in his town and in his gardens; and after having, in 1622, confessed to Paez, he received the Eucharist.

In pursuing his subject down to the present day, the author remarks, that "The strict Catholic principle which clings to, and is represented by Rome, became subsequently involved in more or less keen and deliberate conflict with the Protestant Government. It achieved," he continues, "a great victory in England in the year 1829." In this opinion, however, we are not altogether inclined to agree, since what was gained in apparent political power, was more than lost by the opportunities afforded for free discussion, and a good Catholic who, in days past dared not have conved a line in a book forbidden by his confessor, now daily hears questions of the utmost importance as well to his present as to his eternal happiness discussed with every pro and con which ingenuity for and against the truth can devise.

"But whether for the one church or the other as established on earth, neither with an evil spirit of controversy partakes of the Heavenly Kingdom; and we conclude our remarks upon the second volume (previously noticed), heartily coinciding in the views of our estimable author, and trusting that such may ever be the active principle, as well in these realms, as throughout the whole world:—"

"Whither then this (the recent European revolutions and changes) may lead, the future alone can tell.

"If we fix our eyes exclusively on the efforts of the partisans of the hierarchy and of their antagonists, we may be disposed to dread the outbreak of new and fierce strife, the convulsion of the word, and the revival of ancient animosities in all their former rancour. If, on the other hand, we cast a glance on the mental activity that characterises the age, this fear must vanish. Few, indeed, are they who are now disposed to re-establish the dominion of priesthood in the full sense of the word. Such an attempt would perhaps experience the most vehement resistance in the intransigently Catholic countries of the Roman group. Neither will the protestants ever again return to the hardness and bigoted rancour of the old system. We see the profounder spirits on either side with more and more knowledge, penetration, and freedom from the narrow bondage of church forms, going back to the everlasting principles of genuine religion,—that which dwells in the inner man. Impossible it is that this can remain barren of result. The more perfect apprehension of the spiritually and absolutely true which lies at the bottom of all forms, and which can by none of them be expressed in its entire import, must at last harmonize all enmities. High above all antagonizing principles—this trust we cannot forego, still towers the unity of an unalloyed, and therefore no less saured, consciousness of the being of a God."
the wonderful sights which they themselves have also seen.

How great soever the delight of novelty—how great soever the pleasure of becoming acquainted for the first time, through the medium of an acute and accurate delineator, with places, persons, and countries, greater still is the pleasure, in our minds, of beholding them, and the delight of afterwards perusing the same work, when we have thus become familiar with these, is we can declare increased tenfold. Are we selfish then or not? may be the question, in now strongly urging our readers to take advantage of the opportunity of embarking themselves on board the beautiful and excellent vessel of the company above named, visiting Constantinople and the Bosphorus, Asia-Minor, Greece, the Grecian Archipelago, Syria, and Egypt, as well as in their route taking Lisbon and Cintra—the far-famed Cintra—and Seville, Gibraltar, Malta, Naples, &c. &c.

What a trip of pleasure! This is worthy the speaking of, and the accommodations are so superior that ladies may likewise undertake the journey, with every satisfaction. Run down, then, all ye who can gain the holiday, to Southampton by railway, on the 14th or the 22nd of April, or to Falmouth on either of the Mondays following; and Lisbon, Cintra, Cadiz, Seville, Zeray, &c. are all within your grasp. On the third day from the former port, if the weather be fair, the towering mountains of Spain, will present themselves to your delighted gaze, the land being generally made about Cape Ormegal.

The vessel then gradually nearing the land, will run to the southward, along the coast of Spain and Portugal, and on the sixth day from Southampton, arrive at Gibraltar!

For the more extended voyage, however, to Athens, Syria, Smyrna and Constantinople, embark on board the Tagus at Southampton, on the 28th April: you will touch at Gibraltar and Malta, and after a short stay at Constantinople, in six weeks the whole voyage in and out can be performed. Then will you have witnessed the unrivalled scenery of the Archipelago, Greece, and Asia Minor, nor lack aught of English comfort, civility and attention, combined, as the prospectus assures us, with economy. There will be no quarantine detention at Marseilles or Malta, and if the engagement be for the whole voyage, a deduction of £10 being allowed, the cost will not exceed £70. We must, however, leave further details to be gained from the Prospectus of the Company, which can be had at the head office in St. Mary-Axe, London, or in Regent-street; and at Southampton.

Historical Prints representing some of the most memorable events in English History, in which the Costumes of the Times are carefully preserved. With descriptions, by Emily Taylor, Author of "Tales of Saxons," &c. To which is added, a brief Chronology of the Kings of England. Fourth edition, revised and corrected. Harvey & Darton, London.

Memoirs, Biographies, Historical Reminiscences, are daily offerings from the press, and it is delightful to see this supply, as at least equal must be the probable demand, and, in the multitude of essays there is this advantage, that many men of many minds, very many striking points of history will be presented to the public. Here is a record of many events of soul-stirring and horrible interest—but the gem, beyond price, in our estimation, is the following of King Alfred, which may be well worthy the perusal of the kings of beggars, we mean the kings of the paupers, whose stern mandates are issued from Somerset-house.

It is recorded of Alfred, that one day, during the time of his greatest distress, in consequence of the Danish invasion, he was sitting alone reading, when he heard a feeble knock at the gate, and found that a poor distressed pilgrim was soliciting charity of him. Alfred's heart was softened by his own afflictions. He called to his wife, and begged her to give the poor man some food. The queen found that they had but one loaf in their store. Alfred, however, thinking the pilgrim wanted it more than himself, divided the loaf, and gave half of it to the poor, weary stranger.

Our sheet will not contain the second extract we had made, viz., Prince Henry of Wales striking Judge Gascoyne; but this we will give at another time. And now we take our leave, assuring every intending purchaser that he will become possessed of a collection of historical prints which will afford him many an hour of agreeable examination.

The introduction tells us that this novel had its birth in the year 1825, and that its pages were lost—scattered amidst the confusion of that momentous panic—whilst a spurious and mutilated edition made its appearance under the assumed title of "The Maid of Judah." As we have hitherto read neither of the editions alluded to, we shall treat the present 'new edition' as a virgin offering of Mr. Ogle's talented pen, and, now, upon a thorough perusal we can confirm that favorable opinion which, it seems, the late Sir Walter Scott pronounced upon a hasty inspection.

To those who delight in seeing the full development of all the passions of human nature, the best, the worst,—those of love, jealousy, pride, hatred, revenge; a thirst for exclusive rule—the milder influences of the more lovely—the demoniac workings of the baser—a picture of war in all its horrors, with treasons, plottings, counterplottings, contrivances, will find in this closely printed volume, a glut of more than an ordinary soul can take unmoved, without giving vent to a tear of sorrowing pity.

Were we not presently called upon in the exercise of our editorial duties in another review, to denounce, as all men must, and as the Great captain of the age has denounced, war—we might be inclined largely to quote those passages in particular which treat of its progress and consequences.

The events of the tale transpired during that period when the most discordant elements were preparing Judah for destruction, and when the last scion of the Asmoneneans played so prominent a part in the tragical events.

'A house divided against itself cannot stand, and such was most painfully the situation of the Jewish people; their religious and secular factions so divided them, that there was created in their minds as inveterate a hatred against each other, as if they had been a people of a totally different nation; and endless were their discords and bloodsheddings. 'The great general laws,' says our author, 'ever have been, and probably ever will be, used by Providence to complete the ends intended. The defection from the theocratic laws, the schisms, the dissoluteness, disorderly proceedings and political profligacy of the Jewish nation, relieved from time to time by the appearance, like the flickering of an expiring lamp, of heroes and patriots, were the active causes which led to their destruction. The last monarch whose policy obtained the diadem from the Roman senate was Herod, who, from the period of his appointment to the governorship of Galilee, to his death, was the supporter and ally of Rome—and it is of Herod, and Mariamne, the princess of the Asmonene race—his wife—that this history, in particular, speaks. But the grand plotter, planner, and worker of mischief is one Salome, sister to Herod, whose artifices seem never to have been apparent to the headstrong, cruel monarch. She it is, who is the demon of mischief; and whilst she is made a demon to perfection, the cause assigned might, by some, be questioned, whether it were powerful enough to have incited her to the commission of such atrocities, of which she was the instigator and the perpetrator.

When we carry ourselves, in earnest, back to the very period of time of these transactions; when we consider that, throughout the known world the Jews, whose departing race Mariamne represents, were the only worshippers of a true God, whose attributes were infinite and perfect; whose very name was unutterable; and in whom, with all their faults, they yet, in the true spirit of devotion, often put their whole trust, with such matter for the foundation of a tale, if handled with only moderate skill, it could scarcely fail to interest an enlightened people, but how much more so when treated in the manner in which Mr. Ogle has handled the subject.

From the number of persons introduced on the stage, and the rapid succession of events, it is requisite that the mind of the reader should keep itself free for the purposes of the tale, otherwise it would be a matter of no small difficulty thoroughly to understand it, much less to enjoy it, by being duly able to appreciate the progress of each separate plot, its actors and instigators. Whilst, therefore, there is a lively battle-field sufficient to interest every reader, there is like-
wise enough of close contrivance to make
the whole very generally acceptable to a
class of readers who seek for something
more than the mere engagement of their
time in agreeable reading.

But we will at once introduce the
reader to Mr. Ogle’s beautiful introduc-
tory matter. It will be seen that the
dread Herod has been summoned before
the Sanhedrin for the murder of Heze-
kiah, and there he appears, not as a
suppliant, but with all that pride and
thirst for rule which, whilst it defied,
daunted his judges. Here, then, in this
extract, our readers will be enabled to
acquaint themselves fully with the
ground-work of the story, never forget-
ting, however, the prominent part played
throughout by the vindictive and heart-
less Salome.

The members of the Sanhedrin were
convened; Hyrcanus the president and high-
priest sat on his elevated seat, with anxiety
delected on his brow, and his eyes fixed on
the entrance of the hall. On either side were
placed the seventy judges, so ranged as to
form a vast semicircle; at the extremities
were the scribes, ready to commit the pro-
ceedings to writing.

Several were engaged in earnest con-
versation, others preparing their tablets, and
many, with severity portrayed on their coun-
tenances, appeared to be reflecting on some
anticipated event.

The lattices were partly closed to exclude
the heat and beaming rays of the sun. A
gleam of light from a lofty window, behind
and above the high-priest, illuminated a broad
space across the court, falling in its way partly on the face, hand, and offi-
cial dress of Hyrcanus attired in a vest of blue,
bound with a wrouth girdle of golden
flowers, and adorned with a fringe on which
pomegranates were worked, interpersed with
bells of gold. The rays were reflected from
the sardonyx on his left shoulder, which bore
the names of six of the tribes of Israel, and
glittered on a portion of the breastplate of
precious stones suspended by cords of blue
from rings of the most precious metal. A
halo of light seemed burning on the golden
plate and sacred words engraved on it, and
on the blue and golden swatches of his mitre.
The rabbis near him shared in the stream of
light, displaying their clear dark faces and
carefully adjusted beards, bright phylacteries
ornamented with passages from the law, the
letters of which were formed of precious
stones, and their flowing robes of graver hues.

Those continuing the remoter curves of the
semicircle gradually became deeper in sha-
dow, and then grew darker, as the light receded
the scribes were exposed to the full stream of
day.

A distant murmur attracted the attention
of the assembled judges. The eyes of Hyr-
canus assumed a more animated character,
and a slight tinge of red glowed on his dark
brown cheek. Immediately after, Herod,
the governor of Galilee, stood in the centre
before the president, surrounded by a band
of fierce and armed warriors. Silence reigned
through the assembly, and every eye was
fixed on him. He was in the early prime of
manhood; his open fiery eyes looked slowly
round on the semicircle, while a dilating nos-
tril and compressed mouth too truly told the
vengeance kindling in his bosom. As he
moved, a purple robe unfolding displayed his
gleaming and highly studded arms and cor-
slet. No one spoke—no accuser appeared—
doubt and awe possessed them. Without
turning, he beckoned with his hand; and
an unhelmeted warrior came, who received on
his knee a letter, which he delivered with
profound obeisance to Hyrcanus, saying,
“From Sextus Caesar.” Hyrcanus blushed
while reading it, but a look of satisfaction
crossed his face.

Suddenly the rabbit Sameas arose, with in-
dignation breathing from his countenance—
“Ye who are my assessors here, and thou,
O king, have never yet beheld the parallel to
this. Those who have hitherto appeared befo-
re the Sanhedrin of Israel have come sub-
missive, clothed in mourning garments, and
with hair dishevelled; but this admirable
Herod, accused of murder, and called to take
his trial, appears arrayed in purple, with
anointed hair and bands of armed men, that
he may murder us, if we condemn him by
our law, and thus, by overbearing justice,
escape death. I complain not against Herod,
who is more concerned for his own safety
than the laws; but against ye judges, and
thou, O king. Listen, betrayers of rights, the
Lord is great, and will permit his laws thus to be insulted. That very Herod,
whom you are going to absolve and dismiss,
will hereafter punish you and your king.”

After uttering with solemnity this awful
prophecy, he ceased, but remained standing,
with his eye scrutinising the countenance of
Hyrcanus, and his arm extended towards
Herod. A death-like silence ensued, which
was followed by a sudden burst of indigna-
tion from many of the rabbis, who called
loudly for the condemnation of the accused.
Herod scowled on them a fierce and fearless
look, mingled with a contemptuous smile. His
manner excited the wrath and clamour
of many of the judges, which Hyrcanus al-
layed by adjourning the Sanhedrin. Herod,
breathing defiance, quitted the hall, without
either defending himself or offering a remark.

During the night Hyrcanus warned him to
depart, and he fled to Damascus. He pur-
chased the protection of Sextus Caesar, then
sent a defiance to the Sanhedrin, and a re-
he turned away to obey their summons to appear before

it.
Herod, conscious of having delivered Galilee from terror and plunder, by justly ordering Hezekiah and his freebooters to be executed, was so incensed against the Sanhedrin, that he raised an army, and was on the point of marching against Jerusalem, with the intention of deposing Hyrcanus, and punishing those who had voted for his condemnation. He endeavored to induce his father Antipater, and his elder brother Phas- saclus, to join in the enterprise. Antipater, deeply versed in the conflicting opinions and interests both of the Jewish sects and the Roman power, with difficulty, though aided by Phasclus, dissuaded him from wreaking his intended vengeance.

Though the fiery spirit of Herod had been wounded, his capacious understanding perceived the truth of his father's reasons, and he for a time subdued the resentment which lay smouldering in his bosom.

Antipater and Phasclus sped to Jerusalem, for the purpose of using their influence with Hyrcanus, and Malichus the next to him in power, as well as to prevent any suspicion of their being leagued with Herod, and to avoid bringing down the execrated wrath of the iminal rabbis on their heads.

Antipater had been the friend of Malichus, and had often shielded him from impending danger; but he, unmindful of all these benefits, caused his friend to be poisoned. This act of perfidy and murder enflamed the vengeance of Herod, who, concealing his suspicions from Malichus, privately applied to Cassius, and led him to a spot on his road to Tyre, where a party of Roman soldiers seized and slew him.

The partisans of Malichus in Jerusalem instigated Hyrcanus to assist them in resenting his death on the sons of Antipater. Herod being sick at Damascus, the whole storm assaulted his brother Phasclus, who resisted it with success, until Herod arrived, and with him quelled the faction.

The indolence and incapacity of Hyrcanus, the weakness of the people from their numerous divisions, and the near extinction of the Asmonean race, were to Herod subjects of deep consideration: he saw that his influence, reputation, and close connexion with the Roman chiefs, were means by which he would be enabled to gratify his ambition, and aggrandize himself.

On him the passions were stamped with an impress of fire; and many of them were so deeply imbibed in his mind that they tinged every action with their hue. Daring ambition—without the redeeming spell, a love of glory—was the leading feature of his character in his early manhood. The possession of power was the aim of his ambition. The vehemence of his passions and his daring spirit were often opposed to his power of dissimulation and his extraordinary craftiness. When he reflected on the condition of the Jewish state, and his own commanding position, he saw that the way to the throne was open; the means alone required his calmest reflection.

The evening sacrifice was finished, the priests and people were retiring, when Herod withdrew; and passing, with slow and thoughtful steps the hallowed pavement before the Temple, he thus communed with himself.

"Malichus, whom I punished for murdering his faithful friend my father, is the adherent and the next in power to the imbecile prince and priest Hyrcanus, who must have been conscious of his guilt, since at his palace they were banqueting when the fatal poison was given him to drink. Is Hyrcanus worthy to rule over the Jewish state? Shall he be privy to my father's murder, and go unpunished?—I might cut him off, or accuse him to the Roman. Neither course will do. The stubborn Jews bear an instinctive love to the Asmonean race, and would yell after me like tigresses for their young, and so check me in my full career. To accuse him to the grasping Roman would be a sorry precedent for those who should hereafter take his place. To depose him from the high priesthood for murder would excite the jealous Caesar's anger, and the failure of proof would expose me to the deadly hatred of the other. Yet I will be their ruler—why not their king? Aristobulus, his grandson, is yet a beardless boy, and cannot be their priest and prince. The former he may be, so that I am the latter. But I am not of Asmonean blood—these hypocrites will call me, in scorn, Ascalonite; yet I will be their ruler, and cast back their scorn. I will not brook their insult. Ha! I have heard so, and heard whispered too, that the half-besetted, half-genius Antony spoke highly of her beauty, and that she blushing withdrew with such pride of gait, that even the triumvir felt the majesty of her presence. She is the granddaughter of Hyrcanus the next to Aristobulus, and the last of the Asmonean race. I am governor of Idumaia, and why should I not win her, and so become one of the adored race? Well thought of. The beauteous Mariamne shall be the price of Hyrcanus's pardon—I will seek the prince, and fathom him.

He left the Temple; and when beyond the outer gate, called the captain of his guard, and told him, "Go, and march a heavy armed legion and some troops of horse before the palace; bid them sound their clarions, and do all service of respect, as they pass the prince, than lodge them in the main guard."

Herod was at this time married, and although he could have two wives, yet a delicate embarrassment arises out of this new feature which we shall presently unravel.
MONTHLY CRITIC.


Last month we introduced this work to our readers, warmly commending its design and execution. We have now to conclude our review, and need only glance rapidly at the story, leaving some spirited extracts to supply our readers with the best means of judging for themselves, the interest of the romance and the ability of the author.

Love and ambition unite to make Herod, the Ascalonite, anxious to wed the beautiful Mariamne, the last of the Asmonaean princesses. Mr. Ogle’s pen-portrait of this maiden is worth quoting:

"Mariamne was approaching the age of womanhood; her manner partaking of the retiring modesty of her years, mingled with a consciousness of rank, and a natural dignity, heightened her feminine yet commanding beauty. Her form had not attained its full proportion, but promised, like the budding flower, to become more perfect. She was above the usual height, and moved with a native grace that no art can give, proving the symmetry of her proportions. Her small hands and feet also indicated the high-born race from which she was descended. Her luxuriant hair was of the deepest black, soft, shining, and so fine that the lightest breeze waved its ringlets upon a forehead expressive and of the purest white, adding to the lustre of her dark, intelligent, and expressive eyes, whose tenderness was improved by the long lashes, terminating at their points in lines of light. A nose slightly aquiline, a mouth finely formed, while round it gentleness and loveliness balancing the firmness and command which were indicated by the calmness and composure of her mien, adorned a face of perfect shape. She seemed formed to be adored, and yet to command with soft and irresistible dignity. Simple attire set off her winning beauty. A light veil, embroidered round the edge with gold, was fastened beneath her floating hair, and fell behind the right shoulder, over a curiously ornamented vest which reached her neck. She wore a robe, open from her shoulders to her girdle, covering below the knee the usual eastern dress fastened above the ankle with bracelets of gold and gems. A white and silver ornamented sandal served to display the still purer color of the snowly spaces between its fastenings and the bracelets."

It need be no matter of wonder that galantry, affection, and personal merits of Herod, who was then governor of Idumea, should, make an impression on the mind of Mariamne,—should, in fact, so influence this lovely and inexperienced heroine, as to self-enlist her, through the heart, in his favor. She, however, declines wedding him while his wife, Doris, survives. The Jewish custom, rather than the Jewish law, allows Herod to have more than one wife; but the pure-minded and proud Mariamne declines to share the heart of her husband with any one, and she would never have listened to Herod but from circumstances, which make her prefer being his wife to being the forced leman of Marc Antony. With a delicate perception of the mysterious workings of woman’s mind, Mr. Ogle shews the contending impulses which actuate Mariamne, and contrasts them with the devotedness—strong and much-enduring—of her amiable rival, Herod’s first wife. At last, however, Doris yields to necessity, and consents that Mariamne shall wed Herod—a consent which, of course, involves all that is tantamount to her own repudiation by him.

Herod becomes supreme ruler of Judea. His marriage with Mariamne confirms his power. But there is his sister, Salome—a sort of she-Iago—who hates Mariamne, and there are Herod’s own strong passions. Salome constantly pours the poison of jealousy and distrust into his ear, and his own fears that the sovereign sway should be wrested from him by means of Mariamne’s family, tempt him to destroy her grandfather, her brother, and many of her friends. At length, the victim of suspicious appearances, he is led to believe that she, much-loved and much-loving, has attempted his life, and her trial, conviction, and execution follow. We subjoin an account of the latter:

"The officers entered her room, and found her there without one friend to support her at her utmost need. The slave Tezallah would have come forward, but a fierce Herodian thrust her back. They approached Mariamne, and the chief of them said, with faltering voice—"

"Daughter of death, we have received our orders."

M. C. 11—(COURT MAGAZINE)—MAY, 1843.
"She waved her hand for them to lead the way, and followed with slow and steady step. "Contrary to the usual custom, the place appointed for the execution was the forum, near the palace. In passing through the avenues, and across the courts, no friend raised a parting cry, no tear was shed; on every side were guards, and mercenary warriors, and unknown faces. She passed the gateway, and was exposed to the public gaze. Mingled sounds of blessings, curses, woes, and cries for justice, instantly arose from among the people. She crossed her hands upon her bosom, and advanced unmoved by the horrid din. When she had reached the middle of the street, beyond the palace-wall, a crowd of horsemen pressed down upon the front; at their head rode Jonathan and Reuben; on their flank appeared Babarrah, backed by the Asmonean guard. He drew his falchion, which was the preconcerted signal, and a chosen band spurred in among the crowd to surround their injured queen. Theoras had anticipated the skillful movement, hovered by the traitor Sabbion, and in an instant the spearmen were prepared, and he rode at the brave Babarrah, and tried by a sudden burst to pierce his bosom: the Arab had but a moment to ward off the blow, but at the same time cut the savage to the ground. The Galatians had, on the first appearance of the guard, hastened through the gateway. Babarrah saw, at a single glance, that he had been betrayed, and cried, in a voice of agony—

"All, all is lost, my brave men! save yourselves, for Mariamne's sake!"

She looked at Babarrah, and with an imploving voice distinctly exclaimed—

"O, spare the blood of my people! Come not to my rescue! Fly! for my sake, fly!"

Then turning to the officers, she said—

"Lead on!"

A terrified phalanx of men, on either side, prevented her from seeing what took place, and she moved slowly forward. They soon reached the place where all her sorrows were to end.

The sun was setting amid clouds, through which its beams could not penetrate, when the lovely victim reached the spot where the executioners were ready to perform their office. She advanced to the step, where her coffin lay; with steady hand united her veil, that fell unheeded to the ground; the braid which bound her hair unfastened with it, and her raven tresses floated over her marblle neck. A merciless Herodian would have torn it off, but the executioners prevented his attempt.

Mariamne glanced on the silent crowd, covering the open space and all the terraced houses round, but spoke not; then gazed on the declining sun with an unearthly look; her lips moved as she prayed: at that moment the level beams burst through the cloudy veil, and shining on her pallid face and snowy garments, seemed to change her to a heavenly spirit. She appeared communing with guardian angels as she gently drew away her hair, and knelt. The satellite gave the unerring blow—Mariamne's quivering body sunk into its narrow cell, and her spirit returned to God who gave it.

Then there arose—alas, too late—a cry of despair and woe, that smote the monarch's ear, and told him that the dreadful deed was done. It sounded to him like a mighty voice, that quelled all human passions, and appalled the soul. It seemed to tell him, in words beyond the power of mortals to disbelieve, that he had murdered his spotless wife! He stood and trembled, then shrieked in utter agony, and ran forth, and called aloud to bring him back his Mariamne. He met her bier, and following it his brother's corpse, still looking fierce. As if a moment's doubt flashed across his maddening brain, he tore away the covering from Mariamne's coffin, and saw her face placid and lovely, even in death; no stain had spoiled it, but her tresses were clogged with gore, and matted on her bosom.

Again the loud wail of wo was heard, and he remembered that she was gone for ever. He placed his hands upon his brow, as if smitten by some unseen power; he shrieked, and rushed away, scourged by the lashes of upbraiding conscience, and with burning madness on his soul. When the temppest of his mind was lulled, he ordered his officers to prepare the minstrels and banquet, and called for Mariamne; when she came not, he repeated her name until the truth was remembered, and he again became a raving maniac. Months passed away; he left his kingdom, wandered amid the deserts, and called for her he had so foully murdered. Time and the will of Providence restored him to his reason. His transient penitence had no foundation on which to stand; he again became a tyrant, and imbrued his guilty hands in blood, until—

The voice in Rama had been heard—Lamentation and most bitter weeping; The daughters of Rachel weeping for their children,

Refusing to be comforted for their children, because they were not.

Then God smote him with loathsome and horrible diseases, and astonishment of heart, and called him to the tribunal of Almighty justice.—

What a contrast is this sad scene (which closes the volume) to the following brilliant narrative of Mariamne's nuptials:

The stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the sounding of a thousand clarsions, and by the blazing of innumerable fires illuminating the vale of Samaria, and crowning with flames the summit of Mount Ebal,
near Sechem, vied in brilliancy, and cast broad and flickering gleams across the woody vale; the illumination spread from Enhaddah and Jezreel to the mountains of Gibbon; so thickly strewn were flaming piles, that the silvery moonbeams seemed to be driven from the earth, and to have no place to rest on: songs of joy, with loud music, resounded from every city and from every habitation, when the signal from Samaria announced that Herod had gone to bring home his bride.

Wearing a crown resplendent with jewels, a Sidonian tunic woven with gold and pearls, a purple robe edged with precious stones, and with sandals of wrought gold, the king proceeded to the palace of his beloved Mariamne, followed by a numerous train of virgins arrayed in robes interwoven with silver, wearing flowing veils striped with gold and erismon, and sandals of silk edged with pearls: each carried a silver lamp; and all sung, as they went, the nuptial song. After them came a train of friends, adorned with splendid wedding-garments; then bands of musicians playing on the harp, the lute, the tabret, and various other instruments, with whom the joyous crowd, covering the tops of their terraced houses, sung in harmony and with unfeigned joy. These were followed by a car of ivory and gold, drawn by six milk-white Arabian steeds of the most beautiful form and the purest descent. As soon as the car reached the palace, the gates were thrown open, and Mariamne descended the outer stairs with Herod. Loud and rapturous shouts from the assembled people proved their adoration of the flower of their beloved race. She wore upon her head a crown of diamonds, on her forehead shone a ruby of inestimable price, and pearls of unusual magnitude were suspended from her ears. As she waved her snowy arm in token of thanks, she displayed the pendant jewels and bracelets wrested by the heroes of her race from those who trampled upon Israel. They were known like standards by the people, who raised their acclamations, while unbidden tears flowed from their eyes, and they called upon the spirits of those who had burst asunder the yokes of their fathers. At their names, Mariamne’s steps were involuntarily stayed; at that instant the wind blew aside her flowing veil of flame-color, and shook the odor from her hair, which hung down in curls and braids. The melancholy majesty of her look had been for a moment changed to one of unspeakable exultation at the feeling for her heroic race; but it faded, and a tear stole down her wan cheek, which was tinged with the ruby rays from the gem in her frontlet. As she stepped into the car, her ample mantle of dazzling whiteness, fastened with a girdle, somewhat opened; and though the tunic was not quite fitted to the form, her faultless figure was clearly discerned: the remainder of her dress was bound with jewels above the ankle, and her sandals were laced with bands of diamonds. Herod stood with her in the car, and they returned to his palace amid the songs of his retinue, and the acclamations of the people.

Mariamne descended within the entrance, turned and thanked the people, then the virgins lifted her over the threshold, and conducted her to the Armon, where the banquet was prepared for them. Herod, his chiefs, and friends, assembled in another hall. Each received the usual congratulations, and Alexandra the sumptuous nuptial gift presented by the bridegroom: it exceeded even her avaricious wishes. Twenty slaves carried ten salvers of massy silver, piled with unwrought bars of gold, with precious stones, wrought ivory, and apparel of embroidery and beautiful workmanship, besides curious articles brought far from the east.

Antony and Cleopatra are ingeniously introduced; but we have already allowed this notice to occupy so much space that we can only recommend our readers to refer to the work itself.


To the historian of the Temple Church the idea would naturally occur, that some account of its former owners—the Knights Templars—might be of interest and importance. Mr. Addison has exercised great research in collecting, and great ability in condensing and arranging the materials necessary for such a work. This second edition has the benefit of considerably more matter than he had put into his first. The work may now be considered complete. It has received the author’s final touches. It comes to us, also, recommended by the interest of the subject, and the ability with which the author has treated it. We can readily perceive that, had he pleased, Mr. Addison might have bestowed less pains upon the work, and yet made it more bulky. He has preferred condensation to diffuse ness, and the result is a volume likely to take a prominent and permanent stand in our country’s literature.

The origin of the Knights Templars was simple enough. The poor pilgrims who, on the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, flocked to visit that Holy City—object alike of reverence from Christian and Mahomedan—needed protection from the hostile Mussulmen who attacked and plundered them. Nine noble Knights
formed a holy brotherhood in arms, united in a solemn compact to clear the highways of robbers and infidels, to protect the pilgrims in their journeys to and from Jerusalem, and assumed the name of the “Poor Fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ.” They became monks in all but seclusion from the world, and united in themselves the two most popular qualities of the age, devotion and valour. Their reputation extended, and in 1118, nineteen years after the conquest of Jerusalem, King Baldwin II. located them within the sacred enclosure of the Temple on Mount Moriah; from that time they came to be known as “The Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon.” The first Superior of this new religious and military society was Hugh de Payens, who assumed the title of “The Master of the Temple,” and has, consequently, generally been called the founder of the Order. The reputation of the Knights Templars soon extended throughout Christendom, and in 1128, at the great ecclesiastical council of Troyes, Hugh de Payens and five other brethren attended by invitation, having previously been well received by Pope Honorius, and to St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, did the Council confide the task of revising and correcting the rules to which the Templars had subjected themselves, and of forming a code of statutes fit for the governance of the fraternity.

This code, divided into seventy-two heads or chapters, was sufficiently austere—in fact, in most points it bound the Templars by the strictest rules which governed the monastic orders, and in many instances was far more stringent. It bound the fraternity to deeds of mortification, prayer, charity, and valour, and placed them completely under control of their Master. A Papal bull having confirmed the code, Hugh de Payens proceeded to England through France, and there, as well as in Scotland, received royal encouragement as well as large donations in aid of the order. Grants of land were made (confirmed by King Stephen in 1135), and a Knight Templar was left in England, as Prior of the Temple, to act as procurator and vicegerent of the Master. The power of admitting members into the order was delegated to this officer, as well as the administration of the English estates. The Templars increased in England, and subprior were appointed to govern their respective houses. In time, the English superior was called the Grand Prior, and, afterwards, Master of the Temple—a title kept up to the present day in the person of the Rev. Christopher Benson, the Preacher, who is called “Master of the Temple.”

The popularity of the fraternity rapidly increased throughout Europe. They obtained extensive possessions by gift and bequest, and the noblest became anxious to take the vows. St. Bernard took up the pen to praise their motives and their prowess. The Mussulmen again rose in arms, and the second crusade commenced:—

“The Templars, with the sanction of the Pope, assumed the blood-red cross, the symbol of martyrdom, as the distinguishing badge of the order, which was supposed to be worn on their habits and mantles on the left side of the breast over the heart, whence they came afterwards to be known by the name of the Red Friars and the Red Cross Knights.”

A great extent of property was made over, at this time, to the Templars in most parts of Europe. Their high discipline and undaunted valour, during the Crusade, kept up their popularity. They became the terror of the infidel in Palestine. The Crusade failed, and in 1153, at the siege of Ascalon, Bernard de Tremalay and his Knights were slain to a man. Bertrand de Blanquefort, who succeeded as Master, was made prisoner by the Saracens in 1156, and sent in chains to Aleppo. In general, however, the Templars discomfited the Infidels, and the Pope himself eulogized their zeal and valour, as the Champions of the Cross. “The Hospitallers of St. John,” in rivalry with the Templars, became a military as well as a religious order.

The Pope (Alexander III.) declared himself the immediate Bishop of the Order of the Knights Templars, confirming and extending their privileges. Mr. Addison enters at some length into an explanation of the difference between the respective classes—of knights, priests, and serving brethren—into which the Order was divided. The passage is worth extracting:—

“Every candidate for admission into the first class must have received the honor of knighthood in due form, according to the laws of chivalry, before he could be admitted to the vows; and as no person of low degree could be advanced to the honors of knighthood, the brethren of the first class, i.e. the
Knights Templars, were all men of noble birth and of high courage. Previous to the council of Troyes, the order consisted of knights only, but the rule framed by the holy fathers enjoin the admission of esquires and retainers to the vows, in the following terms: "LXI. We have known many out of divers provinces, as well retainers as esquires, fervently desiring for the salvation of their souls to be admitted for life into our house. It is expedient, therefore, that you admit them to the vows, lest perchance the old enemy should suggest something to them whilst in God's service, by stealth or unconcerningly, and should suddenly drive them from the right path." Hence arose the great class of serving brethren (fretes servientes), who attended the knights into the field both on foot and on horseback, and added vastly to the power and military reputation of the order. The serving brethren were armed with bows, bills, and swords; it was their duty to be always near the person of the knight, to supply him with fresh weapons or a fresh horse in case of need, and to render him every succour in the affray. The esquires of the knights were generally serving brethren of the order, but the services of secular persons might be accepted.

The order of the Temple always had in its pay a large number of retainers, and of mercenary troops, both cavalry and infantry, which were officered by the knights. These were clothed in black or brown garments, that they might, in obedience to the rule, be plainly distinguished from the professed soldiers of Christ, who were habited in white. The black or brown garment was directed to be worn by all connected with the Templars who had not been admitted to the vows, that the holy soldiers might not suffer, in character or reputation, from the irregularities of secular men their dependents.

The white mantle of the Templars was a regular monastic habit, having the red cross on the left breast; it was worn over armour of chain mail, and could be looped up so as to leave the sword-arm at full liberty. On his head the Templar wore a white linen coif, and over that a small round cap made of red cloth. When in the field, an iron scull-cap was probably added. We must now take a glance at the military organization of the order of the Temple, and of the chief officers of the society.

Next in authority to the Master stood the Marshal, who was charged with the execution of the military arrangements on the field of battle. He was second in command, and in case of the death of the Master, the government devolved upon him until the new superior was elected. It was his duty to provide arms, tents, horses, and mules, and all the necessary appendages of war.

The Prior or Preceptor of the kingdom of Jerusalem, also styled "Grand Preceptor of the Temple," had the immediate superin-

tendence over the chief house of the order in the holy city. He was the treasurer-general of the society, and had charge of all the receipts and expenditure. During the absence of the Master from Jerusalem, the entire government of the Temple devolved upon him.

The Draper was charged with the clothing department, and had to distribute garments 'free from the suspicion of arrogance and superfluity' to all the brethren. He is directed to take especial care that the habits be 'neither too long nor too short, but properly measured for the wearer, with equal measure, and with brotherly regard, that the eye of the whisperer or the accuser may not presume to notice anything.'

The Standard Bearer (Balenischer) bore the glorious Bearer, or war-banner, to the field; he was supported by a certain number of knights and esquires, who were sworn to protect the colors of the order, and never to let them fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Turcopilier was the commander of a body of light horse called Turcopiles (Turcopili). These were natives of Syria and Palestine, the offspring frequently of Turkish mothers and Christian fathers, brought up in the religion of Christ, and retained in the pay of the order of the Temple. They were lightly armed, were clothed in the Asiatic style, and being inured to the climate, and well acquainted with the country, and with the Moslem mode of warfare, they were found extremely serviceable as light cavalry and skirmishers, and were always attached to the war-battalions of the Templars.

The Guardian of the Chapel (Coste Capelin) had charge of the portable chapel and the ornaments of the altar, which were always carried by the Templars into the field. This portable chapel was a round tent, which was pitched in the centre of the camp; the quarters of the brethren were disposed around it, so that they might, in the readiest and most convenient manner, partake in the divine offices, and fulfill the religious duties of their profession.

Besides the Grand Preceptor of the kingdom of Jerusalem, there were the Grand Preceptors of Antioch and Tripoli, and the Prior or Preceptors of the different houses of the Temple in Syria and in Palestine, all of whom commanded in the field, and had various military duties to perform under the eye of the Master.

The Templars and the Hospitallers were the constituted guardians of the true cross when it was brought forth from its sacred repository in the church of the Resurrection to be placed at the head of the Christian army. The Templars marched on the right of the sacred emblem, and the Hospitallers on the left, and the same position was taken up by the two orders in the line of battle.

An eye-witness of the conduct of the
Templars in the field tells us that they were always foremost in the fight and the last in the retreat; that they proceeded to battle with the greatest order, silence, and circumspection, and carefully attended to the commands of their Master. When the signal to engage had been given by their chief, and the trumpets of the order sounded to the charge, 'then,' says he, 'they humbly sing the psalm of David, Non nobis, non nobis, Domine, sed nomini tuo da gloriain, 'Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give the praise;' and placing their lances in rest, they either break the enemy's line or die. If any one of them should by chance turn back, or bear himself less manfully than he ought, the white mantle—the emblem of their order—is ignominiously stripped off his shoulders, the cross worn by the fraternity is taken away from him, and he is cast out from the fellowship of his brethren; he is compelled to eat on the ground without a napkin or a table-cloth for the space of one year; and the dogs who gather around him and torment him he is not permitted to drive away. At the expiration of the year, if he be truly penitent, the Master and the brethren restore to him the military girdle and his pristine habit and cross, and receive him again into the fellowship and community of the brethren. The Templars do indeed practise the observance of a stern religion, living in humble obedience to their Master, without property, and spending nearly all the days of their lives under tents in the open fields. Such is the picture of the Templars drawn by one of the leading dignitaries of the Latin kingdom.

The contests between Saladin and the Templars are related in detail, but we pass them to mention how and when the Temple Church was constructed at London. When Saladin's arms carried all before them, the Christians purchased a truce, for four years, and Arnold de Torroge, Master of the Temple, accompanied by Heraclius, the Patriarch of the Holy City, and by the Master of the Hospital, repaired to England for succour. Arnold died at Verona, but his companions reached England early in 1185. They were well received by King Henry II., at Reading, who gave a favorable hearing to their complaints and requests. The Patriarch repaired to London, where the Knights Templars received him at the Temple, the chief house of order in England, and, in February 1185, he consecrated the Temple Church which had just then been erected.

The original location of the Templars in London, was in a house near the site where Southampton Buildings, Holborn, now stands. Subsequently, when the order had increased in numbers, power, and wealth, they purchased the large space of ground on which they erected a large convent called the New Temple, to distinguish it from the original house at Holborn. Mr. Addison says the New Temple was adapted for the residence of numerous military monks and novices, serving brothers, retainers, and domestics. It contained the residence of the superior and of the knights, the cells and apartments of the chaplains and serving brethren, the council chamber where the chapters were held, and the refectory or dining-hall, which was connected, with a range of handsome cloisters, with the magnificent church, consecrated by the patriarch. Alongside the river extended a spacious pleasure ground for the recreation of the brethren, who were not permitted to go into the town without leave of the Master. It was used also for military exercises and the training of the horses.

In 1185 an inquisition was made of the lands of the Templars in England, and it was found that their estates were of immense extent and value. There were preceptories of the order in the counties of Lincoln, York, Somerset, Kent, Norfolk, Warwick, Leicester, Cambridge, Salop, Hertford, Essex, Sussex, Surrey, Oxford, Wilts, Hereford, Hants, Suffolk, Somerset, Gloucester, Northampton, Notts, Worcester, Westmoreland, and Middlesex. They had preceptories, also in Scotland and Ireland. Including their possessions in Apulia and Sicily, Upper and Central Italy, Portugal, Castile and Leon, Aragon, Germany, and Hungary, Greece, France, and England, the annual income of the order in Europe has been estimated at six millions sterling. They also had much territorial property in Asia. No wonder that they should have become so powerful.

Soon after the consecration of the Temple Church, the Patriarch Heraclius contrived to quarrel with Henry II., because, at the instance of his parliament, that Sovereign declined going to Palestine, or sending one of his sons, though he was willing to afford considerable succour to the Knights Templars in their difficulties. On the Patriarch's return to Palestine, the infidels prepared at attempt to the re-conquest of the Holy City, and broke the truce. The Templars,

*See our account of the Restoration of the Temple Church, p. 180, vol 2—1843.
resisting them, were routed, and in one pitched battle perished the Grand Master of the Hospital and all the Templars except the Grand Master and two of his knights, who escaped to Nazareth. The battle of Tiberias, soon after, effected the further discomfiture of the Christians. The Grand Master and the true Cross were captured—many of the Templars were decapitated on refusing to become Islamites—Jerusalem was taken after much resistance—the Temple fell into possession of the Saracens—and the remnant fled to Antioch, bravely fighting as they retired. On Acre they made a most determined attack, aided by Richard Cœur de Lion, captured the city, established the chief house of the order within it, and had their royal and gallant ally as their guest. From him they purchased the island of Cyprus, which he conquered, for 800,000 livres d’or, and formed the van of his army during the third crusade. They exhibited their wonted valor, but without success, for the Saracens certainly had the advantage. Cyprus was ceded to Guy de Lusignan, who became its king. Richard and the Templars continued to attempt the conquest of Jerusalem, and, at length, a truce was established by which the Christian pilgrims should have the right to visit the Holy City. Richard quitted Palestine, in the garb of a Knight Templar. The order alone maintained the Latin kingdom of Palestine during ninety-nine years after Richard’s departure, and, finally, (A.D. 1240) reconquered Jerusalem.

The Templars maintained themselves in Palestine, amid a variety of difficulties until 1291, when Benocor, Sultan of Egypt, drove them out of Asia. Previous to this, they had exercised the most splendid hospitality in England and France, which, no doubt led to their ultimate ruin, by exciting the cupidity and envy of powerful enemies. After the loss of Palestine, the head quarters of the order were in Cyprus, where, in 1295, was elected James de Molay, the last Grand Master. The popularity of the Templars declined, when their success in Palestine ceased, and complaints against them poured in from many quarters. Edward I. was the first European monarch who directly opposed them—he coolly emptied the treasury of the Temple, in London. Edward II. did the same. King Philip of France imprisoned the Grand Master and all the Templars within his dominions, accused them of heresy and idolatry, and extorted confessions from them by the torture. At the instance of Pope Clement V., a similar course was adopted by our Edward II., and a council of the church, assembled at London, examining the case, found the body guilty of practices and belief not consistent with the Christian faith. In France, the Templars withdrew their confession of idolatry and heresy, and were then tried and burnt at the stake as relapsed heretics. In England, most of them preferred making their reconciliation with the church—the Master of the Temple died a prisoner in the Tower—and, when the Pope abolished the order of the Temple in 1311, the different European monarchs took possession of the property of the fraternity.

We have only left ourselves room to say that this work is a valuable library addition, and we trust that Mr. Addison will again, and speedily, take pen in hand.

HISTORY OF WOMEN IN ENGLAND. By Hannah Lawrance. Vol. 1.—Colburn, London.

Miss Lawrance is well known as a writer who has successfully gone for information to the fountain-head—an antiquarian whose previous works exhibit the philosophy of history—a biographer imbued with the rare skill of making fact as interesting as the most imaginative fiction. Her “Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century” prepared her for, if they did not suggest, the work now before us. She has had one great difficulty to contend with,—the subject is clouded with obscurity at its commencement, and begins to be interesting just when the present volume closes, on the eve of that dawn of the better and brighter day which was illumined by the dazzling sun of chivalry.

Woman unquestionably exercised a beneficial influence upon society, in England, from a remote period,—an influence which fostered our civilization and literature. Miss Lawrance truly says:—

“Important has been that influence. Little is told us of women in Saxon times, yet even then there were illustrious queens, and more illustrious female scholars, whose exertions for the diffusion of knowledge demand the gratitude of their descendants
Scarcely more is known of female society during the Anglo-Norman period; yet it was at the bidding of the lady that our earliest poets sang, and the fountain of modern fiction—chivalrous romance, was unsealed by female hands. During the age of chivalry, the object of knightly worship becomes indeed more distinctly visible; but even at this period many a lady illustrious for her talents, and interesting from her romantic history, has no record save in the seldom-opened pages of the monkish chronicle. Descending to more recent times, we find the history of women in England linked with each great event. Female influence gave the impulse to those doctrines which produced the Reformation—to woman’s patronage, England owes the introduction of printing,—while amidst all the changes of after-times her voice was still heard.”

Early records are incomplete and unsatisfactory as regards the history of Women in England before and immediately after the Roman invasion. Among the more barbarous aboriginal tribes it is likely that Woman was the drudge and bond-slave: the civilized tribes must have thought more highly of her, for Caesar and Tacitus express surprise at the respect paid to her. The valour and patriotism exhibited by Queen Boudica, or Boadicea, and the submission, “even to the death,” which her countrymen paid her, mark the command she held and the obedience she received. Early in the fifth century, the Romans quitted Britain, which became broken up into several small sovereignties. The condition of Woman appears not to have been improved, and, as Miss Lawrance remarks, “from the time of Boadicea to the invasion of the Saxons, we have no instance of a Queen reigning in her own right;”—indeed, it does not appear that, under the restored British sway, women were capable of holding lands.

Internal tumults led to the invasion by the Picts and Scots. Vortigern, the principal ruler in Britain, invited the Sea-Kings to oppose them. In a short time, the Saxons became masters of the country; and British independence, although it battled bravely to the last, was subdued. With the Saxon supremacy came an improvement in the condition of woman in England, for the Teutonic warriors appear, from an early period, to have anticipated the chivalric devotion to the sex, which, in the rest of Europe, did not become general until the time of the Crusades. The Saxons treated women as equals, with the exception of not calling any of them to sovereign power. Miss Lawrance pointedly notices this, saying:

“From the period when Hengist moored his ‘three long ships’ in the haven of Ebbesfleet, to that when Harold and Saxon dominion expired on the field of Hastings, but one female name meets us in their annals—that of Sexburga, the widow of Coimwalch, king of Wessex, who, on her husband’s decease in 672, seized the crown, and at the head of a powerful army overawed the neighbouring princes. But this attempt, although we have the testimony of more than one monkish writer that Sexburga was well qualified by her superior talents for government, appears to have awakened the most violent spirit of resistance. Her own subjects joined with the neighbouring and rival princes, and within a twelvemonth drove her from the throne.”

Although Queens-Regent were not permitted by and among the Saxons in Britain, Queens-Consort had many privileges, some of which extended to all married women, whatever their degree. Indeed, each class of women had not only legal protection, but a double fine enforced it. The very bondswomen were well guarded by the law, well taken care of, and treated with comparative kindness.

Christianity made its way into England, civilizing wherever it went. From the monasteries issued the instructors whose duty it was to teach the new and holy faith, and “not only were the most illustrious of these schools of learning founded and presided over by women, but these women were themselves, pre-eminently, lights in a dark age.” The Lady Hilda, who founded the Abbey of Whitby, was of royal birth, and is favourably known as the learned patron of scholars. Her encouragement developed the genius of Caedmon, the Saxon Milton—her example fostered the gentle arts in which scholarship delights. At this time women were held in high estimation in England, and so carefully educated that, though eleven centuries have since rolled on, many of their Latin poems and letters remain, creditable specimens of their mental cultivation.

Towards the end of the eight century, the Danes invaded England. They made repeated visits to the doomed and distracted land, in which they plundered and
destroyed the principal convents and monasteries. The destruction of the convent libraries and the dispersion of the nuns caused the cessation of all efforts to promote female education. During the eighth and ninth centuries little is recorded of woman in England, but the revival of learning, under Alfred, is popularly attributed to the influence and instruction of his step-mother, Judith, the daughter of a foreign race. Alfred's gratitude was displayed in the foundation of several abbeys, as free-schools for the instruction of his female subjects. His own daughters were carefully taught under his own eye, and the condition of the sex was improved, of course, by the increase of their means of gaining that knowledge which, in all times, has given them influence and power.

Early in the tenth century, Canute became ruler in England. His wife Queen Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready, became associated with him in the cares of Government.

"She sat in the Witena-gemot; letters are extant from prelates, in which 'Elfgyva the lady,' as well as 'Cnut the Cyning,' is addressed; and the chronicles of Winchester Cathedral and the abbeys of Ramsey and Ely (Ely was not a cathedral until the reign of Henry I.) bear abundant testimony to the influence of Emma over the mind of the newly converted king, by pointing to her as the source of that munificent liberality which the Danish monarch displayed toward these Saxon foundations."

Editha, the virgin-bride of Edward the Confessor, is represented by Ingulphus as the patron of letters. At the Conquest she was treated with respect by William of Normandy, whose introduction of the feudal system Miss Laurance thinks must have been much to the advantage of her sex, particularly of the higher classes. She also speaks favorably of the severe and judicious laws with which the Norman guarded the honor of every class of women, and cites examples to prove that "the Norman yielded that respect to Saxon women which, neither from the Danish invaders nor from the more powerful among their own countrymen, they had heretofore received." Even the bondswomen were bettered—for a residence of a year and a day within the walled towns ensured their freedom, and the times of male and female serfs, were defined, with view of limiting their labor. Miss Laurance incidentally states that the story of the Lady Godiva of Coventry has constantly been told as an instance of Norman tyranny, whereas "it was no Norman baron who thus oppressed his bondsmen until his lady could no longer endure to witness their sufferings, but Lesfric, Earl of Leicester, a noble of genuine Saxon race, and in high favor with his Saxon sovereign, who bade his wife ride unclothed through the market-place, ere he would grant the boon that her pity asked."

The Saxons were an intemperate, hard-drinking race—the Normans were by no means addicted to gluttony or drink. We need scarcely indicate how favorably this difference would influence the condition of women in England. Female society became more sought after than it had ever been, and this extended not alone to the highest class. When "good Queen Maude," wife of Henry I., sat on the throne, she became the encourager, if not almost the founder, of the Anglo-Norman literature. She was herself "a scholar and a ripe one," as her correspondence with Archbishop Anselm proves. Her successor, Adelais of Louvain, alike distinguished for her beauty and her talents, followed her example, and to this were owing many Norman translations, or adaptations, which naturalized Latin works in England. Lady Alice de Conde of Horncastle, the fair Constance la Gentil, and other ladies of rank, also encouraged and rewarded the trouvère, and their influence must have considerably tended to promote the cultivation of letters. Then, also, arose the chivalrous romance, and then originated the poem in the vernacular tongue. During the stormy reign of Stephen, literature continued to be cultivated, chiefly under the auspices of the fair sex, and the trouvères abundantly flourished. In the troubles of the time, the Empress Maude contended with Stephen for the sceptre; but though acknowledged and crowned in the kingdom of Wessex, she was rejected by the people at large, rather because, true to their ancient customs, they would not agree that a woman should possess the supreme power, than out of any contempt of the sex. At that very time even the rude warrior paid respect to woman. A little later, on the death of Henry II., the regency was confided by Richard Cœur de Lion to his mother, Elinor, and submitted to without
a question by the nobles. She continued regent during Richard's absence in Palestine, and during his captivity, from which, indeed, his personal interference freed him. At this era, women of the middle class are said to have "enjoyed a degree of consideration fully equal, in some respects superior, to that enjoyed by the same class in modern times." Many of them were in trade, some possessed independent property. Of the condition of the lower classes in the 12th century, little is known, and Miss Lawrence, with great propriety, does not attempt to eke out her book by speculation and guess-work.

The most interesting chapter in this volume is the penultimate. It is exclusively devoted to an examination of the general state of female society in the 12th century, especially as connected with the conventual institutions, the great source of female education. This contains an immense quantity of information, drawn from many sources, and completely lays open all the mysteries of a convent life.

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Much information as to the Baronetage of the British empire has been condensed into this volume. The account of each baronet is drawn up on the plan of the brief but sufficient notices in Dodd's "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood." More space is here given to the genealogies of the respective families, and the armorial bearings are specifically described. No mention is made of the Knights, as the work purports to be exclusively devoted to an account of those persons who, as Baronets, form "the Sixth degree of dignity hereditary, or high nobility, in the British Empire."

The work opens with an introduction, treating of the rights, privileges, and precedence to which Baronets are entitled, or claim to enjoy. This is followed by a genealogical account of the families forming the Order, according to the seniority of creation, and classified into English, Scottish (and Nova Scotia), Irish, British, and United Kingdom Baronets. An Appendix has an Exposition—to give publicity to which probably led to the appearance of the work—in which it is contended that the Baronets, by the royal patents erecting the order, are privileged to augment their Arms with such exterior heraldic ornaments as indicate baronial and equestrian dignity. There is also a note to shew that, in the 17th and 18th centuries, the epithet of "The Honourable" was prefixed to the title of each Baronet by the common courtesy of society.

The Baronets, as a body, contend that their eldest sons have a right, by patent from James I., founder of the Order, to claim and receive the order of knighthood from the Sovereigns, and refer to the fact that in 1825, 1827, and 1835, at Windsor and Dublin, three eldest sons of Baronets did so demand and receive that honor. In 1836, the eldest son of Sir James Broun, of Colstoun, a Baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, applied for knighthood (under the letter-patent of the 14th James I., which certainly gives that right), and was refused to be presented to William IV. for inauguration, the Lord Chamberlain's decision on that subject being approved by Lord Melbourne, who was Premier at the time. On this, Mr. Broun, by desire of the Order, and as a knight de jure (as eldest son of a Baronet), assumed the title of a knight—Eques Auratus.

The work before us is from his pen, and we may add that he is Hon. Secretary of the Committee of the Baronetage for Privileges.

The Baronets claim a place between the Barons and the Lords. As these two degrees of honor are now merged into one, we suppose that the Baronets must be content to take precedence immediately before the knights. Charles I. granted them the privilege of wearing a ribband and badge, to distinguish them from knights and persons of inferior quality. This distinction fell into desuetude from the time of the civil wars; but, in 1775, the Baronets of Scotland assumed it, and since that period have exercised their right to wear the ribband and badge. In 1827, George IV. passed an ordinance revoking that of James I. (as to Baronet's eldest sons claiming knighthood de jure) as far as new creations from the date of that ordinance were concerned. This clearly does not affect any claims before 1827.

In 1841 the Baronets determined to augment their arms by such "Exterior Heraldic Ornaments as indicate Baronal
and Equestrian dignity;"—the royal patents erecting the Order giving them, they thought, the privilege of doing this. Oddly enough, however, it seems that the three patents (of 1611, 1612, and 1616) which erected the Order, allude to armorial ensigns only once, and that incidentally. On the other hand, there is no "ordinance, charter, or royal patent, granting to the families of the peerage any exterior heraldic ornaments." Such are extra-seculal insignia, the use or non-use of which depends on the will of the individual, whose Arms are duly registered in the Herald’s office, at the date of the creation of his title. The work before us says:—

“They owe their origin purely to assumption, and their perpetuation to use and custom. They are borne further simply as exponents of rank and dignity; they give no distinction or precedence of themselves; they are symbols, and that is all, each class of the dignified nobility having appropriated certain outward heraldic emblems, which, in the course of time, have become distinctive of, and peculiar to, itself.”

The Baronets now claim the right, at will, of charging their Arms externally with five additaments, viz.—Supporters, a Coronet, a Mantle, a Helmet, and a Wreath. The Report of the Hon. Secretary gives these details:—

“First for Supporters, it is proposed to take two Equites Avarii, because, whilst such figures, in their general outline, will be of a uniform kind, their liverys and banners will sufficiently particularise each family bearing them. Thus these Supporters will combine all that is necessary to such embellishments, whether as symbolising the Order or individuals. Second, for a Coronet, a plain circle of gold, with four pearls or balls resting on an engraved line, may be deemed suitable, as it would be distinctive, being the mean between the Coronet of a Lord and the Coronet of a Banneret, the latter having six, the latter three balls or pearls. Third, for a Mantle, that ought to represent the robe which Baronets would wear at a coronation festival, or other high state solemnity, and which would only differ from a Lord’s in the same proportion that the Mantle of a Lord differs from the Mantle of a Viscount. Fourth, for a Helmet, Baronets might assume the one common to the fourth and fifth degree of Barontial Dignity—but, being the only Order in the kingdom which combines hereditary and personal honours, I have to suggest that the Open Helmet of Knighthood should be retained, adding for distinction’s sake four golden grills or bars, two on each side of the visor. Fifth, the Wreath will remain the same as heretofore, but drawn with greater precision, as shewing its circular shape.

In addition to these five Heraldic Ornaments, which Baronets are privileged to adopt and wear quasi Baronets, is likewise to be added two other ensigns of distinction—viz., the Collar of SS., and a Badge; these, Baronets have a right to use and enjoy as decorations belonging to their personal dignity of Knighthood. As the Collar of SS. is found in a great variety of forms, the one submitted for selection is slightly varied from them all, in so far as that the centre ornament (sometimes found to be a rose) is composed of the three National Flowers, surounded by the word "Sovereign, the favorite motto or device of King Henry IV., who is understood to have been the monarch who first introduced this decoration. The Badge varies from the royal Ulster cognizance, granted in 1612, only in being surmounted by an imperial crown, and the substitution of the motto ‘Pro Rege et Patria,’ to gold letters, on a blue enamelled circle, for the precious stones which surrounded it in the 17th century.”

Whether it be good taste for the Baronets now to assume a coronet, others may determine. Their patents give no such right; and we venture to say, in the words of an old writer, that they would be more respectable as “the head of the gentry than the tail of the nobility.” It may be a question, also, whether it be worth while now to claim the prefix of “The Honorable,” before the title of each Baronet. It is evident, however, that such an epithet was formerly conceded as one of courtesy, if not of right.

The following extracts convey a good deal of information relative to the Order;

Nobility in the British Monarchy may justly be divided into four sorts—1st Peerage Nobility, which is now limited to Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Lords; 2d, Baronetage Nobility, under which may be ranked Baronets, Barons, Lords of Manors, Chiefs of Clans, and such other tenants of the crown in capite as originally enjoyed place in parliament inter magnates; 3rd, Knightage Nobility, which includes Knights of the ancient state orders, and the modern royal orders; and 4th, Esquire Nobility, which embraces all the other branches of the aristocracy.

The honorary style of Baronets and Baronetesses is “The Honorable;” that of Lords, Viscounts, and Earls, and their wives, being “Right Honorable;” and that of Marquesses, and Dukes, and their wives, being “Most Honorable.” The additional style of “Most Noble” is also common to each of the six degrees of dignity hereditary.
In assemblies of every description, a Baronet, when publicly addressed or spoken of, should be styled "the noble Baronet," it being a popular error to suppose that this epithet is peculiar to nobility peerage alone.

The same usual rules and customs by which Lords, Viscounts, and other high degrees, are governed in all questions relative to their dignity, seat, precedence, immunities, armories, insignia, etc., are appointed by King James I., for himself, his heirs, and successors, as fixed and certain laws to Baronets, their wives, and children, to adjust and determine all similar matters concerning their order.

The coronet of a Baronet, adopted in 1841, is distinguished from the coronets of the other degrees of dignity hereditary by four balls, two of which are displayed in front.

The Ulster badge is the royal cognizance conferred by the founder of the order, to commemorate the objects of the Institution, encircled with the motto, "Pao Rege et Patria."

It is worn with a sanguine ribbon.

Baronets, as incidents of their baronial and chivalrous dignities, carry supporters, an open helmet, with two bars on either side, the collar of S.S., a mantle gules, doubled ermine, having one bar, a wreath, etc.

Baronettes have, like Peeresses of the several degrees, the right to wear the heraldic and other ornaments worn by their husbands.

The children of Peers are the only persons who, by their nobility of blood, have precedence over the children of Baronets.

The Eldest Sons of such Baronets of Scotland are also Barons, styled Masters of their family barony, as "The Master of Mennes." This title is also ascribed to the eldest sons of Viscounts and Lords, with the addition of the honorific style of honorable, as "The Honorable Master of Forbes." The eldest sons of Baronets having, however, the hereditary privilege secured to them by charters of being inaugurated Knights after becoming of age on application for it, enjoy in this respect, not only a distinction peculiar to themselves, but one in some respect superior to what the law allows to the eldest sons of Marquesses and Dukes, inasmuch as they are only Esquires, although by courtesy they have ascribed to them the second title borne by their fathers.

The Younger Sons of Baronets are Esquires, and, as may be noted in many old establishments by the royal authority for all degrees, have been ranked above esquires of the King's creation by the imposition of a collar S.S. They have rank and place above the younger sons of Knights of the Garter, who again have precedence above the younger sons of all other Knights.

The Daughters of Baronets have a rank of their eldest brother, who is a Knight de jure, and may become a Knight de facto on attaining majority, by application for that honor. They are, therefore, ladies by blood, and if they marry inferior persons, they still retain their rank, it being character indelibilis. Baronets' daughters take precedence above all grand-daughters of Peers; and so very eminent is their place, that they have rank above the wives of Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, and other personages filling high offices in the state.

Several of the most important rights and privileges of the order having fallen into a state of desuetude, or never being enjoyed, a permanent Committee of the Baronetage for Privileges was founded in the year 1843.

This noble Hereditary Order enrols amongst its existing members, 5 dukes, 16 marquesses, 61 earls, 16 viscounts, and 58 lords; the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Paymaster-General of the Forces; 16 Privy councillors; 5 knights of the garter, 6 knights of the Thistle, 3 Knights of St. Patrick, 13 Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, 17 Knight Commanders of the Bath, various Knights of the Sovereign Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, and numerous members of other chivalrous orders; the Hereditary Champion of the English Crown; 70 Members of the House of Commons, several Lord-Lieutenants and Sheriffs of counties, many Admirals, Generals, and other Officers of high rank; together with a very considerable number of members of the diplomatic body, and persons eminent in the learned professions.

We should not omit to state that this Baronetage is handsomely got up, and neatly embossed with many wood-engravings.

Lives of the Princes of Wales. Vol. I.
By Robert Folkestone Williams, Esq.; Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends."
—Colburn, London.

Very gratifying it is for us to know that many of the contributors to this our Magazine—on which we have expended much time, labour, and money, in order to make and maintain it the best, as it is the oldest, of the Court and Lady's periodicals—have more or less distinguished themselves, as authors of standard works, and justified, by their later success, the interest we took in their early attempts at literature. Within the last thirteen years, we have had aid, in these pages, from some of the first writers of the day. Many of them originally joined our ranks, une tried in authorship, and the encouragement we gave them, as well as the credit
their writings obtained, urged them, when time and experience had matured their powers, to efforts, which, in most instances, have been eminently successful. Some have died young—neither unremembered nor un lamented. On the pens of some the cold spell of silence has settled. Many, however, have amply fulfilled the promise their early writings held out, and we are gratified at being able to state that not a few of the most eminent authors—who have distinguished themselves in Biography, History, Romance, Poetry, Criticism, The Drama, Fiction, and Philosophy—first “fleshed their maiden swords” under our banner.

Mr. Folkestone Williams, author of the Lives of the Princes of Wales, is one of these. When he was a regular contributor to this Magazine, the justness of his observations and the beauty of his poetry obtained the favorable opinion of the discerning. A few years ago, he brought out a very pleasing and original romance, entitled “Shakspeare and his Friends,” (followed by “The Youth of Shakspeare,”) and we now find him at work as a pains-taking searcher into the Past, carefully recording the incidents which distinguish the lives of the Princes of Wales.

The first volume has been published. It contains biographies of Edward of Caernarvon (Edw. II.) and Edward of Windsor (Edw. III.) and Edward of Woodstock, surnamed “The Black Prince,” from the color of the surcoat he was in the habit of wearing over his armour. He has produced a valuable contribution to historical biography, and the few faults which it is our duty to point out do not materially affect its value.

It appears to us that Mr. Williams, from a desire to convey full information, has entered into what we may call too much circumstantiality of detail—that is, where the spirit of a narrative would have sufficed, he has been at the pains of giving us the letter. The effect of this is to fatigue, even while it instructs the reader. He has also run into the error of giving the biography of such Princes of Wales as have succeeded to the crown, at too much length. When they became Kings of England, they ceased to be Princes of Wales. Their biography from that time merges into the history of their country, and their memoir-writer, who undertakes to record what they did as Princes of Wales, should have ceased to write about them when they became Kings.—Mr. Williams has omitted to mention, particularly, when important events took place. For example; we are not told the day, month, and year when Edward of Windsor died, although the particulars of his illness are given. In biographical and historical works the current dates of events should, when practicable, be indicated upon every page, as we find in Mr. Addison’s History of the Knights Templars, which we have just now noticed. Lastly, the want of an index to names and events is particularly felt in a work like the present: this may be reserved for the last volume; still, a table of contents should have been prefixed, and its non-appearance is probably owing to an oversight.

The value of Mr. Williams’s work consists in the evident pains he has taken to refer to a host of authorities, not at second hand, for the best information. This is so conspicuous that we feel that almost implicit reliance can be placed upon all his statements. His style is fluent and easy. His descriptions are vivid and clear. His impartiality is great—with the exception, perhaps, of the attack upon the character and conduct of Bertrand du Guesclin, a knight whom the French consider second only on their list of chivalric names to the famous Bayard.

Of the three memoirs, that of Edward the Black Prince pleases us most—perhaps because in this Mr. Williams had to write about a man of whom, hitherto, little was generally known except that he was the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, and that his latest exploits in Spain (when he restored Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile) fully maintained the high reputation he had gained in other campaigns. We should say that there could not be a better life of the Black Prince, than that before us, had Mr. Williams not broken his account of the battle of Cressy. As it is, part of the account (occupying nine pages) is given in the life of Edward III., and the concluding portion (18 pages) is to be found, much farther in the volume, in the memoir of the Black Prince. The result is, that the interest is weakened by this arbitrary separation of the narrative, though we admit, from our own experience, as writers of memoirs in this Magazine, that it is difficult, at times, to give a continuous narrative of an impor-
tant event in which two or three parties are almost equally concerned.—The succeeding volumes are likely to be of even more interest than this commencing one. The author has made a fair beginning, and we doubt not that his work will obtain popularity. The second volume, we see, is announced to contain the lives of Richard of Bourdeaux (Richard II.), Henry of Monmouth, (the conqueror of Agincourt), and Edward of Westminster, son of Henry VI., with a view of the state of Chivalry in England in the Middle Ages.

The illustrations, by Mr. G. P. Harding, consist of portraits of Edward of Caernarvon, Edward of Windsor, and Edward the Black Prince, with their armorial bearings and badges, and the arms of Wales, Cornwall, and Chester. There is a small map of the Field of Cressy, which affords considerable assistance to whoever may desire, like ourselves, to bestow a close examination upon the relative position of the contending armies during one of the greatest victories ever won by British valour.

Scene and Adventures in Afghanistan.

By William Taylor.—T. C. Newby, 1842.

The author, who describes himself as late trooper serjeant-major of the Fourth Light Dragoons, gives “a round, unvarnished tale” of his adventures in Afghanistan. In November, 1838, the regiment to which he belonged was appointed to form part of the effective force of 6000 men, called “the army of the Indus,” under command of Sir John Keene, sent by Lord Auckland to dethrone Dost Mahommed, and replace on the throne of Afghanistan Schah Soojah-Ool Moolk.* It is well known that the object of that expedition was accomplished. Schah Soojah was solemnly inaugurated at Candahar—Ghuznee was taken by storm, although considered capable of bearing a three months’ siege—Cabul was occupied—and the Army of the Indus returned to Bombay.

Mr. Taylor, who was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, sketches the proceedings of the whole campaign in a manner at once unpretending and satisfactory. He has produced a volume which conveys considerable information upon a subject to which, from various causes, attention has been much drawn, of late years. It may be objected that many of his details are trifling; but, granting this to be the case, it rather adds to, than takes from, the interest of the work; inasmuch as it leads to the belief, that the author has not submitted what he has written to the polishing hand of any mere book-maker. It is further apparent from the internal evidence of the work itself, that Mr. Taylor, whose admirable example has been followed by Lady Sale, has given his history of what he saw, without having submitted it to be wire-drawn by any one. There is a freshness about the narrative, as well as a kind of professional nonchalance in the relation of the casualties of war, which a civilian could not have exhibited. In brief, the work appears perfectly genuine, and is therefore of more real value than many which have been produced to serve party or personal interest.

It would be easy to string together a series of extracts exhibiting the horrors of war—especially as Mr. Taylor enters into rather full details of the well-contested passage through the Bholan Pass—but we prefer to give a few passages of more varied interest. The following is curious, as showing the effect of national music upon wearied and exhausted men:

“So great was the fatigue of the infantry that numbers threw themselves upon the ground in despair, declaring it was impossible for human nature to sustain such labours, and they could proceed no further. It must be borne in mind that our rations had, for two months previous, consisted of only half a pound of flour and an equal quantity of red rice, with about four ounces of meat, and the latter was in some instances of no use to us, from the difficulty of procuring fuel to cook it. The order of march having been again given, several refused to move from sheer exhaustion, and their situation became one of great embarrassment to their colonel, who was aware that if he left them behind, they would be instantly sabred by the enemy, who were always hovering on our rear. Recollecting it was St. Patrick’s Day, and that most of the recusants were Irishmen, he ordered, as a last resource, that the band of the regiment should strike up their national anthem. The effect was electrical, the poor devils, whose limbs, a short time previous, had refused to perform their accustomed office, and whose countenances wore the aspect of the most abject despondency, seemed at once to have new life and energy infused into them. They felt that this was...”

* See Passages in the Life of Schah Soojah, in many numbers of this Magazine.
an appeal to their proverbial bravery and powers of endurance, and gratified vanity did that which threats and remonstrances had failed to effect. A faint smile lit up their features, and slowly rising from the ground they trotted on their way."

Much has been related, by different travellers, of the marvels with which Eastern jugglers astonish all beholders. Mr. Taylor's account might be deemed incredible, did we not know that feats apparently more wonderfully are occasionally performed by the adroit Asiatics. The circumstance here related occurred at Schwan, on that side of the Indus opposite Laskhana, the boundary which divides Upper and Lower Scinde:

"Returning one day from the bazaar, I observed a crowd of soldiers and natives assembled near the lines of the Artillery. Elbowing my way through them I found a conjuror at his tricks, and from the expensive and elaborate nature of the paraphernalia by which he was surrounded, at once perceived that his pretensions were of the highest order. He was attired in loose flowing robes, covered with mystic characters; and a long white beard descended to his waist, contrasting oddly with his jet black locks and piercing hazel eyes. Surrounded by the various emblems and accessories of his art, he looked a very imposing figure, and every movement which he made was regarded with as much interest as if destiny really rested on his flat. His only assistants were a man who beat a tom-tom, or drum, to collect an audience, and a beautifully formed girl about five or six years of age, whose supple and graceful movements excited general admiration. Having made a clear space of about thirty feet in diameter, the conjuror took an oblong basket, about two feet in length, and one in breadth, the interior of which he exhibited to the spectators, in order to convince them that nothing was concealed in it. After performing a variety of common-place tricks, such as balancing a sword upon a pipe and then swallowing the blade, he suddenly turned towards the child and addressed her in an angry tone of voice. She made some reply which appeared to make him still more choleric, for his features became swollen with rage, and his eyes shot glances of fire. The discussion continuing in the same violent strain he appeared no longer able to control his fury, and suddenly seizing the child by the waist, he opened the basket and crammed her into it. The half stifled cries of the girl were distinctly heard, but they only appeared to enrage him the more. Snatching a sword, which lay near him, he plunged it to the hilt in the basket, twice or thrice, and every time he drew it up it was reeking with gore. The half smothered groans and sob of the dying child at length convinced several of the spectators that a murder had been committed, and two or three soldiers rushed into the circle for the purpose of seizing the criminal. Triumphant at the success of the cheat, he held them at bay with the sword for a few minutes, when, to our great surprise, the child bounded out of the circle, unscathed, from amidst the crowd, though we had kept our eyes attentively fixed on the basket all the time. Suspecting that two children had been employed, I examined the basket but found no trace of an occupant, and saw nothing in its construction which could have aided the deception. This clever trick was loudly applauded, and brought its author a plentiful harvest of pice and cowries, while many there were who went away with the firm conviction that it could only have been effected through the agency of the devil himself."

Much has lately been said about the gates of Somnauth. When Mr. Taylor was on service, they were at Ghuznee, and he thus alludes to them:

"Nearly equidistant from the town and the fort, and surrounded by luxuriant orchards and vineyards, stands the famous tomb of Mahommed of Ghuznee. It consists of an oblong building 36 ft. by 18, and about 30 feet in height, and is crowned by a mud cupola. The gates are said to be of sandal-wood, and were taken from the temple of Somnauth by the conqueror, whose remains lie entombed here. The grave stone in the interior is made of the finest white marble, but its once rich sculpture is now nearly defaced, and it presents but few traces of the Arabic characters with which it was formerly inscribed. Over the last resting place of the hero, and in a sadly decayed state, are suspended the banner of green silk, and the enormous mace which he had so often borne in battle."

There is something very affecting in an anecdote of an Afghan heroine's conduct during the storming of Ghuznee—it is worthy of being made immortal in song, and we trust that some of our lyrical correspondents will so treat it:

"While the Afghans were disputing our entrance into the citadel an incident occurred, which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants and turned their fury into pity. Amongst the foremost of the party who signalled themselves by their desperate gallantry was an aged chiefman, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels. The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but
who was resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queen’s Royals and severely wounded Captain Robinson, when a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a thrust of his bayonet brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground. The grenadier was about to dispatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the mêlée and plunged a dagger in his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it, and the Afghans, forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken, she was found weeping over the remains of the brave old man, who, on enquiry, we learned was her father. She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men, who neither obstructed themselves on her grief nor interfered with the preparations which she made for his interment.”

While the British were at Cabul, the death of Brigadier-General Arnold there took place. That officer had laid in a large store of necessaries for the campaign, and the prices which their residue realized will show how much the army of the Indus must have suffered from the want of what we “who live at home at ease” are accustomed to consider indispensables. Mr. Taylor says—

“His remains were interred in the Armenian burial ground, outside the walls of the city, and his effects were publicly sold by auction a few days after. The General had left Bengal with about eighty camels laden with baggage and necessaries, of which about five and twenty remained at the time of the sale. His cooking apparatus was most elaborate and ingenious, and we could not help wondering at the uses to which the infinite varieties of small and curious articles of which it was composed were devoted. The prices at which these effects were sold will appear incredible to the European reader, but it must be remembered that it was the scarcity, in fact the almost total impossibility of getting them, that enhanced their value. The cigars sold at the rate of about two shillings and sixpence each, the snuff at ten shillings an ounce, a few bottles of beer, a liquor of which no other officer in the army possessed a drop, at thirty shillings each, and some choice wines at from three to four pounds the bottle. The other things brought proportionate prices, the shirts fetching from thirty to forty shillings each. The amount realised at this sale must have been enormous.”

This notice has already run to greater length than it ought to occupy, with reflection to the numerous works awaiting our criticism, but our fair readers would not soon pardon us, we fear, if we omitted an account of a native wedding at Roree, a village on the banks of the Indus:—

“Several of us having obtained leave to visit the place, we were strolling through the bazaars, when we observed preparations for a wedding, in progress. Taking up a position which enabled us to see what was passing, without obtruding on the parties concerned, we waited patiently until the ceremonies commenced. At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour the bridegroom made his appearance in front of the house which contained his betrothed, and both in person and attire he was all that a native belle could have desired. He was a fine, muscular-looking fellow of about seven or eight and twenty, with handsome features and bold and jaunty air. He was dressed in a loose robe, of spotted white, and without any ornaments or weapons whatsoever. Proceeding directly to the door of the house which contained his dulcinea he knocked at it three times with the knuckles of his right hand and once with his left. He then threw himself prostrate on a mat which had been made for the purpose, by the lady’s own hands, and there waited her coming forth. The door presently opened, and a number of musicians immediately struck up a wild and discordant air. A timid and pretty looking maiden, about fourteen years of age, slowly dressed in different colored silks, and ornamented with a nose ring and bangles of pure gold, at length stepped forth, followed by her relatives and friends, who formed themselves into a circle around her. The bridegroom starting to his feet made a formal claim to the hand of his affianced and presented her with a garland of flowers, which she gracefully threw across her shoulders, in token that she accepted him, and then suffered him to embrace her. Lifting her in his arms he placed her on the back of a donkey, and they went in procession to pay visits of ceremony through the town, the bride distributing sweetmeats to the crowd, as she passed along. The bridegroom showered his favors about in the form of some red powder, which he flung in the faces of all near him, and especially in those of the Europeans, of whom there were a good many present. He half blinded some of us, and conferred as dark a hue as his own upon others—freaks that appeared to give infinite delight and amusement to the natives, but which were not taken in quite as good part by some testy fellows amongst us. Having arrived at the house of the bridegroom’s father, the old gentleman gracefully descended, and taking the bride in his arms, bore her into his dwelling. The bridegroom remained a few minutes after them, and flinging some cowries to the musicians and [COURT MAGAZINE.]"
crowd, he made a salam and darted in after his inamorata."

Here we conclude, giving Mr. Taylor's work our warm commendation, and congratulating him on wielding the pen and the sword with equal success.

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Whatever is practical in this volume—that is, the greater portion of it—is eminently sensible and judicious. The didactic parts are less to our taste, because they merely repeat what others have written before, and have written as well. The details of a wife's duty towards her husband, in her family, and as a member of the great social compact, are dwelt upon with a minuteness which shows that Mrs. Ellis (the authoress) has fully mastered the whole subject. The work will be much read, no doubt, the celebrity of the writer recommending it to the notice of her countrywomen. It may be perused with advantage by husbands and bachelors, as well as by wives and spinsters. The chapter on Domestic Management is worthy of being republished separately, and circulated as a hand-book of sensible advice among the families of the kingdom. The only drawback, therefore, is, that those persons who have read "The Women of England," and "The Daughters of England," by Mrs. Ellic, may think that, in this volume, she has over-expanded much that she has previously published. The reproduced parts are the didactic. What is good and useful in the volume forms, however, the greater portion of its contents, and forms a very acceptable volume.

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**The New Punctumcula Stenographic System of Embossing.** By G. A. Hughes. Published by the Author.

The title of this work has the defect of not expressly indicating its subject. The system which the author and inventor here brings before the public, is one of paramount importance, for it will afford the Blind a method by which they may read and write—if we may apply the words to what is simply done by the touch—with considerable facility. Mr. Hughes states that in 1837, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, he was de-

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This is by no means a work of such ambitious pretensions as Mrs. Ellis's "Wives of England" but it is equally readable, and has the merit of being less bulky. The most valuable portion of it is the practical part in which there are chapters on the care of health, and of infants, on the training of young children, and on healthful food and drink.

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**The History of China; Pictorial and Descriptive.** By Miss Corner. Parts 1—3.—*Dean & Co., Threadneedle-street.*

Among the many writers on Educational Literature, Miss Corner occupies a high rank. The announcement of a new work from her pen, upon The Empire of China, naturally excites much interest, and we are bound to say that interest has not been disappointed. She brings to her task considerable experience in Historical Literature, and her descriptions of the various stirring and picturesque scenes of early and late Chinese history are very good. In the work before us, she exhibits the past and present state of China, and her style is at once pleasing and graceful. Written in an easy, un-
affected manner, this work cannot fail to become a popular History of China,—that mighty Empire which forestalled the rest of the world in so many of the useful arts. The mode of publication is that of monthly parts, and wood engravings, extremely well executed, present to the eye what the pen would be unable wholly to supply.


The Chinese Collection, Hyde-Park Corner, (which has already received deserved notice and praise in _The Court Magazine_ is undoubtedly one of the most valuable as well as curious exhibitions now to be seen in London—perhaps we might say, in the world. Many years residence in China, long acquaintance with the natives, close observance of their manners and customs, intimate friendship with Howqua and the other leading merchants of Canton, continued perseverance in collecting, and the expenditure of large sums of money, enabled Mr. Dunn (the American gentleman who owns the Collection) to form what must be considered a perfectly unique exhibition. One thing alone was needed—a key to its almost innumerable points of information. The very valuable and almost endlessly illustrated work before us gives exactly what was required.

It is written by Mr. William Langdon, the intelligent curator of the Collection—a gentleman who brought to the task a general knowledge of the subject. Mr. Langdon has himself visited China, and is, therefore, practically, well qualified to write about the Collection, and as fully describes what he so well understands. He does not content himself with making a new catalogue, he has literally laid before the public an account of “Ten Thousand things relating to China,” and has produced a work likely to be highly prized, on its own account, long after the Chinese Collection is removed from London. He throws a flood of light upon the all-important question of China, and raises the veil, more completely than it has ever before been done from the domestic-life, manners and habits of the dwellers in “the Celestial Empire.”

While Mr. Langdon’s handsome volume (for it is beautifully got up, with numerous tinted, wood- engravings) supplies this fund of novel and striking information, it should be considered more particularly, with reference to the Chinese Collection, which it so admirably describes and illustrates. By its means, we can go through that Collection, gleaning knowledge at every step, and becoming enlightened on all particulars relative to the Chinese Empire—the most wonderful, in all its phases that the world has yet beheld.—In order to give the public the means of gaining this information, the book, (which therefore can only be had at the Chinese Collection) has been published at a price—half a guinea, we believe—which certainly cannot leave any profit to the author. Had it been brought out in the usual way, the charge would have been from a guinea to thirty shillings, nor would it have been considered dear at the highest price.

A series of most attractive articles upon China might be written, from the abundant materials this volume supplies. Perhaps we may notice it again, at more length than we can now spare, and, in the mean time, we are happy at having been able, through the medium of our Magazine, to aid in drawing the attention of the most distinguished classes of Society to the work and the Collection.

_Hydropathy; or the Cold Water Cure_, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Graéfenberg, Silesia, Austria. By Captain R. J. Claridge.—J. Madden & Co., London.

That this work should have run into a fifth edition, in nine months, speaks abundantly as to the interest the subject of the cure of diseases, without medicine, and simply by the various applications of Cold Water, has excited in this country. Captain Claridge has produced a highly entertaining, as well as most instructive volume, which we recommend to the attentive perusal of medical as well as non-medical persons. We see no reason to doubt his account of the Cold Water cure, corroborated as his statements have been by the evidence of disinterested persons who have gone to Graéfenberg to see Priessnitz and notice his mode of proce-
dure. If Priessnitz be an empiric, he certainly is a most successful one, and the means he uses are the simplest. The use of Cold Water, externally and internally, good and simple diet, abundance of exercise, abstinence from medicine, and avoidance of mental excitement, have certainly effected cures which may almost be called marvellous. Vincent Priessnitz, after all, is only working out what the best physician—Nature—has taught the world from the beginning of time. The statements which Captain Claridge makes are truly sufficient to urge every one to "throw physic to the dogs!"

The Godmother's Tales, By Mrs. Hoftland.—A. K. Newman & Co.

Mrs. Hoftland (widow of the celebrated landscape-painter) has written many pleasant and useful books for youth; but, with the exception of "The Son of a Genius," which young and old may read with equal advantage and satisfaction—these Godmother's Tales are the best. There is a misnomer in the title, however, for there is only one tale, of which Beatrice Desmond is the child-heroine. This little lady has many faults of temper; but good precept and example, inducing corrective habits of self-control, effect a decided change, and prepare her for fulfilling, in more advanced years, the relative duties of wife and mother. The story is not improbable in its incidents (a great point for youth, who are observant of such things), and the characters are not exaggerated. We have been pleased with the book, and think it worthy of ranking with Miss Edgeworth's "Frank," and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Hartopp Jubilee,"—two, at least, rational books for youth amongst many very entertaining favorites.

Glimpses of Natural History. By a Lady.—Harvey and Darton. 1843.

It is quite true that there is no royal road to knowledge, but, assuredly, the common road has been much improved, of late years. We remember, for instance, when the information which is now communicated to youth, through this handsome volume, in a popular and most accessible form, was only to be found in bulky tomes, too large for consultation by children, and too valuable to be entrusted into their hands. That day has departed. The MacAdams of the paths of learning have been abroad. The substance of many a tall folio, and of many a bulky quarto is condensed into such duodecimos as this. Nor is pictorial aid withheld. The pencil and the graver are put into requisition to present portraits of whatever may be worth notice in the natural or material world, and thus the mind is instructed through the eye.

The authoress of "Glimpses of Natural History" exhibits her good sense by not attempting to write down to the minds of children. She communicates much information, in a plain and concise manner, in the form of conversations between an Aunt and her Niece, and if the book be carefully and not hurriedly read—with questions upon its varied and interesting contents, to fix the knowledge in the mind—the natural result will be that the child of twelve years' will actually know as much about the world, its inhabitants and its productions, as did the majority of adults formerly.


War and Peace. By William Jay.

T. Ward & Co. Paternoster Row.

A reprint of a pamphlet by an American Judge, showing the evils of war, and suggesting a plan for preserving peace. Meanwhile, however, we would humbly suggest, as a word to the wise, having somewhere (perhaps in the very work we have just been reviewing) perused argumentative passages as to the origin of certain great international feuds in which this country and another quarter of the globe, now a separate state, were mainly concerned, that the surest and most effectual way to remain at peace, when such blessing is obtained, whether kingdoms, or families, or individuals, only be concerned, is never to discuss at all, how it fell out that you ceased to be
friends, quarrelled, and went to war. Mr. Jay writes with clearness and ability. His peace-plan consists in leaving all national disputes to arbitration—a desirable but not very practicable mode, we fear, of adjusting quarrels. This pamphlet is issued by the Committee of the London Peace Society, who, if they cannot do all they intend as respects nations and mankind generally, will, let us tell them, effect much, if they so regulate their own lives and conduct that they live in peace amongst themselves. We should be glad to hear further of this society after one year's apprenticeship and be inclined to join them; if, even in this, they should be so far successful.


An unexpensive pamphlet like this, giving an account of Hampton Court Palace, its pictures and their painters, is a valuable boon for the generality of visitors, who would otherwise be forced to debar themselves from one-half of the real enjoyment in visiting such places, the pleasure of recalling vividly, at home, the recollection (with its history) of the objects which pleased them most when abroad, and, of course, including the thoroughly understanding what was seen at the time. The Hand-Book before us gives an anecdotal history of the Palace, illustrated with many neat engravings,—describes its past state and its present appearance,—with the addition of a catalogue of the pictures and tapestries which make Hampton Court such an object of national interest.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of Procuring Sound and Refreshing Slumber at Will. By Edward Binns, M.D. &c.—J. Churchill, London. 1842.

One of the most remarkable books we ever read. Full of anecdote, crammed with out-of-the-way stories, studded with gems of humour, imbued with judicious reasoning—in a word, such a book as none but a clever, thinking, well-read man could have written. Dr. Binns has a plan for procuring sleep at will,—we can tell the reader that it is not by the perusal of his volume, for it is at once exciting, amusing, and literally crammed with information. A century hence this volume will be a literary curiosity, in another point of view,—as the first book ever printed (as one on sleep should be) by the composing machine!

Dr. Binns tells us that he has discovered the great desideratum:—

"Soothing and refreshing slumber may be procured, at will; and, the means by which it can be attained are practicable by the monarch on the throne, and the peasant in his cot; at all times and in all places; abroad or at home; in sickness or in health; in adversity or prosperity; and the young and the old, the feeble and the robust; the judge upon the bench, the counsellor in the bar, nay, even the felon in the dock, may derive rest, repose, and oblivion of the past, merely by attending to the rules which we shall lay down."

What is this method? We shall even give it in the Doctor's own words:—

"In the first place, we will suppose a person moderately sleepless. He has retired to bed and cannot rest. He tosses and tumbles about. Turns first on one side and then on the other. Shifts his pillow; pulls the bed-clothes over his shoulders; draws his knees up to his abdomen; places his right arm under his head; in short, exhausts the resources usually put in requisition on these occasions, and yet has failed to procure nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep. What is then to be done?"

"Rabelais tells a story of some monks, who, oppressed by wakefulness, resolutely addressed themselves to prayer, and before they had concluded half a dozen aces, or pater-nosters, we forget which, they all fell asleep. Macnich repeated some lines of poetry; Sir John Sinclair counted, and Franklin took his air-bath—that is, walked about his chamber 'sans-culottes.' All these resources seem at times to have produced the desired effect, but never to have been always successful. The following plan has never failed, so far as we are aware, but in two instances, and they are remarkable cases, as both the parties move in very different spheres of life—the one being an ornament to the House of Lords, the other the talented Editor of a morning journal."

"We then suppose all those attempts have failed, and the patient, for he is indeed a 'sufferer' who cannot sleep, still awake."

"Let him turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then, slightly closing his lips, take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full in-
piration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty; and as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

This is "curious, if true," as the newspapers say. But Dr. Binns goes beyond it, and thinks it possible to lengthen life by artificial means to an indefinite period. He may be right, after all. But we must now say a word in favor of one departed and buried, like other renowned men, in the Kensall-Green Cemetery—whose name is mentioned with due favor by Dr. Binns; we allude to the late Mr. Gardner, the Hypnotist. What his system was we never knew; but with equal earnestness he assured the public of its truth, and ourselves, often, by letter. How little did he, the founder (we believe) of that system, whatever it is, imagine that such an agreeable, nay, even, in its way, erudite work should arise so soon after his departure! Here we must quit company for the present, certain, however, if the Doctor's methods are all erroneous—his principles unsound—that were we bent upon the devise of committing to paper all our thoughts of the probable and most certain means of obtaining sleep at will, and some much favored opinions failed of their efficacy, that the mere perusal of the whole discussion would act like enchantment, and quickly send every one of our readers fast asleep. Let us not, however, ridicule the suggestions of contemplative minds. Far, far more probable is it that such a power is ceded to mortals (when, by the full exercise of their faculties they shall discover the same), than that a Portrait-of-the-Sun, now as common as unheeded, should ever have been produced before their, at first, incredulous gaze.

**Domestic Residence in Switzerland.**

By Elizabeth Strutt.—2 Vols. *Newby.*

Books of Travel are ever welcome to us; and whether they instruct us or not, yet travel we through them in the hope at least of finding something new, pleasing, or delightful; some picture of scenes we would visit, some record of the past which we hold in strong remembrance.

The perusal of these pages has only made us regret the more the absence of a previous acquaintance with the authoress in her "Six Weeks on the Loire;"—"Changes and Chances;" &c., since Mrs. Strutt is evidently a lady who knows how to make advantageous use of the good works which she has perused, during no small interval of time, as well as to embody in form tangible for illustration, the many things which she had the pleasure of seeing, in so highly interesting a country as Switzerland, during a domestic residence there.

She has not only resided in, but travelled through that picturesque country. No one has more completely let us behind the curtain as to the domestic life of the Swiss, and few tourists have more vividly described the scenes which are recommended to our notice, not only by their grandeur or beauty, but by the historical, legendary, and poetical associations which never fail to charm all cultivated minds. We shall now exhibit Mrs. Strutt's peculiar talent in exhibiting the daily occurrences of life in a pleasing form.

Among the sixteen pensions Interlaken affords, exclusive of the pretty houses scattered thickly around, to catch such of the English as may fancy they prefer isolated residences, we were lucky enough to hit upon that kept by the brothers Hoffetter; plain honest Germans, by no means so smart in their appearance as English ostlers, but civil and accommodating to the utmost; neglecting nothing that could tend to the comfort of their guests, and paying as much attention to those who came, like ourselves, in a humble car, as to those who had their elegant travelling carriages, couriers, servants, and every thing else that affluence can give, or luxury desire. This comfortable hotel stands in a meadow like a nice English farm house; we had excellent bed-rooms, and the use of the drawing-room, with breakfast, dinner: exclusive of wine, which, however, with the moderate price, is a mere trifle in addition, and that nondescript Swiss meal, gouter, answering to the old-fashioned country tea-drinkings in England; with cakes, ham, fruit, honey, and innumerable other good things, blending together the characteristics of tea and supper: all this was for five French francs per diem each; certainly a very moderate sum, when we consider the shortness of the season, which cannot be calculated at
more than four months, and the distance from which many articles of consumption are obliged to be brought, particularly wine, which is, moreover, subjected to a heavy duty. I believe the Swiss inmates were only charged Three francs per diem "under the rose," and if the difference be in proportion to the general scale of income between the nations, I do not know that it can be made any serious ground of complaint; even setting aside that travellers par excellence, like the English, are universally regarded as if birds of passage, with gilded plumage, from which every one thinks he may pluck a feather, as they fly past." The most bare-faced pluck of this kind that I have ever heard of was at Turin, where, as Mr. Brockedon relates, the English, at table d'hôte, were openly charged eighty sous, for the same meal for which the rest of the company were charged only thirty-five; and on a remonstrance being made on the subject, they were civilly informed that it was no more difference than there is the custom to make with respect to the English. The respective governments in Switzerland endeavored, some time ago, to establish a sort of tariff, or fixed price for meals and apartments at the hotels; but it was not found practicable to make it once sufficiently explicit, and sufficiently general; and, in fact, such a measure would be more likely to destroy fair competition than to produce fair dealing, or give satisfaction to the difficult and distrustful.

The time for summer tours is coming quickly near. Mrs. Strutt gives some good hints on the subject.

In order, however, to facilitate to such of my unknown readers, or my own dear friends, as may not find it convenient to travel exactly in the style of a "milord anglais," or to continue their absence from home for an indefinite period, the means of judging for themselves, I will arrange a short itinerary, whereby any one who has thirty sovereigns, and as many days to spare, may make a tour of a month in Switzerland, by which he may be enabled to form a complete idea of its beauties, sublimities, and most striking characteristics.

"Sublimities!" yes, well-chosen word—the scenes are beyond many strangest thoughts and sublime to look upon: but to proceed:—

In the first place, as pleasures are heightened, and expenses lessened by participation, I should recommend a party to be formed of four friends, if two ladies and two gentlemen, the more agreeable, I should imagine. This party must take Paris for their starting point, as it is from that centre of attraction I begin my estimate of time and money. The season most advisable is the latter end of July, or the very latest, the beginning of August. They must arm themselves with a map of Switzerland,* and "Ebel's Manuel," or "Galignani's Guide," take as small a quantity of luggage, and that in carpet-bags rather than trunks, as they can possibly do with, and as large a stock of good humour as they can club together.

On the evening of the fourth day after leaving Paris, by the route of Troyes, one of the most interesting old cities in France, the party will arrive at Bâle; a distance of about three hundred miles. On the fifth, they will see the city, leave it after dinner, and sleep at Soleure.

The sixth, ascend the Weissenstein, sleep at Berne; the seventh, stay there to see the city; eighth, dine at Thouin, sleep at Interlaken; ninth, sleep at Brienz, see the cascade of the Giesbach on the way; tenth, breakfast at Meyringen, stop at the baths of Rosenslave, sleep at Grindewalde; eleventh, cross the Wengern Alp, sleep at Lauterbrunnen; twelfth, return to Interlaken, dine there, and sleep at Thouin; thirteenth, dine at Kandersteg, sleep at the baths of Luzerne; fourteenth, dine at Suire, sleep at Sion; fifteenth, sleep at Martigny, see the cascade of the Pisse-vache; sixteenth, cross the Tete-noire, sleep at Chamouny; seventeenth, ascend the Mer de Glace, or the Brevent, if the weather be "settled fair," sleep at Chamouny; eighteenth, sleep at the baths of St. Gervais; nineteenth, sleep at Geneva; twentieth, go by stea-boat to Villeneuve, the opposite extremity of the lake, and from Villeneuve to Lausanne, en couleur, taking the castle of Chillon, Veray, etc., in the way; twenty-first, return to Geneva, en culture, taking the Castle of Wuffless, Coppet, etc., in the way; twenty-second, remain at Geneva, to see the city and environs, and the next day set off to Paris: arrive there on the twenty-seventh, through Dijon, Auxerre, and Fontainbleau. This calculation leaves three days for occasional rest, accidental delay, or deviation from the plan laid down: with respect to money, the following charges for each individual, will be found on a comfortable scale, allowing for the best hotels, good conveyances, and reasonable gratuities; avoiding ostentation, and abhorring parsimony. Breakfast, with eggs, bread and butter, coffee or tea, one franc and a half; dinner at one o'clock, four francs; tea with bread and butter, honey, etc., one franc and a half; Chamber, three francs; servants, one franc. This leaves fourteen francs a day for carriages, boats, guides for the party etc. Where time is not an object, it would make

• We wandered over nearly the whole of Switzerland, Keller's invaluable map, but twice, our only guide. We know not what English a map to recommend.—En.

† A very necessary precaution; you might otherwise arrive in Paris three days before your passport, taken from you at the borders, reaches the capital, and, without it, cannot depart.—En.
an interesting variety, to ascend or descend the Rhine, according to which may appear most desirable.


M'Naughton's case has suggested this pamphlet, written by a member of the medical profession, who has devoted much attention to the care and cure of insane persons. The subject — into which we need not here enter minutely — is one of vast importance. Mr. Rumball defines insanity to be "the excitement of any of the mental faculties, beyond the control of the remainder." He argues that the punishment of death, being preventive and retributive, is not expedient — morally, religiously, or politically — and that, at all events, lunatics, idiots, and children (ignorant of the nature and consequence of an act), should be held irresponsible. The lunatic, if possible, should be prevented from committing crimes, and personal restraint will effect this. Criminal lunatics, says Mr. Rumball, should be thus dealt with:

Let the laws of England be strictly enforced; let it be fully shown that the act done was one, the result of an insane feeling, and not of healthy feeling, acting under its guidance. Let it be fully proved in the very next case of murder, that the individual was either ignorant of any intention to murder, or that he was impelled to it by some uncontrollable impulse; and let no proof satisfy, except it be founded upon evidence detached from the act in question. If it can be proved that a certain individual was selected, plans laid, objects of notoriety or revenge sought; if no plea can be urged, of the devil tempting, spirits commanding, or, with respect to the victim, strong delusion enforcing; but if, on the contrary, all the steps preceding the crime, as well as the crime itself, should be arranged and acted on, as they would be by a sane and desperate man; above all, if any consciousness of impunity shall have manifested itself in the criminal, then let the law take its course. Alter the law, my Lord; let not Heaven be longer defied, or earth outraged by the death-struggle even of an assassin; but substitute imprisonment, with or without solitary confinement, and then will juries not hesitate to convict, nor judges to sentence, because the punishment can be nicely adjusted to the amount of criminality involved. But the punishment of death, though lawful, cannot be equitable; if politically expedient, it is unchristian; it cannot reform, it is unable to prevent; it leaves no room for repentance, and inflicts a definite punishment for an indefinite offence. The growing intelligence of the age demands its removal; and until we do repeal it, posterity may accuse us of judicial murders, upon the same principle that we regard as murder all those frequent executions inflicted by our forefathers, for offences which we consider amply met by milder punishments. Hitherto property has been too much cared for, life too little; and although the transition to a better state of things may be difficult, it must be made: but if I plead for the guilty one, I would not unprotec the innocent many. And my only object in advocating milder punishments is, that they may be more certain, as I am convinced they would be more efficacious.

There is much of humanity, and a good deal of sound sense in several of these remarks; and we hope that the law-makers will give the pamphlet the attention it deserves.


The fair writer of this volume remembered, no doubt, that "a great book is a great evil," and therefore concentrated much argument in a thin duodecimo. She has produced a valuable addition to the current Christian Literature of our time, and we sincerely wish that we may again meet her as an authoress. Her defence of the Divinity of Christ reflects credit upon her "order" as well as herself; and should be extensively circulated, as it cannot fail to do good.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS. By Frederick C. Bakewell, Second Edition.—Harvey & Darton.

This work, much enlarged and carefully revised in the new edition, performs its promise of "familiarily explaining the causes of numerous daily occurring natural phenomena." The letter-press is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts, and the work is calculated to convey the elements of natural philosophy in a form likely to excite, while it instructs the youthful mind.


The village of Hockley, near Southend, in Essex, appears likely to become
celebrated by the accidental discovery of a mineral spa, of which Dr. Granville speaks highly. It is his account which is here reprinted, together with Mr. Philips’s analysis of the water, which is more agreeable to the palate, and not less beneficial to the system, than that of Cheltenham. In August, a spacious pump-room, with other accommodations for visitors, will be erected by the proprietors of the Hockley Spa. For asthma, scrofula, determination of blood to the head, chronic complaints of the digestive organs, vitiated intestinal secretions, &c. Many eminent medical men have certified that the use of the water, with the bracing air of Hockley, will be highly beneficial.

We have had an opportunity of tasting the Hockley Spa water, which, when aerated, much resembles Seltzer water, being briskly effervescent, with a slightly saline taste; it is moderately aperient. Highly charged with carbonic acid gas, its exhilarating effects on the system are considerable. If this aerated water be retailed in London, it cannot fail to be favourably received, for it is excellent.

Opening of the Thames Tunnel.—Another wonder has been added to the many of which London—the modern Tyre—can proudly boast. British genius, enterprise, and perseverance have effected another triumph over the most gigantic difficulties. Canova said that it was worth travelling a thousand miles to see Waterloo Bridge—as exquisite in its proportions as it is colossal in its dimensions. That, however, only spans the Thames—by means of the Tunnel we pass under it. The design, at once gigantic and bold, has been completed, after many difficulties. What St. Paul’s is to the memory of Wren, the Thames Tunnel will be to that of Brunel. Of the two achievements the latter is by far the most remarkable, inasmuch as it exhibits a triumph over the very elements. Several times, while the works were proceeding, the waters rushed in; but the skill, the enterprise, and the perseverance of the Engineer resisted, and eventually defeated the Neptunian inroad. The issue is, that people now pass under that part of the Thames, which it was considered difficult, if not impracticable to bridge over, with as much confidence as if the blue sky were visible above them. On Saturday, March 25, the Tunnel was opened to the public. The Engineer, accompanied by a goodly retinue of scientific, civic, and parliamentary gentlemen, passed from the Rotherhithe shaft, under the river, to the Middlesex side. Great must have been the gratification of those who had “hand, act, and part” in the enterprise. More than a month has elapsed since the Tunnel was opened, and the curiosity to visit it continues unabated—visitors flock to it in thousands and tens of thousands a-day. Several memorials of this most important event have been prepared, two of which are before us. They consist of medals designed by Mr. Warrington and executed by Mr. W. J. Taylor. One, in bronze, bears on one side a medallion of Sir Isambart Marc Brunel—a most striking likeness—and on the other, a legend (“Thames Tunnel. From Rotherhithe to Wapping 1200 feet.”) en-circling the inscription—“Commenced January, 1826: progressed 600 feet, January, 1828; 180,000l. subscribed by proprietors.—Recommended 1836, by parliamentary grant, 270,000l., and completed 1842. The second medal, in white metal, also bears a likeness (in relief) of Brunel, and, on the reverse, a section of the Tunnel, with the river above it, on which ships and steamers are sailing. These are pleasing memorials of a most interesting event in the annals of Science.

Mosley’s Metallic Pens.—Having tried these pens, and found them fully as flexible as quill-pens, with the advantage of not so readily getting bad, we recommend them for general use. They are made, we believe, to suit all sorts of hand-writing.

Burford’s Panorama of Baden Baden, and the surrounding Country.—The private view-day for this Panorama chanced to be most lovely, so that we might have thought we were really, in fine summer, wandering about in that enchanting spot, had we not ever found that the spa-visitors, how near soever, firmly maintained their distance. The picture charmed us, in its general execution, more than any we have for a long time seen; truly fit for London’s smoky town, its glad inhabitants might indeed fancy that they were amidst the groves, &c. of Baden Baden.
FASHIONS FOR MAY.

How can we give a fair description of fashions, which vary naturally with every change of temperature? Last week sunshine dresses and transparent bonnets would have been du meilleur goût, and to-day a warm silk dress and a cachemire, would not be de trop. If our belles wish to have a poetic toilette, they must choose some of those light camellion tissu, in which every movement, every reflection produces a different shade, and deceives the eye as to its real color by a thousand prismatic vagaries. How droll it would be to follow a lady so attired, who at one moment would appear like a branch of a tender lilac tree, and on crossing the street would freshen our eyes like a beautiful meadow in early Spring. Another turn of a street might liken her to a China rose, coquetting with our sight until we really believed her to be an ignis-fatuus, ever ready to elude our grasp. Strange though it may be in common theory, nevertheless, we hope to see these materials put into practical use here. Their name is legion, but those most generally adopted, are Camélon, Scarabée, Avele de Mouche, and Opale.

In spite of all the inconveniences resulting therefrom, the dresses continue to be worn of an extreme length, especially behind, for they are made a little shorter in the front than they used to be. This at least avoids one of the inconveniences of long dresses, as, besides sweeping the streets, one was very apt to step on ones dress, and mangle it of any thin material which met with such an accident. The corsages are all made tight, and the pretty fashions de cointures with buckles has again appeared for morning costume. The light sleeves still remain in vogue, some of those are made as large at the elbow as at the waist and are open in order to shew a double bonbon (fulling) of muslin, terminated by a fall of lace which forms the ruffle. In walking, dress shawls supersede pelerines, or some prefer wide scarfs of black velvet or satin not wadded, but lined with white satin. Paletots of watered satin or camelion silk are much worn. These are generally trimmed with black lace, or with a thick quilting of ribbon, are tied round the waist with a wide ribbon and are worn with or without a cape according as a lady is accompanied in her promenade or not. Walking alone, one always requires a shawl or pelerine to hide the figure a little, a hint which some of us would do well to borrow from our Parisian neighbours along with their fashions. A lonely dress for a morning concert would be a robe of green and lilac taffetas checked, made with a tight body and sleeves. A Paletot of lilac watered silk, shot with white, and trimmed all round with mechlin lace, and a bonnet of straw coloured cramp, ornamented with a little of lilac.

Black lace has lost none of its favor in the eyes of our fashionables, and is the trimming most generally adopted.

Barèges continues to form a pleasing variety in general use, and when the weather gets really warm we shall be very glad to adopt it in negligé as well as toilette de visites. Mantilles à la vieille femme are likely to be all the rage in Paris this summer, and the anomaly of seeing them on young women makes them appear all the more coquetish. They are generally trimmed with quillings of ribbons, or frills of the same material as the mantilla, cut out at the edges. Pelerines have not lost their place, only they are not distingûée in walking costume. Thick ruches of the material of the dress are very generally adopted on redingotes; and two or three deep flounces, cut at the edges, are worn also by many élégantes. The bodies of morning dresses are invariably made high, and finished by small worked collars, trimmed with two or three rows of fine lace. Tight sleeves continue as much in favour as ever. They are made generally with jockeys or epaulettes, to take off the unbecoming plainness. But the sleeves à la Louis XIII., which are half full, and only reach half way down between the elbow and the wrist are daily gaining ground, and will always be distinguées on account of the richness required in the under sleeve of work and lace, which reaches to the wrist, and is de rigueur. These sleeves suit admirably the redingotes made à revers, which show an elaborately-worked chemisette inside. The bonnets come decidedly more over the face than last year, which is a great improvement to the general appearance. Neither does the crown cover the neck as it used to do. They are, as usual, made of paille de riz, moire, crape, lace, ribbon, and, in short, any light material suitable to the approaching season. Flowers and feathers are worn in full dress, ribbon only in négliçée.

One word on ball dresses ere we conclude. These should be as airy and sylvphike as the nature of our costume permits. They are made with pointed bodies (a very long point), and the sleeves should be tight and short, but trimmed with either flowers or lace, according to the garniture on the dress. Tunics with three skirts will be generally adopted by those whose figure they suit. But these must not be over trimmed, otherwise they will not look well.

Embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs are de rigueur in the hand of every élégante.

E. F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES. IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

MORNING HOME COSTUME.—1st Figure. Dress of light green pekin, checked with brown, and a darker shade of green. The skirt is long and very full, and set on in gathers round the waist. The corsage is à la vierge, of a three-quarter height, and made

M. C. 13—(COURT MAGAZINE)—MAY, 1843.
A piping of the silk confines it round the neck, where a lace chemisette peeps up all round. The sleeves are tied to the arm, but made with one seam only, and are finished at the top by an épaulette with two folds of the material of the dress. Cuffs of lace are turned up over the wrist. The front hair is in smooth bands, and a sort of cap, or风扇on, of lace, with a rosette formed of artificial roses, to confine it at each ear, conceals the back of the head, and gives an air of extreme simplicity to the costume. Black kid shoes.

The second figure is attired in a peignoir of thin muslin, worn over a primrose-color under-dress. The skirt, as usual, is long and full, and opens in front, where it is trimmed with a row of entre deux (insertion), edged at each side with valenciennes. The corselet is tight to the figure, very long in the waist, and trimmed down the centre to match the skirt. A small cape of muslin is also edged with lace, and a collar entirely of the latter finishes the dress at the neck. The sleeves are small, cut considerably longer than the arm, and gathered into the proper length at the seam, which is inside the arm (see plate.) An épaulette trimmed with a double row of valenciennes takes off from the length of the arm. A ruffle of the same lace falls over the hand. A ribbon glacé primrose and white is put round the waist in front, crossed behind and tied at the left side in a small bow with two long ends. The hair is worn in one long ringlet in front, and a simple cap of valenciennes placed carelessly on the back of the head. This is trimmed with three flat bows and long ends, one on the summit, and one placed over each ear. White cachemire slippers and pale lilac gloves complete this dress.

Second Plate.—1st Figure. Modes de Longchamps. Dress of lavender color. Caméleon, shot with pink and white. The skirt is very ample, and ornamented with the deep flounce of the same material, which reaches considerably above the knee. The flounce is not set on full, and is finished at bottom by a sort of bouillon of the silk. The body is tight, with a rounded point in front; it is finished by a double lisère (piping).—See plate.

A camail of the same material as the dress is worn with it. This is fulled in at the shoulders to prevent its covering the arm entirely, and has a small cape. The trimming corresponds with that on the flounce. The sleeves are moderately tight, and finished by a bouillon. Collar of rich lace, with a narrow ruche at top. The bonnet is of white cape trimmed with ruches of tulle; a flower droops on the left side. There is a narrow quilling also inside the front, and a small pink flower placed low near the cheek. Embroidered pocket handkerchief and varnished leather shoes. Pink and yellow gloves at the yellow gloves.

Standing Figure.—Redingote of fawn-color pekin striped with green, the body tight to the figure, the stripes going en gerbe. Tightsleeves with a single seam, finished by a lace ruffle. The skirt is trimmed with two broad tucks cut on the cross, and fastens in front. A chemisette of lace is worn inside, and serves instead of a collar. The hat is of paille de riz, with a thick ruche of tulle at both the outer and inner edges. A large branch of pink acacia is placed on the top, and droops to the left side. Pink flowers ornament the inside also. A lilac scarf mantlet, fringed at the ends, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders (see plate). Gloves of light-fawn-color. Blue parasol, and bouquet. Bottines of black satin.

MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF ORLEANS, TO PRINCE AUGUSTUS OF SAXE-COBURG GOtha

["The Prince," says the Journal des Débats, "is nephew of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, of the King of the Belgians, of the Duchess of Kent, and of the Grand Duchess Anna Fodorownska, widow of the Grand Duke Constantine, the elder brother of the Emperor of Russia. He is brother of the King of Portugal and of the Duchess of Nemours, and cousin-german of Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria. He was born the 13th of June, 1818. His father, Prince Ferdinand, is 58 years of age."]

The marriage of the Princess Clementine with Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg Gotha was celebrated on Thursday evening, the 20th of April, at the Palace of St. Cloud. At 9 o'clock the King, Queen, and the Royal Family entered the Gallery of Apollo, which had been prepared for the celebration of the civil marriage, the King giving his arm to the Princess Clementine, and Prince Augustus to the Queen. Next came the King of the Belgians, with the Dowager Queen of Spain, the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, and the Queen of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, the Duke de Montpensier and the Princess Adelaide, the Duke Alexander of Wurtemburg, and the hereditary Princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and the hereditary Prince and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg.

The witnesses were—for Prince Augustus, Baron de Konneritz, Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Saxony, and the Marquis de Rumigny; the Ambassador of France at the Court of the King of the Belgians; for the Princess Clementine, Baron Seguier, first Vice-President of the Chamber of Peers, M. Simonet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Marshals Gerard and Sebastiano. Among the persons present at the ceremony were all the Ministers, Secretaries of State.
The Royal Family and the witnesses having placed themselves round a circular table, Baron Pasquier, the Chancellor of France, who filled the functions of the civil office, assisted by the Duke de Cazes, the Grand Referendary, and M. Cauchi, the Keeper of the Archives of the Chamber of Peers, read aloud the Marriage Act, and after receiving from Prince Augustus and the Princess Clementine the declaration required by the 75th article of the Civil Code, declared, in the name of the law, that the Prince and Princess were united in marriage. The signature of the act then took place. The august couple, their Majesties, the Princes and Princesses, and the witnesses, respectively signed it. The act was closed by the Marshal-President of the Council, the Keeper of the Seals, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, by the Chancellor and the Grand Referendary.

Shortly after the act was signed, their Majesties, the Royal Family, and the whole assembly repaired to the chapel, where the Bishop of Versailles celebrated the religious marriage.

BIRTH OF A PRINCESS,
AND ORATIFYING ACCOUNTS OF HER MAJESTY’S HEALTH.

On the morning of Tuesday, April 25, her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was safely delivered of a daughter. This event, by no means unexpected, took place so suddenly, that, with the exception of the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Steward of the Household, none of the Great Officers of State, or the Ministers were present.

About half-past one o’clock on the Tuesday morning, her Majesty was taken unwell. The medical attendants—Sir James Clark, Dr. Clark, Dr. Locock, and Dr. Ferguson—were sent for, and in less than three hours from that time, the birth took place. Messengers had been despatched to the Duchess of Kent, as well as to the Premier, the Home Secretary, the Lord Chancellor, and other great functionaries, but none of them arrived in time. Prince Albert, was in the Queen’s chamber, with Doctor Locock, during the time of her delivery, and the others physicians with the Lord Steward of the Household, and the Ladies of Her Majesty’s bedchamber, being in the next apartment.

A bulletin, dated 6, A.M., announced the happy result, and communicated the fact that the Queen and the infant Princess were doing well. The bulletins issued daily, since the auspicious event, have made an equally favorable report.

The Duchess of Kent arrived at Buckingham Palace shortly after the Queen’s delivery had taken place. The firing of the Park and Tower guns, about 9 o’clock, was intended to communicate the birth of this new Princess to the public, but the Times and other morning papers had previously done so. In the course of the afternoon Prince Albert attended a Privy Council at the Council Office, Whitehall (at which were also present most of the Ministry, as well as the Archbishop of Canterbury and some of the great Officers of State), and a form of prayer and thanksgiving for the safe delivery of the Queen was ordered in churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, on Sunday, the 30th of April.

That prayer of which the following is a copy, was subsequently prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“O Merciful Lord and Heavenly Father, by whose gracious gift mankind is increased, we most humbly offer unto Thee our hearty thanks for Thy great goodness vouchsafed to Thy people, in delivering Thy servant our Sovereign Lady the Queen from the perils of childbirth, and giving her the blessing of a daughter. Continue, we beseech Thee, Thy fatherly care over her; support and comfort her in the hours of weakness, and day by day renew her strength. Preserve the infant Princess from whatever is hurtful either to body or soul, and adorn her, as she advances in years, with every Christian virtue. Regard with thine especial favour our Queen and her Royal Consort, that they may long live together in the enjoyment of all earthly happiness, and may finally be made partakers of everlasting glory. Implant in the hearts of Thy people a deep sense of Thy manifold mercies, and give us grace to show forth our thankfulness by dutiful affection to our Sovereign, by brotherly love one towards another, and by constant obedience to Thy commandments; so that, passing through this life in Thy faith and fear, we may in the life to come be received into Thy heavenly kingdom, through the merits and mediation of Thy Blessed Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

Since her Majesty’s accouchement, Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent have had visits of congratulation from their royal relatives, and the daily enquiries of the nobility and gentry, at the Palace, after her Majesty and the infant Princess, have been most numerous.

The first circumstance after the arrival of the Court from Claremont on the 22d of March which gave an intimation of the near approach of the event was the sum-
Mamous to Mrs. Lilly, the nurse, who commenced her attendance on Her Majesty on the 1st of April. On Tuesday, the 4th, the Queen Dowager dined with Her Majesty, who was so unwell during the evening, that Queen Adelaide delayed her departure for Bushy the following morning, until by enquiry she ascertained that the indisposition had passed off. On the following Sunday, the 9th, Her Majesty took the sacrament in her own apartments; but, although the new chapel in Buckingham Palace had been consecrated on the 26th of March, yet the Queen did not feel well enough to attend divine service. These circumstances made all the official persons whose duties would be at all affected by her Majesty's acouchment anticipate that it would take place from day to day. Indeed, most of the Ministers were so confident that the event would immediately take place, that they made all their arrangements for spending the Easter holidays in the country. Large parties were invited to Drayton, and also to the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and so certain was the Lord President, that he had fixed the day of his departure for the 15th. None of these anticipations were, however, realized, for though Her Majesty was again indisposed on Friday the 14th at dinner in such a manner as to induce a belief that the time was at hand, yet it passed away, and Ministers were condemned to remain in town during the accustomed period of relaxation.

From the 14th up to Monday the Queen was better in health perhaps than the previous fortnight, with the exception of one day last week, the alarm that arose from the announcement, in some uninformed quarters of Dr. Locock's being in attendance at the Palace night and day, being quite a mistake, and having no other foundation than the fact of a room in the Palace having been prepared for the doctor's reception in case circumstances should render his close attendance necessary. —Such, however, was not the case, for though Dr. Locock slept several nights at the Palace previous to the birth of the Prince of Wales, he did not do so on the present occasion.

LAMENTED DEATH OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

On Friday, the 21st of April, at a quarter after 12 o'clock in the forenoon, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex departed this life, without apparent pain, after an illness of a few days.

The Royal Duke's health had been pretty good until within ten days of his decease. His indisposition did not, at first, alarm the public or his relatives, although his medical attendants (Doctors Chambers, Holland, and Copeland) deemed it their duty to issue daily bulletins respecting it. Too soon it became apparent that his Royal Highness's illness was assuming a dangerous appearance, and finally, it was evident that the issue would be fatal.

H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge visited the royal sufferer on the morning before his death. During the entire of that day (Thursday, April 21) the illustrious sufferer took scarcely any nourishment or refreshment, with the exception of a very small quantity of turtle soup, which he had much difficulty in swallowing, and a little orange rice. Throughout the day he appeared to those in attendance upon him to be dozing, and scarcely sensible of what was passing around him. The Duke of Cambridge returned to Kensington Palace at 9 o'clock in the evening, and remained there all night. About 2 o'clock on Friday morning the illustrious invalid seemed to revive a little, but that appearance unhappily soon passed away, and he relapsed into the same quiescent state, and it became evident to all present that his Royal Highness was fast sinking and could not long survive.

On Friday morning, the following bulletin was issued:—

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has passed another restless night, and is considerably weaker this morning.

"WM. FREDERICK CHAMBERS.
"HENRY HOLLAND.
"THOMAS COPELAND.
"Kensington Palace, Friday, April 21, 1843,
"Half past 7 o'clock, A.M."

Shortly before this, the Duke of Cambridge left the Palace and walked across the green to the residence of the Princess Sophia for the purpose of communicating to her and the Duchess of Gloucester, who had stayed there during that night, the hopeless state of their illustrious brother.

Before 8 o'clock messengers from Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Sophia Matilda, had made enquiries after his Royal Highness's state.

Before 10 o'clock, the carriages of numbers of the Nobility, Cabinet Ministers, &c., had already made calls at the Palace. Shortly before 11 o'clock a carriage with four horses,
containing an Equerry of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and the Rev. Mr. Woods, Her Majesty's Chaplain, arrived from Bushy, and made enquiries as to the state of his Royal Highness.

About half-past 11 o'clock it became too evident to the medical attendants that the Royal sufferer's moments were fast hastening to a close, and information of the fact was accordingly communicated to the Duke of Cambridge, who immediately hastened to the apartment, into which the members of the Duke of Sussex's establishment were shortly afterwards summoned to witness the departure of their indulgent master, with whom many of them had lived for very many years. A few minutes before his Royal Highness expired he held out one of his hands, but was unable to speak, and at a quarter after 12 o'clock at noon the suffering Prince passed from this world to a better, without a sigh or struggle, to the great grief of the members of the Royal family and of his mourning household, as well as of the nation at large.

The Duchess of Inverness, who had sat up with his Royal Highness for the last three nights, was also present when he expired.

Immediately after his Royal Highness's demise, a bulletin, announcing the melancholy event, was issued, and copies thereof were instantly forwarded to Buckingham Palace and the residences of the other members of the Royal family; also to the Cabinet Ministers and officers of state; and intelligence of the lamented event was soon afterwards forwarded from the Home-office by Sir J. Graham, Bart., M.P., Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, to the Lord Mayor of the city of London, a copy of which was posted at the Mansion-house.

Within a few minutes after the demise of his Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princess Augusta, arrived at Kensington Palace, in a pony phaeton, and on being informed that the Duke of Sussex was no more, they immediately drove to the Princess Sophia, and joined her Royal Highness and the Duchess of Gloucester.

About a quarter past one o'clock Prince Albert arrived at the residence of the Princess Sophia from Buckingham Palace, on a visit of condolence from her Majesty to her Royal relatives, and after a short visit returned to Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Cambridge left the Princess Sophia's for Kew shortly after two o'clock; and about four o'clock the Duke of Cambridge quitted Kensington Palace for the same place, after having paid a visit to the Queen.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed after the melancholy event, before the information had reached all over the town and neighbourhood of Kensington, and within ten minutes afterwards there was hardly a shop or private house that had not put up or partially closed the shutters. The parochial authorizes also directed the Royal standard on the church-summit to be hoisted half staff high, and that it should remain in that state until after his Royal Highness's funeral. The church bells were also tolled at intervals until the evening, and during the remainder of the afternoon a degree of gloom overshadowed the feelings of the inhabitants, who, by the Duke of Sussex's death have lost a most sincere friend and supporter of all the local charities and institutions.

In the metropolis similar demonstrations of respect were adopted, and the bells of most of the churches were tolled in the course of the afternoon and evening. The flags on the various churches, and on the shipping in the river, were also hoisted half staff high.

Early on Sunday morning the domesticities of his Royal Highness's establishment were admitted to the apartments in which he died, to take a last view of their late master, whose remains had been deposited in a shell made by Messrs. Tapprell, Holland and Sons, of Marylebone-street, Piccadilly. This shell is made of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished on the outside, and measuring 6 feet 9 inches in length, 2 feet across the shoulders, 21 inches in depth, and 1 inch and a half in thickness. It is lined with white satin richly fluted. The second coat, lined with sheet lead, is nearly 7 feet long. On Wednesday morning (the 26th ult.) the shell containing the body was put into this coffin, the lid of which was closed up with lead solder by Mr. Clarke, the Government plumber.

The outer coffin, of mahogany, will be covered with the richest Genoa crimson velvet, studded with richly-gilt and burnished nails arranged in panels, having in the centre massive gilt handles, with other gorgeous ornaments, and lined within with white satin. It has been stated, that when the Duke of Sussex was appointed to the colonelcy of the Royal Artillery Company, he was found, on measurement, to stand 6 feet 3 inches and a quarter in his shoes, and that after his death the length of his corpse was 6 feet 6 inches.

A clause in the will of the illustrious deceased directed that his remains should be buried in the Cemetery at Kensal Green. His executors had an interview with the Premier, to communicate this, the wish of the deceased Prince, and on a communication being made to the Queen, the reply of her Majesty was, that the wishes of her late Royal uncle should be fulfilled in every respect. For the first time, then, a Prince of the blood-Royal will reside in a public cemetery. It has been arranged that the coffin containing the remains of the Royal Duke shall be deposited in the principal catacombs.
under the Western Chapel, until a mausoleum be erected for their reception.

The Royal Duke’s predilection for Kensal Green Cemetery has been attributed to his having been in the frequent habit of visiting the grounds since the formation in 1832, and more particularly during the last three or four years. He generally came attended by few of his suite, and spent a considerable time in examining the various improvements and works in progress, in which he appeared to take great interest, and that on more than one occasion he has remarked to the officials that when it pleased Providence to call him he would certainly be buried there.*

It is most probable that the route by which the mournful procession will proceed from Kensington Palace to the Cemetery at Kensal-green will be, down the Palace avenue, along the High-street, Kensington, as far as Kensington Old Church, up Church street and Church-lane, into the Uxbridge road at Kensington Gravel-pits, when turning to the right towards Bayswater, it will proceed as far as the Queen’s-road (Black Lion-lane), up which it will turn, and passing over the Great Western Railway at Westborne-green, enter the Harrow-road, about a mile from its commencement, in the Edgeware-road; and secondly, the public will be allowed to visit the lying-in-state, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and four in the afternoon.

It was undecided, when we went to press, whether the lying in state should take place on the 2nd or 3rd of May. Admission will be, not by tickets, but to all persons dressed in decent mourning. The lying-in-state of the remains of his late Royal Highness will take place in the rooms, in the centre or main body of Kensington Palace, formerly occupied by the Duchess of Kent. To Mr. W. Bunting, of St. James’s-street, the royal undertaker, was deputed the preparation of the rooms, which will be hung with black cloth.

The public will enter through the courtyard of that portion of the building lately occupied by the Duchess of Kent, and, proceeding through the hall, mount the grand staircase, which opens directly upon the first state apartment. This room will be hung with black cloth, and lighted with wax tapers. The next and principal apartment will contain the coffin, bearing the ducal coronet, and covered with a magnificent velvet pall, ornamented with the escutcheons of his Royal Highness. This room will also be hung with festoons of black cloth, and lead into a third apartment, similarly decorated, from which visitors will pass through another suite of rooms into Kensington gardens. By this arrangement, every facility will be afforded to the public, who will be enabled to witness the ceremony without inconvenience.

It was the wish of the Freemasons of London to attend the remains of their late Grand Master to the tomb; but the offer was declined, as was also the offer of carriages by the nobility and gentry.

A detachment of the Hon. Artillery Company, of which his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was Captain-General, will attend at the Kensal-green Cemetery to fire minute guns from 6-pounders, on a signal given at the time the funeral cortège moves from Kensington Palace.

The following is the official Report of the appearances which were observed upon a post mortem examination of the mortal remains of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex:

"In the head there were no signs of disease, except that a serous fluid was effused between the membranes by which the brain is immediately invested.

The mucous membrane lining the throat and windpipe was of a dark color, in consequence of its vessels being unusually turgid with blood. In other respects these parts were in a perfectly healthy state.

In the chest.—The lungs presented no appearance of disease.

The heart was of rather a small size, and the muscular structure was thin and flaccid. On the right side of the heart there was no other morbid appearance; but the valves on the left side, both those between the auricle and ventricle and those at the origin of the aorta, were ossified to a considerable extent. The coronary arteries were considerably ossified also.

In the abdomen, the liver was in a state of disease, presenting a granular appearance throughout its whole substance.

In the lower bowels there were some internal haemorrhoids, but there were no other
marks of disease either in this or any other of the viscera.

"WM. F. CHAMBERS, M.D.
"HENRY HOLLAND, M.D.
"B. C. BRODIE, Sergeant-Sur.
"R. KEATE, Sergeant-Surgeon.
"JOHN DORATT.
"JOHN NUSSEY."

In conclusion, we subjoin a Memoir of His Royal Highness, written with fullness and impartiality.

From 'The Times.'

Very few members of the Royal family have occupied public attention in a greater degree than the Duke of Sussex. His Royal Highness was the sixth son of George III., and at the time of his death had reached the age of "three score years and ten," having been born on the 27th of January, 1773. His brothers, the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge, were brought up to the profession of arms; the Duke of Clarence went into the navy; and of all the family the Duke of Sussex alone received that degree of intellectual culture in his youth, which enabled him in after-life to meet men of science and of literature upon terms alike flattering to them and honourable to himself.

The Duke (Prince Augustus Frederick) was at an early age sent to Germany, there to be subjected to that mental and moral discipline which all men of rank ought to undergo, which are not easily obtained for a prince in his own country, and which even in a foreign land are, in such cases as his, rarely brought to any high degree of perfection. His Royal Highness became a member of the University of Gottingen, and, having pursued his studies for the usual time at that celebrated seat of learning, it was determined that he should proceed to Rome. There were few places on the continent open to an English traveller, and least of all was it considered prudent that a prince of the English blood royal should hazard his safety in any situation accessible to the French republican armies. The Duke, then, was one of the English residents at Rome during the years 1792 and 1793. At the same time the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, with some members of their family, were also sojourners at the same place. Of course, all the English were known to each other, and of course they associated together as exclusively as if they had no other purpose in travelling abroad than to become better acquainted with such of their own countrymen as happened to be similarly employed.

The second daughter of Lord Dunmore was Lady Augusta Murray, and her Ladyship formed one of that circle of society then assembled from which Prince Augustus Frederick, afterwards Duke of Sussex, was a conspicuous and admired member. Her Ladyship was three or four years senior to the Prince; but her personal attractions were then as universally acknowledged as her many virtues and amiable qualities were beloved and esteemed to the latest period of her existence. Nothing could be more in the natural course of events than that a young man, circumstances as Prince Augustus then was, should neither have the fear of the Royal Marriage Act before his eyes, nor stand much in awe of the inflexible severity with which George III. ruled his family—an iron dominion of which the young Prince had had no practical experience since his childhood. As might be expected, the charms of Lady Augusta Murray won the affections of Prince Augustus, and, while yet in his 21st year, he became a husband, and before he completed his 22nd a father. The marriage between the young Prince and Lady Augusta took place at Rome, on the 4th of April, 1793, and subsequently by banns at St. George's, Hanover-Square, on the 5th of December, in the same year. The issue of this marriage are Colonel Sir A. D'Este, K.C.H., and his sister. Lord Dunmore, whose daughter the Duke of Sussex espoused, was John, fourth Earl; his Countess was daughter of the sixth Earl of Galloway; the mother of Sir Augustus and Miss D'Este was, therefore, not only connected with "the Sovereign house of Atholl," but related to the royal family of England as being descended from Henry VII. Amongst the papers relating to this marriage which have been collected and printed for private circulation by Sir Augustus, is a letter from the deceased prince, dated Aquilon, February 28, 1794, which distinctly acquires Lord Dunmore of any knowledge of the fact that this marriage was in contemplation until after it had been solemnized. It has been more than once stated that the ceremony which took place at Rome was performed according to the rites of the Romish church; but the Duke, in his letters, contradicts this, and says it was performed by a clergyman of the Church of England, whose name he had promised to keep secret. In the printed, but unpublished, volume to which reference has just been made, Sir Augustus D'Este sets forth the opinions of several eminent lawyers, who appear to think that the Royal Marriage Act does not invalidate his claim to any property which might descend through his mother.

So soon as the alliance which the Duke of Sussex had contracted with Lady Augusta Murray became publicly known, the matter was taken up by Government; proceedings were instituted in the ecclesiastical courts, and the marriage pronounced null. Prince Augustus continued, however, to assert its legality, treated Lady Augusta as his wife, and her children as his legitimate offspring, addressed letters to her as a princess, and to his son as a prince; protested against the
Court News.

proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts as inhuman, and especially aggravated by the circumstance of her Ladyship having been proceeded against in the suit during the period of her first accouchement, her husband being absent and restrained from joining her by severe indisposition.

From this time till the deceased Prince became a member of the House of Peers the course of his life was marked by no event worth recording. On the 27th of November, 1801, his Royal Highness, being then in the 29th year of his age, was created Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron of Arklow. The reader need scarcely be reminded that at that time, and for many years afterwards, England contended, almost alone, against the military power of the continent; that questions, foreign and domestic, of the highest moment, occupied the councils of the Sovereign, engaged the anxious attention of the Legislature, and disturbed the whole framework of society. Amongst the associates of the Prince of Wales were Fox and Sheridan. His principles of political action were decidedly those of the Whig school, while his devotion to the views of the King and the Ministers was uncompromising and undisguised. That the Duke of Sussex should have followed the example of his eldest brother can occasion but little surprise. The grant of his peerage had been delayed beyond the usual time, and his domestic affairs had been subjected to a very painful interference. Then some of the most witty, accomplished, and able men of the period were opposed to the King's Government. The conduct of the war was denounced, and its issue remained doubtful. Reform in Parliament, a repeal of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, a diminution of public expenditure, and new principles in trade were said to be indispensable; the Duke of Sussex, declaring in favour of these, and against the existing ministry, became a decided Whig, and occasionally he proved himself a formidable opponent, for he spoke with some fluency, possessed a competent acquaintance with public affairs, had great facility in availing himself of any suggestions or recent information which might happen to reach him; and though he spoke but rarely, yet, adding the weight of the princely character to some share of ability and knowledge, and combining these with the influence derived from great popularity out of doors, he possessed an importance in Parliament which never previously belonged to any member of the Royal family. But, however well and efficiently he might have supported his friends and his principles in the House of Lords, Parliament was not the scene of his most conspicuous and successful efforts. It is well known that England has long been honorably distinguished amongst the nations of Europe not only by the numbers and the usefulness of her charitable institutions, but by the unbounded munificence with which they are supported. For more than 40 years the Duke of Sussex devoted his best exertions to the advancement of these objects. The promotion of public charities, by means of public dinners, is a custom peculiar to England, and at every suitable opportunity his Royal Highness presided over those festivals. He liked popularity, had no objection to a good dinner, and enjoyed cheerful society without very fastidiously investigating the rank or the refinement of his companions. Possessing great animal spirits, some humour, a sufficient command over language to be never at a loss for a phrase, his after-dinner speeches were unrivalled. The never-failing skill and dexterity with which he carried forward the business of the evening to a happy consummation must be full in the recollection of all who have been "diners-out" at the London Tavern or Freemasons' hall; while the effective and touching manner in which the Duke was accustomed to plead the cause of widowhood, of orphanage, and of every variety of suffering or of poverty, has left an impression upon the public mind not likely to be soon effaced, and has produced results upon the charitable institutions of the metropolis which will continue to be felt when the name of their great benefactor will perhaps cease to be remembered. At a festival for charitable purposes his sturdy and indomitable solicitation would take no denials. His comprehensive benevolence demanded large subscriptions; and amidst peals of jollity and laughter, excited by his example and his good humour, he would again and again urge facts, statistics, anecdotes, personal appeals, and affecting incidents, until the great object was accomplished of improving the institution, and thereby alleviating the misery of the blind, the maimed, the aged, or the unprotected, to an extent not previously attempted, or even imagined to be possible.

In the year 1786 he was elected President of the Society of Arts, and it is well known that he succeeded Mr. Davies Giddy Gilbert as President of the Royal Society, and preceded the Marquis of Northampton in that important office.

As President of the Society of Arts he frequently appeared before the public at the annual distribution of prizes. On those occasions his address to the successful competitors was all that could be desired—pithy, varied, forcible, and appropriate—calculated at once to satisfy the reasonable expectations of the parties interested and to promote the objects of the institution over which he presided. In the affairs of the Society of Arts he took the warmest interest down to the period of his last illness. Even very recently he dictated to his secretary a voluminous series of remarks on a report laid before him by the officers of that institution. As head
of the Royal Society he had a different task to perform; and, without stopping to determine whether the duty was equally well discharged, it may safely be stated, that his conduct as President gave general satisfaction to the followers of that distinguished association, and that they received the resignation of their Royal patron with unfeigned regret. The Duke of Sussex was President of the Royal Society for nine years, having been appointed to that office at the anniversary meeting of the society (November 30th, 1830), on the resignation of Mr. D. Gilbert, and having retired from it on the 30th of November, 1839. The reason assigned by the Duke for giving up the office occasioned no small surprise—it was the insufficiency of his income. He declared himself unable to defray the expenses of the society which it was usual for the President to give. Considering his rank, the means of the Duke were rather limited; but his children had no great state or dignity to maintain; and at the time referred to he was a widower. But if he preferred to expend his surplus income in the accumulation of a splendid library, or chose to reserve it for the improvement of his private fortune, he had done his duty to the society. The Duke was in every respect a man of great personal and intellectual distinction, and the society lost him a valuable member.

Upon the question of repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, the repeal of the penal laws affecting the Roman Catholics, the Reform of Parliament, and all the so-called "liberal" measures which followed those events, the Duke of Sussex was as good a Whig as Lord Grey could desire, and in due course of time, as thorough a liberal as Lord Melbourne himself could wish. It will even be remembered that, on a very recent occasion, he carried his support of the late Administration to the length of moving the annual address in answer to the speech from the throne.

Respecting other passages in the life of the Duke of Sussex, little remains to be stated. It was always understood that he treated his children and their estimable mother with much affection. Lady Augusta, in the year 1806, received the royal permission to assume the title of the Countess de Amelard. Her Ladyship died on the 5th of March, 1830. For several years she resided near Ramsgate, and so much opposed to the popular sentiments are the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act that the people of that neighbourhood always insisted upon calling her "Duchess of Sussex." The Duke's marriage with this lady is understood not to have been the only occasion on which he set at nought the enactments of the statute above referred to. The particulars of the case now alluded to may be very shortly stated. Lady Cecilia Gore, ninth daughter of the second Earl of Arran, married on the 14th of May, 1815, Sir George Buggin, Knight. This gentleman died on the 12th of April, 1825; and on the 2d of May, 1831, her Ladyship (previously Lady Cecilia Buggin) assumed the name of Underwood, by virtue of the King's sign manual. There can be no doubt that Lady Cecilia effected a great improvement in her name by substituting Underwood for Buggin. Her claim to this indulgence rested upon the fact that the maiden name of her mother was Underwood, that lady being the daughter of Mr.
Richard Underwood, a gentleman long resident in Dublin, and well known in that city. Some years ago the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia Underwood became more intimately acquainted than they had previously been, and it was generally understood in society that they were privately married. The lady's character was doubtless not only free from reproach, but above all suspicion. She was received in the best society, and accompanied the Duke wherever he went. In the year 1810, it pleased Her Majesty to bestow upon Lady Cecilia a signal mark of her Royal favor by raising her to the rank of a peeress in her own right, and one of the highest orders, by the title of Duchess of Inverness. Upon this occasion the Duchess of Inverness received many visits of congratulation; and it was observed that the practice of royalty was adhered to, the visitors not leaving their cards, but inscribing their names in a book.

It has frequently been observed that our present Sovereign appeared to regard the Duke of Sussex more in the light of a parent than she did any other member of the Royal family. This was imputed, not merely to the circumstance that he gave his political support to her Majesty's first Ministry; but it has been currently stated, that the Duke of Kent, shortly before his death, recommended that the Duke of Sussex should be as frequently as possible consulted by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, on every affair of any political importance. To whatever influence the circumstance may be attributed, there can be no doubt of the fact, that the Duke possessed much power at Court, previous to the formation of the present Ministry. Of this there can be no better proof than the high dignity conferred on Lady Cecilia Underwood, now Duchess of Inverness.

No death in the Royal Family, short of the actual demise of a monarch, could have occasioned a stronger feeling of deprivation than in the case of the Duke of Suffolk. He certainly had attained an advanced period of life, and, considering the general state of his health, no surprise can be felt that his constitution yielded to the attacks of disease; but, nevertheless, his death will not become known without occasioning sincere regret in many quarters. Whatever may be thought of his political conduct and associates, it will, at this time, be remembered to his honour, that he did not live and die a victim to what has been not inaptly termed "the ignorance of princely education." He was a man of the world, and familiarly acquainted with the habits, feelings, and sentiments of his fellow-countrymen. He possessed a competent knowledge of many subjects, a warm attachment to literature, and though not, perhaps, entitled to hold any rank amongst the scientific men of the age, yet not altogether incapable of appreciating their labours, and certainly never unwilling to promote their interests. His well-selected library is creditable to his taste, while his earnest, persevering, benevolent and successful advocacy of charitable institutions has been the theme of many an eloquent eulogium.

By the death of the Duke several offices have become vacant; his Royal Highness was President of the Society of Arts, Acting Great Master of the Order of the Bath, Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks, High Steward of Plymouth, Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company, Grand Master of the Freemasons, Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, and a Knight of the Garter; but, being a member of the Royal Family, his death occasions no vacancy amongst the twenty-five nights of that illustrious order.

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COURT MOURNING.

Orders for the Court going into mourning on Sunday, the 23d ult., for his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, uncle of her Majesty:—

The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and earrings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets.

The gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the mourning on Sunday, May 7, viz.:—

The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribands, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribands.

The gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles.

And on Sunday, May 14, the Court to go out of mourning.

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LORD CHAMBERLAIN’S OFFICE, APRIL 22.

Notice is hereby given, that the Levee intended to be held by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, at St. James’s Palace, on Wednesday next, is postponed to Wednesday, the 17th of May next, at 2 o’clock.

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FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

The mortal remains of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex will, we understand, be deposited in Kensal-Green Cemetery, on Thursday next, the 4th of May, in the morning.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
ALEXANDRA FEODOROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

(No. 120, of this series, accompanying the present Number).

But for the sleeves, which are rather out of date now, her Imperial Majesty looks as if she had but just emerged from the atelier of some celebrated modiste. Her dress is of rich Genoa velvet of an emerald green; the skirt falls in ample folds round the figure, and is cut with a train. The body is formed with a point, and cut open in front to show a stomacher of white satin ornamented with gold. The short sleeves are of green velvet; they are full like those worn a few years back, and a long full sleeve of white gauze striped with gold descends to the wrist. A rich gold trimming goes all round the body, and down the front of the skirt, encircling gradually as it descends. A similar trimming confines the short sleeve, and also finishes the long one at the wrist. A single row of bullion goes all round the bottom of the skirt, and also forms a line of gold round the waist. The hair is arranged in full bandeaux, and surmounted by the imperial crown richly studded with pearls and precious stones, from the back of which depends a veil of white gauze edged with gold; this falls gracefully over the right arm, and reaches nearly to the ground behind. The necklace and earrings are of costly pearls, and a single row of the same, surmounted by an ornament of rubies similar to the one in front of the crown, is placed down the centre of the stomacher.

MEMOIR

OF

ALEXANDRA FEODOROWNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of Frederick-William III., late King of Prussia, by his first marriage with the beautiful and lamented Louisa-Augusta, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was born on the 13th of July, 1798. She is sister to the present King of Prussia,—connected with this country by the ties of blood and friendship, the latter of which have been lately confirmed by his Majesty's having during the year 1842, personally, undertaken the responsible duties of sponsor to the Prince of Wales.

On the 13th of July, 1817,—on which day the Princess had completed her 19th year,—she was married to the Archduke Nicholas of Russia. The fruits of that union are four sons—the Archdukes Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael—and three daughters, all of whom are living. The Archduke Alexander, whose 25th birth-day was on last Saturday, the 29th July, recently paid a visit to this country, at which time he devoted considerable attention to the arts and sciences,
which have been so extensively and successfully cultivated in Great Britain, as well as to many subjects connected with the trade and commerce which, by means of British enterprise, have happily raised this empire to a state of unexampled prosperity. At the same time, his Imperial Highness shewed himself the patron of British sports, and, at Newmarket, left a munificent memorial of his taste for "the turf," in the form of the Cesarowitch Plate, which he has given to be run for annually.

On her marriage with the Archduke Nicholas of Russia, the Princess Charlotte of Prussia assumed the surname of Alexandra Feodorovna. When her nuptials took place, there appeared little chance that this amiable Princess would ever occupy a more exalted station than that of Arch-duchess of the empire. It was otherwise decreed by Providence. The Emperor Alexander died, on December 1, 1825, in the prime of life. The Archduke Constantine, to whom the Imperial Crown had descended by hereditary succession, declined assuming the cares and the glories of sovereignty. By a family compact, of which neither the particulars nor the motives are yet before the public, Nicholas became Emperor.

The coronation of their Majesties took place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, at Moscow, on the 22nd of August, 1826. The Empress sat upon the throne of Mikhail Feodorovitch, grandfather of Peter the Great. The crown was placed upon her head by the hands of the Emperor himself, according to ancient custom—a precedent which apparently influenced Napoleon, when, at his coronation, he first crowned himself and then Josephine.

The subject of this memoir has borne herself, in the exalted rank to which circumstances, at the disposal of Providence, thus elevated her, in a manner which sheds lustre upon, rather than derives it from, the station she occupies. In the domestic relations of life she is reported—and we believe, most truly—to manifest all the virtues and affections which are alike calculated to render happy the home of the loftiest as well as the lowliest. As a Sovereign, sharing the pomp but not the power of empire, she has obtained the attachment, the love, and the gratitude of all classes. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his "Memoirs of a Tour in the North of Europe, in 1836-7," thus speaks of her Imperial Majesty:—"In relation to the society and manners of the beau monde, the Empress must be supposed to bear the most distinguished part. The amiability of her accueil is not more peculiar than her grace and fascination, and she introduces a degree of humour and pleasantry in conversation, which, emanating from royalty (generally supposed to be wrapped up in formality and stiffness, from which, however, now-a-days, it has so happily, in a great measure, even in many instances emancipated itself), does not fail to captivate the stranger that approaches her, while she is truly adored by those who share in her daily avocations, and are greeted by her benevolent smiles."

He also says, that "in addition to the Empress's private balls, she has an inventive genius for every gaiety and diversion!"—As the kind-hearted Woman, however, she merits for higher praise than as a magnificent Sovereign.
BIRTHS.

Amand, the lady of Adam Smith, esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Civil Service; at Berhampore, Bengal, January 12.

Baker, the lady of R. G. esq., of a daughter; at Knightsbridge, April 13.

Baskerville, the lady of Mynors, esq., M.P., of a son; at Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, April 13.

Bernard, the Viscountess, of a daughter; at Connaught-place, April 5.

Carey, Lady of F. esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, April 14.

Christie, the lady of Lieut. H. Paget, Royal Artillery, of a son; at Woolwich, April 13.

Chute, the lady of W. Wiggot, esq., M.P., of a daughter; at Portland-place, April 4.

Cloughton, Hon. Mrs. of a daughter; at Kidderminster, April 12.

Countess de Lee, the lady of General Monmouth, late of Petersham-lodge, Peterham, of a son; at Ham, April 1.

De la Chairst, the lady of the Count, nephew and heir of the late Duke de la Chaire, late ambassador of France in England, of a son and heir; at No. 49, Munion-street, Regent’s-park, April 20.

Fletcher, Lady, of a daughter; at Ashley-park, April 1.

Guedella, the lady of M. esq., of a son; April 2.

Hardy, the lady of Gathorne esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Osnaburgh-terrace, April 16.

Jay, the lady of Samuel esq., barrister, of a daughter; April 2.

Knap, the lady of E. esq., of a son; at Great Houghton, Northamptonshire, April 8.

Liddell, the Hon. Mrs. Augustus, of a dau.; at Lowndes-street, April 13.

Longman, the lady Charles, esq., of Nashmills, Herts, of a son; April 19.

Moore, the lady of Major J. A., of a son; at Queen Anne-street, April 21.

Mudge, the lady of Zachary, esq., of a son and heir; at Sydney, the residence of Vice-Admiral Mudge, near Plympton, Devon, on Easter Sunday.

Oliveira, the lady of Benjamin, esq., of a son; at Hyde-park-square, April 21.

Platt, the lady of Samuel, esq., of a daughter; at 10, Hyde-park-gardens, April 1.

Raike, the lady of Robert, esq., of a son; at Welton, Yorkshire, April 18.

Smythe, the lady of J. K. esq., member of the Inner Temple, of a son; at Tavistock-square, Tavistock-square, March 27.

Toullmin, Mrs. Augustus, o of a son; at Southamton-row, Russell-square, April 5.

Vaillance, the lady of H. Wellington, esq., of a son; at No. 20, Hatton-garden, April 16.

Wernick, the lady of John Spencer Wynn, esq., of a daughter; at the Holt, Wokingham, Berks, April 1.

Whituck, the lady of J. W. esq., of a son; at St. James’s-square, March 31.

Yeatman, the lady of Harry Farr, esq., of a son; at Manston, in the county of Dorset, April 23.

Young, the lady of Edward, esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Champion-grove, April 9.

MARRIAGES.

Adderly, Ellen, daughter of the late J. Ad- derly, esq., to the Hon. Arthur Edmund Denis Dillon, third son of the late Viscount Dillon; by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Phipps, at St. Marylebone, April 22.


Butterworth, Ann, daughter of the late J. Butterworth, esq., to Joseph Harcastle, esq., of St. Peter’s College, Cambridge; at Sunnyside, Lancashire, April 19.


Carlow, Caroline, second daughter of Fred. Pratt Barlow, esq., of Kensington, to Capt. F. Barlow, esq., 61st regiment; by the Rev. G. H. Harker, at St. Mary’s, Abbots, Kensington, April 20.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Chauncy, Caroline Amelia, fourth daughter of the late Rev. C. Chauncy, of Kimpton, to George, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. M. Williams, Surveyor-General of Bombay; by the Rev. J. Sullivan, at Kimpton, Herts, April 24.

Cobbett, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of W. Cobbett, esq., of Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, to George Valentine Rathbone, esq., of Morningsong Cottage, Morningsong-road, Regents-park; at St. James's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, April 4.

Colbeck, Fanny Elizabeth, only daughter of the late T. Colbeek, esq., to the Rev. Nathaniel Keymer, M. A., head master of Christ's Hospital, Hertford; at Hertford, by the Rev. W. R. Colbeck, April 18.

Davis, Marianne, eldest daughter of the late W. Davis, esq., of Loudwater Bucks, to George, second son of Chas. Venables, esq., of Woburn; at High Wycombe, Bucks, by the Rev. J. Hill, vice-principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, April 23.

De Bruyn, Maryanne Charlotte, second daughter of Henry De Bruyn, esq., of Hyde-park-square, to Alexander Magnay, esq., of the 69th Regiment, son of the late Christopher Magnay, of East-hill, Wandswood; at St. John's, Paddington, by the Rev. E. James, April 5.

Ewart, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late H. P. Ewart, esq., of the Madras Medical Establishment, to Alex. K. Clerk Kennedy, esq., 48th Native Infantry, youngest son of Colonel C. Kennedy, C. B., K. H., 7th Dragoon Guards; at Bangalore, Madras, Nov. 7.

Fleetwood, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late W. Fleetwood, esq., to John, eldest son of W. M. Pulley, esq., of John-street, Bedford; by the Rev. S. Gawthorn, at St. Pancras, April 20.


Folkes, Lucy, fourth daughter of J. Folkes, of Walworth, esq., to James E. A. Wicch, esq., son of the late J. E. Wicch, esq., of Antwerp, merchant; by the Rev. Mr. Osselow, rector of St. Mary's, Newington, April I.

Frankett, Elizabeth, to Frederick Garraway, esq., eldest son of Frederick Hervey Garraway, esq., of Streatham, by the Rev. Wodehouse Raven, April 20.


Hacket, Frances Mary, eldest daughter of F. B. Hacket, esq., of Moor-hall, Warwickshire, to Henry Thompson, esq., of Bilborough-hall, Yorkshire; by the Rev. J. T. Horton, vicar of Dunskirk Childey, at St. Olave's Church, York, April 18.

Jones, Caroline, eldest daughter of James L. Jones, esq., of Stamford-hill, Middlesex, the Rev. George Monnington, head master of the grammar-school, Monmouth, and vicar of Rockfield; by the Rev. Thomas Jones, chaplain of Whitehall Chapel, at St. John's, Hackney, April 20.

Jones, Mabella, only daughter of the late Kenrich Morris Jones, of Moneyglass, county of Antrim, esq., to Meredith, eldest son of Hunt Walsh Chambre, of Hawthorn-hill, county of Armagh, esq.; at Duncannon Church, Ireland, by the Rev. Wm. George Macartney, April 4.

Lecker, Ellen, eldest daughter of Edward Hawke Lecker, esq.; Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, to Captain Herbert Main Dobbie, second son of the late Captain W. H. Dobbie, R. N., of Salting-hall, Essex; at the parish church of St. Alphage, Greenwich, by the Lord Bishop of Chester, April 5.


Parry, Penelope, eldest daughter of William Parry, esq., late of Grassmere, Westmoreland, to the Rev. Wm. Poete Musgrave, rector of Eaton Bishop, Herefordshire; at Clifton Church, by the Lord Bishop of Hereford, April 20.


Phillps, Elvira Anna, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Phipps, of Oaklands, Clonmel, to Joshua Williams, of Lincoln's-inn, esq., barrister-at-law, fourth son of Thomas Williams, esq., of Cowley-grove, Uxbridge; at Abbey Church, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, by the Rev. Caleb Williams, April 18.

Reynolds, Margarei, third daughter of the late Lawrence Reynolds, of Paxton-hall, to the Rev. Henry Sweeting, M. A.; at Little Paxton Church, Huntingdonshire, April 23.
Richards, Jane Maria, daughter of the late Rev. G. Richards, and grand-daughter of the late Viscount Hood, to Arthur Charles Gregory, Lieut.-Colonel of the 98th Foot; at All Soul's Church, by the Rev. W. Ross, April 18.


Smale, Harriet Anne, second daughter of H. L. Smale, esq., of Willoughby-house, Ton-tenham, to Rupert Snedley, esq., of Penmell, Holywell, Flintshire; at Tottenham, April 22.

Smith, Ellen, second daughter of Henry Smith, esq., of Gainsborough, to John Dawson, esq., of Albermarle-street; at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

Spencer, Elizabeth Sophia, daughter of the late Charles Spencer, esq., surgeon, Ash, in the county of Kent, to Alfred Neame, esq., eldest son of George Neame, esq., of Canterbury; at St. John's, Paddington, April 19.


Tynney, Harriet Mary, only daughter of Edward Tynney, of the city of Dublin, esq., and niece of Sir M. J. Tynney, Bart., and of the late Lady Tynney, to the Rev. Wm. Lionel Dorell, A.M., second son of the late Sir Harry Vereist Dorell, Bart., at St. George's Hanover-square, by the Very Rev. Dean of Salisbury, April 18.

Waller, Emma Frances, second daughter of Frederick Waller, esq., of Doughty-street, to Ralph Ashton, esq., only son of the late Henry Ashton, esq., of Llanelly and of Dominica; at St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. Benjamin French, rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, and domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan, April 18.

Waring, Barbara Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Captain Waring, R.N., of the same place, to Wm. Morgan Benett, eldest son of Captain C. C. Benett, R.N., of Lyme-Regis, Dorset; at Penrith, Cumberland, by the Rev. John Dayman, April 17.


Williams, Laura, second daughter of Maria Ann and Henry Williams, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Theophilus Clarke Milo, of 10, Wel- lington-street, London Bridge; at St. George's Church, Camberwell, by the Rev. John Horton, of St. George's, in the Borough, April 12.

DEATHS.


Baker, Belinda, daughter of Mr. Thomas Kerslake Baker, Farrington-street, aged 11, April 15; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bankes, George, esq., aged 56; at his residence, Balham-hill, Surrey, April 11.

Barclay, Robert, second son of Charles Bar- clay, esq., of Bury-hill, aged 34; at the Grove, Lower Tooting, April 6.

Campion, Edmund, son of Mr. Henry Campin, Claremont-place, Brixton, aged 10 months and 10 days, April 8; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Casswell, Archibald Kidd, son of Mr. John Casswell, Queen's-place, Kennington, aged 10 months, April 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Champagne, Lieut.-Colonel Forbes, aged 45; at Brighton, April 14.

Clarke, Robert, esq., of Conrie, Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the county of Perth; at his seat, Conrie Castle, Perthshire, April 9.

Clowes, Elizabeth Hurst, daughter of William Clowes, esq., of Tulse Hill, aged 15 months, April 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cooper, Captain Spencer, of the Royal En- gineers, aged 49; at his residence, Pall-mall east, April 11.

Cubitt, Fanny, aged 10 years and 10 months, April 8; and Arthur, aged 2 years and 5 months, children of Thomas Cubitt, esq., Clapham New Park, April 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Darby, Eliza, esq., late Receiver Inspector of Taxes for South Wales and Monmouthshire. He had been in office (before his retirement) under the same public Board more than 41 years; suddenly at his house at Holloway, April 6.

Drew, Mr. Vintaent, Blackman-street, South- wark, in his 70 year, March 19; South Metropoli- tan Cemetery.

Erskine, Lady, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Berlin; at Genoa, March 25.

Exeter, Mrs. Elizabeth, Chester-place, Ken- nington, in her 77 year, 2 April; South Metropoli- tan Cemetery.

Fawcett, H. E., esq., barrister-at-law, of New Bowwell-court, second son of the late Rowland Fawcett; April 2.

Gaitskill, Frederick Burr, son of William Senhouse Gaitskill, esq., of Streatham, aged 5 months, and 26 days, April 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hains, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Hains, Ber- mondyse-square, aged 24, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Harwood, Emily Mary, daughter of Joseph Unwin Harwood, esq., Camberwell-grove, aged 3 years and 6 months, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hodges, Mr. Thomas, Drury Lane, aged 54, April 5; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hope, Mr. William Fletcher, Carter-street, Walworth, aged 62, March 27; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hovil, Edith, daughter of John Hovil, esq., Thornton Heath, Croydon, aged 4 years and 9 months, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Henderson, Wm. esq., late Lieut. of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, after 3 weeks' illness, aged 53; at Camden Town, April 2.

Hull, Miss Eliz., Tulse Hill, aged 26, March 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Jefferys, Major Rowland, late of the Madras Cavalry; at his residence, Shirley, near Southampton, March 10.

Kerr, Wm. esq., late Secretary of the General Post-office there; at Edinburgh, April 6.


Lewis, Francis Harold Duncombe, only son of the late Peter Lewis, esq., of Her Majesty's Office of Ordnance, Tower, in the 81st year of his age; at La Paz-Peru, Bolivia, South America, Oct. 1842.

Lewis, Peter Rayon, esq., of Her Majesty's Office of Ordnance, Tower, in the 84th year of his age, March 13.


Lynch, James, esq., of Blackhall street, Dublin; March 10.

Masson, Ellen Hill, daughter of Mr. John George Masson, Jermyn-street, St. James's, aged 7 months, April 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

McCulloch, Wm. esq., formerly for many years examiner of India Correspondence in the East India-house; at 19, Upper Bedford-place, April 17.

Morell, Mark, esq., aged 72; at his residence, St. Thomas's Oxford, April 20.

Nicholson, Francis, son of George Nicholson, esq., of 21, Abingdon-street, Westminster; at Chia-Chin, China, aged 23, August 23.

Northampton, Dowager Mary Marchioness, aged 76; at the house of her son-in-law, C. S. Dickins, esq., at Brighton, April 22.

O'Brien, Margaret Ann, the beloved wife of Andrew M. O'Brien, esq., aged 39; at Twickenham-common, April 20.

Onslow, Walter Edward, son of Richard Onslow, esq., of Surrey Lodge, Lambeth, aged 3 years and 2 months, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pancott, Robert, esq., of Preston court, Gloucestershire, universally beloved and deeply lamented; after a long illness, whilst on his return to England, at Boulogne-sur-Mer; Feb. 22.

Pearce, Henry, Robert, esq., late of Cardington, Beds; aged 57; Feb. 22.

Pickwood, the Rev. John, M. A., chaplain to the Bishop of Antigua, in the island of St. Christopher's, West Indies; Feb. 5.

Poole, James, esq., of Belvedere Cannington, many years an inhabitant of Bridgewater; at the house of his son, Thomas James Poole, esq., surgeon, Huntapill, Somerset, aged 84; March 14.

Parr, Mr. Wm., of Upper Clapton and Throgmorton-street, aged 70; April 17.

Parrington, Horatio Nelson, chief officer of the Thames East Indianman, and son of the late John Parrington, esq., of Langley lodge, Loughsham, Kent; of rapid consumption, off Chusan, China; July 18.

Pownall, Ann, the wife of John Pownall, esq., solicitor, formerly of Staple Inn, solicitor at Brighton, in her 72nd year; March 4.

Robinson, Sir John, K. H., at his house, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh; March 7.

Roe, Miss, only daughter of the late William Roe, esq., formerly chairman of the Board of Customs, and sister of Sir F. A. Roe, Bart., after a protracted illness; March 2.

Sams, Edward Kerr, the youngest child of Charles H. Sams, esq., at Lee park, Blackheath; March 9.

Sare, Andrew Lovering, esq., Enfield Wash, Middlesex, aged 80, April 3; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Savage, Major-General Sir John B. Savage, K. C. B., K. C. H., at his residence, on Woolwich common, in the 84th year of his age; March 8.

Say, Amelia, wife of the Rev. F. H. S. Say, youngest daughter of the late Richard Nixon, esq., of the Grove, Hightgate; at the Vicarage, Braughton, Herts; aged 38; Feb. 27.

Scott, Wm., esq., Tulse Hill, in his 82nd year, April 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Scott, Susan, daughter of the late B. W. Scott, esq., at Upper Clapton, March 12.

Shortt, Thomas, M. D., inspector of prisons, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight; March 5.

Shuter, Richard Valpy, assistant-surgeon, of the East India Company's Service, of jungle fever, at Gossway, province of Assam, aged 39; Jan. 11.

Sims, Helen Mary, youngest daughter of the late Robert Sims, M. D., at Pelham crescent, Brompton; Feb. 22.

Southeby, Robert, esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate; at Keswick, March 21.

Staunrah, Mr. Samuel, Princes-street, Lambeth, aged 50, April 13; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Strachan, John, son of Mr. Arthur Strachan, Great Trinity-street, aged 4 years and 3 months, April 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tallents, Rev. Philip W., second son of the late Wm. E. Tallents, esq., of Vestor, in the Isle of Wight, April 10.

Taylor, Sarah, daughter of Mr. Samuel Taylor, Gracechurch-street, aged 20, March 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Thorne, Timothy, son of Mr. Charles Thorne, Belgrave-road, Pimlico, aged 10 months, April 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Utterton, Lirut-Col., aged 65; at his residence, Heath-lodge, Croydon, April 22.

Vardon, the Rev. Edward Bowman, Holywell-street, Westminster, aged 51, March 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Vere, Major-general Sir Charles Brooke, M. P. for East Suffolk, aged 65; at Bath, April 1.


Ward, Sarah, wife of Mr. John Green Ward, Leicester-place, Camberwell, aged 53, April 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Yates, Mr. James, Chalcroft Terrace, Lambeth, aged 49, April 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Young, Rev. Richard George, only surviving child of the late Captain Thomas Young, R. N., aged 28; in Great Ormond-street, April 18.

* Omitted Registrations will be added.
MONTHLY CRITIC.

Canada, Nova-Scotia, New Brunswick, and the other Provinces in North America; with a plan of National Colonization. By James S. Buckingham. 1 vol, large 8vo.

—Elisha, Son and Co., Newgate-street.

He who writes History records the events which have made the Past of importance; the writer of Travels brings the Present before us, and annihilates space (if not time), by removing the barrier which Distance has placed between us and the lands which intelligent minds desire to see and to know. Mr. Buckingham, who has travelled in every quarter of the globe, has brought his labours to a close (for the present, at least), in the large, handsome volume before us. It forms a fit companion to, as, indeed, it is, the conclusion of his travels in North America. At the same time, as an account of British North America, the work is, per se, quite complete — and how far we are correct in this opinion, the able author shall, as is our wont, be allowed to speak for himself:—

"When we left England, in August 1837, it was my intention to devote three years to our travels through the United States of America and the British Provinces, a year to a journey through Mexico, and a year to a voyage from some port near the Isthmus of Darien, either Panama or San Blas, to the Sandwich Islands, and on to China, visiting as many spots in those countries as might be accessible. From thence we proposed to proceed to Calcutta and ascending the Ganges, to have gone up as high in the interior as Delhi, crossing from thence by land to Bombay, and returning to England, by the Red Sea, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, all of which might have been easily accomplished in the space of five years which we had allotted to the undertaking.

"We had been fortunately spared to accomplish the two first objects of our expedition, having visited the Northern, the Southern, the Eastern, and the Western States of America, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the borders of the Atlantic to beyond the Mississippi, as well as the British Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, from the Island of Mackinaw, near the entrance of Lake Superior, to the boundary line which separates New Brunswick from Maine. But all our hopes of visiting Mexico and China were crushed, by circumstances which had arisen since our departure from home, and which were not then anticipated. In Mexico, the war between the Mexicans and Texans, and the civil commotions between the different aspirants to power among the Mexicans themselves, made it impossible to travel through that country with any safety. Robberies and murders were events of almost every-day occurrence; and neither life nor property were respected. At the same time, China, which when we left England was beginning to be more accessible to Europeans than at any period within the last hundred years, was now entirely closed to the English, from the disgraceful war arising out of the seizure of contraband opium, brought in, in defiance of all laws and edicts, by English smugglers, encouraged by the East India Company, who grew and furnished the poisonous drug, and countenanced by the Queen's representative as a lawful and honest trade? As affairs in both these countries were likely to get more embroiled, before they would be tranquillized, we were compelled with great reluctance to forego our proposed visit to both, and think of returning to England.

Another circumstance which rendered this additionally necessary, was a misfortune that we had little expected. During our tour through the United States of America, the delivery of my Lectures had been sufficiently rewarded, by the large audiences that attended them, to enable me to defray all our travelling and other expenses; and to put by, at the close of each year, a clear surplus of 1,000. sterling; the public spirit and munificence with which literary labours of this description are remunerated in America being such, that I received, from the Young Men's Literary Society of Boston, an engagement on their own invitation and offer of 2,500 dollars, or 500. sterling, for a single Course of Lectures on Egypt and Palestine, and their receipts more than covered the outlay — while at New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, the returns were on a still higher scale. I had considered myself, therefore, most fortunate, in the pecuniary result of my visit to the United States, when the surplus sum of 3,000. sterling, earned by my literary labours alone, was safely invested, as we supposed, in the stocks and funds of the country, there to remain only till our embarkation for Mexico, or our return to England, when we purposed withdrawing them for remittance home. For the sake of lessening the risk of loss, we had, prudently as we then thought, divided the amount into three portions of 1,000. each; determined to invest them in three different descriptions of stock, and in three different cities. Accordingly, 1,000. was invested in the Bonds of the Morris Canal Company in New York; 1,000. in the Life and Trust Company of Baltimore; and 1,000. in the
United States’ Bank of Philadelphia, all then paying interest regularly in England at the rates of 6, 7, and 8 per cent, and all in such reputation for stability, as to be at a high premium in the market. On our reaching New York we found that all three of these undertakings were bankrupt! and the stock of each not only paying no interest, but absolutely unsaleable, except at such a ruinous depression as reduced the ready adoption of the advice of the best informed and most disinterested, to hold on a little longer in the hope of a revival. This hope, however, grew more and more faint, as time unfolded more and more of the recklessness and dishonesty, by which these concerns had become insolvent; and thus the laboriously acquired earnings of the three years, on which we had counted for a welcome little resource for the period when age and declining powers would make labour less agreeable as well as less productive, were all swept away at the same moment!”

They returned to England in the President, and—

“On the following voyage the unfortunate President was lost; having sailed from New York in her ordinary course, and never since been heard of. A variety of conjectures have been hazarded, as to the manner in which the loss was occasioned; and at this late period, when the subject may be adverted to without harrowing up the feelings of those who had friends on board, or prolonging their painful suspense, for all hopes of her ever re-appearing have now been long ago extinguished, it may not be unacceptable to have the opinion of one who knew her qualities well. I venture, therefore, to offer it as my belief, that under the skilful commander who was then in charge, Capt. Roberts, no gale which she could encounter on her passage, would be sufficient to occasion her to founder. Inefficient as her engines were to propel her with the requisite degree of speed, they would always have had force enough to keep her head to windward in the heaviest gale that blew; and in this position, no pilot-boat that ever swam could lie to more easily and steadily than the President. As a sea-boat she was unrivalled, and not the slightest manifestation was anywhere visible on our homeward voyage, in the severest period of the gale, of weakness amid-ships, or anywhere else. An iceberg may have intercepted her course, or a ship may have run her down—as all who have been much at sea know how frequent are the accidents resulting from a bad look-out; and fire is a calamity to which all ships are liable, especially those that carry a hundred passengers or more, where drunken revels among some, not sufficiently discouraged, because profit is made by the sale of the wines and spirits, great carelessness with others, lights permitted improperly to be burning in the bed-cabins at a late hour, and their inmates going to sleep without extinguishing them, with the inflammability of all the materials of which a ship is composed, making fire much more rapidly destructive at sea than on land, and much more difficult to extinguish.

“One or other of these calamities may have destroyed the unfortunate President; and either would account for the total destruction of every vestige of her hull, as well as of her spars, boats, and moveable furniture, but especially the last, for the devouring flames leave no vestige of anything unconsumed, and when all is burnt to the water’s edge, the heavy and ponderous mass below soon sinks to the bottom. This, though the most terrible, is the most speedy death, and leaves at least the consolation that if the sufferings of the victims were severe, they were soon terminated.”

Mr. Buckingham’s course was as follows. Starting from Queenstown, 24th August, 1839, he sailed up Lake Ontario to Toronto, thence to Kingston—Montréal—Quebec—down the St. Lawrence to Prince Edward Island—outwards through Nova Scotia to New Brunswick, and returned, via “the Disputed Boundary” to New York. This route, while it gave occasion for much particular description of the cities and the general aspect of the country, affords the author good opportunity for a sketch of the political, commercial, industrial, and moral condition and appearances of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward’s Island, and the island of Cape Breton. As the latest, the fullest, and by far the most impartial work upon Canada, it will be read with great interest, and the many and striking facts with which it is filled, will probably make it a hand-book of reference, information, and quotation, both in and out of Parliament.

The most valuable part of the work is, however, that in which, at some length, the author proposes a plan of national colonization, which, how extensive soever, is but comparatively inexpensive. To that we shall presently come, but must first, almost at haphazard, quote some of the numerous passages which struck us on perusing the book. The first is flattering to our national amour propre:

“Our passage across Lake Ontario was most agreeable. The weather was very fine, the water smooth, the society intelligent; and everything connected with the management of the steamboat admirably conducted.
We dined at three o'clock, and never since we left England, had we been seated at a table more perfectly English in all its service, arrangements, fare, and attendance. Instead of the long and narrow table of American steamboats and hotels, with a multiplicity of dishes so crowded as often to lap over each other, we had a table of ample width, and comparatively few dishes; but these were all excellent. Instead of the common white earthenware, without covers, coarse glass, and still coarser cutlery and metal spoons, so constantly seen at the public tables of America, we had here a service of richly coloured and gilded china, with plated covers for the dishes, fine crystal cut glass, cutlery of the best quality, and massive silver spoons and forks. The quiet ease and gentlemanly leisure in which the meal was served and partaken was the very opposite of the hurry and bustle of an American dinner; and the dishes themselves were without exception of the best kind; while on an American steamboat-table half of those placed there contain mere scraps, which few persons touch, and which indeed do not seem to be intended for any other purpose than to fill up the space, and crowd the table with an appearance of excessive abundance. The servants, too, had been trained in a good school, and were all remarkably clean, well dressed, and attentive, without the running and scrambling which is characteristic of American attendants. For this, however, they can scarcely be blamed, because where the guests are all eager to finish their meals in ten or fifteen minutes of time, and are each too busy on their own account to spare any time to help their neighbours, the dishes that require carving must be taken from the table to the sideboard, and as each servant has to go there for whatever is wanted in a room of 100 or a cabin of 50 feet in length, it is only by running at the swiftest speed that they can get through their labours within the specified time. A relief from all this noise and bustle was peculiarly agreeable to us; and as we sat for half an hour after dinner at the table, in light and cheerful conversation according to the English fashion, the whole scene furnished a stronger contrast to what we had recently witnessed, in everything except language, than is experienced in crossing the channel from France to England.

Now that wood-pavements are the fashion, it may be well to learn how they manage these things in Canada:

"Not only are these wooden side-walks in general use here, but, in one instance, planks of fir have been used for making an extensive road into the country, leading eastward from Toronto to Kingston. We drove about six miles out on this road beyond the river Don, and I never remember to have traveled so smoothly. The planks composing the road are about fifteen feet in length, a foot in breadth, and an inch in thickness; they are sawn smoothly, but are not planed. The road is first levelled, and on the bed thus formed, these planks are laid across transversely, and not lengthwise as in the sidewalks. A small portion of soil and dust is strewn over the whole, to prevent unnecessary friction on the wooden surface; so that unless the attention of the traveller was called to the fact, he would not perceive the planks over which he was driving, though he would recognize the unusual smoothness of the road by the motion. But while to the casual observer it presents the same earthy and dusty appearance as any other road, there are no ruts or pits in it—scarcely indeed a mark of the horses' feet or carriage-wheels that pass over it. On close examination, however, he will see the separate planks, and trace their lines of junction, and he will also hear the peculiar dull sounding sound of the best kind; while on an American steamboat-table half of those placed there contain mere scraps, which few persons touch, and which indeed do not seem to be intended for any other purpose than to fill up the space, and crowd the table with an appearance of excessive abundance. The servants, too, had been trained in a good school, and were all remarkably clean, well dressed, and attentive, without the running and scrambling which is characteristic of American attendants. For this, however, they can scarcely be blamed, because where the guests are all eager to finish their meals in ten or fifteen minutes of time, and are each too busy on their own account to spare any time to help their neighbours, the dishes that require carving must be taken from the table to the sideboard, and as each servant has to go there for whatever is wanted in a room of 100 or a cabin of 50 feet in length, it is only by running at the swiftest speed that they can get through their labours within the specified time. A relief from all this noise and bustle was peculiarly agreeable to us; and as we sat for half an hour after dinner at the table, in light and cheerful conversation according to the English fashion, the whole scene furnished a stronger contrast to what we had recently witnessed, in everything except language, than is experienced in crossing the channel from France to England."

The difference of manners in Canada and in the United States appears very decided:

"Of the points of dissimilarity there are, however, many more points of resemblance; some of them to the advantage, but others to the reproach of the Canadians. One of the first of these points that struck us was the solicitation of beggars. We had been nearly three years in the United States without seeing an American beggar in the streets, but we had not been landed five minutes in Toronto before we were accosted by several, between the wharf and our hotel. In the States we had never seen women employed in manual labour; here we witnessed several instances of it; and of ragged, swearing, and profligate boys, we saw a greater number in Toronto, than in the largest cities of the Union. On the other hand, we saw no persons here who chewed tobacco; there was less of hurrying and driving to and fro in the streets; the shopkeepers were all more civil and obliging, the servants more respectful"
and attentive, and all classes more polite. Even at the hotel, when the ladies rose to retire from the table, the gentlemen all rose, and stood till they had withdrawn, a custom we had never once seen observed at the public tables in America; though there, the respect and deference to the sex is shown in another way, by no gentleman being permitted to take his place until the ladies are first seated."

Here is another difference, too, which does not appear favourably for the Canadians:—

"From the opportunities I had of judging by what passed under my own observation, I should be disposed to think that the people of Upper Canada were much less temperate than the people of the United States. Absolute drunkenness is happily in both countries now become rare; and where it exists at all, it is amongst the lowest of the people. But even among these it abounds to a greater extent in Toronto than in any town of the same size in America; and we saw more drunken persons, and heard more profane and blasphemous oaths and imprecations, in our short stay here, than a traveller would meet with in a year in the States, unless he went purposely in search of it, which we certainly did not in either country. At the table of our hotel, almost every one drank wine, beer, or brandy-and-water. At the public tables in America it is now rare to see anything drank but water. In private circles, wine is more freely used in Canada, and more urgently pressed on those who do not use it, than is the case in the United States; and with the heads of office, political, military, civil, judicial, and even ecclesiastical, the Temperance cause is not at all in favour, since none of all these powerful and influential classes come forward publicly to give this cause the benefit of their sanction and example."

We are fond of pictures in words—as we sometimes have stories told by the colours which the limner uses. If not, reader, the following description of an autumnal sunset on the St. Lawrence exquisite:—

"The sunset upon the river was one of the richest and most beautiful that we had for a long time witnessed, and would be thought an exaggeration if faithfully depicted on the canvas; I remember nothing in the Mediterranean or Indian Ocean equal to it; and only one sunset superior, which was that seen amid the forests of Tennessee, in the autumn of the last year, and described on that occasion. In this sunset on the St. Lawrence, the heavens in the east, were of a singular dappled grey, rising above a base of thickly-piled-up clouds, which seemed to indicate the gathering of a storm; while in the west, the whole of the heavens were suffused with a glowing red, in every gradation of shade, from the deepest crimson, to the lightest roseate hue. Gradually, the clouds resolved themselves into beds of horizontal strata, in which the variety of colours surpassed anything that I remember; but so beautifully blended, and so harmoniously placed in juxtaposition and succession, that each tint seemed to set off or enrich the beauty of its adjoining ones. Among these, purple, crimson, amber, yellow, turquoise blue, and aquamarine green, seemed most predominant; and no mosaic of varied marbles that was ever made by the most skilful artist could present a richer, more varied, or more glowing surface, than did the eastern dome of the heavens in this enchanting sunset; which I longed to have the power of transfixed on some permanent memorial before its rapidly changing aspects caused its splendours to fade away."

The chapters on Quebec are very attractive, and the author has sketched, with fidelity and spirit, the various vicissitudes to which that city has been subject. At Quebec, as well as at Montreal, he very fully describes the religious institutions of the Roman Catholics, and we wish that we could separate portions of these descriptions from the context. We are glad to learn that, on the scene of their great struggle, a monument has been raised, in the Government Garden, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm:—

"This is a chaste and well-proportioned obelisk, of the Egyptian shape, built of grey stone, standing within the garden mentioned, and on the slope that is open towards the river, so that it is distinctly visible from thence. Its pedestal is 13 feet square, and on this reposes a sarcophagus of the Roman style, 7 feet in height. On this is placed the obelisk, which is 6 feet in diameter at the base, and 45 feet in height, making the whole elevation 65 feet from the ground. On the north front of the sarcophagus, looking towards the land-side, is the word MONTCLAM, pointing in the direction from which he advanced to meet the enemy; and on the south front, looking towards the river, is the word WOLFE, equally indicating the quarter by which this General advanced to the attack. A Latin inscription records their equal bravery, and similar death, and dedicates this monument of their common fame, to history and to posterity."

"The monument was designed by Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders; and its erection was completed by Lord Dalhousie, on the morning of the day on which he quitted the Province for England, at the close of his administration, accompanied by his successor, Sir James Kempt, on the 8th
of September, 1828. It should be added, that the idea of erecting this joint monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, was first suggested by Lord Dalhousie, who headed a subscription-list to raise the funds, which was speedily followed up by the subscriptions of all ranks and classes of persons in Quebec, those of French, as well as those of British origin, and Catholics as well as Protestants. The foundation-stone of the monument was laid by his Lordship, on the 15th of November, 1827, with masonic and military ceremonies; and the occasion was honoured with the presence of a veteran of 95 years old, Mr. James Thompson, who had fought in the army of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, and who witnessed the death of his General, being probably the last remaining survivor of that eventful day.

"Long, however, before any English person had thought of raising a monument to the memory of General Wolfe, at Quebec, the French troops, who served in Canada with Montcalm, subscribed their means to provide a monument for their General in the country in which he fell. This occurred within less than two years after the battle in which he was killed; as in March, 1761, Mons. de Bougainville, then a member of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, wrote an interesting letter to Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Lord Chatham,) enclosing to him the copy of an Epitaph, written by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, for Montcalm's tomb, and asking the permission of the British Government to have a marble tablet, with this epitaph, placed in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, where the remains of Montcalm were deposited in the grave opened for him by the bursting of a shell; apologizing, at the same time, for taking off the minister's attention for a moment from more important concerns, but justifying it by the elegant compliment, that 'to endeavour to immortalize great men and illustrious citizens, was, in effect, to do honour to himself.' The reply of Mr. Pitt to this application, in which he 'communicates with pleasure, the King's consent to have this honour done to the illustrious warrior,' contains this beautiful passage:—'The noble sentiments expressed in the desire to pay this tribute to the memory of their General, by the French troops who served in Canada, and who saw him fall at their head, in a manner worthy of him, and worthy of them, cannot be too much applauded. I shall take a pleasure in facilitating a design so full of respect to the deceased; and as soon as I am informed of the measures taken for embarking the marble, I shall immediately grant the passport you desire, and send orders to the Government of Canada for its reception.' The marble was immediately executed, and shipped for Canada, under the suspicion of the British government, and in an English vessel; but unfortunately, she never reached her destination, nor was ever more heard of after leaving her port, so that this generous design was never completed, until the Earl of Dalhousie, moved, it is said, to the undertaking, by a perusal of this correspondence, conceived the idea of uniting the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, in a monument that should do equal honour to the memory of both; and which will, no doubt, be preserved and venerated as long as Quebec shall continue to exist."

In connexion with this record of military prowess in past days, the following may be cited:—

"The militia of Lower Canada embraces a body of 80,000 men, comprehending all males between the ages of sixteen and sixty; but during the late rebellion, it was thought unsafe to call them out, as there was little confidence in their fidelity, both officers and men being nearly all French Canadians. In Upper Canada, the militia comprises a body of about 50,000, but these being nearly all of English descent, formed the chief reliance of the Province in the late troubles; and as a proof of their loyalty and zeal, it was stated at the Brockville meeting recently held in Upper Canada, on the Heights of Queenstown, that within a few days after the issue of the Proclamation calling for their services, there were upwards of 17,000 men reported to the Lieutenant-Governor as being under arms."

We now arrive at the statistical details, to ensure the fulness and accuracy of which it is evident that the author has taken much pains. Stay-at-home folks have little idea of the extent and capabilities of the Canadas. We shall give them a notice of both.

"The whole of the British possessions on the continent of North America, including the shores of the Polar Sea, and the territory of Oregon, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, include an area of no less than 4,000,000 square miles; while the island of Great Britain itself contains only 84,000 square miles, of which England alone covers about 58,000 only. Canada, however, which forms a small portion of the vast area described above, reaches from the mouth of the St. Lawrence in longitude 58° west to the head of Lake Superior in longitude 90° west. It is therefore 1,300 miles in length from east to west, while its breadth from latitude 42° north to latitude 52° north, is about 700 miles; giving it therefore an area of about 350,000 square miles, or nearly seven times as large as England alone!"

"This vast area is greatly diversified in surface, character, and quality of soil. The
northern portions are mountainous, rocky, and sterile; the southern, are of less elevation and more fertile. All along the borders of the great lakes, and on the banks of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, as well as of the Thames and the Severn, the soil is rich and well adapted to every description of agriculture. The largest and finest tracts of land are in Upper Canada, as it was formerly called, on the eastern shore of Lake Huron, and the northern shore of Lake Erie, including the Western, the London, the Home, the Gore, and the Newcastle districts. In all these, farms quite equal to any in the best parts of England may be carved out by the skilful and enterprising agriculturist; while the abundance of rivers and lakes, large and small, in every portion of this territory, give him the greatest facilities for bringing his produce to market. In these tracts, the prices of land range from 10s. to 10l. an acre, according to its state, position, and other circumstances attending it. Off the eastern shore of Lake Ontario, from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and from Kingston and the Bay of Quinte to the banks of the Ottawa, receding inland for 200 miles, are also excellent tracts of land and immense forests of timber. In Lower Canada, from Kingston to Montreal, in the Bathurst and Ottawa districts, are fine estates; while all the region around Montreal itself is a perfect garden. And onward from thence to Quebec, especially on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, in what are called the Eastern Townships, are tracts of land of all degrees of extent, and of every variety of fertility, still open for purchasers.

"As you proceed down the river towards the sea, and approach the coasts of Gaspe on the southern, and Labrador on the northern shore, the tracts get more mountainous and more rocky; but the bays and streams are equally prolific in yielding the treasures of the deep, in fish of every kind, in immense quantities, richly rewarding the enterprise of those who seek them."

"The climate of Canada is everywhere in greater extremes of heat and cold than in England. Throughout the winter, which lasts nearly seven months, the cold is excessive in Lower Canada, sometimes as much as 36° below zero; and even in Upper Canada 20° below zero is not unfrequent in the month of February. But as the atmosphere is remarkably dry, the air calm, and the sky cloudless, with a glowing sun, people of health who are able to take exercise feel less inconvenience and discomfort from a Canadian winter, than they would from an English one; and the recreations of hunting, shooting, and sleighing on the firm and compact snow which then covers the hedges and fences of the country in many parts leaves a boundless plain, are highly relished by all parties."

"In the summer, which is correspondingly short, the thermometer occasionally rises to 105°, and is almost constantly above 90° in the day-time in June and July. But the breezes from the lakes and streams, and the general freshness of the atmosphere, prevent this heat from being oppressive; while the advantages it affords, in bringing rapidly the harvests and fruits to a state of ripeness and perfection, counterbalances every other consideration, and evinces the wisdom and benevolence of the great Creator, in so adapting the elements and the seasons as to produce, in the most rigorous climates, a summer whose intensity shall accomplish, in a brief period, what in other countries it requires a much longer period to achieve.

"Among the productions of Canada, animal and vegetable, there is abundance and variety. Of the former, the wild animals include the moose and fallow-deer, the bear, the wolf, the fox, the racoon, the wild cat, the otter, and the marten. In the western parts the buffalo and the roebuck are occasionally seen; while squirrels, hares, partridges, and grouse are numerous. Fish of various kinds, and most of them excellent, abound in the lakes and streams, and waterfowl in great profusion. Of vegetable productions, wheat, barley, and oats, may be raised in almost every part of the Province; hemp and flax also thrive; while all the fruits of England and France are grown in great perfection, especially in the warm region about Montreal."

"The population of Lower Canada is estimated at 700,000, and that of Upper Canada at 500,000. But as the continued influx of emigrants adds greatly to the latter, and but little to the former, the time is not remote, when Upper Canada, or the country west of Montreal, and around the Lakes, will be the more densely peopled of the two."

"The great Lakes of Upper Canada are indeed inland seas, for the navigator sailing on them is often out of sight of land on either side, and encounters storms hardly less terrible than those that are met with on the Atlantic. A brief notice of their respective areas may be acceptable.

"Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world, being 366 miles long, and 140 miles broad. It is 1,200 feet in depth, and is 627 feet higher than the level of the ocean.

"Lake Huron is 240 miles long, and 220 broad. It has 1,000 feet of depth in the centre, and its waters are as clear as crystal. In the Georgian Bay, leading out of this Lake, are upwards of three thousand islands! many of them small but beautifully picturesque, and one of them, the Great Manitoulin, 75 miles long.

"Lake Erie is 265 miles long, and 63 miles broad. It has a depth of 250 feet only,
and is 565 feet above the level of the ocean, being 22 feet lower than Lake Superior, and 30 feet lower than Lake Huron.

"Lake Ontario receives all the waters of the upper Lakes, by the Falls of Niagara. This Lake is 172 miles long, and 52 miles broad. Though the smallest of the Lakes in area, it has a greater depth than Lake Erie, having 1,000 feet of soundings in its centre.

"The magnificent St. Lawrence, of which these Lakes are but the expansions in its course, rises in the Lake of the Woods, to the north-west of Lake Superior, and in the distance from this last to the sea, it traverses a course of more than two thousand miles. Taking into account its beauty, as well as its length—the romantic passage among the Thousand Isles, between Kingston and Montreal—the size of its Lakes—the magnificence of its Cataracts and Rapids, from Niagara to the Chaudière, Montmorency, and St. Anne's—and the gigantic scale of its opening into the sea—it is beyond all question the most magnificent river in the world. Neither the Amazons, the Plata, nor the Orinoco of South America, the Missouri or Mississippi of North America, the Niger or the Nile of Africa, the Ganges, the Ganges, the Euphrates in Asia, or the Danube, the Rhine, or the Vistula in Europe, can either of them present so remarkable a combination of objects of beauty and grandeur as the St. Lawrence."

Mr. Buckingham's belief is that these Colonies have the capacity—

"For receiving and sustaining the surplus population of the mother-country, and as to their being made a source of wealth to their own inhabitants, as well as of large pecuniary benefit to Britain, from the extended commerce of which they may be made the seat."

In Great Britain there are, he says, "the united evils of an increasing population, a descending trade, and a falling revenue,"—a combination which he attributes chiefly to impolitic legislation. He mentions, and with truth, that the root of all our social evils is want of employment for the labouring classes—

"Since this, of course, renders them unable to maintain themselves, and causes them to fall back on the classes above them for support—so the first step in the remedy required, is to procure that employment, by which alone they can earn their own subsistence, and contribute to the general wealth of the kingdom, instead of becoming a drain upon its resources, and augmenting its poverty."

The British population is increasing at the rate of a thousand a day, and sufficient food is not obtainable by its inhabitants. Mr. B. says that—

"For such a state of things as this, there are but two remedies. Either employment and food must be brought from abroad; or the people themselves must be removed to other lands, to obtain that which is denied them at home. A Free Trade with all the nations of the earth would speedily effect the former—Emigration, on an extensive scale, would accomplish the latter."

His plan is, that England, warned by what has taken place in and with other countries, shall encourage and assist the Colonization of all her distant possessions, and plant them with her surplus population of every age and class. Here are his statements:—

"The four great elements requisite for the production of wealth, are land, labour, skill, and capital: the first, to yield the raw materials, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, of which almost all articles are composed; the second, to perform the necessary operations of obtaining these materials from the surface or the bowels of the earth; the third, to direct these operations in the most economical and most effective manner; and the fourth, to convey the requisite amount of population to the scene of their labours, and sustain them until the first realization of profit from their own industry shall enable them to support themselves."

"Who can for a moment doubt that England possesses all these in greater abundance than any nation on the face of the globe?—or that she has the power to use them all for the national welfare, by the mere will of her rulers, under the sanction of legislative enactment?"

"And first, of land.—To say nothing of the immense regions of untilled and unproductive soil which belongs to England, in the Eastern world—millions of acres in Hindoostan and Ceylon—millions more in Australasia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Southern Seas—where there is room enough for the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland ten-times told: to say nothing of these, but confining ourselves solely to those North American Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, through which the tour recorded in this volume extends, we have the following area:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Acres</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Canada</td>
<td>222,720,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nova Scotia</td>
<td>9,995,580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Brunswick</td>
<td>17,280,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newfoundland</td>
<td>23,600,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cape Breton</td>
<td>2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Edward Island</td>
<td>1,360,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>276,355,580</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"In order to make the comparative size of these territories the more apparent, it may be well to append the following:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Territory</th>
<th>Acres</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England and Wales</td>
<td>36,999,680</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireland</td>
<td>20,399,360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotland</td>
<td>18,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>75,399,040</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"It will be seen by this, that the area of the Canadas alone is about six times as large as that of all England and Wales; that Newfoundland alone is larger than Ireland; that New Brunswick is nearly as large as Scotland; and that Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island are fully as large as Wales. The whole area of our North American Provinces alone is more than twice as great as that of all France, which is 130,370,840 acres; but while France has a population of 35,000,000 of people, these Provinces have only an united population of 2,000,000, by the largest computation that can be made.

"As we have seen that there is here land enough and to spare—for of the whole of this vast area there are not more than 30 millions of acres granted, and of these not more than 2 millions are actually settled—let us next see whether we have labour to apply to its cultivation. On this head, few proofs will be required, since the general notoriety of the fact renders these unnecessary. While Ireland pours forth her tens of thousands of emigrants every year to the United States and to these Provinces,—whilst Scotland sends her hardy sons to the remotest regions of the globe in search of the means of existence,—and while England has her union work-houses filled with her unemployed labourers, agricultural as well as manufacturing, and her poor's-rates and population each increasing yearly at a fearful rate,—no one can doubt of there being an abundance of labour to be had, in almost any quantity in which it may be required.

"Of skill to direct that labour advantageously, there is hitherto been a lamentable deficiency in most of our Colonies; because the business of Emigration not being undertaken or directed by the Government, but carried on by mercantile companies or private individuals on their own account,—few besides the poor and destitute, who could not obtain subsistence in their own country, have turned their thoughts to Emigration as a remedy for the ills under which they laboured. The poor, and persons of broken-down fortune and reckless character, have formed hitherto too large a proportion of the numbers going out as settlers to our Colonies: so that the "exile," as it is called, is looked upon with feelings of the greatest distaste and reluctance by most persons; and by some, indeed, is closely associated with either misfortune or crime. But if more powerful inducements were offered, sufficient to tempt a new and better class of emigrants to leave their native home, there would be no more difficulty in obtaining the highest amount of skill, in every department of agriculture, mining, and trade, to supply the Colonies, than in procuring the requisite amount of labour, to be directed by these, for the development of our Colonial resources, and the enrichment of all engaged in the increase of the national wealth.

"The last element in the catalogue of requisite materials for the great work of making the Colonies of England available to the mother-country, is the possession of the means of conveying the requisite amount of labour and skill to the spots where they would be required, and the capital to sustain such as might need that aid, until the first realization of the profits of their own industry should enable them to sustain themselves. With both of these, happily, England is as amply provided as any nation on the earth. The number of her ships of war now lying idle in the harbours and docks of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Deptford, Woolwich, and Sheerness, the Medway and the Thames,—are of themselves sufficient, if put into commission, to convey a million of emigrants every year to the shores of our North American provinces;—and the funds of the public treasury could be as easily applied to such pacific and useful expeditions, as to the equipment of hostile fleets for the war with China,—the transport of troops from Bengal and Madras for Canton and Chusan—or those of Bombay for the Indus and the war in Afghanistan. All the materials are in the hands of the British Government; and the only thing that is wanting is the moral courage to use them right."

The details of his plan it would be unjust to transfer, wholesale to our pages, and we might not make out a satisfactory abstract: suffice it to say that he declares, that at the cost of five millions sterling—less than the expense of the Chinese war—a million of persons might be conveyed across the Atlantic, and advantageously located, which sum would be actually saved in the diminution of the Poor-rates and private funds, throughout the kingdom. But here arises a great point:—

"There is another point of view, however, in which this transfer of a million of people from England to our North American Colonies may be regarded, and it is this:—while they remain in England, they cannot be otherwise than a burden to themselves and to the community, non-producing, and non-consumming, except at the expense of others, who, in one shape or another, have to bear the burden of their maintenance. But, on the soil of these provinces, this million of people would become at once producers of grain, cattle, and various other
articles of food far beyond their own power to consume; and these they would most willingly exchange for every article of British manufactures, which habit had rendered necessary or agreeable to them; and for which they would now have the means of paying, in the very description of produce which the manufacturing population of England most require. There would not be a single individual out of all the million going out, who would not become a speedy customer to Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Rochdale, for woollens and flannels; to Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, and Stockport, for printed and plain calicoes and fustians; to Derby, Coventry, and Macclesfield, for silks and ribbons; to Nottingham and Leicester for hats, hosiery, and lace; to Northampton for boots and shoes; to Norwich and Exeter for serges and stuffs; to Birmingham and Wolverhampton for ironmongery of every kind; to Sheffield for axes, edge-tools, and cutlery; to Staffordshire for china, earthenware, and glass; to Belfast and Dundee for linen; to Glasgow and Paisley for cotton and woollen goods; and to London for books, stationery, plate, jewelry, and a variety of other articles, which, as British settlers, they would not consent to do without, beyond the period in which they could pay for them; and that period would begin after their first or second crop of corn had been raised, and the first produce of their herds and flocks had been realised.

Again—

"At present, many thousands of the poorest class of the British population leave the coasts of England and Ireland, for the western world. Some of these go to Canada, and others to the United States. As the former presents no particular advantage over the latter in a pecuniary point of view, while the latter offers many temptations in the political importance with which every citizen of the republic is there invested, thousands go the United States in preference. Many of these, never having enjoyed the franchise or suffrage in their own country, and attributing the poverty which compelled them to leave it, to the misgovernment under which they lived, they become more hostile in their feelings towards Great Britain and her political institutions than even the Americans themselves; and assist materially to foment and extend the worst spirit of hatred and contempt towards England, and her power and influence, which characterizes the great mass of the lower classes of the American population.

"Every individual of this large body of emigrants, amounting to more than 100,000 yearly, might be drawn to our Colonies, and fixed there, by the plan I have proposed; and, then, instead of adding to the numbers of those who become hostile to England and English interests, they would swell the population most likely to be attached, as the great bulk of the Canadians of British descent at present are, to the name, honour, and welfare of the mother-country; because, in addition to the instinctive preference of the nation and stock from whence we have sprung, which is common to the people of all nations, there would, in this case, be the additional tie of gratitude for benefits conferred, and privileges enjoyed; while the continued communication with friends and relatives at home, and the constant intercourse with England, through the medium of books, newspapers, and private correspondence, would serve to strengthen and perpetuate the reciprocal feelings of pride, loyalty, and affection for the father-land.

"There are still some persons, though happily their number is every year diminishing, who think a war would have at least this benefit, that it would rid the country of some of its surplus population by deaths; that it would give employment to others in the equipment of fleets and armies; and that it would revive many branches of trade, by causing a demand for the various articles required by the commissariat of large expeditions.

"The plan of Colonization here proposed would have all these advantages of war, except the first (if that indeed could ever be considered one at all); and if it should be deemed necessary to keep up old names and old forms, for the sake of supporting what is called the "national dignity," let this be considered to be a war—not against France, or Russia, or America—it is true, but a war against Poverty, Disease, and Crime, three enemies more important to be subdued than any with which we have to contend, because they are always with us, and always draining our resources, and destroying our prosperity. Let there be a "Royal Proclamation," if it be necessary to "maintain the privileges of the Crown;" and let the Queen issue her "Declaration of War" against these three great enemies of her realm and subjects.

"Let the Admiralty be all in motion, to put into commission every unemployed ship of war; let half-pay officers be summoned from their retirement to enter into active service; let men be recruited and enlisted at all the outports of the kingdom; and let the Government stores of materials and provisions, in all the dock-yards and arsenals of the coast, be collected and increased for the use of this Pacific Expedition.

"In lieu of cannon, mortars, bombs, shells, and rockets, let the iron-foundries be employed in making plough-shares, hoes, spades, and other agricultural implements: instead of muskets, lances, and bayonets, let the workshops of England be employed in producing scythes, pruning knives, and reaping hooks. No war-horses for cavalry,
gunpowder for artillery, or rum and brandy for sappers and miners, or infantry, would be required. In place of these, cattle for farm-stock, seed for sowing, and wholesome food and drink for all classes, might be laid in, at half the cost; and quite as much activity infused into the various channels of labour from which these supplies would be required, as any war of France, Russia, or America, could produce; with this great advantage, that all the capital thus expended, instead of being lost and wasted, as it is in war, without an equivalent benefit, would be here productive of future wealth, more than sufficient to repay all the first outlay.

"Thus, indeed, might we fulfill the first command of the Deity to his creatures, to "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," and realize the prophecy, "that men should turn their swords into plough-shares, their spears into reaping hooks; that every man should sit under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none to make him afraid: and that nations should not learn war any more."

"Such an Expedition as this, would be the most glorious that ever sailed from the shores of Europe,—undertaken with purer and more generous motives, and devoted to higher and nobler ends, than those of Da Gama or Columbus, of Drake or Anson, of Nelson or of Napier; and far more worthy than all these, of a nation professing to believe and follow that Gospel, which proclaims 'Peace on earth, and good will towards men.'"

"Let us hope, therefore, that it may be the fortunate lot of some individual, high in the councils of the nation, to suggest this mode of National Relief to our young and innocent Queen; and that the attribute of benevolence, which so becomes a female crown, may be brought into such active operation as to lead to the serious adoption and practical execution of a plan, by which millions may be saved from a premature death,—and the condition of millions that survive be changed from poverty and wretchedness to competence and ease; the national wealth augmented, national industry employed, and national glory, of the truest and most enduring kind, be established on the firmest foundations on which earthly dominion can repose."

Mr. Buckingham's book, (which is enriched with a good map of British North America, and seven views by Bartlett,) touches incidentally upon the great topics of Temperance and Peace. On the former, the author lectured with success in many places, and against the sin as well as the horrors of war, he has invariably raised his voice and used his pen. We are glad to find that others, and able ones, have the boldness to denounce the system of bloodshed which, since the reign of Elizabeth, appears to have become part and parcel of our international system. We have earnestly and constantly condemned war—as alike at variance with the law of God and the happiness of man—and are pleased to find such a powerful ally as Mr. Buckingham. We give our best wishes for the success of his important and well-timed volume.

Much additional interest is given to the work (besides the map of Canada, and the other British Provinces in America,) by the following above-referred-to engravings by Mr. W. H. BARTLETT:

Quebec from the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence . . . . J. Cousen.
Fish-market, Toronto . . . . J. C. Bentley.
Kingston, Lake Ontario . . . . H. Griffiths.
Montreal from the Mountain . . . . R. Wallis.
Halifax from Dartmouth . . . . R. Wallis.
St. John and Portland, New Brunswick . . . . R. Wallis.
Frederickton, New Brunswick W. Mosiman.

THE INFLUENCES OF ARISTOCRACIES ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF NATIONS; considered in relation to the present circumstances of the British Empire.


Sheridan was accustomed to divide mankind into two classes—the few who think, and the many who only think that they are thinking! Mr. Macintyre belongs to the former class. His work is not only the evident result of much thought—based upon experience, reflection, and observation—but it is eminently calculated to make others think. It contains a large array of facts, from which, by inductive reasoning, a great many important principles are drawn. Lord Bacon spoke of History, as "Philosophy teaching by Experience," and in this light, also, it is considered by Mr. Macintyre. Many of his illustrations and arguments
are drawn from the Past—that mighty structure of facts—and the historical parallels which he makes are at once ingenious, interesting, and instructive.

The design which the author contemplated may best be learned from his own words. He speaks of the work as being—an attempt to bring from general history, ancient and modern, a few passages to bear upon the peculiar condition of the British empire, in its political, fiscal, commercial, and colonial relations, but particularly on those circumstances which affect the comfort and happiness of the great mass of the people. This attempt may be compared, or likened, to the action of a man, with a sounding-staff in his hand, who walks over the surface of history, and endeavours to indicate where danger exists beneath, in consequence of the hollowness of the ground, or of the collection of materials in a state of fermentation, which will work into an explosion. The conclusion, or result of the investigation and comparison, is, that there is at present, in this country, the excited action of that law of society that terminates in social convulsion, out of which will arise the body of military despotism, or, will emerge a new constitutional fabric, cemented in the alluvium deposited by the flood of revolution.

From these few sentences it may be discovered, at once, that the author’s politics are of the “Liberal” sort,—at the same time, it is right to add that he disclaims the idea of his work being considered one of a party nature, in the ordinary meaning of the expression. “Throughout the whole,” he says, “we are not aware (that is, Mr. Macintyre is not), that the word Radical or Chartist appears; and the two, alternately, dominant parties, Tories and whigs, are only cursorily alluded to, in the consideration of the political events of the last few years.” On his hypothesis, that the condition of the multitude has gradually become deteriorated, amid the shocks and shocks of mere party-warfare, and that the poorer classes, comparatively speaking, are considerably more burdened with taxation than are the higher classes, Mr. Macintyre builds his arguments, and tells us that—

Our whole system is founded on principles, impolitic, unmanly, and unsoldierly. The impolicy consists in resting the revenue of a great empire on such a variable and uncertain source as consumption; it is unmanly, by laying on the poor and weak what ought to be borne by the wealthy and strong; it is unsoldierly, as it breaks the law, and disregards the etiquette of extreme danger. Nelson on the wreck, or Wellington in the siege, would have divided the weevil’d biscuit with the cook’s mate, or the ration of brown bread and horseflesh with the common soldier. And why should it be indifferent in aristocratic legislation! Is a people to perish, on the discussion of the duty on a bushel of wheat? or to pass through the flames of revolution, to obtain fair pay and common justice?

The most startling, as well as the most striking parts of the volume are those in which the author appeals to History in support of his belief, that the revolutions and downfall of mighty States have been mainly caused by the mal-government of the Aristocracy.

He shews that the decline, or the revolution of nations results from severe taxation, and states that the probably present depressed condition of the British Empire has arisen, not from any temporary derangement of finance and trade, but from a long continuance of indifferent or bad legislation. We are bound to say that Mr. Macintyre, in the discussion of this question, shews much impartiality—he equally condemns Whig and Tory for the mal-administration of public affairs.

The second Book, on “the origin, progress, and consolidation of the British Aristocratic Power,” enters fully into the question, and argues closely upon it. We may say that it does more,—it discusses the important questions of Food, Population, and Government (arguing against Malthus and Chalmers), and it contends that an unrestricted commerce between this country and the rest of the world can alone raise our fellow subjects from poverty and depression, to competence and happiness. He argues, too, that, as landowners, the Aristocracy pay little to the public taxes, and, throughout the whole work runs the argument that to rest the public revenue upon taxes or consumption, is the very height of executive folly. We are setting forth the sentiments of our author.

As this is a non-political Magazine, we have not entered fully into a review of Mr. Macintyre’s work. It is, on many accounts, worth attentive perusal, not only for the truths it contains, and apparent honesty of conviction with which they are enforced, but for the true Saxon language in which they are stated.
In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Macintyre writes with the force and fulness of Cobbett. But, after all, the real falacy on this subject appears to us to be, that the free trade of which he and others are speaking, is not in its strictest sense free trade on both sides, on our side and on the part of some other nations or nations with whom we trade. We might, however, venture to add that, inasmuch as Great Britain professes herself to be more enlightened than all the world besides, it is undoubtedly her duty to set the bright example as far as she can, without positive injury to the interests and well-being of her own people.

THE STORM, AND OTHER POEMS. By Francis Bennoch.—T. Miller, 9, Newgate Street.

The principal poem, The Storm—In this collection is—alas! that we must say it—a dead failure. Of incidents, it has, indeed, so little, that he who reads it, in the hope of finding a story, will be sadly disappointed. Here and there are passages which will please—hints of song which will linger in the memory—snatches of melody, the spontaneous and the beautiful, which we read and read again, until they grow into the mind, as it were, and make us lament that the poet did not always write in this happy vein. Of this better kind is the description of Summer and Autumn:—

The Summer came with the Summer’s joy,
As merry at heart as a laughing boy
As he runs and bounds and laughs and sings
Till the joyous tear in his bright eye springs:—
On came she bounding in sunshine and rain,
Dancing in music o’er mountain and plain;
Blithe was her life, led in greenwoods and bowers,
Sweet was the music she drew from the flowers,
As she hung them and swung them on bending trees,
Homes for the insects and food for the bees;
Their petals were nourish’d with sunlight and dew
Till her love was return’d in the odours they threw;
She bath’d all their lips on the fading of light,
And tenderly folded them up for the night,
Pond watch’d o’er their pillows uniting her kept,
And kisses gave all till they slumber’d and slept.
But Summer was robb’d of her garments so green
When sunny-brow’d Autumn arose on the scene;
Ripe was his ruddy face,—firm was his tread,
His mantle was purple and yellow and red
And brown,—and the locks on his lofty brow
In richness and beauty were seen to grow
Like the yellowing ears of the ripening corn
Wav’d by the breath of the joyous morn.

Those locks in their glory were fair to see
As the sunny waves of a golden sea.
He stretch’d out his arms and shook his head
Till the luscious fruits of the year were spread;
And the juice of the apple, plum, peach, grape
And pear
Brought gladness to all,—mirth everywhere!
The last of his locks from his crown was torn
By a maiden whose cheek wore the blush of the morn:
It seem’d as she twin’d it around her brow
Like a sunset cloud on a mountain of snow:
Mirth was let loose, and away went the strain
Till the concave of heaven return’d it again.
From a whisper, the echoes to thunder increas’d
To welcome the Queen of the Harvest feast!
Men’s woven hands were her holy throne,
And, Oh! how lovely to look upon,
A spirit lay laughing within her blue eye,
A spirit of love that made young men sigh
As they bore her home o’er the daisied green,
The beautiful, innocent, harvest-queen!
No monarch on earth was more happy; I’m sure,
Her heart was so light and her thoughts so pure!
What would I not venture, where would I not roam,
To be present again at a harvest-home!
Then rustling leaves from the trees fell down,
And the winged seeds by his breath were blown
Over the seas bearing verdure and smiles
To the rugged crests of the distant Isles.
The flowers droop’d down on their wintry bed,
Men pass’d them unheeded and thought them dead;
But do they then die? or only rest,
To arise again like a spirit that’s blest?
As old Autumn was dying, no more did he crave
Than that maiden might sing him to sleep in his grave.
His calm spirit fled like a bright setting sun,
Giving smiles to the last and life when gone!

The miscellaneous poems, which make fully three-fourths of the volume, are unequal in quality. Some are commonplace enough—some of a very superior order. Those in the Scottish dialect are by far the best, reminding us of what has been happily written by Motherwell, Tannahill, and others, who have followed where Burns—the immortal!—led the way. There is truth, nature, and simplicity, in what follows:—

My bonny Mary Milligan,
Twal dreary years has gone
Sin’ we twa youngers through the woods
Were wandering alone;
Were wandering alone;
As blythe as blythe the could be;
I saw nac laes I loed but ane,
An’, Mary, it was ye.
Your hair was like the raven shear,
Like brightest stars your e’e,
And white as newly-drifted snow
Your bosom seemed to me;
Your voice was like the music made
By birdies on the tree,
Sae cheerie, Mary Milligan,
Were a' your words to me.
O bonny Mary Milligan,
Ye'd lay your loof in mine,
An' wi' loe an' innocence
Wad press your fingers fine!
When on my breast your bonny brow
To rest a wee ye'd lean,
Wi' very joy our hearts wad melt,
An' tears fill baith our e'en.

There we sate in ecstasy,
But ne'er a word we spak';
An' O the ties that Nature bound
She surely wuna break!
Time, Space, and Memory only make
Ye through the distance seem
In beauty, like the heavenly things
We whiles see in a dream.
But Fortune's ever-shifting wheel
Has changefu' been to me,
And, bonny Mary Milligan,
Has turn'd me frae ye;
Has turn'd me far awa, my love,
Across the foamy sea;
But, bonny Mary Milligan,
My heart's at hame wi' ye.

Not merely in these lyrics, which trusting Affection pens, but in those where Contemplation, subdued to mournfulness, gives birth, does Mr. Bennoch exhibit power. How beautiful (because how true) is the following allusion to a fair girl who had fallen a prey to consumption:

She slept—she died,—how cold, how beautiful!
The smile upon her marbling cheek was stay'd;
And made her to imagination seem
The sculptured form of happiness asleep:
Like plaintive strains of music borne away
Upon the balmy gale of night, that glide
So softly into silence, none can tell
Where music ends, and silence first begins,
Her spirit pass'd from earth to dwell with God!

Is there not the strong power of Truth, also, in this glowing description of a summer sunset. It seems to us like one of Turner's best pictures changed into words, or, more correctly, like a union of what Italian Claude and English Collins might have done, had they painted with pen instead of pencil. There are hues which are words, and Mr. Bennoch here shows that there are words, also, which are hues:

The sun was sinking in the glowing west,
The yellow clouds were floating on the air
Like ships of gold upon an amber sea,
Freighted with spirit's blast, sailing to heaven.
The breeze was charg'd with melody, sweet sounds
From birds, and humming bees returning home,
Laden with all the riches of the hills
To cheer the young things in their lonely cells,
And food in plenty; store against the time
When winds blow chill and hills are bleak and bare,
A lesson most significant to man!
Aum, the shepherd's pipe, the lowing kine,
The gentle lambskin bleating in the fold,
The whistling of the lazy hind, from toil
Returning with his team, the milkmaid's song,
The choir of minstrels on their leafy boughs,
The city's hum, the babbling stream, the chime
Of evening mingling made a concert wild,
Most natural—most beautiful!

The volume is dedicated to Wordsworth, and truly Wordsworthian are many passages. For instance, here is the conclusion of "Reflections written at Sainford Spa." The allusion is to the author's mother:

Upon this elm, a sapling then,
But now a stately tree,
His name was carved;—where is it now?
No trace of it I see.
Grave lesson here for all who woo
Ambition, power, or fame;
The name had long outlived the man—
The tree outlives the name!

We have quoted sufficient to show that, not without full grounds, do we declare this writer to be a man of ability and feeling—one who has the heart to conceive and the genius to express Poetry in her proper form. In this volume he has broken the ice. The next effort will be judged by more severe rules of criticism, and will increase, we hope, the favorable opinion which we have been induced to form of the present attempts at Song.

There is oftimes a something in a book, which tempts us to welcome it—truly may we say so of this, which, for a book of song, is robed in a dress of green, with tastefully entwining sprigs of gold—costly yet chaste.

Biographical Illustrations of St. Paul's Cathedral. By George Lewis Snyth.—Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This is a new livreraison of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," which is to be followed by a work, on a similar plan, relative to Westminster Abbey. The plan is very simple: there is, first,
an historical sketch of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's—then a series of memoirs of eminent persons interred in that sacred edifice, and, lastly, an appendix, containing a full and complete list, from the earliest to the present time, of the dignitaries of St. Paul's. This combination of history and anecdotal biography-matter tend to make a book more entertaining than solid, but the present volume is eminently entertaining. It did not require any particular research or labour on the part of the author, nor has it been put forth as the result of much study.

We learn from it that on the site where now stands St. Paul's Cathedral, originally was erected a temple to Diana. That the first translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Saxon tongue is said to have been made by the monks of this church, under the patronage of Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great. Succeeding monarchs became the benefactors of St. Paul's, but the fire of London (in 1088) destroyed the church. It rose, however, from its ashes, and became greater than before, and, in the reign of Henry VIII., the foundation was pillaged to a large extent. In the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, it was much mutilated, (from the popular hatred of popery,) and in the civil war it was desecrated by having Cromwell's cavalry quartered in it. In September, 1666, it was consumed in what is commonly called the great fire of London. Mr. Smyth says:

"The massy walls, the work of years, and which had endured for ages, stood after the great fire, above the universal wreck, awful and sublime. Much doubt and consideration now ensued, in order to determine what best could be done with this range of grand ruin, which covered a space of ground nearly equal to three acres and a half. Several ineffectual attempts to repair were made: at last commissioners were appointed to report upon the subject, and, fortunately for posterity, they agreed in recommending a new building. The work was confided to Sir Christopher Wren, and the present edifice affords the best proof that can be offered of the excellence of the choice made upon that memorable occasion. The first stone of the new cathedral was laid June 21, 1675, during the reign of Charles II., and the choir was opened for divine service on the day of thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, December 2, 1697. So commendable an instance of public spirit and personal ability cannot be too often referred to as an example to other days. St. Peter's at Rome, which is the only competitor in the world with the metropolitan church of Great Britain, occupied 145 years in building, and twelve successive architects were required to complete it: St. Paul's was finished in forty years, under the Presidency of one bishop of London, and the direction of one architect. The parliamentary grants for this purpose were increased by a tax levied on all coal imported into London, and still further enlarged by the contributions of private individuals. This liberality amply redeemed the promises held out in the instructions given to the architect at the commencement of his labours, and which enjoined him to frame a design handsome and noble, suitable to all the ends of religion, to the expectations of the city, and the reputation of the country at large; and to take it for granted that money would be provided to accomplish the purpose. The whole expense of the building, according to the estimate in Sir H. Ellis's edition of Dugdale's St. Paul's, amounted to £736,752 2s. 3d.

The present edifice of St. Paul's is a rich and tasteful specimen of Grecian architecture, and the only English cathedral built in the same style. According to the prevalent models of such buildings, it is in the shape of a cross, and divided, according to the established plan, into aisles and a nave. The extreme length is 500 feet, and the greatest breadth, which is from north to south, along the proper transept, 250 feet. The length of the choir is 165 feet, and its breadth, in the middle aisle, 40 feet. The length of the nave and aisles is 107 feet; and the height, from the pavement in the street to the top of the cross, is 404 feet. Internally the height from the floor to the dome is 356 feet. The ground plot occupies a space equal to 2 acres, 16 perches, and 70 feet. This area is situated in the wards of Castle Baynard and Farrington Within, and in the parishes of St. Gregory and St. Faith. The burialground is elevated above the street, and surrounded by a stately balustrade of cast-iron, with each palisade 5 feet 6 inches in height, from the forge of Lamberhurst, in Kent.

Before the front portico, which faces the west, stands a statue of Queen Anne, in whose reign this splendid building was finished. At the base of the figure are allegorical personifications of her different dominions—Great Britain, Ireland, France, and America. This group was the work of Francis Bird, a man of considerable repute in his time. For this work, no small portion of which was supplied by the hands of a later artist, to fill up the breaches of time and accident, Bird received £1180. The arcade of St. Paul's is generally preferred to that of St. Peter's, as being at once simpler, nobler, and more consistently effective. It is composed of a double elevation of porticoes; the first of twelve pil-
lars in the Cornishian, the second of eight, in the Composite order, which are crowned with a triangular pediment. Upon the entablature is worked the story of St. Paul's conversion, by Bird, and on the apex of the pediment rises a statue of the same apostle. St. Peter is recognised by the attendant cock to the right, and on the left stands St. James in the habit of a pilgrim. These statues are each 11 feet in height. It may be as well here to admit, that the only sound objections made to this front condemn the form of the campanile turrets which flank the sides; and perhaps the inverted segments thus distinguished are not altogether accordant with the more simple outlines which constitute the charm of all classical buildings in the Grecian or Roman style.

The transepts are entered by semicircular porticos, with the royal arms supported in the hands of angels, engraved upon the entablature of the southern portico. This phoenix is the work of Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley Cibber, the comic author and actor. Beneath appears the unphatical word, Resurgam—"I shall arise," which is the motto of the cathedral, as the phoenix is its crest. The choice is said to have been made from the following circumstance:—One day as Sir Christopher Wren was marking out the foundation of the great dome, a labourer was desired to carry a stone from a heap of adjoining rubbish, and lay it down as a mark for the workmen. It happened to be the fragment of an old tomb-stone, upon which one only word of the epitaph remained visible, and that word Resurgam, which was popularly accepted as an omen of the undertakings.

The dome intersects the cross, and is supported in majestic simplicity by four massive piers, each 40 ft. square. Externally it is environed with an admirable colonnade, terminated by a lantern and globe, surmounted by a cross. The diameter of this globe is six feet, and in it are inscribed the six persons: the cross is in height six feet. The best view of the church is obtained under the cupola, which was painted by Sir James Thornhill, who has been pronounced by his admirers the best historical painter this country can boast. The design records the principal features in the life of the apostle to whom the fabric stands dedicated. His remarkable conversion near Damascus, according to Acts chap. ix. is first delineated; then, his address before Sergius Paulus, and the judgment of Elymas, Acts chap. xiii.; next, the conversion of the jailor of Philippus, chap. xiv., which is preceded by the sacrifice at Lystra, in the same chapter. After these he is represented preaching to the Athenians, as in chap. xvii.; the Ephesians burning their magical books follows, chap. xix.; his defence before Agrippa, chap. xxiv., and his shipwreck, near Melita, chap. xxvii., conclude the series.

This long description is the more necessary as time and dust have greatly dulled the beauties of this noble work: already the plaster is peeling off; and unless some pains be quickly taken to preserve it, a trace of it, ere long, will not be visible. Painting in fresco seems to be gaining friends in England; a strong desire is expressed in favour of its introduction in the new houses of parliament. The public, perhaps, would be induced to take a greater interest than it has done in the subject, if more care had been taken of the few specimens of the art which we happen to possess already. There is an anecdote of powerful interest told of Sir James Thornhill, while painting this cupola. One day, while at work, a friend stood talking to him on the scaffold, which, though broad, was not railed in. He had just given the last touch to the head of one of the apostles, and retreating hastily, as is the custom with artists, to observe the effect, had actually reached backwards the last step of the scaffolding, when the gentleman, observing his danger, snatched up a brush and hastily bedaubed the whole figure. "Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished artist, advancing as quickly as he had retired, "what have you done?"—"Saved your life," replied his companion, describing at the same time the position in which Thornhill had been standing.

Amongst the works of art in the cathedral, it were unpardonable to omit a notice of the beautiful simplicity of the clockwork, and the fine tone of the great bell. Both are of ingenious construction: the dialplate of the clock, small as it appears from the street below, is fifty-seven feet in circumference, and has its minute-hand eight feet in length. The weight of the bell is 11,474 lbs.; it strikes the hours; is heard at a distance of twenty miles, and is only tolled to announce the death of the king, the lord mayor, the bishop of London, or a member of the royal family. Neither are the iron gates on entering the choir and dividing the aisles to be passed by without notice; the workmanship on them will be found exquisitely fine, and highly deserving of praise.

Near the altar stands the episcopal throne, surmounted by a mitre, and relieved by carved festoons of fruit and flowers. It is only occupied on occasional occasions of great solemnity; the more usual seat for the bishop of the diocese may be recognised by the carved pelican sucked by its young, and the mitre upon it. Opposite is the lord mayor's seat, marked by the city sword and mace: the dean's stall is covered by a canopy under the choir, and may be distinguished by festoons of fruit and flowers. The contiguous seats are reserved for the canons residentiary; while the other clergies, choristers, and officers, have appropriate places, railed by brass, on either side of the choir."
Many will be surprised to learn that the first monument in St. Paul’s was not erected until 1791. It is a rule, and a wise one, that no monument shall be placed in this Cathedral until a committee of Royal Academicians has approved its design. Most of the monuments have been raised at the public expense. In a parliamentary return, dated February 6, 1838, the expense of the whole is thus stated:

1. Lord Rodney 6300
2. General Lord Heathfield 2100
3. Earl Howe 6300
4. Major-General Dundas 3150
5. Captain Paulkner, R.N. 4200
6. Earl St. Vincent 2100
7. Lord Duncan 2100
8. Captain Burges, R.N. 5250
9. Captain Westcott, R.N. 4200
10. Captains Mosse and Rieu, R.N. 4200
11. Sir Ralph Abercrombie 6300
12. Lord Nelson 6300
13. Lord Collingwood 4200
14. Captain Cooke, R.N. 1575
15. Captain Duff, R.N. 1575
16. Captain Hardingia, R.N. 1575
17. Major-Generals Mackenzie and Langworth 2100
18. Lieutenant General Sir John Moore 4200
19. Marquis Cornwallis 6300
20. Major-General Houghton 1575
21. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Myers 1575
22. Major-General Bowes 1575
23. Major-General Le Marchant 1575
24. Major-Generals Crawford and MacKinnon 2100
25. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock 1575
26. Colonel Cadogan 1575
27. Major-General Hay 1575
28. Major-Generals Gore and Skerritt 2100
29. Major-General Gillespie 1575
30. Major-General Ross 1575
31. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton 3150
32. Major-General Sir William Ponsonby 3150
33. Major-Generals Pakenham and Gibbes 2100

Aggregate amount £100,800

The illustrative memoirs which are here given do not merit any particular notice, as they are avowedly compilations. They are neatly written, and though they do not contain any points of novelty, communicate information in an agreeable form. The best are those of Lord Nelson, James Barry, Benjamin West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

**LETTERS WRITTEN DURING A JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND IN THE AUTUMN OF 1841. 2 vols. By Mrs. Ashton Yates.—Duncan & Malcolm, Paternoster-row.**

Mrs. Yates has, after her own style, favored the public with her autumn journey in Switzerland,—the veritable “Land of the mountain and the flood.”

She writes—as woman usually does, with singular clearness, and considerable power of description. Following “the good old plan,” she commences at the commencement of her travels, and takes us with her from Calais, through Cambrai, Rheims, Nancy, and Mulhausen, entering Switzerland at that part of the frontier nearest Basle. The tour is thence continued to the elegant Baths of Baden, Zurich, the sweetly located Lucerne, retired Interlachen, gay Berne, Laceranne, picturesque Geneva, interesting Chamouny, and the lofty Martigny (including a visit to the interesting Hospice of the Great St. Bernard), and is concluded with an entrance into Italy by the Simplon route. An account of all this would have furnished sufficient for one most interesting volume, but Mrs. Yates, putting forth her journal in the form of letters to her daughters, has thought fit to throw in a great deal of historical matter from Vieusseau’s work upon Switzerland—an intrusion which how agreeable soever to a home reader, evidently destroys the vrai-semblance of the book, and makes the letters read like lectures.

Mrs. Yates stands up, we see, for the prerogatives of her sex. Blaming Napoleon for not having taken the advice of Josephine, who recommended him not to assume the imperial purple, she adds,—

If men will, as I said before, disregard the counsel of their wives, there can be no help for them. Julius Caesar was another memorable instance of such folly. Had he been sufficiently attentive to conjugal strictures, he might have lived greatly instead of dying gracefully. I advise all men, of high and low degree equally, to shun those pernicious examples, and to listen with hearts inclined to us, at all events when we “charm wisely,” and who will venture to assert this being a matter of rare occurrence?

A curious fact is mentioned in connexion with “la grande Salle,” in the Bishop’s residence at Rheims.

This apartment is of great size. We conjectured that it is from 150 to 200 feet in length. The walls are covered with the [COURT MAGAZINE.]
pictures of the kings who have undergone that ceremony selon le rège at Rheims, beginning with Clovis, the first christian king of France, for whose special use at his coronation it is said angels brought from heaven a chalice containing sacred oil, still carefully preserved for the benefit of his successors.

And, we are told:—

It is remarkable that the portrait of Charles X. fills the last space which, on his accession to the throne, remained on the walls of the vast chamber. It may have portended, like the handwriting on the wall, that his dynasty is to reign no more.

Of the Baths of Baden (an account and view of which have been so admirably furnished by Mr. Burford at his panorama), Mrs. Yates does not give any account—putting us off, instead, with an extract from a letter written about three centuries ago by Pozzio Bracciolini. At Zurich she is more communicative:—

The Katzen Bastie is now converted into a shrubbery garden open at all times to the public, for whose accommodation there are numerous seats. From one of these I first looked upon the snow-capped mountains, and indescribably beautiful was the view before me. The lake at my feet; its banks, in all directions in which I could see, covered with cheerful dwellings; their outstretched gardens, farms, and orchards, indicating comfort and enjoyment; the horizon bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, the deep violet hue of some, contrasting with the snowy summits of others, radiant in the setting sun, formed a scene of beauty such as I, who am no great traveller, never before contemplated but in a picture. I lingered at the Katzen Bastie until it became dark, and it seemed as if a shower of stars had fallen on earth and water: such was the effect, produced by the distant lights from the houses and those above and around, which the calm surface of the lake reflected.

Further descriptions of Zurich, in this happy manner, would have been agreeable; but the fair writer did not “feel at all well” on the second day she was there, and “the heat was excessive”—not a very unusual thing in that country at that season—so, instead of going to look at the sights, she remained at home and spent her time in writing some fifteen pages of a history of Zurich, from the work of Vicolesoux! The Lake of Zug, says Mrs. Yates, “looks calm, soft, and beautiful, as though the beneficent influence of men’s angry passions never approached its sequestered banks.” This is prettily ex-

M. C. 15—(Court Magazine)—June, 1843.
re-unions with as high a relish as do their contemporaries, the soirées of the beau monde. One of the prettiest lasses I ever saw was most richly as well as tastefully dressed: her dark, tight bodice was embroidered in every color, and, as she told us, done by herself. It showed her delicate shape to advantage, and contrasted well with her full snowy white sleeves; long silver chains passed from the shoulders at the back to the front; her luxuriant hair was decorated with rose-colored ribbons, entwined with many plaits, fastened together in a knot by large silver bodkins. She riveted our attention by her modest and beautiful appearance, and we got into conversation with her respecting her home and family in Unterwalden; and on our expressing a wish that your sisters had an opportunity of sketching her costume, which she seemed much gratified at our remarking (for "where none admire 'tis useless to excel"), she readily offered to return with them to the hotel, where she sat for some time patiently, and in apparently unconscious beauty. The mountaineers of Scotland, and I believe of Ireland too, are very averse to their likenesses being taken, believing if this happens that they shall soon die. The Swiss are, as far as I can judge, free from all superstition of this kind. Our pretty maiden conversed in German with your sisters, whilst they were busy with their pencils, until the hour came for her to return with her father in his boat. We followed her in idea to her mountain home, and imagined her there relating the adventures of the day, and showing to the family circle the little present we had given; they would doubtless wonder from what outlandish part of the world the strange people came who thought herself and her apparel worthy of note and comment. She was a good deal surprised on seeing our likeness, but not quite so much I suppose as Eve, when the watery mirror gave back her charms—but the simple innocent girl was evidently delighted with the "answering looks of sympathy and love" that she gazed upon. We shook hands cordially in bidding each other farewell: her "Lebewohl" was uttered in sweet accents.

The covered bridges at Lucerne are amongst its most striking objects: one of them, very near to our hotel, extends within a few feet of the shore, across a narrow part of the lake, to the church at the opposite side of St. Leodegar, the patron saint of Lucerne. Between the painted roof and the part appropriated to foot passengers there is an open space, and a bench running along it, where we often sit, enjoying the magnificent scenery of the lake, when

"The mountain-shadows on her breast
Are neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye."

Or, if we find ourselves there on a fine even-

ing at sunset, in returning from our evening rambles, we linger to behold

"The western waves of ebbing day
Roll o'er the glens their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Is bathed in floods of living fire."

Nothing can be more commodious than these said benches, where, sheltered from sun and rain, we can enjoy those ever-varying and surprisingly quick transitions from one kind of beauty to another, which glance or fit along the mountains, evanescent as our thoughts.

There are pictures painted on triangular pieces of wood, that fit between the beams of the roof of the bridge; and pedestrians going in one direction, on looking up, find the history of the New Testament displayed by the painter's art. The particular subject of each piece is specified underneath in German, and accompanied by suitable texts. On returning over the same bridge, the other sides of the triangles illustrate the Old Testament; thus affording, as has been justly said, "Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes."

The journey, 140 miles, between Lucerne and Langnau appears to have presented some most picturesque scenery:—

High precipitous rocks, like the walls of a fortified town, covered on their summits for miles together with rich dark firs—swelling slopes of green pasture—wide mountain rivers—rushing waterfalls—all in fast-changing combinations, presented varying scenes; each new grouping of them seeming to us more striking than the last. Sometimes the mountains were almost close together, as in our narrowest glens and ravines, the accompanying stream deep and rapid; at the next moment, the latter was wide and brawling, and the mountains far apart, terminating beneath in soft rich meadows reaching to the road, which is overshadowed with fine walnut and apple trees.

A brief reference to the condition of the Swiss peasantry tells as much as a wire-drawn chapter could:—

The peasantry here are never, apparently, destitute, or even badly off, as regards their dwelling and apparel; they are always dressed in whole and decent clothing, however coarse it may be; and I have scarcely seen any beggars. With but few exceptions, the nearest approach I have met to that unhappy class, 'have been some rosy-faced urchins, singing the "Ranz de Vaches" to excite our attention, and thereby hoping to extract some trifles from our purse. They appear also to be a universally industrious people, as the high cultivation of the land fully proves; and men and boys, when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door
work, employ themselves in carving and turning wood for all kinds of articles, useful and ornamental.

On the Lake of Brienz, which is (now) navigated by a steam-packet, Mrs. Yates fell in with—but she can best tell the adventure in her own words,—

The captain, a very fine-looking young man, who spoke German so fluently that I took him for a Swiss. On hearing us talking English, he accosted me in that language, and after a little conversation, he said, "It is most surprising that the English should come in such numbers to this country, when the scenery in Scotland is so much more beautiful." After this speech, I had no difficulty in knowing that the gentleman came from north of the Tweed. He continued, "What is there here but lakes, rocks, trees, and mountains; and all these are in far greater perfection in Scotland." I put in a word as to the grandeur of the mountains covered with snow, to which he said impatiently, "They are not to be compared to ours, covered with purple heather; that exceeds everything in beauty, and here you don't find it." which is the fact—it is seen very seldom, and only in the smallest quantities. Perceiving it was in vain to dispute the vast pre-eminence of purple heather over snow-clad mountains and their glaciers, I spoke of the waterfalls of this country: to which he replied, that "it was plain I had never been in Scotland, or I could not compare the Giselsach and the Reichenbach, nor even the Handig (which is still greater), to the Granich, near Aberdeen, or to the Dunstan, near Glasgow." I listened without being convinced—however, I respected his nationality, and wishing to change the subject to one equally gratifying to his amore patriæ on which we might agree, I asked him if he was not proud of Walter Scott: he answered very coolly, "He was my uncle." You may guess my astonishment; he was communicative, and told me that his mother was a daughter of Sir Walter's brother John, who died, after acquiring a considerable fortune, leaving to seven daughters £7000 each; but that by a law process, they lost nearly all his property, including several large houses in Dundee, where his mother still resides, a widow of the name of Croll. She had many children. The captain never remembers having seen his father, who died when he was an infant. He came to England when he was thirteen years old, to learn the business of an engineer, and has been in Russia, Prussia, and Silesia, and only once for a short time in Scotland since his first leaving it; but he knows all that is passing there, for he said his mother writes to him every week, and sends him "The Perth and Cupar Advertiser." He has, I suspect, been too much occupied to allow of his having time to read many of his uncle's writings, and of his life by Mr. Lockhart he knows nothing. On my recommending it as a deeply interesting work, he said he would get it. He could scarcely believe me when I told him a subscription was made some years ago to keep Abbotsford in the family; this circumstance I mentioned merely as a proof of the high estimation in which the late owner had been held by the nation at large. His nephew was quite sure I was mistaken, and that subscriptions were raised for no other purpose whatever than to erect monuments in different places.

His conversation convinced me that Sir Walter's character and fame, though touching him so much more nearly, are not half so dear to him as the beauties of Scotland, of which he has known little since childhood. And should he never see them again I will venture to predict, that true as the needle to the Pole, his heart will ever turn to his own, as the first, best country in all the world.

Mrs. Yates has added an interesting account of Chillon, but we must leave something for the reader to hunger for. Her visit, too, to Ferney—the gloomy—the residence of Voltaire, is not without interest, though it only describes what has been described a hundred times before. One moreceau is, however, rather too good to be omitted:—

The octogenarian also shewed us several articles, some of great value, that had belonged to Voltaire; many of whose papers have come into his possession. He has a large book, in which Voltaire fixed most nearly hundreds of seals, taken from the letters of persons who had written to him; under each seal was placed the owner's name, and mostly also a pithy character, as "un fox," "un sot," etc. He showed us these seals for reference, so that he could refuse to receive letters a second time without being ignorant whose epistles he rejected.

Of Coppet and its celebrated inhabitant (the late Madame de Stael) a pleasing account is given,—too long, however, for us to copy here.

To our liking, the best part of the work is the close of the second volume, treating of the monks of St. Bernard, with whose jovial selves we spent three days weatherbound. Thus can the reader see that, upon the whole, Mrs. Yates has produced two equable and instructive volumes, though, as critics, we may remark, that one portion of them is less pleasing than another. The tour—as a tour—is excellent:—the historical references may by some be
found to be tedious, and not very necessary. The real fault we find is, that the fair authoress has been at the trouble of re-writing many parts of Vuesseux’s Switzerland, and thus filling up the pages from his work, which—in our politer judgment—might have been better occupied by original matter from her own pen.

Westminster Abbey and Life. Two Poems.
By Owen Howell. T. Miller, 9, Newgate-street.

Mr. Howell evidently is one of those who mistake the aspiration for the ability—who, because they relish Poetry, think they can write it. The two poems which he has published contain nothing very startling in their mediocrity—but they are of a mediocre class. To string together a few truisms and common-places about the fleeting nature and endurance of all mortal things, and to put these into lines connected into the appearance of verse by means of rhyme and rhythm, does not constitute the faceless essence of lofty Thought which we recognise as Poetry.

Westminster Abbey, which has supplied a theme to Mr. Howell, suggests a thousand images of the transitory nature of this “earthly coil.” Does he tell us anything new when he repeats what hundreds have said before him, and said in a better manner, that—

Is the sure fate of all created things.
Does he even tell us the truth when he solemnly declares, that

Time treads the stars to dust.

Herschell, we think, would cavil at his strange notions of astronomy! Does he startle us with a new idea when he wonders—

How soon death steals on life’s receding ray.

He reminds us of the American field-preacher, who wound up a discourse on life and death with this striking climax:—
“ But Providence, my friends, in its kind wisdom, has placed Death at the end of our life—for, oh! what would Life be worth if Death were at the beginning!”

Mr. Howell tells us, what moralists and poets have repeatedly declared since Cadmus invented letters, that power and pomp, beauty and wit, the mighty and the mean, finally fall before Death, the destroyer. He certainly has odd notions of the constitution of angels, for (describing a lovely girl) he actually says:—

Angels might view thee with supreme delight,
And envy him who doth thy charms enfold.

In “Life,” the author says:—

Alas! the whole
Of past and future can but tell us this:—
We live on earth as others lived before,
Strewed like mere grains of sand on an eternal shore.

It strikes us that the past and present, not the past and future, tell us this? In the next stanza, he says, that we are “emerged to this strange world,” and presently declares—

That we
Are wrecked in Time’s frail boat upon Eternity,
And immediately tells us, that

We find ourselves in being and afloat
On the wide bosom of deep waters,
saved, one is tempted to ask, by means of cork jackets or Manby’s life-preservers, after having wrecked upon Eternity? No such thing! for his words are:—
On the wide bosom of deep waters, where
No shore is seen on either side our boat.

That is, in one stanza we are wrecked “in Time’s frail boat upon Eternity,” and in the next we are floating in a boat, so far out at sea, that no shore is visible on either side! It is a pity that verse-writers are not sense-writers also.

Mr. Howell, in a metaphysical mood, philosophizes upon life, death, annihilation, eternity, and “all the entities.” Very curiously does he produce a heap of words in which sense is completely smothered. Into the realms of metaphysics we shall not follow him. One specimen we may give:—

Life is continued thought; if thought was not,
Then there would be no Life, no Stars, no Earth,
No death, nor change of seasons cold or hot,
Nothing producing pain or woe, or mirth;
The external world, and all it holds, is what
Ends when we end, beginning at our birth,
And all the pictures of land, sea, and sky,
Are of the soul a part, and with it live or die.

This is intended for something “very deep.” We are so dull as not to be able to comprehend it. Mr. Howell, perhaps, has an idea (with Berkeley) that “there is no matter.”

Mr. Howell, the Americans will be
happy to learn, is a believer in "each wild and wondrous tale" related of "the great sea-serpent":—

Terrific creatures, dwelling in the slime,
Cold, vastly huge, and horrible of form,
May live within the water's inmost clime,
To whom earth's greatest snake would seem a worm
In comparison; appalling and sublime
Being have been beheld in calm and storm
Sporting their cumbersome lengths above those waves
They rule when all is still, or when the tempest rages.

He sports a new theory which must astonish the naturalists. Ex. gr.—:
The earth contains inhabitants, the gloom
Of its internal centre is the home
Where myriads find prepared both life and room;
We know not how they go, or whence they come.
Each rocky cave and each prodigious dome
Serves for their burying place and was their womb.

This means—if it mean anything—that the cave or the dome has been the womb and not the birth place, of myriads of creatures!

Mr. Howell has, too, an "atomic theory" of his own. He says—:

Atoms make worlds, and worlds they are but atoms
That make up systems, which Jehovah flings
Like drops into the gulf, the spray of His own glory.

And then comes an arithmetical burst, worthy of ancient Cocker, or modern Joseph Hume;

Addition, we by thee
Add million unto millions—let us add
Long as we will, we may add more and more,
And yet not find a total—Can we reach
The amazing sum of all?—Impossible!
Oh God! thou art more wonderful than figures.

Enough of this. We had to show how indifferently Mr. Howell has managed the mighty themes he volunteered to illustrate, and it was necessary, at the risk of making the review appear long, to quote from his metrical attempts. One of the mighty masters of English song said, that

"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread;"
and, without including Mr. Howell in the genus thus alluded to, we candidly hope that he may not again grapple with a subject which overwhelms him. He has published his poems—and thus "cleansed his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed upon the heart."

THE FLOWER GIRL, AND OTHER POEMS. By
Rhoda Maria Willan.—T. Miller, Newgate-street.

It is pleasant, as we wander through the fields of Literature, to come, unawares, upon some fragrant flower (as in this genial season) just peeping out, from its green panoply of leaves, to catch a glimpse of the glorious sunshine which gladdens where it falls. In the material world, how sweet is the odor of the violet, and it needs not any very great effort of fancy to think that the flower blushes, like modest Beauty, "at praise of its own loveliness." In the world of the Mind, some such unassuming, unpretending beings are rarely met with, but still we sometimes encounter them, and we do believe that the lady-poet who has published the volume now before us is one of these. All that we know of the poetical lady, beyond what she has written, is that she is very young; and truly great is the promise of her early budding.

A Hemans, a Landon, or a Howitt?
Not yet. But Miss Willan, in this small volume, gives promise of one day writing "what the world will not willingly suffer to die." One hope we have—that she will not bring out hastily the second volume of poems which she has announced as preparing for publication. If she be wise, she will scarcely print or write one stanza within the next two years. In this volume she exhibits delicacy of thought, grace of expression, power of melody, and purity of expression—but this essay must be taken rather as a preparation for an upper flight towards Olympus than otherwise: an essay, rather than an accomplishment. It is a fault of writers, in the present day, to rush into print too frequently and too inconsiderately, not having allowed their minds sufficient rest. They write rapidly, disdainfully apparent the labor of correction and condemnation. Not so with most of our great poets of old. How elaborately did Pope correct. What a severe self-critics has Campbell been? We see the result,—the smoothness and con-
centration of one, and the thought and compression of the other have led to one and the same result.

Miss Willan's "Flower Girl," is a mere sketch, with the few incidents not very intelligible, nor yet very interesting. As a mere story there is nothing in it. But it opens beautifully—this description of a summer evening is quite a picture in words:

It was a summer eve—and bright
The chequer'd beauty of the light,
Half violet, half golden, beamed,
And on a landscape sweetly streamed,
Through bowery foliage fell, and made
Gold lines of net-work on the shade;
Sun-rays that seemed, serenely mute,
Strings of some wandering seraph's lute,
Dropped from the evening's dewy sky,
Trembling with silent melody.

Athwart the clear transparent air
Like starry atoms, gleaming fair,
Where insects murmur in swarms
Of many rings, and twinkling forms.
The silken flowers—the lofty trees—
The soft, low humming of the bees,
Chanted day's cradle-hymn, and then
The drowsy zephyrs came again,
With footsteps that a silver cast
On every bending spray that passed.

A lazy brook pursed by, just seeming,
To be of its own brightness dreaming;
A fountain in its upward play
Like liquid rainbows glanced alway,
And wept the drops that still would stay;

Like tears that never cease to fall
From sinners penitential.
And further on, a cottage seen
But dimly through the veil of green
Shrouding its latticed windows, shone
In sweet seclusion, calm and lone;
Jasminas, those pearly buds of light,
Gleamed through the darker foliage bright;
Red cup-moss, and sweet-smelling thyme;
Boasted their births of sunny clime;
While blossom-odours, lingering frail,
Floatetd with music on the gale.

From every tree the wild notes ring
Of hidden birds that sit and sing,
Till e'en the very leaves seem full
Of gladness, strangely beautiful!

A lovely scene, for happy elves
To sport and play amongst themselves!
All combinations of sweet sound
From far and near are floating round:
Insects beneath their heathery sky
Settling with thrill of melody;
The fragments of a vesper-song
Now gliding tranquilly along;
Then blessings of a little lamb,
Wander'd too far from its dam,
And sunset clouds were yet on high,
Sweeping like silken banners by,
Rays that the parting day left there,
Still glowing upon the reddening air,
As Beauty, leaning from the west,
Called each bright wanderer to her breast.

We have marked with italics lines

which may be considered to be particularly beautiful.

The lyrics, which form the greater portion of the volume, exhibit the writer's ability much better, indeed, than the story from which the above passage has been taken. We are sorry to find that sadness is the prevailing tone. Alas! that the minds of so many youthful poets should have this tinge. Is it, that the depth of domestic sorrow animates the poetic vein? or, taking another direction, the height of joy which calls forth the delectable effusions? Sufficient is then, to say, that an extra-ordinary condition of the mind is requisite to heat, or excite the brain. Great happiness—great misery—and but rarely a middle state. Alas, then, for the Poet. How dearly does he oftentimes smart for his contributions in the world of literature and song, that, to become inspired, he pays so large a forfeit.

Fair readers, feel then for the Poet, and whilst your eyes are gazing steadfastly upon his productions, give him, for a while, at least, your heart and your sympathies! Hope should be the sport of the youthful poet's strain, and we hint to Miss Willan that even Miss Landon—clever and gifted as she was—was fatigued the public, at last, by ringing the changes upon sorrowing spirits, broken hearts, unhappy love, and all the usual stock-in-trade of a complaining minstrel. Healthy should be the song of the young poet to whom care is rather a thought than a reality. When the mind really meets with afflictions,

"Such as press
The life from out young hearts,"

it will not pour out its wounded feelings in many verses—though the fulness of its grief may overflow into some. Croly makes one of his heroines sing or say—

—Light passes by
The pang that melts in tears,
The stricken bosom that can sigh,

No mortal arrow bears:
When comes the heart's true agony,
The lip is hushed and calm the eye.

The quiet endurance of grief is some assurance of its reality. We well remember when a well known and sweet poetess (will Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson excuse this mention of her name) favored us with some lines—upon the loss of her own child. Poetically enough, truly enough she depicted death in his rable.
REVAGES, the tortures of her own heart, 
the sorrow and deep affliction of those 
around her; but were such lines to the 
purpose in this magazine—what mother 
need be reminded of the intensity of her 
own sorrows when under similar afflic-
tion, what parent told again of all he 
than suffered. Yet, did we please the 
author by the rejection of that portion, 
at least, which, pursuing, could have only 
inflicted pain, opening wounds healed, 
perhaps, long ago? For otherwise: we 
were accused by more than one, as mul-
lators.

How little, then, does great talent, 
often know how to conduct a journal, 
how to cater for the public taste, by 
keeping apart all that can excessively 
pain, whilst every thing that can cheer, 
earnestly, sustain, encourage should 
be unceasingly presented to view. Such 
has, at least, been ever our aim; let the 
kind reader ask how far we have followed 
the rule.

The lyric we subjoin is sufficiently 
touched with a gentle sorrow to make it 
pleasing:

The evening was most fair, and bright, 
Unclouded skies were glowing: 
And in the moonbeam's earnest light 
A thousand buds were blowing! 

Love round the charm'd inspiring scene 
Threw rays of latent glory;— 
Hid in the roses mild serene 
The nighingale's sweet story. 

But the deep voice of music dwelt 
Upon the grave so lonely, 
A shadow that's not seen—but felt 
Which the sad heart knows only. 

And on the starry lake there's less 
Of beauty's tones beguiling— 
Of mingled love, and tenderness, 
In varied sweetness smiling. 

I watched it—and the silver moon 
Shone on a flower broken: 
Like sunshine's blossoms round a tomb— 
Of sev'rd love a token!— 

And homeward on the wave so bright 
A little bark was sailing;— 
A dark cloud hid the gleaming light, 
Their wither'd hopes bewailing. 

"Ah!—thus," I cried, "Fate's cruel power, 
Has stole my early glory— 
And left a crush'd, a faded flower, 
To tell the weary story!" 

Miss Willan evidently has genius, and 
we shall be surprised if the world will 
not think so too, when time has fully 
matured it.

CHILDREN'S MISSION, OR GREAT WORKS BROUGHT 
BY WEAK HANDS.—also, THE ROAD TO 
LEARNING.—Harney and Darton.

The Children's Mission and the Road 
To Learning, the latter for young beginners 
in the reading art, the former consisting of three tales, (viz.—the lighthouse, the incendiary, and Margaret Seaton's victory, by Mr. George Waring), possessing great interest for more advanced scholars, are both excellent in their way, well written (fully carrying out the author's intention of inculcating into the minds of the young lessons of kindness and active benevolence) and got up also in a very pretty style.

THE CZARINA; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF 
THE COURT OF RUSSIA. 3 vols. By MRS. 

Mrs. Hofland, as truth must be told, has not been very successful in this work; there is a deficiency of constructive power, and, though she sketches character well, and writes separate scenery cleverly, she wants the ability to make a connected story which will pleasantly run to the length of three volumes. In the present work she has fallen into the primary error of locating her characters in a remote country, at a time, too, when it had scarcely emerged from barbarism. This prevents our taking particular interest in the tale, for we must feel that did she describe things as they actually were, the story could not well be other than "flat and unprofitable."

The story commences early in the last century, shortly after the death of Peter the Great, and the scene is in Russia. Prince Alexander Meuzikoff, the trusty friend and tried counsellor of the Empress Catherine is ambitious that his daughter Mary (the heroine) shall wear the crown. She endeavours to effect a matrimonial union between her and Peter, the Empress's eldest son. There is, likewise, a certain Prince Theodore Doljonrouski, (whose family have long had a feud with the house of Meuzikoff,) who has managed to make acquaintance with Mary, and to win her affections. He, however, is removed, and Mary is led to believe that he is dead. Under this impression, she is persuaded to plight her faith to the Grand Duke Peter, a lad of thirteen. In the course of time, he ascends the throne, and she, of
course, becomes Czarina. Her husband, now grown to manhood, is self-willed, and sends his wife and her family to Siberia, as exiles. Their life in the desert is well described—so well, indeed, that we should quote part of it, but it would suffer if separated from the continuous narrative. At length, the Emperor dies, the widow returns from exile, and her first lover, Meodore, opportunely re-ap-

pearing on the scene, she marries him.

Such is the plot—or, rather, want of plot. The work, we believe, has been translated into the Roman language, and re-published in St. Petersburg. This we mention, in a spirit of justice, as it will be seen that our own opinion of it is not very high.

Self Devotion, or the History of Katherine Randolph. By the Author of "The only Daughter." Edited by the author of "The Subaltern," 3 vols.—Colburn, Great Marlborough-street.

"Whom the Gods love die young," said the Greek lyricist. The author of "Self Devotion" shuffled off this mortal coil in the spring of life, and when she had just shown how beautiful might have been "the unfolding of the flower" of her genius. At the age of twenty, about six years ago, Miss Harriette Campbell published "The Only Daughter," a fiction which, though deficient in incident, was remarkable for the beauty and purity of its style. Few first works have exhibited greater powers of language. Two years after, she produced a child's book, called "The Cardinal Virtues,"—which "children of a larger growth" might read with satisfaction and improvement. Her last work, long on our table, is a posthumous publication, edited by Mr. Gleig, and so good as to make us believe that, had she been spared, she would have taken a very high place among the lights of literature.

Katherine Randolph, the heroine, exhibits the beau-ideal of womanly perfection. She is "A spirit—but a woman too," and the authoress endows her with the noblest attributes of person and mind, making her pure in spirit, beautiful in feature, and filled with the finest affection—because the most uncalculating—for her brother Julian, a young gentleman who appears to have striven pretty man-

fully to figure as what Byron calls "a broth of a boy!" The story, as a story, is capital (we do not mean to spoil our readers' enjoyment, by sketching it), but it is in the delineation of character that Miss Campbell excelled. Her canvas is filled, but not crowded, with life-like personages. The most prominent are Lady Ida de Mar, and her scoundrel father,—the old minister, (father of Katherine and Julian,) who may fairly take his place next Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose,—Counsellor Carey, with his chambers in the Temple, and his busy, fussy, kindly manner and feelings—Uncle Fletcher, somewhat of an humourist,—Keith and Maria Chisholm,—and General Forbes and his talkative sister.

We think very highly of this work. Our only regret is that it is posthumous,

"A deathless part of her who died too soon."

With all the effect of Charlotte Smith's novels, the authoress combined Miss Austen's power of delineating character. It is indeed a pity that she has departed so soon.

Hackett's National Psalmist.—The concluding parts of this most valuable publication have appeared, and we hesitate not to say that, as a whole, it is not surpassed (for its extent) by any work of the kind that has yet appeared in England. It will tend, we trust, to the cultivation of Sacred Music—so much neglected—while the more Secular finds such favor in the eyes of the public. Now that this work has appeared, the choirs in our Cathedrals and Parochial Churches cannot, any longer, have even the shadow of an excuse for the absence of that skill and science, without the combination of which there cannot be thorough efficiency. Mr. C. D. Hackett, who has edited and brought out this work, very properly and truly remarks—

In the present state of Ecclesiastical Law, it appears that every Beneficed Clergyman is at liberty to introduce whatever Psalms or Hymns into the Church he may think proper; thus has arisen the evil of such a variety of metres; in one collection, we find no fewer than sixteen. This has given rise to a greater variety of tunes, and not only have the Clergy and Organists undertaken to supply the deficiency which existed, but Parish Clerks, Conductors of Choirs—nay, even the singers themselves—have polluted.
the Sanctuary with their rapid, miserable things, y'clep't Psalm tunes; and so to swell the number, Dibdin's Songs, Marches, Minuets, and Operatic airs have been brought into use, and arranged as Psalm Tunes, by even talented Musicians. In the "Psalmist," edited by Vincent Novello, will be found "Batti Batti," from Don Giovanni by Mozart, "A Minuet," by Beethoven. "See the Conquering Hero Comes," one of Cooke's Solfeggios, &c. &c. &c. A few weeks ago I heard the scholars in a Church School, at Sheffield, singing a Psalm to Balle's popular song, "The Light of Other Days!!" What, let me ask, would any reflecting person think of a congregation singing "The Praises of Redeeming Love" to "The Tyrolese Waltz," or celebrating the service of "the King of kings to the tune of "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Still these irreverent profanities are perpetrated in certain places of worship, and it is much to be feared, the Choirs of some Churches are not altogether guiltless of such extreme blasphemy.

The "National Psalmist" consists of Original Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Responses, Anthems, &c., composed expressly for it by fifteen of the first composers in the Empire, as well as Mendelssohn, the German musicians, and Dr. Hodges of New York. It also contains many pieces by the old composers. It is only fair to add that Mr. Hackett has himself added many original compositions to this collection. The Chants are particularly to our taste, and Mr. Hackett's remarks on Chanting are to the purpose,—they will lead, we trust, to the establishment of an authorised Psalter "pointed to be sung." The low price and great value of this truly National Work will make it popular, we hope. By the published list of subscribers, we see that it has met with extensive patronage. It cannot fail to make a very high reputation for Mr. Hackett.

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THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.—Mr. C. E. Horn (well known as the composer of "The Deep, Deep Sea," "I Know a Bank," "Cherry Ripe," and other popular airs), after a residence in the United States during the last twelve years, has recently returned to England (to resume his professional pursuits), and gave a Concert last month, in the Music Hall, Store-street. It would really be invicious to single out any individuals, the whole body of whom so well and admirably sustained their several parts, but we desire to particularize as the attraction of the evening a new Cantata, composed by Mr. Horn, and lately produced, under his direction, in the principal cities of the United States, called "The Christmas Bells," peculiarly English in its character. The design is to exhibit an idea of the manner in which the Morn of the Nativity is celebrated in an English Cathedral town. We believe that we shall not displease our readers by giving a brief analysis of this composition, which, as it appears to us, is of a kind more likely to please the public than a regular Oratorio, with its swell and clamour of heavy Orchestral accompaniment, and its often tedious vocalization.

The story of the "Christmas Bells," may be said to commence with a musical description of the dawn of Christmas Day. The chiming of many bells is heard, and we are introduced to an aged man, the Patriarch of his people. His reflexions upon that beautiful morning,—his associations, full of sweet yet bitter melodies, form many beautiful points for musical delineation. While the old man is thus musing, a carol,—one of the Christmas carols peculiar to England,—is sung beneath his window, and a young maiden with her companions enter his room and lay before him their united offerings. He blesses them, and they depert. He then proceeds to the Cathedral, where are performed the "Te Deum Laudamus," the "Benedictus," and the thrilling "Gloria in Excelsis;" but scattered throughout, or rather between, this sacred music, are descriptions of his manner and bearing, and of the way in which he is affected by the various feelings which the time, the place, and the memory arouse in his inmost heart. The service ended, the old man returns to his peaceful home, and the piece concludes with a joyful chorus of the bells.

We hesitate not to assert that this composition is a poem in all its essentials. Mr. Horn's conception of the theme is eminently poetical and beautiful. He has here displayed more refinement of feeling and perception of character than any of his previous works have exhibited. The musical, like the poetical, character of the old man, is descriptive of that quietude which belongs to one who, having lived through a long life, and endured its various vicissitudes, looks around him, with a sorrowful heart, for the many beloved ones who have preceded him to the silent grave. Yet, though Nature within him weeps, he murmurs not, but seeks consolation from that source, to which the sorrowful never applied in vain. This character is contrasted strongly with the charming simplicity of the villagers, and solemn, yet beautiful church music adds another grace and finish to the picture.

The music abounds with beauties: it is throughout simple, unforced, and melodious. We believe that the exquisite simplicity with which the composer has invested the whole of the village music, will cause this work to be universally acknowledged as the happiest, and by far the best sustained
effort of his pen. What can exceed the truthfulness of character of the "Carol" at the commencement, and the young girl's song "A merry Christmas, Sir, to you." They are ingenious in construction, beautiful in melody, and exhibit much thought. The bass songs, "Bless thee, my child," "What though I now must tread alone," and the last Soprano song, are distinguished by melancholy pathos, replete with fine thoughts, and described with great fidelity. The concerted music throughout is very clever—in some parts beautiful—for instance, the charming quartette in B Minor, and the Chorus, "Angelical voices."

Mr. Horn presided at the Piano-forte.

In a notice of this kind, it would be invidious, almost, to particularize particular vocal performances—but we must do Miss Birch the justice of saying that we never heard her sing with more feeling:—she was in excellent voice, and was encored more than once.

The concert was honored with the special patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

**The Land of Bliss.** By T. B. Phillip.—Wybrow.

The poetry of this song is of a highly moral and sacred character, for which, on the other hand, some passages of the music are too quick and lively, while the arrangement, although pretty, is much injured by the introduction of consecutive fifths and eightths, which every composer should be aware are not strictly admissible in pure harmony.

**The Aerial Quadrilles.** By G. R. Griffiths.—Duff and Hodgson.

These are tolerably arranged for the exercise of the light fantastic toe, presenting no difficulties, and possessing some originality, with more of substance than the cause patronised; but to have been in good keeping with their name, they should have been set wholly for wind instruments.

**La Sainte-Chapelle.**—Heart of St. Louis.

Last month, the workmen employed on the restoration of the Sainte-Chapelle, adjoining the Palais de Justice, having discovered behind the high altar dedicated to St. Louis a leaden box, M. Duban, the architect, on being informed of the discovery, made it known to the Archbishop of Paris, who sent his grand vicars to inspect what had been found. The box contained a heart, and with it a writing on parchment, on which it was recorded that the contents having, during some repairs made in 1802, been found in another box, completely decayed by rust, it was again enveloped in lead, and redeposited in the same spot. This document is signed by M. Camus, Archivist General of the kingdom, M. Terrasse, Keeper of the Archives, and the Secretary of that office. As Morei, the historian of France, affirms that the heart of St. Louis was carried to the Sainte-Chapelle, and placed behind the high altar, it is expected that the investigation ordered by the Minister of Public Works will establish the remains now found to be that sacred relic.—Galignani's Messenger.

**Horrible Distinction.**—The following appeared in the *Gazette des Tribunaux,* from Mahon (Balearic Islands), April 21:—"This morning our port presented a sad and strange spectacle. All the poor of the town (and they form nearly a third of the entire population) were assembled at break of day. The greater number blocked up the quay of the Customs, whilst others were swimming in the basin of the port, or were moving about in boats, of which they had taken forcible possession. Towards 8 o'clock the squadron of the United States, which has been here for a fortnight, and particularly two transports belonging to it, threw into the sea an immense quantity of old biscuit. The poor who were swimming and in boats picked them up; and some of them, so great was their hunger, ate them at the time, although saturated with sea water. Soon afterwards the Commandant of the fort came up with a considerable force, and compelled the poor to retire to the interior of the town, which they did, uttering imprecations against the Director of the Customs. The cause of this scene was as follows:—The American squadron having to renew its provision of biscuit, the Commandant proposed to the Municipality to offer it as a gift to the indigent. The offer was accepted, and the Director of the Customs was applied to for permission to land the stale biscuit free of duty. This was refused, and the Commandant of the squadron, wishing to clear out his biscuit that morning, threw it into the sea, as has been stated. It was truly painful to see persons of all ages, and of both sexes, struggling in the water to catch a mouldy biscuit, and devouring it at once."

**Scambling for Bread.**—Clifford’s Inn.

Amongst the curious customs when walking the rounds to mark parish boundaries, is the following, which occurred last week:—The gentlemen and parish boys having entered Clifford’s Inn garden, two baskets full of rolls were produced, and thrown pell-mell amongst a vast crowd of greedy (for fun) spectators, amongst whom were some chimney sweeps, who, doubtless, made a rich harvest. The multitude (to their no-doubt great gratification) were next assailed with showers of copper-money. *O tempora! O mores!* And this is, or, rather, is this, charity?
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This exhibition opened during the course of last month, about a week later than ordinary, in consequence of the lamented death of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. The catalogue exhibits a list of more than 1500 works of art; but we must say that, though many excellent performances are included in this number, there are, comparatively speaking, fewer first-rate ones than we had a right to expect. The quantity of portraits is very great—but without portrait-painting artists would have little to do, so the lesser evil must be borne.

We shall now proceed to give an opinion upon the pictures which more particularly struck us. We may as well commence with the Academicians who exhibit. In this predicament are not Mr. Charles Barry, Sir A. W. Callcott (probably owing to his recent domestic affliction), Mr. Richard Cook, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, Mr. J. F. Deering, Mr. John Gibson (of Rome), Mr. Mulready, Sir R. Smirke, and Sir R. Westmacott.

Sir William Allan, of Edinburgh, exhibits only one picture, (287) “Waterloo, 18th June, 1815, half-past seven o'clock, r.m.” It is a magnificent work, alike worthy the subject and the painter. It gives a better idea of what actually did occur at Waterloo than all the volumes we have read upon the subject. The moment of sight is when Napoleon made his last desperate effort to force the left centre of the Allied army, and turn their position. The defeat has commenced, and the ruin of Napoleon’s prospects is decided. In the foreground is Napoleon on horseback, in the well-known grey ridingote, surrounded by Soult, Labedoyère, Bertrand, and others of his suite. As a mere composition, this is a fine picture; in details, it is at once simple and comprehensive. The fact that the Duke of Wellington has purchased this painting, speaks for its merits and adds to its interest.

Mr. H. P. Briggs exhibits six paintings—all of them portraits. Of these (130) a Portrait of R. Benyon de Beauvoir, Esq., painted for the Royal Berks Hospital, is decidedly the best. The tone is good, and the features possess that individuality which constitutes the value of a portrait.

Mr. A. E. Chalon has seven pieces—all portraits. There is less blonde and fewer feathers than this gentleman usually shews, and the drawing is good.

Mr. A. Cooper—unrivalled as an animal painter—has four pictures. One of a dog, another of race-horses, and two of a class which he has hitherto but slightly cultivated, The Gillie’s departure for the Moors, (271) is a pretty composition; but (87) Lex Tollius, representing “a raid on the reivers, or the laird getting his ain again,” is a spirited piece, with figures and cattle, which tells its own story at a glance.

Of the five by Mr. W. Collins, the best is (457) A Girl of Toronto spinning. The coloring is pure, and the attitude of the girl most natural. The World, or the Cloister, (94) is another gem.

Gil Blas in attendance on the Robbers in the Cave, (178), by Mr. J. J. Chalon, is a valuable painting. The artist has completely caught the spirit of Le Sage, and admirably depicted the merriment of the robbers, in contrast with the melancholy of their captive Ganymede.

Mr. Etty has made a great advance in his art since last we saw any productions from his pencil. One of the most delicate and beautiful female figures in the entire gallery is (44) The Bather. The fault of Mr. Etty was, that his flesh-tints, like those of Rubens, were too florid. He has completely corrected his faulting, and no husks can be more natural—more Titianesque, if we may so speak, than those which he now puts into his figure pictures. The Infant Moses and his Mother (505) and Flemish Courtship (389) will fully bear out what we say. A very pretty and effective bit of Still Life (224) is also among Mr. Etty’s well-doings this year.

Mr. Eastlake exhibits only a single piece this season—it is a richly-colored Hagar and Ishmael, (108) and has the advantage (not enjoyed of all the good pictures) of being hung where it can be well seen.

One of the finest paintings in the exhibition is “The Nativity,” (197) by Mr. Howard. In this we behold more of the high Ideal than, in this country, or in the present age, Art has been in the habit of making public. This is a painting which Raphael might have been delighted to behold. The Holy Mother and the God-child are exquisitely represented, and the attendant angels are limned with a grace, beauty, and truth, rarely to be met with in modern paintings. Was it by way of foil that Mr. Howard sent in his Peace and War (69 and 96), sketches for transparencies?

Mr. Hart’s two pictures (232 and 483) are Italian subjects, cleverly treated. Mr. Hardwick’s architectural view is good. Mr. G. Jones has several scriptural subjects, but they are not first-rate.

Mr. Leslie has five pieces—two are portraits (very good likenesses), and three of a much more ambitious description. He has attempted much—and done much. The Queen receiving the Sacrament at the Coronation (74) has been made familiar to all by Mr. Cousen’s engraving from it. The next (164) is a scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, where Lady Blarney and Miss Skegg discourse about Virtue, Shakespeare,
and the musical glasses, while honest Burchell's emphatic "Fudge" comes in as a semi-growl, at the close of each sentence. The third (416) is a scene from Le Malade Imaginaire of Molière, and has great dramatic as well as pictorial effect. These paintings will much extend Mr. Leslie's already great reputation.

Mr. Edwin Landseer puts us off with a portrait and a sketch of horses. He is one of the few who does not paint and exhibit enough.—Mr. F. W. Lee has some very pretty bits of rural scenery.

Maclise exhibits only two pictures—one (472) is a view of a waterfall in Cornwall. The other (137) represents the Actors' Reception of the Author, (from Gil Blas,) and, whether the harmony, tone, costume, conception, grouping, character, or accessories be considered—separately or collectively—this is certainly one of the most brilliant productions in the exhibition. It would require an article to be written, at considerable length, to make manifest all the beauties of this work of art; we can only say, at once, that it gives Maclise another step in advance. Many of his former pieces have been devoted to a loftier theme, but none have more fully developed Mind than this.

Mr. T. Phillips has seven portraits—wonderful performances for a man of his years.—Mr. H. W. Pickersgill also contributes the same number of portraits: it is a pity that, painting so well as he does, this gentleman appears to have given over working for fame. But, indeed, he scarcely need do so, for his reputation (as a fine colorist, especially,) is well established.—Mr. R. R. Reinagle exhibits a few portraits, and some very effective landscapes. A Rain on a moat (111), taken in the evening, is one of the best of these.

Mr. David Roberts has some of his inimitable Eastern scenes, with one Scottish and one English subject. Steadily has this gentleman advanced to the rank he now holds in the profession. It was by studying nature, and by copying (not servilely) what she presented, that he attained the facility which now distinguishes his pencil.

Sir W. C. Ross has several miniatures—"pretty" is the word which best describes them.

Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., has three portraits—of the Rev. Sir Henry Dukkenfield, of the Queen, and of Sir W. Burnett. The coloring is rather cold—a fault which the President has not often committed.

Mr. Stanfield is in full force this season. Of the five pictures he exhibits, any one would make the reputation of an unknown artist. Four are Italian views—the two best Venetian—and the fifth is a view on the Medway. The chasteness of Stanfield's coloring, the correctness of his drawing, and the beautiful clearness of his skies, are all visible in these works. The View of the Ducal Palace, Venice, (281) is taken from the end of the library of the Procurator, and is quite a novelty.

Mr. J. M. W. Turner has some pictures in this collection which appear as if he had determined to astonish the public, at any rate. His imaginative pictures (four in number) are "sickled over with the pale cast" not of thought, but of gamboge, as if the contents of a mustard-pot had fallen upon them, while the two pictures (144 and 554), in which he has sketched real scenes, (Venice and its vicinity,) are painted with a clearness, force, and truth, which not even Stanfield can surpass. Why will Mr. Turner commit the mistake of making pictorial extravaganzas, when, if he please, he may produce "what the world will not willingly let die?"

Mr. T. Uwins has seven pictures, most of which are Italian in scenery or subject. We think well of the whole of them, but think even yet more highly of one (485) from Crabbe, of the betrothed sailor returning home to die, and a playful sketch (1068) of a little girl who, having been left in the artist's studio, was found on his return whimsically dressed in a man's hat, an old woman's jacket and petticoat, and other articles of Italian costume. We heard a lady of rank, and what is more to the purpose, of acknowledged taste, exclaim:—"What an exquisite little gem—it is worth its weight in gold!"

Mr. J. Ward has several agreeable pictures, not confined to the department in which he excels.—Mr. W. F. Witherington has one fine figure-piece, and three others of great merit, which shew how unabated is his love of the beautiful scenery of Kent. The supposed death of Imogen is one of considerable pretension and merit: the figures are well grouped, well drawn, and well colored.

So much for the Academicians. We must dismiss the Associates even more rapidly. Mr. T. Creswick has several fine landscapes. Mr. F. Danby's Last Moment of Sunset, (342) albeit rather Martin-ish, is prettily worked. Mr. Watson Gordon has some capital portraits. Mr. F. Grant also has some very fine portraits; Lord Wharncliffe's is splendid, and that of the Queen, painted for the United Service Club, is not only the best likeness of her Majesty in the exhibition, but, to our taste, the best that has yet been painted. Mr. Herbert's scripture piece is rather coldly colored, but well drawn. Mr. C. Landseer, in one of his pictures, (576) has rendered himself liable to the suspicion of copying (the idea, at least,) from Bolton Abbey in the olden time. Mr. R. J. Lane's head of Charles Dickens (1123) is by no means a good likeness. Mr. G. Patten's portraits are nicely painted, and are likenesses, we dare say, but his Dante
and Virgil in the Inferno, appear to be an imitation of Michael Angelo’s bold designs in the Sistine Chapel. Mr. R. Redgrave’s two domestic pieces, Going to Service (168) and the Poor Teacher (533) display feeling as well as skill. Mr. C. Turner has two clever portraits; and Mr. T. Webster’s only picture cleverly illustrates a passage in Wordsworth.

One of the most effective paintings is by J. Martin. He has three landscapes (which have little of his mannerism), Christ stilling the Tempest, (511) which shows his deficiency in painting the human form, and Canute the Great rebuking his Courtiers (582). This last is really a curious work; a striking effect is produced, and the picture, no doubt, will engrave well. But the brightness of the colouring is peculiar, and we remarked that Martin has had recourse to his old trick of raising the gems by dabs of color, so as to make them literally stand out in the picture. With all its faults it is remarkably clever, and there is much dignity in the attitude and figure of Canute. What his Queen had to do with the matter we know not; perhaps Mr. Martin wished to exhibit her regal robes in all their beauty!

Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator going hunting, (183) by Mr. R. H. Davis, is a nice cabinet picture. Mr. E. W. Ward’s pictorial account of Dr. Johnson perusing the Manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield (218) is a quiet domestic piece, with excellent portraits of the two authors, and an effective group in the back ground. There is much boldness in Mr. R. C. J. Lewis’s painting of Salvator Rosa sketching among the Calabrian brigands (250), and, as what Lawrence called “a history-portrait piece;” we must speak well of Mr. T. Duncan’s very spirited scene (283) representing “Flora Macdonald and Highland Outlaws watching the Battle of Culloden after the battle of Culloden.” Mr. J. P. Knight, treading in the steps of Wilkie and Allen, has produced a very noble piece, (306) in which John Knox is the prominent figure among the iconoclasts in Perth. Mr. M. Claxton’s Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Friends, (315) would be more acceptable and intelligible if a reference to the portraits been supplied. Mr. W. Linton’s Grecian Sunset (330) is such as few but himself could have so painted, with subdued brilliancy of color. Passing the Cross, Brittany, (362) by Mr. F. Goodall, is chastely executed, and though the style and subject be very much apart, we can report in equally favorable terms of (384) Mr. A. D. Cooper’s scene from Cooper’s Deer-slayer.

Very peculiar—startling—horrible—but most forcible is Mr. P. F. Poole’s scene of Solomon Eagle exhorting the people during the Plague of London. As a relief we turn to Mrs. W. Carpenter’s Cleopatra, (447) which might pass for one of the beautiful, thoughtful, glorious faces which, in his happiest moments, Guido loved to paint. We know not when we have been so much pleased with any recent painting as with this. It caught our eye when we entered the room, and it was the last we looked upon each visit we paid to the exhibition.

An incident in the life of Napoleon, (502) by Mr. G. Harvey, is graphic and natural. Mr. Linnell’s Supper at Emmaus (508) is well told, to speak a little figuratively. The Heroine of Saragossa, (579) by Mr. B. R. Haydon, is full of spirit, and the drawing remarkably good. The Tarantine of Naples, (612) by Mr. T. Rood; A Soldier relating a tale of war to Joan of Arc and her parents, (626) by Mr. H. J. Townsend; A scene from the Bride of Lammermoor, (636) by Mr. C. Brockly; Mr. T. M. Joy’s scene from Woodstock, (641) and Mr. F. Nerly’s View of the Piazza of St. Mark, (1206) merit also especial notice.

Of the portraits, the most striking are three—that of “Christopher North,” (523) by Mr. R. S. Lauder; of “Mrs. Romeo Costes,” (sic in catalogue,) by Mr. J. Lilley; and of “Dwarkaunath Tagore,” by Mr. F. R. Say. These are not only well painted, but are effective on other accounts: the first for its intellectual expression, the second for its beauty of feature and form, and the last for its brilliant coloring. There are many other portraits of great merit, among which is one of the Rev. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, (494) by Mr. T. C. Thompson, R.H.A. An Inland St. John, by this artist, is in the true spirit of the old masters and of nature.

There are a great many drawings and miniatures. We cannot pause to notice them—in truth, not thinking that miniature-painting requires much more than mechanical skill. “Han Lorrerquier,” painted by Mr. Lover, is a striking likeness; but for exquisite manipulation commend us to (733) Mr. Durham’s portrait of Sir H. Hulioke. We noticed some beautiful fruit (1151), by Mrs. V. Bartholomew, and—a most striking likeness—a miniature of Mr. Geo. Catlin, the American traveller and artist, by the same lady. There are many good enamel paintings, by Messrs. Bone, J. Haslem, J. Lee, J. Dowling, and W. Essex. Mr. Wm. Wyon exhibits several beautiful medals, and impressions from dies and seals. There are a few medallist portraits, small wax-busts, and models,—as well as some intaglio portraits and fancy-subjects from engraved gems. The Architectural designs are numerous and clever.

Lastly, we come to the Sculpture. There are very many busts, and some finely-conceived and well-executed groups and single figures. Among the busts, the best—as regards the likeness—are those of the Duchess of Kent, (1386) by E. Davis, executed for the Queen, to be placed in the corridor of
Windsor Castle:—of Mrs. Henry Labouchere (1410), by T. Campbell;—of Mr. T. S. Duncombe (1452), by A. Hone;—of Miss Helen Fawcett, by J. H. Foley;—of the Duke of Wellington (1472), by E. W. Physick;—of "Boz" (1510), by P. Park;—of the late Sir David Wilkie (1515), by S. Joseph;—of Lord Lyndhurst (1523), by W. Behnes;—and of Lord John Russell (1530), by R. Westmacott. A bust of James Montgomery, the poet (1432), by E. Smith, is an excellent likeness, but disfigured by the manner in which the cravat is managed—more like a cumbersome bandage than any thing else.

Mr. E. H. Bailey shews several very fine pieces of sculpture. One of these is a statue of the late Dr. Wood, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (1387), to be erected to his memory in the College Chapel. Equally successful has been his execution of the monument of the late Bishop Butler, for one of the churches of Shrewsbury. Chantrey was to have done this, but on his death the order was transferred to Mr. Bailey, who has done it every justice. He has two poetic embodiments distinguished by the grace, beauty, and chasteness which characterise his "Eye at the Fountain"—one of the finest works produced since the death of Canova. One is a marble statue of Psyche (1388), most exquisitely wrought, and the other (1410), a statue in marble of Helen unveiling herself to Paris. No sculptor of the present day could surpass these noble creations.

Mr. Lough has been very successful this season. He exhibits two busts, and four subjects of a higher order:—namely, a statue of Ophelia, a group representing a Bacchanalian revel, a statue of a youth as a falconer, and a Bas-relief from Homer, equal—in our opinion—to the noblest works of Flaxman, from the immortal Greek poets.

Mr. E. C. Day has produced a fine picture, the breadth and the detail of which equally stand the test of examination on close inspection. The management of the figures appears admirable,—while, at the proper distance, the congregation of sail-boats shews a clearness and distinctness such as have hitherto been accomplished by few; by Cuppley Fielding, for instance, or the late Samuel Austin of Liverpool. Mr. Duncan (Vice President of the Society) has several other pictures here, but, with the exception of (283)—"On the Sands of Boulogne"—none warranting particular notice, except (400): "The Delicate Point," which is a spirited Sea-view, representing a frigate running before the wind, with all sails spread, trying to escape imminent peril on a dangerous coast. "The delicate point" is when the frigate has the rocks close at hand, whilst, half a cable's length a-head, all is clear and open. It is such a picture as might be taken as an illustration of one of Cooper's nautical-novels.

Of the group-paintings, the most successful are those by Mr. E. Corbould, Mr. H.
Warren, (President of the Society), Mr. T. S. Boys, Mr. L. Haghe, Mr. E. H. Wehnert, Mr. W. H. Kearney, Mr. John Absolon, Mr. F. W. Topham, and Miss Fanny Corbaux.

Edward Corbould, (306) has produced the finest painting in the room. It represents “Jesus in the House of Simon the Pharisee.” The point of view given is when Mary is washing the Saviour’s feet, and He is speaking to Simon on the subject, pointing out the difference between her devotion and his carelessness. The light and shade are most judiciously distributed, the disposition of the figures natural and effective, the colouring at once brilliant and harmonious. The figure of Simon, arrayed in the magnificent attire of a Jewish magistrate, is particularly striking, and the expression of the features, in each case, given with truth and force. The picture has one great merit—the characteristic of all great works of Art—it tells its own story at a glance. Mr. Corbould has several other pieces in the room, all of high merit. The second is (391) “Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the well of Jacob.” The moment chosen is when the Saviour tells the woman “Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.” The woman, conscience-stricken at the truth of the charge, conceals her face with her hands, and appears completely subdued. The expression of the Saviour’s features is exquisitely given, “more of sorrow than of anger.” The other paintings, by Mr. Corbould, do not require specific notice, except (394), “The Spirit of Astarte appearing to Manfred,” the design of which is nearly identical with that of a sketch, by his father, published about twenty years ago.

Henry Warren has produced a striking and ambitious representation (106) of “Christ’s Sermon.” There is great merit in the grouping, the coloring, and the expression, but the fault lies in a want of simplicity. We doubt, too, whether it be quite comme il faut to introduce a recumbent semi-naked figure. The best thing in this piece is the delineation of the marked attention which is given, by all, to the words uttered by the Redeemer. There is one figure, in the foreground, of a soldier—whose very eyes appear to listen.

A “Study of an Old Man,” (172)—“Ave Maria,” (212), and several Arab Sketches, by Mr. Warren, reflect credit upon his pencil, and will augment his already high reputation.

L. Haghe, (30) has represented the well known incident of “Cromwell and Ireton intercepting a Letter of King Charles the First.” This is a good subject, well treated. The full-length of The Protector is admirably given, the artist (no doubt) availing himself of Walker’s well known portrait. Ireton is depicted in the act of cutting open the saddle, to obtain the concealed missive, while Cromwell stands by, awaiting the discovery of the document. He holds in his hand a letter, by which, in all probability, the artist intended to signify that containing the notice of the King’s dispatch being sent off. This is not very clear, therefore the value of the picture is depreciated by the doubt. It is a fine work of art, however,—even with this drawback,—both in conception and execution. Mr. Haghe’s second picture (326) the “Town Hall of Courtray,” is more brilliant in coloring. It represents a scene after “The Battle of the Spurs,” and shews great power, as regards the individuality of the characters.

E. H. Wehnert has taken from one of Lavallée’s fables (that of the Satyr and the Traveller), the subject of one of his principal pieces (235). The coloring is good, and the picture tells its own story. The form of the female accompanying the Satyr, is full of grace. Mr. Wehnert’s chief picture, (343), is that of “Martin Luther reading to his friends the manuscript of one of his pamphlets against the abuses of the Romish Church.” The grouping is admirably managed, and the coloring not inferior to it. But the picture has one fatal fault—the artist has depicted Luther as in the very bloom of manhood, whereas, at the time, he must have been on the shady side of forty. The portraits of Melancthon and others are introduced, and with success.

W. H. Kearney is less ambitious in his subjects than the gentleman just named. His chef d’œuvre here is (399), “Sir Thomas More and his Family”—a picture of distinguished merit, and valuable as grouping faithful portraits (after Holbein and others) of More and his immediate relatives and connections. In (147) “Gleaners,” Mr. Kearney has nearly married a beautiful picture, by making the face much too broad. That of the boy is literally “as broad as it is long.”

John Absolon’s picture of “The Vicar of Wakefield taken to Gaol,” is worthy of high praise. The youngest girl, may be accused, perhaps, of looking scornful rather than sorrowful, and the complexion of the catchpoles may be liable to the imputation of unnatural redness, but the full-length of Dr. Primrose is very fine, and Moses supporting his weeping mother is the very embodiment of pathos and nature. Mr. Absolon has many other subjects in this exhibition, of which the best are (375) Macbeth, (323 and 332) Scenes from Tristram Shandy, (53) Still Life, (75) A Girl crossing a Stream, and (32), a Scottish Courtship. In this last, however, the suitors looks more like a petit maître than plaided shepherds usually do.

F. W. Topham has produced (90) one of the most beautiful domestic pieces in the room. The subject, from Goldsmith’s Des-
quitting the home where they long had dwelt:—

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the Western main.
The old man's face is rather indistinct,
but the young female on the right, yielding to
a natural gush of sorrow at leaving the home of
her childhood, and supported by her
lover, exhibits the very reality of affecting
pathos. Mr. Topham's other pictures pos-
sess merit also.—(112), "On the Moors,
Ilkley, Yorkshire," is a pictorial gem.

Miss F. Corbaux (252) represents "Cin-
derella and her Sisters." If the features of
the latter had not been unnecessarily
distorted, this would have been one of
the finest paintings in the room, for the dresses
are marvellously well done, and Cinderella's
face and form could not be better.

There are many single figures deserving
favorable notice. We shall name a few of
these. "Jessica," (14) by Mr. J. J.
Jenkins; the accessories well managed,
and the shadow on the face peculiarly good.
His "Ariel," (218) is most beautiful.
The same artist has prettily drawn, (34) "Lucy
Ashton at the Mermaid's Fount," (118)
"Disappointment," and an effective group,
(133) called "Peace."—Mr. Benjamin R.
Green exhibits himself as a fine colorist in
(43), "Beauty in the Palace of the Beast.
In (58) "A Portrait," he gives us not a
handsome face, and in (64) "The Casket
scene, from the Merchant of Venice," he
has not drawn Portia with the surpassing
beauty the poet endowed her with; the
picture is a fine one in every other respect.
Mr. A. Penley has been extremely success-
ful in (50), "Medora watching the return
of Conrad." It is as poetic a picture as
any in the room. The Grecian sunset is
most gorgeous. His "Baron's Daughter,
(42) is not quite so good, but his landscapes
(of which he exhibits several) are first-rate.
Mr. Alfred H. Taylor's "Filling the
Pitcher," (66) has nature to recommend it,
and his "Smuggler," (87) is entitled to
the same verdict. Mr. F. Richards has "Adele
en néglié," (66) which, like the lady in
Christabel, is "beautiful exceedingly."—
Miss F. Corbaux's "The Favorite Retreat,
(76) shews a fair lady, pondering over what
we take to be a love-letter;—a clever pic-
ture.—Mr. L. Hicks, in (101) "The Spanish
Ballad," might have made a better painting
had he given more decision to the mouths of
the maidens who are singing.—"Waiting
for the Ferry Boat," (121) by Mr. G. House,
is clever, and the same opinion may be given
respecting two pieces by Mr. A. H. Taylor
(160 and 277) "Cold," and "Hot,"—Miss
L. Corbaux's "Meditation," (162), Mr. H.
P. Riviere's "Nellie and her Grandfather,
(202),—C. H. Weigall's "Fair Day," (215),
and "The Battle of Snow," (253), by A.
H. Taylor.

Of Architectural designs and Landscapes
there are many specimens here. The very
best of the former class, are "St. Paul's and
the Thames," (234), by G. Dodson,—
"View of Edinburgh, from the Calton
Hill," (203), by T. M. Richardson, sen.,—a
dream-like, Martin-esque, "View of an
Ancient City," (157), by Mr. Thomas Kear-
nan,—and a most elaborate interior (143),
by Mr. John Chase, of "Wolsey's Banquet-
ting Hall, Hampton Court."—The best land-
scapes, literally too many for examination
here, are by Mr. T. S. Boys, Mr. H. Bright,
Mr. T. S. Robins, Mr. D. Cox, jun., Mr. G.
S. Shepherd, Mr. G. B. Campion, Mr. C. H.
Weigall, Mr. W. Oliver, Mr. John Absolon,
Mr. R. K. Penson, Mr. James Pahey, Mr.
J. W. Archer, Mr. W. N. Hardwick, Mr. J.
P. D'Egville, Mr. A. Penley, and Mr. W.
Oliver.

There are likewise some well painted
Flowers and Fruit, by Mrs. Harrison, and
Mrs. Margetts.

Reyes's Water Colours.—Unless the
manufacturer of water-colours properly pre-
pare them, vexation and disappointment
cannot fail to annoy those who have to use
them. Within a comparatively short period
the art of painting in water-colours has at-
tained an importance which places it high in
the scale of the ornate accomplishments.
Artist and amateur have almost an equal
interest in obtaining the best material to work
with. We have ascertained their superior
excellency, and therefore can speak confi-
dently of the Water Colours prepared and
vended by Messrs. Reeves and Sons, 150,
Cheapside. They appear to combine all the
essential requisites of fulness of tone, facility
of working, and delicate beauty of hue. They
seem to possess the medium quality, so rarely
to be found, of containing exactly sufficient,
and no more, of the gummy vehicle in which
they are necessarily suspended. Gamgibe
in itself naturally contains this vehicle, but
the lighter hues, such as carmine, and the
more heavy, such as vermilion, cannot come
unless in combination with glutinous or
gummy substance. If there be too much of
this vehicle, the color will not "take kindly"
(to use a technical phrase) to the paper or
prepared ivory,—if too little, the color will
peel off. Many artists have suffered severely
from these faults in the colour, which also
affect the permanency of the tints. From
such faults the color-cakks prepared by the
Mears. Reeve are entirely free. Their camel-
haired pencils, too, are of a very superior qua-
lity, and their Cumberland black-lead pencils
—the plumbago being carefully picked—
besides being of every varied shade, possess,
also, that most desirable requisite of being
readily obliterated by their excellent caout-
chouc cakes, without the least injury to the
surface of the paper.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
THE SPLENDID AND ACCURATE MODEL OF ST. PETER'S, ROME, NOW EXHIBITING IN PALL-MALL.

We have availed ourselves of these two very accurate wood-cuts, with reference to the following article:

This colossus of architecture, now existing in perfect splendor, is replete with all that genius could devise or art portray, embellished by the most exquisite taste M. C. 15—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JUNE, 1843.
and rich with every ornament the most unbounded riches could lavish round it. To think of it is to wonder at its magnitude and magnificence; to see it, is to be awe-stricken, and compelled to bow before this chef-d'œuvre of human perseverance. But to see it, is forbidden to many. What, then, can possibly make amends for so great a privation? In part we had such a desideratum in a Dioramic view exhibited some short time since, but now, in a model of this gigantic edifice exhibiting in Pall Mall, immediately facing the Opera House, we have a more minutely correct and faithful representation, than can, for accuracy and beauty, by any possibility be surpassed.

Not only have we the exterior in all its gorgeous mass, with the noble colonnade of Bernini charged with its almost innumerable statues, each of which is beautifully carved in ivory, with the portico, the dome, and all its separate details of pillars, posts, fountains, &c., fully presented to the observer; but by a most ingenious contrivance, the aisles are opened, and all those wonders of the world, the paintings, the mosaics, the sculptures, the sepulchral monuments, the chapels, the shrines, the altars, the glorious ornaments in gold, marble, lapis lazuli, bronze or stucco, are individually and distinctly exhibited. This wonderful production is the work of the celebrated Signor Gambassini, well known and highly esteemed in Italy for his extraordinary talents as a modeller. Fifteen years of incessant labor, with intense attention to the object, have been bestowed upon it by the artist, and the result is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of the kind ever produced. The model is reduced to a hundredth part of the original size of the structure. It is entirely executed in ivory and wood, and may be ranked amongst the great works of Italy, which maintain for it so high a rank in all which appertains to the fine arts and objects of virtu.

We cannot here do better than quote from a very recent number of an architectural publication, which can scarcely yet have met the public eye, the following correct details:

The first inspection exhibits the grand semicircular colonnade of Bernini, which enclose, the piazza or area of the church, within which is the Egyptian obelisk, and two magnificent fountains. The colonnade is composed of four orders of pillars, each fifty feet in height surmounted by a balustrade, on which are placed 200 statues, each ten feet high. Two lateral entrances conduct to the church, and have likewise statues on their summit. Two statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, executed by Mino da Fiesole, adorn the white marble staircase. The portico in front, the balustrade, with the twelve apostles twenty feet high, the five doors, and the grand balcony from which the Pope pronounces his benediction,—all the rich architectural ornaments,—are given with a minute fidelity, which those who have frequently seen the grand original must fully appreciate.

The interior of the church is displayed with equal accuracy, and is of course an object of deeper interest; for even those who have not visited the great city are familiar with the outer aspect of the venerable Basilica; but to be enabled to form some opinion of the vastness of the interior, and the rich assemblage contained within the walls, the model of which we speak must be seen; and a better means of gratifying ardent curiosity could not have been devised. So admirable are all the proportions of this building, and so wonderfully adapted are the ornaments, that the first view of St. Peter's seldom excites astonishment; it is only when the details are entered upon that this feeling bursts upon the mind. Thirteen chapels are contained within, each boasting works of art of the greatest men that have lived in the tide of time. In the first chapel stands the work of Michael Angelo, the Statue of Piety; and there is situated the tomb of Christina of Sweden. In the second chapel is one of the great masterpieces of the world, St. Sebastian, by Domenichino. In the third chapel is St. Jerome, by Domenichino; the Deposition, by Caravaggio. In the fourth is a mosaic, by Pietro Subleyras, of exquisite workmanship. The fifth contains the Erasmus of Poussin. The sixth the St. Petronilla of Guercino. The Seventh is St. Peter's chair, supported by four statues, each twenty-two-feet in height, in bronze, executed by Bernini. Eighth, the picture of St. Peter curing the Lame, by Mancini. The ninth, St. Peter, by Guido; St. Francis, by Domenichino. The Tenth is the Clementine Chapel. The eleventh has the beautiful picture of the Conception, by Bianchi. The twelfth has the tomb of the last of the Stuart family, by Canova; and in the thirteenth the Baptism of St. John, by Carlo Maratti. We have enumerated a few only of the glories of each chapel; for were we to pursue the subject as far as it would admit, we should require a large catalogue of description. Besides these, we have every opportunity afforded us of forming an idea of the grand cupola,
adorned with lapia laniul!, and mosaics exquisitely executed by great masters of art. The great altar, the confession, the vaults, the statue of St. Peter, all are worthy of minute inspection; and we feel a pleasure in expressing our conviction, that there does not exist a more perfect work of art than the model of the Basilica of St. Peter's, so admirably executed by Brambazzini. We have little doubt that as it has been the favourite theme of admiration of Italy and of France, it will be regarded with the same feeling in England.

The reader will also observe, in another part of our Magazine, (page 138), under the head of St. Paul's, London, some comparative references with regard to the former and the subject of this notice.

THE HISTORY AND VARIETIES OF MOURNING.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject by the perusal of a little work, (without any publisher's name,) entitled "Notices, Historical and Miscellaneous, concerning Mourning Apparel, &c. in England." This brochure, which is evidently from the pen of an antiquarian who has fully mastered the subject, supplies a variety of curious facts upon the subject, and makes them extremely clear by the introduction of many engravings illustrative of the text. We shall take leave to cull a few paragraphs from this work.

ANTIQUITY OF MOURNING.

The custom of wearing mourning habits of "a coarse, black stuff," we find to have been in use among the ancient Greeks from a very remote period in their annals, and if they appeared in public during the time of their mourning, they had a veil thrown over their faces and heads. Concerning the Romans, we learn, that amid their tokens of private grief, which were similar with those of the Greeks, black or dark brown were the colours worn by the men, and were also common to the women. We are told that after the death of Coriolanus, (which event took place in the year 490 before Christ,) "the Roman women were mourning for him, as they had done for some former heroes,"

The mourning of the emperors at first was black. In the time of Augustus, the women wore white veils, and the rest of their dress black. From the time of Domitian they wore nothing but white habits, without any ornaments of gold, jewels, or pearls. We have, however, no information as to the adoption of mourning habits by the Britons.

VARIETIES OF MOURNING.

The modes of mourning are various in various countries; as are also the colours that obtain for that end. Throughout Europe the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, it is white; in Turkey, blue or violet; in Ethiopia, brown. White prevailed formerly in Castile, on the death of their princes. It is related that the last time it was used was in 1498, on the death of Prince John. Each people pretend to have their reasons for the particular colour of their mourning: white is supposed to denote purity; yellow, that death is the end of human hopes, in regard that leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade, become yellow; brown denotes the earth, whither the dead return; black, the privation of life, as being the privation of light; blue expresses the happiness which it is hoped the deceased does enjoy; and purple or violet, sorrow on the one side, and hope on the other, as being a mixture of black and blue. The Pope's neices never wear mourning, not even for their nearest relations, as the Romans esteem it so great a happiness to have a pope in the family, that nothing ought to afflict his Holiness' kin-dred.

FESTER FEAST.

Many of the customs which were common to our ancestors are now almost forgotten in London; amongst these may be included the funeral feast, which certainly originated from the canes funerulis of the Romans, or the offering made to the manes of the deceased, consisting of wine, milk, and honey, united in a small plate, decorated with flowers. When the public mind became more enlightened, it naturally occurred to the attendants on funeral ceremonies, that the living had equally urgent demands for food, which was provided, probably, at first, merely to satisfy the calls of nature; but this, like all other customs, degenerated, and sensuality intruded where grief and solemnity ought to have presided. In the country, it was perfectly excusable to furnish persons who had assembled from a considerable distance with a substantial meal; but the Londoners became sensible, in process of time, that indulgence on such occasions was almost impious; hence, cakes and wine now supply the place of "the funeral baked meats," that were seen to cover the spacious tables of former days.

STOCKINGS.

Of these last named articles, it may be noted, that it was in the second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, that her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, presented her majesty with a pair of black silk stockings, which she had knit for her for a new year's gift. From that time until her death the queen wore only silk stockings, abjuring entirely her cloth hose. The stocking-frame was invented by William Lee, an Englishman, about 1589,
but not receiving encouragement at home, he carried the improvement to France. Ladies wore white stockings even in mourning, as late as the year 1778. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, the eccentric and celebrated sculptor, is said to have been the first female who, in modern times, wore black silk stockings in England.

**Scottish and Irish Ceremonial.**

In Spalding's "Household Book," we are told, with reference to the funeral customs of the Scots, of the time of Elizabeth and James, that they were distinguished from the English by a practice common to themselves and the Irish only. As soon as life was departed, the friends of the deceased prepared to hold his lyke-wake, that is, to sit up with the body all night previous to interment. A plate or cellar of salt was placed on the breast of the corpse, as is now frequently done amongst our humbler classes, and lighted candles were set at the head and feet; but as the occasion partook more of festivity than sorrow, all the materials of feasting, drinking, and smoking, were plentifully provided for the watchers. The practice was at last so much abused, that a person's lyke-wake was often as expensive as his wedding. When the time of burial arrived, the coffin was carried to the grave on hand-spikes, and, if the deceased had been of rank, the interment was frequently accompanied with the ringing of bells and discharge of musketry and artillery.

**Funeral at Sea.**

When a sailor dies at sea, he is soon prepared for his deep sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sailmaker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock; and, having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a springy bed ofimoat. The bedding and clothes are always made up in the package, apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried afloat, and being placed across the after hatchway, the Union Jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half-deck; but generally it is laid, as before-mentioned, just abaft the mainmast.

It should have been previously noticed, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance. Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half hours are struck is tolled for the funeral, and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the main-mast, while the fore part of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officiers. While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest on the lee-gangway; the stanchions for the main-ropes of the sides are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock-netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased arrange themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating for a purpose which will presently be seen.

When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck, and commences the burial service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. The land service for the burial of the dead contains the following words:—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope," &c. Every one who has attended the funeral of a friend—and whom will not this include?—must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, which seems to appeal to the inmost heart. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner:—"Forasmuch," &c.—"we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and for the life of the world to come," &c. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words, "We commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

"—in a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown."

England, it may be added, is the only country in which, as yet, it has been found worth while to find what are
called MOURNING ESTABLISHMENTS. It was long a matter of complaint, that persons who had to put themselves into mourning were subject to the inconvenience of being compelled to go from shop to shop, in search of each distinct article of dress. This, too, at the very time when their painfully-excited feelings most disqualified them from the duties of searching out and purchasing the required articles. Messrs. W. C. Jay & Co. opened "The London General Mourning Warehouse," (247 and 249 Regent-street,) with the avowed intention of presenting such required accommodation to the public. Here may be found every article requisite for Court, Family, and Complimentary Mourning. The double advantage is, that such mourning can there be obtained without trouble, at a moment's notice, and that the cost is much less than at other places. The stock is large and varied (including all the novelties, from the first manufactories at home and abroad), and the whole establishment is under the personal superintendence of Mr. Jay. Its utility and complete success have enabled the proprietors to make extensive alterations, which have received the assistance of the first artists. Most appropriate, as well as most beautiful, are the pictorial embellishments — scenes from Pompeii, the City of the Dead, accurately copied from Sir Wm. Gell's truly classic designs. The chaste taste in these, not unsuitable decorations, must awaken admiration, and, deserving encouragement and reward, we trust that Jay's will long continue to be par excellence the Mourning Establishment of the metropolis.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RECOVERY FROM THE GRAVE.

The last livraison of the Popular Library of Modern Authors well supports its character for utility. We select the following, from amongst a host of stories, with reference to present purposes, in order that, as Mr. Mackinnon's Bill, requiring burial to take place within a limited time is now before the Legislature, statesmen may be warned so to legislate while correcting evils likely to arise from some deferred burials, not unadvisedly to hurry interment, that anybody might be prematurely deprived of life in the manner nearly experienced by M. de St. Civile.

[Our present story, (says the Editor of this popular library,) from 'The Lounger' (a very striking one) is preceded by some remarks of his, singularly characteristic of the man, who with a great deal of hearty good in him, had much that was vehement and suspicious, of a piece with the anxious stubbornness with which he kept himself concealed from the public. Perhaps he feared some such fate as, he here intimates, is sometimes caused by aavourite "housekeeper."]

It is mentioned here, in order to stimulate the friends of persons whose animation has been suspended by drowning, suffocation, and other accidents, and to encourage them not to relax in their efforts of recovery, however hopeless appearances may be. I also mean this article as a salutary check on persons of another description; the residuary legatees, second cousins, favourite housekeepers, and religious intimates of wealthy bachelors, rich widows, and childless or childish old men. I would wish them not to be too hasty in laying them out, and to pay some little regard to decency and decorum before they send for the undertaker, screw up the collin, and rummage for the will.

A spark of life not yet wholly extinguished may be roused into a flame by their abominable hypocrisy, and their avaricious hopes be ultimately defeated by a new device.

But waiving further preliminary comment, and to come at once to the fact, the circumstance in question took place in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth of England and Charles IX. of France, at the period when the intrepid female who filled the English throne felt it her duty or her interest to interfere in the wars of the league, and actually sent an army of 6,000 men, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, who took possession of Dieppe and Havre-de-Grace, but was too late to prevent the city of Rouen being taken by assault by the Duke of Guise and his party.

It was at this siege, and in defending Fort St. Catherine, that Francis de St. Civi, a young man of good family in Normandy, but somewhat tainted with the new opinions, leading on the company he commanded received a musket shot, which entering his right cheek and passing obliquely downwards, was buried in his neck.

A considerable effusion of blood took place, he fell motionless on the ground, and
soon after being considered as dead was stripped, and with another corpse committed to the earth.

A faithful old servant of his family impatiently waited his return, and on being told what had happened was anxious to see the body of his beloved master, and with a superstition in this instance amiable, to give it Christian burial.

In the eagerness of zeal and love he procured several soldiers of M. de St. Civile’s company to attend him with torches to the spot where the captain was buried. The day was already closed when he received the melancholy intelligence, and a solemn stillness reigned over a spot so lately the scene of carnage and confusion.

They opened many graves in vain, and as they were fearful of exciting the attention and drawing upon themselves the fire of the besiegers, were preparing to return without having accomplished their purpose, when the domestic’s attention was attracted by some bright body on the ground, which reflecting the blaze of the torch sparkled in his eye.

Turning back to examine the cause, he saw uncovered a hand and arm of some corpse already buried; on closer inspection, and gazing with eager looks, he found that the glittering object was a diamond ring on one of the fingers; this he instantly recognized, having formerly brought it to his master as a token of love from the mistress of the young soldier’s heart.

The body was disinterred without delay, and the valet, bearing it in his arms, returned to his quarters. He could not help remarking, as he carried this honourable burthen, that it was still warm. Stopping a moment to look at that face which had smiled on him a thousand times, he perceived something like a faint breath issuing from his mouth. This circumstance created new hopes, and the instant he reached home placing the body in a warm bed, and calling in medical aid, the wounded man gradually recovered.

The first object De St. Civile opened his eyes on was the fond, the faithful servant, who had attended him from his entrance into life, and had now snatched him from an untimely grave.

He remained for several weeks in a languid state, and the city was in the meantime taken by storm. The besiegers being exasperated against the family of the wounded captain for the active part they had taken, with that more than savage animosity with which civil wars are carried on, threw the sick man from the window.

Fortunately for M. de St. Civile there was a large dunghill underneath, on which he fell without injury. Here, in the noise and confusion of a military assault, he lay for several days unnoticed by the enemy, was occasionally supplied with a little nourishment, and at last conveyed by night, through the kind care of his original deliverer, to a farm-house a few miles from the city. At this place, with good nursing, he at length recovered, and was personally known to Monsieur de Thou, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this short but interesting narrative.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—On Monday, May 4, the funeral of H. R. H. took place. His remains were deposited in a vault underneath the chapel of Kensal Green Cemetery. The Duke of Cambridge officiated as Chief Mourner.

H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Ministers of State, was also present. It is curious that, as this was the first cemetery founded in England, upon this principle, so also was it the first which received the remains of Royalty. Such a sanction (graciously confirmed by the Queen’s approval, and that of her Ministry,) was probably more than was anticipated, even by Mr. Carden, founder of this Cemetery.

MORE CONQUESTS IN INDIA.—The Indian Mail of the 1st of April brought confirmation of the brilliant successes of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde, in the capital of which treasure and jewels to an amount considerably exceeding one million have been discovered. Doubts have been entertained if this treasure trove is to be considered prize money. Lord Ellenborough has declared, according to rumour, in favour of the gallant army that won the city of Hyderabad. The matter has been referred to the Queen in Council. In the mean time the Governor-General has declared Scinde to be a British province, abolished slavery therein, and appointed Sir C. Napier to be the Governor; and also declared all transit duties abolished, and the Indus open to the ships of all nations.
IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

—At the Court of Common Council, on the 17th ult., the report of the Improvement Committee was read. The important part of this document we subjoin:—“The special committee having examined carefully plans suggested by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for a new thoroughfare, commencing in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, through Lincoln’s-inn-fields into the city, crossing Farringdon-street by a viaduct, next considered the practicability of forming a street which would connect the end of Cheapside with such a thoroughfare at Lincoln’s-inn and with a branch diverging into Holborn, which would effectually relieve the great pressure of the public traffic in the thoroughfares alluded to, and at the same time render a viaduct at Holborn-bridge unnecessary. The street to commence at the east end, and, passing through Amen-corner, across Farringdon-street to the south-west corner of Farringdon-market in a straight line, the main line to continue across the middle of Fetter-lane to the city boundary, and a branch to diverge from the corner of the market to the end of Fetter-lane at the summit of the hill in the wide part of Holborn.

The special committee having had the levels in this proposed new line accurately taken, found that the greatest inclination of any part of it would not be more than about 3 feet in 106, and that only for the distance of 370 feet. It occurred to them in pursuing the investigation, that this new line would be still further improved by the removal of the whole of the houses between the north side of St. Paul’s Churchyard and Paternoster-row, from the end of Cheapside as far as Ave Maria-lane, which could be done for the additional sum of 150,000l.; thus opening a vista of uplands one-third of a mile, and that the whole would, in addition to the increased facility and convenience which would be afforded to the growing commercial traffic of the city, form one of the grandest of improvements. The special committee classed the improvements according to the relative importance of each, as follows:—

A. From the east end of Paternoster-row to Fetter-lane, and a branch street to Holborn, commencing with the houses at the west end of Cheapside, projecting beyond the line of St. Martin’s-le-Grand, all between Paternoster-row, St. Paul’s Churchyard, as far as Ave Maria-lane, Amen Corner, crossing the Old Bailey, to Farringdon street, to Shoe lane, Printer-street, Great New-street, to Fetter-lane, to the city boundary; and the branch street from Little New-street, to the north end of Fetter-lane, Holborn, about 3,360 feet in length, activity in the whole of this line will not be more than 1 in 31, and that for only about 370 feet. B. From the north end of Dowgate-hill to the east end of St. Paul’s Churchyard, thence to Earl-street, Blackfriars, through Tower Royal, Little and Great Diastaff-lane, crossing the Old Change into St. Paul’s Churchyard, about 1,360 feet in length, and from the Old Change, through Knightsbridge-court, Carter-lane, Godliman-street, Bull-yard, Alders-hill, to the east end of Earl-street, about 1,200 feet in length. C. Watling-street, from Aldermarney Church to the west end of St. Paul’s Churchyard, about 1,055 feet in length. D. The Poultry, on the north side, to the Old Jewry, and 100 feet of the north side of Mansion-house across Bucklebury, and Size-lane to Queen-street, from Watling-street to the east end of Basing-lane, the east side of Queen-street from Watling-street to Thames-street, about 1,400 feet in length. E. Lime-street, Leadenhall-market from Fenchurch-street through the south end of Gracechurch-street, about 800 feet in length; Aldgate, south side, from the Saracen’s Head to Jewry-street, and the east end of Leadenhall-street at its junction with Fenchurch-street. F. Broad-street buildings to the Curtain-road, through Halfmoon-street to Sun-street, thence to Skinner-street, and on to Worship-street, about 1,550 feet in length. G. From Aldersgate-street opposite the end of Jewin-street to Smithfield, and from the corner of Little Britain across Bartholomew-close, to communicate with the above line of street to Smithfield, about 1,280 feet in length. H. Threadneedle-street, north side, at its junction with Broad-street, and south side, from the church of St. Benet Fink, to Finch-lane, about 265 feet in length. I. Holborn-bridge, north side, about 90 feet in length. Butcherhall-lane, east side, about 85 feet in length. St. Martin’s-le-Grand, north-east corner, Angel-street. K. Maident lane, north and south sides, about 275 feet in length; Jewin-street, south side from the corner; Redcross-street to Redcross square, and north corner next Aldersgate-street; Aldermanbury, the west side of the south end; Milk-street, east side next Cheapside; White Rose-court, Coleman-street, and Mason’s alley, Moor-lane, south side, east corner, and north end, west side, from White-street to Type-street, and south end, Milton-street, east side; New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, through Tudor-street to the Temple.”

STREET CLEANSING MACHINES.—These machines, which have been for some time regularly used in Regent-street, had been tried in the city. The heavy rain had left the surface of Fleet-street in such a state as to display very favourably the powers of the mechanical cleanser. They passed through Temple-bar at intervals of about 50 yards, and commenced operations soon after midday, when the thoroughfare was in its most crowded state. They proceeded steadily at work through the throng, and after cleansing the space appointed for them, they
went to Cheapside, which was effectually cleansed in less than two hours. The number of vehicles around them did not seem to interfere materially with their operations, and the manner in which the paving was cleansed was certainly much superior to that in which the old scavengers, even when they did work, performed their task. It is understood that the permanent introduction of these machines into the city is contemplated, and that the present contractors for cleaning the streets have been wise enough to see their utility, and the advantage they may derive from their use.

**La Part du Diable.**—A piece bearing this name, written by M. Scribe, and magnificently performed at Paris, has been adapted for the English stage, and produced at the Haymarket and the Princess’s Theatres. The version at the Haymarket is by Mr. Webster, the other by Mr. Egerton Wilkes. The plot is nearly the same in each, but the *tenue* (to use a legal phrase) is different; the Haymarket scene being at the Court of Spain, the Princess’s at that of Sardinia. A young man in desperate want of money invokes the demon, and another youth by chance responds to his call, and humours his superstition. A compact is formed between them; the supposed demon promising to aid him on condition that he receives one half of whatever he procures him—la part du diable. The ingenuity of the dramatist is now shown in making a variety of good chances so befal the young gentleman, that he shall attribute all to the influence of his familiar spirit. When he wins at dice, when he gets a commission, in short, whenever he is lucky, it always seems as if the fiend is his friend; but the young peasant who is taken for Amodreous has likewise got influence over the Court, by singing airs to divert the melancholy of the King, and he is thus used by the Queen to strengthen her own power, and weaken that of the Inquisition over the weak mind of the monarch. This part of the story reminds us of that of Farinelli. By his power at Court, the youth is able to serve his friend, and the perfect confidence which the latter has in his might and fidelity is one of the best things of the whole. The first occasion on which the hero feels the inconvenience of his bargain is when he takes unto himself a wife, and the importunate devil still claims his half. Whenever he approaches his bride, the lady, who is really the sister of the supposed demon, and an accomplice in the scheme, continually feigns that some invisible being is addressing her on the opposite side, till her bridegroom is nearly distracted. The play ends, of course, with a marriage and explanation. It is better “got up” at the Haymarket, but the dialogue is neater in the Oxford-street version, and the acting more natural. In other words, Miss E. Stanley is a better “Little Devil” than Madame Vestris, and Mr. W. Lacy a more gentlemanly hero than Mr. C. Matthews.

**Astley’s Amphitheatre.**—Mr. Batty has most truly erected an elegant, comfortable, compact, and effective theatre, one which, perhaps, was never more calculated to suit an audience; every sitting is commodiously arranged, from the pit to the gallery, and from the most distant point of which there is obtainable a full and perfect view of both stage and circus. The decorations are in good taste and keeping and in most appropriate style in connection with the circus, and the light from a chandelier of common size, with its flying horses as branches, as well as from those around the house, so well distributed, that the interior is as light as day. The manager proceeds evidently in a liberal manner. The pieces, especially the _Afghanistan War_, are got up with every endeavour to arrest public attention, without engaging the visitor’s mind _over-much _in the actual horrors of war. The scenery is good, the costumes very fair, and the supernumeraries well numbered. Much praise is due to the stage director for the groupings and general mise-en-scene. As to the more immediate department of the place—the horsemanship,—what praise can be greater than that it is Astley’s in its palmeist days? and although we have lost Ducrow, Mr. Batty seems determined we shall not be without one who will at least endeavour to pluck a leaf from his bays. We wish him success.—The passages and entrance to the house are tastefully adorned with colored designs, and, within, we must not omit to mention a department in which great improvement has taken place for the better, we mean in the saloons, which are now intended really for public accommodation, and ladies and their families can retire into a separate suite of rooms for refreshment and comfort, the thought of which in such a theatre for juveniles, exhibits much judgment and kindness in the management.

**Lady’s Gaiter.**—We have seen a very ingenious novelty, introduced by Pope and Plante of Waterloo-place, in the way of a Lady’s Gaiter, convenient in the facility of drawing on, useful in the protection they afford from dust, and neat and elegant in their appearance; they are elastic and of any color agreeable to the taste of the purchaser.

**Caplin’s Corsets.**—Among the first-rate establishments in the metropolis for the manufacture of ladies’ corsets, is the Magazine of Monsieur and Madame Caplin, 58, Berners-street. An inspection of their various models and different species of corsets will gratify every one of the correct
ness of the prospectus these artists have issued to the public. M. Caplin has made the manufacture of corsets a complete study, embracing at once the several designs of anatomy, geometry, drawing, and mechanics. Every portion of his article of sale is worked, and modelled on the premises, and passes through his own hands; consequently the master may be traced in all, and his system of measurement is at once perfect and infallible.

Her Majesty was churched on the 19th May, and, with H.R.H. Prince Albert and a select suite departed for Claremont the next day. Shortly before, a fine stag-hound, of a choice breed, was brought to Buckingham Palace as a present from Mr. Campbell, M.P., of Monzie, the present having been forwarded from the hon. member’s estate in Argyllshire.

Royal Christening.—It is stated that the christening of the Infant Princess, whose birth we announced last month, will take place on the 2d instant, in the New Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury will be the officiating divine, assisted by the Bishop of London. The Duchess of Gloucester will be one of the sponsors. The solemnity will be as private as possible, consistent with the rank of the party. Invitations were issued, last week, to the different members of the Royal Family, and to the Ministers of State, and the Great Officers of the Household. The names of Alice Maude Mary will be given to the Infant Princess.

Royal Visit to the Temple Church.—During the course of last month, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by Lady G. Curzon, Miss Boyle, Miss Hudson, Earl Howe, and the Rev. Mr. Woods, had a private view of the Temple Church upon a very short appointment. Her Majesty was met on the terrace by Messrs. Burge, Spence, Whately, and the Hon. Mr. Talbot, Benchers. After spending nearly half an hour in the Church, the party proceeded to view the ancient halls of the Inner and Middle Temple, the latter of which is one of great beauty and antiquity. Her Majesty expressed herself exceedingly gratified, having minutely examined all the curiosities of this the only known resting-place of any of the Knights Templars. The assembled few to whom the circumstance was known warmly greeted Her Majesty as she left, a little after five o’clock.

On Sunday, May 28, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Gloucester, attended divine worship in the Temple Church. They were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Grecian Ambassador, Lord Brougham, and Lord Morpeth. They expressed themselves much pleased with the manner in which the Temple Church had been effected, and afterwards visited the Old Hall of the Middle Temple—the finest edifice of the kind in England. The Benches of the Inner and Middle Temple entertained them at a grand déjeuner in the hall of the latter. With the exception mentioned in the preceding notice, this is the only royal visit paid to the Temple since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Chamberlain of London.—Sir James Shaw having resigned office, Sir J. Pirie and Sir William Heygate became candidates for the same. After several days polling, the former resigned. The numbers were, for Sir W. Heygate, 2374; for Sir J. Pirie, 1910. Sir William was therefore elected by a majority of 494.

Mr. Baunsh.—It is most gratifying to be enabled to state that this gentleman, who has experienced, through the skill of his medical attendants, so providential and wonderful an escape, is now sufficiently convalescent to resume his duties upon the Great Western Railway.

Thames Tunnel.—The number of passengers through this place in May averaged about 45,000 each week.

Calais and Lille Junction Railway.—The Journal des Chemins de Fer states, that the Committee of the Chamber of Deputies was inclined to make Henin Lebard the point of connexion of the Calais railroad junction with the principal line between Paris and Lille.

The question of the Lyons railway is still in statu quo, the Committee of the Pontet-Chaussé not having yet decided whether it should traverse the valley of the Yonne, or that of the Seine. The receipts of the Orleans railroad, between the 11th and 18th May, amounted to 89,146f. and those of the Rouen line to 83,857f. between the 9th and 15th. The receipts of the latter, on the 16th, were 11,995f., and on the 17th, 11,086f.

Railway Speed.—The returns given in the report of the officers of the Railway Department, Board of Trade, show the average speed upon the various lines, exclusive of stoppage, as follows:—London and Birmingham, 27 miles per hour; Great Western, 33; Northern and Eastern, 36; North Midland, 29; Midland Counties, 28; Birmingham and Derby, 29; Manchester and Birmingham, 25; Newcastle and North Shields, 30; and Chester and Birkenhead, 25. The average speed on the metropolitan lines, exclusive of stoppage, is about 22 miles an hour.
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Abraham, the lady of Augustus, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Plymouth, Devon, May 6.

Alford, the lady of the Rev. Henry, of a son; at Wymsewold Vicarage, Leicestershire, May 9.

Benbow, lady of J. H., esq., of a daughter; at Doughty-street, May 21.

Bird, lady of Dr. Golding, of a son; Middleton-square, May 3.

Carington, Lady, of a son; at Whitehall, May 16.

Carnac, the lady of John Rivett, esq., of a daughter; at Warborne-house, Lymington, Hants, April 27.

Chamier, the lady of the Rev. Wm., of a son; at Woodthorpe Hall, near Wakefield, May 17.

Colvin, Mrs. Alex., of a son; at Clarenden-place, Hyde-park Gardens, May 1.

Cripps, the lady of Wm., esq., of a son; St. James's-place, May 14.

Dacres, the lady of Captain Sydney C., R.N., of a son; at Bacheaton, May 6.

De Calabret, ladies of Duchess, of a son; at Florence, May 8.

De Rothschild, the lady of Baron Anthony, of a daughter; at Grosvenor-place, April 29.

Dinorben, Lady, of a daughter; at South Audley-street, April 18.

Fane, the lady of Lieut.-Col., of a son; at Fulbeck-hall, April 28.

Farquhar, Lady Mary, of a son; at Grosvenor-square, April 26.

Frederick, Lady of Major-General, C.B., of a son; at Manchester-square, May 2.

Heber, the lady of B., esq., of a daughter; at York-place, Portman-square, May 13.

Hians, Lady Mary, of a daughter; at Spring Gardens, May 17.

Hood, Viscountess, of a son; at Bryanstone-square, May 1.

Hydeham, the lady of J. B., esq., of a son; Hyde-park-square, May 16.

Jones, the lady of Capt. E., of a daughter; at Bryntirion, Denbighshire, May 20.

Macnaughton, the lady of E. C., esq., of a son; Hyde-park-square, May 4.

Mason, the lady of Dr., of a daughter; at York-place, City-road, April 30.

Money, Lady Louisa, of a daughter; at Upper Portman-square, May 29.

Patterson, the lady of Alex., M.D., of a son; at Batavia, Feb. 13.

Pearson, Hon. Lady, of a son; at Naples, April 10.

Peel, the lady of William, esq., of a son; at Tanaris, Carmarthenshire, May 23.

Platt, the lady of Thomas, of a son; of Downshire-hill, Hampstead, and of Lincoln's-inn, esq., barrister-at-law, April 21.

Powys, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Horace, of a daughter; April 30.

Richards, the lady of Samuel, esq., of a daughter; at Bedford-square, May 14.

Romilly, Lady Georgiana, of a son; at Wilton Crescent, May 4.

Shapler, the lady of John, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Keppel-street, April 26.

Shuttleworth, the wife of J. P. Kay, esq., of a daughter; at Vere Lodge, Old Brompton, May 6.

Smith, the lady of E. R., esq., of a daughter; at Ludhope, Roxburghshire, May 2.

Sturgeou, the lady of Charles, esq., barrister, of a son; April 25.

Twining, the lady of Richard, jun., esq., of a son; in the Strand, April 27.

Van Hythuysen, the lady of E. E., of a daughter; at John-street, Bedford-row, May 21.

White, the lady of the Rev. John T., A.M., of a daughter; at Christ's Hospital, May 15.

MARRIAGES.


Armitage, Laura Harriet, second daughter of the late John Armitage, esq., and sister of Sir George Armitage, bart. of Kirklee's-park, Yorkshire, the Rev. C. W. Holbeck, vicar of Farnborough, Warwickshire; at Harrow Church, by the Rev. T. Atkinson, May 11.

Ball, Ellen, daughter of the late Thos. Ball, esq., to John Ward Nicholls, esq., R.N. (late secretary to Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., at Portsmouth); at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. James W. D. Dundas, vicar of Kinburn, Berks, April 20.

Blore, Harriet, eldest daughter of Edward Blore, esq., Manchester-square, to the Rev. Wm. Cureton, of the British Museum; at Marylebone Church, by the Rev. Dr. Jennings, May 9.

Bruce, Julia, daughter of Vice-Chancellor the Right Hon. Sir James L. Knight Bruce, to Francis, youngest son of the late Wm. George D. Tyssen, esq., of Poultney-hill, Norfolk, and Foley-house, Kent; at Roehampton Chapel, by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, April 29.

Bruce, Theodora, only daughter of the late Colonel T. de Resneil, and niece of Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, to Wm. H. Helvar, esq., of Cock-court, Somersetshire, and Sedghill, Wilts; at Roehampton Chapel, by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, April 29.

Clifford, Emily, youngest daughter of the late Morgan Clifford, of Perristone, in the county of Hereford, esq., to Lieut.-Col. Philip Jas. Yorke, of the Scots Fusiliers Guards; at the parish church of Foy, in the county of Hereford, by the Hon. and Rev. J. S. Coeks, April 27.


Devonshire, Augusta Sarah, 2d daughter of Abosolom Devonshire, esq., late of Wilshemert, Ireland, and grand-daughter of Captain Cooke, who fell in the battle of Trafalgar, to the Rev. Ed. Rolles, son of the late Admiral Rolles.
at St. Mary's church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. R. Rolles, May 11.

Dovers, Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Dovers, R.N., to Wm. Wilby, esq., of the 4th, or King's Own, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Col. Wilby; at St. Mary's, Bathurst-square, by the Rev. G. Paul, vicar of Wellow, Somersetshire, April 27.

Doyle, Selina Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., to Joseph Ridgway, esq., of Wallueshe, Lancashire; at St. Anne's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. E. Girdlestone, vicar of Deane, Lancashire, May 16.

Emery, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late R. Emery, esq., to Richard Smith, esq. of Hindley, Staffordshire; at Wrockwardine, Salop, by the Rev. G. L. Yate, April 27.

Evans, M., daughter of the late Major-Gen. Evans, of the Royal Artillery, to Orlando Donne, esq., Royal Artillery; at Woolwich, May 25.


Hall, Agnes Mary, youngest daughter of Thomas James Hall, esq., chief magistrate of Bow-street, to Wm. Atheron, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law; at St. Pancras church, April 15.


Krent, Elizabeth Regina, only daughter of Christopher Krent, esq., Consul-General for the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to Richard Cooke Coles, esq., of Gray's inn; at St. Catherine Cree, by the Venerable the Archdeacon Hale, April 24.

Long, Fanny, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Long, of Bladon, near Blenheim, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, to Alfred Wm., fourth son of Robert Collins, esq., of the House of Commons; at Bladon church, Oxon, April 27.


Macdonnell, Julia Sophia, daughter of the late R. Macdonnell, esq., M.D., and niece of the Rev. Dr. Macdonnell, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to Sir V. Blake, Bart., M.P., Menlo Castle, county of Galway; at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, by the Rev. Mr. James, May 16.


Medland, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Wm. Medland, esq., of Hertford, to Wm. M. Armstrong, esq., of Gray's inn; at All Saints, Hertford, by the Rev. Wm. Alington, Rector of Twywell, Northampton, April 5.


Morison, Jane Carhampton, daughter of Sir Alex. Morison, M.D., Cavendish-square, to J. C. Sommers, esq., of Manchester; at St. Peter's, Marylebone, by the Rev. E. Scobell, April 27.

Norreys, Caroline, 2d daughter of R. J. J. Norreys, esq., of Davy Hulme Hall, Lancashire, to John Smith Edcock, esq., of Possboles, of the same county; at the parish church of Eccles, by the Rev. G. Heron, M.A.; May 18.


Pontigny, Mias de, of Tavistock-square, to Chevalier de Chatelain; March 13.


Price, Maria, only child of the late Lambert Price, esq., of Puugwainton, county Cornwall, to John La Touche, esq., eldest son of T. La Touche, esq., of Herrington; at St. Peter's church, Dublin, by the Rev. E. Morris, May 16.

Romer, Harriet Mary, third daughter of Lieut.-Col. Romer, Royal Artillery, to Le Comte du Pontavice de Henseaux; at Clarence House, St. Heller's, Jersey, April 27.

Rothley, Augusta Prudence, daughter of Wm. Rothley, esq., of Stratford-place, to Felix Belloe, Advocate-General of the Royal Court of Lyons, Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour; at the British Embassy, April 28.


Schwabe, Ernestine Augusta, third daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Schwabe, of Stamford-hill, to Wm. E. Swaine, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; at Tottenham church, by the Rev. W. H. Schwabe, Rector of Throwleig, Devonshire, May 4.
Thompson, Clara Eliza, 2d daughter of the late Wm. Thompson, esq., formerly of Hams-place, to Joseph Goodeve, esq., of Lincoln's-inn barrister; at St. Saviour's, Upper Chelsea, by the Rev. Mr. Niven, May 13.

Tyron, Kate Curling, only daughter of H. Lyrton, esq., R. N., to J. W. Wing, esq., barrister-at-law and Fellow of University College, Oxford; at Upper Dean, by the Rev. J. Wing, rector of Thornhaugh, Northamptonshire, April 22.


Waters, Frances, third daughter of the late T. Waters, esq., M.D., to Hermann Robert De Ricci, only son of Adjudant-Gen. and Lady De Ricci, and nephew to the late Earl of Kingston; at Parsonstown, by the Rev. M. McIcssi, late of Sir Primrose, April 29.

Wilbraham, Eliza Scott, only surviving child of the late W. E. Wilbraham, esq., to J. G. Rowlcy, of Sunninghill, and Lincoln's-inn, esq., barrister-at-law; at Wickham, April 27. Tetley, Helen, daughter of the late T. C. Worsley, esq., of Platt-hall, Lancashire, to Lieut. H. A. Norman, R.N., son of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Norman; at Winster Church, by the Rev. F. J. Notman, May 10.

DEATHS.

Abercavenney, the Right Hon. Henry, Earl of, K.T., aged 89; at Erdege Castle, Sussex, April 27.


Arkwright, R., esq., aged 87; Welford, Northamptonshire, April 23. He has left £7,000,000 to his family.

Ashburnham, Sir Wm., Bart., aged 74; at his seat, Broomhall, in the county of Sussex, March 22.

Barrenger, James Leonard, son of Mr. James Barrenger, of Bermondsey-street, May 9, aged 7 years and 2 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Boovey, Mr. George Brockett, Rood Lane, City, April 27, aged 64; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Boyer, Capt. John, half-pay of Her Majesty's 45th Foot; at Lisieux, Normandy, France, April 10.

Buchanan, Miss Susan, only child of the late Dr. Buchanan, and 2d daughter of the late Sir A. Primrose, Bart., of Dunchace; Richmond, April 24.

Butcher, Wm. James, son of Mr. Wm. Butcher, Brydges-street, Covent-garden; May 15, aged 10 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Chambers, Joseph, esq., M.A., aged 63, police magistrate in this metropolis upwards of 30 years, and eldest son of the late Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of Calcutta; Lower Brook-street, May 10.

Chambers, Sir Samuel, Knt., of Bredgar-house, county of Kent, Deputy-Lieutenant, and one of the eldest magistrates for that county, aged 80; March 27.

Clubley, Eleanor, wife of Major J. K., Madras Establishment; at Avranches, in France, April 9.

Colville, Gen. the Hon. Sir Chas., G.C.B., and G.C.H., Colonel of the 6th, or Northumberland Regiment of Fusiliers; at Roslyn-house, Hampstead, April 27.

Colville, Lady; at Rosalyn-house, near Hampstead, from effects of injury received by her dress catching fire. She survived her gallant husband, Sir C. Colville, G.C.B., Bart., two months; May 20.

Cooke, Edward George Charles, son of Mr. Cooke, surgeon, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, May 15, aged 6 years and 9 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cooper, Capt. Spencer, of the Royal Engineers, aged 49; Pall-mall east, April 11.

Corderoy, Emma Fanny, daughter of Edward Corderoy esq., Walton-Place, Lambeth, May 18, aged 6 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Coutes, Ben., esq., of North End, St John's, Fulham, aged 67; March 30.

Cowie, Helen Catherine, daughter of Henry Cowie esq., Manor-park, Streatham May 9, aged 1 year and 2 days; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Crocker, Mrs. Sarah, Dulwich Road, Lambeth, May 16, aged 75; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Dent, Mr. George, Blackman-street, Southwark, May 6, aged 64; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Drew, Thomas Frances, esq., Newington, Surrey, April 30, aged 63; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Edwards, Earnest, son of Mr. John Edwards, Russell-street, Brixton, May 15, aged 7; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Entwistle, Thomas, esq., aged 68; Springfield, near Manchester, March 26.

Fairlie, Louisa, wife of John Fairlie, esq.; at Cheveley Park, Newmarket, April 2.

Gibbs, Julia, daughter of Wm. Gibbs esq., Grove-lane, Camberwell, May 6, aged 3 years and 2 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Girling, Mrs. Isabella, New Kent Road, April 5, aged 68; South Metropolitan Cemetery, Graham, Arabella Matilda, 4th daughter of Sir B. Graham, Bart., very suddenly; Park-street, Grosvenor-square, March 31.

Gunnell, Mr. Robert, son of S. R. Gunnell, esq., of the House of Commons; at Mannheim, Germany, April 14.

Haly, E. B., esq., formerly of Barbadoes, and late of London, aged 44; on his voyage to the West Indies, in the Solway steamer, April 7.

Hall, T. H., only son of the Rev. T. G.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Murray, Sir James P., of Hill-head and Englefield-green: he is succeeded in the baronetcy by Robert, the second son of the late Rev. Sir Wm. Murray; at the house of his friend, Mr. Ed. Wrench, of Gray's-inn-terrace, April 22.

Northampton, Mary, Dowager Marchioness of, aged 76; at Brighton, at the house of her son-in-law, C. S. Dickens, esq.; April 22.

Nugent, Sir James, Bart., of Ballindouche Castle, Ireland; at Bagnoles de Bigorre, Pyrenees, April 26.

Ogilvy, the Hon. Mrs., of Cleve; at Leamington, April 9.


Paul, Mr. Thomas Binney, Cannon-street, City, May 11, aged 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Peel, Thomas, esq., of Trenant-park, Cornwall, and Peel-fold, Lancashire, aged 75; May 8.

Philpot, Lieut.-Gen., Colonel of the 8th, or the King's Royal Irish Hussars; at Kensington-square, April 30.

Pownall, John, jun., esq., aged 42, late of the Six Clerks' office; April 20.

Pollock, Captain D. T., of the 74th Regiment of Native infantry, and Sub-Assistant Commissary General, eldest son of David Pollock, esq., Queen's Counsel; at Erinpura, Bengal, in Feb. last.

Reynal, Eleanor, wife of George Reynal esq., Denmark-hill, Camberwell. May 14 aged 62; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Richards, Henry, son of Mr. Jacob Richards, High-holborn, May 1, aged 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Robertson, George, esq., of the Guiana Bank, and nephew of the late Hon. James Robertson, Chief Judge of the Virgin Islands; at St. Thomas's, on his way to England, for the recovery of his health, Feb. 26.


Smith, Thomas, esq., aged 69, late of the Custom-house, London; at Sea, near Severn-oaks, Kent; April 24.

Smith, George, esq., aged 55, many years an esteemed inhabitant of Greenwich, and late a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Kent; at the residence of his nephew, Park-row, Greenwich, May 7.

Stapleton, Mary Globe, daughter of James Globe, Stapleton esq., Clapham-rise, Surrey, May 18, aged 19 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stonot, Mrs. Hannah, the late Thomas Stoton esq., Wimbledon-surry, April 29, aged 85; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Strat, Thomas esq., Clapham-surry, April 23, aged 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Standish, R., esq., of Scaleby Castle, Cumberland, and of Farley Hall, in the county of Berks; at Florence, April 22.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Stanley, P. W., esq., son of the late Wm. Stanley, esq., of Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex, in consequence of a fall from his horse; aged 30; at Cadiz, May 2.

Stanley, J. A. Charlotte, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Hon. Chas. Stanley, of Grosvenor square, aged 2; April 13.

Sterling, Susannah, wife of the Rev. John Sterling; at Falmouth, April 18.


Tanner, Frederick esq., of Exeter, April 26, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, aged 43; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Thomson, Henry, esq., R. A., late Keeper of the Royal Academy. As a scholar his attainments were universally acknowledged, and the exalted talents displayed in the ardent pursuit of his profession obtained for him its utmost honors and advantages. As a gentleman he won the esteem and regard of all who knew him; and his death will be sincerely regretted; in Portsea, April 5.

Thorp, Robert, esq., Clerk of the Peace for Northumberland, aged 71; at Alnwick, April 7.

Tweddell, R. W., esq., Deputy-Assistant Chaplain-General, son of the late P. Tweddell, esq.; at Pympton, Devon, April 27.

Walford, Patty, the wife of Richard Walford, esq., the youngest and last surviving sister of the late Rear-Admiral Sir E. Berry, Bart. and K.C.B.; at Ryde, Isle of Wight, aged 64; May 4.

Walters, Anne Grant, wife of R. Walters, esq., of North-bank, Regent's-park, and of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and eldest daughter of the late Sir P. Macgregor, Bart.; April 21.

Wathen, Major A., 13th Light Dragoons, aged 46, only son of Major Wathen, Cadogan-place; at Epping-place, on his way from Norwich to the Countess of Rothes', Shrub-hill, Dorking, for the benefit of his health, May 3.

Willard, Capt., esq., Clerk of the Peace for the county of Kent, aged 81; at Sevenoaks, Kent, May 10.

Death of the Hon. Lady Jane Colville.—The deepest sorrow was evinced on Saturday the 20th May, throughout the population of Hampstead, in consequence of the unexpected and dreadful death of the Hon. Lady Jane Colville, relict of General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, G. C. B. (who it will be remembered died about two months ago) through her clothes catching fire whilst in the drawing room of her mansion, Rosslynhouse, Rosslyn-vale, Hampstead-road. The following are the particulars connected with the unfortunate lady's death:—It appears that on the previous morning her Ladyship, having finished writing a letter to a member of the family, rang the bell for one of the domestics to bring a lighted wax taper for the purpose of sealing it. The taper was directly brought, and placed by her direction on the floor near the foot-stool. By some unfortunate means her Ladyship's dress soon ignited, and when discovered by her daughter, Lady Caroline, and attendants, she was completely enveloped in flames. The alarm having been raised, several of the footmen came to her assistance, who, after some difficulty, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but, unhappily, not before she was so dreadfully burned about the body and head that she died on the morning of the 20th. Her Ladyship was in her 54th year. It is somewhat a remarkable fact that Sir George during the latter part of his life feared some melancholy accident would occur to her Ladyship, and never would permit a fire being made in her bedroom. An inquest was held on the body, before the Coroner and a respectable jury, and a verdict "Accidental Death" returned.

Died at Boulogne, March 21st, Major Joseph Dacre Watson, of the Hon. East India Company's army. This lamented officer was obliged by severe ill-health to retire from the service, after a period of 20 years, in the former of which he was actively employed with his corps, when he was appointed Chief Translator of the native language in the province of Malabar. In the war with Tippoo Sultan he was selected by General Stewart as Aid-de-Camp, in which capacity he acted during the campaign, and at the siege of Seringapatam, in 1799; he was afterwards appointed to one of the first civil situations in the province, and after having the command of between 3,000 and 4,000 Nairs, with whom he acted in the jungles for some years, in times of great difficulty and danger, frequently displaying the greatest coolness and personal courage, he ultimately held the situation of Conservator of the Forests, from the unhealthy effects of which he never totally recovered. In a few words, Major Watson was a firm friend, a kind husband, and a liberal man. He was a high-spirited, zealous, and talented officer; a man of the strictest integrity, and of the most honourable principles; he lived respected and esteemed, and died regretted by all who knew him.
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TO THE HALF-YEARLY VOLUME

ENDING JUNE, 1843,

OF

THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,

MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM,

AND LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

United Series, Vol. XI., 1843.
Improved Series, Enlarged, and Ancient Portrait Series, Vols. XXII., 1843,
and, from the commencement,
Vols. CLXXVI., ending with No. MLXVII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM SYME, 5, RATHBONE-PLACE, OXFORD-STREET.
1843.
N.B.—[The Memoirs of Catherine of Arragon, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, Catherine Parr,
(four of the six wives of King Henry VIII., whose portrait is in progress) Henry V.; Elizabeth,
Queen of Bohemia; the Empress Eleanor; Maria of Austria; H. M. Queen Charlotte; the Lady
Arabella Stuart; Jeanne d'Arragon; Maria Beatrice, 2nd queen of James II., whose portraits have
been published, are in arrear, and will from time to time, as speedily as possible, be published.]
DIRECTIONS FOR BINDING.

[The Court Magazine is now divided into four parts, each part following on successively when the half-year is completed:—viz., Original Tales and Poetry. 2. Reviews, Miscellaneous Notices, Births, Marriages and Deaths, Obituaries, &c. 3. The Memoirs with descriptions of Portraits for separate binding, or in the Volume itself. 4. The Paris Fashions, Le Follet and French Letter-press.]

N. B.—In order to obviate apparent difficulties arising from the non-publication of the Memoirs and descriptions of the Portraits simultaneously with the Portraits; a paper will be printed, to be placed in the volume with the respective Portrait shewing in what subsequent number the memoir and description of the Portrait have appeared.

When the memoir of Anne of Denmark (see June, 1842) was commenced, there was no intention of giving the Portrait of King James; the posture of affairs lately in Scotland, having awakened a new interest, the Portrait and Memoir of King James have since been published, and the binder will please cancel those two pages of the memoir of Queen Anne of Denmark.

The binder will consult his employer as to some of the Directions, whilst others he will be pleased strictly to follow, and thereby save himself much trouble.

This volume (for the half-year from December 1, 1842, to June, 1843), is to commence with the Emblematical Title-Page, which is in the number for June, 1843.

A new plan having been adopted in printing the Memoirs and descriptions of the Portraits, upon the request of several Subscribers, which plan was commenced June 1, 1842, such of our Subscribers who may think proper to follow the same, will direct their binders to detach the Memoirs, so as to form a volume, to be entitled,

MEMOIRS (WITH AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS)
OF
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND
AND
CELEBRATED PERSONAGES (CHIEFLY WOMEN).

Others, however, who prefer having the whole of the matter as usual in the respective volume have only to direct the Memoirs to be placed together.

January, A 1; B 11; C 33; D 49; February, E 65; F 81; G 97; March, with the word “reprint,” owing to wrong backing of the pages, H 105; I 121; K 137; April, L 153; M 169; N 186; O 201; P 217; May, Q 225; R 241; S 257; T 273, June, U 289; X 305; Y 312; Z 329.


The Portraits for January, February, March, April, to remain where they are, that for May to face page 119, and to transfer from the June number at the end, the description to face the portrait of Queen Maria Beatris.

The Plates of Paris Fashions to be placed along with Le Follet towards the end.

The monthly pages of Contents to follow—This Index at the end.

N. B.—The leaves to be but little cut, to preserve the size of the portraits.
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Registration of Marriages, Births, & Deaths from a distance.—Notices, accompanied by a remittance of postage stamps, would be available 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.

N.B.—Searches made, upon the receipt of paid communications, at the Office of the Registrar-General.

This 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 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; whilst with the half-yearly index to these, (the lady's name being printed monthly,) the changed or family name can also be traced with the utmost facility (see the Marriage Index), whichever happens to be better known by the searcher.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconceivable 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 such proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age, for few persons would willingly falsify a child's age for an indefinite object, so many years before it might be of the slightest importance.
Established eighty-nine years, and now the oldest but one of all the Periodicals.

[This Periodical was first published in the year 1756, under the Title of "The Lady's Magazine," and has appeared monthly from that date, so that there have been altogether published up to June 1, 1843, CXXXVI. half-yearly volumes, or MLXVI. monthly parts.

In the year 1832, when the copyright of the Lady's Museum was purchased, the Lady's Magazine bore the title of The Lady's Magazine and Museum; just previously to that period the full-length, authentic, ancient portraits were first published, colored; and for the better displaying the same, the size of the Magazine was enlarged; then began the 'Improved Series Enlarged,' and the 'Ancient Portrait Series,' so that up to June 1, 1843, there have been published XXI, half-yearly volumes, or CXXVII. monthly parts, (some 2s. 6d. others 3s. 6d. each), and in January, 1838, the copyright of the Court Magazine, Monthly Critic and La Belle Assemblée edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, being purchased of Mr. Churton, the whole was incorporated under the present Title, of which there have appeared up to June 1, 1843, ten half yearly volumes, or sixty-six monthly parts.]