Per. 2705 d. \[ \frac{397}{23} \]
HENRY, LORD DARNLY OSTAT-IE.

2nd HUSBAND OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, KING OF SCOTLAND

Born 1545.
Married 29 July 1565.
Killed 10 Feb. 1567.

From an original in the royal palace of St. James, painted by Lucas de Heere, A.D. 1563.
No. 12 of the series of full-length authentic portraits.

Dobbs and Co.'s Court Magazine, II, Carey Street, London.
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.
UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY STUART, EARL DARNLEY,
KING OF SCOTLAND.

(Embellished with an Authentic full-length colored Portrait, No. 122, of this series).

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, it must be admitted, is one of the personages who, but for the many dreadful events which made him important, personally merits the very slightest notice from the historian or biographer. He has been described, and may be justly, "as a weak and insignificant young man," and Lodge adds further, with equal severity and truth, that "all the public importance which belonged to him fell on him as by reflection, and although he was the first cause of several great events, he was an active instrument in none. Suddenly raised to an empty regal title by a passion which did not merit the name of love; boasted on, despised; the object at once of idolatry, and of fear and jealousy; without judgment to ward off the dangers with which the perverseness of his fate surrounded him, and without temper to bear the contempt to which the imbecility of his character exposed him; as he rose without merit, so he fell unpitied, and, but for collateral circumstances, would have been long since wholly forgotten." It is indeed, solely, as the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, that Lord Darnley is worthy of notice, as will be apparent in the following brief particulars:

Mary, the Scottish queen married the Dauphin (afterwards Francis II. of France), in the month of April, in the year 1558. In the summer of the year following, her husband ascended the throne, on the death of Henry II., but did not long enjoy the honors to which he succeeded, as his own death took place in the month of Decem-

A—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY AND AUGUST, 1843.
ber, in the year 1560. A widow of eighteen, beautiful, accomplished and a Queen, new suitors early sought her hand, when circumstances rendered her early return to Scotland necessary, which event took place in the month of August in the year 1561.

It soon became apparent to Mary that the sceptre had then little weight in Scotland, when wielded by a woman, and that her people were desirous that she should marry, again, in the hope of a male-heir to the throne. Accordingly, this truly interesting widowhood produced no lack of fresh suitors. Among foreign princes who aspired to her hand were, the Duc d’Anjou—brother to her late husband;—Don Carlos of Spain, the son and heir to King Philip II.;—the Archduke Charles of Austria—third son of the Emperor Ferdinand;—the King of Sweden; the Duke of Ferrara; and the Prince of Condé; whilst, among her own subjects, two were particularly pointed out as worthy of her hand—the Earl of Arran (son of the Duc de Chateherault, heir-presumptive to the crown), and Sir John Gordon—second son of the Earl of Huntley. Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, recommended two English nobles to her favorable notice,—the Earl of Leicester, and the Lord Darnley.

Elizabeth, however, had no wish that Mary of Scotland should form a second matrimonial alliance. Between the two queens there existed considerable rivalry, as well personal as political. Elizabeth, who was about ten years her elder, was, as is well known, far inferior to Mary in beauty, no less than in grace and those accomplishments which adorn the sex. In a political point of view, there was, too, a rivalry between them—a claim having been set up, on the part of Mary, by her ambitious uncles of right to the Crown of England prior to that by which Elizabeth enjoyed it. As there can be no doubt that the assertion of this claim led to the fatal consequences which deprived Mary, first of her crown, and finally of her life, we shall briefly set forth the grounds of the same:—An act, passed by the British Parliament, at the instance of Henry VIII., had declared the illegitimacy of Mary (Mary 1st) and Elizabeth, respectively the daughters of Catherine of Arragon, and Anna Boleyn. When Henry died, he left his crown to Edward VI., (his son by Jane Seymour, his third wife,) who accordingly succeeded him. On Edward’s decease, the Parliament—to save the nation from civil war—rescinded their former act, and called to the throne Henry’s eldest daughter Mary, in 1553. Against her succession, however, a protest was, by her guardians, entered on behalf of Mary of Scotland: and, on Elizabeth’s accession, in the year 1558, her claim was again seriously pressed upon public attention. This claim was made on the plea that her grandmother (wife of James IV., and mother of James V. of Scotland), was eldest daughter of Henry VII., and sister, consequently, of Henry VIII. of England. Mary, therefore, was grand-niece of Henry VIII., and, if his wives, Catherine and Anna Boleyn, had been legally divorced, her claim to the British crown was certainly stronger than that of any of his illegitimate offspring. During the reign of Edward VI., however, the British Parliament, complying with the voice of the whole nation, had expressly declared the legitimacy of Henry’s daughters, and as Elizabeth had quietly installed herself on the throne, and could hardly by any chance have been dispossessed, it appears to have been a very ill-advised and injudicious measure to have pushed Mary forward as a claimant for the then occupied throne. This, however, oc-
curried from the ambitious designs of the Guises, with whom Mary had become allied by marriage about the time of Elizabeth's accession, and, without even regard to caution or delicacy, and when Mary and her husband, the Dauphin, appeared in public, they were greeted by the Parisians as Queen and King of England; the English arms were engraved upon their plate, embroidered upon their scutcheons and banners, and painted on their furniture. Mary's favorite device was, at this time, the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto, Allamque moratur,—meaning that of England. When the Duke of Alva saw this empty parade, he uttered a prediction, too fatally fulfilled, "That bearing of Mary Stuart's will not be easily borne." No wonder then that the jealously Elizabeth so warmly resented this assumption, and, in 1560, the first article of her treaty with Francis and Mary was to the effect that they should no longer use the arms and title of England and Ireland, and that they should within six months recall all letters sealed with such conjunct arms. Mary's non-ratification of this treaty still further incensed Elizabeth against her, and, no doubt, was one of the causes why the former so earnestly endeavored to prevent the marriage of her rival and relative.

Mary's subjects having embraced the Reformed faith, recoiled at the thought of her again marrying a Roman Catholic, however exalted his station might be. Elizabeth, who claimed a right to interfere, on the ground that Mary would probably be her successor, strongly opposed the notion of her wedding any foreign prince, and the Pope, with her relatives in France, objected, not the less strongly, to her union with any Protestant. Mary, of her own free will, would have doubtless espoused a Catholic prince, but, like many humbler of her sex, even she—a Queen—was compelled to make a sacrifice of her private feelings to measures of state policy, knowing that if she dared wed a Catholic she would incur the displeasure of the great majority of her Scottish subjects, and run the risk of exclusion from succession to the English throne, the object of her highest ambition. Making a virtue, therefore, of necessity, she consented—on the express condition of being formally declared Elizabeth's presumptive heiress—to submit to whatever choice the Queen should make. Accordingly, a warm correspondence between the two Sovereigns was commenced, which was continued during a period of three years.

Again, then, we repeat, that the two suitors proposed to Mary, by Elizabeth, were—the first, Robert, Earl of Leicester, the other, Henry, Lord Darnley.—How deep was the artifice in these selections! It is probable, that had Mary consented to espouse Leicester, Elizabeth would have exercised her unlimited influence over him, to postpone, to an indefinite period, the celebration of their nuptials. Had Mary's choice fallen on Darnley, (as it eventually did,) Elizabeth must have calculated upon using the power she possessed over him and his family, as her subjects, for a similar purpose. It is, in fact, too clear, that Elizabeth's real intention and great aim were to keep the Scottish Queen unwedded,—with the view, it has been suggested, of rendering her accession to the English throne still more ungracious to the great majority of the nation.

Mary declined marriage with Leicester, and it is further believed that she felt highly indignant at the proposal. He was a minion of Elizabeth's, whom
she had raised from comparative obscurity, and Mary's dignified reply—made, at Berwick, through Murray and Maitland—her commissioners—to the Duke of Bedford and Randolph, who attended on behalf of Elizabeth—was, that she would never condescend to wed a newly-created English Earl, having so long a list of princes of the blood-royal of the noblest houses of Europe among her suitors; it was also added, and boldly, that Elizabeth herself seemed somewhat deficient in self-respect, when she could think of recommending such a husband for a Queen—her kinswoman. Elizabeth could scarcely have expected, or at heart desired, any other answer: she could, in fact, have hardly done without her favorite, and he would have irretrievably offended his Royal Mistress had he presumed to confess a preference for any one but herself.

After having thus refused to entertain Leicester as a suitor; Mary began to consider the propriety of espousing Darnley. In the first instance, it is probable, that there was more of policy than passion in the case. The naturally warm Mary had never seen Darnley—her junior, too, by four years. He was the son of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who had been driven out of Scotland during the Regency of the Duke de Chatelherault, nearly twenty years before—had lived in exile, in England, during all that time,—and had there inter-married with the Lady Margaret Douglas—niece to Henry VIII., who was justly regarded by Mary as a formidable rival for the crown of England. It seemed, then, that by marrying the eldest son of this lady, Mary would effectually prevent any danger arising from that quarter to her own much desired succession to Elizabeth. Lennox himself was, besides, related to the Royal Family of Scotland, and a marriage between Mary and Darnley might give Scotland a native prince of the old royal line; besides (as already noticed) uniting, in the person of the heir of such marriage, the rival claims of the Stuarts and the Tudors upon the English succession—failing issue by Elizabeth.

Mary, on the other hand, had long been anxious to gain the friendship of Lennox. The correspondence which had commenced between them gradually became more and more intimate, until, at length, she invited him to visit Scotland. Under the pretence of prosecuting his wife's claims to the earldom of Angus, Lennox obtained Elizabeth's leave to visit Scotland. Too quick-sighted not to suspect the real motives of this visit, Elizabeth was confident that, as Lennox's estate was in England, she could temporize with any marriage negotiations, if she pleased. Accordingly, early in the year 1564, Lennox waited upon Mary, (who was then in a progress through Fifeshire) at Wemyss, and that Princess readily promised to use her influence to procure his restoration to his forfeited honors and estates—which royal favor was indeed granted by the Scottish Parliament in the same year.

Shortly afterwards, Darnley arrived in Scotland, having obtained Elizabeth's permission to stay there for three months. He was introduced to Queen Mary, upon whom his manly figure, commanding stature, handsome face, admirable proportions of form, and familiarity with all the accomplishments which distinguished high born cavaliers at that day, made considerable impression. He had the discretion, also, (on the suggestion of his mother) to lay aside, or subdue, a peculiar arrogance of manner which were characteristic of him, and to assume a modest and gentle demeanour.
After their first meeting, Mary, who was agreeably disappointed in him, declared that he was “the propest man she had ever seen.” He was born in the year 1544,—Mary was in her 23rd year—and it was not publicly known immediately, that his Sovereign had resolved to wed him. A month after she had first seen him, Darnley was afflicted with sickness at Stirling, and the anxiety which the Queen evinced, as well as the attention she paid him, shewed that her heart had become deeply interested in her youthful and handsome suitor.

The restoration of the Earl of Lennox to his honors and estates in Scotland, was effected through Mary’s influence; but her principal nobles dreading, as they did, the intended marriage with Darnley, partly out of old enmity, partly from a jealousy at one of their own rank being thus elevated above them, and partly from a fear that it would lead to the lessening of their own influence in the Council, and on the mind of the Queen, Lennox and his wife made their best endeavours to propitiate them by presents of valuable jewels.

Mary, now resolved, speedily summoned a Convention of her nobility at Stirling, where the proposal of her marriage with Darnley was laid before them; “unto which,” says Lord Herries, “they did all willingly consent, excepting only Andrew Stewart—Lord Ochiltree—who protested that he would never consent that a Papist should govern over the kingdom. The Earl of Murray did not appear, and refused to assent, for he maintained that the Queen should marry none but that husband whom the nobility should make choice of and not herself.”—Murray had an interest in thus keeping Mary unmarried, as, if she died childless, he hoped to have the throne for himself.

An intimation was speedily conveyed to Elizabeth, of the Queen’s intended marriage, and that astute Princess was much annoyed at finding her plans thus foiled. She forthwith commanded Lennox and Darnley to return to England, at once, (their leave of absence having expired), on pain of banishment, with confiscation of their goods and lands. Her Privy Council likewise declared that “this (intended) marriage with my Lord Darnley, appeared unprofitable, and directly prejudicial to the sincere amity between both the Queens.” The English Queen further sent Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and other ambassadors into Scotland, (who arrived at Stirling, May the 15, 1568), and, in an audience with Mary, expressed Elizabeth’s disliking and disallowance of what she was pleased to call “the hasty proceeding with Lord Darnley.” Mary replied, that she was sorry that Elizabeth disliked the match, but that, as for “disallowance,” she had never asked Elizabeth’s permission—she had only communicated to her, as soon as she had made up her own mind, the name of the person whom she had chosen; whilst Lennox and Darnley refused to obey Elizabeth’s letters of recall, and, as for the Scottish Queen, she was threatened, by Randolph,—the English resident at her Court,—with Elizabeth’s enmity, if she persevered in the marriage. Several of her leading nobles, at the instance of Elizabeth, openly declared against the match,—other nobles, of less note, gained court favor, and, amid their ignorance of state-duties, one Rizzio (accustomed to public business, and personally a favorite with Darnley) became of the greatest service to the so unjustly, so tyrannically, and so persecuted Scottish Queen.
Once assured of becoming Mary's husband, Darnley's natural arrogance broke out unreservedly. He insulted the Duke of Chatellherault (heir presumptive to the crown), and made a personal enemy of the Earl of Murray, the most important man in Scotland; and, moreover, Mary's brother. Randolph has thus described his bearing at that time:—"His behaviour is such, he is run in open contempt of all men, even to those who were his chief friends; what shall become of him I know not, but it is greatly to be feared that he can have no long life amongst this people. The Queen herself, being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects; no persuasion can alter that which custom hath made old in him. He is counted proud, disdainful, and suspicious, which kind of men, this, of any other, least bear. Towards her Grace herself, I never saw men's minds so greatly altered; yea, I may say, almost to utter contempt of her, without the fear of God, regard to princely majesty, or care that she ought to have over her subjects or country."

In this unsettled state of affairs, a rebellion was actually organised against Mary's authority, by the hostile nobles, who even resolved to seize her person:—the enmity of Elizabeth was, too, avowed—all which was the result of Mary's preference for the Lord Darnley; but while, on his own account, her crown and herself were exposed to imminent danger, Darnley appears to have shewn himself regardless of even the shew of gratitude. He is said to have evinced, in the plainest manner, that he preferred one of Mary's ladies to herself. Though created Earl of Ross, this elevation did not satisfy him. His ambition demanded, in peremptory terms, his elevation to the Dukedom of Rothesay, and when it was intimated that a few days must intervene before that honor could be conferred upon him, it is declared that even he drew his dagger upon the gentleman who bore the unwelcome intelligence. At length, and a very short time before the marriage, he was created Duke of Rothesay, when he immediately announced that he must also possess the crown matrimonial, under which a former husband of Mary's—a King's eldest son—had been recognized King of Scotland for life. But his acts of foolish arrogance were endless. On the eve of his marriage, he vehemently protested that, now or never, his request touching this important point must be complied with, and the over fond Mary did even agree that a proclamation should be immediately issued intimating her intention of "solemnizing the bands of marriage with the most illustrious Prince Henry, Duke of Albany, in respect of the which marriage, and during the time thereof, we will, ordain, and consent, that he be styled King of this our kingdom, and that all our letters be directed after our said marriage, in the names of the said illustrious Prince and us, King and Queen of Scotland conjointly."

As Mary and Darnley were within the prohibited degrees of kindred, it had been necessary to ask for a dispensation from the Pope, which was readily obtained, and the banns were duly published in the Canongate Kirk, at Edinburgh,—at which the Earl of Murray and the other Protestant nobles were summoned to be present on pain of being pronounced rebels,—and upon Sunday, the 29th of July, in the year 1565, "betys in the morning," Mary and Darnley were united in wedlock in the Chapel-royal of Holyroodhouse, by Mr. John Sinclair, Dean of Restalrig, and Bishop of Brechin.
A recent author, in his interesting life of Mary, informs us, that it was generally remarked that a handsome couple had never been seen in Scotland. Mary was now twenty-three, and at the very height of her beauty, and Darnley, though only nineteen, was of a more manly person and appearance than his age would have indicated. Mary, in a flowing robe of black, with a wide mourning-hood, was led into the chapel by the Earls of Lennox and Athol, who, having conducted her to the altar, retired to bring in the bridegroom. The Bishop then united them in the presence of a great attendance of lords and ladies, three rings were put on the Queen's finger—the middle one a rich diamond. They then knelt together, and many prayers were said over them. At their conclusion, Darnley kissed his bride, but as he did not himself profess the Catholic faith, he left her till she should hear mass. The Queen was afterwards followed by most of the company to her own apartments, where she laid aside her sable garments, to intimate, that henceforth,—as the wife of another, she would forget the grief occasioned by the loss of her first husband. In observance of an old custom, as many of the ladies as could approach near enough were permitted to assist in unrobing her, by taking out a pin. She was then committed to her ladies, who having attired her with becoming splendor, brought her to the ball-room, where there was great cheer and dancing until dinner time. At dinner, Darnley appeared in his royal robes; and after a great flourish of trumpets, largess was proclaimed among the multitude, who surrounded the palace. The Earls of Athol, Morton, and Crawford, attended the Queen as sewer, carver, and cupbearer; and the Earls of Eglington, Cassilis, and Giencairn, performed the like offices for Darnley. When dinner was over, the dancing was renewed till supper time, soon after which, the company retired for the night."

Another account further states that, immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremonies, Darnley, instead of accompanying Mary in her devotional exercise, forthwith retired to indulge himself in his usual pastime of hunting. As, however, the Queen was a Catholic, and her husband professed the Reformed faith, it would have been by no means fitting the latter should have remained in Holyrood-chapet during the celebration of mass. The day after the marriage, says Lord Herries, "Darnley and Mary were proclaimed, solemnly, at the marcat-cross of Edinburgh, King and Queen of Scotland."

It is said that when Darnley went afterwards to the High Church, where Knox officiated, preaching with his usual dauntlessness of mind, and more than ordinary sternness of expression in his looks, he expatiated at great length on the miseries which the nation had henceforth to expect, when the government was vested in the hands of a woman and a boy. Darnley bore this personal attack with some patience for a time, but, at last, suddenly descended from the throne on which he had been sitting, abruptly quitted the church, mounted his horse, and went a-hunting for several hours, until the severe bodily exercise had somewhat subdued his agitation of mind.

The principal agents of Elizabeth, at this time, in Scotland, were Randolph and Tamworth. The former was of a dark, intriguing spirit, full of cunning and void of conscience, and there is little doubt that the unhappy divisions in that country were
chiefly fomented by this man's artifices during a period of more than twenty years. Tamworth, who was of the Queen's Privy Council, bore the style of Ambassador resident, and his public character seems to have been meant as a screen for Randolph's operations. He was sent to remonstrate with Mary on her late marriage with Lord Darnley, without Elizabeth's consent, and, as she pretended, without her knowledge. He had the character of a vain insolent man, and his behaviour to the Queen of Scots and her husband was accordingly deficient even in points of common decency.

A civil war, known as Murray's rebellion, for that nobleman having been outlawed for his violent opposition to the Queen's marriage now appeared in arms with the Duke of Chatelherault and other Lords of the Reformed party—encouraged by the secret promises of Elizabeth—immediately followed the nuptials—(the ostensible pretext being that Mary, without the consent of the nobles and the people, had conferred upon her husband the rank and title of King.

Mary, within one month after her nuptials, marched in person to chastise them. Her army soon increased to the number of 18,000, and her opponents, after various ineffectual offers of treaty, fled into England to claim the performance of Elizabeth's engagements, but she, who had meant no more than to make them the temporary instruments of reviving a factious spirit which Mary's growing popularity had almost extinguished, not only openly slighted them, but, reprimanding them for their disloyalty, in the face of her whole court, banished them from her presence.

The following letter, dated York, September 7, 1565, from Sir Thomas Gargrene to the Earl of Shrewsbury, states some interesting particulars for the part personally taken by Queen Mary and her husband, for the suppression of the rebellion:—

"The last week but one, about Thursday was sen' night, the Scottish Queen went from Edinburgh to Stirling, and then to Glasgow, where her company, about 3000 men were assembled, and the next day the Duke and his company came into the field nigh Glasgow, and then looked for the battle, but, for that none came abroad, they marched forward to the Town's End, where the Queen lay, and so to Hamilton, and the next day to Edinburgh, where they remain. The Queen hath her harquebuses and certain field pieces; the others have neither shot nor ordnance, nor any better holds than their dwelling houses. There is, also, on the other side, the Queen, the Earl of Argyll, with 2000 of the Irishmen, so the Queen's betwixt her two enemies."

Within a few months after his marriage, Darnley, becoming dissatisfied at having solely got the crown-matrimonial,—which gave him regal sway only during the life of Mary,—solicited her to invest him with it during his own life, even though she might die without issue. This was rather in the power of the Parliament than the Queen:—it would have been dangerous to have asked the former, and Mary's experience of her husband's ill-regulated and unstable temper made her refuse his request, as much for her own sake as that of the country. Darnley thereupon descended so far as to solicit Rizzio's interference, the refusal to do which aroused that enmity towards Mary's favorite and faithful secretary which, a short time after, caused his death.

At this crisis, when,—from his being addicted to hard drinking, and even greater
irregularities of life,—Darnley had greatly lost his hold on the Queen’s affections,—the Earl of Morton and other Lords determined to make use of his discontent to serve their own ends. A coalition took place between the parties, respectively, headed by Murray, Morton, and Darnley, in which the two first agreed to take all requisite steps, at the next Parliament, to secure the latter the crown-matrimonial during life, and, in fact, to give Darnley more power than the Queen. On the other hand, he consented to give them a free pardon for all their crimes, and bestow his fullest favor on them. Rizzio, by adhering to the interests of the Queen, had rendered himself obnoxious to the others, and Darnley, believing, or affecting to believe, that this foreigner (who was beyond the middle age, and by no means comely in appearance) had gained too strong a hold upon the Queen’s affections. Some historians venture to say that Darnley not only agreed to, but even made the proposal, that the paramour should be murdered in the Queen’s presence. Morton and Ruthven suggested, it is said, that a mock trial should be first held, but Darnley insisted that he should be killed without even the shew of justice, declaring if no one else would do it, he himself would murder him. It was finally agreed that Ruthven should act the part of assassin,—that Darnley should be present, lest the Queen’s person should be exposed to danger during the confusion which might ensue,—and that, if necessary, Darnley should avow himself author of the conspiracy.

As resolved, the murder of Rizzio took place on the 9th of March, 1566, in the Queen’s apartment, Ruthven rising from even the bed of sickness to head the assassins; whilst Darnley was also present. Mary herself was made a prisoner, and next day, the conspirators issued a proclamation, in the King’s name, and without the Queen’s leave, proroguing the Parliament, and commanding all the temporal and spiritual lords who had come to attend it, to retire from Edinburgh. They did so. Darnley, weak and vacillating, began now to feel something like pity for his beautiful wife, who would probably make him a father in a very short time, and, having an interview with her, in which he strongly denied having had any hand in the contriving of Rizzio’s murder, she persuaded him that from her alone, as Sovereign, might his best hopes of advancement have a chance of realization. The result was that they escaped together, from Holyrood, at midnight, and, more than half her nobility joining her, in a few days Mary was at the head of a powerful army. In less than a fortnight after her escape, the rebel Lords had fled, and Mary—pardonning Murray, Argyle, and others who had not taken personal share in Rizzio’s murder, and had remained in exile, in England, since their rebellion, during the preceding autumn,—again found herself Queen of Scotland, in fact as well as in name. Shortly after, the whole of the conspirators were pardoned, with the exception of Lord Ruthven, who, by this time, had died of the malady under which he was laboring, severely, at the very moment when he was assisting in the assassination of Rizzio. Notwithstanding that, when Mary learned that Rizzio was slain, the Queen wiped her eyes and said, “No more tears—I will think now upon revenge!” only two individuals, and those obscure, were executed for participating in the murder. Darnley issued a proclamation, which many believed to be false, that he was neither “a partaker in, nor privy to, David’s slaughter.”
Mary's bearing towards Darnley, at this time, was very different from what it had formerly been. She had elevated him to dignity and power, and he had proved ungrateful. She had made him King, and he had sought to dethrone her. She had made him her husband, and he had made her a prisoner. Her health and spirits declined, and amid all her anxieties the time of her accouchement arrived, and on the 19th of June, in the year 1566, she was delivered of a son—(subsequently James VI. of Scotland, and the I. of England)—in Edinburgh Castle.

Lord Herries, in his history, has the following anecdote, which we give in his own quaint spelling:—"About two o'clock in the afternoone, the King came to visit the Queen, and was desyrous to see the chyld. 'My Lord (sayes the Queen), Gon has given you and me a sone, begotten by none but you!' At which words the King blushed, and kist the chyld. Then she tooke the chyld in her arms, and, discovering his face, said, 'My Lord, here I protest to Gon, and as I shall answer to him at the great day of judgment, this is your sone, and no other man's sone! And I am desyrous that all heer, both ladies and others bear witness; for he is so much your own sone, that I fear it be the worse for him heerafter!" Then she spoke to Sir William Stainley. 'This (sayes she) is the sone whom, I hope, shall first unitt the two kingdoms of Scotland and England!' Sir William answered, 'Why, Madame, shall he succeed before your Majestie and his father?' 'Because (sayes she) his father has broke to me.' The King was by and heard all. Sayes he, 'Sweet Madam, is this your promise that ye made to forgive and forgett all?' The Queen answered, 'I have forgiven all, but will never forget! What if Fawdonsyd's pistoll had shott, what would have become of him and me both? or what estate wold you have been in? God onlie knows; but we may suspect!' 'Madam,' (answered the King), 'these things are all past.' 'Then,' sayes the Queen, 'let them goe!'"

The birth of Mary's son appears to have given general satisfaction, in England as well as in Scotland. A short time prior to her confinement, Mary had received assurances from the leaders of both political parties in England, that, in the event of Elizabeth's dying without issue (and there were good grounds for believing that she would never marry), she would be proclaimed her successor to the throne and crown of this kingdom. The birth of a prince, therefore, whose accession would unite both kingdoms under one sceptre, was received with considerable joy by the English. On the other hand, the Scots rejoiced at the prospect of again having the crown upon the head of a male sovereign. The baptism of the child was postponed until December, and, during the interval, strenuous efforts were made by the leading friends of Mary and Darnley to effect a reconciliation between these royal parties. For a few weeks after the birth of the Prince, Darnley's conduct was more guarded, if not actually better than it had been for some time previous, but he speedily became more sullen, haughty and outrageous than at any former period since his marriage.

The feelings and favor of the public were, at this time, with Mary, and against Darnley. The supposed part which the latter had taken in the murder of Rizzio was viewed with abhorrence by the mass, and his vacillation, subsequently, as well
as his public denial of any participation in the deed of blood, at which he was known to have been present, made him viewed with detestation and contempt.

More cautious from the past, Mary prudently began, at the time of their union, to annul some of the favors which her generous affection had conferred on Darnley. She quietly stripped him of all but the name of that royal authority with which her fondness had invested him, and her ministers treated him with a want of deference which must have galled a haughty spirit such as his; at the same time, while Mary was thus humbling his arrogance, she personally treated him with much kindness, and made him the companion of a tour which she took through the country shortly after her accouchement. At length, finding himself shunned by the nobility and hated by the public, Darnley declared that he would quit the kingdom. Having endeavored to induce foreign potentates to receive him into their dominions, and failed in the endeavour, he at length solicited a parting interview with Mary, frankly admitted that his reasons for wishing to quit Scotland were the little authority he was allowed to exercise and the scanty honor and attention he was allowed to receive. Mary frankly told him that for this he had to blame only himself and not her. To her just remonstance he gave a negative reply; formally took leave of the Queen and her council, and, the next day, told the French ambassador that he had abandoned his intention of quitting Scotland—a determination which appears never to have been seriously entertained, as he acquainted the same personage that he had held out the threat with a view of inducing Mary to expel certain persons, whom he considered his enemies, from the offices they filled in the government.

A few weeks after, Mary was seized with a severe and dangerous fever, and was so ill that not only herself, but her physicians feared it would terminate fatally. On the eleventh day of her illness (October 17, 1560), Darnley went to see her, was received affectionately by her, but so coldly by her ministers (who feared that the renewal of good feeling between them might induce the Queen to appoint Darnley, in the event of her death), Regent, during their son’s minority, that not only was his visit brief, but he had no desire to repeat it.

On her recovery, shortly afterwards, Mary ascertained that Darnley had made proposals to the Pope and some foreign sovereigns, to transfer the entire royal sway to himself, on the pretext that Mary was lukewarm in her regard for the Roman-Catholic supremacy in Scotland. At this crisis, Mary’s advisers (namely Maitland, Argyle, Murray, Huntley, and Ruthven) proposed to her that a divorce should be effected between Darnley and herself, to which she replied, that she might consent to this proposal on two grounds,—namely, “that the divorce should be made lawfully, and that it should not prejudice her son.” It was hinted by Maitland, that they, “the chief of her nobility and council might find means to quit her of Darnley, without prejudice to her son.” This is understood to have meant the removal of Darnley, by foul means, and it is only justice to Mary to record her indignant reply:—“I will that ye do nothing to spot my honor or conscience, and therefore I pray you let the matter rest, till God of his goodness find the remedy; for the service you may intend me may possibly turn to my hurt and prejudice.”

The gorgeous baptism of the young Prince took place on the 17th of December,
1566, at which, it is said, Darnley declined attending—most probably owing to the noble Lords—his enemies—having infused a suspicion into his mind that the Queen was too intimate with Lord Bothwell—a suspicion curious enough, considering that Bothwell had been recently married to the Lady Jane Gordon, young, beautiful and accomplished. During the festivals which preceded and followed the Royal baptism, which took place at Stirling, Darnley resided with Mary, but was so incensed with her ministers, to whom he attributed much of the unpopularity he experienced, that he would not see any of them, but kept in the Queen's private chambers in Stirling Castle, where he saw none but her and Le Croc, the French envoy.

At the urgent request of the Earl of Bedford (the special envoy from Elizabeth) backed by the strong solicitations of her own ministers, Mary granted a full pardon to the Earl of Morton, and seventy-five persons who had been engaged in the conspiracy to murder Rizzio. Only two exceptions were made,—George Douglas, who had struck the first blow, and Andrew Kerr who, in the affray, had threatened to shoot the Queen herself. The pardon for the rest passed the Great Seal, December 24, 1566, and so greatly offended Darnley (who, as historians say, was vexed that his former accomplices, whom he had betrayed and forsaken, should be restored to favor) that he abruptly quit Stirling Castle and went to his father's house at Glasgow, where he speedily took the small-pox, and suffered greatly from that disorder. At first, Mary sent her own physician to attend him; but when she learned that his life was in peril she waited on him in person; found him humble in demeanour, repenting of his former ill-conduct, and apparently resolved to deserve her affections in future. Mary, with her usual facility and kindness, appears to have renewed her favor, and forgotten her wrongs, and she gladly assented to a proposal made by Darnley himself, that she should take him back with her to Edinburgh, or its vicinity. Maitland and Bothwell recommended that he should be taken to a mansion at the Kirk of Field, belonging to the Provost, on the ground that Holyrood-house was much too damp for an invalid, and that the young Prince would be liable to catch the infection from some of the servants attending on his father. On Thursday, January 31, in the year 1567, Mary and Darnley arrived at this house. Here the latter spent ten days, during the greater part of which Mary was his companion, preferring to sleep in the apartment below his, to a return to the palace late at night. Here she occasionally brought her band of musicians, who played and sung to her and Darnley. Here she renewed her influence over her husband's mind, so as to make him reconciled to the pardon extended to Ruthven, Lindsay, and Morton, and even to permit their personally visiting him. Here, in fact, Mary and Darnley appeared, not only better friends, but warmer lovers than at any time after their honeymoon.

On Sunday, February 9, 1567, after having sat with him until 11 o'clock at night, Mary quitted her husband for the purpose of being present at the marriage of her French servant Sebastian, to Margaret Carwood, one of her waiting maids. Buchanan says, that, as she quitted Darnley, she kissed him, and, taking a ring off her own finger, gave it to him, in token of amity and affection. A few hours after, Darnley's house was surrounded by armed men. He had gone to bed an hour after the Queen had left him, and his servant, William Taylor, lay, as usual, in the same
room. At two o'clock in the morning, the house was blown up with gunpowder, (which had previously been introduced into some of the lower apartments), and the bodies of Darnley and Taylor were found in an adjacent garden, whither the violence of the explosion had carried them, with the appearance of little external violence. This caused the opinion, that they had first been strangled, and then carried out into the garden; but this belief has long since been abandoned.

Mary received the intelligence of her husband's death with evident signs of horror, when apprised of it by Bothwell—the supposed chief actor in the awful tragedy. Some nobles, however, at Bothwell's suggestion, endeavored to persuade her that Darnley's death was the effect of accident, or that it had been the work of obscure and ignoble traitors. On the second day after the murder, the Queen wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her conviction "that the same stroke had been intended for both, and that it was only by the special providence of God she had escaped from sharing the same fate."—Darnley's remains were interred with royal pomp, a large reward was offered for the detection of the murderer, and Mary's health suffered greatly from grief and excitement.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Lennox, father of Darnley, formally accused the Earl of Bothwell, Lord Hallies, and Creighton of the murder, so that neither the Queen, nor even Bothwell himself could by possibility avoid the chances of a trial. No wonder, however, under the then existing influences that the verdict of acquittal was delivered. Moreover, two days after, the Parliament met, solemnly confirmed Bothwell's acquittal, and passed an act rendering it capital for any one to post up anonymous placards accusing Bothwell or any one else of the murder of the late king, respecting which Venetian mode of posting great offenders, and the subsequent challenges in reply, how curious soever and interesting, we shall not here detain the reader.

A suspicion had nevertheless gone abroad that Mary was not only privy to the murder of Darnley, but that, in conjunction with Bothwell who personally superintended the revolting deed, she had originally planned it. The grounds upon which John Knox and others entertained this suspicion were, that Mary had fallen in love with Bothwell, and had projected or agreed to her husband's murder—in order that all obstacles might be removed to her marriage with Bothwell—an event which took place, shortly after; Bothwell forcibly seizing the Queen's person, and compelling her—whilst thus really, or only apparently his prisoner—to become his wife.

Without pausing here to discuss the question of Mary's innocence of, or participation in Darnley's murder,—a subject which has much engaged the attention of historians,—we may allude to very recent evidence on the subject, (namely, Lord Herries's "Historie of the Reign of Marie, Queen of Scots," published by the Abbotsford Club in 1836), in which it is distinctly stated that when Mary declined a divorce from Darnley, Murray and Morton intimated to Bothwell that Darnley was weak, and that "it were good for the kingdome that he were dead, that the Queen might either command absolute, or else were again married to some one of a higher spirit! After many ambages and circumstances, they offered that if he wold be the man to disburthen the subjects, and take this block out of the way, they engagd them-
selves to make the Queen to marrie him, and procure the consent of most part of the nobilitie. For the wyffe he had, (they said) a divorce should be procured; and that greater things than that has been done for the well of kingdomes. These jumpt right with Bothwell’s vain glorious humour. He thinks himself alreddie King! He undertakes it, and moves headlong to the action. In the mean tyne, there was a paper drawn up upon the conditions, which was signed by them all."—It is worthy of note that, immediately after this contract, and many months before Darnley’s murder, Bothwell took steps to procure his divorce from his young wife—though it was not legally completed until within a few days of his marriage with Mary. Besides Bothwell, Murray, and Morton, Secretary Maitland, Archibald Douglas, (a relation of Morton’s), Huntley, Argyle, and Sir James Balfour, are declared to have been privy to Darnley’s murder.

Thus perished Henry Stuart, Earl Darnley, Duke of Albany, and King of Scotland, at the early age of twenty-one years, and in the eighteenth month of his reign. But for his untimely death, little interest would now attach to his memory. Solely on account of his personal endowments is there any praise due to him. Keith thus graphically and truly contrasts his animal and intellectual faculties:—“He is said to have been one of the tallest and handsomest young men of the age; that he had a comely face and pleasant countenance; that he was a most dexterous horseman, and exceedingly well-skilled in all genteel exercises, prompt and ready for all games and sports, much given to the diversion of hawking and hunting, to horse-racing and music, especially playing on the lute; he could speak and write well, and was bountiful and liberal enough. But, then, to balance these good natural qualifications, he was much addicted to intemperance, to base and unmanly pleasures; he was haughty and proud, and so very weak in mind as to be a prey to all that came about him; he was inconstant, credulous, and facile, unable to abide by any resolutions, capable to be imposed upon by designing men, and could conceal no secret, let it tend ever so much to his own welfare or detriment.”

Darnley had some slight pretensions to literature. Before he was twelve years old, he wrote a tale, called “Utopia Nova.” Some ballads are likewise ascribed to him (upon very indifferent authority), and Bishop Montague, in his Preface to the works of James VI., mentions that Darnley translated into English the works of Valerius Maximus. His chief literary effort which seems to have been preserved is a letter he wrote when about nine years of age, from Temple Newsome, (his father’s principal seat in Yorkshire), to his cousin Mary Tudor, Queen of England, which may be found in Ellis’s Collection, and probably was written by Darnley’s tutor, as it is pedantic and diffuse, abounding in high-flown words, and, independent of great professions of loyalty, conveys thanks to her Majesty for a rich chain she had sent him, and alludes to “a little plot of his most simple forming, which he termed Utopia Nova; for the which, it being base, vile, and maimed,” her Majesty had given him the said golden chain. The original of this letter, signed “H. DARNLEY,” it in the British Museum. The writing, which is within ruled lines, is clear and neat—exactly like that of a school-boy’s formal exercise.

In the Harleian Collection, at the British Museum, is the copy of a letter written
by Darnley, to the Earl of Leicester immediately after his arrival in Scotland, as a suitor to Queen Mary. We subjoin it, as a fair specimen of his maturer style:

"My especiall good Ld. your accustomed friendlynss during my continuance in ye Court, yea since I first knew your Lp. cannot, though I am now far from you, be forgotten of my part: but ye remembrance thereof constreyneth me in these few lynes to give your Lp. my humble thankes therefore, & to assure your Lp. that during my life I shall not be forgetfull of your just goodness and good nature shewed sundry wavys to me: but to my powers shall ever be ready to gratyfe you in any thinge I may as assuredly as your owne brother. And thus with my humble comendacion to your good Lp. I wish you as well as your owne heart woulde. From Dunkeld, ye. 21 of February. 1564.

Your Lpe: assisned to command

H. DARNLEY.

One of the curiosities which formed part of the Strawberry Hill collection, and was lately sold there, was "The Darnley jewel." This, formerly part of the royal jewels of Scotland, was purchased, in March, 1843, on behalf of our gracious Queen, Victoria, for 200 guineas, from Mr. Farrer of Wardour-street, who had bought it at the above-mentioned sale. One of the journals of April (1843), describing it, said, "It is the identical jewel worn by Lord Darnley. It was made by order of Lady Margaret Douglas, his mother, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, who was murdered by the party who opposed him in religion."

As Lennox survived Darnley, his son, it certainly could not have been worn by the latter, if made in memory of the former. It has, as certainly, been always considered as having formerly been in the possession of the ill-fated nobleman whose name it bears, and her Majesty shewed proper feeling in not allowing it to pass into the hands of a foreign collector. We subjoin a description:

The jewel, which is of exquisite workmanship, is of fine gold, in the form of a heart, about two inches long and nearly two inches in breadth. On the surface, which opens in front, there is a coronet, in which are three small rubies and an emerald. Under the coronet there is a sapphire in the shape of a heart, with wings of ruby, emerald, and sapphire. The coronet is supported by Victory and Patience. There are also two figures on the jewel, representing Faith and Hope. The robes of all these figures, which are very elaborate, are of ruby and sapphire enamelling. There is the following legend:

"Sal obtein Victorie in vair Pretence,
"Qua hopis stil constanly with Patience."

The coronet and little heart may be both opened up from below: within the coronet are three letters in cipher, "M.L.S.," with a crown of laurel over them. On the reverse of the coronet, within, are two hearts joined together by two arrows, bound by a wreath with a legend, "Qualhat we Resolve." When the little heart is opened, a skull and two bones are seen, and two hands holding a label, from which hangs a horn with the rest of the legend, "Death sal dessove." On the other side of the jewel is the sun shining on a heliotropium, or sunflower, beautifully enamelled; the moon and stars are also represented. There are a
salamander in the flames, a pelican feeding her young with her blood, a shepherd, a traveller, a dog and a bird, and a phoenix, all emblematical, with a legend—

"My stait to them I may compar,
For you qua is of Bontes rare."

When the whole heart is opened, on the reverse are seen two men in Roman armour fighting. An executioner holding a woman by the hair with a cuttle axe, as about to decapitate her; two frightful jaws, out of which issue three spectres in flames. The figure of Time is seen drawing a naked figure, supposed to be Truth, from a well; and a female on a throne, with a fire in which many crosses are burning. There are three legends:

"Ze seem al my Plesur,"
"Tym gaves al leir,"
"And " Gar tell my Relaes."

The whole is reported to be exquisitely worked, and also one of the most extraordinary remains of the art of the age.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT

OF

HENRY STUART, EARL DARNLEY,

KING OF SCOTLAND;

(No. 122, of this series, accompanying the present number).

The dress in which Earl Darnley is here represented, is the Spanish costume then so lately introduced into England. The doublet and hose are of black velvet slashed with gold, the former buttoned up to the chin with gold buttons. The under hose is of flesh-colored silk, also a Spanish importation during that reign.

A short cloak of black velvet lined with grey, and trimmed with several rows of rich gold, hangs gracefully over the back of the figure. A deep ruff encircles the throat. The right hand holds a black velvet hat, jewelled all round, and surmounted by a plume of pink feathers. The left, claps "the true Toledo-blade," as we are to infer, from the fact of Spain's having furnished the fashion of the whole dress. The shoes are pointed ones then in use, and are elaborately worked in gold. The gloves white, and of the gauntlet form.

A blue ribbon is worn round the neck, from which descends an order.

* In connexion with this Memoir, the following names are mentioned, whose portraits and memoirs have appeared in this Magazine, viz. Mary Queen of Scots, No. 15—Catherine of Aragon, No. 101—Anna Boleyn, No. 7—Jane Seymour, No. 16—Mary of England, No. 105—Elizabeth, Queen of England, No. 47—Philip II. of Spain, No. 107, besides the other members of this family, as may be seen in our lists of Portraits.
THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen of Russia

Taken anno 1842

Court Magazine No 1 Corn street London
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAITS

OF THEIR MAJESTIES

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

(Nos. 124 and 125 of this series published in the Court and Lady's Magazine for November, 1843,

This portrait was taken just as their majesties were about to proceed to the Salle de spectacle, at Berlin, the dress therefore of the Queen is only such as would be worn by any lady of rank. It consists of an open robe of white-satin, cut with a short train, and trimmed all round with lace. This is worn over an under dress of the same material which is also ornamented with three flounces of lace. The body is of the stomacher form, and has a moderate point. The sleeves which are à double sabot, are finished by a ruffle of lace which conceals the elbow. A lace tucker goes round the bosom of the dress. Her Majesty wears a coronet, necklace, bracelets, and brooch of wrought gold and precious stones, and carries an embroidered handkerchief trimmed with lace, in her hand.

The King appears in a general's uniform, and wears the crosses of several orders appended at his breast.

Having had frequent opportunities of seeing His Majesty the King of Prussia and his illustrious consort, to such as have not had that gratification we can give a positive assurance that the portraits accompanying our memoir are equal in their admirable fidelity to what could be obtained by the best artist from a personal sitting. Indeed, on this point we are almost bold enough to challenge competition with the portraits now in progress of execution, for which about two months ago a royal academician left this country by special command of our most gracious Queen.

B Memoir—(Court Magazine)—November, 1846.
MEMOIR

OF

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., REIGNING KING OF PRUSSIA,

AND

HIS ROYAL CONSORT, ELIZABETH LOUISA OF BAVARIA.

The visit of King Frederick William to England, to take the baptismal vows on behalf of an infant prince of Wales, is still fresh in our minds, as also the enthusiasm with which his Majesty was received by the audience of Covent-garden theatre, and the hearty zeal with which he applauded the efforts of the performers on that occasion. And as he came to our shores invited by our own gracious and beloved Queen, to assist at a high national solemnity, no happier auspices could be desired under which to introduce this memoir.

Frederick William, IV., king of Prussia, son of Frederick William, III., by Louisa, eldest daughter of the duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, was born October 15th, 1795. He was by birth and education a protestant, Dr. Delbrück, a zealous minister of that persuasion, being his tutor. As the young mind is naturally liable to be considerably influenced by the treatment and suggestions of its earliest director, the teacher's character in this instance manifested a careful and judicious parental selection. Of honest principles, pure morals and profound learning, though with the stiff awkward pedantry of the old German pedagogue, Dr. Delbruck successfully developed the moral qualities of his young and princely pupil. In person, as well as in general mental features, he was considered strikingly to resemble his royal mother, and his wit, sagacity, and thirst for information, even at this early period, made him be looked upon as a lively and talented boy. At length, in 1806, Dr. Delbruck, having received from the king, Frederick 3d, a pension, and a munificent donation, resigned his charge to Frederick Ancillon, then minister of the Protestant church, at Berlin, and who had acquired a high and deserved reputation for taste, politeness, and pulpit-eloquence. Under this gentleman's guidance, the prince's character and powers were assiduously cultivated and matured. Like his renowned ancestor, Frederick the Great, he acquired an extreme activity of mind and body, which he carried with him to the throne, and still retains, rising in spring and summer at 5 or 6 o'clock, in winter at 7—a practice from which no fatigue induces him to depart. His military education was entrusted to General Baron Von Dier-
zechke, a nobleman of distinguished literary as well as warlike attainments; and under his direction, teachers were appointed to the prince in every branch of martial science, and, among the rest, was the late General Von Clausewitz.

He may be said to have been born and cradled amid the storms and devastations of war. Previously to the year 1806, when his father became involved in a disastrous war with France, the utmost attention had been paid to the discipline of the army, which was maintained in a state of perfect efficiency. But during the campaigns of Napoleon, this army was well nigh annihilated, and the very extinction of the Prussian monarchy threatened. Having first formed an alliance with the French Emperor, and closed the northern ports of his kingdom against the British, and afterwards deemed it expedient to declare hostilities, but not till after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon was exasperated in the highest degree.

Thirteen days after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, Berlin received the enemy, and the British parliament confirmed the measure of Lord Hutchinson, who had advanced £30,000 for the temporary use of King Frederick and his household. The campaign of 1807, decided the triumph of France. The victory of Friedland completely defeated and humbled the Russians, and placed the king of Prussia at the conqueror's mercy. By the treaty of Tilsit, he was obliged to cede to the latter the duchies of Cleves and Berg; to renounce all his dominions between the Rhine and the Elbe, part of Lusatia, the city of Dantzig, the provinces formerly belonging to Poland, and to again close his ports against Great Britain, being even obliged to enforce throughout his provinces, every decree against her commerce. During the nominal and treacherous peace thus procured, the prince, whose agitated career we are thus trying to trace, being then only in his 12th year, His Majesty, with true magnanimity, strove to lessen his people's hardships by greatly reducing his civil and military establishments. By means of secret associations, but particularly by that of the Jugenbund, or bond of peace, the oppressed and insulted Prussians were excited and prepared to take arms on the first favorable opportunity. By surprising secrecy, skill and perseverance, he was enabled, spite of all his reverses, to bring at the critical moment, 200,000 troops into the field. The disasters of Napoleon subsequent to his Russian campaign, with the final catastrophe at Waterloo, brought about the Congress of Vienna, by which a settlement was made much to the Prussian interest, and since that period mutual good feeling has increased between her and England, which seems to have reached its climax by her monarch becoming sponsor to the heir-apparent of these realms.

By his father's orders, Prince Frederick served in the Prussian guards, first as Lieutenant, until through successive degrees of promotion, he attained the rank of General-commander of a corps d'armée. To make him acquainted with the various departments of public affairs, he was obliged to discharge the office of councillor at different administrative boards, in which capacity the future king manifested the greatest natural sagacity, and the liveliest sense of justice; and, at a later period, proved himself to be one of the ablest members in the Prussian council of state, so as frequently to dazzle, humble and confound, functionaries grown grey in the routine of office. Thus educated and instructed, his Majesty retains to the present hour the
principles of absolute government, maintaining that a constitutional king cannot be an independent ruler, and repeating these sentiments in his maiden speech at Königsberg, in September, 1840; and afterwards at Berlin and Breslau. A munificent patron of philosophy and the drama, literature and the fine arts, generally, have found in him an energetic and enthusiastic supporter. A few circumstances relative to this fact, as possessing unusual interest, may be recorded. Having caused the tragedies of Æschylus to be translated into German, he had them performed by the company of the theatre royal at Berlin, under the direction of the poet, Dr. Tieck. The music was composed by Meyerbeer; and the entire details of costume, scenery and decoration, were gathered from contemporary authors' antique statues, gems, and other similar sources, and these time-honored dramatic models were produced with a degree of classical accuracy and beauty, that created the liveliest admiration. Another circumstance was his imitation of Dr. Shelling, the natural philosopher and professor at the university of Munich, who was received at Berlin with all the honors of a triumphal entry, and being allowed the use of an immense saloon to lecture in was attended by crowds of students, literati, and persons of rank, the King and royal family giving splendor and eclat to the address and reputation of this modern Demosthenes.

The King of Prussia is about five feet ten inches high, of a robust, but not unwieldy frame. His complexion is fair, his head large, with a broad and ample forehead, and blue eyes, the entire countenance bespeaking intelligence and benevolence. His nose and mouth are said to be the features in which he most resembles his mother. His private character is strictly moral, his imperfections are attributable to the condition of an absolute monarch, much of which may be traced in his outward carriage and appearance, at once aristocratic and intellectual, and adapted to command interest and respect. On the 16th of November, 1823, at Berlin, he was united to Elizabeth Louisa, the King of Bavaria's eldest daughter, a young and lovely lady, then 22 years of age, with whom, on the 9th of June, he ascended the throne of Prussia.

In the several treaties, negotiations and changes of territory from one crowned head to another, during so protracted a period of war and anarchy, the young prince had abundance of opportunity for acquiring skill and experience in diplomatic and political science, accompanying his royal father both in defeat and triumph. Several visits took place between the allied sovereigns with a view to establish amicable relations between each other, against their great and common enemy; but concerning his first visit to England, as being particularly interesting, and connected with recent events, besides being descriptive of the King's habits and calculated strongly to impress his mind with the character and genius of our countrymen, it may be considered judicious to subjoin a special notice. The Prince Frederick was in his nineteenth year, when, on the 6th of June, 1814, he landed at Dover, in company with his brother and father, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and his relatives, the Princes William, Frederick and Augustus, besides Marshal Blucher, Baron Humboldt, Counts Hardenberg and Nesselrode, and a numerous and distinguished suite. They were received by Lords Yarmouth, C. Bentick, and the Earl
of Rosslyn, and partook of an entertainment provided by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who had conducted them from Boulogne; Counts Platoff, Barclay de Tolly, Tolstoi, and Prince Metternich, who had previously landed, joining the illustrious party. The Emperor Alexander answered, partly in English and partly in French, an address from the inhabitants of Dover; but, as their Majesties proceeded privately next morning to London, the Prince had little opportunity of witnessing the public feeling until Marshal Blucher, in the Regent's open carriage, arrived at Carlton House, where, no sooner were the stable gates opened than there was a general rush of the people. Vain were all attempts to restrain them. The two sentinels were disarmed and laid prostrate—the porter shared the same fate; Nothing could depict the enthusiasm of their reception of their veteran friend and confederate of their own victorious Duke. Colonels Bloomfield and Congreve, uncovered, conducted him to the principal entrance of Carlton House. The crowd in Pall-Mall lost all sense of respect and decorum, and instantly scaled the walls; whereupon, they were indulged, and the great doors of the hall were thrown open to them, and an interesting scene took place. The Prince Regent and the Marshal walked to the centre of the hall, and the latter having knelt in the midst of the people, the Prince placed upon his shoulder a beautiful medallion likeness of himself, rich set with diamonds, after which the Marshal kissed the royal donor's hand, and both having bowed to the assemblage, the most deafening and protracted acclamations returned the condescension, after which an immense multitude followed the hero to his apartments in St. James's Palace.

On the following day, the Prince Regent attended successively the levees of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, at Cumberland-house and Clarence-house, and these personages afterwards performed the same act of courtesy at the court of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, subsequently dining with the Prince, at Carlton-house. It was on the occasion of his visit to the Admiralty, on the 9th of June, that Blucher, struck with the beauty of the prospect from the telegraph, and the immense concourse of spectators parading the streets, remarked to Col. Lowe, in German, that "there was no such place as London in the world." On the same day the Prince Regent was invested with the order of the Golden Fleece, by Prince Metternich; and by the Prussian monarch, with that of the Golden Eagle; and King Frederick with some others, were elected knights of the order of the Garter. In the evening, the Prussian Princes accompanied the Duchess of York to the opera, when the populace thronged round Blucher and Platoff to shake hands, which these warriors cordially did, frequently adding, "I thank you; I thank you." Next day the Sovereigns visited Ascot races, and returning thence, dined with the Queen, at Frogmore. The Bank, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, and Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich, were successively visited. At the last named place, the effects of Col. Congreve's rockets were demonstrated, and the King and Prince of Prussia expressed their high admiration of the general appointments of the artillery, and the order and precision with which its manœuvres were executed. The splendor, the enthusiasm, the vast resources thus constantly unfolded for his inspection through the various scenes, must have strongly impressed the subject of ou
Memoir with high notions of the independence, magnificence, wealth, and liberality of the English nation. In comparison with this pomp, the display attending his Majesty's recent visit of 1812, was sombre and unostentatious, for retrenchments have been made in the national expenses; and, previous to the peace of 1815, a vast accession had accrued to the already overgrown burden of the national debt, the people being buoyed up with the unnatural excitement of pageants and victories, and filled with delusive visions of unattainable prosperity.

As serving to illustrate the grandeur and elegance of the banquets and entertainments to the allied Sovereigns at that period, we may particularize that given at the Radcliffe library of the Oxford University. In the centre of the building, directly under the dome, was placed a table, covered with ornaments of plate. Round this and occupying nearly the whole circle within the arcades of the building, was placed another table almost circular, diverging from which as a centre, five others extended into five of the eight arcades, into which the exterior circle of the library is divided. In the centre of the circular table sat the Chancellor, with his illustrious guests. About 200 sat down to dinner, 50 of whom were considered as the Prince Regent's party, and occupied the part next him. The tables were loaded with plate. The costumes of the company were superb, many gentlemen being in court-dresses or regimentals, and wearing, loosely, over them, the scarlet academic robe. The beauty of the building, the rank of the guests, the quality of the decorations, the upper gallery thronged with people who cheered each favorite toast and sentiment, presented a coup d'œil, that, for unique and classical effect has been seldom equalled.

As a concluding British incident, indicative of the character of the royal personage, a portion of whose life is here chronicled, may be remarked his visit to Newgate with Mrs. Fry, at a time when he was no longer Prince but King of Prussia. That zealous and philanthropic lady had been in his Majesty's dominions, and had there received much royal consideration. On this occasion the King conversed with much feeling, sitting by her side on a common prison chair, which scarcely differed from the benches used by the convicts.

The following particulars, relative to the system of education in Prussia under its present Monarch, are added, as conveying a notion of the tone and character likely to be thereby imparted to the people, and affecting its position in the scale of the great European community. Every complete elementary school comprehends the following objects:—Religious instructions—the German language; the elements of geometry, together with the general principles of drawing; calculation and practical arithmetic, the elements of physics, geography, general history, and especially that of Prussia; singing, writing and gymnastic exercises; the simplest manual labors, and some instruction in husbandry. The instructions in reading, writing, arithmetic and singing are indispensable in every school; and none is considered complete unless it fulfill the whole scheme of instruction just marked out. Next to the village are the burgher schools, where, in addition to the branches taught in the elementary schools, the pupils are instructed in Latin, and prepared for admission into institutions called gymnasia, similar to the grammar schools of Winchester, Eton, Westminster, and Edinburgh. In these institutions classical learning is pur-
sued to a great extent, as preparatory to admission into the universities; some are superintended by protesters, others by catholics, and a few by both. They have, according to their extent, from four to twelve masters; and the pupils are divided into five or six classes, the lower of which differ but little in their instructions from the burgher schools. In the larger, and middle-sized cities, schools are established for the females, the inferior class of whom, in Silesia, are taught the delicate art of lace-making. The religious instruction given in the Prussian schools is always adapted to the doctrines of the church to which the school belongs. The children of a different persuasion, however, are subjected to no kind of annoyance or constraint on account of their particular creed. No attempt is made to proselytise them; and they are not obliged, against their parents' will, or their own, to attend the religious instruction or exercises of the school, but private masters of their own creed are charged with their religious education. Every scholar of an elementary school must, when he leaves it, receive a certificate as to his capacity, and his moral and religious dispositions, signed by the master and the school-committee. These certificates are always presented to the clergyman, before admission to the communion, to master-manufacturers or artisans on being bound apprentices, or to housekeepers on entering service.

The Queen of Prussia's mother was Caroline, daughter of Charles Louis, hereditary Prince of Buæn, and twin-sister to Amelia Augusta, married in 1822, to John Nepomucene Marie, of Saxony. In September, 1823, King Maximilian Joseph, received, through Lieutenant-General de Zastraw, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Court of Berlin, an autograph letter, demanding for his son, the Prince Royal, the hand of the Princess Elizabeth Louisa. The King of Bavaria expressed the most unbounded satisfaction at the prospect of so eligible an alliance, and was accordingly visited on the following month by the intended bridegroom. The nuptials were hastened with all possible dispatch, and the amiable couple were united within three months after the date of the proposal.

To this very brief account of these two august sovereigns—whose lives and hearts, we honestly believe, are devoted for the best interests of their kingdom and subjects, and one of whom might be likened, for the great and generous amiability of her bearing, to our own beloved and highly venerated Dowager-Queen Adelaide, (thoughtful alike how she can best create happiness and promote good and useful purposes)—much of gratifying information might be added, both respecting public and private welcomings of these sovereigns during their Rhine-progress of the past year, and subsequently more extended sphere of personal knowledge of their people, and their country's resources—but we necessarily refrain, at least for the present, scarcely feeling ourselves competent adequately to record and fully to set forth all their numerous acts of generosity and love by which they gained the hearts of a mixed people, governed, we may almost say, by different laws and a great diversity of religion. The task were, therefore, one of considerable difficulty to win open demonstrations of affection from a whole people, such as were poured forth upon their monarchs' heads during the period to which we have more particularly alluded.
AISIÉ SORÉL.

Born 1409. Died 1449.

From an original portrait.

Court Magazine, No. 41, Carey Street, London.
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

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

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

MEMOIR

OF

AGNES SOREL,

MAID OF HONOR TO MARIE OF ANJOU, QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES VII. OF FRANCE.

Embellished with a full-length authentic Portrait, No. 1, of this Series of full-length, colored, authentic, ancient portraits, of which 125 are now published.

Agnes Sorel or Soreau, famous for her beauty, as well as rousing the royal chivalry of France, at an extremely important and critical period of that country’s history, was the daughter of the Seigneur St. Gérand—a gentleman attached to the household of the Count de Clermont—and was born in the village of Fromenteau, in Touraine, about the year 1409. An elegant and liberal education served to heighten and adorn the numerous graces with which nature had endowed her.

At the early age of fifteen, Agnes was appointed maid of honor to Isabeau of Lorraine, Duchess of Anjou, one of the most distinguished women of her time. When this princess went to the Court of France, in the year 1431, to solicit the liberation of her husband, made prisoner at the battle of Bullogneville, Agnes, who was called “La Demoiselle de Fromenteau,” was in the full bloom of beauty. Her pointed and delicate wit, sprightly conversation and varied accomplishments were unrivalled, and her general attractions so superior to those of other ladies, that she was regarded as a prodigy, and, therefore, peculiarly qualified to gain the affections

* Respecting this Memoir and Portrait, see a note at the end.

C Memoir—(Court Magazine)—December, 1843.
of a young and susceptible monarch. Charles VII. became, then, passionately enamored of her, and to ensure her residence at court, gave her, near the Queen, the same place which she occupied in the household of the Duchess of Anjou. For a considerable period, Agnes resisted all advances on the part of the King, and their subsequent intercourse was conducted with the most profound mystery, and such singular discretion, that the very courtiers were long puzzled to determine the real position of the new favorite. The numerous favors, however, lavished upon Agnes’s parents, and the extraordinary expenses in which she indulged at the court of France, at that time the poorest in Europe, quickly opened their eyes to the real situation which she held therein.

When the Queen visited Paris, in the year 1487, Agnes appeared in her train, with a splendor that offended the people and raised indignant murmurs amongst the multitude. Those symptoms of disapprobation both disconcerted and mortified the favorite, who remarked with some bitterness, “These Parisians are low-bred people, and if I had known that they would manifest so little respect and good-manners, I would never have set my foot inside their city.” England possessed at that time the half of France, and the King, though naturally brave, was much discouraged by adversity. The Queen had tried in vain to revive in his soul the desire of glory, and that prince, who was seen at the siege of Montereau to scale the walls sword-in-hand and perform prodigies of valor, like another Hannibal resigned himself at Loches and Chinon to the allurements of pleasure, totally forgetful that it was his imperative duty to exert himself to regain his kingdom by successful opposition to the Duke of Bedford.

One day, an astrologer was presented at court, when the King, equally anxious with the lovely Agnes to know the destiny that awaited her as well as himself, resolved to make trial of his skill. Desirous, doubtless, according to the fashion of those times, to make himself agreeable, by a light charge of flattery, the learned expounder of the hidden secrets of the stars boldly declared, that the lady, for a long period of time, would hold predominant sway over the heart of a great monarch. Profiting by this opportunity, Agnes arose, and respectfully curtseying to Charles, demanded his permission to proceed to the court of the King of England, in order that she might fulfil her declared destiny, emphatically adding. “To that monarch the prediction unquestionably refers, since, not only will you soon lose your crown, but Henry will unite your’s with his own.”

‘These words,’ says a contemporary, ‘sunk so deeply into the King’s heart, that he wept bitterly, and, with fixed energy of purpose, no longer indulged in the idle pastime of the chase, and the voluptuous enjoyments of his gardens and haunts of pleasure; so that, whether owing to his good fortune, or his bravery, the heretofore lost monarch valiantly undertook the affairs of his people, and, successfully opposing his enemy, was not long ere he drove the English from his kingdom.

Whether this anecdote be founded in truth or in falsehood, this, however, is certain, that Agnes, probably availing herself of her influence over the King’s mind, successfully exerted her utmost powers in calling the King to a strict sense of his royal obligations. Unlike women of less exalted sentiment, she feared not
to hurry him into the active duties of a military life, where, amidst the tumults of war, some might have been apprehensive that the devoted ardor of a lover, fed by this new excitement, would be diverted from herself, or, may-be, extinguished. Thus, then, it was, that she awoke him from his destructive lethargy, and that the English probably lost, through her instrumentality, all the advantages which they had gained from the victories of Poitiers and Azincourt; and not merely were these the opinions of one, to whose writings we have just referred, but down to a much later period such continued to be the predominant sentiment throughout France, especially at the court of Francis I., whose verses in her praise are brief as they are pithy and eulogistically enthusiastic:

Gentille Agnes, plus d’honneur tu mérites
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrer
Claude moindre ou bien devot hermite.

They may be thus freely translated:

More honor, gentle Agnes, hast thou won
In saving France through France’s royal son,
Than rigid hermits merit being paid
For rules enforce’d within the cloister’s shade.

This sudden and unaffected change in the King’s mode of life, attended as it was with the most felicitous results, added increasing smiles of royal preference. A series of reverses had befallen Charles, after the barbarous and brutal burning by the English of Jeanne d’Arc, in the market-place of Rouen, the enthusiastic maiden who had conducted the King to his Sacre, or Holy Consecration at Rheims, and declared her mission fully accomplished by that event, and begging, with affecting simplicity, to be permitted to return thence, “to her father and mother, that she might tend their flocks and cattle, and discharge her accustomed duties,” or, quoting the very language of the Chronique de la Pucelle; “Je voudrois bien qu’il (le Roy) voulut me faire ramener auprès mes père et mère, et garder leurs brebis et bétail, et faire ce que je soulais faire.”

Jeanne’s accumulated misfortunes, subsequent to this her declaration, form the most singular portion of her extraordinary and most touching history, as it seemed absolutely prophetic of her future, miserable and unmerited fate. Owing to the disasters attending the maiden’s downfall, the monarch had sunk into a state of lethargic despondence regarding the affairs of his kingdom, occupying himself solely in the amusements of the chase and in voluptuous pleasures. Philip, duke of Burgundy, prompted by revenge for his father’s assassination at the bridge of Montreau, had contracted a close alliance with the English, his sister being married to the Duke of Bedford, who, to counteract the excitement produced by Charles’ sacré at Rheims, escorted the youthful Henry VI. from Rouen to Paris, where he was solemnly crowned in the church of Notre Dame, by his uncle the cardinal of

* See this authentic Portrait, (No. 88), taken by us exclusively for this Periodical, from a missal in the British Museum, and published with a memoir in the Court Magazine for July, 1840; also an answer to the statement in the Foreign Quarterly Review, in this Magazine that there did not exist any authentic Portrait; as far as known to that periodical, both they and the world at large were alike in ignorance of the fact.
Winchester. But Charles VII's sudden change of fortune, on his energies being re-animated by the spirited appeal of his charming mistress, was as remarkable as his previous depression. The offence taken by the Duke of Burgundy on the Duchess of Bedford's death, whose lord speedily re-married without his ally's privy or approbation, and the discontent of Philip's own retainers at being called upon to fight for a conqueror, appeared to pave the way for re-union and success. The congress was assembled at Arras, it being premised that honorable offers of peace should be tendered by Charles, with an understanding, that if they were declined by Henry, the Duke of Burgundy would immediately abandon an alliance with the latter. Nothing was neglected on the occasion which could contribute to increase the eclat and splendor demanded by the occasion. It was determined that two cardinal-legates should preside; that each of the belligerents should be represented by his ambassadors, and the leading European powers invited to participate in the ceremony. The opening of these "States-general of Christendom," according to Sismondi's expressive phraseology, took place in the abbey of St. Vaast, on the 5th of August, in the year 1435; and never, perhaps, was congregated a more gorgeous assemblage of diplomatists. The train of the English embassy consisted of two hundred knights: nearly five hundred horsemen accompanied that of France; the Duke of Burgundy was escorted by his own archers, clad in rich uniform; deputies attended from the university of Paris, from many other principal cities of the kingdom, and from the provinces of Flanders. The Emperor, the Kings of Castile, Aragon, Portugal, Navarre, Naples, Sicily, Cyprus, Poland and Denmark, sent accredited envoys. Throngs of civilians and canonists were prepared for the resolution of disputed questions. Noble ladies added their attractions to the brilliant scene; and, when the gay company rode abroad, they were preceded "by trumpets and clarions, (the music of the 15th century, sounding most melodiously," and by numerous kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants, dressed in their tabards, with the armorial blazonings of the different princes who had met at Arras.

The debates were conducted with much heat, and the cardinal of Winchester, England's principal representative, perceived from the outset that the Duke of Burgundy's alliance would be lost. The basis upon which the English wished to negotiate was the treaty of Troyes; in other words, the surrender of the whole kingdom by Charles to Henry. The French tendered Acquitaine and Normandy in fief. The English, as a dernier resort, then proposed the status quo—the present condition of affairs—during a truce of twenty, thirty, or even forty years; but this being also rejected, the cardinal of Winchester declared his mission ended, and quitted the assembly. His departure, and the Duke of Bedford's death, which occurred almost immediately after, by removing all private scruples, were the signals for a perfect reconciliation between King Charles and the duke, and the concessions made by the former amply attest the high value he attached to Philip's friendship. The assassination of the duke's father at Montereau was declared to have been wicked, traitorous and iniquitous, and an apology offered, on the plea that his majesty was then very young and inexperienced, and had not the consideration to prevent it. It was also agreed to punish all those convicted to have been privy to the murder, and
to found and endow certain religious edifices for the benefit of the deceased duke's soul, and, besides being gifted with numerous payments, immunities and additions of territory, Philip was relieved from all personal homage during the life of the contracting parties, and a general amnesty was proclaimed for all injuries done on either side, except those relating to the death of Sans Peur, as the late duke of Burgundy was styled. The signature of this treaty was hailed with the most unbounded joy; the legates administered the sacrament to the principal negotiators, and absolved the great Burgundian nobles from their oath of alliance to the English. On this occasion, De Launoy, exclaimed, with all the fiery bluntness characteristic of the haughty Baron, as he knelt to swear allegiance to King Charles: "Here am I, who have taken oaths for the preservation of the peace, five times, during this war, not one of which has been observed. But I now make promise to God that this shall be kept on my part, and that I will not in any way infringe it."

In the ensuing spring, the Duke of Burgundy announced to his vassals at Ghent the necessity of declaring war against England; and, within little more than a month afterwards, his troops assisted the constable, L'Isle Adam, and Dunois in the recovery of Paris, whence its governor, Lord Willoughby, was compelled to withdraw to Rouen. Of all these advantages to her royal lover, and the nation, generally, Agnes Sorel might, to a considerable extent, be considered the prime originator, by so fearlessly awakening in the king the martial ardor and activity for which his majesty was in early youth distinguished.

On the 13th of November, in the following year, 1437, Charles and his Queen entered Paris, and Agnes Sorel gave another proof of her haughty independent spirit, and superior mental powers, in her reply to the popular murmurs regarding her extraordinary expenses, her magnanimity being apparently excited, without her being dazzled by surrounding splendor. Much pageantry and display accompanied this triumphal entry of the king into his now obedient capital. He had shared in the toils of the siege and capture of Montereau, which had resisted his arms for six weeks, and having recovered the energy and honor he once appeared to have lost, his majesty now revisited his good city for the first time since he had been removed from it in his childhood. He was met by the seven virtues and the seven deadly sins, dressed in character, on horseback. A chorus of angels poured forth their melody as he advanced. Many scriptural subjects were represented as a species of pantomimic mysteries, in one of which, "How Judas hanged himself," we are told that "the acting was good and very affecting." In one place "St. Michael might be seen weighing souls in a balance," as if assisting at the last judgment; in another, "St. Margaret appeared as if issuing from a dragon's mouth. The dauphin, afterwards Louis XII., who had already conceived a strong jealousy and even hatred of "La Belle Agnes," accompanied his father on this occasion. The king's spirit once roused, nothing could exceed his energy and courage in suppressing a conspiracy for his overthrow, or, "La Praguerie," as it was termed, in which the dauphin unnaturally united himself against him with the dukes of Bourbon and Alençon, and the counts of Vendôme and Dunois. He marched upon Poitou, successively overpowered the insurgents, and received the submission of the chief leaders at Casset, almost before they
had concerted a plan of resistance. The singular skill and prowess manifested in this campaign, roused the duke of Burgundy's jealousy, and prompted him to ransom, and form an alliance with the duke d'Orleans, who had been a prisoner in England, from the time of the battle of Azincourt, a period of twenty-five years; but Charles' crushed this new accession of force, with the same facility as before, received the duke of Orleans' allegiance; and contributed liberally towards his ransom.

Thus we see what trivial causes may sometimes produce the most momentous events, and how curiously, nay, even, how mysteriously constituted must be the human soul and system, that a courtier's taunt, (as may have often happened,) or, as in this case, a well-timed and judiciously pointed witticism from the laughing lips of the lovely companion of royal pleasures, could prevail upon a king to resign all amorous delights, leave the bed of indolence for the field of glory, change the entire features of a great nation; restore their country to its own people; a king to his kingdom. What a proud retrospect, then, for the spirited woman who could make the reflection with at least a large portion of truth "This is my work."

Agnes' reputation and influence, which, however, she had never abused, at length, unfortunately, drew upon her the hatred of the dauphin. "This young and ill-advised prince," say certain writers, suffered himself to be betrayed into an act of passionate temper towards her. This was no less than a box on the ear which Louis X1th. gave her in the castle of Chinon. Without experiencing any diminution of the king's affection, the high-spirited and insulted lady retired, in 1445, to Loches, where Charles VIIth. had caused a castle to be erected for her residence; giving her, besides, the estate of Penthievre in Brittany, the seignories of Roche-Serviere and d'Issaudun en Berri, and the castle of beauty, situate on the banks of the Marne, where she took the name of "Dame de Beaufé (Lady of Beauty). A period of five years elapsed before she again appeared at court, but she always continued in intimate correspondence with the king, who made several voyages to Touraine to see her. Towards the end of the year, 1449, the queen, entertaining a grateful remembrance of the noble counsel which Agnes had given the king, prevailed upon her to return to court, where, accordingly, she appeared, and upon the capture of Rouen and the entire expulsion of the English, Charles took up his winter-quarters at the abbey of Jumiéje, while Agnes went to reside at the castle of Masmal-la-Belle, situate in the vicinity of the abbey. The object of her journey was to avert, by unceasing vigilance, all danger of a conspiracy against the king's person; but the faithful partaker of her monarch's toils, was destined to find at Jumiéje, the termination of her happiness and life.

On the 9th of February, in the year 1450, she suffered a sudden attack of dysentery, which, in six hours put an end to her existence. A belief generally prevailed that she was poisoned, some say by the orders of the dauphin; others charge with this enormity Jackes Cœur, the king's treasurer, and named by the unsuspecting Agnes the executor of her will. His enemies are, however, supposed to have forged this accusation against Jackes Cœur, who was condemned to death three years after, as an usurer, but such an act of royal severity on the part of Louis X1th. has only contributed to strengthen the suspicions entertained against him, when dauphin.
Chabannes, count of Dammartin, is particularly mentioned as having charged Jackes Cœur with poisoning the lovely Agnes.

The remains of this celebrated beauty, who had held such a conspicuous station, not merely in connection with the monarch, but in the affairs of France, were deposited within the collegiate church of Loches castle, which sacred edifice had been enriched by her gifts. The tomb erected to her memory is mentioned to have existed as recently as the year 1792; upon which were recorded full measures of praise for her extreme liberality.

The monks, however, thinking to gratify the early indications of contempt for, or, perhaps, jealousy manifested by Louis XI. towards Agnes, under the cloak of religion that their church was scandalized by her tomb, intreated that monarch to allow them to remove this object of scandal. "I accede to your wish," replied the monarch, whose mind was then, at least, justly impressed with the sense of the services rendered to his ancestor, "upon this express condition, that you first of all yield up every advantage which you have received from the same despised individual."

Some assert that her heart and entrails were interred at Jumieges, and her body buried at Loches, in the middle aisle of the church, within a tomb of black-marble. Her statue, of the same material, is sculptured in another part of the church, angels holding a cushion upon which her head reclines, while two lambs are reposing at her feet.

Historians are by no means unanimous in their opinions of Agnes Sorel. Some treat her with contempt, and accuse her of having embarrassed the finances by her scandalous expenses; others attribute to her the glory of having saved France. It may, however, be justly affirmed, that she never abused her power; that she was sincerely attached to the King! and, what was most singular, in one raised by such means to eminence, and surrounded by adulation, had sufficient address and prudence to preserve the Queen's friendship up to her very death. The fruit of her intercourse with Charles VII., was three daughters, recognized by that monarch and by Louis XI., his successor. All three were married and endowed at the expense of the crown, and received the title of Daughters of France, which, even at that period, was given to the King's natural children. The poets of the time have celebrated the envied charms of the lovely Agnes. Most of the verses composed in honor of her, have fallen into oblivion, but one may still read with pleasure Ball's little poem addressed to the seigneur de Sorel, the father of Agnes, and inserted in the second volume of this poet's collected works, printed at Paris in 1573.

There was still preserved, in 1789, in the library of the chapter at Loches, a manuscript containing nearly a thousand Latin sonnets in praise of Agnes, all acrosticks, and composed by a canon of that town. There is also extant, a bust of her in marble, preserved for a long time in the castle of Chinon, and now deposited in the museum of the Augustines.

The histories of those early periods are usually involved in some degree of obscurity, an observation which applies with peculiar force to private memoirs and
anecdotes, such as are here attempted to be accurately given. It is natural, then; that several circumstances connected with the life of Agnes Sorel have been differently related. One historian of high antiquity and repute, assigns her birthplace in the country of Auvergne, and asserts that she had four daughters, married into four distinguished families of the kingdom, and that the King had not personally sought aid from divination, but that Agnes, seeing his sloth and supineness, one day took occasion to tell him, that, when a very little girl, an astrologer had predicted she would be loved by one of the most courageous and valiant Kings in Christendom, whom at first she supposed was Charles himself, but then concluded it was the King of England.

Charlotte, one of her daughters, was married to James de Brezi, Count de Moulevrier; and Margaret, another, to Olivier de Coiton, Lord of Faillebourg.

An anecdote is recorded relative to the quatrains composed in her praise by Francis I. It is said, that that monarch, being one day at the house of Artus Gouffier de Boissi—once a governor, and then grand-master of France, amused himself with turning over the leaves of a portfolio which lay in the apartment of Mademoiselle de Bossi (as this Magazine should be used by the gentlemen frequenting the drawing-room of every accomplished lady), who, being fond of drawing, had copied into the book the portraits of many illustrious persons, and, among others, that of Agnes Sorel. Francis amused himself with composing verses on each, and on Agnes those already given.

Many weighty reasons may have conspired to influence her in trusting her property in the hands of Jackes Cœur, who was at the time one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom, as may be inferred from the following particulars:—he was a native of the town of Bourges, and carried on an extensive traffic—as is stated—with all the nations of Europe and Asia, being the first French merchant that discovering unknown seas, penetrated to the Levant, and held commerce with the Turks. He was esteemed so influential a man, kept so many ships at sea, and held so good an understanding with strangers, and enjoyed so high a reputation for integrity, that, in a short time he accumulated vast wealth, purchased several fine estates, built many splendid mansions, and, at his own expense, adorned the town of Bourges with sundry new streets and public-buildings. But as in France, proceeds the historian, a man cannot grow rich by industry, without being subjected to envy, suspicion, and charges of employing illegal means for acquiring treasure, he was accused (his trafficking with the Turks furnishing a pretext) of holding secret intelligence with that nation, to the prejudice of Christians; of having sent back to a Turk, a Christian slave who had escaped from his master; of having communicated the King’s secrets to his Majesty’s enemies, of mal-administration of the finances, and various oppressive exactions in Languedoc. The historian whom we are now quoting, makes no allusion to any suspicion formerly attaching to him of poisoning Agnes Sorel, nor states that he was condemned to death, but that, being overwhelmed with the series of charges above enumerated, arising from jealousy of his great wealth and prosperous industry, he was first imprisoned by the King, and afterwards condemned to suffer a heavy fine and perpetual banish-
Memor of Agnes Sorel.

ment. Some say that he went to Cyprus, and was induced to remain there with the Kings of the race of Lusignan with some money, but that he soon acquired more wealth than he had lost in France. The Damoiselle de Mortagne, who had accused him, was now in her turn put into prison. Jackes Coeur was generally considered a man of spirit and intelligence, but too enterprising: being admitted to an intimate intercourse with the court and great nobles, he was too candid and obliging, and thereby incurred much odium. Others say he died in poverty at Chio.

As a 'quid pro quo' to the numerous testimonies in Agnes's favor, it should perhaps be stated, that, in a note affixed to Hallam's estimable work of the "Middle Ages," that writer treats Agnes Sorel's instrumentality in the deliverance of France, and, indeed, her entire story, with positive incredulity, if not with virulent contempt. The following are the substance of his observations, which should be perused as an audi alteram partem—a quid pro quo, although some apparent incongruities may be perceived in what he endeavours to establish as a point of unquestionable scepticism. After acknowledging that Mezeray, Daniel, Villaret, John Chartier, Monstrelet, and several other historians, mention the circumstance of her dissuading Charles from giving up the kingdom as lost, he thus proceeds:

"Some of these, among whom is Hume, add, that Agnes threatened to leave the Court of Charles for that of Henry, affirming that she was born to be the mistress of a great King. The latter part of this tale is evidently a fabrication, Henry VI. being at the time a child of seven years old. But I have, to say the least, great doubts of the main story. The continuator of Monstrelet, probably John Chartier, speaks of the youth and beauty of Agnes, which exceeded that of any other woman in France, and of the favor shewn her by the King, which so much excited the displeasure of the Dauphin, on his mother's account, that he was suspected of having caused her to be poisoned. It is, then, for the reader to judge how far it is probable that Agnes Sorel was Charles VII. th's mistress at the siege of Orleans in 1428, and consequently whether she is entitled to the praise which she has received, of being instrumental in the deliverance of France. The tradition, however, is as ancient as Francis I., who made in her honor a quatrain (that before given) which is well known. This may have probably brought the story more into vogue, and led Mezeray, who was not very critical, to insert it in his history, from which it has passed to his followers. Its origin was, apparently, the popular character of Agnes. She was the Nell Gwyn of France; and justly beloved, not only for her charity and courtesy, but for bringing forward men of merit, and turning her influence, a virtue very rare in her class, towards the public interest. Thence it was natural to bestow upon her, in after times, a merit not ill suited to her character, but which an accurate observation of dates seems to render impossible. But, whatever honor I am compelled to detract from Agnes Sorel, I am willing to transfer undiminished to a more unblemished female, Mary or Maria of Anjou, the injured Queen of Charles VII., who has hitherto only shared with the usurper of her rights, the credit of awakening Charles from his pusillanimity. Though I do not know on what foundation even this rests, it is not unlikely to be true, and, in deference to the sex, let it pass undisputed."
Such are the rather hypercritical, yet undecided strictures of Henry Hallam, who partly admits, though reluctantly, the very facts he is evidently laboring to invalidate, and disprove. But may not the great difficulty be removed by placing Agnes Sorel's successful appeal after Jeanne d'Arc's capture and execution, when the King experienced a relapse into apathy, it being admitted that Agnes did not visit the Court of France previous to the year 1431, as before stated in this Memoir, so that Hallam endeavours to establish a case, by assuming a proposition by no means essential to the authenticity of the narrative. Respecting the number of her children, there are different opinions, and some minor details, but as to her usurping the Queen's rights, it is strange so close and continued a friendship should have subsisted between them, had not her Majesty some most unquestionable grounds for her admiration and esteem. The other objection, relating to the King of England, (which Hallam pronounces as an evident fabrication) is weakened by the suppositions that the expressions of Agnes may have been those of regret that she had not gone to Henry V., when, in the zenith of his glory, and not of menace regarding a future act, which could only allude to Henry VI., an infantine and unwarlike monarch. But, for the general truth of a narrative, it is unnecessary entirely to dissipate every remote and trifling historical doubt of which writers are at times eager to avail themselves, for the purpose of displaying their ingenuity and research.

After this stricture of doubt, we may be pardoned for so far supporting her claims by giving the following eulogistic poem, addressed to the Seigneur Sorel, in honor of Agnes, by the forenamed Jean Antoine de Baïf, as illustrative of, at least, the esteem and admiration in which she was generally held, to which is added, an original translation of it into English rhyme, restricted to the same number of verses as the original; so that she will be, at least, in future ages, well remembered, and we trust in many respects deservedly, on both sides of the channel.

This consists of 108 lines, in which are enumerated her personal attractions, the influence she so gallantly maintained over the monarch's heart, who is described as more willing to part with his kingdom than her company; the noble tone in which, even at the risk of losing his affections, she roused him from amorous lethargy to battle and victory; his Majesty's triumphs over the English and Normans, by her suggestions, and his concern at her death, with an affecting apostrophe concerning her untimely fate, though attended by the consolation that she died surrounded by he halos of beauty and renown, before either had suffered diminution or decay.
OF MENIL I.A BELLE

AGNES SOREL,

TO THE SEIGNEUR SOREL.

Sorel, to whom can this lay more belong
Than thou, sire of the subject of my song—
Sorelle, whose dwelling, seen beside her tomb,
Inspir’d the thoughts, that breath’d poetic bloom!
I know thou lov’dst her, for thy honor’d race
Shone from the charms deem’d worthy thrones to grace
Here ever (if I’ve power) shall ye survive,
And through my muse, Sorelle and Sorel live.
Menil e’en now from her derives a name;
For as her lovely self still glows her fame—
That Royal Charles had lov’d her—that she died,
True to her heart’s affection—by his side;
The gracious air and nature’s traits confess’d
Their ancient am’rous commerce still attest:
Still breathes despair the mansion desolate,
As mourning ever her untimely fate—
When the last sigh escap’d the fair Sorelle,
Who, for her beauty, won the name of BELLE;
And for her worth, complete in every part,
Enjoy’d a rich reward—her monarch’s heart,
The King, like Paris caught by Helen’s charms,
So warmly felt love’s passion in her arms,
Lost crowns had almost work’d him less annoy
Than with the beauteous dame t’have ceas’d to toy.
This King, tho’ England rag’d through all the realm,
Had ne’er but for his heart assum’d the helm:
Himself neglecting, and his people’s good,
He for his love forgot his Royal blood,
Declaring her a peasant—he her swain;
Troubled and strengthless like a King to reign,
He shunn’d all grandeur, seeking only this—
Foregone his royalty—His Sorel’s kiss,
Or soft embrace, or fond attempt to please
By amorous device his careless ease;
So strong is beauty—(see the bravest Kings)
When love’s soft impulse thro’ the spirit springs.
Then, thro’ the land, a sudden rumour ran,
That Charles, enslav’d, in ease would spend life’s span,
From female fondness powerless to part,
And having lost his valor with his heart.

Agnes—the worthy favorite of a King,
Endur’d not such reproach that they should bring,
But (giv’n by nature, eloquence and grace)
Thus told the discontent of Gallia’s race:—

"Since, Sire, your Royal pleasure thus is seen,
By your affection fix’d on one so mean,
Pardon me, Sire, if I should dare to prove,
By friendship’s privilege, how much I love;
And, loving, cannot bear, that slander’s tongue
Should do your Majesty this grievous wrong,
Saying to woman’s joys you idly cling—
Forgot the pride and duty of a King;
Then arm, great Sire, arm all and strike the blow,
Your people free—drive out your ancient foe;
Then happy I—then doubly will I shine—
A mighty monarch’s gracious favor mine.
Of a victorious King the best belov’d,
By valiant Frenchmen ever priz’d—approv’d;
From love, if honor cannot turn your mind,
Should it by love from honor be inclined."

Thus spoke the lady, and her am’rous voice,
Touch’d the King’s feelings, and decreed his choice,
The valor so long stiffed, as if dead
Beneath the torch of love—too largely fed,
At last blaz’d forth, with greater strength renew’d,
By the same flame that had its light subdu’d.
Thus, by all-conqu’ring love, Achilles fell,
And Hercules, albeit invincible;
But, after Troy had to their prowess bow’d,
One, for himself, prepar’d his burning shroud;
The other to Laomedon allied,
To faithful to his plighted promise—died.
Thus the King’s love no longer could delay—
His warlike wrath, nor clouded vict’ry’s ray,
Memoir of Agnes Sorel.

That, veering until now with fickle flight,
At length declared for France and Royal right.
In war triumphant, and with pow’r array’d,
All France with speed submitted and obey’d.
And having routed now his English foes,
The Normans conquer’d—to the chase he goes,
Intending for a while from camps to turn,
At Jumiege through winter to sojourn;
Where lovely Agnes, as ’tis said, repair’d,
To guard the King from plots that treason dar’d;
For such, quick rumour to her ears had borne
That words were pledg’d, and oaths been darkly sworn,
But on her warning, as with force divine,
They, struck with awe, forsook their black design,
But she, alas! broke not the force of fate,
That from the lease of life cut short the date;
And, Royal lover, death alone obtains
Thy need of toil—thy fond heart’s promis’d gains;
When hoping doubly to redeem the hour,
That took from love, and gave to war the pow’r.
Could not her beauty, cruel death! assuage
Thy thirst for life, nor quench thy ruthless rage!
But this young flow’r thus snatching from its soil,
Thou’st lost, grim monster, half thy look’d-for spoil,
For in fulfilling the full span of days,
That Nature’s course gives all that she surveys,
Her brilliant mind—her fair and charming prime,
Had suffer’d from the slow decay of time;
And La Belle’s beauty, with her bright renown,
Would ever have been hated and cried down;
But beautiful in death men saw Sorelle,
And cannot hate the bright renown of Belle;
Agnes, surnam’d the fair, will hold her fame,
While beauty shall of beauty be the name.
DU MENIL LA BELLE
AGNES SORELLE.
AU SEIGNEUR SOREL.

Sorel, a qui pourroit venir plus agréable
Cette rime qu'à toy, né du sang aimable
Dont Sorelle sortit, qui me donne argument
Quand je voy sa demeure après son monu-

tement ?

Je sçay, tu l'aimeras; car ta race honorée
Reduit de la beauté d'un grand Roy désirée :
Puis (si j'ay quelque force) on verrà viure icy, Et Sorelle et Sorel dont ma muse a soucy.

C'est icy le Menil, qui encore se nomme
Du nom d'Agnes la belle, et qu'encore ou
renomme

Pour l'amour d'un Roy Charle, et pour la mort
D'Agnes qui luy causa cet amoureux soucy.

Icy l'air gracieux et les ombres secrètes
Temoignent aujourd'hui leurs vieilles amou-
rettes :

Le manoir désolé temoigne un deconfort,
Como plaignant toujours la trop hastine
mort :

Quand le dernier soupir sortit d'Agnes Sorelle,
Qui, pour sa beauté grande eut le surnom de
Belle

Et pour tant meriter pour sa perfection
Que de gaigner à soy d'un Roy l'adoption,

Ce Roy comme un Paris aflloillé d'une Heleine,
Du feu chaud de l'amour portant son ame
pleine,

Estimoit presques moins perdre sa Royauté,
Que de sa douce amie éloigner la beauté,

Ce Roy bienque l'Anglois troublant tout son
royaume :

Jamais qu'à contre-cœur n'assailoit le heuume :
Volontiers nonchalant de son peuple et de soy,

Pour mieux faire l'amour eust quitté d'estre
Roy

Contant d'estre berger avecque sa bergere :
Ceu qu'en troubles si grands ne pouvant du tout
faire,

Acutant qu'il le pouvoit, fuyant toute grandeur
Il se destruoit aux siens, et ne veut plus grand
beur,

Mais que sa belle Agnes ou l'embrasse ou le
baise

Ou d'amoureux devis l'entretienne a son aise :
Tant peut une beauté depuis qu'amour
trouver,

(Voirre aux plus braves Rois) l'empreint dedans
le cœur.

Soudain un bruit courut qu'une molle parese
L'attachoit au giron d'une belle maistresse,

Par qui de son bon gré souffroit d'estre mené,
Ayant perdu le cœur du tout effemine.

Agnes ne peut celer, en son courage digne
De l'amie d'un Roy, reproche tant indigné :

Mais (comme la faconde et la grace elle aitot)
L'advertis en ces mots du bruit qui s'assenou-
voit ;

Sire, puis qu'il vous plaist me faire tant de
grace

Que loger vos tre amour en personne si basse,

Sire, pardonnez moy, s'il me faut presumer
Tant sur vostre amitie que J'ose vous aimer,

Vous aimant je ne puis souffrir que lon medisse
De votre majesté, que, pour estre surprise

De l'amour d'une femme, on accuse d'avoir
Mis en oublî d'un Roy l'honneur et le devoir.

Donques, Sire, armez vous, armez vos gens de
guerre,

Delivez vos subjets, chasses de votre terre

Vostre vieill ennemy. Lors bien-heureuse moy
Qui suray la faveur d'un magnanime Roy :

D'un Roy victorieux estant la bien aimée
Je serai pour jamais des François estimée :

Si l'honneur ne vous peut de l'amour divertir,
Vous puisse au moins l'amour de l'honneur
avertir.

Elle tint ce propos, et sa voix amoureuse,

Du gentil Roy toucha la vertu generueuse

Qui long-tems comme eteinte en son cœur
groupoisait

Sous la flamme d'amour, qui trop l'assoupis-
soit :

A la fin, la vertu s'enflamma renforcee

Par le mesme flameau qui l'avoit effacee. Ainsi

Audis Amour donta bien Achilles,

Et donta bien aussi indomptable Hercule,

Mais apres les Troyens sentirent leur puissance :

L'un de son amy mort fit cruelle vengeance,

L'autre à Laomedon apris qu'il ne devoit

Souiller la sainte foie que promise il avoit :

Aussi l'amour du Roy n'empeschava que la gloire

De l'Anglois ne perist : car deslors la victoire,

Qui d'un vol incertain variot ça et là,

Se declarant pour nous plus vers eux ne vola ...

Et depuis qu'il s'arma peu-a-peu toute France

Se remit sous le joug de son obéissance.

Ou ayant de nouveau dessous sa main reduit

Les Normans reconquis, pour prendre le deduit

De la chase et des bois, de son camp se de-
tourne,

Et retirer l'hyuer a Gemieux sejourne.

La ou la belle Agnes, comme lors on disoit,

Vit pour luy decouvrir l'emprise qu'on faisait

Contre sa majesté : La trahison fut telle,

Et tels les conjurer qu'encores on les cele :

Tant y a que l'advis qu'adone elle en donna

Fit tant que leur dessein rompu s'abandonna :

Mais, lass, elle ne put rompre sa destinee,

Qui pour trancher ses jours l'avoit ioy menée,

Ou la mort la surpri : Las, Amant, ce n'estoit

Ce qu'apres tes travaux ton cœur te promet-
toit !

Car tu pensois adone recompenser au double
L'heure, donc t'avoit privé des guerres le long

Trouble,

Quand la mort t'en frustra. O mort cella

beauté

Devoit de sa douce fléchir ta cruauté !

Mais la luy ravisant en la fleur de son age

Si grand que tu cuidois n'a esté ton outraje :

Car si elle eut fourni l'entier nombre des jours

Que luy pouvoit donner de Nature le cours,

Ses beaux traits, son beau teint et sa belle

charnure

De la tarde vieilliesse aloyent sentir l'injurie : Et le renom de Belle avecque sa beauté

Luy fast pour tout jamais par les hommes osté.

Mais jusques a la mort l'ayant vu toujours telle

Ne luy peurent oster le beau renom de Belle :

Agnes de belle Agnes retiendra le surnom,

Tant que de la beauté beaute sera le nom.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT

OF

AGNES SOREL,

MAID OF HONOR TO MARIE OF ANJOU, QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES VII. OF FRANCE.

The robe is of violet-colored velvet and cut with a train, which is bordered with ermine. The corsage is made tight to the figure, and has a collar of sable reaching to the waist. A white chemisette is worn underneath, on which is placed a rich carconet of jewels and gold. A green stomacher and girdle ornamented with pearls complete this portion of the dress. The sleeves are of an easy fulness, resembling those called demi religieuse at the present day, and are finished by a white cuff. The head gear, which is singularly unattractive, is what was in those days called of the Syrian form, and is composed of a net work of gold and pearls surmounted by a drapery or veil of gold brocade bordered with pearls, which reaches to the feet behind. The single lock of hair which we observe in the centre of the forehead of the portraits of Isabeau de Baviere is here suppressed, and the fair Agnes is (to the eye) as completely denuded of that exquisite ornament to female beauty, as though her lovely cresces had fallen under the ban of some ruthless court barber of that day. The shoes are those then named à la poulaine.
The subject of the preceding memoir may be considered to form an interesting link in a closely connected chain of portraits which have been already presented through the medium of this periodical, at different times, all of them nearly cotemporary with Agnes Sorel, or associated with those who were so:—Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI. of France, b. 1371, d. 1435; her daughter Catherine, wife of Henry V. of England, b. 1401, d. 1437; Marie d'Anjou, Queen of Charles VII., b. 1404, m. 1422; Jeanne d'Arc, b. 1410, burned 1430—published in August, 1840; January, 1842; May, 1833; and July, 1840, respectively; to which is added in our present number, a portrait of Agnes Sorel. A plain, uncolored likeness of this lady, prettily executed, but on a very diminutive scale, with a brief memoir affixed, appeared in this magazine when of a far smaller size, for June, 1831.

Also, in the same number may be seen a story, "The Lady and the Page," referring to an attachment subsisting between Agnes and Roland, a royal page, but this incident, depending as it does, upon the dark sources of tradition, can only gratify the imaginative regarding her fictitious character, and is wholly unsuited to be added to the records of historical truth.
CHARLES I, KING OF ENGLAND.

Born Nov 19, 1600.
Crowned Feb. 1625.
Married June 13, 1625.
Beheaded Jan 30, 1649.

An original painting in the gallery at Hampton Court Palace, engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine. No. 123 of this series of ancient portraits.

No. R. Carey street Lincoln's inn. London.
CHAPTER I.

The softened light of a summer's evening was shedding its balmy influence over the verdant glades of Windsor Park, as Emma Wilton, accompanied by her pretty little pupil, Fanny Halford, lingered fondly amid those scenes of sylvan beauty and repose. Emma, with a small, gilt-edged volume in her hand, was reading as she walked, in a sweet subdued voice one of Keats's picturesque poems, to which her companion—a little blue-eyed girl who had just attained her thirteenth year, was listening with most devout attention. Ever and anon, however, as they reached those sequestered slopes where, beneath the lengthening shadows of the gnarled oak-trees they perceived a herd of deer quietly browsing, the fair wanderers would pause to bestow some trifling donation upon those beautiful and gentle creatures of whom, at various times, Emma's pencil had consigned to her portfolio sundry sketches, which Landseer himself might not have regarded with indifference.

A—(COURT MAGAZINE)—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1813.
Emma and her little friend were about to retire, for the fairy veil of twilight had already succeeded the rosy tints that lately mantled the western skies, when they were surprised by the distant report of a gun; and as the herd, with antlers proudly raised, fled rattling along the spacious avenues, a stranger, in a blue frock-coat with his arm in a sling, stepped forward, and, addressing Emma, apologised for his want of punctuality, which had arisen from his having experienced a slight accident on his road home, subsequent to their last meeting.

The Apologist—for that designation is, perhaps, more appropriate than the title we have already employed—was a young man of six or seven and twenty, with a robust figure, somewhat above the ordinary standard. His hair was almost of flaxen fairness, and, with his full, dark-grey eyes, fine Roman-nose and ample forehead, might be considered to adorn a noble, if not a perfectly handsome countenance. There was, however, an undefinable something in his demeanour—an expression of perpetual restlessness, which one found it difficult to reconcile with a tranquil and cheerful mind. His smile was amiable and engaging, but of transitory duration, and seemed to be produced by an effort as if to conceal or mitigate the traits of anxiety that were so deeply engraven upon his brow. He was frequently seen walking for hours, alone, in the Park, when the quick sensitive glances that he cast at strangers whom he chanced to meet were universally observed and commented upon.

"What gun was it we heard just now, Mr. Headland?" enquired little Fanny, as soon as the customary salutations had been exchanged.

"Gun?" replied Mr. Headland, with apparent surprise.

"Surely you heard the report, Richard?" said Emma, smiling with her soft, Gazelle-like eyes.

"It might be so," hastily rejoined Headland, with affected indifference, "perhaps I was thinking of something else at the moment."

"I fear you think too much, Richard," replied Emma, with a mild and affectionate look.

"O no!" returned Headland, laughing, "thinking is for Philosophers—I'm no philosopher—there is only one subject upon which, perhaps, I ponder too deeply," and bending down with a mingled expression of gaiety and earnestness, he whispered—"Love."

A faint blush kindled on Emma's cheek, as she returned her lover's impassioned glance; then averting her eyes, she allowed Richard to take her hand with a gentle sigh.

"Fanny, love," said Emma, addressing her little companion, who was gathering daisies near the Hermit's Cave, "Fanny, love, will you go to the Lodge and fetch me my parasol which I left as we came along—there's a dear."

Fanny laughed, as shaking her bright auburn ringlets, she wickedly observed that it did not at present look very much like rain, and then willingly tripped away to execute the important commission.

"Is your cough any better, Richard," said Emma, as they sat down upon a bench, and regarded each other with tender emotion.

"Much, my dearest Emma, but——"
"You look very pale—I am afraid, Richard, you are not happy."

"How can I be happy," returned Headland, with a playful smile, "when my heart is constrained to feel not only the wounds of love, but the pangs of disappointment—but, tell me, dearest, can you accompany me to Reading to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Richard," echoed Emma, with an air of intense anxiety.

"Yes, dearest Emma, to-morrow—I have arranged all the necessary preliminaries—here is the licence—here the ring—you know my motive for what, in other circumstances, might be thought uncalled-for precipitation—my term of absence expires in a week—I know not when I may have another opportunity—the old lady is delighted at the idea of your coming to live with her—she is such a good, kind-hearted creature—she has been a mother to me you know, Emma, and when I told her that you had consented—"

"Richard!" cried Emma, with an air of tender admonition.

"Yes, dearest Emma, that you had consented to be mine, and that she should quit that dismal, old house at Reading, and we would take a small cottage a short distance from town, and we would all live together, the poor old lady kissed me—don't be angry Love—with tears in her eyes, and 'pon my honor I verily believe I dropped a few tears myself—it was ridiculous certainly, but I couldn't help it."

So saying, Richard gently raised Emma's yielding hand and placed the bridal ring upon her finger.

"Have I not guessed it?" he said, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

"To-morrow?" murmured Emma, after a long pause, during which she sat with her eyes bent in placid meditation, upon the golden symbol. "Dear Richard, would you wish me to leave my kind friends—Mr. and Mrs. Halford—so suddenly, and without informing them of my intention."

"Dearest Emma," replied the Lover, "You shall write to them immediately we get to Reading, apprising them of what has taken place, and stating that circumstances of a peculiar nature prevented you from making an earlier communication."

"O Richard," cried Emma, with an expression of intense feeling, "it will be so very unkind—so ungrateful."

The young man rose from his seat, with his lips compressed, and folding his arms, looked at Emma for some moments in silent dejection, at length he said, "Emma," while his voice faltered with deep emotion, "you do not love me."

"I do, Richard, indeed—indeed I do."

"Then why allow these trivial considerations to stand in the way of our immediate union? You know Emma how passionately—how devotedly I adore you—if your affection be as sincere as mine, why not render our mutual happiness complete, by readily acceding to my request?"

The Lover paused, and, with a look of fond entreaty, took Emma's hand as she turned away to conceal the tears which she was no longer able to repress.

"Your silence, dearest Emma," he resumed, in a more animated tone, "assures me of your acquiescence;" and removing his hat with an air of manly gallantry, he was about to affix that tender seal which has long been sanctioned by authority in contracts of this description, when he was interrupted by the approach of three
strangers, and entertaining a morbid repugnance to the curiosity of others, he had no alternative but to prepare for an immediate retreat.

"Farewell—my dearest—dearest Emma," he said, hastily kissing her hand, "to-morrow morning at seven—at the cross-road where we parted on Sunday evening—every thing shall be in readiness—farewell—my dearest idol—once more adieu."

Emma gazed at her lover with feelings of acute anguish, but before she could command her utterance he was hid from view by the distant shadows of the avenue, adjoined which their conference had taken place.

Assuming as cheerful a demeanour as her state of mind would permit, Emma advanced to meet her little messenger, Fanny, who, in company with her elder sister Miss Halford, and a handsome young Ensign in undress uniform, with a crimson sash, had brought the parasol for which, by an ingenious thought, she had been so suddenly despatched.

"And have you really been waiting here all alone, Miss Wilton?" said the young Ensign, "how I do covet your feelings."

"Why so?" returned Emma, with a smile.

"Firstly, because you have discovered what has always escaped my researches," answered the young Ensign, "and, secondly, because you have experienced that which I really fancied had no existence—I mean the advantages and pleasures of solitude.

"You are a soldier, Charles," observed Miss Halford—a pretty arch-looking blonde in the prettiest bonnet ever invented, "your sphere is the camp—not the grove."

"Love rules in camp and court and grove, my dear Laura," rejoined the young Ensign "as, to oblige me, Miss Wilton I know will cheerfully testify."

"So Poets say," murmured Emma, regarding with averted eyes the Blenheim spaniel which was actively soliciting her caresses.

"We must not always believe what Poets say," rejoined Miss Halford, "those words were very likely uttered in a dream."

"True," cried the Ensign twirling his cane," but we can dispense on the present occasion with the evidence of those sleepy personages altogether—see, what is this?" he continued, stopping and turning over a glove, that lay on the ground, with his cane, "that don't belong to a lady, Miss Wilton."

Emma glanced at the glove which Richard had inadvertently dropped while he was conversing, and her face crimsoned as if she had been convicted of some great delinquency.

"Really, Charles, with all due submission," cried Miss Halford, appearing not to observe poor Emma's embarrassment, "I cannot clearly perceive why the discovery of an inanimate object like that, in a grove or a palace, should prove that love is a tenant of either."

"Why, my sweet little Logician," replied the young Ensign, folding his arms, "I believe if you will examine the glove attentively you will find that there is 'love' and a letter in it."
The Improvident Marriage.

This jeu d'esprit which Emma could not but acknowledge with an approving smile, restored some degree of serenity to her feelings, and chatting upon a variety of topics, they soon reached the Park-gates where a military groom was holding a beautiful Arabian horse which the young Ensign mounted, and, having bade the ladies good evening, cantered off into the town.

Emma obtained but little sleep on that eventful night. Long after all the family had retired to rest she sat alone in her chamber, absorbed in meditation. The coming morrow was to see her loved and blessed, or miserable for ever. She felt the deep responsibility that attached to her decision. Would Richard be kind and faithful? O! could she, who so adored him, coldly question his fidelity? She felt that it was sinful to harbour such a thought, and tears relieved her swelling bosom, as, lifting up her eyes she murmured in prayerful tones "My dear Father—if thou wert living, now, I should not need a friend," and then she reflected upon her desolate situation, with none to guide and counsel her, and Emma bowed down and wept in very bitterness of heart.

CHAPTER II.

Emma Wilton was the only daughter of a clergyman who, at an early period of life, went out as a church-missionary to the Isle of France where he was long eminently distinguished for piety and zeal. Shortly after his arrival he married an elegant and accomplished woman, a native of the island, who died in less than a year, leaving behind her an only child Emma, whose infantine beauty she was not long destined to behold. Mr. Wilton, a man of deep and sensitive feeling was plunged into excessive grief at his bereavement, and but for the motherless infant that Providence had spared to him, and upon which he doted with more than parental tenderness he would probably have soon followed his beloved partner to her last home.

Scarceley had Emma attained her fourteenth year when she sustained the shock from which she never entirely recovered—the death of her father—occasioned by a fever which he had contracted in the active discharge of his pastoral duties. Left an orphan in a foreign land with only one or two maternal relatives, and those residing in a distant part of the country, Emma's condition was as forlorn as can well be conceived. At this period, also, her health began visibly to decline, and a sea-voyage was recommended by her medical attendants. Fortunately, when her destiny seemed to have reached its darkest crisis a good Samaritan came forward to supply the relief which she so urgently required. An intimate friend of her father, a Mr. Joseph Halford, an extensive planter in the island, had occasion to return to England, his birth place, and kindly offered not only to take Emma with him, but to place her in a comfortable situation should she wish to remain. The offer was accepted with unbounded gratitude, and Mr. Halford generously performed his undertaking. On their arrival in England Emma, whose health had materially improved, was placed for some months at a highly respectable seminary to complete her education, at the expiration of which period a brother of Mr.
Halford, who resided with his family at Windsor, being much pleased with Emma's modest demeanour, and interested in her misfortunes, engaged her as governess for his youngest daughter, Fanny, in which situation we found her at the commencement of our story.

Naturally of a gentle, sensitive and affectionate disposition, the calamities which had befallen poor Emma had rendered her the most confiding and ingenuous of her sex. To love and to repose upon the loved one, with an earnest faith that sprang from pure innocence and goodness alone, was her first and strongest impulse. No passing shadow of suspicion or distrust ever dimmed for a moment the bright image that a kind word or glance had once impressed upon her heart. With talents of a high and brilliant order she instinctively shrunk from every thing approaching to display, and whether seated at the piano or the embroidery frame—warbling some sweet English-ballad with exquisite taste and feeling, or fabricating some charming specimen of her art, she was the same guileless, gentle being, with a smile, tempered by the faintest trace of melancholy, ever beaming in her dark and lovely eyes.

It was during what is termed the Christmas-vacation that Miss Halford with little Fanny and Emma were on a visit to a particular friend of their father, a Spanish merchant in London. By arrangement with the firm of which Mr. Molasquez was the senior partner, his family during the winter resided in a large and commodious house in Broad-street, the lower part of which was occupied as a counting-house. The business being of an extensive nature, some eight or ten clerks were employed in the establishment, amongst whom the principal and most calculated to attract female attention was Richard Headland. His commanding figure, dignified deportment and aristocratic features created in Emma's bosom a prestige which she scarcely dared to acknowledge even to her young friend Miss Halford who, in affairs of this nature, was her chosen confidante. Though, during her stay, no opportunity occurred for any communication beyond a passing interchange of civilities, yet Emma had seen enough to assure her that Mr. Headland was not altogether indifferent to the impression which he had made upon her heart. Shortly before leaving town to return to their residence at Windsor, Emma, in company with Miss Halford attended a metropolitan church to hear some popular preacher, and owing to the excessive heat (at least so it is conjectured) Emma fainted away and was carried out into the open air. On recovering her senses, the first object that met her view was Richard Headland supporting her on his arm. His manner was somewhat distant, unnecessarily so Emma fancied, and she was not very difficult to please, and when with a polite bow he bade her and Miss Halford a cold "good evening" Emma could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears. That night she could get no sleep. The following day was appointed for their return home, and Emma saw Richard no more.

A fortnight, a long dreary fortnight passed away. Emma looked pale and languid. Frequently she was observed to sink into a state of deep meditation, and sometimes a treacherous little sigh would escape involuntarily from her bosom, at which Miss Halford would laugh and tell her she ought not to waste her "love-sighs" upon the mere imagination of a beau. Once Emma happened to leave her
work-box open, and Miss Halford having occasion to borrow some implement of millinery from it, discovered in one of the compartments a half-finished miniature of Richard Headland painted by Emma's own hand with such fidelity to nature as to prove beyond doubt that his image was engraven upon her memory as indelibly as it was upon her heart.

About a month after Emma's return to Windsor she sustained a severe shock in the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Halford, her respected friend and benefactor. He had been transacting business at the India-house, and was descending the steps previous to entering his carriage, when he was observed to stagger, and before he could be conducted into the Board-room and medical assistance obtained he had breathed his last. Unfortunately he died without having made any written disposition of his property, but his brother, to whom his estates descended as his heir-at-law, generously presented Emma with a sum of two hundred pounds which, with a trifle which she had herself accumulated, rendered her a very eligible alliance for any respectable young tradesman who might be fortunate enough to supplant Richard Headland in his addresses, if such an undertaking were practicable, which Emma in her loving estimation of his merits no doubt considered highly problematical.

It was on a Sunday evening, shortly after the funeral of Mr. Joseph Halford, that Emma was taking her customary walk in the park accompanied by little Fanny, when, with feelings that can scarcely be described, she met Richard Headland, who suddenly emerged from behind a clump of trees where Emma had paused to contemplate the surrounding scenery. He wore a blue, military cloak with a cape, which displayed his figure to great advantage. In course of conversation he stated that, owing to a pulmonary affection from which he had suffered for some time, he had been recommended by his physician to try a change of air, and having obtained leave of absence had come down to Windsor with that object. Though much paler than when Emma saw him in town, and more negligently attired, Emma thought that he never looked more interesting, and ascribed the care-worn expression which his countenance presented, to purely physical causes, and not to any reverses calculated to induce mental depression.

Engrossed with each other's society, and resigning themselves to a genial interchange of sentiment, the minutes glided rapidly away while the lovers seemed utterly oblivious of any other world than that which imagination drew, replete with prospective felicity. It was not, till some large, heavy drops of rain fell suddenly upon them that, recalled from their ecstatic visions, they became aware of the immediate approach of a storm. Presently, a vivid flash of lightning flickered across the glade, followed by a loud peal of thunder that seemed to shake the ground upon which they stood. For more than an hour the storm raged with unabated fury—flash succeeding flash like arrows of fire, while the thunder rolled athwart the black horizon, and reverberating amongst the neighbouring hills, where it died away in deep and solemn murmurs, might have unbraced the strongest nerves. Meanwhile, the rain continued to descend in torrents, and the only shelter that presented itself was a large elm-tree, beneath whose closely-spreading branches Richard had conducted Emma and little Fanny, the former of whom he with much difficulty prevailed
upon to accept his cloak, which formed a very desirable protection both for Emma and her little companion on this inauspicious occasion. Trembling with cold—sorrowful and silent they waited in anxious expectation of the storm subsiding, till at length even hope abandoned them. Though the lightning was less vivid and the distant thunder was heard only at intervals of some minutes, the rain poured down if possible more copiously than ever, and as the night was drawing on apace, and Emma knew that Mrs. Halford must feel uneasy at her prolonged absence, there remained no alternative but to proceed at all hazards, which they did, accordingly, Emma being snugly enveloped in Richard's capacious cloak, and little Fanny carried by him in his arms with a nurse-like tenderness and care, at which Emma could scarcely avoid smiling, though her glancing eyes were redolent of gratitude and affection.

In pitiable plight the poor wanderers at length reached their destination, and Emma would fain have persuaded Richard Headland to walk into the house to take some refreshment, but this invitation he firmly declined, and requested Emma as he withdrew not to mention his name or what had transpired to any person whatever.

From that time, for three successive weeks, Emma punctually met her lover every evening, till, at length, emboldened by her gently-extorted confession of love, he made a proposal for their immediate marriage, alleging as a reason for this un-wonted precipitation, his approaching return to business, and his desire to have their nuptials celebrated before his term of absence had expired. Emma, who loved him with a blind devotion, characteristic of her single-hearted nature, was only restrained from acceding to his request by her attachment to Mrs. Halford, whose conduct while Emma was governess in her family had been uniformly kind and indulgent. But, alas! we all know that love is a formidable antagonist for either duty or friendship to contend with. Emma could not be deaf to the warning voice of experience—she had read and she had heard of many an improvident marriage, and although she positively knew nothing of Richard Headland beyond those scanty particulars which she had gleaned from her desultory conversations with him, she was about to hazard her love—her happiness—her all, and become his willing and devoted wife.

CHAPTER III.

Smiles and tears are the emblems of spring, when nature, like a young and gentle girl, with conscious blushes, feels her heart unfolding its green leaves and fragrant blossoms which time may ripen into joy, or a night's ungenial frost destroy for ever.

It was at this interesting season, so typical of woman's destiny, that Emma, yielding to the impulse of her first affection, quitted home, and friends, and comfort, and security, to place herself beneath the protection of him whose love she valued more highly than the jewels of a crown. Shortly after sunrise, on a bright April morning, when the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds on the hedges, and the honeysuckle on the cottager's porch exhaled its sweetest odours, old Jonathan
The Improvident Marriage.

Mellon, the white-headed and rosy-cheeked gardener to Mr. Halford, observed a chaise containing a lady and gentleman driving rapidly along the turnpike road leading to Reading. The gentleman he had frequently seen walking alone in the park, and more than once Jonathan had detected him in earnest conversation with Miss Wilton at a crooked stile, much admired and patronised by young people of both sexes, in their evening strolls across the adjacent meadows. The lady by whom he was accompanied on this occasion wore a plum-colored satin cloak and a dark veil which concealed her features and effectually baffled impertinent curiosity. Not dreaming for a moment it was Miss Wilton—the governess in his master's family—Jonathan Mellon took no further notice of the circumstance, beyond observing to himself as he stooped down to button his gaiter, that he "feared there was something not altogether what it should be about that fine gentleman who looked at every body as if he thought they were going to rob him."

The clock of the old church at Reading, adjoined the market-place, was striking the hour of ten, as Richard Headland and his bride-elect, alighted at the gates, and entering the sacred edifice presented themselves at the altar where both clergyman and clerk were already in attendance to perform the nuptial rites. Emma was attired in a white-muslin dress, elaborately ornamented with open-work, and confined at the wrist with light-blue ribands. Her hair, which was dark as the raven's plume, was simply braided over her pale, arched forehead, and despite the traces of recent weeping which were still visible, Emma never looked more lovely than when, with a soft, sun-like glow upon her sweet countenance she stood beside the tall and manly figure of her chosen partner and, with averted eyes murmured forth the fatal syllable that linked her for ever to the unhappy Richard Headland.

As they retired from the church, a group of poor persons surrounded them at the door, and with tremulous voices bestowed unnumbered blessings on bridegroom as well as bride. Richard smiled, and dropping some loose silver into the old men's hats, was about descending the steps, when his attention was arrested by a decrepit old crone in a tattered, grey-cloak, who, leaning on her stick with one hand, pointed at Richard Headland, and addressing her companions in a harsh, querulous voice, exclaimed, "Mark ye that evil eye? Before another day has sped—aye—before yonder sun has done flaunting with the ribands of his bride—the serpent shall cast his skin, and then the world shall see him as he is—not such as he would seem to be. Poor thing!—poor thing!—I had a child once the picture of thee—she mocked me when I warned her of the tempter—where is she now?—aye, where is she now?"

Headland paused to gaze at the sybil with momentary wonder, and, as she finished speaking, his proud lip curled with an expression of deadly scorn that made Emma's blood curdle at her heart. The crone, however, did not stay to ascertain what further effect her prophetic declamation might produce upon him, for whose hearing it was more particularly designed, but shaking her palsied head, she slowly tottered away, while Emma made some consolatory remarks to her husband which induced him to suppress, if not to banish altogether, his resentment, and, yielding to Emma's persuasion, they withdrew from the scene of this unpleasant occurrence.
CHAPTER IV.

The chaise in which they travelled to Reading had on their arrival been sent by Richard to a neighbouring inn, the old lady to whom he was about to introduce his young wife residing only a short distance from the town. As they walked along, Richard appeared thoughtful and reserved, while Emma, who during her journey thither had been dissolved in tears, was all cheerfulness and animation. She described minutely the circumstances connected with her clandestine departure that morning—how she had thrice resolved to ask Mrs. Halford for a holiday, and how, thrice, her courage had failed her, just as the words were about to escape from her lips. How she sincerely hoped that they would not be uneasy at her absence, and how she intended immediately to procure pen and ink and send off a letter apprising them of her marriage, and stating how happy and comfortable she was, with a little private supplementary note to Miss Halford descriptive of the ceremony in all its manifold branches (for future use and reference) and concluding with an invitation for Laura and little Fanny to come and see her and her dear Richard as soon as she was settled in her new home.

Occupied in these innocent projects, Emma soon found herself at the residence of old Mrs. Bromley, whom Richard had already informed her was his foster-mother, and a very intimate and esteemed friend of his deceased parents. By-the-bye this was the first time that he had made any direct allusion to his parentage, and Emma was about to enlarge upon the subject when the door was opened by a stout, benevolent and motherly-looking old lady with a shawl over her shoulders who, embracing Emma affectionately, shed tears of joy as she conducted her children into a snug, though somewhat antiquated apartment where a homely but very nice breakfast awaited them.

"There is a letter for you, Richard," said the old lady as she went to a glass-cupboard, and brought out a choice pot of currant jam.

"A letter for me, mother?" replied Headland, rising from his chair.

"It came yesterday morning," rejoined Mrs. Bromley, "soon after you left; its from London, I think."

"You think?" said Headland with an anxious look; "where is it?"

"Its up stairs on my work table," replied Mrs. Bromley. "Now, Hannah, don't dawdle," she continued, as a very small servant-girl in a large cap entered the parlour, bearing a gigantic bronze-urn.

"I suppose its from some young lady whom he has left there," said Emma laughing, as she sat on the sofa with her bonnet removed, and a moss rose in her sash, presenting a perfect picture of bridal loveliness and felicity. "Am I right in my conjecture, Richard?"

So saying, Emma glanced at her consort with an air of playful suspicion, but Richard failed to perceive it, being apparently engrossed with more momentous considerations.

"Can't you get me the letter?" he said, addressing Mrs. Bromley with increasing impatience.

"After breakfast, my dear, I'll fetch it," replied Mrs. Bromley, filling a little,
The Improvident Marriage.

old-fashioned China tea-pot at the urn, "There's no such immediate hurry supposing even you want to write back by to-night's post."

Headland made no answer, but hastily quitting the room proceeded upstairs to obtain, as Emma supposed, the mysterious epistle whose existence and detention had so strangely excited his irritability.

"He's rather obstinate is Richard," observed old Mrs. Bromley pouring out a strong decoction of the best gunpowder-leaf and crowning it with delicious cream. "When he has once set his mind upon any thing its very difficult to get him to listen to reason (but I believe all men are the same in that respect); and then he's very fidgetty, you know."

"Persons generally are so when they are not well," said Emma, who considered she was now in duty bound to defend every picadillo that might be brought to the account of her lord and master.

"Yes, yes," returned the old lady, putting on her spectacles to extricate a fly from the milk-pot, "but he never used to be so; its only within the last three or four months; however, I dare say he'll soon get over it; there's nothing better than a married life for curing that testy, fidgetting disposition which shews itself in all bachelors, whether they be young or old, more or less, as I have frequently told him when he's been describing to me how beautiful you were and how clever and sweet tempered ——"

Emma cast down her eyes and smiled with the faintest possible indication of vanity.

"I have said, Richard," continued the old lady, "I hope you will prove yourself worthy of such a treasure, for a man that has really a good wife, and don't properly esteem her, is worse aye, ten times worse, than a heathen. Its excusable in them if they worship dumb idols by reason of their ignorance, poor creatures, but in a husband there's no palliation whatever."

Emma acknowledged the justice of this line of argument, and Mrs. Bromley, having enquired into the agreeableness of the tea and so forth, resumed her matrimonial disquisitions with appropriate solemnity.

"There is one thing, Emma," said old Mrs. Bromley, in a subdued voice, "that you should be on your guard against, and that is, Richard, although he's as good and noble-hearted a creature as ever lived, is very proud; if he was a lord (he looks like one that everybody owns) he could not have more pride. I really believe he would die sooner than he'd beg a favor of any one; in fact, I'm confident he would."

"His parents have been dead some years I suppose?" said Emma interrogatively.

Mrs. Bromley was about to reply, when the girl entered and stated that Mr. Richard desired to speak with her for a moment in the dining room, to which Mrs. Bromley, expressing her surprise at the announcement, accordingly withdrew.

"Mother," said Headland, closing the door and speaking in a voice, whose forced calmness strikingly contrasted with the death-like pallor of his countenance, "I am obliged to go off to London immediately on business of urgent importance. I
dare not wish Emma good bye, she is so—so sensitive you know. Explain to her the reason of my sudden departure, and say that I shall return—probably, to night, or at all events I will not be absent a moment longer than circumstances render imperatively necessary."

"My dear, dear Richard," said Mrs. Bromley, "surely you can put off this business for a day or so."

"Not for an hour," returned Headland. "Mother, you are not aware—it is not possible I can tell you now, I have not a minute to spare; console my dear Emma——."

He could speak no more; his utterance failed him, and clasping Mrs. Bromley’s hand with deep emotion, he bade her farewell, and in another moment had hurried from the house.

We pass over the scene between Mrs. Bromley and Emma, when the latter was informed of Richard’s abrupt, and mysterious departure for town. A thousand vague surmises agitated Emma’s mind. What could this business be, which would admit of no postponement? He had promised, however, to return that evening, and with sad and trembling anxiety Emma watched the lingering hands of the time-piece whose dilatory motion seemed alone to prevent the closing of that cruel gulph which separated her from her beloved. Mrs. Bromley observed her uneasiness, and availed herself of every suggestion that might conduce to her consolation and tranquillity.

Six o’clock came—seven, eight, but Richard Headland returned not to his sorrow-stricken bride. At length, just as it was growing dusk, Emma put on her bonnet and shawl and told Mrs. Bromley that she would take a walk up to the coach office to enquire when the London stage was expected to arrive, a proposition to which Mrs. Bromley deemed it expedient to give her ready acquiescence.

Emma had not been gone many minutes when Mrs. Bromley, happening to visit the chamber in which Richard had recently changed his attire, discovered on the floor a letter which she concluded he must unintentionally have left behind him. The seal was broken—the contents as follows:—

Dear Headland,—Pray come up to town immediately on the receipt of this. There is a mistake somewhere which I cannot without your assistance rectify or unravel. Don’t lose a moment. Of course you are at liberty to return again. Five minutes conversation will, I doubt not, explain every thing to our common satisfaction. Yours ever,

G. F. Smith.

M. is out of town, but is expected home to-night. Another reason why no time should be lost.

There appeared nothing in this communication to warrant those apprehensions which Headland’s agitated manner had naturally raised in Mrs. Bromley’s mind. Still she could not avoid feeling some uneasiness, especially when she reflected that there was no coach to town at the hour that Richard took his departure, and it seemed highly improbable that he would avail himself of the expensive conveyance of a post-chaise, however desirous he might be to secure all possible expedition. She therefore anxiously awaited Emma’s return from the inn, although she was
fully aware that, supposing Richard had really gone to town as he represented, he could not arrive at Reading till the mail came in, which would be shortly after midnight.

Leaving old Mrs. B. to prosecute these conflicting speculations, we hasten to trace the progress of Emma, who, having bent her steps to the coach-office, lost no time in enquiring when the first stage from London might be expected. To her inexpressible gratification she learnt that one would arrive in a few minutes, and, in a state of anxious trepidation, she stood on the causeway, her attention eagerly directed to the road by which she anticipated the approach of the vehicle which was to restore to her arms her darling Richard. Suddenly she was startled at the sound of wheels rattling over the stones, and, turning round, she beheld a post-chaise approaching at a rapid pace. As it drew up at the inn a crowd of curious gazers speedily assembled, and Emma heard them whisper that it was a prisoner, attended by two Bow-street officers, on his way to Newgate. A shudder crept over her, as one of the officers—a short, resolute-looking man in a broad-brimmed hat let down the window of the chaise, and Emma was about to retire, but an undefinable curiosity impelled her to glance at the unhappy culprit who sat between his guards with an air of stern indifference, when, how shall pen describe or imagination picture the terror and agony with which Emma, in that culprit, recognized her husband—Richard Headland. She struggled to move—to speak, but her limbs and her voice failed her, and, with a fainting shriek, she fell to the earth apparently lifeless.

CHAPTER V.

On the morning of Emma’s elopement (if we may so term it) Mr. Halford, as he sat at breakfast with his lady, neither of them being aware at that moment of Emma’s sudden departure, in the course of conversation observed that a confidential clerk of Messrs. Molasquez had recently absconded with a sum of money belonging to his employers. Mrs. Halford, a very kind and intelligent woman, was expressing her hopes that the rumour might prove unfounded, when Fanny ran into the parlour looking as pale as death, and informed her mamma that Miss Wilton had left her chamber early in the morning, and was no where to be found. Enquiries were immediately instituted of the servants, but they all avowed their ignorance of Miss Wilton’s destination. The dairy-maid, however, stated, that while she was in the still-room, about half-past seven, she heard the outer gate swing to, but concluding that it was merely the coachman who had gone out, she took no further notice of the circumstance. Miss Halford was the only person who did not evince extreme astonishment at Emma’s disappearance, and she probably had good reason for her composure. Suddenly, when the excitement of all parties had attained its climax, little Fanny, who possessed a rare faculty for discovering secret treasures, produced a letter which she had found in Emma’s portfolio, and which was subscribed with the familiar name of “Richard Headland.”

“Surely,” exclaimed Mrs. Halford, as she glanced over the billet-doux, “surely that is the young man who has absconded from his situation;” and proceeding to
Mr. Halford's study, her apprehensions were at once confirmed. Richard Headland was the defaulter.

While Mrs. Halford and her husband were concerting measures to rescue Emma from the snare into which it was to them too evident that she had been inveigled, the gardener arrived, and announced the fact of his having seen a lady resembling Miss Wilton in a chaise with a gentleman whose description convinced Mr. Halford that it was the person he suspected. Unfortunately, Mr. Halford's carriage was in town, or he would at once have proceeded in quest of the fugitives. It was not till late at night that the carriage returned, when Mr. Halford gave orders for it to be in readiness at an early hour on the following morning, as he proposed, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Halford (whose former indifference had now given place to the deepest grief and sympathy) to drive over to Reading, where, from recent information, he had reason to believe that Headland had conducted his unsuspecting victim.

To Reading they accordingly proceeded, and having traced out Mrs. Bromley, they were shocked on learning that Emma had been brought home on the previous evening, insensible, and was then confined to her bed in a high state of fever, attended with delirium.

Miss Halford having expressed an earnest desire to see her poor, young friend, Mrs. Bromley led her into Emma's chamber, where a surgeon had just finished cutting off those beautiful tresses upon which Emma had been wont to bestow so much tasteful attention.

"Laura," said the poor sufferer, extending her thin, white hand as Miss Halford approached the bed-side, "I am so happy that you have come—I have had such a frightful dream, love."

"A dream, Emma?" said Miss Halford, almost choked by her tears.

"Yes, love," she replied, and her eyes suddenly became illumined with supernatural luster. "I thought that Richard came to meet me early this morning, and that we went together to a church lighted with tapers where a great number of persons were assembled, all clad in mourning, and just as our hands were about to be united I thought a voice behind me exclaimed, 'Beware!' and looking round I saw a dark figure, with eyes like burning coals, and it held up a black-velvet pall on which was written in letters of silver, 'Beware of the Tempter,' and when I turned round again, Richard had gone I knew not whither, and I awoke and found myself at home—what makes you look so sad, Laura?"

"Nothing, Emma—nothing," said Miss Halford, sinking into a chair and sobbing, overcome with emotion.

"I wonder," resumed Emma, looking pensively at the ring on her finger, "I wonder who placed this ring here—it reminds me, Laura, when I was a very little child, sitting on a footstool beside my poor father—he fell asleep, and I drew from his finger a plain gold-ring, and when he awoke I asked him who gave him that ring, and he told me it had once been worn by my dear mother whom I had never seen, Laura—never—never. Oh! it was so much like this—I could almost fancy it the same."
At this moment Mrs. Bromley entered the apartment. Emma looked at her with an expression of languishing affection, and then throwing her arms round the old lady’s neck, she kissed her, and said, addressing Miss Halford, “Laura—this is my dear Mrs. Bromley—Richard’s foster-mother, and she has been so kind to me. I do love her, not only for his sake, but for her own—bless you—bless you.”

Miss Halford rose from her chair in tears, and retired, unable to bid poor Emma farewell. She had reached the landing when her steps were arrested by a piercing shriek from the chamber she had quitted. Not daring to return, she hastened downstairs, and had just rejoined Mr. and Mrs. Halford, who had taken their seats in the carriage, when her feelings, with which she had so long successfully struggled, gained the mastery of her strength, and she fainted away.

For more than a week, Emma remained in a very precarious state. She often spoke of Richard enquiring with earnestness of Mrs. Bromley when he would arrive, but her memory—and happy was it for her, poor girl, that it had been so ordained—seemed to have suspended its functions entirely. She entertained no recollection of her marriage, or of any subsequent event, merely alluding to the circumstance, as a frightful dream, and complaining that whenever she went to sleep that terrible phantom was sure to visit her.

One evening, Mrs. Bromley having occasion to leave her alone for a short period, was surprised at hearing a voice, whose sweet but plaintive tones filled her heart with unutterable anguish, and entering the dining-room adjoining Emma’s chamber, she beheld the poor girl seated at the piano, her delicate form invested in a plain, white-muslin robe, and singing with thrilling pathos, Emma’s favorite ballad, “The Banks of Allan Water.” She did not observe Mrs. Bromley’s entrance, and the poor old lady was so overpowered at the affecting scene, that she sank on the couch and wept bitterly till Emma, attracted by the sobs, turned round, and seeing the old lady’s distress, flew to her, and winding her arms around her with affecting simplicity, besought her to reveal the cause of her affliction.

CHAPTER VI.

The extent of Headland’s defalcation did not exceed two hundred pounds, a sum so inconsiderable, considering his position, that one might suppose he could without difficulty amongst his own immediate friends have been enabled to raise the amount and avert the terrible catastrophe that had befallen him. Mrs. Bromley, his foster-mother, if not in affluent circumstances, possessed a competent annuity for life, and would have gladly relieved him from his embarrassments had she entertained the slightest suspicion of their existence. Headland, however, as she told Emma, and as his demeanour and manners alike proclaimed, was a proud and sensitive man—one who, rather than subject himself to an obligation would incur the greatest privations. Indeed, his independence and self-sustained dignity were themes of frequent observation amongst those with whom he occasionally associated, and many marvelled that one whose bearing and deportment partook so much of an aristocratic character, would condescend to occupy the humble position of a merchant’s clerk.
To some, this apparent inconsistency was quite unaccountable, but had they possessed a more enlarged knowledge of his mysterious history they would have seen that his conduct, in this particular instance, was perfectly in accordance with the reputation which he had acquired and seemed determined at all hazards to maintain.

A few days after Headland's arrest, his late employer, Mr. Molasquez, was detained in the counting-house till a late hour with two of his clerks. It was foreign-post night, and having a very extensive connexion with some houses in the West-Indian trade the labour of correspondence was on these occasions by no means inconsiderable. About ten o'clock, just as the junior clerk was being despatched with the letters, a carriage suddenly drove up to the door of the office in Broad-street, and a tall, middle-aged gentleman, closely resembling Richard Headland in figure and countenance, having alighted, proceeded up stairs, while a host of idlers gathered round the carriage, and began to speculate upon the owner whose coronet was emblazoned on the panels. It is unnecessary to record the various conjectures hazarded in relation to this question, suffice it to say that all concurred in the opinion of his being a viscount at least, and some, whose knowledge of heraldry enabled them to assume a higher and more dogmatic tone, unhesitatingly affirmed that he was a marquis, and one of great political distinction moreover.

Taking a newspaper from his pocket, his lordship entered the counting-house, and having desired to speak with Mr. Molasquez was conducted by that gentleman into his private room, where a long and earnest conversation took place with closed doors. It terminated, after the lapse of nearly an hour, in Mr. Molasquez retiring with his lordship and proceeding with him in his carriage to the chambers of an eminent barrister in Lincoln's-inn-fields, whose professional advice was urgently required, and with whom they remained in consultation till near midnight.

On the following day, an order was sent down by the Secretary of State to the Governor of Newgate for Richard Headland's liberation, no less to his own astonishment than to the gratification of all those who were interested in his fate.

CHAPTER VII.

Immediately the intelligence above mentioned reached Miss Halford she hastened to communicate the joyful tidings to Emma, and offer her sincere congratulations upon so auspicious an event. Accordingly, the young Ensign, Charles Freeling, having gallantly volunteered to escort her to Reading, she determined to travel thither on horseback, partly because she could not have performed the journey with equal expedition by any other mode, and partly because she was fully aware that no young lady could look more fascinating than herself when, mounted on a sweet-tempered bay-mare, in an elegant riding-habit, with a veil flowing from her smart chapeau noir, snow-white wristbands à la D'Orsay, and lavender gloves she cantered gracefully along the sunny highway with her preux chevalier beside her, and a well-appointed groom trotting at a respectful distance behind.

Emma was in the garden culling a bouquet as she walked down the long gravel walks which, bordered with box, and sweeping in every variety of curve around par-
ters of the choicest exotics, displayed all that primness and mathematical precision which floriculturists commonly ascribe to the age of Louis Quatorze.

"My dear Emma," cried Miss Halford, embracing her with breathless delight, "I've brought you such joyful news."

Emma coloured deeply, and cast down her eyes with an appearance of timidity that Miss Halford attributed to nervousness, occasioned by her recent indisposition. "Richard is released," continued Laura. "It was a misunderstanding altogether, love. He'll be here very shortly I feel confident."

Emma looked up at Miss Halford and mournfully shook her head. "No, Laura," she said, and a tear stole down her pale cheek, "he'll never return again."

"Now, Emma," cried Miss Halford with a little unavoidable petulance, "I shall positively be angry with you, if you talk in that way. After all that we have done, and deeply as we have sympathized, its really ungrateful."

"Ungrateful, Laura?" replied Emma with an earnest expression; "no, Laura, I am not ungrateful, but, alas! you do not know Richard Headland. Although I still think that he loves me as sincerely as he ever professed to do, and although I believe he would even die rather than I should upbraid him, if it were possible—yet after what has passed—when I saw him on that night——."

Emma paused, and a shudder stole over her as, turning aside, she continued "No, Laura, we shall never meet again in this world."

"O! Emma, you're a silly girl," cried Miss Halford, as her dear young friend sat down in a rustic chair and, hiding her face in her handkerchief relieved her bosom by a flow of tears, "if Richard does not return before this time to-morrow I'll never place faith in any man living, let him be prince or peasant."

"Pon my honor that's a very generous sentiment," exclaimed an animated voice, and the young Ensign, leaping over a bed of violets, made Miss Halford a profound obeisance. "I'll not," said Miss Halford emphatically, and repelling the train of her riding-habit with her toe in the most bewitching style imaginable, "indeed, I never had much confidence in that mysterious creature which arrogantly assumes to itself the title of man-kind."

"You think it a contradiction in terms," replied the young Ensign, folding his arms, and regarding his belle-esprit with smiling wickedness.

"Most certainly," returned Miss Halford.

"Well—every rule admits of an exception," rejoined the Ensign, "and if, Miss Halford, you will only have faith in the protestations I have so often——"

"Ensign Manners," interrupted Laura, with well-dissembled gravity, "this, sir, is a breach of privilege."

"I was merely about to observe that so far from contradiction being an essential ingredient in my humanity, for my own part, I never deny any proposition or request that your gentle sex—which of course eschews all contradictions—may think proper under any circumstances to advance."

Miss Halford laughed, and taking the young Ensign's arm, retired, having first B—(COURT MAGAZINE)—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1843.
promised Emma to visit her on the following day, feeling assured that her prediction would be realized, and that Emma would shortly be restored, not only to her wonted serenity, but to all imaginable bliss.

CHAPTER VIII.

Among those who were most intimately acquainted with Headland’s character and general habits, the astonishment created by his defalcation was almost universal. He had held his situation in the establishment of Mr. Molasquez for more than six years, and, till the late event, his conduct had been exemplary in all respects. That he had appropriated his employer’s money to his own use, with deliberate and circumspect dishonesty, no one who considered the certainty of detection to which he was exposed would readily believe. Indeed, Mr. Molasquez himself entertained no doubt that Headland, pressed by some sudden emergency, had withdrawn the amount in question with a full intention of replacing it before the period arrived for rendering his account. If Headland had returned to town immediately on the receipt of the letter from his fellow clerk, which, it will be remembered, did not reach his hands till the day following that on which Mrs. Bromley received it, no steps of a legal nature would probably have been taken against him. Instead, however, of proceeding to town when he quitted Mrs. Bromley’s house on the morning of his marriage, Headland, from some undefinable reason, took quite a different direction, and was arrested at Bristol, whither he had been traced by the officers, who, owing to his non-appearance at the counting-house early in the day, had been despatched in pursuit of him, and conveyed in a post-chaise to Reading, as already described.

When Mr. Molasquez and his partner were informed of the position in which Headland was placed—of his recent marriage, and the dreadful affliction sustained by his young and innocent wife,* they determined at once to abandon the prosecution, if they were legally estabed so to do. On consulting their solicitor, however, they ascertained that it was impossible for them to adopt that course without subjecting themselves to a large pecuniary sacrifice, and had it not been for the interposition of Headland’s unknown friend—supposed to be Lord ——, who volunteered to make a direct application for Headland’s discharge to the highest authority, his conviction must have been inevitable. The unknown friend assigned no reason for his intervention, beyond the circumstance of his having been earnestly solicited to exercise his influence by some member of Headland’s family, whose name did not transpire, who felt acutely the degradation which would attach to him or her should Headland be brought to trial upon the charge for which he had unfortunately been arrested.

To return to Emma. A marked change had taken place since she heard of her husband’s liberation. The turbulence of her grief gradually gave way to a quiet

* It is upon such grounds as these the humane act, but in our humble experience an invariable rule to prosecute would ever save all parties endless anxiety, trouble and loss, and simply because such masters would never, or, if ever, but very, very rarely be plundered.—Ed.
melancholy, which, though not expressed in tears or murmurs, proclaimed that her heart, renouncing all hopes of future happiness, had sunk into the darkest caverns of despair. Poor Mrs. Bromley regarded her despondency with intense pain, and one morning, unable any longer to look upon the sweet flower that was silently dropping into the earth, she told Emma that she would go up to London and spare no exertions to discover her dear Richard, and prevail upon him to return. Emma sighed, and observed that "she feared Richard was far away;" but Mrs. Bromley still expressing her determination to institute enquiry, Emma, after some hesitation, yielded her assent, and Mrs. Bromley departed accordingly.

It was towards the evening, that Emma was sitting alone, gazing pensively on the unfinished miniature of Richard, which she had commenced painting in happier days, when Miss Halford, accompanied by little Fanny, arrived agreeably to her promise, and anxiously enquired if Emma had received any tidings of her husband.

"No, Laura," she said, replacing the miniature in her bosom.

"How very singular," returned Miss Halford.

"Do you think so, Laura?" said Emma, with a faint smile.

"Something must have happened to him," rejoined Miss Halford, "very likely he is ill."

"Ill, Laura," cried Emma, and a sudden glow of excitement overspread her cheek as, approaching Miss Halford, she said with trembling earnestness, "O! Laura dear, do not conceal it from me—could I but believe that it was illness that prevented my poor Richard from returning to me I would fly to him, though it were to the remotest corner of the wide—wide world."

"What an inconsistent girl you are Emma," replied Miss Halford, "at one moment you display the strangest apathy about your Richard's fate—the next, you are dying to fly into his arms."

"But you suggested, Laura, that he might be ill?"

"Truly—for is it not difficult to assign any other reason for his unfeeling conduct."

"Not unfeeling, Laura—Richard is not wanting in feeling."

"Then, tell me, Emma—what motive can he have for remaining in town—is it pride?"

Emma blushed, and made no reply.

"If his pride," continued Miss Halford, rising, with an impassioned demeanour, "if his pride be greater than his love, Emma, and you had my spirit, you would scorn such pride—such cowardice."

And plucking the leaves of a white rose which she had taken from the china vase on the mantel-piece, the little indignant beauty scattered them on the floor to testify that abhorrence of pride combined with pusillanimity, which feeble words were inadequate to express. For some minutes she scarcely deigned to glance at the poor, weak-hearted Emma, who, seated on the sofa, had sunk into a state of pensive dejection, while little Fanny, with her arms round Emma's neck, and tears in her eyes, endeavoured to console her for Laura's unkindness.

Miss Halford had scarcely recovered her equanimity, when a four-horse coach
drove up to the door announcing Mrs. Bromley’s return from her important but hopeless mission.

Emma gazed in Mrs. Bromley’s face with breathless apprehension as she entered the room, as if she read the death-warrant of her last, fond-cherished hope.

“Dear mother—” she said—her voice failed her, and she became as pale as death.

Mrs. Bromley shook her head dejectedly.

“Richard—” gasped Emma, parting her hair from her throbbing temples.

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Bromley, “we must all submit to the will of Providence.”

“He is dead!” exclaimed Emma, with impassioned energy, and, sinking on her knees, she clasped Mrs. Bromley’s hand, and said: “I know that he is dead. Oh, why was I so unjust as to dream that he would abandon, would forget me? No, no, he is taken from this world of sorrow and affliction, and henceforth I shall cherish his memory as fondly as I once treasured his love.”

Although Mrs. Bromley had obtained no information to warrant the announcement of Headland’s death, yet, under all circumstances, and deeming such an event by no means improbable, she refrained from combating the conclusion at which Emma had arrived, and contented herself with affectionately beseeching her to bear up against her trials with calmness and resignation.

CHAPTER IX.

The summer being now far advanced, Mr. and Mrs. Halford, with their family, went to sojourn for a short period at Hastings, and thinking that the change of scenery might have a beneficial effect upon Emma’s health and spirits, they kindly invited her to accompany them—an invitation which, with much perseverance, Miss Halford and Fanny induced her to accept. They had been at Hastings about a week, when Miss Halford’s accepted suitor, Charles Freeing, the young Ensign, of whom honourable mention has already been made, joined them, and frequent were the pleasant little excursions that the young people took both by land and water; and though a placid melancholy had settled upon that fair brow, which the formal weeds of the widow had so prematurely overshadowed, yet Emma, by virtue of her gentle and unaffected demeanour, attracted the notice and won the admiration of many who professed a peculiar dread of relicts, unless redeemed by a very handsome dower indeed.

It was early, one balmy morning in July, that Miss Halford and Charles were walking arm-in-arm upon the cliffs, when Laura discovered a hat lying on the grass, which Charles was prompted to pick up, not with any view of removing it, but simply to ascertain the name of the owner, which was written in legible characters on the lining.

“What name is it, Charles?” enquired Miss Halford.

“It looks like ‘Richard Headland,’ replied the young Ensign.

“Surely you mistake,” returned Laura, examining the inscription with increasing curiosity.
"It is Richard Headland," she observed in a whisper; "who could possibly have placed it here?"

At this moment little Fanny, who, in company with Emma, was standing on the edge of the cliff, viewing the fresh, green-waves far below, as they sparkled in the beams of the rising sun, called to Laura to approach, as she had something to show her; and apprehensive lest Emma should remark their delay, and inquire what detained them, Charles, as well as he was able, hastily concealed the hat behind some brushwood, and proceeded with Laura to the spot to which her attention had been directed.

"Do you see that strange thing yonder, Laura?" cried Fanny, pointing to some dark object floating on the water.

"It looks like a human figure," observed Charles, regarding it through his telescope.

"Oh, don't let me see it, Laura dear," said Emma, turning away with an involuntary shudder.

"There's a revenue cutter sailing towards it, and now they are hauling it into the boat," rejoined the young Ensign, turning suddenly pale as he glanced at Miss Halford. "Perhaps it's only a chest, or something of that description, that has floated from a wreck hereabouts."

Miss Halford motioned him to be silent, and they returned home, when Laura immediately communicated the circumstance to her father, who dispatched a servant to recover the hat and bring it back with him. On searching about the spot, however, which Laura had described, the hat was nowhere to be found, having been probably picked up by some loiterers and carried away. Miss Halford never mentioned the subject to Emma, although little Fanny would frequently speak of the man floating on the water, and speculate with childish wonder as to whether it was a ship-wrecked mariner, or some forlorn outcast, who, in a fit of despondency, had flung himself from the dizzy height to meet a watery grave.

CHAPTER X.

Five years had glided away since the events narrated in the preceding chapters, when, in the afternoon of a serene autumnal day, the venerable vicar of a small and picturesque village in Devonshire, was walking through the old churchyard, adjacent to which stood the parsonage house, in which he resided. He was attended by a young man of six or eight and twenty, whose costume and deportment bespoke him to be also a member of the clerical profession. They were engaged in conversation of a general nature, till the young clergyman, happening to perceive a tombstone with the name of "Headland," inscribed on it, suddenly paused, and enquired of the vicar if he knew anything of the person to whose memory this decaying memorial had been erected.

"Roger Headland," replied the vicar, endeavoring to revive the impression of by-gone times; "let me see, I rather think that he was a farmer. By the bye it says so; 'Roger Headland, yeoman, of this parish.' I remember now—he died
shortly before I came to the vicarage; but I have heard that he was a very odd sort of person, extremely passionate, and always at variance with his neighbours. If I recollect, he had a daughter—"

"You don't mean Mrs. Headland, the young widow, who lives up yonder."

"Oh no, no, this must be nearly thirty years ago. Besides, she's dead long since, poor thing. I was going to tell you, this daughter, who was a very fine young woman, according to all account, attracted the notice of Viscount——, who was the nephew of Headland's landlord, and used to be frequently on visits at his uncle's during the shooting season. Well, this Lord——, being a gay young nobleman, so worked upon the mind of the foolish girl, that she ran off with him, unknown to her father, and it was rumoured that they were privately married. However this might be—and I rather doubt it myself—in a few months she returned to her father's, and, imploring his forgiveness, entreated to be restored to his affections. The mother, I should have mentioned, had died some time previously. Instead of acting as both humanity and good-sense would have dictated, Headland, giving way to the impulse of his passion, repulsed her in the most shocking manner, and notwithstanding it was the depth of winter, with the snow a foot deep, and she had travelled some considerable distance, he would not permit her even to cross his threshold, and the poor creature, overwhelmed with misery, was compelled to seek a refuge in the poor-house, where she lingered about six weeks, and then died, having first given birth to a child; but what became of it I never heard, though it was rumoured that its noble father took it under his protection, and put it to school. It's a melancholy story, very."

So saying, the vicar put his walking-stick under his arm, and taking out his handkerchief, gently applied it to his nose, winking meantime very pertinaciously, as old gentlemen are apt to do when indulging in reminiscences of a painful nature.

"She is rather an interesting young person is Mrs. Headland," observed the junior clergyman, "I mean the young widow who lives with Mrs. Bromley."

"I know whom you mean," returned the vicar, "she is very punctual in her attendance at church, especially when you preach—eh, Natty," and the little vicar chuckled with infinite zest, though a big tear was hanging like a chrysalis all the time upon his furrowed cheek.

"I should like to know something of her history," said the young clergyman, "I wonder how long her husband has been dead."

"Long enough to justify her in looking out for another, I'll be bound," replied the vicar, taking a pinch of snuff from a mull formed out of a ram's horn.

"It must be nearly two years since she came to reside here," said the young clergyman, "and she was in weeds, then, though she always wears mourning I remark, and there is an expression of pensive melancholy in her countenance that would lead one to infer that she had scarcely recovered the shock of her bereavement, after this length of time."

"Never fear, Natty," cried the warm-hearted little vicar, opening a small wicket which led to his paddock, where a fat Welsh pony was grazing at its own sweet will, "she'll soon assume a cheerful aspect, if you only have courage enough to
submit a certain proposition for her consideration. By-the-bye, now I think of it, there's a letter for her in my study; it was left here this morning in mistake, by that careless young dog from the post-office, having got inadvertently mixed up with my own; if you like, Natty, you can take it up to her."

The young clergyman coloured slightly at this agreeable suggestion, and, observing that he should have occasion to go past Mrs. Bromley's cottage, on his way to visit some poor old woman who belonged to his congregation, he consented to undertake the commission.

The little Swiss cottage, in which Emma and old Mrs. Bromley had resided, since their departure from Reading, stood on a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the most beautiful scenery in the picturesque county of Devon. It was a perfect cabinet of floral gems. The covered door-way was hung with jessamine. Rows of variegated flower-pots were ranged both within and without; the small, gothic-windows, through which the passing traveller might occasionally catch a glimpse of the neatly-gravelled garden beyond, where old Mrs. Bromley, in an ancient, black-satin bonnet, with scissors and pack-thread in hand, might daily be seen employed in trimming, weeding and training the blooming objects of her solicitude and pride, while Emma sat in the summer-house, painting velvet cushions, or fabricating various little articles of infantile apparel to bestow upon various poor families, who gratefully received the products of her judicious industry.

As observed by the young clergyman, "Mrs. Headland," for Emma took a melancholy pleasure in that fatal name—was a regular attendant at the church over which he presided, and where her sorrowful yet amiable appearance excited universal interest, though none were acquainted with any particulars of her history, beyond the simple fact of her having been a widow some four or five years, her husband having died very shortly after their marriage. The young clergyman, who, it is almost needless to mention, was a lonely wanderer in the cimmerian regions of celibacy, prompted by curiosity, or some more exalted feeling, had often desired to have an opportunity of a little private conversation with the gentle widow, but never could find one—Emma being lamentably deficient in those airs of innocent witchery and frankness by which members of her class are in general very properly distinguished. It was, therefore, with unquestionable satisfaction, that the young clergyman proceeded on his epistolary errand, and his eyes sparkled with more than clerical gallantry when, approaching the cottage, he perceived Emma sitting at the latticed-window, endeavoring to thread her needle by the faint-remaining light of day.

It so happened that Mrs. Bromley was out on a visit to a friend at a farm-house, some four or five miles distant; Emma was accordingly left entirely to her own resources, with unlimited control over every branch of the domestic economy, a trust which she discharged with undue conscientiousness—at least so the young clergyman considered when, on delivering the letter, she thanked him very kindly for his trouble, and regretted that she could not ask him to walk in, on account of Mrs. Bromley being absent from home.

As soon as the young clergyman had retired, having first, but with a very ill grace and deep mortification, begged that no apology should be offered, Emma
hastened to peruse the communication, in whose superscription she recognized the
caligraphic characteristics of the late Miss Laura Halford, who had now assumed
the title and honors of Mrs. Charles Freeing, having been properly licensed so to
do by Captain, formerly Ensign Freeing, of Her Majesty’s 51st Regiment of Foot.

The letter, which from its tone had evidently been written under circumstances
of a pressing nature, was as follows:—

"My dear Emma,—My feelings are so agitated, and my hand trembles to that extent,
that I scarcely know how to communicate the intelligence which I am so anxious that you
should receive without a moment’s delay. You must therefore overlook all slips of the
pen. I have just returned from a drive in the park, and, without waiting even to take off
my bonnet, have sat down to tell you of the most singular adventure that could possibly
have happened. I should first have told you that we were in a pony phaeton, which we
have hired for a month, our own being at the repository, undergoing repairs. Charles, of
course, was driving, for I seldom drive now, though, as you are aware, I used frequently
to do so when we lived at Reading, but in town one is so stared at, for things of which in
the country, people take no notice whatever. Well, as I was about to say, we were driving
up Constitution-hill, on our way to Hyde-park, when a couple of outriders in royal livery,
announced the approach of their Majesties, who presently appeared, in an open carriage
and four, bowing graciously to the spectators, of whom there were a great number present.
I had never seen the good old King before, and I think that his portraits scarcely do him
justice. We had not passed the carriage more than twenty or thirty yards, (as I should
suppose,) when we heard a scream, and, looking round, beheld a poor little child in the
road, who had been knocked down by a groom on horseback. The animal, whose rider
seemed to have lost all command over it, was rearing frightfully, and the child must cer-
tainly have been killed on the spot, had not a tall person, with something of the appearance
of a foreigner, at the risk of his life, boldly rushed forward, and, snatching up the poor
little thing, carried it in safety to its grateful parents. A crowd soon gathered round the
courageous stranger, and all eagerly expressed their admiration of his noble conduct, when,
anxious to get a nearer view of his person, we drove up to the pathway, and, merciful
Heavens! how shall I describe my astonishment, when I discovered, Emma, in that
stranger, your poor, dear, long-lost husband—Richard Headland! I thought I should
have fainted. Charles did not at first recognize me; but I felt confident it was he,
although time, and a residence probably in a warm climate, had made considerable alteration
in his appearance—he looked much older and thinner—his features were bronzed, and he
wore a moustache, and he stooped very much, and walked with a stick as if suffering from
bodily infirmity. I was just going to accost him, when his eye suddenly caught mine—he
hesitated for an instant, and then, as if all his long-buried pride had taken fresh alarm, he
darted across the road, and disappeared amongst the crowd, and we saw him no more."

To convey any adequate idea of Emma’s feelings at this extraordinary intelligence,
is far beyond our humble ability. She read it over and over again, till the words
seemed to swim before her eyes, and she fancied it some visual illusion. At length,
she summoned all her powers of self-command, and, striving to subdue as far as pos-
sible, the excitement under which she labored, she resolved to proceed at once in
quest of Mrs. Bromley, for she felt that, if her life had depended upon her quiescence,
she could not have remained another hour alone and inactive. She accordingly
locked up the house, and, although it was growing dusk, and she had a distance of four
The Improvident Marriage.

miles to travel across an unfrequented part of the country, she set off without the slightest indication of fear—all minor emotions being absorbed in that reviving love which urged her to fly to the succour and relief of her once erring, but, as she fondly believed, now penitent husband.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a serene and sultry evening. The full, Harvest-moon, suspended like a lamp in the clear, blue firmament, diffused its mellowed light over the broad, yellow fields, where, sitting amongst the golden sheaves that were piled around them, the jocund reapers laughed and sang as they poured out the nut-brown ale, exulting in luxurious indolence. On the upland meadows, a laboring wain might be descried through the dim twilight, while the voices of children, gambolling on the summit of its slippery burthen, were faintly heard mingling with the sound of the village-bells, whose merry peal rang pleasantly from the grey, church-tower that glanced through the distant horizon, over hill and valley, stream and craggy dell. Anon winding round the sloping lane, or emerging from the dusky woods, a troop of female gleaners would be seen proceeding homewards with their rustic stores—and then would come a little sunburnt and bare-footed gipsy, bearing upon her dark elfin locks the produce of her predatory excursions, returning stealthily to the patriarchal camp in some far-off and rugged glen, from which a slender column of smoke, ascending through the breathless air, served to guide the juvenile wanderer along solitary pathways, where only the chirping of the cricket, or the splash of lively frogs invaded the solemn stillness that reigned universally beneath the azure sky.

Notwithstanding the lonely nature of the road which she had to traverse, and her unprotected condition, Emma experienced no interruption till she reached the village to which her course had been directed. On arriving there she had to pass through a crowd of rustic revellers who were participating in the festivities of the annual wake. In one place, a band of wrestlers were pursuing their athletic sports;—in another, a party of hale young men were engaged at quarter-staff—here a party of lads and lasses, gaily decked in ribbons of various hues, were dancing to the primitive accompaniment of the fife and tabor. There, haranguing a gaping and credulous auditory from an elevated platform, a wily mountebank, habited like an eastern magician, with a high conical hat, and cabalistic wand, expatiated with surprising volubility upon the virtues of those incomparable nostrums which he exhibited for public admiration between his finger and thumb. Emma paid no regard to these manifold diversions, but, pressing through the congregated idlers, in a short time, found herself at an old and roomy farm house, with whose occupant Mrs. Bromley had been on terms of intimacy for many years past, and where Emma fully expected to find her, unless she had already departed on her return home.

Poor Emma's mortification will be readily conceived, when, on entering a spacious apartment at the rear of the house, she perceived that all the family were absent—there not being a single domestic on the premises, though, from a lighted candle that was placed upon the table, she concluded that the party left in charge of the house
had temporarily abandoned their trust, to mingle in the festivities, which at this season so generally prevailed.

Overcome with fatigue, Emma sunk into a huge, elbow-chair, sacred to the repose of the head of the family, and looked pensively around her. The floor was composed of red bricks, like most farm-kitchens in its vicinity. A large cauldron was suspended over the half-extinguished fire, and a couple of fowling-pieces ornamented the chimney, which was of colossal magnitude. Sundry flitches of bacon were attached to the rafters of the ceiling, and a tame rabbit, reclining on the settle by the fireside, regarded the strange visitor with some slight surprise, but with no manifestation of either alarm or distrust.

Emma remained for nearly half an hour momentarily anticipating the return of some member of the establishment, but no one appeared. The candle which stood near the window was flickering in the socket, and Emma, perceiving that she must shortly be involved in darkness, rose up with the intention of departing, when she was startled by a tapping at the door, and presently the voice of a man demanded admittance. Scarcely knowing what course to pursue, Emma hesitated for a moment, but the appeal being repeated in a tone of earnest supplication, she stepped forward, and opening the door, beheld a person whose features were partially concealed by a handkerchief which covered his mouth, though Emma could observe that he wore a moustache, and had somewhat the appearance of a foreigner in distress.

"Young woman," he gasped, supporting himself by the door-post, as if in a state of extreme exhaustion, "would you give me a glass of water—I am dying—water—water," and, staggering to a seat, he sunk into it, and extended his hand, which was of an ashy hue, and trembled violently.

With a palpitating heart, Emma found a glass, and, having filled it from a pitcher with the beverage required, she gave it to theapplicant, who drank it off with avidity, then, silently returning the glass, he placed his arms upon the table, and, resting his head upon them, sunk apparently into a deep slumber.

Emma listened, and a feeling of awe stole over her. She could hear distinctly the stranger’s laborious breathing, and, once or twice, a half-suppressed groan, that bespoke the intensity of his sufferings, broke from him, attended with incoherent murmurs of lamentation and self-reproach.

As we have already stated, the apartment in which Emma stood, was plunged in almost total darkness. Suddenly, however, the moon’s rays, which had hitherto been obscured by a mass of fleecy clouds, stole through a crevice in the shutters of the window, and fell upon the stranger’s forehead, where a slight scar was perceptible, the memorial, probably, of some boyish frolic. Prompted by an impulse, for which she could scarcely account, Emma bent down, and gently removed the sufferer’s flaxen hair from his pale and care-worn brow, and, presently, her dilated eyes became riveted upon the scar just alluded to—her bosom heaved—the blood rushed back tumultuously to her heart, and with a strangled cry, that awoke the stranger from his repose, she exclaimed,—"Richard—my husband,"—and threw herself with tearful ecstasy into his arms.

"Emma—my own—my dear—dear—beloved wife," exclaimed Headland, em-
bracing her fondly, and imprinting burning kisses upon her lips,—“look up, love—
speak to me—say, only, that you forgive me.”

“I do—I do,” said Emma, weeping.

“Then I shall die in peace,” he replied, and he paused, and his respiration became
more and more difficult.

“I little dreamt of meeting with you here, Emma,” he continued, in a mourn-
ful tone. “Oh, I have been a wretched man—may the Almighty pardon me for
the wrong that I have done to thee—my sweet—my innocent—my beloved—my
poor injured Emma.”

“We shall be happy yet, Richard,” rejoined Emma, “yes—yes—indeed we
shall—how cold your hand is love—Richard!”

Headland made no reply, but sinking back into his chair in a state of insen-
sibility; a momentary tremor convulsed his frame and then all was still.

“Richard—my love—my dearest Richard,” and Emma fell on her knees and
chafed his hands, which every instant grew colder and more rigid.

“Merciful Father,” she exclaimed, looking up with frenzy in her eyes—“he is
dead.”

More than an hour had elapsed, since these words were spoken, when the owner
of the farmhouse, with his friends, returned home. On entering the kitchen they
were horror-stricken, on discovering by the light of a lantern, which one of
them carried, a man sitting in the arm-chair apparently asleep. At his feet lay
the body of a young female encircled by a pool of blood. A surgeon speedily
attended, and pronounced life to be extinct in both. A phial on the table labelled
“poison,” told plainly that the man had perished by his own will. With respect
to his hapless partner, it was conjectured that intense emotion had ruptured a
vessel of the heart, and that her death had been almost instantaneous.

On the person of Richard Headland, a letter was found directed to his wife, in
which he, to some extent, elucidates his mysterious conduct, and prays her forgive-
ness. From this document it would appear, that Headland had in an unguarded
moment been prevailed upon to accompany a soi-disant friend to a gaming-house.
He played, and lost to the extent of two or three hundred pounds beyond his
present means of payment. Naturally of a proud and sensitive disposition—
qualities which he inherited from his parent Lord——, and dreading the wound
that his honor must sustain, if he omitted to liquidate a debt for which he was
not legally responsible, Headland imprudently availed himself of the resources
which, in his capacity of principal book-keeper in the counting-house of Messrs.
Molasquez, were placed at his command, intending to refund the amount abstracted
before the period arrived for rendering his account of official receipts and dis-
bursements. To effect the latter object, Headland applied to a professed money-
lender, who agreed to advance the sum required, on having good and sufficient
security. This condition Headland could not comply with, and he was in a state
bordering on distraction at the frightful position in which he had placed him-
self, when the death of Mr. Joseph Halford suddenly occurred, by which Emma
Wilton, for whom Headland had conceived an ardent and sincere attachment,
became possessed of a sum more than sufficient to release him from all his embarrassments. Emma's little fortune, as Headland knew, was invested in the funds, and of course, some little delay must have ensued, before it could have been rendered available to the purpose for which it would cheerfully have been given by its possessor. This will account for Headland's desire to have the marriage performed with such unusual precipitation. When he received the letter from his fellow clerk, which, it will be remembered, reached Mrs. Bromley's hands on the day previous to the marriage, he instantly proceeded to the money-lender (who was staying at Bristol) presuming that his altered position in relation to his claim upon his wife's property would obtain for him the assistance he now so urgently needed. Before he could reach that city, unfortunately for all parties, he was arrested—his plans frustrated—his character and his happiness, as well as that of the gentle being to whom he was just united—destroyed for ever.

Although Headland was well aware of his noble parentage, his pride and the bitter hostility which the record of his mother's wrongs had excited in his breast against the author of them, prevented him from communicating his situation to Lord ———, who, in addition to being bound by ties of blood, was able by his influence to render his son the most essential service. Through the medium of the public prints, however, the case attracted his lordship's attention, when he immediately adopted measures (from what motives it is needless to speculate) to effect Headland's liberation, and which he accomplished in the manner previously detailed.

According to Headland's own confession, he had made up his mind, whatever might be his destiny, never again to look upon his wife, in whose eyes he now felt himself a humbled and degraded being. He could die to promote her happiness, but he could not live to see the cold, serpent-mark of scorn upon a woman's lip. He wrote, however, a letter (which Emma never received), acknowledging his unworthiness, and imploring her to banish his image for ever from her memory, and to seek for one more deserving, upon whom to bestow her affections; insomuch as he felt that he had not long to live, but till life and consciousness were extinguished, he should never cease to remember and to adore her. A month elapsed—he was wandering about the sea-shore at Hastings, when he saw Emma in company with her friends. It was then, that in a paroxysm of remorse and distraction, he attempted to terminate his existence by throwing himself from the cliffs into the sea. He was, however, rescued before it was too late, by a revenue boat, and taken on board of a French schooner, in which he was conveyed to Boulogne. In what manner he obtained his livelihood, or in what pursuits he engaged during his wanderings through France, Switzerland, and Italy, there is no mention in his statement. Suffice it, then, to say that after a lapse of five years, he returned to England, with a subdued and chastened heart, resolved to seek out his poor neglected Emma, and to make all the atonement in his power for the sorrows she had so long experienced on his behalf. Learning that she resided with her foster-mother, Mrs. Bromley, in Devonshire, he set off with the intention of rejoining her, when, on reaching an inn at a short distance from the village where the tragical event took place, which has been already described, he encountered a person who
was acquainted with his history, and who, on seeing Headland, immediately left the room, which the latter had entered for the purpose of taking some refreshment. Stung to the very soul at this mark of contempt, trivial as it may appear, his dormant pride was aroused to think that he was regarded as a felon and an outcast. Headland hastily departed from the inn, and having purchased some deadly drug at a chemist’s, he walked onward till he came to a farm-house, where he applied for a glass of water. It was brought to him by one, whom in the darkness he did not recognise. He drank off the fatal compound, and, in a few minutes, before he could scarcely embrace the wife of his bosom, to whom he had been so unexpectedly restored, Richard Headland was a corpse.

Old Mrs. Bromley lived many years to lament the loss of her ‘children,’ for so she always affectionately spoke of them. But she was cheered and consoled by the frequent visits of little Fanny, who, having given her hand and her heart to a gallant lieutenant in the royal navy, would, during her liege lord’s absence on his maritime pursuits, accept Mrs. Bromley’s invitation to stay with her at her little Swiss cottage in Devonshire, when Fanny would talk of past times, and drop a tear over the memory of her poor governess, to commemorate whose virtues and affections she erected, in the quiet country-church where Emma was buried, a neat marble tablet, whose simple but touching inscription, many, even at this day, peruse with swimming eyes.

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**SONG.**

‘THE SAXON CHIEFS.’

Call the noble! call the brave!
Rise your native land to save—
Sound the trumpet—draw the sword,
Gallant hearts, obey the word:—

Youth! the glory of our land,
Each to Heaven, raise his hand;
Swear by the earth your father’s trod!
Swear by the altars of your God!
We swear—we swear.

Never, never to return,
While the Norman watch-fires burn—
Never quit the battle field,
Till the vanquish’d Norman’s yield.
We swear—we swear.

‘By the earth our fathers trod—
By the altars of our God—
Never will we quit the field,
Till the vanquish’d Normans yield;
Never, never more return,
While the Norman watch-fires burn.’—

They come! the noble and the brave,
They come, their native land to save!
Then sound the trumpet, sound it high,
Gallant hearts, reply! reply!

E. E. HAMILTON.
THE LADY OF PARMA.

There was a time in the history of Italy, when the Duchy of Parma was amongst the fairest and most flourishing of its states. The city, though of moderate size, could boast its full proportion of churches, palazzi, and theatres, and its nobles were wealthy, and of good repute. The attention of the traveller and the stranger was ever most particularly attracted to the superb palace of the Cormalifi, which, for its spaciousness, its architecture, and its paintings, was unequalled in Parma. There were circumstances relating to it, at the period our story commences, which made it peculiarly interesting; and the Parmese, of both the high and inferior classes, all appeared to watch over it with feelings of personal affection. To explain this, it must be stated, that, some years before, the noble pair, who had been but lately allied, and whose nuptial festivities were still fresh in the remembrance of the numerous friends and dependants who had shared in them, were stricken by the Plague, which had visited many of the Italian cities, but which, singular to relate, had been contented, in this of Parma, to lay its destroying hand upon the heads of the Cormalifi alone. In the pride of manhood, in the bloom of beauty, the illustrious pair breathed their last, almost at the same instant, and were laid, side by side, in the Cormalifi chapel, in the same night, amidst all the impressive pageantry of the Roman-Catholic faith. Nothing was omitted to strike on the outward senses; the priests thronged from all parts; the churches were robed in black; the light of day was excluded; whilst, to the thoughtful and reflective, there could be no sterner lesson of the vanity of dependence upon life, strength, or earthly advantages. The crowds, who so lately assembled, to behold and admire the lovely bride, crowned with orange flowers, and attended by all the pride of the city, and who filled the courts of the Palazzo with their acclamations, as they gazed with astonishment on the profuse luxuries which loaded the festive board; and, with a mixture of awe and envy, on those who could so lavishly scatter gold, and deck themselves in silks and jewels; these same crowds were now collected to behold the end of all these things—to see that the high-born and the wealthy were no more exempt from the power of the great Conqueror than themselves; but, that after a few years, more or less, patrician and plebeian alike, returned to dust, and became equal in the grave. Twelve short months had seen the doom complete, of the noble Cormalifi: and, in the proud Palazzo, lately gay with a numerous retinue, a feeble child, the infant successor of all their honors, the baby Ildefonsa, occupied a suite of chambers, and, in charge of a careful nurse, and with a moderate establishment, passed her early youth, occasionally subjected to the superintendence of her guardian; and, from time to time, visited by a few relations, whose affection, however, prompted them to no further proofs of it. But, as time wore on, the wife of him who was left protector of the rich heiress, declared she must no longer be committed solely to the care of hire-
lings, and removed the child to her own roof, arranging for her an establishment suitable to her station; and, placing her under the guidance of a lady named Mona Isabella, whom misfortunes had reduced from a position of high respectability, and one, therefore, who was in every way calculated for a situation of such responsibility.

This good woman soon became fondly attached to the young Ildefonsa, and endeavored to make up to her the loss of her mother, by her entire devotion to her welfare and happiness. But, before the Contessa had passed the bounds of childhood, the Count Gonolchi died; and, as the person on whom the office of guardian next devolved, resided far away in Milan, and was moreover of an exceedingly indolent disposition, he shrunk from any active interference with his charge; and, contenting himself with a strict watch over her possessions, left her to inhabit the Palazzo Cormali, subject only to the guidance of Mona Isabella.

Fortunately for the young Contessa, this lady possessed a fine and cultivated mind, united to a clear, strong judgment; and, perceiving that the position of her charge was an unusual one to that of her countrywomen in general, she determined to fit her for it, by improving her intellect, as well as her lighter talents.

Thus it was, that, when in years no more than a girl, the Contessa Ildefonsa was already a person of no small importance in the city of Parma. Her Palazzo was open to the scientific, the learned, and the talented, of all classes—the artist, as well as the rich and noble. There, an equally kind reception awaited those who were depressed by worldly calamities, as those, whose honors were thick about them; always provided their characters were pure and irreproachable. It seemed as if her own fair fame repulsed all vice and irregularity from the precincts of the Palazzo; and, in that city—in those days far different from the dull forsaken one of the present,—it was a sufficient guarantee for the respectability of any one to be admitted as a guest of the young Contessa. Possessing, in a high degree, the beauty peculiar to her country—that fine intellectual cast of countenance—that pure-tinted skin—those deep, dark eyes—that noble brow—that classical and graceful mien—all united to every charm of manner—a temper of rare sweetness, and a powerful mind, cultivated and strengthened by collision with the superior intellects around her,—it is no wonder that she became the pride and glory of Parma. Yet, amidst all the adulation she received, her simple-mindedness remained uninjured, and, it was a marvel, to study, how little the external advantages of this world may affect a pure and virtuous mind, which has once attained the power of estimating them rightly.

Her watchful friend, the good Mona Isabella, was as the setting of gold to this beautiful jewel. By her means, it preserved its substance uninjured, and it could be brought forth to be seen and admired. A perfect understanding, and entire confidence, subsisted between them both; and, as Mona Isabella preserved, in a great degree, the quickness and freshness of her early feelings, Ildefonsa, amidst her intercourse with those of her own age, always turned to her guardian friend, as to one not only fitted to guide and counsel, but to share her feelings and her pleasures. Enough has been said to shew, that Mona Isabella was equal to the responsible situation she was entrusted with, and that Ildefonsa promised fairly to be worthy of the brilliant elevation to which she was born, and for which she was so judiciously educating.
As was too frequently the case in those unquiet times, the state of Parma had been for a long period engaged in dissensions with the Tuscans, and many of the young Parmese were absent, leading their vassals to fight in those vain and perpetual combats which served but to destroy life, and tended neither to raise themselves nor depress the enemy. But negotiations had now effected what arms had failed in, and a treaty had lately been signed, by which the Parmese fondly believed themselves the gainers, and which changed the Tuscans from enemies into allies. The army of the state was returning homewards to be welcomed and greeted by their fellow citizens, to enjoy a respite from war and its turmoils, and to be regarded as heroes who had emulated the knights of old in prowess and valour. The voice of rejoicing rang merrily through the city, and an unusual degree of gaiety pervaded all its inhabitants. Most of the great families possessed a son, a brother, or a father who had been serving the state and heading the bands, and in every palazzo the feast was set out, and alms were given to the poor.

The young Ildefonsa, though none of her immediate relations had been engaged in the Tuscan wars, would not be the only one whose doors were not thrown wide for the reception of the brave soldiers and their happy families, and invitations were sent forth for a festival, in which 'all the attractions of music, and dancing, and pageantry were to be combined. The wealth and taste of the young contessa, together with the knowledge of Mona Sabella's powers of judicious arrangement, so often exerted for the entertainment of the guests frequently assembled in the grand old palazzo, gave promise of a fête of peculiar splendor, and curiosity and expectation were excited in the breasts of old and young, when they received the summons to the Palazza Cormalfi.

Those who know the attractions of night in the Italian climate, who have wandered beneath its jewelled skies, when the moon and stars shed their light undimmed by the vapours which subdue it in a northern hemisphere, who have felt the pure, soft air of that delicious temperature, the most congenial to the human frame, these may imagine the beauty and delights of the Cormalfi gardens when adorned with a profusion of colored lamps, and filled with groups of the young, lovely, or richly-attired Parmese ladies. Music of the most exquisite kind, sounding from different points of their vast extent, but so contrived that one set of performers never interfered with another, the very spirit of pleasure and gaiety pervading the whole. Within, the noble sala was furnished profusely with all that wealth could collect, the walls covered with glorious paintings, amongst which some of his, the glory of the city, shone conspicuous. The cielings, whose frescos seemed starting into life, the statues of rare merit, all dazzled the eyes and fascinated the senses, whilst the mind confessed that there was much amid its pomp and luxury to awaken it to higher enjoyments. In the centre of the grand sala stood the fair lady of Parma herself, receiving her guests with a simple and noble grace, the excellent Mona Sabella standing at her right hand, at once her friend and her guide.

Amongst the invited was a Guido Marchionni, of one of the most illustrious

[OURT MAGAZINE.]
families of Parma, who, having been absent nearly three years in the Tuscan wars, and previously engaged in his education, was but little known, save by reputation, to his young hostess. As he was presented by his friend Alva Bellagio, and made his profound obeisance; wherefore was it that the color mounted to her cheek, and the calm composure of her mien was troubled? She could not have answered the question, but, in truth, it seemed to her that her eyes had never rested on a form of such perfect beauty, united with such a noble bearing as now bent in homage before her. She was herself astonished and perplexed at her emotion, but it was unperceived by him.

Many a feeling of deadly strength may be working at the heart’s core, whilst the countenance is calm, and the eye serene. No test of peace is more delusive than that of an unmoved exterior. Who is there who has not felt the deadly sinking of the whole frame from the wild pulsations of emotion? Who has not smoothed over a chaos of feelings, sharp as the serpent’s sting, yet appeared to the common observer—unmoved? So it was with our Contessa. A brighter bloom rose suddenly to her cheek, but it passed as swiftly as the rose-tint from the snowy summits of the mountains, and though her heart beat quicker, she alone was conscious of it, so that when Count Guido sued for the honor of her hand in the dance, she looked all courteous indifference. But prolonged intercourse only strengthened the impression. His converse took a higher tone than that of most of the other young nobles. His mind was opened by the activity of his life; his exploits in war; the practice in observation both of men and things; his residence in cities where all most admirable and exquisite in art was centered; and his intellects being naturally superior, he had profited by opportunities until his mind had become worthy of the noble temple it inhabited. And, moreover, he addressed his beautiful companion—not in the frivolous, insulting strain which was so usual amongst the weak, uneducated scions of the great families of Parma, but as if he spoke to an equal in mental acquirements, nor was it long before the gentle bashfulness which had at first veiled the mind of Ildefonsa faded away, and she not only listened, but replied with her usual intelligent vivacity.

"I should have found my exile somewhat insupportable, signora," said the young count, "had I known the rose had blossomed which I left in the bud, and that it was diffusing its fragrance around. But distant as we poor soldiers have been, and all communication so frequently cut off between our native city and ourselves, whatever of interest occurred seldom reached our ears. Yet the signora must not suppose that many a faithful heart has not looked back to the Palazzo Cormasli with more than a brother’s interest, and that, when we fought, our power was not strengthened by the thought that we were serving the fairest of the treasures of our Parma."

Ildefonsa bowed gracefully to the compliment, and raised her bright dark eyes with an expression of grateful pleasure that could not but move the handsome young soldier. "Your assertions are too flattering, signor," she replied, "for me to have any inclination to doubt them, and gratitude forces me to know them.

Prayers have been daily offered at the shrine of the Mater Piarsa, not only for the C—(COURT MAGAZINE)—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1849.
success of our arms, but for the safety of each individual of the gallant band who wielded them. And, amongst these, could I be regardless of the young signor, who, in days when we were both children, gave me a lesson of charity and self-denial which I have never forgotten."

"What mean you, lady?" demanded Guido, astonished. "I comprehend you not."

"Very possibly," returned Ildefonsa, smiling, though a blush for a moment tinged the clear marble of her cheek; "nevertheless I speak the truth. I will not say how many years it is, signor, since you were brought one fair morning by your attendant to walk in the gardens of the Palazzo. There, also, was I gathering flowers and making bouquets, whilst at the gate stood a miserable, sick-looking contadina, with a baby in her arms, asking alms; but I was too intent on my pursuit to heed her poverty or her entreaties. Hardhearted little wretch that I was, I continued plucking handfuls of roses and myrtles, and turned not to listen to her piteous tale; but it fell not unnoticed on your more compassionate heart. You broke from the restraining hand of your nurse, and, not content with emptying your little purse into the hand of the poor mother, you snatched the gold-embroidered berretta from your head, and with it covered the bare head of the infant. I felt a sudden pang of shame and remorse at my own indifference, and received a severe, but I hope a profitable, lesson of charity for the rest of my life."

Count Guido listened to this little history with a reddening cheek and a flashing eye; and when Ildefonsa ceased to speak, fixed those bright eyes on her face with an expression of pleasure, mingled with admiration at the ingenuous simplicity and grace of the manner in which she had acknowledged her grateful remembrance of her first lesson in charity.

"Far be it from me, Contessa," he replied, "to depreciate an action to which you attribute such gracious results; but I fear, if our good deeds were certain of being rewarded as this has been, by dwelling in the precious memories of the best and fairest of our kind, many more might doubtless be performed, but from different motives than right principles and a desire for the approbation of Heaven."

"Let the actions be but performed, signor," answered Ildefonsa, gaily, "let the habit of good be once established, and I should have no fear of the result. Grant that the love of human approbation prompted the first step in virtue, the second would be taken for the innate peace it brings, and every succeeding one would be based on motives of greater purity. But in the instance we are discussing, I cannot allow it to have sprung from any desire of approbation; it was prompted solely by a tender and charitable nature."

"I am content, lady," replied the Marchionni, "that you should so believe it; but you must at least allow that it received a rich reward."

The conversation was interrupted, for at this moment they were called upon to perform their part in the dance; but from that hour there appeared a link between the two, which placed their intercourse on a different footing from that of any other of their friends or acquaintance. A frank confidence on the part of Guido, a tender friendship on the part of Ildefonsa, which gradually assumed a warmer tone, and
occasioned a sweet timidity in her manner towards him, which must have bewitched the most insensible, and failed not to produce in Guido Marchionni a strange emotion, which he believed to be a genuine and passionate love. But, alas! though his head was turned, his heart was untouched, and, extraordinary as it may appear, it is true that the exquisite beauty, grace, and fascination of Ildefonsa, failed to attach him. Yet was he intoxicated by the flattering preference she accorded him, the which she betrayed with the most confiding simplicity; and seeing himself the envy of all his compeers, he the more readily believed that love on his part was inevitable, and thus succeeded in completely deceiving himself. With no intention of misleading her, he paid her the most assiduous attention; he passed hours in the Palazzo, both at the times when it was open to general society, and when those only were admitted who were the peculiar intimates of the Contessa, and thus many a day glided rapidly by, whilst Ildefonsa and the Count studied together the arts of music and painting; or whilst she, sitting at her embroidery frame, listened enraptured to the sound of Guido’s rich clear voice, as he read to her the mellifluous poetry of her country, or the varied and absorbing histories of the Italian states.

Mona Sabella, meanwhile, was not unmindful of the interests of her precious charge, nor unobservant of the state of her affections; but all her enquiries into the character of the young count tended to place him in the most favorable light. He had been held in high estimation in the army, not for bravery only, and knowledge of military tactics, but for his moral qualities and his gentlemanly bearing; so that Mona Sabella, believing that an alliance with this young noble could not be otherwise than conducive to the happiness of Ildefonsa, put no obstacles in their way, but was content, that by daily intercourse they might gain full insight into each other’s characters. There were moments, however, when she fancied the pure, warm affections of the Contessa had failed to awaken a corresponding ardor in the count. He seemed too uniformly at his ease, too gay, too light-hearted for a man deeply in love; but she dismissed her fears, from a very sincere belief that it was impossible for Ildefonsa to bestow her heart without a return, and that the most genuine love did not always obtrude itself on notice.

It was now the season of spring, when it was a favorite diversion of the young and gay of Parma to form parties, and make excursions to chosen points in the neighbouring campagna; where each followed the bent of his own inclination; and whilst some wandered through the vineyards and bosquets, others reclined listlessly in the shade of trees, eating fruits, and sweetmeats and ices, abundantly provided by the cavaliers, reposing until the approach of the evening shadows, when most would assemble in the tents or rustic shelters, erected for the occasion, and conclude the pleasures of the day by music and dancing. A favorite scene for these rendezvous was at the distance of a league from the city where a high hill or rocky ridge rose abruptly from the level plain, and in one part was cleft by a wooded ravine, through which flowed a stream which, shallow it must be confessed in the summertime, as Italian streams are wont to be, was apt to become formidable and destructive when swollen by the winter rains. In the wooded-side of the ravine several caverns or grottos had been lately discovered by the contadini, and one in particular
which was spacious and lofty, had been cleared of the fallen rubbish and stones, and
made an admirable retreat against the servid heat of the mid-day. Ildefonsa, who
had a great taste for all those pleasures which were to be found in natural scenes,
was always a promoter of these excursions, and those undertaken with her auspices
were ever popular from the skill with which she drew those only together whose
temperaments assimilated, aided by Mona Sabella, whose admirable arrangements of the
other necessary appointments were unequalled by any. The Contessa and her good
friend had lately been planning one of these reunions, and a select portion of the
elite of the city and Ildefonsa’s most favored friends were invited to meet at the
Grotto Col’Averado on an appointed day. Thither Ildefonsa and Mona Sabella
proceeded at an early hour of a splendid morning, attended by Guido Marchionni,
who, although no absolute declaration of love had been uttered, was insensibly
established, in the belief of all, as the lover of the young Contessa. On their arrival
at the nearest point to which carriages could proceed, a crowd of Contadini were at
hand to convey the provisions to the Grotto, and thither the trio hastened to give
the finishing directions for their decoration. It was a lovely scene, and the grottos
having been effectually cleared of dust and soil, its cool, dry atmosphere was deli-
cious after the heat of the outward air. A quantity of creeping plants grew
naturally, and in the richest profusion wreathed the rude, stone-blocks at the
entrance, throwing their long tendrils within, as far as the rays of light could pen-
trate. So far nature had done her part, and Ildefonsa, feeling how often art is at
fault where nature has full sway, did little more than restrain her wild luxuriance,
and follow her suggestions.

On the rude blocks of stone, which here and there strewn the floor of the grotto,
woven baskets of the most delicate workmanship were arranged, filled with beautiful
fruits, lying on cool green leaves, and with them the inodorous, but brilliant blos-
soms of the cactus were mingled, so as to gleam amongst the dark masses like gems
polished in their native mine. Thick branches of the sweet bay and arbutus, laden
with its lovely produce, both of flowers and fruit, formed a rich and luxuriant mass
of shade in the background, and, by these simple means, all appeared in character
and keeping. On the arrival of the guests, sounds of marvellous sweetness echoed
from the shallow caves on either side of the chief grotto, the performers so arranged
that the instruments answered each other, and swelled and died in the still-air like
music of spirits. Assembling in the large cavern, where was ample room for their
accommodation, the voices of the young Signors and Signorinas soon made the echoes
busy in mocking their concord of exquisite harmony, and many a song was sung
that day which might have dwelt in the memory for ever, as the perfection of skill
and feeling. Then they partook of fruit and ices, that indispensable article at an
Italian board, and played with sugared devices, talked over past days of pleasure,
and planned a succession for the future, till the mid-day sun stealing high in the
heavens, an air of languor gradually pervaded the party, as, one by one they sank
on the soft cushions prepared for them, commodiously, against the walls and heavy
blocks; and whilst many an eye amongst the elders drooped in slumber, the tongues
of the young and gay gradually sank into lower murmurs, and then subsided into
silence. But Ildefonsa and Guido were not among these. Their minds were more active and lively, and yielded not to the dreamy influence of the heat; but they stood at the portal of the cave, shaded by the drooping foliage, through which the light came, softened and fresh, and they smiled at the growing stillness within and that picture-like effect of the half-torpid inhabitants, lulled to more intense repose by the murmurs of the brook which trickled slowly amongst the stones and roots deposited by storms in its narrow bed.

Ildefonsa and Guido then became busily engaged in an endeavour to settle the exact position of a village in the plain, which the former had mentioned as a likely spot for another excursion; and it must have been solely because any subject becomes of interest when discussed with those we love, that one so trivial as this, appeared nevertheless to absorb their whole attention. However this might be, it was evident, from the eager manner of both, that they were really deep in the discussion, and it was thus they spoke:—

"I do assure you, Count Guido," said Ildefonsa, with her bright smile, "I do assure you that Santa Madelon is not more than two leagues from the city-gates."

"It seems very presumptuous, and I own it is very ungallant to doubt your knowledge, sweet lady," gaily replied Guido, "but I have so often ridden to Santa Madelon to feast on its delicious white figs, that I can scarcely mistrust the accuracy of my memory. Nevertheless, it shall be as you please, and henceforth I will affirm it is two leagues by the measurement of the fairest hand that ever held a line and level."

"You are laughing at me Signor Conte," returned Ildefonsa, the least in the world nettled by his tone of half flattery, half carelessness. "But I think I can prove the truth of my words. Look at this narrow path which leads to the summit of the hill. From the top, the whole plain of Parma lies stretched before us, and it would be easy to decide on the distance."

"Fear you not the heat, Lady," asked Guido, "or will you ascend and shame me for my discourtesy by the proof."

"If Mona Sabella," began the Contessa, hesitating, as she turned towards her, but on seeing the placid slumber in which she reclined on her down cushions, she continued, "but no, do not disturb her, she sleeps, and she has been much wearied to-day. Five minutes will suffice to decide our controversy, and we shall have returned before she awakes." So saying, she turned to the scarcely visible path, which, like a yellow-thread wound up the bank, and the Count following her they presently reached the summit; and here their attention was completely withdrawn from the object of their interest, by the unexpected appearances before them. They stood on a lofty ridge, which rising abruptly from the plain commanded its whole extent, bounded by the distant mountains. At this moment, the heavens above this vast level were of a deep, inky blue, over which small, fleecy-white clouds slowly careered, as if seeking to escape stealthily from the threatening mischief. A peculiar red glare, without any visible cause, suffused the whole sky, and towards the hills a thick, hot mist obscured or but partially revealed their forms. But what was most singular in its effect was, that a little beyond the ridge, towards the plain, in
that part of the sky above, a complete line of demarcation was drawn across, leaving
the position over the ravine clear and blue, and bright as is usual on a summer day,
the sun shining brilliantly down into its wooded recesses, and sparkling on the stream,
which here and there was visible through the bushes. Yet as they looked with sur-
prise on the contrast between the opposite quarters of the heavens, they saw the
darkness gradually encroaching upon the peaceful blue, whilst gleams of sulphureous
heat came on the light gusts which now and then sighed by.

"There will be a terrible storm," said the Contessa, in a voice of alarm, "what
is to be done?"

"It is too close at hand to escape from," answered the Count, "but there will
be good shelter in the Grotto." They stood, however, looking with curiosity, not
unmixed with awe, certain that, as a very few moments were sufficient to allow of
their reaching it, they might view the approach of the tempest yet a while with im-
punity. The air, which had been sultry and still, now rustled in the silk garments
of the Contessa, and, at the same moment, a clap of thunder boomed heavily from
the further end of the plain. A profound silence followed, then again a motion in
the air, and a swifter rush in those heralds in the sky, the light, snowy clouds, which
looked on the lurid blackness like banners to indicate the various forces of the tem-
pest. Now a sense of its approach seemed to reach the wood on the sunny side
below, for a manifest shiver ran through the trees, and though the sun yet main-
tained its throne, it was shorn by its brilliancy. Ildefonsa involuntarily placed her
arm within her companions, and whilst a paler hue stole over her cheek, she looked
more impressed by the sublimity of the scene than by personal fear.

Thus they stood in utter silence, when again, the thunder rolled, and a strange
clash, as if the weapons of an army in the sky mingled in its duller tone. And
now, that heavy darkness unclosed for a moment, and one bright arrow of fiery light,
like the spirit of the storm, gleamed athwart it. In the distance, the skies vibrated
with light, and the perpetual motion was as if the same affection, which, below, is
termed an earthquake, was now shaking the heavens. Over the city, which had
been a splendid object, from the sunbeams striking on the white domes and gilded
vanes, the loaded sky discharged its waters, and, through the liquid curtain, the
lightning flashes played like arrows of steel, whilst the thunder kept up a low
monotonous war, above which, at intervals, a deeper sound, as of the discharge of
artillery, was frightfully audible. The forked lightning gleamed rapidly from the
opposite sides of the horizon, and these appeared now and then to clash, and, by the
collision, to be struck out of their course, and to bound wildly into the folds of the
clouds, rending their edges, and penetrating into their mysterious chambers. The
storm had burst so suddenly into full action, from the awful stillness in which it had
brooded, that the Contessa and Guido seemed equally bewildered and fascinated;
but Guido, now awakening to a sense of their danger, standing on the highest
elevation of the plain, and as objects of attraction for the lightning, seized the hand
of Ildefonsa, and, urging her instant retreat, turned to lead her down the path to the
grotto, where they might find security and shelter. At this moment, a low, drooping
cloud opened above their heads, and a tremendous clap of thunder rolled past, followed
instantaneously by a lightning flash, which seemed to dilate from a fine, forked line to a broad sheet of flame, and to wrap the whole, wide vault of Heaven in a blaze. Both Ildefonsa and Guido fell prostrate on the earth. The sound had died away, when the Contessa, unclosing her eyes, raised herself on her knees, and endeavored to articulate a call on Guido to descend with her instantly, when, to her unspeakable horror, she beheld him lying, insensible, his eyes closed, and his face white as death. There was no doubt that the lightning had struck him; and Ildefonsa, believing that he lay dead before her, threw herself again by his side, and lifting his head on her arm, bent hers fondly over him, as if to shield him from the wrath of the tempest, whilst her lips uttered cries for assistance, mingled with expressions of fondness, which sufficiently betrayed her love and her despair.

But the sound of the storm drowned her voice, and, half frantic with terror and dismay and grief, she cowered still closer over Guido's inanimate form, with her eyes fixed upon his wan and cold countenance. After a few moments passed in this terrible situation, and just as the rain began to descend in a heavy stream, revived probably by the cool drops which fell on his brow, he slowly unclosed his eyes, and beheld those of the young Contessa fixed on him, with a look expressive of such utterable love and misery as could not be mistaken. And the words which burst from her lips, the joyful exclamations of tenderness and thankfulness to all the Powers of Heaven for their saving protection, the soft, trembling, happy voice with which she uttered, "Oh, Guido, thou art safe!" Was it possible that the heart of the young man should not respond to the warm feeling of the innocent, lovely being before him, who, regardless of her own danger, was interposing herself between him and the storm. He half raised himself from the earth; and, as he did so, how could he avoid throwing his arm around his sweet protectress, and murmuring forth words of passionate gratitude in return, such as he had never heard before? But when he stood upright, he became aware that some strange sensation pervaded his whole frame, rendering motion difficult, whilst an acute pain darted through his eyes and brow, shewing the mysterious effects of the electrical shock she had received. But Ildefonsa seemed to have gained additional strength to her own, for, drawing his arm within hers, and supporting his vigorous frame, she contrived to aid him sufficiently to descend the abrupt, stony path, down which the rain now flowed in a continuous stream. A very few minutes sufficed to place them in safety within the grotto, in whose quiet recesses they found the rest of the party, only beginning to be conscious of the excessive violence of the tempest now raging above and beneath them; though Mona Sabella was looking round for the absent Ildefonsa, in fear and wonder, and was about to go forth herself in search, heading a party of the attendants, and issuing all sorts of directions to the young cavaliers, who had hardly yet comprehended that the Lady of Parma was not, as they believed her, safely concealed amidst the arbutus' boughs in the back of the grotto. A few words explained the whole affair, and gave rise to the most fervent ejaculations on the part of Mona Sabella, and of congratulations from the assembled group; and then, whilst the rain fell in torrents, and the storm-clouds hung directly over the ravine, the cavern became completely dark, and the voluble tongues of the females, restrained
only by fear, now broke the gloomy stillness, which the crash of the elements, without, could but partially disturb, by exclamations in every imaginable key of terror, and wonder, and distress; whilst the one pair whose hearts had been unlocked by the singular scene of danger which they had encountered, sat side by side, obscured in the deep shadow, the hand of Ildefonsa tenderly retained in that of the Marchionni, who, at that moment, alive to nothing but the consciousness of being beloved by the enchanting contessa, was murmuring words of passionate devotion in their beautiful language, which seems formed to express all that is loving and fond.

In a dream of half incredulous, half-believing delight, Ildefonsa, nearly overcome by the sudden unfolding of the feeling in her own bosom, and excited to a bliss unspeakable, by the communion she now held with the heart of her lover, sought almost in vain for power to reply; the words died on her lips, and a timid, gentle pressure of the hand that held hers, was the best indication of her sentiments. Whilst the others watched impatiently for the passing of the storm, and continued to utter sounds of impatience and weariness, it seemed to Ildefonsa that she wished for no change—that dark cavern was her world, she heeded not the pelting of the rain and wind as she sat by Guido Marchionni, as his chosen one, his beloved. How many have drunk of that intoxicating cup, who, alas! in after years, have looked back to discover that it was drugged with falsehood and delusion!

But the force of the tempest began to expend itself—the thunder-clouds rolled towards the distant mountains, the rain ceased, and sickly yellow rays gleamed through the broken clouds. The agitation and eagerness of the party to effect a retreat, aroused the young lovers from their abstraction. There was a strange contrast in the countenances of the Contessa and those of her companions; for, whilst they looked half alarmed, half disappointed, anxious and disturbed, the brightest smile played on Ildefonsa’s fair face, and in her eyes beamed the very spirit of happiness and serenity. Count Guido, too, for the time sincerely affected by the flattering conviction of being the object of affection to one so pure, so lovely, and so worshipped, and looking on her, as all must have done, with deep admiration, believed his love true and fervent enough to be a fit return for the heart she had bestowed upon him. Thus he was gay and tender, brilliant and devoted; and amidst the throng of young nobles, the Marchionni shone forth with even more than his wonted fascination.

Whilst the rest of the party returned to Parma by their various conveyances, Ildefonsa and Mona Sabella were escorted in theirs by the Count, who, curbing his impatient steed by their side, surpassed himself in brilliancy and conversation, whilst every now and then a word for Ildefonsa’s ear alone, or a look, expressive of a world of meaning, kept up her enchantment to the highest.

On reaching the Palazzo, she took a hasty farewell of him who now stood in a relation so different from that in which they had met in the morning of that day, and, hastening to her oratory she threw herself breathless before the image of the Virgin, in a tumult of gratitude and happiness, till then unknown to her, and subduing her agitation into something resembling composure, she prayed fervently and piously for a blessing on herself and on him she had chosen from the world for her
earthly protector. Then she sought Mona Sabella, and throwing her arms around her neck, revealed the important secret. This good and kind friend received the tidings with little surprise, but with the most sincere participation in the happy prospects of her beloved charge; nor would she permit herself to doubt that Count Guido did entirely return the love she had bestowed upon him. Clasping her to her heart, therefore, she imprinted fond kisses on her cheek, uttering what was most grateful to the ears of Ildefonsa. Warm praise of him whose image now entirely occupied her mind.

The Contessa Ildefonsa was not yet her own mistress, and the person who retained a guardian power over her, a Milanese noble and her distant relation, had been some months absent in Naples. It was, of course, necessary to obtain his consent to the union, and, moreover, many forms and preliminaries would intervene, as there was something complicated in the tenure of the Cornali possessions, so that a marriage solemnized before the Contessa was of age to hold them independently, would produce much trouble, and needed, therefore, many precautionary measures. For this cause, Mona Sabella had been anxious that the affections of the Contessa should have remained disengaged until she had full power to bestow herself and her riches as she pleased; but her wishes having been frustrated, she yet determined to persuade them to defer their marriage for the present. Ildefonsa in her exceeding happiness wished for no change, it was enough to see Guido day after day, to hear his voice, to know him devoted to her. Mona Sabella might manage all besides as she pleased. But the Count was not so easily persuaded. He was not insensible to the honor of being the betrothed of the fairest lady in Parma, but he could not look forward to a year’s probation without a feeling of dread and impatience. Perhaps he was conscious that his love was not of the deep-enduring nature of the Contessa’s, and he shrank from the ordeal of time to test its value. Certain it is that he remonstrated warmly, though unsuccessfully, with Mona Sabella, and pleaded his cause with his fair mistress till she was almost tempted to think the prudence of her friend excessive. But she made it so clear that many ill effects might result from a precipitate union, that the Count at last yielded, though with no good grace. Ildefonsa, gentle, tender and bewitching, with her whole heart devoted to this one dear object, thought of nothing but lessening the tedium he deplored so deeply, and Mona Sabella, having once gained the consent of both for delay, aided all her endeavours by promoting not dissipation, alone, but such pursuits as engaged the mind as well as pleased the imagination, to speed the wings of time. Count Guido was always punctual to the stated hours, and together they would study and imitate the divine works of the great master, which, to this day, adorn the city; or sing with their rich, deep voices, the choicest music of Italy. And the happiness of one of the parties at least scarcely admitted of increase.

"Can it be," she said, as she walked with her lover through the shady alleys of the gardens of the Palazza, "can it ever be that we shall be less happy than now? Surely not, without death came between us. Oh, Guido! there can be no sorrow for me, that your presence would not charm away; and tell me if I should not have the power to soften all evil to you?"
"Wherefore ask a question to which you already know the answer?" replied the Count, as he kissed the fair hand which rested upon his arm. "Who thinks of sorrow in the presence of angels, and when Ildefonsa is by, whose heart could be uncheered by her gracious influence?"

Though the words fell pleasantly on the ear of the Contessa, the light carelessness of his manner jarred on her heart, for, whilst she had spoken seriously, there was something in his air which was dissimilar.

"I was in earnest," she said, in a low voice, as the rosy blush crossed her cheek, "but I would not weary you with my love. I have read, that whilst to us, love is an absorbing passion, it affects men but lightly. Perhaps, even now, Guido, you smile at my folly, and have not much indulgence for it, or participation in my sensitive affection."

Certainly she spoke not these words with any strong conviction of their truth, and she smiled on him she counted her lover with the most beautiful expression of reliance and faith, but on Guido's heart the words fell with a something he liked not to investigate. He was conscious that his feelings for Ildefonsa, charming as he confessed her to be, were not those of a deep and passionate love. They were compounded of friendship, tenderness, admiration; and all these misled him, when he first awakened to the conviction that the happiness of a being so good and so lovely was in his keeping; but not even the free intercourse which was now allowed him, had changed his friendship into real love, and he was beginning to be restless and uneasy in a bondage, which must be borne willingly to be submitted to at all. Yet his real state was but partially unfolded to him; his life had hitherto been passed more in fields of battle than in courts or domestic halls; and whilst his mind and character had gained much in strength and manliness, the softer passions had been but slightly awakened. Let not Guido be judged too harshly, for, in truth, it was no wanton thoughtlessness which had led him to entangle the affections of Ildefonsa, but an unhappy combination of circumstances which had deceived him as much as herself.

The sweet-tempered Contessa was ready enough to be soothed by a few, kind words from the Marchionni and, leaning on his arm, was soon deep in a conversation in which plans for his gratification formed a prominent subject, and which pained him, though he scarcely knew why. On the evening of this day, all the élite of Parma met in the Palazzo of a foreigner of distinction, and thither, also, were assembled the Contessa Ildefonsa, Mona Sabella and Count Guido. As the trio seated themselves in the great sala, they perceived that the person occupying the next chair was, apparently, engaged in a strict scrutiny of the court, and on Ildefonsa's addressing the latter by name, the stranger immediately arose, and making a low obeisance, declared himself the bearer of a message from his kinsman, Julio Delpino.

"I have been his guest, Signor," continued the stranger, "in his noble castle in the mountains, and hearing that I was on my way to Parma, he conversed much on the merits of all his kinsfolks—the noble Marchionni—and at parting expressly bade me greet the Count Guido from him, and urge him to visit him forthwith."
The Lady of Parma.

"It is many a year since I have met with Count Julio," returned Guido, "but from time to time I have heard of his strong fortress, and the feudal life he leads in it, and my curiosity has frequently been excited to become better acquainted with him."

"You cannot do better, Signor," than gratify it," replied the stranger, who called himself Leo dell'Orto, "there you will find a style of living the most opposite to the courtly one you tend in cities. The noble art of falconry is in all its perfection, the appointment for every species of hunting is good; whilst the fastnesses of the mountains abound with game, the scenery is sublime, the air pure and invigorating—in short, I come fresh from sharing in its pleasures, which I estimate at the highest."

Guido's attention was roused, and he asked abundance of questions of Messir Leo, till a visit to this old mountain abode seemed vividly to affect his imagination. At first, Ildefonsa had listened with curiosity and interest to the details of a life so opposite to that of which she had experience, but as Guido's admiration of its exciting nature became more eager, she would have dismissed the subject and have broken up the conference, but all the mischief was done.

"And the Count Delpino sent me an invitation, Signor, and as if he were anxious I should accept it," asked Guido.

"Doubt it not, Signor Conte," answered Messir Leo, his last words were, "Search for my young kinsman, and bear to him my cordial desire to see him under my roof."

The conversation then changed to other subjects, but Guido frequently recurred to the old castle as if it had strongly moved his imagination. And, in truth, he was seized with a vehement desire to visit it. His active habits made his present life irksome, and he resolved to take advantage of the opportunity before him, and quit the monotony that began to weigh on him heavily. So, on the following morning when, as usual, he appeared before his mistress, he announced his intention of making an excursion to the Castello Delpino.

"Ildefonsa was painting, and, on hearing these words, the brush fell from her hand, and a pang shot through her heart, but she was the least selfish of human beings; and suppressing, therefore, the emotion which made her tongue falter, she looked up in his face with a sunny smile, and simply said, "but you will not be absent long."

"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "not long. I am an old hunter, and I must make acquaintance with the four-footed residents of those savage hills, which Messir Leo talks so much of; but a month will suffice, I doubt not."

"A month," said the Contessa, in a tone of scorn and surprise she could not subdue, "will you be absent a whole month? Oh, Guido!"

"Dearest Ildefonsa, look not so blank," replied the Conte smiling gaily, "you will find many advantages in my absence. You forget how you reproached me but yesterday for withdrawing your attention from your painting—how you threatened to exclude me from the palazzo for entangling your broidery silks, and how many hundred serious charges you brought against me for various misde-
meanours. But I shall be forgiven all these if I depart for a short season, and you may be sure that the truant will be no sooner away than the spell will come over him, and restore him to your feet."

Ildefonsa smiled, and extended her hand, and endeavored to look happy and satisfied; but she was sick at heart, and although she felt the folly of her emotion, she could only do her utmost to conceal it; she could not overcome it. And when Mona Sabella was informed of his intention, she herself was dissatisfied, though she was not likely to be as unreasonable as his fond mistress. But she presently became reconciled to it, for every period of time that passed without exposing her to the warm remonstrances of the count for the shortening his probation, was a gain to her, and the feeling of distrust of his firm attachment to her beloved charge faded from her mind.

Guido, accordingly, one fair morning, took a tender leave of his mistress, who resolutely kept within her own heart the reluctance and grief with which she saw him depart, and mounting on the good horse which had carried him in his Tuscan campaigns, he set forth for the castle in the hills.

"Why lookest thou so sad my child," said Mona Sabella, as, some hours afterwards, she found Ildefonsa listlessly hanging over her easel, her eyes dimmed with tears, and her cheek pale as marble, "thou art yielding to an unwise regret. Thou canst not always have the young count at thy side, and I would have thee act upon this truth, and make thyself easy under occasional absences. Beware, my child, of believing any man living is satisfied with love alone, and restrain that entire dependence upon another for thy happiness, which must bring with it vexation and disappointment."

"Am I unwise, then, my best friend," said the gentle creature, "in believing that, as the sight of Guido seems necessary to my very existence, he can have no real satisfaction in my absence. I would neither be selfish nor exacting, but if it is not so, we love not on equal terms."

"These are hard lessons, my child, but they must, alas! be given and received. No man living would acknowledge his sex to yield to ours in servor or sincerity in love, and no woman has lived to middle age without the bitter experience that it survives in her heart long after it has faded and withered in that of her lover."

"Ah, Mona Sabella," replied Ildefonsa, "and wherefore, if it is so, is this sad pre-eminence of constancy allotted to woman."

"For many good reasons, dearest. Think for a moment of the momentous consequences of our love and faith. With what unweariedness we devote ourselves to duties, which, without attaching to their performance any of the brilliant reputation which awaits the busy career of man, demands the exercise of the noblest and most unselfish feelings. How do we cheerfully toil by day, and watch by night for those who would be lost without us. And in doing this, we reap a rich reward: not, perhaps, in the return either of affection or gratitude, but that the exercise of our duty, however painful and onerous in its execution, brings with it the improvement and exaltation of mind and character. We put aside selfish feelings; we think not of labor, mental or bodily, we forget injuries, we repay the
faithlessness of those we love, or have loved, with a stricter devotion in the hour of their need, and we are raised in the scale of our nature. Not that I deny there are instances in man when his love has stood the test of time and circumstance, but they stand forth in solitary pre-eminence, whilst all of tenderness and devotion is so woven in the structure of woman's heart, that whilst nothing is thought beyond justice to exact from it, it seems that it is in truth equal to all demands on it."

"Then," returned Ildefonsa, with a melancholy smile, "I must prepare to feel that Guido will seek and find happiness in other sources than with me; and that whilst he is the one object in whom every wish and desire of my heart is centered, I by no means stand in the same position to him."

"It is an ungrateful task, my love," replied Mona Sabella, tenderly pressing her lips on the fair brow of the contessa, "to destroy the brilliant illusions of life. Yet, as they will inevitably fade and wither, surely it is wisest to accustom ourselves in some degree to the truth. There is a delusive hope for ever springing in each human heart that itself shall be exempted from the common lot, and as this will assuredly prevent us so making use of the experience of others as to be destructive of our enjoyment of present happiness, I see no objection, but, on the contrary, much wisdom, in recalling to our minds frequently and steadily, the certainty of the change under which, sooner or later we must all suffer."

"Alas! what a shadowing of the bright hues I have spread over my picture of life," said the contessa sadly. "And I am now to begin my lesson in truth. And it is this: Ildefonsa has no wish or thought in which Guido has not part, but Guido can find content and happiness where Ildefonsa is not."

"It is even so," said Mona Sabella, compassionately, "and I cannot deny it. You must lower your standard of expectation, and when convinced you had placed it too high, you may be content to behold it flutter and unfold to a breeze you would once have thought too light to move it."

Ildefonsa made no reply; a sense of disappointment lay heavy at her heart, and Mona Sabella left her to become familiar with the dead coloring of her picture of love.

And Guido, meanwhile, on the back of his favorite steed, bounding over the plain, ascending steep paths which led over hills and precipices, breathing the pure, exhilarating air, and, with a new sense of freedom, felt no pang of absence, no regret, to lessen his happiness. His voice echoed amongst the rocks; his eye sparkled; he thought of nothing beyond the present moment. Too surely, Ildefonsa had no real hold on his heart; for, although we deem Mona Sabella's doctrine of man's love the true one, we have all belief in the sincerity of his feelings, but not of their endurance. Had Guido's heart been really touched, he would not have revelled in his unrestrained freedom, and, that he was capable of warm attachment, we may have sufficient evidence.

Guido reached the inn, about half way to the castle, towards the close of the day, and there found his servant, with a relay of horses for the prosecution of their journey on the morrow. He took a long ramble that evening, over hill and dale; and it
was not without a genuine feeling of wonder, that, on his return by the light of a brilliant moon, the truth rose before him, that he was happy and light-hearted, and, that few and transient were the moments, when the thought of his absent mistress had crossed his memory. But, as his conscience felt uneasy under this conviction, he silenced it until a more convenient opportunity, and slept soundly on his hard couch in the little inn, dreaming not, as Idefonsa would have fondly hoped, of her, but of a strange scenery of castles and mountains, hawks, hounds, and wild boars.

By break of day, he was again prepared to set forth; and, an hour before sun-set, he came upon a gorge in the hills, at the extreme end of which, crowning a lofty eminence, stood the old Castello Delpino. It looked a fit habitation for a baron of old, or a bandit chief; and, doubtless, those ancient walls had witnessed many a lawless deed, and their lords had ruled their dependents with no lenient sway. It was suited to the wild, savage magnificence of the scenery around; and, as Guido advanced towards it, and became aware of its extent and grandeur, his excited imagination figured the different sensations which might have been his, leading an armed troop to besiege it, or had the fate of war conveyed him a prisoner within its frowning walls. And so he entered its narrow portal, gazing around with a curiosity and interest momentarily increasing; and was ushered into a vast, stone hall, where was seated a tall, stately man, of middle age, who, on his entrance, arose, and greeted him with courtesy. This was the Count Delpino, whom Guido presently discovered to be as well worthy his curiosity, as the castle itself. Though his life had been chiefly passed in the mountains, there was an air of courtly breeding about him; his person was noble, his eyes bright and penetrating; but there was something of sadness in every tone and movement, as if sorrow and care weighed heavily upon him. He expressed himself pleased and gratified that his kinsman should have quitted the attractions of the city to seek him; and he sighed, as he spoke cursorily on the changes of time, and how the old castle and its possessors had been sadly subjected to its devastations. The hall in which they stood was dark and gloomy at all hours, but now, the day was closing, and the narrow windows scarcely admitted a feeble light, when a door was thrown hastily open, through which gleamed the yellow rays from the western sky, as it gave to view a broad terrace, and the mountains thrown in noble confusion beyond.

But there was another more interesting object. A young girl stood in the doorway, whose fair and delicate arm was held gently within the jaws of an enormous Alpine dog, who, proud of his captive, wagged his tail, and growled gently, and looked the happiest of his race; whilst, she stooping to ease her arm from the pressure of his formidable teeth, perceived not that a stranger was present, but called the attention of the Count Delpino towards her and her leader, with a light, low, musical laugh, which rang melodiously round the old, stone walls.

"My child," said the Count, with a voice somewhat reproving, though a smile stole over his countenance, "behold our kinsman, the Count Guido Marchionni, who favors our poor abode with his presence. But I pray thee, let not thy fondness exhibit want of breeding, and bring discredit with him, who is unused to our mountain rudeness, shewing thyself so unduly familiar with thy rough, though honest companion."
The girl blushed brightly, and would have withdrawn her arm from the jaws of the dog, but, with a low growl of remonstrance, he seemed to signify that he had no intention of resigning her, so, with a movement of exquisite grace, she bent one knee to the ground, and, with an air of perfect simplicity, held out her disengaged hand to the Count.

"Be pleased, Signor," said she, "to withdraw my scarf from my shoulders, and Dante will release me instantly, for he will not suffer me to be touched by a stranger; and fear not," she continued, smiling, "he is under perfect control, although he holds me his prisoner." And, as Guido put forth his hand to lay hold of the scarf, the noble animal unclosed his mouth, thereby releasing his captive; but, before he could manifest any ill-will to, or distrust of the Count, his mistress had placed her hand in his, and thereby made known to him in his sagacity, that he was no foe, but a friend.

"Now, signor," said she, "you are made free of the castle and of Dante. He will regard you henceforth as his friend and ally. And my father will tell you that it is no small advantage to be admitted in the list, for he is powerful both against the human and the animal savage."

Guido’s tongue seemed tied. Never had he felt so much at a loss as to speak to this mountain girl, who, with an air of perfect simplicity and artlessness, seemed naturally endowed with all of grace and elegance that is usually the growth of courts alone; but still they hung upon her with an air so peculiarly her own, that he could not decide whether he was not now for the first time in their presence, and that all he had hitherto deemed most refined and polished, had not been mere deception.

The dog, however, proved a good aid towards a mutual understanding; and in a few minutes, Beatrice—for that was her name—was eagerly recounting many an adventure, in which Dante bore a principal part; whilst he, evidently aware that she spoke of him, laid his huge head on her knee, and fixed his bright-brown eyes on her face, with a most humane expression of content.

"And how is it, fair kinswoman," asked Guido, "that we of the city should have known nought of the Star of the Mountains. How is it that the name of Beatrice Delpino is not lauded by our poets, and sung by our minstrels."

"Oh, Signor Conte," replied Beatrice, "let me warn you, that you bring no honied speeches here. You will find them scarcely understood, and not at all appreciated. We know no courtesy beyond kindness; and, as for flattery, I never heard it from human lips, and it would suit me quite as little as it would good honest Dante here. We three are very simple, homely, excellent creatures, but we are of the mountains not of courts."

She spoke gaily, but as if she meant seriously to insinuate a lesson beneath the smiling exterior, Guido, in part comprehending the truthfulness of her character, and that his courtliness might here do him little service, discarded the tone in which he was wont to address the Parmese damsels, and sought for less artificial ways of pleasing.

Nor were his efforts unsuccessful. Beatrice, educated by a mother of superior mind, though doomed to pass her life in nearly utter seclusion, and only just reco-
vering from the stupor of grief into which her premature death had cast her—was enchanted at this collision with an intellect, cultivated and penetrating as was that of Guido, added to manners of peculiar fascination, and a heart which was of the kindest and gentlest, though it had by some strange fatality been little affected by all the beauty and excellence of one whose attractions few could have withstood. But now, he had unfortunately met with a being the most assimilated to his taste and disposition, and with Beatrice, the young, the lovely and the artless ever before him, the truth must be told; the image of the absent Ildefonsa faded from his mind, and each day became more distasteful to him. Poor Ildefonsa! she who sat day after day painting from memory the features of him she loved so well—whose hours passed so heavily—whose every thought was for his happiness alone—who had such entire faith in his faith, and who smiled at Mona Sabella's cautious advice, to distrust or prepare for the diminution of love—could she have seen her Guido, gay, enchanted and enchanting, rambling over the hills, pursuing the chase, or reading those very pages of inspiration and poetry which she had listened to—now addressed to other ears than hers—Alas! if she had seen she would not have believed—her heart could not have taken in the conviction of such falsehood and inconstancy.

The peculiar habits of Beatrice were another snare for the Count. Ever accustomed to close attendance on her father, and educated to an endurance of fatigue, very unusual with her countrywomen of the higher classes, when the Count Julio flew his falcons or rode far into the gorges of the hills, his daughter accompanied him, and now, mounted on her snow-white palfrey, morning after morning did she make one of the party, the guest becoming more and more enchanted with the novelty and excitement of the life, and more and more convinced that, of all created beings, Beatrice Delpino was the most lovely and delightful. Count Julio himself seemed oppressed and unhappy, and often withdrew from conversation, so that Beatrice at first deemed it but courteous and fitting to exert herself for the entertainment of their guest, and soon found the task one of interest and profit to herself. Much did she hear of scenes in which her secluded life had precluded her from taking part, and she drew from Guido the relation of many an adventure in his military career, which raised him high in her estimation, though related with the utmost modesty and disregard of self. But, each day, a darker gloom shadowed the brow of her father, and Beatrice observed it with more anxiety and sorrow, speaking of it at last to her companion with an openness and security of a participation in her uneasiness which could scarcely fail to draw their hearts into closer affinity. Now and then came a letter from the Lady of Parma; fond, delicate and carefully abstaining from expressions of anxiety for his return; and yet it was clear that the period of his absence passed dull and wearily with her. Guido read these impatiently and hastily; and though he made the effort to reply to them, he felt too surely how reluctantly his pen traced such expressions as ought to have flowed forth freely and abundantly. He was discontented with himself, his trammels and the self-deception which had wrought the present tissue of evil. Further than involuntary admiration, he had carefully abstained from betraying the feelings of his heart towards Beatrice, but he was conscious that this forbearance became every hour
more difficult, and his reason told him, plainly, that one honorable course alone was before him—to depart from the castle and its fascinations, to return to Parma and resolutely determine to find happiness in the fulfilment of his engagements with the Contessa. And it was in entire sincerity that he marvelled at the conviction that a creature of such beauty, mind and excellence as Ildefonsa, should meet with one unable to return her love; and, whilst he turned from dwelling on a future, which would have enraptured any one but himself, he yet resolved to preserve the happiness of the precious jewel committed to his keeping. He felt, too, that he had already lingered too long in this mountain fortress, and that it contained the treasure which alone he coveted.

Five weeks had glided by,—the Count Julio seemed to look upon his protracted stay as a matter of course. Beatrice thought not of it at all; but, as if he were to be her companion for the rest of her life, she talked of things to be done in future days and seasons, with the most implicit belief that he would be present to share in them. But Guido knew this must end—that each day passed, with this spell, unbroken, deteriorated from his uprightness and virtue; and he sought to summon up that empire over himself which would at least keep him in the straight path, however narrow and thorny it might be.

With all the delicacy he was master of, Guido had sought to gain the confidence of the Count; for, that some deadly care weighed heavily on his breast, he could not doubt; but he was impenetrable. He led away from the subject sometimes peremptorily, sometimes sadly; but Guido could never feel he made any advance to his heart.

After a day of struggle, Guido at last determined to announce his intended departure; and manfully return to Parma, to be, as he thought, the most miserable man in existence. The morning of that day, the falcons had been flown, but the sport was ineffective, and the party had retraced their way to the castle, weary and dull; even Beatrice’s sweet face was clouded, for she felt the gloom which manifestly hung over her companions; and, after some ineffectual attempts at conversation, she became thoughtful and silent.

In the evening, whilst Guido was summoning courage to make the disclosure, the unconscious Beatrice invited him to walk on the terrace; and as he assented and took his place by her side, the multitude of feelings which pressed upon his heart could find no vent in words. The scene was noble and admirable. The terrace was broad, like that of the old Heidelberg Palace; but the view it commanded was far more magnificent. The mountains lay tossed before it, like the gigantic waves of a stormy sea; whilst the red light of evening lit up the distant summits, and the fast-falling shadows darkened the rugged sides, veiling all in mystery and obscurity. The old walls rose clear and sharp against the intense blue of the sky; and the silence was undisturbed, save by the song of the contadina as she ascended some mountain-path; or the deep bay of the watch-dog, guarding the flocks.

“How beautiful,” exclaimed Beatrice; “it seems as if this scene could never become familiar to me. Each time I look upon it, it wears a different aspect, and

D—(COURT MAGAZINE)—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1843.
the last is ever the loveliest. You have told me often, Count Guido, of the glories of other countries. Saw you ever one more noble than this?"

"I willingly yield it the palm," he replied. "And yet, I would I were a stranger to it."

"Wherefore, Signor?" asked Beatrice, in wonder.

"Because, in a few, short hours, my eyes must look on other scenes; and I shall regret these so deeply that it were better I had never beheld them."

Beatrice looked up, but the eyes of the Count were so full of sadness, that she was deeply affected; yet, never a word passed her lips; and she bent over Dante, who, as usual, was by her side, and caressed him.

"I thought," she began at last, in a low voice,—but she hesitated; "I mean, I understood, but no"—her manner changed; and, looking up, she smiled; "Oh, Count, this is a courtey trick, to enhance your own value. You deem us rustic mountaineers, all unworthy of the honor of receiving a noble of the Court; and, you would fain be pressed and conjured to take, yet awhile, pity on us, and cheer our solitary roof. But, you are deceived; for, your host is no courtier; and poor Beatrice knows not a fine speech in the world."

"Leave that bantering tone, I pray," replied the Count; "for, I speak in very serious sadness. To-morrow, at dawn, I quit the castle—its hospitable lord—its only too-enchanting mistress. I go,—but my better part remains. I go, to fulfil the destiny I have chosen for myself, to bear a heavy heart through life. May a happier fate await her, who deserves the best this world can give."

He spoke too solemnly, not to be believed. A thrill moved the slight form of the young girl; her lips quivered: and she sought to speak, but the words died away, inarticulate. At length, she murmured,—"And you go for ever! Alas! since the death of my blessed mother, none have spoken to me of such things as I love to hear, but you alone. My father is sad and harrassed, I know not why. I have no companion to teach or counsel me; and now, all will be blank again. Ah, Count Guido, it had been indeed better that you had never left your courtly Parma."

"It had been better," said Guido, deeply sighing, "better that I had never known what I must relinquish, and that your life had been agitated by no intrusive visitor. But that cannot be recalled. Would, indeed, that I were yet ignorant of——"

"What!" demanded Beatrice, eagerly. "To you, it signifies nought, that our intercourse is broken. You return to numerous friends—a busy scene—to perpetual occupations of interest and instruction. To us, it is as the withdrawal of the sun at mid-day. We shall fade, even from your remembrance, as that star we marked last night, which, bright and sparkling for a moment, was presently lost in the ether, as it fell from heaven; but we must feel a blank, for which we have no remedy; we must think of you always, for we have none to supply your place."

"And, shall I be so regretted?" said Guido, tenderly. "Oh! say not so, I pray, for it is at once the thing I would, and would not hear."

"You can little imagine," returned Beatrice, "what the absence of a friend and companion is to us in these vast solitudes. Sublime and glorious as they are, I often feel that, besides the charms of nature, we require a due admixture of inter-
course with our kind. Save my father, I speak to none but the peasants and domestics, and I have often languished for communion with a mind that could comprehend and share my feelings. You have done this for me, and how can I not be grieved."

"Had I the choice," said Guido, "believe me these walls would be the boundary of my wishes."

"And who controls you?" asked Beatrice. "Are you not the best beloved of your father, as much as I am of mine. And would he refuse you yet awhile to the performance of a deed of charity which must satisfy and content your own heart with the certainty of the benefit it confers."

"I am not so convinced," said Guido, "will a faint smile," of the charity of the affair, as I may be of the impediments and objections. I know of danger which it is my duty to avoid—if, indeed—I have done so."

"Dangers," repeated Beatrice, curiously. "I would not intrude on your confidence, but your speech surpasses my poor comprehension. You are safe within the castle walls, Signor, but no—you cannot allude to personal danger. We are very simple, well-meaning persons—you can fear no moral danger from our society. What reasons can you have to fear us?"

"One sufficient to convince you, sweet Beatrice," exclaimed Guido, turning pale as death, "but it is not fitting I should speak of it. Yet, believe that were I, indeed, the free agent you suppose, within these walls I would be content to live and die with you, for the companion of my solitude."

Guido might have spoken thus to a damsel of Parma, and the latitude of the city might have made the speech guiltless of all but gallantry—but in these mountains, where the voice of flattery was dumb, and truth, severe and unadorned, prevailed in its stead, it fell on the heart of his hearer with a power which startled it from its composure. A bright blush tinted that fair cheek, and the deep violet eyes were raised for a moment with a look of anxious surprise and delight, then laying her hand upon his arm, she said in a low voice, "is this flattery or truth."

"Truth, as I would speak it before assembled saints," returned Guido, vehemently. "But Beatrice, my secret bursts from my heart where I would I had strength to bury it for ever—mark, also, what I tell you with equal sincerity. I love you as I have never loved before, but the duty is imperative which bids me flee from you. If, indeed, my devotion might have won me your pure heart in return, put from thy memory, whilst yet I have a place but at its threshold, all thought of him who has been before thee like a passing cloud, and, like a cloud which fades in the brilliancy of the sky, would leave no shadow on thy serenity. Our course is not to be pursued together, but our duties must be performed though with pain and trouble. Circumstances I cannot speak of, divide us, but bear this at least in mind when more vivid remembrances have faded—if Beatrice Delpino ever need a friend—a tender friend,—let her seek for Guido Marchionni.

Struck by his vehemence, trembling and agitated, the gentle Beatrice replied not. A veil had just fallen from her heart, and she felt she both loved and was beloved; but his words struck heavily on her ear, and she was silent.
"I must stay no longer," continued Guido, wildly, "or my resolves will fade as the mists of the morning. Once already have I done foul wrong in ignorance and self-deceit, and a second time am I in a snare as treacherous. Farewell, then, Beatrice, pray for me that I may have strength to curb my rebellious spirit and tread firmly the path before me. Well, I know, most pure and virtuous Being, that if thou thoughtest Guido could wrong another, thou wouldst loathe and spurn him. Remember, only, that a time may come when thou mayst be inclined to blame, and then I bid thee rather pity than censure; and believe, that though guilty to others, and yet unwillingly, I am innocent towards thee. Do I not prove that I am? Do I not leave thee at the moment when—but, oh! how weak and vain are man's unaided efforts to act uprightly. Again, I bid thee pray for me. Farewell, Beatrice," and pressing her passive hands to his lips and to his heart, he turned and left her.

Beatrice for a moment stood motionless, her heart was as a troubled sea beneath a stormy sky, now dark and sad, now lightened by golden rays of gladnessomeness and beauty. Yet, mystery was over all. Of one thing only was she certain; whate'er it was, Marchionni was blameless. Two opposite feelings struggled strongly in her hitherto calm and peaceful heart, and preponderated over the multitude of other strange and scarcely understood emotions. Delight that she was beloved by Guido—for this she could not doubt—and an overwhelming sense of misery at his departure. Save the death of her mother, she had never known sorrow, and she felt stricken before its presence. It seemed to her impossible to live when he should be away who so embellished her triste and monotonous existence. She could scarcely comprehend that but five weeks ago and her days passed happily without him, and that now all would recede again to the same state, excepting the memory that he would leave behind him; but in that memory what desolation would be involved!

For a few moments she stood as Guido had left her, with one hand on Dante's huge head, who, as if aware that he was acting the part of a friend, and that she needed comfort, leant heavily against her, uttering low whines of fondness. Meanwhile, Guido entered the sala, and stood before the Count who, at his hasty entrance, looked up from a parchment, on which his attention had been fixed, with an air of enquiry and surprise.

"Forgive me, Count," said Guido, rapidly, and breathlessly, "but I come to bid you farewell. I must depart to-morrow for Parma."

"So suddenly," exclaimed the Count. "Has anything occurred to cause this quick resolve? Any ill news from Parma?"

"It is necessity which urges me," replied Guido embarrassed, "not but that I might have announced my intention less abruptly, for it is some days since that I was forced to determine on my departure, but the truth is, Signor, the theme has been too ungrateful to make we wish to enter on it till the eleventh hour; and now I go with the deepest sentiments of thankfulness for your hospitality and the paternal kindness which has greeted me. I can never forget them; no, never, whilst I live, believe me."

"I do, my young friend," replied Count Julio, not unmoved by the earnestness
of Guido's manner, "but I grieve thou must depart. These old towers are but
dreary and desolate for a gay courtier like thyself, but thou hast not let us perceive
they were dull for thee, and thy kind spirit has gilded them to us with somewhat of
life and cheerfulness. Our intercourse has been short, Count Guido, but let not our
friendship be as transient. It will be a consolation to me, when inevitable calamities
overtake me, to know there is one breast will feel for me. It may be a maternal
comfort if I may be assured that if my Beatrice need a friend, she may find one in
her kinsman."

"Never doubt my inclination to serve you and your angel daughter," said
Guido, warmly, but something weighs on your heart, Signor—would you but con-
fine in me—is it impossible that I might not be wholly useless."

"I thank thee, Guido," returned the Count, extending his hand, "but thou
canst not serve me. The doom approaches me, but I have looked at it steadily—
yet I am weak now, and I cannot speak of it. Had a brighter sun illumined
the fortunes of my house, I might have cherished hopes which now I must not
same. My blessing go with you, dear youth, and farewell. It is a sad word,
and let it be spoken briefly, and at once.

Count Julio evidently avoided any further explanation, and Guido had only to
obey him, and then seek his chamber to calm his disturbed mind in its solitude,
and gain courage to walk firmly in the path before him. The casement looked
out upon the terrace, and, as he leant forward, that the cool breath of night
might play on his fevered brow, he saw the fair, slight form of Beatrice, seated
in a stone recess at one end of the terrace, her head supported on her arm, and
the beams of the rising moon shining on the braids of her dark hair like a silver
chaplet. Dante lay at her feet. Her whole attitude betrayed distress and
disquietude, and with what difficulty did Guido refrain from seeking her again,
and unfolding to her every thought of his heart, the fervency of his passion—
and its hopelessness; but a stern duty forbade him, and forcing himself from the
window, he threw himself on his couch, and sought to strengthen his mind by
reflection that his fate was unchangeable.

Long and wearily passed the hours of night, and at the earliest dawn he rose to
depart. In the corridor into which his room opened, lay Dante, who advanced at
his approach and placed in his hand a small billet. It contained but a sentence:
"The blessing of the father and his daughter go with thee, Guido Marchionni."
How did he long to reply to this gentle farewell, but he checked the impulse. On
his finger was a golden snake the emblem of eternal love, and he would have
entrusted it to Dante for his gentle mistress, but it was the gift of the betrayed Ilde
onsa, and it would have been too treacherous to have transferred it to her rival. So he
wrote only, "Guido Marchionni wishes all happiness to the friends he can never
forget," and bidding the sagacious animal convey it safely to Beatrice, he mounted
his horse, and slowly turning from the castle-gate, looked on it no more.

Ildeonsa, meanwhile, informed of his expected return by a letter from himself,
was too restless in the anticipation to employ herself in any usual pursuits. She
wandered into every room of the palazzo, every shaded retreat of the garden; she
was irritable and anxious, and was angry with herself for feeling how much the equilibrium of her mind was disturbed. At last, she thought on the means to wile away the weary hours, and she sought Mona Sabella to consult with her on the expediency of giving a brilliant welcome to the truant. The indulgent Mona readily agreed, and united with the Contessa in arranging a fête on a scale of splendor which would astonish the Parmese, and delight him who was the object of it. With a radiant brow, she entered the sala on the morning of the day which was to restore him to her longing eyes. Mona Sabella could not but smile at the buoyant spirits of her beloved charge, and felt how vain it were at that moment to read her a lesson of caution, and preparation for evil days. And heartily did she pray that it might never be needed. With all this excitement, none but Ildefonsa knew how slowly the hours passed, nor how quick were the pulsations of her heart, when the door was thrown open, and Guido was announced. She felt so deeply, that she made no outward display of her joy, but stood unable to advance, though her humid eyes beamed forth a welcome which could not be mistaken. But though Guido seized that fair hand, and, bending one knee to the ground, pressed it to his lips, and though he uttered words which spoke of the happiness of return, a chill ran through the heart of Ildefonsa, for she was sensible of a want of fervor and truth in his manner, observable, perhaps, to her only, whose love was so sincere and genuine. There was, besides, a hurry and restlessness about him which spoke not of content, and his countenance was so pale and haggard that it betrayed his inward disturbance.

"The mountain air has done thee no good, my Guido," said Ildefonsa, looking sorrowfully in his face. "Surely, thou art ill. I little thought to see thee thus, or I should scarce have thought to lure thee to a scene of gaiety like that I would have thee share in to-night. What ails thee? Hast thou ridden too far in the heat of the day and so fevered thyself with the exertion, or has aught befallen thee to vex thee? I pray thee tell me, and trust to dear Mona to suggest a remedy, if thou shouldst distrust my skill."

"The air is oppressive," returned the Count, "and I have ridden with speed, as my sweet Contessa might conjecture, when the Palazza Cormalfi was my goal. But what said'st thou of to-night?"

"All Parma will be assembled here to greet thy return. The day must not pass in silence and cheerlessness, when the heart of Ildefonsa is restored to peace and happiness. The past is now only to be forgotten, as an evil gone by; but I would have all share in the joy of thy return. I am grateful, and others shall see that I am."

"Good and gracious creature!" exclaimed Guido, kissing her hand, whilst a chilling sensation almost choked his voice. "What am I, to merit such a gift as thy heart. Alas! I am unworthy of it."

Wherefore thus humble?" said the Contessa, smiling fondly on him. "True hearts can never be unworthy of each other, even if all besides were unequal; a truce, then, to this self-depreciation, and listen. Thou shalt repose in quiet, after thy fatigue, and so come forth to the revels, gay and refreshed. Good Mona shall
see to it. Thou shalt rest thee in thy favorite chamber, which looks out on the far hills, and admits the cool breeze, which will renew thy strength. I will forbid a sound to disturb thee.”

“No,” said Guido, “this cannot be; I must seek mine own home. They wait for me there, and I have sundry matters to perform. Oh!" he continued, with an assumed air of gaiety, “fear not but that I am already well nigh cured, and by the fall of evening all weariness will have passed away.”

And they continued to converse, on Guido’s part with an effort at ease and pleasure, befitting his situation as the accepted lover of the Contessa; whilst she, deducing herself with the fancy that his outward frame was more at fault than his inward heart, resigned herself to the enjoyment of his presence, with the happy security of a most unsuspicous nature.

But Mona Sabella was not so satisfied. There was that in Guido’s countenance and manner, which neither told of happiness nor love. She had read his letters from the castle, and had been struck by the air of constraint and uneasiness which pervaded them. She had, therefore, cautiously endeavored to gain information of the family at the castle; and when she heard of the only daughter, Beatrice, her heart misgave her that here was the source of the mischief. She, who had ever a suspicion of the depth of Guido’s love for Ildefonsa—who thought there was so often cause to regard his manner as less ardent than was natural in their avowed position—now trembled at the fear that some sorrow was at hand which would deeply affect the happiness of her beloved charge, and she resolved, after a little more observation, to take immediate steps to obtain some explanation, on which she might act for the benefit of both.

The evening arrived, and with it a concourse of the gay, to the festivities of the Palazzo. All that taste and wealth could effect, were combined to do honor to the occasion; but the chief personage concerned, though he strove to wear the mien required of him, bore a heavy heart. Yet he had a sincere desire to act rightly, and he felt bitterly how unquestionably it was his duty to banish all thought of Beatrice. The bright and lovely Contessa, re-assured from her passing fears, and happy in the delightful certainty of his presence, was the gayest in the brilliant assemblage. Yet now and then, Guido, overwrought and unable to keep up the deception, turned from the sound of music and the glare of lights, and sought some shaded alley in the gardens, where the lamps gleamed but partially, and there, in the solitude, he soothed his troubled spirit, and combated his wayward wishes. And more than once, the watchful eyes of Mona Sabella noted his disappearance, and had marked him turn into the cool, dark recesses of the garden, with a hasty step, and a wild impatience in his eye, which alarmed her.

It was late in the night, or, rather, the night was past, when she observed him quit the side of Ildefonsa, then engaged with her guests; and, hastily descending the long flight of marble steps, lean in the shadow of a column below, where a large urn, filled with flowers, concealed him from the view of those above. He leant his head on his hand, and relieved the oppression at his heart by deep sighs, which mingled with those of the breeze, as, at this early hour, it gently stirred
the leaves of the orange-trees, and wafted delicious odours. Down these steps Mona Sabella silently descended, and, laying her hand on the arm of Guido, softly uttered his name. He started from his reverie, and was about to speak some light sentence, and offer to escort her wherever she was proceeding, when her low, calm voice interrupted him:

"Count Guido," said she, "Hast thou griefs that the Contessa Ildefonsa cannot ease? Better make me thy friend, for there is much that is amiss, I am well assured. Thou must unfold to me the truth, and I must judge for her whose happiness may be fatally involved in any deceptive course. Come to me early, at an hour before the Contessa has left her chamber; and, remember, I exact of thee entire sincerity." So saying, and awaiting no reply, she re-ascended the steps, leaving the Count astonished, yet, not without a sensation approaching to relief, at the prospect of unburdening his heart to one whom he regarded with entire esteem and affection. Exerting himself, therefore, to go through the short remainder of the night in such a way as to attract no notice from casual observers, he again sought the side of the Contessa, and assumed a gaiety, to which he was, indeed, a stranger.

Too restless in mind, and too exhausted in body, to sleep, he spent the remainder of that night in wandering over the gardens of his father's Palazzo; and, at as early an hour as he could suppose Mona Sabella ready to receive him, he sought again the Palazzo Cormalli. Regardless of the somewhat surprised looks of the domestics at his matinal intrusion, he desired to be ushered into the sala more immediately assigned to the use of Mona Sabella; and there, indeed, he found her, prepared to receive him, with a kind, but serious air. Guido seated himself beside her, at a loss how to commence a conversation, which, he felt, must draw forth confessions of feelings he had no wish to gratify, and which it was his sincere determination strenuously to endeavour to subdue; nor would he have agreed to this conference, but from the hope, that, whilst he could trust her securely as a friend, her calm good-sense and judgment would make her a counsellor of unerring wisdom: and, with these feelings, he turned towards her, with an expression of enquiry in his eye, to which she immediately responded.

"I would first know, Count Guido," began Mona Sabella, "if you deceived the Contessa Ildefonsa when you professed to love her, or if you deceived yourself?"

The question was too straight-forward, to be avoided; though Guido felt, that Mona Sabella could have no sufficient grounds for so plainly assuming the fact that he was not a devoted lover; but he answered her, as if she could have known the whole course of his feelings.

"If I could lay my heart bare before you, I would not hesitate. I can scarce expect you to believe a truth, at once so simple, and so incredible; and yet, you have, by some strange intuition, yourself discovered it. When I professed to love Ildefonsa, I was assured that I did so in reality; and yet, I have now the terrible certainty, that, all lovely and excellent as she is, my affection for her is not of the nature she deserves to inspire. Pity me, more than blame me, Mona Sabella, for, I swear to thee, I am as severe in my judgment of myself, as thou canst be."

"It is most strange," said Mona Sabella, gravely and coldly, "that you could so
little have understood your feelings, as to have been thus grievously misled. It is
strange, too, that the very knowledge of the favor shewn you, by a being of such
rare qualities as the Contessa, should fail in awakening love, even had it at first been
dormant in your heart."

"It has been not less strange than true," replied Guido; but pass we from that
I wish not to discuss. I would impress on you, not only that I have not wilfully
deceived her, whom I hold in the tenderest veneration, but, that it is my firm pur-
pose, she shall never know she is not entirely beloved. If I felt not firm in my
intention to devote myself to her happiness, think not I could have sought this
interview."

"It is not credible," returned Mona Sabella, "that, with this resolve, thou
shouldst not speedily discover that the inestimable qualities of the Contessa have
made thee really the lover thou wouldst feign to be."

"I expect no such miracle," said Guido, with a deep sigh; "I quite acknow-
ledge all her excellence, now; but, though I admire, I do not adore her."

Mona Sabella fixed her eyes steadily on his, and said, "I hold that an
unoccupied heart cannot possibly resist the declared affection of a woman of such
rare attractions as Ildefonsa."

"But there is a case," replied Guido, eagerly, "when a heart, unaware of its
defects towards the object to whom it has too readily plighted its vows, may only
make the discovery of its falsehood when it meets another to whom it yields
involuntary homage."

"Another," said Mona Sabella, "would you say that such is your case?"

"Hear me, I pray," cried Guido, turning pale, and his voice trembling with
agitation. "I was induced to visit the Castle Delpino, because I felt unsatisfied
with the coldness of my feelings towards Ildefonsa. Heaven is my witness that I
went with no other intention than to change a scene which was irksome to me,
and I sought for nothing beyond. I knew not that in that castle lived the Being
that would awaken in my breast that passion which Ildefonsa had failed in creating,
but I turned from her when I knew my danger, and, I swear, she shall have no
evil influence over the destiny of—my wife."

"I thank the blessed Saints," said Mona Sabella, piously crossing herself,
"that thou art still the noble youth I ever believed thee. However, I grieve for
that beloved one, whose perfection is veiled from thy sight, I will not be harsh
to thee. Believe one who has had much experience in the ways of this uncertain
world, that, in all its troubles and trials, there is an inward peace inherent on the
strict performance of our duty, which remains to us, however adverse to our
inclinations the path of that duty may be. Seek help, my young friend, at the
right source, and the strength thou requirest will be given to thee. Thou hast
relieved me from many fears. I trembled lest we had been deceived in the
uprightness of thine heart, but I see with joy the Contessa Ildefonsa has not
bestowed her affections unworthily."

"Thou mayest rely securely, dear Mona," answered the Count, "on my
sincerity, but I pray thee dismiss me now, for I am weary and depressed. Give
me the aid of thy prayers, and never doubt that my life shall be devoted to her thou lovest so well."

He arose, and respectfully kissing her hand, departed. For some time, Mona Sabella sat in deep thought. Her own opinions and principles were essentially different from those of most of her countrywomen, who were educated to regard marriage as a very easy tie, and which by no means demanded any exclusive preference of the individual who received their vows. Far opposite had been the tuition of the good and right-minded Mona. She inculcated high and holy thoughts of married life into the heart of her charge, and the fear now arose that she had elevated her above the rest of her class, in mind, to doom her to the sad wreck of vain expectations. She had at first felt secure in Guido’s full appreciation of her excellencies, but if he neglected the fond wife whose happiness depended on his love and fidelity, her fate would be embittered for ever, and she feared, moreover, lest Ildefonsa, discovering that her attachment was not fully responded to, might be led to follow the example of those, whose conduct she now condemned, and in this perplexity we must leave this faithful friend, and revisit the Castle Delpino, the dull monotony of which was disturbed by unusual occurrences.

For some days after Guido’s departure, Beatrice seemed scarcely to exist; life was to her so entirely deprived of interest, and it was the increasing depression of her father’s spirits which alone roused her from her state of apathy. She was sitting listlessly, one evening, in the sala opening upon the terrace, recalling to her mind how happy had been the hours when she had a companion to wile them away, and comparing the past with the present, when her father entered, and intimated his desire to converse with her on matters of deep importance. "I will hear thee, my father," she said, with a heavy sigh; "say on."

"Beatrice," began Count Julio, solemnly, "hitherto thy life has been free from care; and, save the bitter trial of thy blessed mother’s death, I scarce think the hand of sorrow has touched thee. Thou hast never known how much of grief and trouble it has been our lot to bear, nor with what dread and dismay I have watched, alone, the approach of a doom which I can no longer avert."

Beatrice looked up with wonder at these words, which roused her from her indifference, and Count Julio replied to that enquiring eye.

"It were vain, my child, to enter into long and tedious details of matters thou wouldst not comprehend; but briefly I will tell thee what it behoves thee to know. Thou hast been nurtured in a deep reverence and veneration for thy paternal home; thou hast been taught to look back to a far-extended race, as to those who have founded and preserved our house in wisdom and power, and all which we hold most dear and valued is connected with the old dwelling-place of our race. How wouldst thou bear to see this old castle, these hallowed walls, in the hands of a stranger?"

"Wherefore such a question, dear father," said Beatrice, astonished, "wherefore speak of things which can never be."

"Alas! my child, say not so. Suppose that, for years and years, the fortunes of the old race have been failing; that debts and difficulties have so accumulated, that
it has been only by struggles and sacrifices the most painful, the old territories have been held together; but the time is come when all resources have failed. The old father and the young daughter must go forth from the home of their ancestors, and yield it to strangers; they must wander homeless and friendless, and has she fortitude to endure this?"

Beatrice answered not, for she could not comprehend a state of things at once so improbable and so terrible; yet, when she saw the deep despondency of her father’s countenance, and recalled to mind the mysterious gloom which had so long overwhelmed him, she trembled in her inmost heart, and felt as if some hitherto unknown evil was at hand.

"Tell me all, my father," at last she said, approaching him fondly; "tell me, indeed, the truth, and wherefore it is, that if such fearful ruin has been long impending, thou hast so long suffered me to rest in ignorance?"

"Why shouldst thou have lived in terror of the storm, ere its forces were concentrated to the outbreak? I have preserved thee, my sole treasure, with jealous care, that no cloud should overshadow thee, until the whole heaven was darkened. I have prayed for thee; I have taught thee endurance and courage; but I would not disturb thy happy serenity, thy innocent peacefulness, till I could shelter thee no longer."

"Alas! dear father, the happiness which exists only from ignorance of the coming evil, is but an unstable possession. I would that thou hadst allowed me to share thy sorrow, and so should my own mind have been strengthened for the troubled hour. But I pray thee impart to me a clearer knowledge of our calamity, and fear not my weakness. I will not be regardless of the lessons I have been taught of thee."

"Know, then," began the Count in a tone of deep dejection, "that each successive possessor of the Castle has found his wealth diminish, and has left to his successor smaller revenues, and an additional accumulation of incumbrances. But they struggled on till death conducted them to the resting-place of their race; and it is only in my day that every resource, exhausted, the ruin is complete. It is my fate to lead thee from the walls which have sheltered thy youth, and which should be thine own proud inheritance, and resign them to him who hath gained them by supplying the gold which thy father possessed not."

"And to whom is our home to be delivered?" asked Beatrice, sadly.

"To one thou hast never seen," replied Count Julio; "one, whose name has never reached thy ears. I tell thee all, neither adding nor diminishing therefrom, and now I bid thee give me thy whole attention. I can defer the evil hour no longer. Before that bright moon which rests on yon high alp, like a silver crescent, hath filled her horns, we shall have gone forth wanderers in the wide world. For me there is a place of rest to which I shall soon descend, for my days are numbered. I cannot live beneath another roof; but for thee, young, tender, unused to front the tempest, what will become of thee?"

"Fear not for me, father," said Beatrice, proudly, "I have been taught by my blessed mother and thyself, that adversity comes to all, and wherefore not to me? Let me but comfort thee and I can still be content. But oh, father, wherefore didst thou not reveal this to the Marchionni?"
"What could he have done to remedy an evil so overwhelming?"

"Alas! I know not," answered Beatrice, "but methinks it had been well to have confided in him."

"No, Beatrice," returned the Count, impatiently, "it were well, perhaps, if Guido Marchionni were still a stranger to us. But no more of him. I have more to tell thee. The various debts and burdens of which I spoke, have centered in one creditor; it matters not how. Giuseppe Pellandi, who claims our proud Castle and its lands. He hath been more than once within these walls, but thou knowest it not. He hath seen thee, Beatrice, and hath marked thee."

"Seen me," exclaimed Beatrice, "that may well be, father, so often as Dante and I ramble together; yet I marvel a stranger should have escaped my notice. But, wherefore hath he marked me, as thou sayest."

"This man, Beatrice, this Giuseppe Pellandi, this new lord of Delpino offers—shall I tell thee—to make thee again mistress of thine own. He would have thee for his wife."

Beatrice started, and the fire shot from her eyes, a fire unknown to them before, for her nature was sweet and gentle. She looked steadily at her father, as the color rose to her temples, and she slowly uttered, "and thy answer, father?"

"It is for thee to answer," replied Count Julio. "Life wears a different aspect to the old and the young. I might not weigh with the same balance as thyself the solid enjoyments of life, and those which receive their chief value from youth and imagination. I might have thought more of the advantages of retaining these towers, to me more precious than aught besides; a home for thee restored, it may be, to its by-gone splendor; more of the poverty and misery, hunger and wretchedness that awaits thee, than thyself wouldst do. I paint not too darkly, child, these must be ours, and we go hand to hand with them on the day that we are banished from the house of our fathers."

"And is there, indeed, no medium, father?" asked Beatrice. "Is nothing left? Can we not shelter in some roof, however humble, which is our own?"

"I tell thee, Beatrice, no," said the Count, vehemently. "Long has the iron hand grasped me, and now it is closed. Behold, if thou wilt, deed upon deed, parchment upon parchment; the bitter proofs that gold hath been raised upon the last remnants of the land. The last road is gone—the last loan has been granted—the beggar who asks alms at the castle-gate is not more destitute than Julio Delpino and his daughter."

Beatrice looked as if she felt stricken to the earth as she listened, and as she beheld the utter desolation and despair of her father's countenance: she implicitly believed the extremity of the case as he asserted it, and yet she could not repress the wish that Guido had been confided in. Around his image hung so much of trust and faith and power and good will, that it seemed to her as if he must possess a talisman to lessen or avert their misfortunes. And again she pronounced his name.

"Wherefore dwell on the Marchionni?" returned the Count. "It is in vain. He may, indeed, befriend thee, when I have been shattered and laid low by the tempest. He may give thee to the safe keeping of his wife—"
"His wife!" cried Beatrice. "Of whom speakest thou?"

"A letter from Parma speaks of the approaching nuptials of Guido Marchionni and Ildefonsa Cormalfi, the rich Lady of Parma. Did he leave thee ignorant, Beatrice, of this?"

"He spoke not to me of it," she answered, in a voice struggling with emotion; "and yet much that he said is now explained. Yet," continued she, subduing with a mighty effort the conflict of a thousand feelings, "talk no more of this, father, when matters of such deep import call on your attention. I would hear more of this Giuseppe Pellandi."

"What wouldst thou know of him?" said the Count. "His birth is mean, and his person corresponds with it. Rough and rude, he has but one pursuit—that of wealth. I know little else of his nature, save that he has not been harsh, considering the power he wields; and when he offered to wed thee, his words conveyed the hideous proposal with an hesitation which spoke somewhat of humility."

"Tell me, once again," said the generous Beatrice, speaking rapidly, "how high is the bribe."

"He receives that which is now his right, as thy dower, and, with the sole stipulation that he should also reside in the castle, he would leave me undisturbed possession till my death."

"And wherefore doth he set so high a value on an alliance which cannot benefit him," asked Beatrice.

"Thou art mistaken," replied the Count. "By an alliance with one in whose veins flow the purest blood in the state, he becomes himself ennobled. Know you not that by ancient tenure, he who marries a daughter of Delpino, she being the heiress, in default of males, receives the privileges of nobility. Giuseppe Pellandi is ambitious, and would fain take his place amongst the great ones of the land."

"I blame him not for his ambition," said Beatrice. "But, father, I distinctly understand, that it is in my power to retain the castle, and keep thee in possession, by becoming the wife of this man."

"Even so. A redemption of the gold, which has for years been furnished to supply our wants, is one alternative; but, being impossible, I pass it by. The second, is the gift of thyself to the creditor, who values thee at its price," and the Count smiled bitterly, as he uttered the words.

"I must think over these things," said Beatrice, "in darkness and in solitude. I am lost and bewildered. Bless me! dear father, and I will retire; for I am indeed faint and overwrought."

The Count blessed her solemnly; and Beatrice went forth upon the terrace, which was lit only by the bright stars, which studded the whole Heaven, like magnificent diamonds: the moon was young, and already set.

What a tumult was in the mind of the girl, as, seeking the farthest seat on the terrace, she threw herself on her knees, and rested her forehead on the cold stone of the balustrade! Then, she tried, first to convince herself of the reality of what she had heard, and then to imagine the effects of the two alternatives. On one hand, her father, a beggar, without a home—without money. And she knew well, that
he would soon cease to exist, under any roof but that lofty one, which now seemed to frown upon her, with an awful meaning. And her mother's last words struck again upon her ear—"Beatrice, whate'er betide, I charge thee with thy father's happiness." On the other hand, she saw him living the remainder of his life, there, where he had drawn his first breath and passed the morning and noontide of his existence—it depended upon her to ensure him this, and at what price was it to be obtained? The sacrifice of herself to—-it signified little to whom, provided he was powerful to avert the impending doom.

All mankind would have appeared to her odious and distasteful, save one—and the tidings she had just heard—seemed made known to her at that moment, to declare that one as dead to her. Of what consequence was her fate, when compared with her father's peace. One sacrifice, and he was saved; she must be miserable, under every view of the future; but, in one case, her misery might work good for him. There was much of bitterness in her contemplations, much of enthusiasm; and when she thought herself coolly and calmly considering the future, she was, in truth, giving undue importance to some points, and lessening others; not willfully, but because she considered only the great end she had in view, and overlooked the path she must tread to attain it. When she thought of Guido, as the betrothed of another, it seemed to her, that she could care for nothing besides; and, with the sternest indifference to her own fate, she held the sacrifice of herself as nought; and, with the rashness of a young and sensitive mind, despised the thought of any happiness which came not in the form she desired. Thus, she soon arrived at the conclusion, that she must become the wife of Messer Guiseppe, but in the torrent of excited feeling he would scarcely have been flattered, had he known how seldom a thought of himself arose. If his image started forth for a moment, she turned away from it to dwell upon her father retaining his home and his rule over it, through her means, and this obliterated all besides. At length, she raised herself from her lowly posture, and saw, with surprise, by the position of the stars, with whose aspect she was well acquainted, that hours must have elapsed, while she was thus deeply pondering. Dante, who had been, at first, impatient, had sank asleep at her feet, and the silence was profound. She hastened to the castle; and, though it was past midnight, she paused at her father's door, for she felt it impossible to await for morning, before she revealed to him the result of her meditations. Gently she unclosed his door; he was not sleeping; but, with his eyes shaded from the light of a lamp before him, he seemed engaged in looking over heaps of old parchment, which were scattered over the table. He raised his eyes, and saw Beatrice, bright and radiant as an angel just descended from heaven. She threw herself on her knees before him, flung her arms around his neck; and, pressing her lips to his cheek, exclaimed—"Be happy! thou shalt never leave these walls, mine own, dear father."

Count Julio started; an irrepressible emotion of joy flashed from his sunken eyes; but he gazed on her earnestly, without speaking.

"Here shalt thou live with thy Beatrice," she continued, fondly kissing his pale cheek, and pressing close to him, as if she was interposing herself between
him and danger. "Thou shalt have no more care and trouble, but thy path to
the grave shall be smooth."

"And hast thou considered?" said the Count, anxiously. "Art thou not
deceiving thyself? Canst thou indeed become the wife of this man?"

"I can, father," replied Beatrice, proudly, "and, moreover, I will do my duty:
Thinkest thou I shrink from a course so glorious? Thy fate is in my hands; it is
given to me to save thee, the one only being on this wide earth to whom I am
bound by loving and sacred ties. Rejoice and smile once more, and Beatrice is
rewarded."

"Heaven be praised, my child," cried the Count, "if thou canst, indeed,
pursue this course, unshrinkingly. For myself, I exact no sacrifice, but thy
decision puts aside a weight of care for thee, which would bow me to the earth."

His words scarcely reached the mind of Beatrice, in such a state of wild excite-
ment were her feelings. Mingled emotions of devotion and affection, the glory of
so mighty a sacrifice, a recklessness of the love crushed within her heart, a bitter-
ess and exasperation of spirit its consequence, then, a concentration of every
passion into one, which led her to save her father, all rendered her determination
any thing but the result of calm deliberation. Had the creditor stood that
moment before her, she would have placed her hand in his, and have completed
the sacrifice. She was now anxious only that no time should intervene before her
father's safety was placed beyond fear—her own destiny beyond control. Alas! how
much she needed, at this period of her life, the guiding hand of the parent she
had lost, to soothe and calm the mind which was like unto the troubled sea. Her
father was unfitted for the task. To him the extreme of misery was the ruin of
his house—the separation of the living from the inanimate—the extinction of his
race, as combined with the old domain, in which his soul took all but exclusive
delight.

Although a feeling of tenderness withheld him from urging her to the sacrifice,
in his own estimation he did not for an instant compare the two evils together.
The purchase of a power to retain the home of his ancestors could scarcely be
fixed at two high a price, and if Beatrice thought the same, he saw no cause to
dissuade, but rather to confirm her in a purpose so laudable. He, therefore,
allowed a bright gleam of joy to linger in his eyes, and a smile to play upon his
wan and hollow features to which they had long been a stranger, and he called her
"the pride of his life, and his defender from bitter sorrows."

"And where is Messer Pellandi?" asked Beatrice. "Let the contract be signed
quickly. Let him be bound strictly that there may be no room to retract or to
alter a jot of the conditions." And in all this she thought nothing of the penalty
—but solely of her one great end—the preservation of her father. With great
difficulty Count Julio succeeded in calming her, and dismissed her at last to her
restless couch, with the assurance that in a few days Giuseppe Pellandi would
appear, and all the requisite preliminaries should be arranged.

And for these few days she remained in a state of miserable agitation and
disquietude which affected her physically as well as mentally. She grew thin and
pale, and a wild fire gleamed in her eyes, and she wandered over the old castle
and the high hills in perpetual movement, but with no sense of fatigue. Count
Julio, with his mind wrapped in a web of selfish feeling, which made all events,
but one, to hold a very subservient place in its estimation, saw in her disturbed
and restless air nothing but a fervent desire to effect the purpose she held of such
mighty importance; and it must be remembered that, ignorant of her attachment
to Guido, he possessed not the clue to unravel the truth of an agitation which had a
far deeper source.

Often would the beloved image of Guido rise in her mind and make the thoughts
of the future hideous; but she had persuaded herself that for some reason, to her
unknown, his union with another was a sacrifice like her own, and it pleased her to
think that of both, the same duties were executed—the same cause was to be won,
they were separated in their performance of them. And in this mood she received
the announcement one morning from her father that the Signor Pellanidi had arrived
with the early dawn. Then, a strange emotion shot through her whole frame, when
he was at hand who had hitherto been to her but as a shadow, and she felt a deadly
repugnance to acquaint her eyes with the substantial image of him whose presence
had been so carefully withheld. But she betrayed no outward shew of repugnance,
and she suffered herself to be conducted to the Sala, where the interview was to take
place. In one of the recesses of the windows stood a tall, stout figure, who, at
their entrance turned and advanced with an air of evident embarrassment. Not for
an instant did Beatrice raise her eyes, but she felt his approach, and when her father
uttered some words of introduction she made a low obeisance, but she neither ex-
tended her hand nor spoke. After a few moments, she recalled her courage and her
determination, and keeping her object steadily in her mind, she addressed her father
in a calm and serious voice, "Father, I authorise you to declare to this Signor that
his terms are accepted, and that on my part all that I undertake, I promise to per-
form exactly." And courtesying with an air of mingled grace and haughtiness, she
withdrew with no more knowledge of the person of her future master than before.
But Messer Giuseppe entered immediately with the Count on his affairs, seemingly
quite satisfied with the explicit declaration of the lady, and as if he had had no higher
expectations. He agreed readily to a satisfaction of the conditions, stipulating only
that the family should adjourn to the city, for the more speedy settlement of many
points of difficulty which might occur, and that his connections might be present at
the ceremony which was to unite him with his high-born betrothed. The Count
would have evaded a compliance with this demand, but Pellanidi urged it warmly,
and the Count would not thwart him, whom it was his interest to please and con-
ciliate. To his surprise, Beatrice made but little opposition to the proposed arrange-
ment. At the first moment, she shrank from it, because Parma was the residence
of Guido; but then the fancy crossed her, that the two victims would be sacrificed
at the same altar, and she became reconciled to it. Her behaviour to the man,
Pellanidi, was strictly decorous and courteous. She accustomed herself to look on
him, and betray no repugnance and to hear him and shew no signs of inattention,
but a curious observer might have detected the truth, that he occupied the very

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smallest possible place in her remembrance. He was a plain man in manners, with nothing remarkable in his exterior, further than that he evidently belonged to the class of plebeians. For some generations, his family had gradually been obtaining power over the lands and fortunes of the Delpinos, and he had been fully instructed by his parent, lately deceased, of his own position with them, and the advantages which might be gained by prudent and cautious management of his power. But he was by no means harsh or unkind in his nature, and he had been content to make his agreement in a spirit of forbearance for the fallen noble, and to bind himself to no interference in the outward conduct of affairs, until death should remove the Count, when he, as husband of Beatrice, would naturally become the possessor, exclusively, of the rights he had gained by other means. There could scarcely have been a more favorable treaty, nor a more lenient creditor, considering the hopeless state of affairs, and Count Julio, well assured of this, was content to yield up several minor points which he might himself have arranged differently.

In spite of Guido’s endeavours, and to do him justice, it must be allowed they were strenuous and sincere, there was that in his countenance and demeanour, which soon betrayed to Idefonsa’s watchful eyes that some cause of care weighed heavily on his heart, which he carefully concealed from her knowledge. Her suspicions once thoroughly awakened, received every hour stronger confirmation, when she accidentally heard the name of Beatrice Delpino, and was struck with the singularity of Guido’s total silence, even as to her very existence. It seemed so natural to have mentioned her casually; it was so suspicious to pass her over, unnamed and unalluded to, that a jealous pang heaved her heart as she thought on these things. Whilst restless and ill at ease, she was planning how to inform herself of the truth, and whether this Beatrice of the mountains had not obtained a fatal influence over her lover, it chanced that on the Corso they met again, that Leo dell’Orto, who had been the bearer of the message of invitation from Count Julio to the Marchioni. And advancing eagerly to greet him, Leo made many enquiries after the inmates of the Castle, and whether he had given a false report of their attractions. Nor did he stop here, for he continued, “there are strange rumours in the city, Signor Conte, touching the sweet and lovely Lady Beatrice, which I would fain hear thee declare were unfounded. It is said the possessions of the old Conte have passed into the hands of one who has lent gold on them for many a long year past, but that the creditor agrees to their ransom on the condition that the Lady Beatrice becomes his wife. Privileges pertaining to nobility are annexed to the possessor of this feudal Castle, but an alliance with their natural heir is a point of too great importance to a plebeian, such as Giuseppe Pellandi; and he is content to accede to the Count the enjoyment of his beloved castle for life, only stipulating for the permission to reside with his wife beneath the same roof.”

Guido listened with an agitation which betrayed itself in his increasing paleness, and the tremulous voice with which he declared his ignorance of the state of affairs at the castle; but feeling the eye of the Contessa upon him, and also incapable of assuming indifference on such a subject, he drew Leo aside, and in as composed a tone as he could command requested a meeting with him, to which Leo readily
agreed. Mona Sabella, who was at hand, whispered an admonition in his ear, and Ildefonsa, who had heard Leo’s communication, and had marked its effects, was scarcely less troubled than Guido himself. Yet she spoke not, but shortly after intimated to Mona a desire to leave the Corso and return to the Palazzo, where she dismissed the Count under the plea of indisposition. But it was that she might open her heart to her good friend, and seek counsel and consolation from the lips which never failed to comfort her, by strengthening her to act or to endure. And now, seating Mona Sabella in her own chamber, and placing herself at her feet, with one arm thrown round her neck, she began by asking her earnestly “if she deemed all right in the heart of her lover?”

“Speak more fully, my child, and I will answer thee. What hast thou observed, and what dost thou fear?”

“Either that he has never really loved me, or that he is changed. I more than suspect the fatal visit to Castello Delpino has destroyed the illusion that bound him to me, and that the Beatrice, of whom I heard for the first time but now, has gained the heart, I trusted too fondly was my own.”

“I will speak to thee without reserve, dearest child, in full reliance on thy firmness, thy reason, thy faith and thy submission. Think not that I have been unobservant even before the visit to the mountain hold. Have I not often engaged thee on subjects thou mightest scarcely deem relevant to thy situation? Have I not urged the disappointments inseparable on love—the bitter drops that lurk in its sweetest draught, and have bid thee prepare for changes and chances? and all this because I had misgivings of the truth and constancy of thy lover. And now, deeply as I deplore it, there is more room for pity than for censure. He meant no deceit to thee, but was himself deceived; and, perceiving as he does, that he has injured thee, though involuntarily, he is so resolved on the strict performance of his duty, and I am so well satisfied of the rectitude of his heart, and that the tender friendship he feels for thee will ripen into devoted love, that I have no fears for thy future happiness, provided thou, also, canst lay aside as much of thy expectations as are built on mere delusion, and canst think upon a calm and solid affection as a sufficient return for thy more enthusiastic devotion.”

“Truly, Mona Sabella,” answered the Contessa with a mournful smile, “thou seest effectually to destroy all my dreams and visions, and love, according to thy picture, has little to recommend him in the eyes of the young and warm-hearted. Thou pitilessly withdrawest his veil of roses, his atmosphere of light, all that enchants and delights, and wrappeth him in grey clouds in their stead, and a heavy garment suited to encounter the storms and turbulence of life. Thinkest thou that, having believed the heart of Guido in my keeping, I can be content to know he is but my friend, and that another holds my place.”

“I would not say so, my dearest,” returned Mona Sabella, somewhat perplexed, for she felt how difficult was the lesson she would inculcate, “but rather that, endeavoring to subdue thy exalted expectations for the present, thou wouldst look forward to the time when the entire possession of his affections shall reward thee for thy own fond fidelity.”
"That I cannot do," said Ildefonsa, "I cannot submit that he whom I love shall be bound in a yoke to one who has no power to wreath it for him with flowers. Neither would my own happiness thus be secured. I must be ever suspicious and watchful for subjects of offence; and that which might be indifferent, were I the possessor of his heart, would be galling when I knew myself but a poor friend at its threshold.

"I could scarcely expect," rejoined Mona Sabella, "that it would be otherwise, and yet I have firm faith in Count Guido's integrity of purpose, when he resolves to dedicate his life to thy happiness."

"Like you, Mona, I doubt not his high and noble qualities; but I will not tax them so ungenerously. Guido shall be free—I swear it—from this moment he is bound to me by no common ties—but the world will not do him the justice that I do, and I must be careful for him. Thou must aid my purpose, Mona, and be—as thou ever art—my best and unfailing friend. Discover the real state of all and everything which bears upon the question. If the Delpino family are, indeed, involved in ruin—if Guido's affections are, indeed, fixed upon this mountain beauty—and if she is such an one as poor, unattractive Ildefonsa can yield to, without a mortifying feeling of humility."

"Talk not in that strain, my dear one," replied Mona Sabella, tenderly; "None can be before thee in worth—none, I say it not fondly, but in truth—can excel thee in external grace and beauty; but a far inferior portion of these qualities may be powerful to gain and hold a heart which hath withstood them, combined in thee. It is vain to ask wherefore this is; suffice it for us that it is. My bosom may be wounded, and languish under the ruin of thy bright hopes, but thou wilt find consolation in the indulgence of feelings yet more elevated, and thy noble nature will, even amidst this destruction, be satisfied."

A long conversation followed, after which Mona Sabella might have been seen to proceed out of the Palazzo Cornalvi, and pursue the way to the Piazza, enter a large, antique-looking mansion, and, ascending the broad stairs, ring a bell at the door of the apartments of the Conte Alvar Bell'agio. But here we will leave her and visit Count Guido, in his solitary chamber in the Palazzo Marchionni.

He had just parted from Leo dell' Orto, and the information which by his desire he had collected of the affairs of the Delpino family filled him with anguish and dismay. Now, for the first time, he understood the cause of Count Julio's despondency, and the communication relating to the proposed redemption from overwhelming ruin, by the sacrifice of his daughter, came with a suddenness which deprived him of the power of reflection. He himself had seen sufficient to know how entirely the Count attached every idea of happiness with his ancestral possessions, and he easily imagined the whole train of events which were to terminate in the self-immolation of the fair and innocent Beatrice. The feeling of his own trammels nearly urged him to phrenzy; and yet, were he free, he was powerless to rescue her, for his own possessions were small, and even these were not at his command. In the midst of the most painful reflections on a subject so hopeless, the interruption of Alvar Bell'agio, his intimate friend, was welcome, and he greeted him
with even more than his usual warmth. Alvar was shocked to behold the expression of deep anxiety in his countenance, and the abstraction of his manner, and was not long in winning him to confide to him the cause of his disturbance. The sluice once opened, the waters poured forth abundantly—he began, at the time of his return from Tuscany, his admiration of Ildefonsa, when first introduced to her by Bell'agio himself—the subsequent self-deception—his gradual involvement, and with no intention of deceiving or being deceived—his languor and weariness under his self-imposed fetters—his visit to the Castello Delpino—the character of Beatrice, which so entirely assimilated with his own, that he became too sensible his noble Parmese mistress had made no profound impression upon his heart—his determination to withdraw, as soon as he had discovered his danger—the few words wrung from him at parting—his conviction that his love was returned—the distraction of his mind on his return to Parma, and resuming his former position with his betrothed—his interview with Mona Sabella, and the tidings of the ruined state of Count Julio's affairs to be relieved by the sacrifice of the unfortunate Beatrice to the creditor of low birth and education—all was rapidly revealed, and met with a sympathising auditor in the faithful Bell'agio. He endeavored to soothe him and comfort him; hinted what he himself felt so strongly, that the fate he deprecated was the envy and desire of each one but himself—urged that his love for Beatrice, his knowledge of whom was slight and imperfect, might be more fanciful than real; and that it was impossible he should not, in time, fully appreciate the noble and endearing qualities of Ildefonsa Cormalifi, the pride at once of womanhood and Parma. Guido listened, but he could not admit the justness of his friend's arguments; and yet the discussion was of service, and somewhat stilled the tumult of his mind. And Bell'agio left him, bidding him not to despond, but to trust in his own motto—Doppo la notte, il giorno.

In a few days from this time, Count Julio and Beatrice arrived in the city of Parma, whither Giuseppe Pellandi had preceded them. Beatrice's exaltation of spirit was fast departing; and she was beginning to awaken to the full perception of the misery attendant on a union with a man of Pellandi's nature and habits; and to contemplate with horror the long vista before her, of life uncheered by any reciprocity of feelings or congeniality of pursuits. She turned from these contemplations, to dwell on her mother's injunctions: her father's comfort secured, and, the more she felt the misery of her own fate, the more resolutely she determined to endure it for his sake. But, it was sad to see a creature, lately so bright and fair, withering and fading beneath perpetual care, and looking as if everything in this world was indifferent or hateful. She sat for hours in the sala of the large gloomy house into which Pellandi had placed them, in a remote street of the city; and seldom would she go forth, in dread of meeting with Guido, whose presence she felt she could not endure; but she was kind and gentle to Giuseppe; and felt it was unjust that he should not have his share of the benefits of a transaction which, as far as worldly considerations were taken into account, was surely advantageous for her father. She was listlessly pacing up and down the sala, now stopping and gazing upon the strange gigantic frescos which adorned the walls, then resuming her walk, when
The Lady of Parma.

she was surprised by the entrance of a female, so completely veiled, that she could not discern her features. She was tall and graceful; and, advancing towards Beatrice, the manner in which she addressed her was at once so sweet and dignified, that the timid girl was re-assured.

"I am in the presence of Signora Contessa Beatrice Delpino," said the lady, "and I must trust entirely to her gentleness and goodness, to forgive an intrusion apparently so inexcusable. The day may come, when I may appear less blameable than I do at present; in the meantime, I would persuade the Signora to suspend her judgment, and, if possible, to regard me as one who would be her friend."

Beatrice, surprised and bashful, could but utter a few courteous words in reply, and await for the stranger-guest to disclose her purpose. But she soon became completely puzzled. The lady seemed to have no particular end in view but to force the young Signora to bear part in a conversation, in which all the topics were suggested by the stranger herself. Though the very manner of her visit, and her general demeanour could not but imply a sense of superiority; and the ease with which she re-assured her somewhat timid companion, shewed the tact of a woman used to the world; there was such perfect grace and courtesy included in it, that Beatrice was irresistibly attracted towards her; and, laying aside, after a few minutes, her reserve and distrust, spoke as to one whose acquaintance was of no recent date. A whole hour had passed, before the lady rose to depart; and then, she retired without disclosing either her name, or the reason of her singular visit; neither did she express any wish for further intercourse. It was not till she was actually gone, that Beatrice remembered, with astonishment, how much had been drawn from her by this stranger, relating to her own feelings, and to events of serious import to her peace; and how she had vanished, like a vision, unquestioned, and surrounded with mystery. The lady, indeed, had embraced her, as she bade her farewell; had kindly pressed her hand and recommended her to quit her solitary chamber, and seek to interest and divert her mind—"not dwelling too deeply on the evils of her way, but, rather, looking forward gladly on the emancipation of her father, from his troubles, by her filial tenderness." Of all this, Beatrice recalled to her memory, that she had spoken; never had the veil been withdrawn; yet, did Beatrice feel well assured the countenance was a fair one, and corresponded to the nobility of the symmetrical and graceful figure. Unaccustomed of late to any female intercourse, the unhappy girl was exceedingly comforted by the presence of her mysterious visitor; and, without knowing why it should be so, she felt her mind cheered and elevated by the tone of firm, good-sense, mingled with tenderness and sympathy, conspicuous in every sentence she had uttered. She had even touched upon a delicate theme,—Count Guido; and Beatrice, by her blushes and agitation, simple-minded, and devoid of art as she was, had betrayed enough to shew she was her beau ideal of earthly perfection. Happier in herself, Beatrice now remained thinking over all that had past, exercising herself in vain conjectures as to who her visitor might be, and what was the object of her visit, whilst in the Palazzo Cornelii,—this same veiled lady entered, and, passing quickly into Mona Sabella's chamber, threw off her disguise, and displayed a face which betrayed marks of deep emotion, and eyes yet dimmed with tears.
"I have seen her, Mona," uttered Ildefonsa in a mournful voice, "and she is good and beautiful, and innocent. I can resign him to her without a feeling that I am supplanted unworthily, and being convinced of her love for him; let us now lose no more precious time, but work for the happiness of all—yes, all," she continued, "at once overcoming the sadness of her disappointed spirit, and smiling with the loveliest expression of gladness in her eyes, which again gleamed, brightly. "It will be of a different kind, for me, from that I had planned for myself—but to make others happy is a blessed office, and must bring happiness, and I thank heaven that I am not without the power as well as the will to effect it here. Now having satisfied my mind on the most important point, namely, her worthiness—lose no time, my Mona, but in concert with Alvar Bell'agio treat with the creditor Pellandi for such a release from their fetters as will ensure the comfort of the old Count without the sacrifice of the daughter. I would I could free that old castle for ever, but that cannot be. I can aim at no more but peace and undisturbed possession, during life, for the father, and happiness for the young Beatrice with her lover, and, methinks, in this world of many sorrows he may be well content to resign some portion of his expectations for so much present gain. The future possession of the castle must be in Pellandi, but the privileges of nobility would be his only by marriage with the heiress. To obtain these appears to be the great object of his ambition, and, to succeed, he is content to put aside his rightful claims and bribe the father and daughter by a most lenient arrangement, and a consideration for all but their pride, which might revolt at a union with a plebeian. It must be my care to procure for him the same advantages as the alliance with Beatrice would have bestowed on him; and, moreover, to dazzle his eyes with such a sum of gold as shall obliterate the charms of the lady in his estimation."

"You anticipate no reluctance, then, to resign the fair appendage to the castle," asked Mona Sabella.

"No," said Ildefonsa, smiling, "the gold shall be sufficient to outweigh the lady; and where is the creditor who does not prefer charms of such solid attraction. Besides, I bear in mind the rough but honest character of this same Giuseppe, which gives me confidence that he will not be hard to deal with. So now, dear Mona, join Count Bell'agio, and go on thy mission, whilst I pray at the shrine of St. Mary for thy success.

Ildefonsa was right. In truth, the lady was the part of the possessions that Messer Giuseppe coveted the least, since he valued her more as the vehicle of power and importance, than for her intrinsic attractions: when, therefore, the discreet Mona Sabella, aided by Bell'agio, represented, calmly and forcibly, the unsuitableness of the union, hinted at a previous attachment, and, moreover, clearly explained that Pellandi might make a yet more advantageous bargain, without the incumbrance of a wife, he was by no means inexorable, but allowed them to leave him, after this first consultation, with a very strong impression that Ildefonsa might, if she pleased, construct a bridge of gold, which Giuseppe would not refuse to pass over, leaving the passage free for the advance of another more favored.
Guido, all this time, was aware of the arrival of Beatrice in the city, and was tortured by the daily tidings of the progress of the negotiations which would terminate in her marriage; whilst the near approach of the period, when his own espousals with Idefonsa might take place, unfettered by the control of her guardian, drove him nearly to distraction. Idefonsa could scarcely endure to behold his silent misery, without betraying her purpose; and her manner was so pitying and kind, even whilst she studiously sought to change its tone to one of reserve and friendship, only, that the poor Count felt his ingratitude, the more deeply, as he became more sensible of the impossibility of withdrawing his affections from Beatrice.

The Contessa was indefatigable in her exertions; she herself sought an interview with Pellandi, when some slight obstacles seemed about to impede her plans; and, employing all her fascinations, she so bewildered him by the united force of her grace, her beauty, her frankness, and her condescension, that she won him, not only to yield up the disputed points, but to enter heartily into her schemes. When he left her sala, submissive, obedient, and conformable to all her suggestions, the poor Contessa could not but sigh bitterly, as she thought how she had bent the rough creditor to her will, and how she had failed in winning the heart which might be supposed so ready to yield to her summons.

Another person was now to be included in their consultations, namely, Alvar Bellaggio, whose devoted friendship for Guido made him untiring in furthering every step which might ensure his happiness. Count Julio, by his means, was introduced into the Palazzo Cormalfi, and, to his infinite amazement, was informed of the under-current which was flowing so rapidly and so secretly, bearing down obstacles, and smoothing difficulties, spreading also a fertilizing power for the production of a rich harvest of happiness over a soil which had appeared but a desert of misery and desolation. Nor could the old Count do aught but marvel that the noble creature before him in the pride of beauty and excellence should have given her heart in vain; and tenderly as he loved his daughter, he held Idefonsa Cormalfi to be her equal in goodness, and her superior in outward attractions.

It would be tedious to follow them in their negotiations, to narrate the obstructions which sometimes arose on the part of the tractable but cautious creditor; the skilful prudence and unwearied generosity with which the Contessa put them by, one by one; the perseverance which at last gained him the promise that those privileges should be conferred which he most coveted, and the profound satisfaction of her heart when she retired one night to her chamber, with the certainty that the way was at last cleared before them, Pellandi satisfied, and her generous intentions on the point of fulfilment.

Nothing now remained but to perform the last and most important act of the Drama, and the Contessa may be pardoned, if, indulging a little national love of effect, she resolved that the winding up should be somewhat more romantic than usually pertains to the events of the common routine of life.

Mona Sabella would have remonstrated, but she was obdurate. "I know all you would urge," she answered, "but you must yield to me, notwithstanding. I
rejoice, heartily, in all I have done, but my mind is incapable yet of any quiescence. It is feverish and excited, and my frame is as restless. This will pass away, and I shall be myself again, but not yet. Aid me, dear Mona, but do not thwart me," and Mona Sabella, ever yielding to the desires of her she loved so well, smiled and agreed.

The sum of these desires was to arrange the marriage of Guido and Beatrice, so that each should suppose him or herself about to be united to the person they believed themselves engaged to; nor were they to be undeceived till at the moment of the ceremony. Count Julio could not refuse to be a party to the plot, though Ildefonsa allowed that she exacted a trial, when she enjoined him to witness the distress and misery of Beatrice without uttering the magic words which would have relieved her.

Mona Sabella's and Count Alvar's services were in full employ to bring the wayward lover to a proper agreement; both uniting to set strongly before the Count the imperious necessity of overcoming his reluctance and leading his beautiful bride to the altar, whilst Count Julio found less difficulty in obtaining poor Beatrice's consent, her will having been brought into absolute subjection by the resolution with which she kept the object of her compliance ever in view. Count Guido, then, with a hesitation which the Contessa would not perceive, and an expression on his countenance which betokened any thing but lover-like impatience, one fair morning urged her to make him happy, and Mona Sabella was commissioned to settle all observances, whilst, at the same time, the same ceremony passed between Giuseppe and Beatrice; and, unknown to the separated lovers, the same day was appointed for their respective sacrifices. Whilst poor Beatrice had been each hour feeling more and more repugnance to looking on the future, Guido had been involuntarily touched by the manner of the charming Ildefonsa. She neither appeared to exact his attention nor to notice that it was paid unwillingly and heartlessly, but there was a kind friendship in her whole bearing, a constant cheerful insinuation of a bright future which, darkened as were his views, yet exercised an imperceptible power over his mind, and excited a grateful emotion which, entirely distinct from love, had yet a tenderness in it which would have attached him as the fondest of brothers, had such been the tie between them.

And now came the day appointed for the dreaded espousals. Guido was to receive the hand of the Contessa in the chapel of the Cormali Palace; Beatrice, an entire stranger in Parma and perfectly passive in every arrangement, knew only that she was to make her sacrifice in a chapel selected for its privacy, and on this point alone she was interested. At the appointed hour, in appearance as well as in truth she went forth as a lamb to the slaughter, arrayed in spotless white, veiled from head to foot, so that none could perceive the death-like paleness of her countenance, and was conveyed by her father to the Palazzo Cormali. There she was received by Mona Sabella, whose appearance created no surprise, so absorbed was she in her terror and grief, and she scarcely heeded the kind and gentle words of encouragement which, with all a mother's tenderness, she uttered to soothe the half-fainting girl and strengthen her for the coming scene. Her father, together with Giuseppe
Pellandi, followed to a room which opened into the chapel with folding doors, and was adorned sumptuously with flowers and damask. On a large table, in the middle of the apartment were several deeds and parchments ready for signature, and a notary sat beside them, but Beatrice saw nothing, and took the seat to which she was conducted by Mona Sabella, without once raising her eyes. There she sat, still and motionless as a statue, shadowed by the dark, full folds of a rich curtain of the adjacent window, with Count Julio, Giuseppe Pellandi and Mona Sabella grouped around her, so as to obstruct her sight of the rest of the apartment, had she been inclined to observe it.

After the lapse of a few moments, a side-door was thrown open, and Count Guido appeared, pale as death, leading the Contessa Ildefonsa, dressed sumptuously, but closely veiled, like her sister-bride. At Guido’s side advanced Alvar Bell’agio, with a serene and pleasant smile on his countenance, contrasting strongly with the sad and ghastly expression of his friend. It seemed as if the Contessa rather guided her companion than was guided by him, till they stood before the table and the notary. Guido signed, with an unsteady hand, the parchment placed before him; and Ildefonsa and Bell’agio advancing, so as to screen the approach of Beatrice, she was led forward by Mona Sabella to the table, and the parchment, across which another paper was thrown, as if carelessly, but in reality to conceal the Marchionni’s signature, being put before her, she was requested to sign it, which she did with difficulty. This completed, Mona Sabella, Count Juliond Giuseppe Pellandi moved from her side, leaving her standing motionless by the table. Thus she was now in full view, and had Guido unfastened his eyes from the ground, he would have beheld the veiled figure within a pace of him. Ildefonsa, now alone, stood between them, and, at this moment, no sound was uttered, and the profound silence was unbroken, save by the audible beating of Guido’s heart, and now and then a gasping sigh from Beatrice. Ildefonsa, too, remained still and silent for an instant, as if summoning up all her strength for a super-human effort; then throwing off the long veil which had hitherto concealed her agitation, she took the cold hand of Beatrice in her own, and spoke in a clear, firm voice.

“Guido Marchionni, raise thine eyes, and look upon thy bride: receive a gift from Ildefonsa Cormali—not her unprized hand—but thy own chosen love, Beatrice Delpino; and thou, fair Beatrice, thank thy kind suitor, Signor Pellandi, who is content to resign thee to him, who hast won thy young affections.” And Ildefonsa placed Beatrice’s hand in that of Guido, who, with wild eyes, and startled mien, was listening to words so marvellous, and, gazing first on the Contessa, and then on Beatrice, without comprehending the meaning of anything he heard or saw. But when the Contessa gently raised the veil from the motionless figure, and when he, indeed, saw Beatrice, and felt the hand which he held in his, a gleam of the truth glanced upon his heart, and, dropping on one knee before the Contessa Ildefonsa, he clasped her hand with that of Beatrice to his heart and his lips.

“Noble Ildefonsa,” he murmured, “I hate myself for my waywardness; but, truly, thou hast proved thy nature to be far above mine. I was vanquished, where thou hast conquered: I am humiliated, by the same weakness, by which thou art

F—(COURT MAGAZINE)—SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1843.
exalted. Alas! thy high and noble nature can but scorn the feeble-minded Guido; and I can but gaze in admiring veneration at the generosity I could never attain.”

“Silence,” said Ildefonsa, forcing a smile to play on her quivering lips; “I forbid all retrospective blame or praise. Arise, I pray thee, from this unseemly posture, and lead the Lady Beatrice to the altar, where our holy father the Bishop awaits ye, with marvellous patience.”

Guido arose, and obeyed; but not till Beatrice, who had looked up eagerly at the sound of Ildefonsa’s voice, and scarcely understood more, than that she was released from Giuseppe Pellandi, threw her arms around her neck, softly murmuring her recognition of her mysterious visitor.

“I told you I was a harbinger of good,” said the Contessa, returning her embrace; “but, see, Count Guido would fain relieve the Lord Bishop from his post, and thou must yield him obedience.” And the bridal train advancing to the altar, their vows were pronounced with scarcely the power to comprehend entirely the blessed change, but with an intuitive certainty that the dark cloud had vanished, and that Ildefonsa was the bright light which had dispelled it. They sought her after the ceremony, but she was gone.

Mona Sabella had led her away, exhausted with the intensity of her feelings; and, according to the previous arrangement, they immediately quitted Parma, and sought, in the inexhaustible interest of Rome, that complete change of scene and pursuits, the best calculated to renew a heart worn by strong emotions and anxieties. Ildefonsa felt, too, that absence alone could restore all the parties who had acted in this singular drama, to ease and peacefulness. There must be embarrassment and reserve on Guido’s side, and timidity on that of Beatrice; and Ildefonsa could not be happy, if her presence were unwelcome. It cannot be doubted, but that a mind as well regulated, and as sound in principle, as hers, would not be speedily healed of its wound; nay, even be strengthened and benefitted by the discipline it had gone through; and, Mona, the good Mona, was rewarded for all her tender and judicious care, by seeing her, whom she had so entirely loved, come forth from the refiner’s fire, like pure gold. Wherever she sojourned, the good opinion of the aged, and the admiration of the young, were freely bestowed on her; and, probably, when time had wrought its usual blessed work of healing and consoling, that noble heart—was again awakened to the appreciation of some kindred spirit, more sensible to, and worthy of its love, than the Marchionni.

Tranquil and happy passed the days of Count Guido and his beautiful Beatrice. Their amiable dispositions, and entire attachment to each other, ensured them as much of peace as is found in a world so full of change and chance. Count Julio retired again to the old castle he loved; and when he breathed his last, which was not many years after the happy union of his daughter, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors; and Pellandi took possession of those ancient and crumbling towers.

The Contessa Ildefonsa returned, after a time, to the city, to resume her place amongst its benefactors, and to meet with a sister’s love, him who had so ill required a warmer sentiment; but she never repented the generous impulse which prompted, or the firmness which effected the change of the lover to the friend, and secured his happiness at the expense of a portion of her own. The lofty disinterestedness and superior qualities of her character were the boast and pride of the city, and during her life, and for many years after her death, she was known to the grateful citizens, by the distinctive title of “The Lady of Parma.”
THE COURT, LADY’S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

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

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

(Embellished with colored full-length authentic Portraits, Nos. 124 and 125,
of this series).

OF

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

INES OF TOLEDO.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE BACHELOR AND THE VINTNER.

If ever sceptre was turned into a distaff, it was that borne by the grandson of
Louis XIV., the Duke of Anjou, who became king of Spain under the title of
Philip V. At the period when this prince ascended the throne (November
16th, 1700), his good qualities caused much to be expected from him. Possessing
every requisite to uphold the dignity of the crown, he might have gained for
himself the reputation of a great monarch; but, as often happens, the hopes of
those who had elected him were doomed to be frustrated. About a year after-
wards, the Princess des Ursins, duchess of Brucciano, a woman notorious for her
intriguing spirit, came to the Spanish capital from Rome, where she had been
residing for the purpose of filling the important post of first-lady-in-waiting to the
young princess of Savoy, whom Philip had just espoused.

G—(COURT MAGAZINE)—NOVEMBER, 1843.
Madame des Ursins was, in every respect, a bewitching creature; of great talent, ambitious and enterprising. The king and queen of Spain were both too young (one being but sixteen, the other seventeen years of age), too confiding, and too unsuspicious to be on their guard against the intrigues of those by whom they were surrounded.

The princess, fully alive to this circumstance, failed not to increase her power to the utmost; and during a space of fourteen years her influence was paramount in the affairs of the kingdom: but an event occurred when she took occasion to exhibit it still more powerfully than ever. The young queen died, in consequence of which the king took an especial dislike to the Escorial, and retired to the magnificent palace of the opulent Duke of Medina Celi, who had kindly proffered him the use of it. There it was that the favorite shewed the extent of her power, causing all those to tremble who had foretold her downfall. Alone admitted to share her sovereign’s retirement, she obtained his confidence so dexterously, that, although forty years his senior, she seriously thought that she might attain a legitimate place on his throne. This signal honor would have flattered her ambition, as well as her self-love, by proving to her detractors that she had not, as was reported, secretly married her intendant d’Aubigny. But the audacious princess had reckoned too much on her own power: dazzled by the splendor of Madame de Maintenon’s position, which might, she thought, be but a type of her own, she used so little circumspection in her behaviour, that the king, at length aware of her design, determined to shake off her yoke.

Seeing that she must renounce her dreams of royalty, Madame des Ursins suddenly changed her plans of operation, and tried the only means left her of regaining the king’s favor, by proposing to him a marriage with a princess strong-minded enough to obtain the mastery over him, yet sufficiently weak to allow herself to be under her own control. At length, the favorite opened her mind on this subject to the envoy from Parma, who possessed her full confidence.

Alberoni, who was one of the most subtle as well as distinguished courtiers of his day, understood at once the benefit that would accrue, not merely, indeed, to the princess, but to himself, from this happy event. He proposed, and the proposition was accepted, the hand of Elizabeth Farnese, the only daughter of his sovereign, the Duke of Parma. In less than a month, the preliminaries of the marriage were arranged, and Alberoni went to escort the young queen, whose marriage by proxy had been celebrated by Cardinal Hazzadini. On the 16th of September, 1715, the new queen embarked at Genoa, and, traversing the south of France, accompanied by the Marquis of Los Balbaxes, the princess Piombino, a devoted friend of Madame des Ursins, and Alberoni, arrived at Bayonne on the 18th of November, where she was detained some time by illness. Prosecuting her journey, on the 10th of December, she arrived at Havre, and on the evening of the 23rd entered Zaragoza, where the king had appointed to meet her. The day following—a bright, frosty morning—a young man of modest demeanor was seen walking at a brisk pace along the foot-road from Guadalajara to Zaragoza. He was attired in the economical and threadbare costume common in the Spanish universities, namely, a
A legend of Spain.

doublet of black-cloth, attached to hose of the same material by a belt of brown-leather; a sort of grey-cloak, so narrow that one would have thought he had followed the example of Saint-Martin, and given the half of it to a beggar. From time to time, he halted to pull up his zapatos—shoes of white leather—which long wear had nearly rendered useless as a protection to the feet, and he often put his hand to his beaver-honnet, which was ornamented with a long blue-tassel, in order to fix it firmly over the thick mass of black hair, which fell in clustered ringlets from underneith. In those days, the road from Guadalajara to Zaragoza (a mere shadow of that which at present exists,) was neither straight, broad nor paved, and the rain, as much as man’s handywork, had formed it along the loose rocks of Siena, so that scarcely any description of carriage could find a passage through the wheel-ruts, and the foot passenger had often great difficulty in extricating himself out of the many swamps which on every side beset him. On arriving at a turn of the road called dell’ Cruzada, the steps of our young traveller were suddenly arrested by a lamentable voice demanding charity for the love of God!

The voice proceeded from a beggar, who, carelessly lying on the side of a ravine, solicited alms from the charitable passer-by.

Never dreaming that the request could have been intended for one so poorly clad as himself, he was about to pursue his journey when, glancing an eye at the beggar, he perceived him point a blunderbuss at him.

A hundred years ago, the word beggar and bandoleco were synonymous. What one could not obtain by prayers, the other took by force. Our friend was well acquainted with this custom, and not caring to brave the consequences of a refusal, he put his hand timidly into his pocket, and was about to withdraw a trifle therefrom, when he was suddenly stopped by a loud voice calling out to him.

“What are you about to do, Caballero?” “You see,” said the poor victim turning round with a shudder, “I obey,” and he pointed to the beggar. His interlocutor was a man about forty-five or fifty years of age, of a commanding height, with a quick, penetrating eye, a dark skin and black hair. He wore a species of loose dress of deer-skin, cut square at the throat, and fastened with a single button on the left shoulder and ornamented with worked sleeves. A thick stick was suspended from a shoulder-belt at his back. A belt of grey doe-skin, through which was passed a long navaja, encircled his waist; his sleeves were slashed on the inside with yellow linen, worked in blue; his nether garments, which were of coarse brown cloth, were tied at the knee, underneath which he wore grey-gaiters, descending midway down the leg, and leaving a part thereof exposed between that and the alpargata—a species of sandal similar to those worn by the ancients. A large hat, called a sombrero, completed his costume. He had seen at a glance how matters stood. With single bound he sprung across to the beggar, raised his stick, and knocked the weapon under his feet.

“Wretch,” said he, “art thou not ashamed thus to carry on thy miserable trade? Address thyself to a hidalgo if thou wilt, he is rich and ought to pay, but thus to tax a poor youth, who appears to have nothing but skin on his bones and his wretched doublet as a covering, is cowardly, indeed.” Perceiving that the beggar
was about to rise, he added, "move not, or I will instantly break thy skull;" so saying he kicked the blunderbuss from him, picked it up again, discharged it in the air, and, throwing it disdainfully towards the beggar exclaimed, "Remember this lesson, Diego! if ever I find thee at this work again, thou shalt assuredly smart for it. Thou knowest I keep my word. As to you," added he, turning to the youth, whose purse and life, perhaps, he had so fortunately saved, "if you take my advice, another time you will avoid the high roads, they are dangerous to travel on. And, now, I would fain know to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," replied the young traveller, who had recovered a little from his surprise. "Yet allow me first to thank you for the eminent service which you have rendered me. My name is Feliciano."

"It is a pretty name, and I congratulate you on it; it will assuredly bring you good luck."

"I accept the augury, and am well disposed to believe it after what has passed."

"Would to heaven that mine were as remarkable," replied the stranger. "My name is Domingo. You are a poor bachelor of Salamanca who has just taken his degree."

"And I am a vintner, coming direct from Seville, which is the finest city in Spain. You know the proverb, 'he who has not seen Seville has not seen the wonder of the world.' But it appears we are going the same road; if not, therefore, displeasing to you, let us travel in company."

"I should be delighted, Senor," replied the bachelor; "I shall gain the pleasure of your conversation; and I shall walk without fear, knowing that my poor few maravedis are protected by your stick, which, in a similar hazard to that which I just encountered, is of equal value with the sceptre of a king."

Our two travellers hereupon commenced walking at a brisk pace, and in about twenty minutes had made the mountain-pass. There they found a venta, and during the short rest which they allowed themselves they emptied a flask of alicant, for which the Vinatero insisted on paying, and, by the time they left the house, they were as intimate as though they had been acquainted with each other many years.

"There is nothing which ripens friendship so quickly as wine or a pinch of snuff. But, my young friend," said Domingo, whom the nectar had rendered loquacious, "I presume that we have nothing to conceal from each other; may I, then, ask what it is that takes you to Saragossa; and in order to set you the example, know you that my business there is to please the Senora Carmina, my noble wife. The Senora keeps one of the most celebrated inns in Madrid, and I thought that the young noblemen from Parma who accompany our new queen would not be sorry to find suitable accommodation there. I am, therefore, about to proffer them my humble services. Now, it is your turn."

"I," replied Feliciano, "am merely going as an idle spectator to see the cortège."

"Is that your only motive for leaving Madrid in such weather as this?" demanded the Vinatero, in a half-joking tone.

"To tell the truth," replied the bachelor, "I have another reason, but that cannot interest you."
"Who knows, tell it to me at all events."
"Well, then, I am going there to speak to his excellency the envoy from Parma."
"Monseigneur Alberoni?"
"The same."
"Without appearing to be too curious, may I enquire your business with his excellency?"
"I wish to tell him that I am Italian, and, consequently, his countryman, and that I hope he will befriend me."
"In what manner?"
"In any way he pleases. Are you not aware that the king, who appreciates his talents, has sworn to make him prime minister?"
"Oh! if you are silly enough to believe in the fine promises of kings, and in the protection of ministers, I shall wish you a good morning. At all events try at the same time to believe one thing more, which is, that Alberoni will not listen to you."
"And why not?"
"Because little folks like you cannot gain access to people in his situation."
"Little folks say you? You do not then know that his father was a gardener, and that he himself used to ring the bells in his native village of Fiorenzuola, and was, moreover, cook to the Duke of Vendome?"
"That is well known, but what does it prove?"
"Why, it should prove that he who has risen from an obscure origin to such a high situation should be ready to lend a helping hand to those who are ambitious to do the same."
"A plague on thee, man! how you do go on. If all men who have risen above the common by their talents, were like the stars to take their satellites with them, they would, my young friend, have a tail of dependants longer than that of the Comets themselves."
"You think it better, then, that they should be egotists?"
"Not at all, but they must manage their resources and preserve their credit for themselves. But hold, I will cite you an example which will convince you more than all I could say on the subject. I had once a friend who wished to become a Vinatero. As he did not possess a single doubloon, I advanced him the necessary money. I patronised him, and he succeeded so well that my customers quitted me for him; and now Master Benito plays the Grandee when he passes me, the wretch!"
"But," said the bachelor, warmly, "the case with me is not the same. I cannot interfere with Monseigneur Alberoni's customers; there is no fear either of my ruining his credit, or of my filling his situation; I am too little for that, and he is too great."
"One cannot tell what may happen," continued the vintner. "My comrade was five inches less than I am; he had neither money nor credit; and Domingo laughed at his own wit, yet that did not prevent his attaining his ends."
"But your friend was ambitious; whilst, with me, the case is different: instead of wishing like him to mount the ladder at one spring, I shall be content if M. Alberoni make me mount the steps one by one."
"Bah!" ejaculated the other, "we all say that, and yet, when once we commence, ambition spurs us on, and we would fain mount all the steps at once. At the same time what I say is not with the intention of turning you from your projects. We are merely talking. I know very well that his excellency has nothing to fear from you, whilst, on the contrary, he has every thing to fear from others."

"Indeed! what can he have to fear? The advance of Monseigneur Alberoni has been so rapid, that many are envious of him. They already talk of a plot which is to hurl the idol from its pedestal, before it has a firmer footing thereon. Therefore, you may well imagine that his excellency, who is always, they say, on the alert, has plenty of his own affairs to look after."

This was followed by a silence of some minutes.

"'Sdeath! my young friend," at length replied the vintner, "you look as serious as a watchman taking his midnight rounds! Has my conversation been any way displeasing to you, or is it that your prospects are cruelly blighted."

"I confess," answered the bachelor, at the same time sighing deeply, that I had pictured to myself, that, as he had just brought the affair, which Philip had entrusted to him, to a happy termination, and having been thereupon appointed prime minister, this would be the moment to make application to him. I am his countryman. I will speak to him of his aged parent, whom my father remembers digging his flower-beds. This I thought would flatter him, and gain me a hearty shake by the hand. And now, if I must believe you, all these castles have vanished, and I must give up my only hope. It behoves me, however, to bear this reverse philosophically. And I shall cease to think of aught, save my beloved: if I should be fortunate enough to get a glimpse of my beloved in the procession, I shall not then have journeyed seventeen leagues in vain: one look at her will console me and give me courage to bear other disappointments.

Feliciano had pronounced the few last words almost in a whisper.

"By my faith, Caballero," said his companion, at the same time throwing away the remaining portion of his cigarette, "your discretion is wondrous strange! Here have I been melted almost to tears, pitying your unhappy fate, whilst all the time you conceal from your view the bright side of the picture. This should not be. If you had told me at once that you expected to see her, I should not have wasted all my sympathy on you. Love consoles us for all other mischances,—I know this by experience. Five and twenty years ago I could have braved all the troubles of the world for the Senora Carmina, now my lady-wife. In those days, she was light as a sylph, now, she is the size of at least two hogsheads. Unfortunately, times as well as features are changed. However, it is not of her that we would discourse. Your princess is, doubtless, young and lovely?"

"Beautiful as an angel, and numbers but sixteen summers at most."

"That's not many. Is she rich?"

"The possessor of millions."

"That's saying a great deal. Her name?"

"Dona Ines of Toledo."

"By our lady, but you have great taste."
"You know her, then?"

"Of course, who does not know the lovely ward of Madame des Ursins? She will be the most charming of the maids-of-honor of our new queen, for they say she is to be appointed to that post. But has she any idea that you are thus scouring the country in search of her?"

"No," but she once knew that I loved her."

"Do you think that she does not know it still. A woman never forgets these things."

"Alas! you know the French proverb; Loin des yeux, loin du cœur. Besides, it is a year since I have seen her."

"Did she love you at that period?"

"I believe so, although I never spoke to her," said Feliciano candidly.

"And you wish to see her again?"

"It will do me so much good!"

"I doubt that. Can you control your feelings?"

"Oh, yes, well."

"Humph!" said the vintner, shaking his head with an incredulous air. "But if Dona Ines does not recognise you, will you at least promise me to forget her as she will have forgotten you."

"I promise you that I will."

"Well, then, come with me," said Domingo, taking his arm; "you shall see her, for here we are at the gates of Zaragoza, and I know where to get good places."

A strange noise, something like the angry waves of the sea, assailed their ears on entering the little town, which was ordinarily so peaceable. There was an incessant din, in the midst of which the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, the sound of trumpets, and the tumultuous noise of an immense crowd, together with the outpouring of a thousand cannon, were distinguishable.

Twenty thousand Castilians had rushed from all parts into the little town to catch a glimpse of their young queen, whose beauty had been trumpeted by fame.

At mid-day a general cry arose, "Here comes the queen! long live the queen!"

Stationed at the end of the principal street was a battalion of the grenadiers of the royal guard whose arms glittered in the sun. The vintner conducted Feliciano to the house of a relation, situate in one of the streets through which the procession was to pass. Leading him to the balcony, he said, "It seems that we have arrived just in time. You will see her; and point her out to me, for I am anxious to judge with my own eyes of your taste."

The procession, composed chiefly of handsome equipages, advanced slowly. Feliciano eagerly watched every carriage, and, at length, turning pale, and at the same time putting his hand to his heart, as though he would stay its beatings, he cried in a trembling voice, "There she is! Domingo—that's she! There, there, she sees me, she has recognised me! Do you see her? Dona Ines, Dona Ines!"

He could not utter more, overcome by the excess of his emotions.

At the same moment, an extraordinary scene took place at one of the gates of the city, where the cortège had arrived. Madame des Ursins, who had been appointed
to the important post of Camerera Mayor, awaited the appearance of the queen at that spot, and, seeing her carriage approach, she alighted from her own and advanced to meet her in full dress. Elizabeth received her coldly. The Princess des Ursins who, from what she had heard from Alberoni, attributed this to timidity and a neglected education, did not, at first, pay attention to the circumstance, self-occupied as she was in thoughts of her own importance. Besides, the warm pelisse in which the queen had enveloped herself, contrary to court-usage on such occasions, had so completely astonished her, that she could perceive nothing else, and thinking of giving her a lecture on the subject, she said at once, in a loud voice, "Your Majesty will permit me to observe, that the etiquette of Spain requires that the queen should appear to her subjects in a dress befitting her exalted station, and also give them an opportunity of seeing her, by using an open carriage."

The remark was ill-timed. The queen, annoyed at finding the princess attired in full court-costume, and, moreover, displeased at her authoritative tone, simply raised her shoulders with an air of pity.

Madame des Ursins, surprised and humbled, determined on making another trial. An occasion soon presented itself. The queen had condescendingly invited the Duke of Aignan and the Duchess of Robec to a seat in her carriage, and had evidently forgotten to confer the same favor on her camerera. Rendered furious at this public affront, she cried out, "Has your Majesty, then, so little regard to the laws of etiquette, as not to be aware that to me alone—her first-lady-in-waiting—belongs the honor of sitting at her side?"

This was making bad worse. The queen, no longer able to contain her anger, put her head out of the carriage-window and said, in a voice of unmingled displeasure, "For pity sake, gentlemen, rid me of that mad-woman!"

Then, in a manner of which no one could doubt of her firmness of character, she added, "Let her be conducted to the frontiers of Spain: I never wish to see her more!"

Suddenly and cruelly deceived respecting the character of the young queen whom she had hoped to make a tame and submissive instrument to do her bidding, the old princess suffered them to convey her quietly away. One of the officers deputed to accompany her heard her pronounce the following words in a low tone:—"Ah! my Lord Cardinal, you have unworthily deceived me, I will be revenged!"

At the moment that Feliciano had a little recovered his composure, the crowd around him were engaged in discussing this strange incident in the day's proceedings. "Domingo!" stammered he forth with feeble accents, "what has happened to me?"

"It has happened to you, that less than ever you should reckon on any thing from the envoy of Parma," said the vintner, "for he will now have plenty on his hands. To-morrow morning, we will return to Madrid together, when we can talk over your affairs, for you appear to be too deep in love, and your hopes seem to be more preposterous than ever."
CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth Farnese was rather of a hasty than harsh disposition, and a little reflection soon appeased her anger against the prime minister. Fearing lest the violent measure which she had just adopted, relative to her lady-in-waiting, should have displeased the king, she instantly dispatched a courier to him, with a hasty note, in which she endeavored to justify her conduct. But she was soon convinced that this measure was unnecessary. Philip V., who was waiting for her at the sumptuous palace of the Duke of Infantado, at Guadalajara, gave her a most warm reception. He descended into the court-yard of honor, hastened to kiss her hand, and enquired so gallantly after her health, that she was not slow in perceiving that, so far from being displeased, he was much obliged by what she had done.

The next day, the newly-married pair proceeded to Madrid, and took up their residence at Buen-Retiro, where the court was henceforth to be held.

Elizabeth, who was clever and pretty, managed in a short time to gain the ascendant over the mind and heart of Philip; but she was not so fortunate with respect to her subjects. They allowed that she possessed a good judgment, a ready wit, and much sagacity, but they could not forgive what they called the homeliness of her manner. And, to say the truth, her best friends allowed that she paid too little deference to Castilian pride. She was generally disliked. One man alone, and that man was Alberoni, was devoted to her. The crafty prelate, who had become Cardinal, despite the strongest opposition from the Nuncio Aldovrandi, and who, moreover, had assumed the political post so long occupied by Madame des Ursins, at first studied to gain the good graces of his sovereign, in order to consolidate his power; and, having accomplished this, he turned all his thoughts towards pleasing the queen. This difficult and dangerous conquest would have been the summit of his ambition.

In figure, Alberoni was tall and commanding, with an expansive forehead, and a great mixture of cunning in his look. His dress, though simple, was always exquisitely studied; and it was whispered that he had been fortunate in his conquests. This circumstance encouraged, perhaps, the presumptuous passion which he had conceived for the queen. Be that as it may, he dreaded the tongue of scandal, and, still more, the king’s anger; well knowing, that, if discovered, his head would pay the penalty. He therefore fixed upon the following plan which seemed to answer every purpose. One day, as he was going to say prayers in the oratory of the palace, he met Laura, one of the queen’s ordinary attendants, and, stopping her, he put a purse and a letter into her hand, saying, in a whisper:—

“‘The purse for thyself; the letter for the queen.”

“‘But, my Lord.”

“‘Silence! not a word.’

“‘I cannot undertake it.”

“‘If thou dost my bidding well, I double the sum: if not. . . . . . Thou know’st me. Get along!”’ And he instantly disappeared.

Laura was at first almost stupified with astonishment, for, although she did not
exactly understand the nature of the mission with which she was entrusted, yet she conceived it to be one of importance, in consequence of the mysterious manner in which it had been confided to her, and also from the weight of the purse with which it was accompanied. How would the queen receive this letter? This was one of the first considerations which presented itself to her imagination; but, on the other hand, how could she meet the Cardinal if it were not delivered? The latter consideration was the more powerful, but Laura without further delay entered the queen's apartments. Elizabeth was then twenty-five years of age. Tall and handsome, she was remarkable for the smallness of her hands and feet. Her black eyes sparkled with malice and wit; her satirical mouth, about which lurked, nevertheless, a pretty smile, was red as that of an infant and inviting as that of a coquette; her raven locks were long and silky, and reached nearly to her feet. She possessed that attribute rare with Italians, (except some few of the fair daughters of Venice,) namely, a skin as white as alabaster. As much to follow her own taste as to please Philip, with whose predilection on that head she was acquainted, she adopted the current Parisian fashions. On that day, she wore a dress of white, the flowers and fontanges of English point, with diamond clasps. Her hair was dressed with rows of pearls, which added fresh lustre to its already silky appearance. She held in her hand an elegant fan of Hussin's, a present from the Duke of Orleans, and on one of her fingers shone with unwonted brilliancy the celebrated diamond called the Peregrine, which, from its form, weight and perfect water, was reckoned to be beyond value. Seated on an arm-chair, on which the arms of Spain were inlaid in gold, she was in conversation with the High Constable of Castile, the Duke of Osuna, and Madame d'Havra, at the moment that Laura entered to present the Cardinal's mysterious letter. The queen hastily broke the seal, and having cast a rapid glance at its contents, she cried in her gayest accents:—"Here is a diverting piece of buffoonery!" Then addressing the two noblemen who were standing near her chair:—

"You know, gentlemen, how liberally both the king and myself have rewarded the services of his eminence. We have done the thing generously. Yet the cardinal does not consider himself sufficiently paid. But," added she, seeing that the noblemen were fearful of committing themselves, "we shall know how to answer the requirements of our prime minister; he must be made to understand that there are bounds which cannot be passed with impunity. Come, gentlemen, her majesty dismisses you. As to you, duchess, in an hour's time, I shall be happy to receive you. Until then, you will oblige me by sending your young and charming friend, Donna Ines, here."

As soon as she was left alone, a fresh burst of merriment escaped from the lips of Elizabeth. The Constable of Castile and the Duke of Osuna were perhaps, of all the individuals placed about the throne, those who most disliked Alberoni, and, consequently, the queen, who had made him what he was, finding an opportunity of giving them an innocent gratification, by speaking severely of their enemy, had with ready tact instantly and quickly availed herself of it. It was not that she did not resent the impertinence of her favorite, who had thus dared to raise his eyes
upon her; but she thought it would be better policy to treat his audacity as a joke.

The queen, therefore, threw the letter carelessly on her dressing-table, enjoining Laura to place herself in Alberoni's way, and, under some pretext or other to make him enter her apartment: then, perceiving Dona Ines, she said to her in an affectionate tone:—"Senorita, I am going to the king's apartments. As soon, therefore, as you hear the voice of his eminence, you will inform me of his presence, and yourself retire."

Ten minutes after, in conformity with this order, Dona Ines ran to acquaint the queen with the prelate's arrival. As soon as her majesty re-appeared, Alberoni, attracted thither by her perfidious messenger, with a trembling hand, raised the arras, and, seeing his royal mistress, suddenly dropped it again; but the queen perceiving the movement, called to him, and he was obliged to advance.

"Good gracious! sir cardinal," said she to him, "how agitated and pale you look! Have you passed a bad night?"

"Your majesty," stammered forth the minister, "will permit me——"

"Or has any misfortune befallen you this morning?"

"Your majesty will please permit me——"

"Provided always," pursued his merciless tormentor, "that it is not the sight of us which has troubled you in this manner."

"Your majesty is aware——"

"Come, come," said the queen, resolved to make him lose the little presence of mind which yet remained to him, "for pity's sake do not torment yourself thus. Reserve yourself for matters of graver import. You are creating uneasiness for yourself, and saddling us with a debt towards you, of which neither the king nor myself can ever free ourselves."

Hereupon Alberoni raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if to gain inspiration thence, whilst she continued:—"Now that I think of it, may it not be the fatigue caused by the composition of that pretty madrigal which I received just now, and at the head of which your pious hand has traced its usual motto, 'amore con misterio,' a device certainly more chivalrous than canonical. You had addressed it most probably to some fair lady in our royal household, but Laura has had the awkwardness to give it to me. Moreover, M. le Cardinal, I congratulate you upon it. I knew you to be a great statesman, a profound politician, ever full of resources. I was also aware of your many other talents. The Duke of Vendome took good care of your reputation on that score; you are under great obligations to him; but I was in complete ignorance of your being a great poet as well as a good cook!"

"For pity's sake spare me, madam."

"Oh! do not seek to defend yourself. The eulogium is sincere. Know, thou second Petrarch, that Italy will be proud of having given you birth, and Spain glorious at having received you, if it were to be my pleasure to publish your eloquent inspirations!"

"Alberoni was in an agony. Not knowing what reply to make, he bent one knee before the queen, in a supplicating attitude, without proffering a word."
"What! M. le Cardinal," continued the queen sternly, "if I am to judge by your silence, it was then really to me that you addressed the madrigal?"

"Alas! madam, think you that I must be more insensible than others to so many charms, united with so much majesty?"

"Rise, my lord, and do not remain thus at my feet. It is a posture ill befitting you, and the more so, notwithstanding your quality as cardinal, that you are but little accustomed to it."

Alberoni rose, at the same time muttering:—"Can it be that I have had the misfortune to displease my sovereign, and to incur this disgrace?"

"To displease her?—yes; to incur this disgrace?—not yet: but take you care, my lord! That which Elizabeth Farnese forgets to day, the Queen of Spain may remember to-morrow!" Alberoni understood that there was nothing left for him but to secure a hasty, and, at the same time, an advantageous retreat.

"Ah, madam," said he, with well-feigned enthusiasm, "so much goodness!—so much clemency! How shall I ever be able to prove my profound gratitude?"

"You can do it, my lord, by serving the king, your master, more faithfully than ever, and by bearing towards her, whom he has thought worthy to share his crown, all the respect to which she is entitled."

On pronouncing these words in a serious manner, the queen, who held Alberoni's letter in her hand, threw it into a brasero, where the fire soon consumed it. As soon as the cardinal retired, he reflected on the reality of his position, and saw too late the hold he had given his enemies over him by playing this youthful prank.

He re-entered his palace in despair, humbled and very uneasy. He there found some one waiting impatiently for him; and who should this prove to be but our bachelor of Salamanca, Feliciano, of whose progress we must inform the reader.

On his return to Madrid, Feliciano accepted the hospitality of his friend the vintner, who kindly offered him a home, and promised him a cordial reception from the Senora Carmina, his better half. At first he sought for occupation of any kind, and, from the want of better employment, at last fixed on that of a public writer, or scribe. In short, instead of listening to Domingo, who had inspired him with imaginary fears, he resolved at once to seek his countryman, the cardinal, and all will agree that he could not possibly have chosen a more inopportune moment for his visit. Alberoni, still writhing under his morning's mischance, eyed him so disdainfully that the poor youth nearly fainted under his piercing gaze. In the freshness of his unsophisticated imagination he had pictured to himself quite a different sort of person to what the prelate really was. He thought that it would be sufficient for him to declare his name and country, to ensure a hearty welcome; nor did it take long for him to discover that Domingo was in the right. Alberoni was lying carelessly on a Turkish divan, his head leaning on his hand, and, apparently, in deep thought.

Seeing that he remained unnoticed, Feliciano, after a little time summoned courage, and timidly approaching the divan, said:—"My lord, I come——"

"What do you want?" interrupted the minister in a gruff voice.

"Anything that it may please your reverence to give me," answered the bachelor unhesitatingly.
"Who sent you here?"
"No one, my lord; I came of my own accord."
"Who are you? What do your parents do? Where do they live?"
"My parents are dead, my lord. I never knew them."
"Whom have you at Madrid to recommend you?"
"I have the hostess of the hotel, called the Puerto del Sol, the Senora Carmina, and her husband, Domingo, who is a vintner at Seville," replied the young man, who by this time had a little recovered his self-possession.
"Cooking! a soupe au fromage!——"
"Yes, certainly, I mean a soup of that description. What is there to surprise you in that? You have yet to learn, young man, that a soupe au fromage, well made, may be a stepping-stone to the highest honors*. You know but little of the world yet."
"I know it my lord, but——"
"You say you know it? who told you?" interrupted the Cardinal with dignity. The Cardinal, like all parvenus, had no objection to speak of himself or of what he had done, but could not bear to be reminded of it by others.
"My name is Feliciano, my lord."
"And pray what has that to do with my question?"
"I am like your eminence, an Italian."
"Ah——"
"I was born at Fiorenzuola."
"Corpo Santo! do you speak the truth?"
"So true, that my adopted father, Gaétano Mendoza, has often told me that he was acquainted with your honored father, Signor Alberoni, the gardener, and with you, also, my lord, when you rang the bells as parish clerk."
At these words, the Cardinal turned sharply round, his face crimsoned with shame.
"Your adopted father often told you this, do you say?"
"Yes, my lord."
"Well, he was a clever man! I congratulate you!"
"He was a brave officer, my lord, covered with honorable wounds that he had received in defending his country."
"And what has brought you to Spain?"
"That which conducted you hither, my lord,—chance."
"What reason have you for supposing that it was chance which brought me here?" said the prelate, getting every moment more enraged at Feliciano’s ingenious remarks. "Young man, you have a singular method of making acquaintances."
At the same time, he eyed him with a deep glance of scrutiny. "It was doubtless, then, your knowledge of my former life which tempted you to solicit my assistance now?"  

* The reader may be reminded that Cardinal Alberoni owed his fortune to, and gained the favor of the Duke of Vendome by his witticisms, and his soups flavored with cheese.
"My lord," replied the bachelor, with more tact than we should have given him credit for, "I remembered these beautiful words, *Sinite parvulos Venire ad me,*—let the little ones come to me—and I thought that your eminence, who is so powerful on earth, had naturally taken these words as his motto."

This well-timed compliment, spoken with simplicity, calmed the Cardinal and flattered his self-love, which had been so cruelly mortified some minutes before by the queen.

"Oh," murmured he, smiling, "*se non è vero, è ben trovato,*" then, continuing with affected mildness, he added, "you are clever my young friend? have you gone through the classics?"

"I have taken my bachelor's degree at Salamanca, my lord."

"By the holy saints, I should have guessed as much! and you wish for a place suitable to your merits?"

"That is the summit of my ambition."

"You are then ambitious?"

"I have the ambitious desire of wishing to please your eminence."

"That is right, my child, but it is not an answer to my question."

"Is ambition, then, prohibited, my lord?"

"Not prohibited, but dangerous. You do not yet understand the difficulties of maintaining a position after the toil of gaining it. What sacrifices! what humiliations it costs."

"I believe you, my lord, for you speak from well-tried experience."

"You say?" interrupted the prelate astonished.

"I say that, in this matter, you must have good experience; but do not dive too deeply into the recollections of childhood; do not magnify obstacles, after having surmounted them, for, as your eminence logically observed but just now, if it is only necessary to know how to prepare a *soupe au fromage* to arrive at the highest honors, I do not see that the difficulty is so great."

The reply was severe. Alberoni felt the hit, and furious, at seeing himself wounded with his own weapons, he rose and paced the room impatiently, at the same time pulling to pieces the lace of a richly-embroidered pocket-handkerchief which had been worked by the beautiful Countess d'Oropesa.

"My lord," continued Feliciano, after a momentary pause, "I await your decision."

The cardinal was at this moment agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions. Was the bachelor really as unsophisticated as he seemed to be? Had he not been amusing himself at the expense of one who was dreaded by all the sovereigns of Europe? One thing, however, was certain, that Feliciano was acquainted with circumstances which no prime minister could bear to have recalled to his memory; therefore, it might be prudent to compromise with him. At a later period, he would be easily disposed of, in the event of his being troublesome. Alberoni took a piece of paper off the table, rolled up a few golden coins therein, and, giving them to Feliciano, said in an impressive manner, "Decidedly, my young friend, you are not yet qualified for the career to which you aspire. Between ourselves
you are not sufficiently practised for it; your memory is too good, and you are too learned. That would injure your prospects. Here, accept this, it is all that I can do for you at present. At a later period the case may be different; in the meantime, if you take my advice, you will be circumspect, you will keep to yourself certain stories which might displease in a high quarter. You understand me?"

Feliciano had understood nothing.

"My lord," stammered he forth. "I—"

"Well, well, that is understood. You may now go and look after your own little affairs," added the prelate, "I detain you no longer."

Feliciano wished to decline accepting the present, but Alberoni insisted so strenuously on his taking it, that he was forced to consent.

As soon as an opportunity offered, he examined the gift of his eminence. The paper in which the cardinal had unwittingly wrapped up the pieces of gold was a copy of the famous madrigal which he had that morning addressed to the queen.

CHAPTER III.

FELICIANO returned to the hostelry in a state of great agitation. Alone at Madrid, without parents, without a protector, and without resources, now that he had been repulsed by the only person from whom he had expected assistance, what would become of him? One circumstance, especially, added to his uneasiness, namely, that he could not understand the meaning of the cardinal’s concluding words, which were evidently intended as a warning; but of what?

Fearful that the dejection of his own spirits might awaken suspicion of something untoward, Feliciano endeavored to regain his chamber in secret, but his visit to the minister having delayed him much beyond the hour at which he usually returned home, the vigilant Senora Carmina, who had been watching for him with maternal solicitude, way-laid him as he was proceeding up stairs. Placing herself before him, she said, "You are very late to-day my bambolino (the pet name by which she addressed him). Have you been passing your time with any of the dissipated youths with whom this town abounds? But no, you seem thoughtful. Perhaps business has not prospered with you as well as you expected? though I don’t see why that should be such cause of grief. What does not come to-day may to-morrow."

The Senora Carmina was a pale, stout woman, about five and forty years of age, fresh as a milk-maid, and proverbially good. If she were not rich, it was because she was too fond of receiving the unfortunate who could scarcely afford to pay anything, and rich noblemen who never thought of doing so; and had it not been for the profits of her husband’s business, which was very flourishing, such unprofitable lodgers would have ruined her.

This good dame had three reasons for being attached to our young bachelor. The first, that he had spent the greater part of his youth at Salamanca; the second that he was of an amiable temper; and the third, that he kept the books of the hotel most accurately. Perceiving that in this instance he was endeavoring to evade her
questions, she reiterated them so perseveringly that he was at length obliged to inform her of nearly every thing that had happened. The Senora listened with breathless anxiety.

"There," said she, "you see that Domingo's advice was the best. If you had followed it, this humiliation would have been avoided. You have only got what you deserve, you silly goose."

Feliciano, who knew her pride, said never a word about the cardinal's present, or, rather, his charitable donation. Then fervently clasping his hands, he entreated her to say nothing of this to Domingo, as he would be angry with him for not having followed his advice.

"And he would be quite right in being so," added his tormenting hostess, as she further observed; "What are you going to do, now that the efforts of your pen bring you in scarcely anything, and that the door has been shut in your face?"

"I shall wait a little longer," replied the youth, "his eminence promised to bear me in mind."

"Goose that you are," exclaimed the Senora, "not to perceive that his eminence only trifled with you, for it is thus that all unfortunate applicants are dismissed. If he had had any intention of being useful to you he would have employed you at once. In short, you must do something to live, as you have not a single maravedi in your pocket."

Feliciano hung down his head, thoughtfully, as he said in a supplicating tone, "A little patience, Senora, perhaps better days may come, and then I shall know how to reward you for all your goodness."

"Indeed! and pray have I ever spoken on this subject, ungrateful wretch that you are?" continued the generous woman, who felt hurt that Feliciano should have thought her capable of speaking thus from interested motives. "But come," continued she in milder accents, "do not ruminate thus over your griefs. Take a little walk on the Prado, and that will tranquillize you; in the meantime, Domingo and I will think of some employment for you."

Feliciano did not await her repeating this advice; only, instead of following her suggestions which road he should take, he started at once in a direction diametrically opposite to that which she recommended. We know that he was in love; and although, perhaps, hopelessly so, in consequence of the immeasurable distance in station between him and the object of his adoration, yet he continued to love her distractedly. He possessed, indeed, a tender, timid and devoted disposition, which, although at first not easily affected, yet, from that very cause, the more sincere and faithful when it had once fixed upon a congenial object. Regularly, every day, he sat for hours before the gates of the palace wherein Dona Ines resided, waiting to catch a single glimpse of her as her carriage rolled by. On these occasions, he never failed saluting her with an air of profound respect; nor did she fail to return it with a gracious smile, perceptible only to him for whom it was intended,—a smile that he valued more than all the favors which the cardinal could have heaped upon him. Sometimes, however, he was doomed to the disappointment of not beholding Dona Ines at all, and, after fruitlessly

[COURT MAGAZINE]
waiting until nightfall, he would return to his garret in the bitterest feelings of despair.

Instead, therefore, of going to the Prado, as just previously directed, he turned his steps towards the palace of Buen-Retiro, and there can be no question but that he was specially favored on this occasion, for, on his return home, a complete change was perceptible in his manner, and his eyes sparkled with the most lively joy.

Surprised at this inexplicable metamorphosis, the Senora Carmina said with heartfelt interest:—"It appears that the open air has been of service to my Bambolino? Is it not so? You must remember this recipe upon each fit of melancholy."

"Ah! Senora, answered the bachelor, if you but knew how happy I am at this moment!"

"How's that! has his eminence recalled you to give you a good situation?"

"Not very likely!"

"Have you found a treasure?"

"A treasure of beauty; yes, Senora, you cannot imagine a being so perfect."

The wife of Domingo looked earnestly at her young lodger, whilst she said in a grave voice:—"By the holy saints! you are in love."

"What a noble bearing, what a distinguished air," continued Feliciano, entirely absorbed by his enthusiasm. "It is enough to drive one mad."

"But, answer me," continued the hostess: "Are you really in love?"

"But Senora... I..."

"Good! that's all you needed to be quite beside yourself."

"Domingo, then, has not told you?"

"Monster! probably you forbade him?"

"I? I swear to you I did not."

"Then why did you not tell me yourself?"

"I dared not, Senora."

"Are you, then, so very much afraid of me?"

"I dreaded your remarks," replied the bachelor, timidly.

"Then, of course, the object of your love is unworthy of you."

"On the contrary, Senora, she is a great, a beautiful lady attached to the Court."

"Mercy on us! a lady belonging to the Court! The boy is mad!"

"I am afraid so, Senora; but she possesses so many charms: her eyes are so soft, her smile so gracious."

"What do I hear! the love is reciprocal? And pray how long have you had this crotchet in your head?"

"About three years, Senora."

"Three years! only that time! And by what name call you your beauty?"

"Dona Ines of Toledo."

"Dona Ines of Toledo? Ah, you unlucky wretch!"

"But, Senora, you are conjuring up evils which do not exist. I do not see any thing unfortunate in the attachment."

"Aye! and her betrothed? Do you think that he will allow such goings on!"

\textit{H—(Court Magazine)—November, 1843.}
Feliciano turned pale.

"Her betrothed!" repeated he, slowly.

"That's right, pretend to be astonished, idle rascal that you are. Perhaps you don't know that in three days Dona Ines is to marry the Marquis of Los Herreros."

Feliciano supported himself against the wall. His legs nigh failed to support him, his eyes suddenly grew dim, and he trembled exceedingly, even like an aspen-tree. He was ignorant of what his hostess had just informed him, and after the gracious smile which Dona Ines had bestowed upon him but a few minutes before, he could scarcely bring himself to credit the unwelcome intelligence.

Seeing that he was nearly fainting, the Senora seized hold of a smelling bottle, and applying it energetically to his nostrils, she succeeded in restoring him to consciousness: but it was in vain that she tried to repair the mischief she had caused, one thought alone rendered him heedless of all else.

"Senora," said he, at length, in a trembling voice, "Are you quite sure of what you have just told me?"

"Nothing can be more certain," she answered, "for it is Domingo who is to furnish the wines for the wedding."

"What! Domingo knew this, and never informed me."

"Had you not promised Domingo never again to seek Dona Ines?" exclaimed Domingo himself, at the same moment placing his hand on Feliciano's shoulder.

There was a silence of some minutes, which was only interrupted by the sighs and suppressed sobs of the poor lover.

"True, I had promised you," he at length stammered forth; "but, Domingo, think you that I could live in the same town and not try to behold her once more? Impossible, I had not the courage to make such a sacrifice, my affection got the better of all my resolutions."

"Poor child!" muttered the kind-hearted hostess.

"Is it your turn now," cried the vintner, "to become pathetic? That which is done, is done, and——"

"And that which is not yet done may never be done," interrupted Feliciano, rushing like a madman towards his room. A sudden thought had struck him at the instant, which was neither more nor less than to assure himself of the truth of Senora Carmina's assertion, by an application to Dona Ines herself. Perhaps the idea of writing to her at such a moment, and with his prospects, was not the wisest in the world, but as a lover is seldom supposed to be in his right mind whilst the fit lasts, we must not condemn him for taking so decisive a method of ascertaining his fate.

Two hours passed rapidly away, during which time he wrote at least a dozen letters, yet withoutcontenting himself with any. The passionately-methodised love-letters must be written by persons in a perfect state of indifference, as it is impossible for those under the influence of strong feelings to express themselves coherently. The poets who give the fullest description of the tender passion, are those who have least felt its influence. There are sceptics who (never having seen her lovely portrait) pretend that Petrach's Laura was an imaginary being, or at best a red-haired dame, quite incapable of inspiring the passion he so eloquently portrays.
in his lovely sonnets. Be this as it may, the ardent youth could not write in such a style as the Poet’s, and, therefore, threw away his pen in despair, when his eyes suddenly chancing to fall on the piece of paper in which Alberoni had rolled the gold, he took it up mechanically, and having read it, found it contained a most charming declaration of love in the form of a madrigal. Fate could not have been kinder; here were his own very thoughts, but instead of their being expressed in humble prose, as his would have been, they were rendered into charming poetry. Whence this treasure? To whom addressed? How came it into the cardinal’s possession? But what signified all this? The motto “Amore con misteria,” was the most appropriate to his situation, and Feliciano resolved to make use of it; and having copied it verbatim, he rushed down stairs, where he found his hosts still wondering at his abrupt departure and triumphant look.

“My case is not yet desperate,” cried he, shewing them the paper which he had folded in the form of a letter.

“How so! and pray is it with a scrap of paper that you think of preventing a marriage which is already fixed?” exclaimed Domingo. “Ah! my young friend, I fear you are losing the little intellect which you once possessed.”

“I am resolved and will prevent Dona Ines’s marriage taking place.”

“And can you imagine for a moment, child,” said the Senora Carmina, in her turn, “that you can successfully compete with the Marquis of Los Herreros, first chamberlain to the king, and knight of the golden key? To have any chance, you should be as great a lord as he.”

“As to that,” replied Domingo, gaily, “it is easier to become a great man in these days than clerk to a prime minister.”

“That may be true, but you know that this marriage is fixed for Wednesday next,” continued Carmina. “It is not in these days that one can become either a prime minister or his clerk.

“Many a citadel has been stormed in as short a time,” pursued the merry vintner, “but there is no use in discussing the matter further; if anything is to be attempted, let it be done promptly.”

All this time Feliciano remained in the attitude of a person whose mind was absorbed by some unseen vision.

“Come, come child, take courage,” said the worthy hostess, as she picked up the letter which had fallen at his feet, “it shall not be said that you are abandoned by all the world.”

“You are very good, Senora,” murmured the bachelor, “and I thank you sincerely for your extreme kindness.”

“You may thank me by and bye;” she replied, “at present we must look to your interests. Now, seriously speaking, you cannot possibly think either of marrying Dona Ines, yourself, or of breaking off her marriage with another.”

“And wherefore not?” replied the youth, gravely, at the same time sighing deeply; “see how Domingo shrugs his shoulders at the bare idea of such a thing.”

“Well, then, I shall kill myself if this be the case!” cried Feliciano, in despairing accents, “for I cannot live without her. Besides, I am sure she will regret me
when she knows that I died for her sake; for I repeat again to you, that I am almost certain I am not an object of indifference to her."

The poor young man’s despair seemed so sincere, and his hopes of being loved, so well founded, that Carmina, touched by his painful situation, changed her tone.

"Well then," said she, "confide this letter to me."

"What will you do with it?" asked Feliciano.

"Give it to me," replied the Senora, "and I promise you that within an hour it shall be in the hands of the young lady. By my faith, more extraordinary things have come to pass. See, for example, I might perhaps have been a princess by this time, had I not preferred this saucy fellow here that I had the folly to take for my husband." Saying this: the kind soul embraced Domingo, donned her best mantella, and took the road to Buen-Retiro.

In less than an hour the lady returned, her face radiant with joy. Her mission had been successful. Dona Ines, about whom she continued to rave, at first hesitated receiving her gallant missive, but, on opening it, she seemed fascinated at its contents, and read it over several times with extraordinary attention. After a short interval of reflection, she begged Carmina to desire the writer thereof to come to her immediately, as she had important questions to ask him: and as it was necessary to use no little prudence, he was to enter the palace in disguise.

"But in what disguise?" asked the bachelor, who seemed out of his wits with delight, and yet trembled at the idea of speaking to his beloved.

"Did I not tell you that Domingo was to furnish the wine for the wedding-feast? As he is known at the palace, he goes in and out at all times, like a hidalgo of the first class. You shall put on one of his dresses my bambolino, and he will accompany you. You shall be his assistant. Will not that suit you?"

Feliciano replied by covering the hand of his trusty messenger with kisses. Five minutes after, he started, equipped from head to foot as a vintner, accompanied by Domingo, whose scepticism was singularly shaken by this turn in his adventure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW.

Dona Ines was of an illustrious family. Her father, Don Juan Mancera, of Toledo, had been appointed ambassador to Venice, and also to Germany; then, viceroy of New Spain, and, finally, a councillor of State. Learned, agreeable, and famed for the strictest integrity, he neglected nothing which could render his daughter worthy of the great name she bore. She was his only child, and he looked upon her as the pride and joy of his declining years.

Worn out, at length, by age and the fatigues of office, Don Juan Mancera died at the period when he had hoped to have reaped the fruits of his parental care and honest precepts. His daughter was then about twelve years of age. She was already very pretty and gifted with that exquisite grace which afterwards rendered her one of the most fascinating persons in Madrid. In his last moments, Don Juan confided her to the care of the Princess des Ursins, who was his oldest friend, and
she accordingly quitted the palace of her ancestors to inhabit an apartment in the
Escurial, which Madame de Brucciano, at that time in the zenith of her power, had
reserved for her.

When, however, her protectress was disgraced, Dona Ines wished to follow her
into exile, but the princess would not consent to such a sacrifice, since Dona Ines was
about to be attached to the service of the new queen, Elizabeth of Parma, and
Madame des Ursins did not wish her to renounce the brilliant prospects opening
before her. Besides, as matters then stood, she was not sorry to have a faithful
 correspondent at court, and one who, whilst she was doing her bidding, would fancy
she was only fulfilling her duty.

Dona Ines had known Feliciano during a period of four years. A romantic and
rather curious adventure had brought them together. The latter had been about
eighteen months at the university of Salamanca, when it was announced that
Madame des Ursins was to make a public entry into the town. Like many others,
he went with a party of his fellow-students to see the procession. At the moment
of his arrival at the triumphal arch under which she was to pass, there was a fearful
tumult amongst the crowd. A plank had just fallen from the scaffolding, striking a
mule, a part of the cortège, on the head. The person who was riding this mule
was a young and lovely woman, who, nevertheless, firmly maintained her seat; but
the animal in its fright pranced and reared, so tremendously, that she was in imminent
danger either of being cast over its head, or of being thrown under its feet. At
this moment, Feliciano burst through the crowd, and seizing the bridle with both his
hands, succeeded in keeping the animal quiet. Dona Ines, for she it was who had
been placed in such imminent peril, thanked him most warmly, and, in token of her
gratitude, eagerly inquired in what manner she could requite the service. Though
poor in pocket, yet of the soundest integrity, he did not at first reply to the ques-
tion. He had ever beheld Dona Ines with feelings of deep emotion, and, as soon as
he had a little recovered his composure, simply asked for a flower which she held
in her hand. Dona Ines hesitatingly acceded to his request, and as her protectress,
the Princess des Ursins, was continuing her progress through the city, she grace-
fully saluted her deliverer, and proceeded at a slow pace. Feliciano retaining, as well
he might, a very pleasing remembrance of this adventure, had but a single wish in
going to Madrid—an opportunity of once more beholding his charming idol. On
her part, indeed, the lady had not forgotten the young student who had so coura-
geously saved her, and knowing well Feliciano's humble condition, she never for a
moment imagined that such a demonstration of her gratitude would ever cause him
to think of aspiring to her hand, so that, in the first movement of her generous
temper, she gave way to the naturally good feelings by which she was actuated, and
fancied that they were only sentiments of gratitude towards him. It was, therefore,
with pleasure, and without the least mistrusting herself, that the unconsciously
wounded Dona Ines daily remarked Feliciano's presence at the gates of the palace;
and she was wholly in ignorance of the real state of her own heart, until the moment
fixed for her marriage with the Marquis of Los Herreros. This arrangement was
very displeasing to her, for she not merely loved Feliciano, but hated the marquis.
From that moment all her energies were at work to try to prevent her marriage from taking place, and she fully resolved that if she could not have the object of her choice, she would never marry the marquis.

It was, however, very difficult to put these resolutions into execution. Engagements had been contracted, and weighty considerations pleaded in favor of Los Herreros, and how was she to battle against such powerful motives? Only surrounded by those who, from interested causes, desired the marriage to take place, she was destitute of one single friend with whom to take counsel in this sad emergency. With a mind fully pre-occupied by thoughts of this nature, the Senora Carmina was at that instant seeking her presence, the result of which interview has been already communicated. The apartments Dona Ines occupied in the palace, consisted of a small turret, comprising several rooms, furnished according to her own taste, and entirely at her disposal. The walls were hung with rich stuffs from Hungary and Flanders, and splendid furniture from Paris decorated the apartments, which also contained paintings and sculptures by the most eminent masters. In short, nothing had been neglected to make it a perfect earthly paradise.

The queen not being likely to require her services again before the time for retiring to rest, Dona Ines had yet two hours' freedom to devote to painful contemplations. Under various pretexts, she dismissed her attendants, retaining only one with her; and thus she impatiently awaited the arrival of the hero of her hopes and future fortunes. It was not long before Feliciano made his appearance. Thanks to his disguise he gained admittance without difficulty, none thinking to enquire his business at the palace. He found the fair object of his search—the expectant Dona Ines—in one of the above-mentioned chambers, and as she was for a few minutes unconscious of his presence, he had an opportunity of looking at her unperceived, and never, even to his ardent imagination, could there have existed a more lovely creature. Black as jet were her eyes, her lips like coral, and her pearly teeth were white as those of the best of far-famed Aragonese. Short in stature, but with a figure exquisitely moulded, she was gifted with that inherent grace which throws such a charm over those by whom it is possessed. With much justice, then, was she reckoned the most fascinating person at the court, and Elizabeth of Parma, finding her a living portrait of herself, became sincerely attached to her. On this very account, Dona Ines was dressed with simplicity, which was as coquettishly attractive as if she had robed herself in gorgeous apparel; her loose robe was of a delicate pink hue, and her feet were shrouded in Turkish slippers, embroidered with silk and gold, which had been brought by a Jew from Morocco. In accordance with the fashion of the times, her lovely raven tresses were concealed beneath a powdered wig, which gave a more than ordinary piquancy to the expression of her countenance. Seated on an ottoman of white cashmere, fringed with gold, she appeared at that instant to be in a deep reverie. One of her arms hung carelessly down, whilst the other served as a pillow, on which rested her lovely head.

Feliciano had been standing some minutes while thus contemplating her, when, suddenly jumping up, she ran to a lamp which shed a soft light all around, and taking out a letter—one, indeed, which had been addressed to her by the very being
who was then ardently gazing upon her—she perused it, and, after crumpling it up in her hand, murmured in a decided tone, "The insolent wretch! if my suspicions should turn out to be well founded, I will unmask him! What was the cause of this threat, and to whom was it addressed? That requires a few words of explanation. When Senora Carmina had remitted Feliciano's letter to Dona Ines, the latter, after having read it, thought she had seen something similar before. But where could that have been? After a short reflection, she recollected that it was with the queen.

It will be remembered that when Alberoni entrusted his love-effusion to her majesty into Laura's hands, the former, after having amused herself at its contents, threw it aside on her toilet, and having left Ines alone in the room whilst she went to the king, the young lady-in-waiting had beguiled the lonesome interval by reading it, without in the least guessing from whom it came. It appeared, therefore, evident to Dona Ines that the same person had dictated the two letters; that which she had received, and the one addressed to the queen. How could she tell but that it was a sort of gallant circular, which had been sent to all the ladies about the court. Necessarily attributing this insolent propagation of the same madrigal to Feliciano, she was furious at having been so long a dupe to the pretended love of a poor scholar, and she resolved to be forthwith revenged. Her first idea was to show her disdain by marrying the marquis; her second, to assure herself more fully of the imposture; and to see to what extent this piece of hypocrisy would be acted; after which, she resolved that he should be publicly expelled from the palace, for by such unworthy conduct she argued that he would have quite cancelled even the remembrance of the service rendered by him at Salamanca. In pronouncing the words, I will unmask him, Dona Ines turned round. Perceiving a young man dressed as a vintner, and forgetting at the moment that she had ordered Feliciano to be disguised, she did not at first recognise him, and angrily demanded his business. Before he could reply she discovered her mistake, and said in a sharp tone, "Oh! it is you, senor, approach!"

This reception differing so materially from that which he had expected, Feliciano was unable to move a step, so greatly disconcerted was he.

"You are the person who addressed this letter to me?" continued Ines, at the same time holding it up. Fearing that this was the cause of her displeasure, the wary youth did not venture a reply. Dona Ines, therefore, repeated the question.

"Yes, senorita," said he, at length, casting his eyes to the ground as he spoke.

"It was for me that you destined it?"

"Yes, senorita."

"For me alone?"

"For you alone."

"The impostor!" muttered she, stamping her little foot, what self-possession he has!" and she continued her interrogatories with forced calmness. "Before coming, as you are in the habit of doing every day, to salute me on leaving the palace, were you not acquainted with some one about the court?"

"I knew no one, senorita."
"No lady?"
"Not one."
"Not even our gracious sovereign the queen?"
"Not even the queen."

There was a silence of some minutes, during which period Dona Ines looked attentively at the bachelor. She appeared to be in deep thought, as if considering whether, with his apparently candid and open manner, he could be imposing on her; wishing, if possible, to come at the truth, she continued in milder accents, "You had some object in view in writing this letter?"

"The contents, senorita, should have explained that better to you than can my words."
"Do you think, then, that I bestowed more attention on it than it deserved?"
Feliciano dared not reply. His lady-love’s disdainful manner froze the blood in his veins.
"Well," continued she, "so you have no reply to make? Why do you tremble thus? What agitates you so much? Speak, I am listening."
"Well, then, senorita, they say you are going to be—married," stammered forth the almost broken-hearted youth, after making a violent effort.
"That is true; what then?"
"You are about to marry the Marquis of Los Herreros."
"I am. But what of that?"
"Ah! he is a happy man," said Feliciano, a deep sigh escaping his breast.
"And pray," demanded Dona Ines, "what has my marriage to do with this singular epistle?"

"What has it to do with it! Ah Senorita! then you have never thought that there might be one poor heart in the world which this marriage would break?", exclaimed the poor scholar, the tears rolling down his cheek.

The breast of Dona Ines was moved to pity, and, spite of her resolution, she began to think that possibly Feliciano might not be as guilty as she had reason to conjecture he was, although appearances were strongly against him. There was, indeed, a mystery in the whole affair which she could not comprehend, and finding she should not be able to unravel it unless she ceased to frighten him, she suddenly changed her tone and manner as she continued:—If it be true that the person of whom you speak is alive to what concerns me, why does he not behave to me in a manner to convince me of this?"

"What! Senorita, can it be? Is there yet a chance? O! for pity’s sake, what is to be done? Speak, and you shall be obeyed!"
"You must first prove that I have not been deceived by appearances."
"I do not understand you," replied the bachelor naively.
"You do not understand me? Listen, then, and answer me without the slightest prevaporation. It is useless for you longer to misunderstand me. You love me, or at least you pretend to do so, is not such the case?"
"With all my soul, Senorita, God is my witness," he answered.
"For me, and me alone, you have written the contents of this letter?"
"For you, and you alone.
"You persist in asserting this?"
"I swear it."
"Take care, your obstinacy may be your ruin."
"I am self-confident, having nothing to fear."
"How comes it, then, that I saw a letter exactly similar to this with a person too highly placed at court to admit of my naming her?"

Feliciano was confounded. He had copied a letter of which he was not the original writer. Another had made use of it. It was evidently in circulation. Having now no other alternative but to pass for a plagiarist, or an adventurer, he did not hesitate which to choose. He had made a sincere avowal of what had taken place, hoping that his frankness, and the motive which rendered him guilty would be taken into consideration. Too happy at finding him innocent, Doña Inez at first amused herself by his embarrassment, and then wishing to know who had dared to write thus to the Queen, said:—"And where did you find this letter, who gave it to you?"
"The Cardinal, Senorita."
"The Cardinal! You must be joking!"
"I do not joke, Senorita."
"What do you mean, did you receive it from him?"
"I swear to you that I did, Senorita."
"And for what reason did his eminence make you this gallant present?"
With a deep blush, her lover recounted his visit to Alberoni, without omitting a single incident.
"Is it possible," cried Doña Inez, indignantly, "that he dared to treat you thus! For a minister of God's word this is somewhat uncharitable. But tell me, you preserved the copy of your letter?"
"Here it is," said the bachelor, drawing it out of his pocket.
"Give it here," eagerly demanded Doña Inez.
Doña Inez had no sooner cast her eyes over the manuscript than she exclaimed:
"It was not without reason that I suspected him! My remarks have not deceived me! Yes. This is his handwriting. I know it perfectly well. Ah! sir Cardinal," continued she, lowering her voice, "and so you dare to love your Queen and to acquaint her with your passion. You use your best endeavors to bring about my marriage with a man whom I detest, whom also you either like or fear, whichever it is all the same. You reject the solicitations of a poor young man, without recollecting that you were once poor yourself, and you leave such dangerous weapons as this in his hands: what an accumulation of imprudence. There is sufficient here to ruin twenty favorites more powerful than yourself!"

Then addressing herself once more to Feliciano:—"Keep this paper," said she to him; "keep it safely, and let no consideration whatever tempt you to part with it."
"I cannot understand of what importance it will be to me," said Feliciano.
"You do not, then, know who wrote it?"
"How should I?"
"Well, you shall know in due time."

Feliciano was singularly puzzled. He would have wished an explanation of the enigma by which he found himself entangled, but not daring to question Doña Ines, he resolved to let her act as she pleased. She then asked him if he had resolution enough faithfully to execute her bidding.

"I promise," replied he.

"Happen what may, you will obey me?"

"You shall be obeyed."

"Recollect that your life, your fortune, in short, every thing, depends upon it."

"How! even to the rupture of your marriage with the Marquis?"

"Yes, even to the rupture of my marriage with the Marquis. And, perhaps," added she, in a whisper, "of my marriage—with another."

"Good Heavens!" cried the poor bachelor, beside himself, "are you not deceiving me?"

"Don Feliciano," said she, intentionally laying a stress on the particle, "Don Feliciano, a fine path is open before you, which only requires that you should walk firmly thereon. I will be your guide."

"You! Senorita?"

"I."

"Then," signifying to him that it was getting late, she added, as she dismissed him with an affectionate smile;—"Adieu, Feliciano, doubtless we shall soon meet again. Be prudent and wise and firm of purpose, and, depending on my assurance, all will yet go well.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOT.

It will be necessary for us to go back a little in our story in order to make the remainder clear. On reaching Saint Jean de Luz, where she was first set at liberty after the strange manner in which she had been carried off, Madame des Ursins was fully impressed that she was the victim of some machinations, and that she had been shamefully maligned by some powerful enemy to her young sovereign. Well, indeed, might she have thought that a person of her quality and merit was not thus driven away into exile—forced to perform a journey of a hundred leagues in the depth of winter, in full dress, with head uncovered, shoulders and arms bare, unless some grievous offence could be alleged against her. What then had been her crime? Was it that she appeared before the Queen in full court-costume? or that, in her quality of first-lady-in-waiting, she had reminded her sovereign of the laws of etiquette, which, in Spain, are so strictly attended to. Whatever the cause, she was not one to remain in a state of uncertainty on so momentous a point. Accordingly, she wrote instantly to the king. Philip V., did not, however, immediately answer her letter. She next sent her compliments to the Queen-Dowager, who resided at Bayonne, and her Majesty refused to receive any communication from her. Irritated at what she deemed their ingratitude, she directed her thoughts to her
relations, and dispatched her nephew, Lante, to Versailles; but Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon turned, alike, a deaf ear to her tale, since she had wounded both too deeply at a former period for either of them to lend her a helping-hand in her present distress.

In her journey to Paris, she was not more successful; she lighted at the residence of her brother, the Duke de Moirmontier, where she at first received a few visits, official rather than friendly; yet, once paid, the proud princess was left in the most complete solitude.

To Madame des Ursins this sort of life was a dreadful punishment, and unable longer to endure such neglect, she decided on retiring to a magnificent Chateau which she possessed in Touraine. It was called Château de Montloup, in consequence of being situate in the centre of a large forest. The only trace of its former existence is a pagoda. Madame des Ursins remained two years at this castle, during which she was actively employed in preparing for her re-appearance on life’s busy stage. At the expiration of this time, she returned incognito to Spain. Her first thoughts were to conspire against the king, to whom she attributed her disgrace; but having soon after had proofs that Cardinal Alberoni was its real author, she directed all her arts of intrigue against him. She took an oath to overthrow the idol of the moment, were it even to cost her king his throne, whilst, at the same time, she was prepared to dispose of it to the Duke of Orleans, for although then at variance with this prince, there would, she thought, be little difficulty, under such an emergency, in regaining his good graces.

Aware of all that was passing at court, by her correspondence with her ward Dona Ines, she had dispatched an emissary beforehand in whom she placed implicit reliance. The individual was an Italian musician of the name of Sabbadini, who was clever, cunning, and ripe for action. He had formerly been persecuted by Alberoni, and, consequently, bore him mortal hate.

He provided all the means necessary, and found plenty of malcontents to second his purpose, for Alberoni, by his pride and insolence, served to encourage an addition to his numbers. When Madame des Ursins arrived at Madrid, she found the outline of her plot perfectly arranged, and all that remained was to put it into practice.

The highest dignitaries in the kingdom had joined her cause; the minister of finance, Count Orry, who was of French extraction, had consented to co-operate, and also one of the Cardinals. In short, this vindictive princess wished not only to overthrow Alberoni, but, also, to supply his place; and, with this object in view, she fixed on Cardinal Porto-Carrero.

Don Luis Fernandez, one of Clement IX.’s cardinals, and Archbishop of Toledo, according to Saint Simon possessed an imposing countenance; was honest, polite, and frank, of ordinary capacity, easily led, and, above all, the implacable enemy of Alberoni. He was just the sort of man then to suit the ex-favorite, who meant to govern the state in his name.

The Duke of Escalonza, one of the chief conspirators, an old man who numbered seventy-two years, tall, thin, and proud as he was tall, hard-featured, with a bald head and a man of few words, opened his house to the discontented faction. There,
therefore, it was, that Madame des Ursins alighted; and, as soon as she arrived, she lost no time in dispatching a messenger to Dona Ines, requesting an immediate interview. The latter instantly obeyed the summons, and the old princess, who well knew how to set forth her purpose the most advantageously, informed her of her projects, and finished her recital, saying that she had disposed of her hand to the Marquis of Los Herreross. The marquis was old, ugly, and without fortune; but he was first chamberlain, and had, besides, the ear of his master. He was, therefore, necessary to their purpose. Dona Ines, remarkable for her youth, beauty and fortune, was promised to him as the reward of his co-operation. It has already been seen how Dona Ines received this proposal, merely, however, for the purpose of passing time, and, also, how, after her interview with Feliciano, she had resolved on escaping from it. Meanwhile, the day on which the plot was to burst forth, arrived. All the members of the association had assembled at the Duke of Escalona's at the appointed hour. Amongst them were to be seen the Count Palma, nephew to Porto-Carrero; the Duke of Rio Secco, formerly governor of Milan; Don Frederick of Toledo, a near relation of Dona Ines; Don Antonio Ubilla, secretary of state; Don Benavides of St. Estevau, viceroy of Sardinia and Sicily; and the old Marquis of Los Herreross, together with Madame des Ursins. All these noblemen, with the exception of the marquis and the princess, were dressed with studied simplicity, in order that their meeting at the Duke of Escalona's should be as little noticed as possible.

The latter, whose physiognomy was radiant with joy, had continued so to cheat the hand of time by the splendor and coquetry of her costume that, even to the eye of the keenest observer, she cut off at least twenty years from the seventy-five of her existence.

The Marquis of Los Herreross was the living image of Don Quixotte, which will render a further description of his person unnecessary, except that, at the Spanish court, there was not to be found a prouder, vainer, or more obstinate old fool.

The Duke of Escalona had arranged one of the magnificent chambers of his vast palace for the reception of his noble accomplices. Prudent measures, had, however, been adopted to prevent the possibility of a discovery. The walls were hung with thick tapestry, and the windows veiled with triple curtains; and, without the pass-word from the princess, no person was admitted into the palace.

This was the first general meeting of the conspirators; and, now assembled, each looked to the other, expecting an opening charge against the cardinal; but it appeared that every one had been as inactive as if the plot would be put into execution without any active assistance. Madame des Ursins was cruelly disappointed: on the faith of her imprudent friends she had come, as it were, torch in hand, to fire the train which had cost her so much labor to lay; the natural energy of her character prevented her, however, from being faint-hearted. Several of the conspirators, thinking that the plot had failed, already talked of withdrawing; others said never a word, though they were of the same opinion; and Madame des Ursins saw that she was threatened with a general defection. An unexpected incident at this moment—like the forbidden Clontarf-meeting—came fortunately to her relief.
When the cause seemed to be entirely lost, the tapestry which covered the walls was suddenly agitated, and presently opened to admit the passage of the princess' young and lovely ward. It was the morning after her interview with Don Feliciano. At the sight of Ines, the loud talking ceased, as if by magic. Several noblemen, thinking themselves discovered, cried out treachery, and wished to fly. A single gesture from Dona Ines, however, detained them, and, advancing to the centre of the room, she said in a soft but firm voice:—"Fear nothing, gentlemen, I do not come here with hostile intent. On the contrary, I come to offer you the means which you have sought in vain of overthrowing your enemy, who is, also, mine, since he is the enemy of my noble protectress.

It would be impossible to describe the effect which these words produced on the assembly; and surprised, and much affected, Madame des Ursins ran towards her ward, near whom the amorous marquis had already placed himself, but whose endeavors to please she received coldly. Without giving their opinion, the other conspirators begged that she would quickly make known the real object of her visit.

"I consent," said Dona Ines resolutely, on three conditions.

"What are they? speak!" said many voices. She appeared to hesitate, as if not unconscious of the importance of the words which she was about to utter.

"Well! dear child," said the princess, "why do you hesitate?"

"I scarcely know whether, before so many."

"You may speak without fear. There is no one here before whom you need hesitate to communicate."

"You authorize me to do so, Madame?"

"Yes," certainly, answered Madame Des Ursins "proceed."

"Well, then" (I beg pardon of M. de Los Herreros, whom I trust I shall in no wise offend) but the first condition is, that my intended union with him shall not take place. The second, that a certain person whom I shall designate, be put in his stead; and the third, that when the plot shall have succeeded to the satisfaction of all those concerned, the person of whom I speak be recommended to his majesty as his private secretary.

"Are these three conditions accepted," continued Ines, in a timid and, at the same time, resolute tone.

Los Herreros was thunderstruck, and not less astonished than he, Madame des Ursins sought to explain to her ward the impossibility of what she would exact.

The marquis, whose reward was to have been her hand, would doubtless retire from a plot which his affection for Alberoni had for a long time prevented his joining, and to which he had only assented on the promise of possessing her ward's hand, and enjoying her large fortune.

But Dona Ines remained proof against all the observations, and even threats of the princess. She said that the marquis would not be the less compromised from having withdrawn so late from the conspiracy, and that his safety, as well as that of all the other members depended upon their acceding to the conditions she had proposed.

Madame des Ursins then took the marquis aside. All the noblemen who were
disinterested in the question had already vainly tried, one after the other, to make him consent to the proposals of his betrothed. The old and proud chamberlain, whose self-love, as well as ambition was wounded, swore by all the saints, (and in Spain their name is legion), that he would a hundred times rather share the fate of the others, than submit to such an affront. But when the wily princess whispered a few words in his ear, he suddenly changed his resolve, and, to the astonishment of those assembled, gave his full and free consent.

This was all that Dona Ines required. She instantly retired, in order to have the new compact in writing, and, also to give notice to the person who, according to her statement, held the fate of the conspirators in his hand. Half an hour after, Feliciano, whose name and address she had given, was introduced to the assembly; timid, uncertain, and not knowing what was expected from him, he had blindly obeyed the order which Ines had despatched to him. A general movement of surprise greeted the young bachelor on his entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

TREACHERY.

Feliciano's appearance produced not merely general surprise, but the greatest disappointment amongst the noble conspirators. They had expected to see a hero of commanding stature, with a thick moustache, and an intrepid air; instead of which they beheld a youth, with flowing locks, blue eyes, a mild look, soft voice, clad in a worn-out doublet.

Thinking that they had been deceived by Dona Ines, fear took fresh possession of their minds, and they impatiently waited an explanation. Feliciano, his blue cap in hand, looked all round with an amazed and timid aspect, mentally wondering into what sort of society the order of his young mistress had introduced him.

As master of the house, the Duke of Escalona was president of the assembly; he therefore commenced by demanding the new adventurer's name, place of birth and profession, questions which are invariably linked together in every part of the world. He next explained the duties which individuals owe to their country; and as Spain was his second country, his second mother, Feliciano was in duty bound to devote himself to her. At length, coming to the point, he said, slowly:—“Doubtless you are aware of the object of our meeting here?

“ My lord,” stammered forth the bachelor, “ I——”

“ You know that we only act for the safety of the throne?”

“ If your lordship would permit me——”

“ That our intentions are pure and loyal?

“ But, allow me, my lord——”

“ You must be aware of the importance of our projects.”

“ I doubt it not, my lord, yet——”

“ They have not hid from you that, happen what may, the most absolute silence is imposed on you?”

“ Oh, my lord, of what I know, they would not drag a syllable from me, but it is precisely for this that I——”
"You have been informed, and I consider it my duty to repeat the warning that my betrayal would be punished to the death?"

"It is odious to be a betrayer. But before I could betray any thing, your excellency must——"

"That death would strike the perjuror, wherever he might be?"

"In that case, my lord, my life is perfectly safe, for——"

"Answer me. Do you not know some of the noble associates here present?"

Feliciano turned round, and rapidly examining the spectators, struck his head.

"Swear, then," said the duke, at the same time drawing his sword, the handle of which formed a cross, "swear by this sacred symbol never to reveal to mortal what you have already heard, or what you may hear."

Frightened, at first, by these solemn precautions, Feliciano scarcely knew what to do. All that he saw and heard was a problem which it was beyond his comprehension to solve. But, at length, recollecting that his interrogator had announced that he was about to learn more, and thinking that this might extricate him from the dilemma in which he was placed, laying his hand on the sword, he replied:

"I swear it."

"I consider it useless to remind you," said the president, "that every good Castilian (which you are from henceforth) should maintain his word with his life?"

"Quite useless."

"That's well, now tell us what you know."

"What I know! what about? about what?"

"About the person whom our united efforts are seeking to overthrow."

"But, my lord, what am I to tell you?"

"All that you know; without omitting the minutest particulars."

"That would, indeed, be difficult for me to do."

"Are you afraid of committing yourself? You are in good company here; come, cheer up."

"I do not doubt it. Only——"

"What, then, prevents you speaking?"

"The simplest reason in the world."

"But yet?"

"Why, my lord," replied the bachelor, modestly, "in order to reveal any thing, it is necessary first to be acquainted with it, and I, a poor unknown individual in Madrid, positively know nothing of what you do me the honor to enquire of me."

At these words, prolonged murmurs and menaces were heard. They mistook ignorance and naivete, for impertinence and cunning. Some of the most enraged were for punishing him on the spot. The duke himself darted a furious glance at him as he said:—"Do you forget before whom you are, and to whom you speak?"

Then, recollecting that Feliciano pretended to be ignorant of this:—"Learn," added he, "that you are standing before the highest and noblest of the sons of Spain, and that you owe them deference and respect."

And as the bachelor bowed his head without speaking, he continue:—"Do you persist in silence?"
"In the name of Heaven," cried Feliciano, who was getting exasperated at the obstinacy of his interrogators, "What do you want me to tell you? I know, in fact, nothing."

"Perhaps," said Cardinal Porto-Carrero, in a quiet tone, "it would be well to inform this young man of what has been agreed to in his favor."

"Let him speak, first," replied the Marquis of Los Herreros, impetuously. "It would be impolitic to acquaint him with the result of our decision, until we know on what we have to rely. We have no certainty of his possessing the infallible means of encompassing our ends. If he is really devoted to us, he will freely and loyally serve our cause. If not, we must be on our guard."

"You hear this, young man," said the president. "If you possess any proofs, oral, or written against him, let us have them, and you shall then know your promised reward."

Feliciano was in perfect agony. What could he do? what could he say? How did he come to be mixed up in the affairs of so many illustrious persons? If Dona Ines were but present! Where could she be? why did she abandon him at such a time?"

"Did you not hear me?" continued the president. "Must I repeat my question? If you know anything against him——"

"But, once for all of whom do you speak?" said Feliciano, impatiently.

"Young man! young man! beware! the forbearance of the assembly is well-nigh exhausted."

"But, my lord," stammered the poor scholar, "I am the victim of some mistake. I repeat, again, that I know nothing of any one, as I possess nothing, therefore I can give nothing."

"Then, why did you not say so at first?" asked the president.

"I made the attempt several times, my lord, but you did not give me time to finish the sentence."

At this unexpected and mysterious declaration great agitation reigned in the assembly. The members did not know what to think of such obstinacy, for they never imagined that Dona Ines would have brought forward this youth, without being quite sure of the course she intended to pursue. Some powerful motive they thought must have thus chained him to silence.

Cardinal Porto-Carrero spoke again:—"I will not," said he, "recur to my first proposal of acquainting this young man with the reward which awaits him, as the Marquis of Los Herreros is averse from such a course, but I venture to propose that, in the present state of the case, and to clear up this misunderstanding, Dona Ines be sent for to give the necessary explanation."

That is quite right, cried all the members at once, "let Dona Ines be summoned."

When the maiden appeared, there was, as at her first entrance, a dead silence. At the bare mention of her name Feliciano started; but one look sufficed to set him at ease, although he did not yet know what was required of him. His countenance became radiant in confident expectation.

With smiles upon her beauteous face, Dona Ines advanced, and being called upon [COURT MAGAZINE.]
by the president, and likewise by her guardian, she replied by putting a paper into
the hands of the princess.

"Permit me, first, madam, to present for your signature, and that of the Mar-
quís of Los Herreros, this writing which I have had properly drawn up in terms
which, however apparently vague, revealing nothing, are yet in legal form fully bind-
ing for every purpose."

"What means this?" demanded the Marquis, frowning.

"Simply, a formality. But you can judge for yourself, my lord," added the
cunning girl, as she passed the paper to him.

This was the ratification of the treaty entered into by the Marquis, to renounce
the hand of Ines, and the promise made by Madame des Ursins to allow her to
marry Feliciano, and likewise to raise the latter to the post of private secretary to
the king, in the event of his being instrumental in Alberoni's downfall. The princess
affixed her signature without hesitation. Not so, however, the marquis, who
was furious that a poor scholar should be preferred to himself, and it required
the united assistance of all present to keep him to the performance of his promise.

No sooner had he affixed his signature, than Ines placed the writing in Feliciano's
hand; then, respectfully addressing her noble patroness, she explained the manner
in which she had discovered that the youth to whom she owed her life had accidentally
become possessed of positive proofs of Alberoni's guilty passion for the Queen, and
concluded by saying that if Feliciano had hitherto been silent on the subject, it was
only because she had not had time to develop her plans to him. She then further
declared that she had hoped to have been summoned with him before the
assembly when she intended to explain the essential service which he could render,
not merely to them, but to the whole of Spain. This declaration calmed the per-
turbed spirits of those present, and inspired them with still greater confidence.

Her assertion however, relative to Alberoni, required proofs; and, aware of this,
she advanced towards the astonished Feliciano, who was examining the copy of his
epistle which had been handed to him, yet without understanding its mighty im-
portance. Taking the precious document from him and handing it to Madame des
Ursins, she said smilingly:—The exchange is henceforth complete, we have our
pledge, here is yours.

Madame des Ursins read the note, and, convinced of the authenticity of the
handwriting, handed it triumphantly to the Duke of Iscalona, who, in his turn,
handed it to the Marquis, and thence it made the circle of the chamber.

At the sight of this gallant and criminal epistle of the cardinal-minister, the
conspirators were transported with joy. They wished instantly to manifest his guilt
to the king, and it required all Madame des Ursins' powers of persuasion to delay
them. The princess, whose knowledge was ripened by age and experience, wisely
represented to them that such a step would have the appearance of a plot, and that,
under such circumstances his Majesty might refuse to believe the accusation, and she
strongly urged that it would be better to wait until the next morning's petit lever,
when Los Hereros might cunningly bring forward the subject and accuse Alberoni,
whilst the keeper of the robes was to be occupied in preparing His Majesty's dress
for the day.

I—(COURT MAGAZINE)—NOVEMBER, 1843.
This advice prevailed. The assembly, nearly certain of success, and having only patiently to await the result, began now to disperse. Feliciano was also preparing to depart, when the discomfited chamberlain suddenly stopped the retiring members, and required the bachelor's detention until the following day, alleging that, as Dona Ines had thought fit to take precautions against him, he likewise wished to adopt similar measures, at least against her future husband.

However unnecessary such an act appeared to be, his wish was nevertheless granted, and, by an intimation from Dona Ines, Feliciano readily consented. What signified a few hours' captivity compared with the happiness in store for him? The meeting then separated.

The bachelor had suffered about an hour of his provisionary detention, and was seated before a table on which an elegant dinner had been served, when Dona Ines, pale and trembling, notwithstanding the habitual firmness of her character, suddenly entered the chamber.

"Great God! Senorita! what is the matter" said Feliciano, supporting her in his arms.

"In their rage they have scandalously deceived us!" muttered the maiden with precipitation. "The traitors! Flee, my friend, flee! They promised me your hand, yet they will never keep their promise. I have heard them. Flee, then! Your happiness depends on it!"

The following scene took place, whilst the poor bachelor was giving himself up to the gastronomic delights of his captivity. Madame des Ursins was well aware that, so far from having any hatred to Alberoni, the Marquis was, on the contrary, devoted to him, and that he owed to him his brilliant position at court. The promise then, of the lady Ines, was the inducement which tempted him to join the plot against his friend, and fearing that the rupture of this promise would be fatal to her cause, Madame des Ursins, as before mentioned, secretly induced him to give his consent.

As soon as the assembly, generally, had dispersed, those who remained were more explicit in their conversation, in presence of the Duke of Escalona. "What have you to fear" said the Princess to him. "Let us but succeed and we shall be strong enough to brave all opposition. The youth is poor, if necessary he can be enriched and sent back to his own country. If he should be restive, he may be forcibly driven from Spain as a stranger, as poor and weak as when he first arrived."

"Let it be!" said the Marquis, "but there is a double precaution to be taken, which is to make sure of his delightful person, and to get possession of the engagement which he now holds."

"Nothing easier to be done," said the Duke, in his turn; "our people will easily accomplish this double-work."

Such was the conversation which, unperceived, Dona Ines, whom suspicion had rendered vigilant, overheard.

Accordingly, she ran instantly to inform Feliciano of their intended treachery.

"But how can I flee?" said the latter, "know that I am a prisoner here?"
"Yes," replied the trembling maiden, "but this palace is full of secret outlets. Come, hasten, and we may find one which is unguarded. Once safe, outside, we shall be lost if you do not recover the copy of the letter which you entrusted to the hands of the Marquis."

"How can that be done?"

"I will inform you; but come, I hear footsteps approaching. One minute more, and all is lost!"

Feliciano did not wait for a repetition of the invitation. He followed Ines through the mazes of that immense palace; hasty footsteps soon resounded through the vast corridors. It was evident that they were pursued, but in a few minutes they were happily enabled to cross the threshold, unobserved.

CHAPTER VII.

On quitting the palace of the Duke of Escalona, Dona Ines and Feliciano sought refuge in the house of the Senora Carmina. This was the only place where they could with safety reflect on what was next best to be done, as not a moment must be lost ere they endeavored to recover the copy of the madrigal, of which Madame des Ursins, together with the other conspirators, had so treacherously robbed them. Their every energy was, therefore, devoted to this object, now that they were so fortunately aware of the Marquis of Los Herreros' intentions, as well as those of Madame des Ursins to render binding the former engagement with her ward; and Dona Ines, though possessing great strength of mind, was fully aware that the obstacles which were yet to be surmounted would need her utmost fortitude.

"Bless me," said Domingo's worthy wife, as soon as she perceived them, "how dejected you look! Has any disappointment occurred?"

Dona Ines replied only by requesting the good woman to accompany them into a room where they could hold private conference with Domingo. She then related all that had happened: after which a long silence ensued.

"I told you, my young friend," said Domingo, at length, shaking his head, "that all this would lead to no good."

"Hold thy croaking tongue, Domingo! You always look on the dark side of the question," snappishly interrupted Carmina.

"Yes, our fates hang by a thread," said Ines; "but the case is not yet quite desperate."

"Is it possible?" said Feliciano, once more brightening up.

"Listen to me," she replied, as a happy thought seemed to be rising at the moment in her mind, "Feliciano, you must instantly go to the Cardinal."

"What for?"

"You shall know that in due time. You must ask him for a blank warrant of arrest, together with a pass."

"What's then to be done?"

"Never mind."

"But he may refuse to give me these papers."
"No, no, you will obtain them."
"You think so?"
"I am sure.
"Should he ask me from whom I came?"
"You must not exactly name any one."
"Yet, if he ask?"
"You must say that you are sent by a lady in the palace, and, in proof of this you will add, that you are expressly forbidden to mention her name, but that your pass-word to him was to be 'Amore con misterio.' I think that on pronouncing these magical words, all difficulties will vanish."
"But what influence can those words possibly have on the mind of his eminence?"
"What matter to you? go, and return quickly; I shall await you here, and remember that your liberty, your fortune, your happiness, nay, even your life, depend on your success."
"My happiness! why not say your's also; this would at least stimulate my exertions."
"Well, be it so, our happiness, go there, and quickly."

Transported with joy, Feliciano ventured to imprint a kiss on the fair hand of Ines, and then hastened to execute her commands.

During this period, a scene of a different nature was enacted at the hotel d'Escalona, where, after the meeting of the conspirators, we left the Duke, the Princess des Ursins and the Marquis of Los Herreros. The three intending to intimidate the young student, or, perhaps, anxious to have him better secured, bent their steps towards the apartment where he was imprisoned, but whence, indeed, he had but just effected his escape by the quick-sighted agency of Dona Ines. Judge then of their surprise, at finding the bird flown! How, too, had he escaped? Who had dared assist him in his flight? These ejaculations ended, they made the most minute search through the house, and, no where tracing him, they were at length fully convinced that the prisoner had, indeed, got clear off the premises.

Immediately they held serious consultation on what was best to be done. Had they not reason to fear that Feliciano would acquaint the Cardinal with the plot which was ripening against him? On reflection, however, they thought these fears were groundless, for Feliciano, whom they thought still ignorant of their base designs towards himself, was too much interested for his own sake in the success of the Cardinal's overthrow. Finally, they agreed that Los Herreros should immediately endeavor to procure a blank warrant of arrest, by means of which, if they succeeded in finding their prisoner, they could once more retain him in their power. As previously agreed upon, they now separated, after arranging a meeting the next morning at the King's early levee, where the plot against Alberoni was to burst forth.

The Marquis had joyfully accepted the mission of waiting on the Cardinal. He was one of those persons, willing to enter into almost any conspiracy, yet without taking any visible part in an open rupture. If, therefore, the conspiracy failed, a thing by no means improbable, he wished to acquire a title to the Cardinal's gratitude; or, at least, claim upon his indulgence, by some demonstration, how falsely so
ever in reality, of zeal in his service. And he likewise hoped to be enabled to induce Alberoni voluntarily to yield up his post, whereby any violent explosion would be prevented, and all the purposes of victory be answered without a combat or danger.

On the entrance of the Marquis, the old Chamberlain arose and advanced a few paces to greet him, then, inviting him to be seated, he said:—"Well, my dear Marquis, what news do you bring from court?"

"I have not been able to-day, to present my humble homage at his Majesty's feet."

"You were wrong," replied the cunning Marquis, assuming at the same time a dejected and affectionate tone, "you were wrong! This is an act of neglect, of which your enemies may take advantage. I advise your repairing it, the first opportunity—to-morrow for instance—by appearing at the early levee."

"I thank you for your good advice, and shall not fail to profit by it," replied the Cardinal. "But, my dear Marquis, may I enquire to what happy chance I am to attribute the honor of your visit?"

"'Happy' is not the word, my Lord," replied the Marquis, sighing deeply.

"Has any misfortune, then, befallen you,?"

"Not positively to myself; but indirectly, perhaps; for that which affects our friends and benefactors wounds us, also, when our hearts are in the right place."

"Yes, yes, I know you to be a sincere friend, and, what is more rare, a grateful man."

"These are the qualities in which I glory, and to these would I sacrifice all else."

"I am convinced of it," replied the Cardinal, "but, my dear Marquis, to what leads this solemn prelude."

"My lord, all the philosophers, ancient as well as modern, are agreed on one point, which is, that fortune is capricious; popularity ephemeral; and the favor of kings very uncertain."

"What nonsense are you spouting now?"

"My lord," continued the Marquis, in the same dogmatical tone, "what think you of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus; in short, of all the authors who have sung forth the charms of retirement and the sweets of humble life."

"By the holy saints, Marquis, explain your meaning?"

"I mean to say, that were I holding the offices of your eminence, who must be overburthened with the weight of affairs, I should prefer the quiet of the country to the bustle of a Court."

The Cardinal eyed his visitor askance, as he said:—"Here is, if I mistake not, some secret intent. Can you explain the cause?"

"Your interest, my lord, my anxiety for your peace of mind."

"I am truly sensible of your kindness. But what may have given you reason to think that my real interests have become of so pastoral a character?"

"I will not conceal from you that certain complaints have reached my ears. Your eminence has done too much for Spain not to have made enemies."

"What mean you?"
"That, were I in your eminence's place, I would instantly give up state affairs; and quit the kingdom, never again to return to it."

"Indeed!"

"What happiness," continued the Marquis, "to be exempt from the cares of this troublesome world. What a charm to breathe the pure air of the country, to see the rosy morn appear! ó fortunatus nimium. You know what I would say?"

"In truth, dear Marquis, you are caring too much for my happiness. My taste is less pastoral than you divine."

"I am sorry, then, for your eminence; but I see that I must speak plainer."

"That is what you should have done in the first instance."

"You permit me, then?"

"I even beg of you to do so, and, if necessary, I must insist upon your informing me."

"Well, then, it is whispered that you have addressed a madrigal to the queen, which does not at all suit your sacred character; something, in short, in the style of the C. tullus and Tibullus of whom I spoke but an instant ago."

Astonishment rendered Alberoni silent for a moment: then, recovering himself, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, boldly saying, "Is that all?"

"Is not that enough for your eminence?"

"I allow," replied he, still laughing, "that I expected a less ridiculous dénouement. And pray who are the retailers of such idle stories?"

"They are not named, but said to be high in power,"

Alberoni ceased laughing, and knit his brow.

"Ah! ah! they are said to be powerful! By the saints, we shall see which will be most powerful, they or I! I can easily crush every one of them at the first grasp."

"Your eminence has not a hand large enough to contain them all."

"They must be very numerous," said the minister, with an involuntary shudder.

"Well! it matters not if they be a hundred thousand, I will face them all."

"Your friends, then, my lord, must insist on your listening to reason."

"Never!" said the prelate, firmly.

"Make no rash resolves, my lord, they have an infallible means of forcing you."

"What?"

"The copy of your madrigal."

"Is it possible?" rashly exclaimed the surprised Alberoni, as he began to search through his scattered papers.

"So true," replied the Marquis, "that I saw it with my own eyes."

Alberoni instantly became thoughtful. He recollected the fate of the Count of Villa Mediana—surnamed the queen's lover—who, having dared to declare his passion to the queen, was shot with a bullet by order of Philip IV. Thinking that if Philip V. were to hear of his gallantry, he might possibly cause him to be served in a similar manner, he shuddered all over.

The Marquis continued:—"Does your eminence, then, prudently decide upon temporising to the wishes of your friends?"
The prelate remained silent, whilst pacing the room with agitated steps. At length, he said:—"I shall imitate your frankness. I allow that, in a moment of folly, I may have traced a few bad rhymes."

"Pardon me, my lord, I had the pleasure of reading them, and I assure you that they are very good."

"Did you consider them so?" said the Cardinal, in whom the author's self-love for a moment prevailed over the fears of the minister.

"They are excellent. Quite in the style of Tibullus, as I have already had the honor of telling you."

"I am the victim of a most abominable calumny! my intentions have been misunderstood: but I must get out of this dilemma. I must render it impossible for my enemies to ruin me in the eyes of the king: dear Marquis, what in my place would you do? You know that both our interests at the Court of Philip V. are alike. If I have already been fortunate enough to do any thing for you, I shall be too happy to continue to forward your views. Speak, then, get me out of the scrape, and my gratitute shall be as unbounded as your ambition."

Los Herreros reflected for a moment; the triple object of his visit seemed about to be attained.

"There may yet be a means of saving you, my lord," said he, "but this method will require much vigor and circumspection. I think that I know the person who possesses this fatal manuscript."

"His name?" demanded the Cardinal, quickly.

"I am not sufficiently sure to compromise any one. Besides, it is repugnant to my feelings to be an informer."

"How then shall we be able to get possession of the paper?"

"Nothing easier; let your eminence but give me a blank warrant of arrest, and I will undertake the rest."

"If that is all that you require," said the minister, taking up a printed form, and appending his signature and seal thereto, "you shall not wait long. Here," continued he, addressing an officer who presently appeared, "you must instantly accompany the Marquis of Los Herreros, with three constables, and strictly obey his orders, for the mission with which he is entrusted is of the greatest importance to the State," and, as the old chamberlain was about to retire:—"So my friend, my true friend," he added: "succeed and rely on the gratitude of your country."

"I shall be sufficiently rewarded," replied Los Herreros, "by the service which I hope to render your eminence."

The Marquis retired, transported at the complete success of his visit. One hour after, all the police of Madrid were on the look out for Feliciano. The Marquis returned to his own residence, there to await the result of their search. In a short time, he was informed of the young man's abode, for the police, though they often suffer great rogues to escape, are ever quick at discovering honest people. On hearing this, in order to arrest his young rival, and obtain from him the paper which he held relative to his—the Marquis'—renunciation of the hand of Dona Ines, the Marquis set off for the abode of the Senora Carmina.
During this brief period, Feliciano, in his turn, presented himself to the Cardinal, conformably with the instructions which he had received from Dona Ines. On perceiving him, the Cardinal, who was in a state of extreme agitation, knit his brow, and said, without recognising his visitor:—“What do you want?”

“A blank warrant of arrest.”

“In whose name?” cried the astonished prelate, full of suspicion.

“It is impossible, my lord, for me to name the person by whom I am sent.”

“That is strange: tell me, at least, if it be any one about the Court?”

“Yes, my lord, it is a lady—a great lady——’’

“Young?”

“Young.”

“Pretty?”

“Yes, very.”

“Dark, or fair?”

“Dark. But, my lord,” stammered the bachelor, recollecting the lesson he had received from Dona Ines, “perhaps I am not at liberty to enter into these details. Your eminence obliges me to reveal that which I have no right to do.”

“A lady belonging to the court, say you?”

“Young, pretty, dark,” murmured the prelate, as if considering which of the ladies answered this description.

“But,” added he, “have you no other indication by which I may at least know the legitimacy of the demand?”

“The person told me, that at these simple words: ‘Amore con misterio,’ you would at once know that it was for some one whose requests the prime minister dared not refuse.”

“What do I hear!” cried the cardinal, hastily, recollecting that these words were the motto of his imprudent madrigal to the Queen. “What! Her Majes——’’

He stopped short; not doubting for a moment but that the request came from the Queen herself, whose description, though not intended for herself, had been so faithfully given by the young messenger, whom he now recognised as having treated so cavalierly the day before.

“A plague upon thee, my young friend,” said he, graciously, to Feliciano, in order to make him forget his previous reception, “if I am to judge by the confidential commission with which I am now entrusted, you have not lost your time. That is what is called making one’s way quickly.”

“The fact is, my lord,” replied the student, naively, “that, from yesterday, fortune showered her favors upon me, and without, indeed, having the least talent for cheese soup.

Alberoni bit his lip, but answered nothing, as he was unwilling further to offend a messenger whom he supposed to be employed direct from the Queen. Without more hesitation, therefore, he immediately signed and sealed the warrant; and thinking to please his sovereign well by favoring her protegé, he said to Feliciano: “I suppose, my young friend, that it is the intention of those you represent that this arrest should take place as speedily as possible?”
"Yes, my lord."

"Has any one, as yet, been charged with the execution of the warrant?"

"I have that honor, my lord."

"You? but you do not possess the rank requisite for that office, and this is indispensable. From this moment, you are one of the officers of the palace. Here is a commission for you. I am happy to embrace this opportunity of being useful to you, and of obliging her who sent you here."

And as the bachelor was profuse in his thanks:—"Go," said the cardinal, giving him his hand to kiss, take with you some of the constables that are here, and hasten to execute the orders you may receive. Your zeal will be appreciated, and you will receive the thanks of Spain."

Ten minutes after, the bachelor, followed by his escort, arrived at his hotel. He found the Senora Carmina nearly fainting from the effects of the strange scene which had taken place at her house. The Marquis of Los Herreros had presented himself there to arrest Feliciano, and Dona Ines, herself, had time only to escape by a private door, to avoid being recognised. Not finding Feliciano, Los Herreros searched his room, but was not more successful, for Ines had possession of the precious papers which he was seeking to obtain. He left the inn, much annoyed at his bad success, and, as already mentioned, returned, after having again despatched the police in search of the unfindable bachelor.

Without loss of time, Feliciano ran to the palace, where Ines had taken refuge under the escort of Domingo. The constables who accompanied the young man, and who wore the cardinal's arms, facilitated his entrance. Dona Ines had been most anxiously expecting him, and a ray of joy illumined her lovely countenance when she beheld him. She took the warrant from Feliciano, and, after hearing his account of the different incidents which had befallen him during his mission:—

"Ah! sir marquis," said she, "it is thus that you act towards us! You dare even declare war against us: be it so! We will battle with you, and on equal terms, and we shall see which will be the cleverest and strongest of the party."

Whilst saying this, she had taken up a pen and inserted the name of the marquis in the warrant.

"Off with you," said she to Feliciano, "be off, and do your business, quickly."

"Our happiness," added she, laying emphasis upon the words, "will be the reward of your labors."

Feliciano hastened his departure, still accompanied by the constables.

Never dreaming of any danger to himself, the Marquis had not taken the slightest precautions. He had returned, alone, to his hotel, awaiting the result of the search after his rival. When, therefore, Feliciano appeared to arrest him, he had not the means of offering the slightest resistance, and patiently submitted to his fate.

The evening was considerably advanced when Feliciano, after having accomplished his mission, returned to the palace to acquaint Ines with the result. Los Herreros was in prison, and Feliciano had regained possession of the warrant for his own arrest, and also of the copy of the famous madrigal, which the Cardinal, at the moment, was deeply lamenting having sent to the queen.
"Victory," cried Ines, gaily.

"Victory," repeated Feliciano, who, like many generals found himself a victor, without well knowing to what he actually owed his success.

"Yes, victory!" shouted the sceptic Domingo; "but do not forget that defeat is sometimes twin-sister to triumph."

"That is true" said Dona Ines. "To-morrow the decisive battle takes place. I do not know who will ultimately carry the day, but, at present, our position is far more advantageous than our adversary’s; we will hope for the best."

Saying this, her betrothed extended her hand to Feliciano, who pressed it with transport to his lips. Then the bachelor and Domingo took leave of her and reached the hotel, where their presence calmed the Señora Carmina’s fears, and they were enabled to rest after the fatigues of that eventful day.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

At length, dawned the important day, which was so impatiently expected by the conspirators, and so dreaded by the Cardinal and Feliciano. Of all those interested in the event, Ines alone awaited the progress with characteristic strength of mind. On this day, there was to be, as we have already stated, a levee at court.

Knowing the King’s habit of early rising, the conspirators assembled betimes at the palace of Buen-Retiro. Among them were the Duke of Escalona and Madame des Ursins, for whom the night before Dona Ines had obtained the Queen’s permission to re-appear at court. This lady was quite proud of signaling her re-appearance by a coup d’état; not only did she aim at overthrowing Alberoni, but she hoped to take his place, under cover of Cardinal Porto-Carrero, who was one of her most devoted tools.

Alberoni, also, was observed amongst the crowd, looking grave and thoughtful, and, a few steps behind him Feliciano, already equipped, through the kindness of his friend Domingo, in the elegant costume of an officer of the palace.

All the courtiers were assembled in a vast saloon, communicating with the King’s bed-chamber, and anxiously expecting his appearance. Some were conversing in low tones, whilst others were interchanging looks.

At nine o’clock, the guarda-roba opened the folding doors leading from the royal chamber, and said in a loud voice:—"Gentlemen, the King!"

Philip, appeared, leaning on the arm of Burlet, his first physician. Behind him, walked with his head down and arms crossed, his confessor, d’Aubenton.

At this period, Philip was thirty six years of age, low of stature, deformed; but pleasing in countenance he possessed also agreeable and affable manners. This felicitous turn of disposition was rendered still more perfect by an excellent education, agreeably to the course directed by his grandfather, which would have rendered him conspicuous amongst the sovereigns of Spain, had not these qualifications been more than counterbalanced by extreme weakness and vacillation.

An enemy to ostentation, he was generally attired with great simplicity. On
A legend of Spain.

the present occasion he wore a black doublet, a great contrast to the elegant costume of his courtiers. The royal orders of Calatrava, Saint Jacques, and Alcantara, were fixed at his breast, whereby he shone conspicuously above the attendants of the palace. In seating himself in a velvet-cushioned chair, the courtiers with their plumed hats ranged themselves respectfully around. The morning was lovely, the sky of the deepest azure, and the air redolent with perfume.

The king shot a delighted glance at the gardens of the palace, gazing awhile at the equestrian statue of Charles V., after which, in a happy mood, he addressed a few flattering words to those about him. But in the breasts of the vast assemblage no echo of cheerfulness responded to the king's sentiments of delight; on the contrary, an undefined feeling of anxiety seemed to chill the hearts of all present.

The absence of Lóí Herreros began equally to surprise both parties; uneasy at not having seen him since the night before, although he had promised so faithfully to restore the copy of the madrigal, Alberoni could but ill conceal his feelings of anxiety. This circumstance, likewise, perplexed the conspirators; the chamberlain had been deputed to make the attack on the prelate, for which purpose he had been entrusted with the proofs of his guilt. The Princess des Ursins, too, could scarcely control her impatience. They all now began to fear that the Marquis, whose character was well known, had either betrayed or abandoned them, and all eyes were anxiously turned towards the door, in expectation of his arrival. Our friend, Feliciano, who was yet ignorant of the real cause of his being thus mixed up in the affair, attentively watched the door communicating with the Queen's apartment, hoping in case of need that Dona Ines would come to his assistance.

Meanwhile, the ceremony of kissing hands commenced, and each of the courtiers came up successively to kiss His Majesty's right hand.

When the Princess des Ursins reached the king for the same purpose, "You are welcome, Madam," said the Monarch, "it is with the greatest pleasure that we see you once again at court."

The king then gave several official appointments and decorations to his courtiers, when, perceiving Alberoni approach, who, with affected humility had hitherto kept in the background, he said to him, gaily:—"Well, sir Cardinal, how go the affairs of our kingdom?"

"Sire," replied the minister, "all goes well: how could it be otherwise, with a monarch who busies himself as does your majesty with the happiness of his subjects. "It is, at least, my most ardent wish to promote their happiness. But, tell me, M. le Cardinal, I heard that some fears were entertained respecting the harvest this year."

"These fears were chimerical, sire, and the alarm was only spread abroad by the discontented. The harvest will be abundant, thanks to the energetic measures which we have adopted under your Majesty's guidance, the public prayers which you so wisely ordered, and also a little to the genial rain which fell so opportunely. But, how could it be otherwise, under a prince so enlightened, and so truly paternal in his government, as he, under whom the Spaniards have the happiness of living."

Gross as was this flattery, it was not displeasing to the royal ear, and this great
triumph on the part of Alberoni still further augmented the conspirators’ fears. Madame des Ursins was bursting with rage.

The ceremony was well nigh over, yet Los Herreros had not appeared. Seeing that His Majesty was shortly about to give the signal for withdrawing, the princess, after exchanging signs with the principal conspirators, determined upon commencing the attack herself.

"The cardinal is right," said she, "His Majesty’s reign is one of the happiest, as well as the most glorious which Spain could enjoy. It is, however, much to be regretted that the people are daily departing from their primitive purity."

"Ines," interrupted Philip, "that is a sad picture; for morality and religion—— are certainly——"

"But tell me, is there any new adventure—any poor husband—whose fate must move every feeling breast—a class of unfortunates already too numerous?"

"Sire,—I know not if I dare mention such circumstance? The first to deplore such things, I must not then be sorry to know them. I am glad to be made acquainted with every thing which passes at Madrid; the first duty of a king is to search out the truth. Speak, therefore, omitting none of the details."

Alberoni seemed instinctively to guess the snare which was laid for him, and attempting to change the conversation, "Oh! sire," said he, "there is nothing which could possibly interest you in all I can have to say. There are reports afloat but without foundation, and deserve not, therefore, any attention at your hands. But, à propos, I perceive that this is one of the most favorable days this winter. Your majesty, if I mistake not, decided on hunting this morning."

Madame des Ursins saw through the cardinal’s object, and hastened to resume the discourse in which the king seemed to have taken no small interest.

Accordingly, with the bitterest sarcasm, she intimated that his eminence appeared just then to be in a most angelic mood, yet there was a certain madrigal, a piece of gallantry worthy of Petrarch which was then much talked of, and which was addressed to a great lady at court; but that which rendered the affair more piquante was, that this epistle was attributed to a certain prelate, although the style of it was not the most apostolic."

"I understand," said the King, laughing, "it is by Saint Augustin before the conversion. It is very amusing,—that is to say, no, it is very wrong. But how comes it Cardinal, that you did not inform me of this? What have my police been about? Should they not know all that is done, written, or said in this kingdom?"

"Pardon, Sire, but there is nothing in all this: it is merely a fable invented by the idle; possibly, by the enemies of our holy religion."

"Your eminence is mistaken," replied the lady quickly, "and I can recite, if necessary, several passages of this gallant declaration." For example, the charming motto which serves as an epigraph: "Amore Con Misterio."

"By my faith! but the adventure is a droll one," said the King laughing. "Poor husbands! how they are deceived, both in prose and poetry! And is it known which the lady made use of for her answer—the language of the gods, or that of vulgar mortals?"
"I am ignorant of that, Sire," replied Madame des Ursins; "I know not if any reply were made: but I saw the verses in the hand-writing of their holy and gallant author, in the possession of the Marquis of Los Herreros, who yesterday had the happiness of possessing this poetical autograph."

"By the holy saints," said the King, still laughing, "the adventure is henceforth incontestably true."

Whilst his Majesty was enjoying the scene, Alberoni regained a little of his assurance, on learning that the manuscript had been in the possession of Los Herreros, the evening before.

But, thought he, "why does he not ratify his promise by giving it to me? What can delay his appearance?"

The Princess, who was rather pleased at the success of her first attack, was, likewise, in a state of consternation at his non-appearance.

"But à propos of Los Herreros," continued the King, when his merriment had subsided a little, where is he? How happens it that my chamberlain is not here? Let some one go for him, for I am anxious to inform myself of this famous madrigal. I do not forget the wise precept of my glorious grandfather, that Kings should judge of every thing with their own eyes."

Alberoni, wishing to divert the King from this new fancy, said in a respectful tone: "Sire, will your Majesty permit me to remind him that the hour for the council has arrived, and that the important business which it is my duty to submit to him, should not be postponed for such futile matter."

But the prelate had to contend against a very strong party, and Madame des Ursins resolved at once to strike the blow in the absence of Los Herreros.

"I am surprised," said she, in measured accents, "that his eminence should treat the question so cavalierly: for, if it were only to do justice to his rare talents, the truth should be told, that the verses are his."

Philip looked for a moment at the cardinal, and then laughing afresh, "How!" ejaculated he, "can it be true that the cares of the state have allowed your eminence time to sacrifice to the muses?"

"Sire," stammered forth the prelate, "your majesty will not, I trust, treat such an allegation seriously. Surely a man of my character need not defend himself from levities to which respect for your majesty dispenses me from giving a harsher name."

"This is, indeed, being too modest," said Madame des Ursins, and seeing the queen enter at the same moment, accompanied by Dona Ines, she added, maliciously, "But here comes her Majesty, who can, I think, testify to the beauty of the verses, as they have had the honor of being placed before her eyes."

At these words, Philip knit his brows, and paused to reflect a moment as to the line of conduct which he should pursue. He could not understand how Madame des Ursins could dare to ask such a question of her majesty.

He then advanced towards the queen, and placing her at his right hand, said, in a tone of assumed gallantry, "By my faith, madam, I knew that our dear cardinal was a great statesman, but was quite ignorant of his rare poetical talents. What does your majesty think of these?"
Taken by surprise, the queen knew not what to answer. She understood that the king alluded to the madrigal, which she recollected having consigned to the flames of her brasero, without having shown it to her husband, and, therefore, felt greatly embarrassed as she replied, hesitatingly, that she did not comprehend his meaning. The sudden appearance of Los Herreros at this moment prevented the queen’s manner from being noticed.

“Sire!” exclaimed the old chamberlain, “I come to demand justice. I was arrested yesterday, and have passed the night in prison.”

This unexpected declaration, of an event of which they were ignorant, greatly astonished the assembly.

“Who, then, has dared to arrest my chamberlain without my permission?” said the king.

“Sire,” replied the latter, it was by the orders of his eminence.

“Yet,” continued Los Herreros, at the same time glancing furiously at the latter, “I was arrested by a young man belonging to the palace, who was accompanied by a young man belonging to the guards. At these words, a fresh murmur arose, every one imagining it to be a coup of the cardinal; and the latter, rightly thinking that the newly-made and young officer might have been the queen’s envoy, dared not utter a syllable, lest he should compromise her. He contented himself, therefore, with persisting that there must be some mistake.

“I am willing to believe it,” replied the king “until further proof thereof to the contrary. But, better late than never. My dear marquis, you are reputed to have in your possession a madrigal which has created quite a sensation in the palace, be so good as to let me have it instantly.

“I humbly crave your majesty’s pardon,” replied the chamberlain, it would be impossible for me to obey your orders.

“And why not, if you please?”

“Because the person who arrested me carried off that very paper.”

The conspirators now thought that they had in reality been trifled with. Alberoni himself was confounded. The king, more strongly suspecting some strange disclosure, which they were evidently anxious to keep from him, cried aloud, “Since it was an officer of the court who arrested the marquis, let him declare himself. If he yield me up the paper which I require, I promise him a free pardon. All eyes were turned anxiously round the room; Alberoni alone recognised Feliciano as his visitor of the preceding evening, and, approaching him, whispered in his ear, “Be silent, have you really the paper?”

“Yes, my lord?”

“Keep it, and I will make you captain.”

“Uncertain which of the two orders to obey, Feliciano, by a rapid glance, sought counsel of Ines. The latter, by a slight inclination of her head, recommended silence.

“Well,” said the king, “must I needs offer a reward to the holder of this famous madrigal? Be it so, then, and if he declare himself I will give him the rank of colonel.”
"Silence," still gently murmured the cardinal, as he continued to speak in an under tone to the youth, "and I will make you a general!"

The bachelor again looked at Dona Ines, who still motioned him to be silent.

"I see," continued the king, "that we have to do with an ambitious man, be he who he may. Let him but speak, and I appoint him secretary of state; but let him be quick, or, instead of rewarding him, I may possibly be tempted to punish his insolent silence."

"Not a word," once more whispered Alberoni, to Feliciano. "Silence, and I make you governor of a province."

During this scene, the Queen's anxiety momentarily increased. The conspirators, on the contrary, deriving fresh hope from the King's pertinacity, were secretly congratulating each other.

Urged on, at length, perhaps by motives of jealousy or by curiosity, the King exclaimed, "let him speak, and deliver up the paper in question, and I name him a Duke and Grandee of Spain!"

Carried away by ambition, on hearing these last words, Feliciano was about to declare himself, and deliver up the paper without regarding Dona Ines, when she suddenly stepped forward, and, motioning him to be silent, advanced towards the King, and taking the letter which Feliciano had written to her, and copied from that of the Cardinal, "Sire," said she, bending respectfully as she presented the paper, here is the madrigal which your Majesty wishes to see."

Philip took it from her, read it over quickly, examined the superscription, and not recognizing the Cardinal's writing:—"What," said he, smiling, "it was then, to you, that this curious declaration was made?"

"To me, Sire," replied the young girl, blushing deeply.

"And who is the gallant writer of these verses?" continued the King.

"One of your most faithful servants, Sire," said Ines, pointing at the same time to Feliciano.

Madame des Ursins at this moment cast a withering glance at her ward. Elizabeth, who was thus cleverly delivered from all her anxiety, affectionately pressed the hand of her young lady-in-waiting, and turning towards the King, who seemed to ask if the young girl's story was true, she said:—"I have been for some time aware, Sire, of the love of these two young persons for each other. If I have not mentioned it to you before, it was because I wished Feliciano previously to acquire your Majesty's good opinion, and thus merit the hand of Dona Ines."

"If this is the case," replied the King, who was evidently pleased at the unexpected dénouement, "I shall not retract my words, and the title of Duke and Grandee shall be the fortune which Dona Ines shall receive at our hands, for the husband whom she has chosen."

Alberoni triumphed; the conspirators, seeing the cause entirely lost, approached him in order to offer their congratulations; when Philip, who had old grievances against him, and only waited a favorable opportunity to escape from his yoke, addressed the prelate as follows:—"As to you Cardinal, we render you our royal thanks for your good and loyal services, and we think that we shall best reward them
Ines of Toledo.

by our allowing you the rest you have so well earned. I think that a journey to Italy" . . . .

"Now for it," said Herreros to the Cardinal with an ironical smile: "I told you this yesterday. O fortunatus nimium!"

Alberoni appeared not to understand his meaning, and he still hoped to weather the storm, but Dona Ines, who dreaded the prelate’s future power against her lover, approaching him, said softly; "Take care, my lord, I have as yet only shown the copy to His Majesty, but recollect that the original is still in my possession."

Alberoni no longer hesitated; his life was at stake. He retired without attempting to utter another word.

"I give the same advice to Madame des Ursins, said the Queen, "which his Majesty has given to his eminence. I do not think that the air of Spain suits her, and hope that of Italy will be better for her health."

Madame des Ursins understood the hint, and forthwith retired.

Ines whispered to Feliciano, that the victory was on their side.

When the events of this memorable day were known at the fonda; "Well, Domingo," said the Senora Carmina, to her liege lord, "You see that merit, however poor the professor thereof, will always succeed.

"Yes," replied the sceptical Domingo, "when it understands cooking as well as his eminence, or is assisted as well as Feliciano has been, by all the artifices of a young girl."

"That should for the future prove to you, that a husband should always obey his wife. Remember, then, the moral of this history, and, for myself, I shall never forget it."

THE LADIES’ TOURNAMENT.

"Our husbands departed by morning’s first light,
A parley to hold with the stern robber-knight;
While they wend, like women, to tourney with words,
Let us mount their war-steeeds and wield their war-swords,
What ho, there! ye varlets!—bring courser and mail,
The helm for the joust with its barr’d aventail;
Unworthy her lord shall be counted the dame
Who feareth to splinter a lance in his name!"

A damsel there is in that bevy so fair;
No husband hath she whose good name she may bear;
She had taken the style of a count Palatine—
The bold Duke of Limburg, the pride of the Rhine;

And well doth the maiden that title maintain:
She hath stretch’d each fair tilter in turn on the plain;
There are many, I ween, who will to their last day
Have cause to remember that perilous play!

The burghers return’d to their castle and town,
And to welcome their husbands few ladies came down;
And more did they marvel to find at each home
Their arms in disorder—their steeds in a foam!
But loudly they laughed when the riddle was read:
To Limburg full soon the strange tidings were spread;
And rich was the largess the gallant Duke gave,
To his young maiden-champion, as lovely as brave!

Sing the Ladies’ Tournament!
The "Frauen-turn" sing!
Wiser now, they are, I trrow,
And tilt but at the ring.

* The perforated plate attached to the helmet for the encounter, before the moveable visor was invented.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
CHAPTER I.

If the privileges of our warmest friends could render their dictates as absolute, as their counsel is essentially infallible, these pages would never have challenged that publicity, which, in their present form, they perhaps injudiciously seek to obtain. To veil our wrongs from all but the authorized tribunals of private sympathy—to nurse the remembrance of human perfidy in secret and in silence—such we are told is the duty of our sex, whose frequent lot is suffering—whose highest virtue is resignation. The serf, who linked to bondage from his birth can but feebly comprehend the rights of freedom, will raise his voice against vindictive oppression, and that appeal will be responded to by universal justice, but the being whose weakness is her strength, whose title to protection is founded upon the plighting of faith and the surrender of affection, she must be taught, with bitter mockery, to anticipate that just recompense for treachery and ingratitude, which the reflection of her own unsullied mind can never fail to bestow.

My motive for making public these confessions, it is not incumbent on me to reveal; nor will those, whose experience may lead them to feel an interest in the record of my own unhappiness, complain that I have denied them that intelligence.

It may be the caprice of a way-ward and self-willed disposition—it may be the promptings of a self-accusing spirit which would stone by its acknowledgment of error for injustice to the dead; or, it may be, to give expression to that scorn of the living which years have nourished in this bosom, that he, by whose baseness it was first engendered, though separated by the vast ocean, and in fancied security, may yet experience its power, as well as inclination to destroy.

I have not sufficient philosophy to determine in what manner character is constituted, nor do I know whether that unbending and impetuous disposition which has been ascribed to me, is an hereditary failing, or has grown out of the adverse circumstances by which I have unhappily been encompassed. Though born in England, my paternal ancestors were Portuguese—indeed, it has been rumoured that they were of Hebrew origin, and had not escaped those persecutions, which, in former ages, cupidity visited upon all their tribe, ere they renounced the faith of their forefathers—yet, though often despoiled of their dearly-cherished gains, they still contrived to accumulate both wealth and treasure—I have seen a jewelled cross in my father's cabinet, which is said to have once sparkled on the breast of a monarch, by whom it was pledged on some sudden emergency and had never been redeemed.

* See by the same author, published in this Magazine. "Emma Wilton," September and October, 1843.
"Mary Sinclair," January, 1843.
"Maria Angel," June, 1843.
K—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1843.
My father, whose occupation was that of a diamond-merchant, came to England at an early age, where he married the widow of a baronet. The union was attended with mutual dissatisfaction. My mother had formerly held the appointment of lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of —, where she attracted the notice of Sir Reginald D—, who had a numerous family, living, by his first marriage; on his decease, nearly the entire of his property descended to his children, leaving a very inadequate provision for his widow, who found herself compelled to relinquish that style of living to which she was inclined both by taste and habit. It was, therefore, I suspect, more from motives of worldly policy than sincere regard, that she condescended to espouse a merchant, whose affluence would restore her to that sphere of society from which, during her widowhood, she had been comparatively excluded.

I had nearly attained my fourteenth year, when the estrangement which had so long existed between my parents terminated in a formal separation. My mother, to whom as an only child I was tenderly attached, was anxious to have charge of my education, but this proposition my father firmly opposed. No fewer than three times, I was clandestinely conveyed to my mother by her agents, and as often was I discovered in my retreat, and compelled, against my earnest entreaties, to return to my father’s roof. At length, to prevent all opportunities for further communication, my father placed me under the protection of an aunt, who resided at Fontainebleau with her husband, and an only son, whose character will hereafter be more fully described.

The very day on which I landed in France, was that which beheld the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne—in the person of Louis XVIII.—Buonaparte having departed for Elba, to pass the brief term of banishment which preceded his last triumphant return to his adopted country. I was at Fontainebleau, when the report of cannon announced his approach. Never shall I forget the impression which that magnificent spectacle made upon my imagination. Though a mere girl, I entertained the highest admiration of the military profession, and had read with glowing enthusiasm that great warrior’s prowess and achievements; but when I saw from the window of our hotel his regal form, and when I heard him harangue his veteran followers, who, kneeling down, bare-headed and with uplifted hands swore allegiance to their captain and their king, till, suddenly, the rolling drums summoned them to arms, when, starting up, amid the deafening shouts of the populace, the warlike multitude moved onward to the capital; the emotions which I then experienced, it would be impossible to describe; nor was their influence, extravagant as it might appear, of transitory duration; even now, their dark record may be traced upon my heart in characters, which, while memory and feeling remain, can never be obliterated.

CHAPTER II.

Owing to declining health, my uncle, who was an English advocate, had retired from practice, and taken up his residence in France, where he employed himself in superintending the education of his only son, upon whom both he and my aunt doted with excessive tenderness. Eugene was in his fifteenth year—a delicate,
fair-haired boy, exceedingly amiable, studious and sentimental. Although constantly in his society, and having no other companion of my own age, singular to say, I never evinced any sincere sympathy towards him. His timid and sensitive disposition clashed violently with my vehement inclination for hero-worship. Had he only been brave—could he but have participated in my glowing admiration of that mighty warrior, whose renown was no less universal than his ambition, I could have devotedly loved him. But to see him poring over books, day after day—to listen to his soft and tremulous voice—to mark how the mere sound of a drum would throw him into the most ludicrous agitation, or the sight of a bayonet blanch his effeminate cheek, excited feelings of scornful derision, which, though perfectly sensible of their unworthiness, I could neither banish nor control. Often have I reasoned with myself, and mentally acknowledged how ungenerous was my demeanour towards poor Eugene, whose very infirmities would have conciliated the esteem of one whose judgment was less perverse and infatuated than my own. Then, too, he was such a gentle and inoffensive creature; for more than three months he entirely abstained from associating with his young companions, nor could even my aunt divine his reason till, one day, he came to me with an engaging smile, as I was sitting at work, and shewed me a locket (which he had purchased out of his accumulated finances), and which he solicited me to accept as an inadequate token of his affection.

During the memorable one hundred days which intervened between Napoleon's return to France, and the annihilation of his glory on the plains of Waterloo, we were under the surveillance of the National Guard, from which body one was selected to officiate as sentinel at our Hotel and prevent any person quitting it without proper authority. On the Sunday which ushered in that memorable and fatal contest—if I may here speak as well as feel with the heart of a Frenchwoman—every church throughout France was crowded with earnest devotees, offering up their prayers on behalf of their Sovereign and Idol. Couriers, wearing the tri-colored cockade, were arriving every hour, on their way to the capital, with despatches from the seat of war, and thousands pressed forward and stopped them to enquire respecting the event, in which men, women, and even children, felt so deeply interested.

It was a beautiful afternoon—my uncle and aunt had gone out on their parole d'honneur for a walk, and I was sitting at the drawing-room window watching the telegraph as it communicated, by its mystic symbols, the progress of the battle, when, suddenly, Eugene came running in with a letter, carefully sealed, which he told me a stranger had just delivered to him as he was standing at the door, in conversation with the sentinel, who kept a vigilant eye on our establishment. A glance at the direction enabled me to perceive that it was in my mother's handwriting. I opened it with eager curiosity, and read the contents. My mother had arrived at Havre, where she was arrested, owing to some informality in her passport. She entreated me to quit my uncle's roof, and place myself in charge of her friend the Chevalier de Grasse, who would wait for me at the entrance to the Cathedral, where a vehicle would be in readiness to convey me to meet her. My resolution was taken immediately. I determined to act upon my mother's pro-
posal. The practicability of escape alone remained for consideration. I did not deliberate many minutes to solve this enigma. Requesting Eugene to gather me a plate of strawberries from the garden—he would have travelled miles to gratify my most capricious desires—I hastily equipped myself for my contemplated expedition, and telling the sentinel that I wished to visit the Cathedral, he allowed me to depart without hesitation, and I proceeded to the place of appointment, where I found a post-chaise and four in attendance. A postillion, as I had been led to anticipate, stood with the door open; I sprang in, and before I scarcely knew what I had done, I was sitting beside a gentlemanly person with grey moustaches, in a blue, braided frock-coat, but very reserved in his manner, for he only opened his lips about twice while we travelled a mile, and then it was to condemn the postillions for the inefficiency of their harness, which materially impeded our progress, by demanding continual adjustment and repair.

The taciturnity of my chaperon, at length, became intolerable, and I ventured to ask him in my native tongue how long my mother had been in France, and where, and by whose authority she was detained. To these enquiries my companion made a very laconic reply, which, being imperfectly acquainted with his language, and unaccustomed to his abrupt delivery, was to me quite unintelligible. Deeming it, however, fruitless, to make any further overtures for a mutual interchange of sentiment, I calmly resigned myself to my destiny, and the Chevalier to his meditations, and diverted my attention by looking at the happy groups in their Sunday attire, who were taking their evening walks, or dancing on the green sward beneath the chestnut trees that skirted the road-side.

The vesper-bell of a neighbouring convent was tolling at sunset, as we came in view of the picturesque old town of Rouen, about half a league from which there is an antique bridge with a low and dilapidated parapet, the townspeople being either too poor or too indolent, one would imagine, to supply those deficiencies, which time and decay so imperatively demand. We were within a short distance of this bridge, when a troop of cuirassiers was suddenly seen, emerging from the archway of the barrier, by which the town is both fortified and secured. Their breastplates, sparkling in the beams of the setting sun, had a most dazzling effect; and I was admiring with all my characteristic ardor the noble appearance of the cavalcade, when I was somewhat alarmed at perceiving that our horses were accelerating their pace beyond what prudence would justify, and that the postillions had lost all command over them. The Chevalier, not less than myself, seemed to apprehend danger from these circumstances, and letting down the front windows of the chaise he called to the postillions to slacken their speed, or else stop and allow the soldiers to pass. Whether his injunctions were clearly understood, I know not, but, at all events, before they could be complied with, the sudden crash of martial music afforded us additional ground for alarm, as the horses, startled at the sound, rushed wildly towards the parapet of the bridge, where a partial breach had already been made, and the carriage, coming in contact with the stone-work, was literally dashed to atoms. I

* We must ever, when the records of such breaches of honor occur even in a tale, remind the youthful reader, that such an act is extremely unprincipled.—Eo.
The Confessions of Esther Mountnoy.

just saw the river flowing with a deep and rapid current beneath me—when the shrieks of women, and the groans of one in dying agonies rung in my ears, and I remember no more—for although my nerves are not easily shaken, the terror I felt on this occasion completely prostrated my courage, and I fainted away.

When I had recovered my senses, how shall I describe my astonishment, on finding myself in my little tapestried chamber at my uncle's house, with two grave gentlemen in black at my bed-side, by whom my first attempts to exercise my voice were instantly repressed. Presently my aunt entered the room, followed by poor Eugene, his eyes inflamed with weeping. I could only extend my hand to him—he dropped on his knee, and kissed it with an impassioned tenderness, that awoke in my ungrateful bosom emotions more nearly approaching to sympathy than I ever before or since experienced.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as I had acquired sufficient strength to enter into conversation, I anxiously desired to learn by what mysterious agency I had been transported to my present situation. Upon this question, Eugene, to whom my enquiry was addressed, professed himself quite unable to enlighten me. He only knew that I was brought home, on Sunday, about midnight, and understood that an accident had occurred, by which I had sustained some slight injury and the Chevalier de Grasse nearly forfeited his life. Eugene was extremely anxious to ascertain my motive for running away, and tenderly asked me if by any means he could promote my happiness and restore me to tranquillity. My aunt was also very kind and unremitting in her attentions, and told me, with a smile, that poor Eugene could get no sleep for two nights, owing to his anxiety on my account. However, she made no further allusion to the circumstances connected with my elopement, and, as I recollected having inadvertently left my mother's letter behind me, I did not think it necessary to enter into any explanation of my conduct by way of further apology.

Though some trifling bruises were the only apparent effects of my obedience to my parent's wishes, yet, suffering slightly from fever, my medical attendant refused to sanction either exercise or change of scene. I was, however, permitted, to sit up in an easy chair, and to beguile the tedium of confinement which, to one of my restless temperament was almost insupportable, by playing chess with Eugene. One afternoon that we were engaged in this fascinating pastime—the more endear'd to me, I suspect, from its warlike characteristics involving all the stratagems and vicissitudes of a battle—we were interrupted by acclamations and other tokens of popular excitement. Eugene departed, at my request, to ascertain the cause of this commotion when, hastily returning, his countenance beaming with animation and surprise, "Esther!" he cried, clasping my hand—"we are free—Napoleon is defeated."

"Defeated!" I exclaimed, "it cannot be—Eugene—he is invincible."

Eugene laughed, as, resuming his seat, he observed, "surely you would not wish him to be so."

"It might be wrong, perhaps, to acknowledge it," I returned, "but true bravery will always awaken feelings of admiration, whether exhibited in friend or foe."
Eugene looked at me, distrustfully, and remained silent.

"But where did you learn that he was defeated, Eugene?" I enquired.

"He is now entering the town on his way to Paris—his army, they say, is completely destroyed—hark, Esther!"

Shouts of 'Vive Napoleon,' 'Vive l'Empereur,' at this moment, prompted me to run to a window, from which I perceived a carriage, on either side of which were running crowds of true-hearted Frenchmen waving their caps, and cheering enthusiastically. Many were striving to embrace his hand, and, as he turned round for that purpose, I caught a momentary glance of his pale, magnificent forehead, on which power, intellect and majesty still sat enthroned; though furrowed by care, and clouded with despondency. An old man, with thin, grey hair, in the dress of the 'old guard,' fell down on his knees and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon his sovereign: a delighted mother held up her infant that it might see the 'grand Napoleon,' while a band of sturdy artificers, with the national cockade in their blue caps, spontaneously unyoked the horses, and drew the carriage along amid deafening acclamations; I could gaze no longer—my heart swelled within me, and I burst into a flood of tears.

Although I had no reason to complain of those under whose protection I was placed, yet the consciousness of being watched and guarded rendered me dissatisfied and petulant, and I anxiously looked forward to another communication from my mother, resolving to acquire my freedom as soon as an opportunity should present itself. A fortnight, however, passed away, and my health was perfectly established, still, no letter came. Occasionally, a suspicion that it might have been intercepted, inspired me with painful distrust, but the keenest scrutiny I could exercise failed to afford me any satisfactory ground for my uncharitable opinion.

I had abandoned my last hope of hearing from my mother, concluding that the melancholy failure of her first scheme had prevented her from repeating it, when we were invited by some friends at Paris to visit them during the festivities, that followed in celebration of the restoration of peace. The city was thronged with soldiers, and fêtes and galas, illuminations, reviews, levees, and drawing-rooms, occupied the undivided attention of both young and old. Every morning, there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, where the allied sovereigns, and all the English and Prussian generals who had distinguished themselves at Waterloo, were present to gratify the curiosity of a people, whose national pride had been so severely wounded by their united arms. Our stay was one uninterrupted round of gaieties; balls, operas, routes, soirées, and fêtes succeeded each other with a rapidity that delighted me in the enjoyment, but almost bewilders me in subsequent remembrance.

It was shortly previous to our return to Fontainebleau, that Eugene and myself, with a considerable party, went to a grand fête at the Champs Elysées, than which nothing could be more dazzlingly resplendent. All the fashion, and many of the haute noblesse sojourning in Paris were present on this occasion—mingling in the promenade and forgetting their conventional privileges, in the animation and enjoyment that prevailed around them. I had never seen so many handsome men—all
dé-la-militaire, nor so many charming faces lit up with the sparkling vivacity which forms their national, and, perhaps I may add, exclusive characteristic.

Eugene was the only person that did not spontaneously yield himself up to the delicious abandon of the scene: despite the gentle badinage from myself and the other young ladies of our party, he could not be prevailed upon to throw any signs of enjoyment into his pensive countenance. One wicked creature, who fancied she could divine the cause of his dejection, assigned to him the poetic appellation of Abelard, which elicited from him a smile and a sigh; but although in his case the title might be appropriate enough, yet I fear that, notwithstanding my young friends unanimously conferred on me the corresponding distinction, I made but a very indifferent representative of Heloise!—Poor Eugene! though he spoke but little, I perceived by his uneasy glances, whenever I turned to look at an officer (my native infatuation) and could not but lament my unthinking admiration of the votaries of Mars while, I dare say, he sincerely deplored that perversion of taste, which such a predilection necessarily involved.

The entertainments, which were protracted to a late hour, concluded with the most brilliant display of fireworks that ever irradiated the blue, starry sky of a balmy summer’s night.—Thousands of admiring spectators crowded the various promenades, along which we were slowly directing our steps, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a middle-aged gentleman with grey moustaches, in whom I recognized my travelling companion, under whose auspices my expedition to Havre had been attended with such lamentable consequences. The effects of his accident were too apparent in his person, for I could see by the loose sleeve attached to the breast of his coat, that he had lost an arm.—My first impulse was to turn back and address him; but before I could accomplish my intention, a rocket of unusual splendor suddenly rushed up towards the firmament above us, followed by exclamations of wonder from the gazing multitude: my eyes were for a moment distracted from the object of my pursuit, and when I looked round again for my venerable guide, he was no longer visible. I could have cried with vexation, and poor Eugene regarded with silent astonishment the petulance which I manifested during our return home in the family-carriage, while he vainly endeavored to draw me into an abstract conversation upon birds and flowers, and the tranquil charms of Nature, as compared with the frivolous pleasures of society. He had been diligently studying Rousseau’s works for a week past, and remarked how much it would delight him to take a cottage on the sequestered banks of the Loire, or some other romantic spot, and he even went so far as to ask me if I would not rather live there than in Paris? Poor Eugene!—he was scarcely sixteen, and I could not be angry with him, considering that he was my senior, but I could discern too plainly that Love’s lambent flame was fiercely kindling in his bosom, and threatening to consume the frail altar upon which Destiny had decreed so sad a sacrifice. Unhappy Eugene! would that my nature had allowed me to return a passion so fervent, so pure, so disinterested. But fate had willed it otherwise. Poor Eugene!—you had my commiseration—my sympathy—Alas! though only a thoughtless and self-willed girl, I felt even then you would never possess my love.
CHAPTER IV.

Two years glided away, chequered with hopes and pains—joy and tribulation. The waywardness of girlhood had grown into the decision and self-reliance conferred by maturity. I was now verging upon sixteen—pervasive as ever, and imperious; and, my enemies reported—shall I add with too much justice?—revengeful. My will, as poor Eugene would often, in his desponding moments, complain, was invariably law; but not always equity. My uncle and aunt had long been sensible that restraint or contradiction were not to be imposed, rashly, upon their unthankful guest; and they only consented to my remaining with them, at my father's earnest request. My father did not visit me once during my absence—he wrote occasionally, but his letters were brief and mercantile in their tone—they were, however, generally accompanied with some costly little present of bijouterie, which I estimated more highly than the most studied assurances of parental regard.

Eugene, as I have previously mentioned, was of an exceedingly delicate constitution. His fragile figure—his pale and hectic complexion, his gentle manners, and intense sensibility, all conspired to increase the apprehensions which an hereditary predisposition to decline was calculated to engender. My aunt often wept in secret—for she loved him with all the tenderness of a gentle-hearted mother, for an only and devoted son, and I trembled to think of the pangs which separation must one day, and that, perhaps, not far distant, inflict upon both.

For some months past, his complaint had been slowly, but progressively, taking deeper root. The most eminent physicians in Paris were consulted, and their suggestions eagerly adopted, but without producing any decided improvement. As the winter approached, he was recommended to remove to a milder climate, and Nice was selected for that purpose.

I was pleased with the prospect of removal, for, though seldom permitted to indulge in either, nothing could be more congenial to my disposition than change and excitement. Eugene also looked forward with gratification to our contemplated sea-shore rambles and botanical excursions, which presented a picture of primitive felicity, only to be paralleled by the romantic loves of Paul and Virginia. All our innocent schemes were, however, frustrated, by an unexpected event, for, shortly previous to the time appointed for our leaving Fontainebleau, a letter was received from my father, desiring that I would return home immediately.

The prostration of hopes and energy which Eugene evinced, on receiving this intelligence, however ridiculous it might appear to me at that time, was of too melancholy a nature to bear reflection. For two days prior to my departure, he did not come near me, either walking out alone, or shutting himself up in his little study, where not even my aunt would venture to intrude. I knew that he was occupied in writing, but did not imagine his theme, till the last evening that I spent at Fontainebleau, when, on entering my chamber, I perceived on the dressing-table, a neatly-folded billet, which had evidently been placed there by Eugene himself. It was written with great care, and ran as follows:

My dearest Cousin—I am sure you will pardon the singularity of my thus ad-
dressing you. I dare not trust myself to bid you farewell. A deep depression weighs upon my heart, and prevents my utterance. Yet, dearest Esther! I could not let you depart without endeavoring, though thus feebly, to convey to you the sentiments which, for more than two years, I have cherished with a fond anticipation of their one day meeting with that return, which can alone secure my lasting happiness. But, alas! a secret monitor whispers in my bosom, that those rainbow-tinted hopes are never to be realized. You are about, Esther, to leave our once happy home to return to your father’s care, where, amid the gaieties of society, by which you will be surrounded, the remembrance of him who adores you more than words can express, will soon be effaced, and, if ever his image should obtrude upon your thoughts, it will be as that of a visionary to be pitted—perhaps despised. A strange fatality has hung over me from my earliest days. When a boy, reclining on the banks of the solitary stream, you have visited me in my dreams, clad in the tints of celestial purity and loveliness. We met, and in thee I beheld the golden realization of my sweetest fancies—the tangible embodiment of my ideal—the impersonation of Truth in mind, form and feature. Inspired by the sanguine aspirations of youth, I pictured to myself a fairy scene of paradisiacal bliss, where you were the goddess I the worshipper. But even while I gazed, a cldulc of portentous darkness obscured the bright perspective that my heated imagination had created. I saw with silent pain—with inexpressible regret, that, although ever kind and indulgent, your heart was insensible to the pangs and throes of impassioned affection by which my own was agitated. In vain, I strove to cast off the spell by which my peace was so firmly, so mysteriously enthralled—in vain, I strove to divert my thoughts from the contemplation of my hapless destiny. Whether present or absent, whether you smiled upon my weakness, or frowned upon my presumption, the wound still rankled there, though the dart might be withdrawn. But I am trespassing upon your patience. Adieu, dearest Esther—we may never meet again—the fair chaplet which I fain would have placed upon thy brow, will shed its withered leaves upon my tomb, but remember, Esther, though life is perishable, love is immortal.

Eugene.

Poor Eugene! I murmured, as I folded up his pathetic protestation, and carefully committed it to the most honored compartment of my escritoire. “Rousseau has been thy secret monitor—’tis to him thou art indebted for these silly fancies. Alas! I have no medicine, Eugene, for thy imaginary wounds!” That night no remembrance of Eugene, or of his hopeless passion either, invaded my repose or mingled with my dreams. Such is human nature—such was Esther Mountnoy.

CHAPTER V.

Apart from some little compunctions of conscience, which my behaviour to my sentimental cousin had engendered in my bosom, I felt much satisfaction in quitting Fontainebleau. My uncle, owing to his indifferent health and sedate habits, kept but little company, and gave encouragement to no frivolous diversions. Adopting his father’s philosophy, Eugene endeavored by every means in his power to reconcile me to a life of pensive seclusion; but neither his arguments nor his eloquence
made any permanent impression on my understanding. Another consideration which had some influence with me was the prospect of meeting my mother, who, I doubted not, had long since returned to London, as, had she remained in France, it seemed inexplicable that she should entirely have abandoned the object, to accomplish which she had incurred so much inconvenience and expense.

The meeting with my father was not calculated to excite my gratitude, or soothe my amour propre—a foible in which I was not altogether deficient, even at that interesting era. My father, I dare say, possessed an average amount of parental tenderness, but his unhappy estrangement from my mother, coupled with my avowed attachment to her, caused him to subdue and conceal those emotions which, under other circumstances, he might have felt proud to display. His disposition, also, was not specially framed with a view to the exhibition of the household affections. In his countenance one might perceive that mind was more vividly represented than heart. By nature, sagacious and speculative, he had for years been devoted to the acquisition of wealth. Originally, a jewel-merchant, he had relinquished that pursuit, to embark in an infinite variety of commercial speculations, whose merits it is beyond my ability to appreciate. I understood, however, that he was interested in some of the political intrigues of the day—was an extensive holder of foreign stock, and maintained an active correspondence with many distinguished personages, whose names were familiar to me through the public prints, both in France and Portugal.

A mansion in Russell-square, elegantly furnished, with an establishment more numerous than gentlemen without incumbrance usually consider essential to the promotion of comfort, bore witness to my father's judicious estimation of appearances, and led me to anticipate many delightful re-unions, in which I might experience those enjoyments, for which I had so long unavailingly pined, and which the elite of town-society are universally acknowledged to have at absolute disposal.

In this expectation, however, I was doomed to be signally disappointed; for, although we had grand dinner-parties continually, they were always of an uncompromisingly masculine complexion, consisting exclusively of city aldermen, stockbrokers, bankers, merchants, with here and there a stolid baronet, and a few frightfully intellectual foreigners, whose conversation was limited to the discussion of ministerial delinquencies at home, the 'balance of power' abroad—'assignats—rentes—inscriptions,' with 'coupons' attached, and other odious topics, which steeped my spirits beyond description in despondency and ennui.

But here I must make one important qualification, to my, perhaps, too hasty verdict. Occasionally, there would be a select party, embracing several French officers, assembled at table, who, by their impassioned eloquence, cast new lustre upon a subject which still dazzled and fascinated my imagination—I mean Napoleon, him, whose eagle spirit, though chained to a sterile rock, might one day, some silly fancy whispered to me, throw off its shackles and, soaring again to the high summit of its noontide power, strike terror into the hearts of its enemies. O! with what proud delirious ecstasy did I secretly listen to their glowing disquisitions of his genius—their narratives of his magnanimity—their testimony to his prowess,
and, above all, the stealthy and ingenious projects for accomplishing his liberation and triumph.

Ere a fortnight had elapsed, I began to feel my situation as wearisome as that which I had so recently quitted—indeed, I almost wished myself again at Fontainebleau, where, if I had no other society, I could always find entertainment in the lovelorn rhapsodies of Eugene. An event, however, speedily occurred, which gave my thoughts an entirely new direction, and laid the train of those dark calamities, which it is my object in these confessions to disclose.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr father and myself had just finished breakfast, and he was about departing for the city, when he was surprised by the servant announcing that Mrs. Mountnoy desired to speak with him.

"Tell Mrs. Mountnoy that I am engaged, and cannot see her," replied my father, but before the message could be delivered, the door flew open, and my mother suddenly entered, accompanied by an elderly gentleman in a braided frockcoat, with only one arm, in whom I recognized, at a glance, my travelling companion of old. In another moment, I had flown to my mother, and found myself clasped in her affectionate embrace.

"Esther," said my mother, when she had recovered from the emotions which our meeting after so long a separation naturally excited, "would you like to come and stay with me?"

"Madam," interrupted my father, "I command you to quit my house, this instant; you have no right to make such a proposal, neither shall my daughter accept it.

"Your daughter, sir," observed my mother's friend, "is old enough now to act according to her own discretion."

"That may be, sir," returned my father, "but I have a legal right, and, so long as I think proper to enforce it, no interference of third parties will influence my determination. Madam! I once more desire you to quit my house."

Considering that I was as deeply interested in the decision of this question as any person present, I now ventured to make an observation:—"Will you allow me," I said, addressing my father, "to go on a visit for one week only?"

"Not for a day," he replied, "under any circumstances whatever."

"Then, I think, sir, you act most tyrannically," I rejoined, "and, from feelings of resentment to my mother, inflict the most cruel injustice upon me."

"Only speak your mind, Esther—say that you are willing to accompany me," observed my mother, "and you shall go, love, in defiance of all opposition."

"If she should go, Madam," said my father, "at your and this person's instigation, I will hold you both responsible—mark that."

"With respect to my conduct in these proceedings, sir," replied the Chevalier, "I am quite ready to answer for it, whenever I may be required to do so—my advice to this young lady, I repeat, is, to act after her own unbiased inclination."

"I have made up my mind to go," I said, "if my mother wish it, for I con-
sider it a monstrous thing to be confined here as a prisoner—not permitted even to see one, to whom I am bound by the closest tie of relationship and affection."

"If you disobey my commands, Esther," said my father sternly, "you will have cause to repent it;"

"Repentance," I replied, "can only spring from a consciousness of guilt—convince me that I am acting wrong, and I will yield implicit obedience—but, till I am convinced, no law shall compel me to shew my respect for one parent, by neglecting and despising another."

More words were exchanged, but with no better tendency to allay irritation. My father continued obdurate—my mother was incensed—her friend's firmness remained unshaken, and, as for myself, I was determined, as usual, to exercise my sex's prerogative, and to act as native perversity and occasional caprice ruled my inclinations. The result was, that I accompanied my mother and her zealous friend, the Chevalier de Grasse, in the glass coach which she brought for that purpose, having first received intimation from my father that he should instruct his attorney to adopt immediate proceedings to recover possession of my person, and to punish those who were concerned in my 'abduction,' if that could be so designated which was on both sides disinterested and voluntary.

CHAPTER VII.

My mother occupied apartments in Hampton-court-palace, her influence with certain parties at Court having obtained for her that privilege, in common with many retired maids-of-honor and other attendants upon Royalty. To Hampton we accordingly proceeded, my mother's attached friend being now much more communicative than I had found him two years before, on his first introduction to my acquaintance. Whether this arose from his improved knowledge of our language, which he now spoke with somewhat of fluency and precision, or from the licence of established friendship, I need not pause to consider. His connexion with my mother, however, excited my curiosity in no small degree, and, as soon as we arrived at our destination, and an opportunity presented itself, I hastened to enquire as to her position with regard to this mysterious personage, when she candidly told me that he was a very gentlemanly man—that he had held some post of honor in his own country, but being obliged to leave it on the breaking out of the Revolution, he came to England and obtained the appointment of private secretary to a distinguished nobleman. That he had subsequently married the niece of a bishop, by whom he had a large family—that he had been a widower almost three years, and was now her most assiduous courtier and devoted friend.

The evening of my arrival at Hampton, I was introduced by my mother to the several ladies of title who dwelt in her immediate vicinity, by all of whom she was highly commended for insisting upon her claim to the possession and education of her own child. Various schemes were also devised to conceal and assist me, in case my father should carry his threats into execution; and an unanimous resolution was passed to resist, by every constitutional means, any attempt at a
The Confessions of Esther Mountnoy.

rescue; one hearty old lady, the widow of a general, even declared that if the Lord Chancellor himself should dare to intrude into her apartment to take me prisoner, while under her protection, she would tell the aggressor to his face that he was no gentleman, suffer what she might in consequence.

Excellent as these defensive preparations might seem to their inventors, my mother and the old chevalier were not so well satisfied with their efficiency. It was, therefore, suggested and determined, that my mother should, for a short period, take apartments in London, till we could learn what measures our opponent's resentment might lead him to adopt.

We had not been established in our new lodgings more than a week, when we received an invitation to a grand soiree from the Lady Babworth, with whom my mother had been acquainted prior to her marriage, and whom, on our first arrival in town, we happened casually to meet at a morning exhibition. My mother was highly pleased with this unexpected compliment, more particularly as it would enable her to introduce me to one Köller, who was the Lion of the fashionable coterie over which Lady Babworth had the felicity to preside.

"You must see him, Esther," said my mother, "I am sure you will be delighted in his company. Such grace of manner, such brilliancy of thought, and, what you will admire more than either, such chivalrous devotion to our sex—his powers of fascination are, indeed, unequalled.

In answer to my anxious inquiries, my mother informed me that Colonel Köller was formerly an officer in the Prussian service—an Austrian, she believed, by birth—that he had been taken prisoner at some battle during the continental war, and carried into France, where he remained for a considerable time, till liberated by a treaty of peace; that he subsequently commanded a regiment at the battle of Ligny, where he was wounded, and, in a word, that, covered with glory and honors, it was his peculiar destiny to inspire his friends with admiration, and his enemies with dread.

"Yes, Esther," said my mother, as she tied my sash with irresistible witchery, "we must endeavour to make a conquest of this great conqueror."

"There will be but little credit," I answered, moodily, "in a conquest where the captive might justly plead for pity for his age if not for his presumption."

"My dear child, you are quite mistaken," rejoined my anxious parent, "from the very best evidence—his baptismal register—Colonel Köller is only two-and-thirty—by the most deceptive testimony—appearances—eight-and-twenty, not a day older, I confidently assure you."

"Has he never been married?" I asked, with greater composure.

"I fancy not," my mother replied, "his complacency seems to rest more in hope, than in retrospection.

"Wealthy, I suppose?"

"That I do not know," answered my parent, "but, at all events, there can be no harm in emulating Una, and bringing this majestic lion to your feet: victory, like virtue, Esther, is often its own reward; and our glory is in proportion to our enemy's power, not his possessions."
"It would be unjust to condemn without giving him a hearing," I continued, and with a readiness willing to listen, "but his having fought against my Napoleon will not tend to exalt him in my estimation."

"O, that is all nonsense—but, even were it not so, the chevalier told me, not long since, that he was in frequent correspondence—I will not say with the exiled emperor, himself—but, certainly, with one of his marshals; nay, he exhibited a letter addressed to him from St. Helena, the purport of which did not, however, transpire."

Had my mother been aware of my predominant infatuation, (for I can assign it no other name) she could not have told me anything better calculated to recommend her Colonel to my favorable opinion. Although no politician, and feeling no ambition to acquire that odious distinction, I still cherished the most lively sympathy for my fallen hero, and anticipated his speedy return to power with as much confidence as those who were secretly plotting to furnish him with adequate means for accomplishing his escape. Whether, then, Col. Köller belonged to this party I could not precisely ascertain, but, strongly suspecting that he had some connexion with it, I anxiously desired an opportunity of obtaining from his own lips that information which, if my surmises were correct, he was so well qualified to afford.

The momentous evening at length arrived. Accompanied by my mother, and a fluttering heart, I found myself in the salon of Lady Babworth, completely dazzled by the blaze of splendor that arrested me in whichever direction I looked. Although my self-possession is not easily put to flight, I must confess that when I glanced around, and saw the gay and titled throng, from amongst which, with some discomposure of her blue-satin slip and ostrich feather, emerged the bustling Lady Babworth to give me a most gracious reception, I did experience a little trepidation, which had scarcely subsided when I perceived the dark, intellectual and scrutinizing eyes, of a tall, military-looking-man, bent upon me, and whom I instantly set down as that distinguished officer, in whom, for my sake, my mother was so deeply interested. Nor was my conjecture erroneous; for, released from Lady Babworth's overwhelming civilities, we had just seated ourselves upon a vacant ottoman, when he of the dark eyes approached with the most graceful carriage imaginable, and my mother passed the formal words of introduction to Col. Köller. A few minutes afterwards, we were promenading the saloon—my mother on one arm—myself on the other.

I dare not trust my imagination to describe this person, as he then appeared to me in all his fascinating hypocrisy. His manner, so chaste, ingenuous and deferential—his air, so distingué, and yet void of assumption—his conversation, so brilliant, so replete with touching point and biting humour—but the spell is broken—the veil withdrawn. Let it suffice that he, whose years twice numbered my own, in a few brief moments had won the heart, instead of the hatred which his future baseness well merited for him.

Every syllable of his conversation, I remember, as though it had been uttered yesterday. By dint of fortunate diplomacy, Lady Babworth had secured the presence of a Persian Prince; habited in oriental costume, and seated on an embroidered ottoman, he was singing a national melody, accompanying himself on a
guitar. As the young Prince concluded his cavatina, some enraptured young lady stealthily dropped a bouquet at his feet, which the illustrious guest picked up and pressed to his lips with a chivalrous emprise, at which I could not avoid smiling, though conscious of being amenable to Köller’s penetrating glance.

“Are you fond of Persian poetry?” he said, as we returned to our ottoman.

“I am quite unacquainted with the language,” I answered warily.

“So am I,” he replied, “yet that does not prevent me from appreciating its beauty.”

“You are paradoxical,” I exclaimed.

“Not at all—the beautiful is fraught with mystery, and, if our admiration were solely dependent upon our understanding, how could we render just homage to that sex, whose greatest charm is that mysterious influence by which our reason is bewildered—our volition suspended or subdued—our hearts enslaved.”

The argument might have been prolonged, had we not at this moment been interrupted by my indefatigable mamma, who hastened to introduce me to Admiral Portland, a noble-looking, old gentleman, with hair as white as silver, and his daughters—two charming girls—but the tallest of whom behaved in a very odd manner, for, on Col. Köller rising to address her, she turned her head aside, and withdrawing to another part of the saloon as if she wished, not merely to avoid Köller’s society, but to exhibit, by a scornful slight, the feeling by which she was animated.

“How very singular,” I remarked, as soon as the Admiral and his other daughter were out of hearing, “what could induce Miss Portland to act so strangely?”

“You don’t expect me to answer that question?” said Köller, interrogatively.

“I should feel grateful to any one for an explanation.”

“Will no innate suggestion of sympathy extenuate conduct that emanates from pure innocent frivolity and caprice?”

“I anticipated that—what a cruel disposition to be so addicted to satire.”

“Satire—no, call it sentiment.”

“They are quite irreconcilable.”

“To analyze the failings of others is only to enable us more successfully to rectify our own—what is that but charity?”

“Exhausting all its affection on its first parent—self.”

“An excellent addition to my interrogatory. I am convinced and humbled, Miss Mountnoy—henceforth regard me as the subject, not the censor.”

“Your magnanimity is wasted upon me, Colonel Köller; I have neither the weapon nor the will.”

“To both those negatives I must demur, Miss Mountnoy—one does injustice to yourself—the other evinces a tenderness and forbearance—may I add?—unmerited by me.”

Our eyes met—I colored involuntarily. Köller took my hand, and was about to resume the discourse, when some slight confusion at the extremity of the saloon to which Miss Portland had retired, divided my attention, and my mother,
hastily approaching, with evident gratification, whispered in my ear that Miss Portland had fainted away."

We did not remain much longer—our carriage was already waiting, and, as Colonel Köller handed me in, he promised to call in the morning and communicate whatever might transpire, tending to elucidate Miss Portland’s at present unaccountable behaviour.

At breakfast, my mother talked of nothing but Colonel Köller, and though any other subject, so incessantly dilated upon, would have been insufferably tedious, I cannot conscientiously affirm that I experienced any fatigue from the elaborate encomiums which she lavished without end upon that unparalleled—wretch.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Köller omitted to call, but he sent a note apologizing for the omission, and stating that he had been obliged to leave town on urgent business, which might detain him for some time, but that he should feel much pleasure in waiting upon us, as soon as circumstances would enable him. A week, however, elapsed without his appearing to redeem his promise. In the meantime, my mother, becoming daily less apprehensive of molestation from my father’s animosity, proposed returning to Hampton Palace and all the long established delights of tea and courtly gossip in that retreat of noble dowagers, an arrangement which, meeting with my unqualified acquiescence, was forthwith carried into effect.

Though all our titled neighbours in the Palace were prepared to resist any attempt that might be offered to encroach upon that sacred prerogative of woman—her freedom of will, my mother could not help feeling alarmed on hearing that, during our absence, several enquiries had been made for us by parties whose manners and deportment bespoke a legal character. An earnest debate thereupon ensued amongst the most learned of the old ladies, who took so warm an interest in my personal comforts, whether the Palace did not enjoy the privileges of Sanctuary, and whether any officer of justice dare exercise his functions within its hallowed precincts. As, however, there existed a difference of opinion upon this recondite subject, it was deemed expedient to assign me a guard of honor, and, by way of additional protection, I was recommended to change my name, which I did with as little reluctance as though it had been for life, instead of being a mere temporary subterfuge.

All our ingenious schemes, however, and all my friends’ benevolent exertions, I regret to say, proved unavailing. One fine afternoon, my mother and myself, attended by Lady Mary Horncastle, Dame Catherine Fitz-allan—the General’s widow—to whom I have before alluded—and several other ladies, were walking in the gardens attached to the Palace, where a military band was performing, when Lady Mary, becoming suddenly agitated, pointed to two strangers who were advancing towards us, and whom she identified as the parties who had shewn so much anxiety on a previous occasion to ascertain our residence in town. I had just time to observe that one of them was Mr. Russell Frankley, my father’s attorney, whom [COURT MAGAZINE.]
I had frequently seen in Russell Square, when my mother and her friends urged me to fly—a suggestion which I promptly adopted, and, it will scarcely be credited, of all the odd places in the world that I should select to take refuge in—the Maze was that which seemed, to my excited imagination, to offer the greatest security. My injudicious conduct was too soon rendered apparent, for whilst I was hastily traversing the labyrinthine paths and alleys, long before I had any opportunity of reaching the centre of this perplexing asylum, I found myself, by a sudden revolution of calamity, confronted vis-a-vis to my pursuers, with no possibility of retreat or escape in any direction. My only resource now was, to assume a determined spirit of opposition, which Mr. Frankley seemed to anticipate, for, approaching with a bland smile, he begged as a personal favor that I would accompany him to my father’s house, and that he would exercise all his professional influence to obtain for me complete exemption henceforth from paternal control.

Before I could respectfully decline this polite application, which it was my firm intention to have done upon principle, my mother and her dowager-friends came forward and commenced an unanimous address of remonstrance, which, I dare say, appeared sufficiently ludicrous to the assembled spectators, who could scarcely restrain their laughter, as the blending voices of the more elderly ladies, increasing in force and animation made a chorus, equally destructive of coherence and harmony. This musical performance had continued nearly a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Frankley being forbidden to utter a single word in his own vindication, made his fair accusers a deferential bow, and withdrew. The delight of my dear, old friends at so unexpected a triumph, can easily be conceived; but how shall I describe our indignant astonishment when, emerging from the Maze, on my way to our apartments, a coarse-looking man, in top-boots, stepped forward, and, touching his hat, presented me with a printed slip of paper. I did not stop to read it—my eye caught the word “Chancery,” and, tearing it in atoms, I flung the pieces in his face. This girlish ebullition of passion, however, did not deter him from executing his warrant, and without allowing me even to change my dress, despite the eloquent appeals to his humanity from those who followed us, and scorning the threatening address of the Chevalier de Grasse, who had just arrived, and seeing the ladies’ earnest solicitude, had drawn a rapier from his walking-stick, and flourished it with all the frenzy of inspired heroism. I was conducted to a hackney-coach at the Palace-gates, where Mr. Frankley was waiting to receive me, who yet, as I indignantly seated myself opposite to him, was polite enough to enquire if I would not prefer sitting with my face to the horses. The only answer he received was a glance,—and he had compassion enough not to address me again, for he could see that I was almost choking with mortification.

CHAPTER IX.

Once more a captive in my father’s house, for two days I was doomed to solitary confinement in a suite of apartments, beyond which I was prevented from tres-

—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1843.
passing, by the door being externally secured. The only living soul I saw during that period, was the butler, who, though he regularly brought me my meals, yet were they almost untasted. From him I could learn little, his answers were so laconic and guarded as to leave no doubt that he answered under stern authority. At first, he stated that his master was out of town, but, at the expiration of the second day, my patience being quite exhausted, and my temper irritated beyond endurance, I insisted upon his telling his master that I desired an immediate interview with him, and that, if refused, I declared my intention to throw up the window, and seek that assistance from public sympathy, which an announcement of my wrongs could not fail to secure.

This declaration proved as successful as I anticipated. In half an hour, my father entered the room where I was sitting, attended by Mr. Frankley, his professional adviser. The latter commenced by disclaiming on my father’s behalf, any motive for my present detention beyond that of a sincere regard for my permanent welfare, and that he was prepared to make every concession, consistent, under existing circumstances, with what he deemed to be his imperative duty. He then went on to say, that my father had entered into an arrangement for my future accommodation, which he had every reason to expect would meet with my ready concurrence. Here Mr. Frankley paused, and my father, in his most impressive manner, proceeded to observe that, although my attachment to my mother was but natural and commendable, he could not consent to relinquish his paternal rights, desirous as he was to exercise them with all due moderation and tenderness; at the same time, that he had no wish to deprive me altogether of my mother’s society, and, to promote my wishes, therefore, as far as possible, he had taken a mansion in Hertfordshire, where he proposed that I should reside under the care of an elderly person in whom he could repose every confidence, and that I should be allowed to see my mother once a month, in the presence of the person to whom he referred. In reply to this proposition, I told my father that, while I deplored the unhappy estrangement existing between him and my mother, I had no means of deciding which party had most reason for complaint; but still I did consider it most unjust, that a parent possessing any claim to respect should be forbidden to have communication with her own child. As, however, my father had so far conceded what I believed to be his legal authority, as to permit my mother to visit me at limited intervals, I would accede to his wishes, with one reservation, that it should be optional on my part, whether any third person should be present at our interviews. My father was at first inexorable in this condition; but by Mr. Frankley’s advice, he ultimately agreed to abandon it, and it was decided that, in the course of the ensuing week I should depart for my new abode. My father, in conclusion, then observed that, relying upon my sincerity, no further restraint would be placed upon me while I remained with him in town.

I have already mentioned that my father had frequent dinner-parties, consisting, generally, of foreigners and military men. I was never present on those occasions; they were, indeed, attended with so much mysterious secrecy, that no member of our establishment ever entered the dining-room during their conversation; the
foreign gentlemen bringing their own servants with them, who waited at table and performed all the other necessary offices. That some grand political scheme was in agitation, seemed to me unquestionable, but its precise nature I should probably never have ascertained, had not my suspicions been confirmed by Colonel Köller unexpectedly making his appearance at my father’s house, while his repeated correspondence with the exiled Emperor or his followers, was still fresh in my recollection.

It was late, one evening, when the distinguished guests, whom my father had been that day entertaining, were about to retire, that I was sitting alone in the conservatory, adjoining the drawing-room, through whose transparent roof the placid moon-beams softly glanced upon the jonquils and hyacinths that lay in blooming profusion around me. Suddenly, I was startled by the sound of footsteps in the adjacent apartment, and, looking in that direction, I perceived a tall figure pacing the room, apparently wrapt in profound thought. I gave a slight cough, sufficient to render my presence known, and, as he turned round to continue his promenade, recognized, with no little surprise, the dark features of Colonel Köller.

“Miss Mountnoy,” he said, in his frank and quiet manner, “if to covet another’s enjoyments were not forbidden by our rubric, I should envy you those calm delights which I fear my unauthorised intrusion may have obscured and banished.”

“Really, sir, I am not aware to what calm delights your unfounded apprehensions would apply.”

“Moonlight, Miss Mountnoy, and meditation—pleasures which I the more highly appreciate, from their adoption by you,”

“I have no particular taste for either, I assure you, and, on this occasion, my meditations were far from being calculated to excite the envy of any one.”

“May I be permitted to enquire why?”

“Simply because they were melancholy.”

“But melancholy is not always distasteful. I have experienced the feeling, and cannot say that it is attended with any symptoms approaching to pain—much depends upon the subject by which it is occasioned.”

“My subject is one in which I take a strange—I trust not a solitary, interest—Napoleon Bonaparte, that brave-hearted but unfortunate man.”

Köller merely smiled—he had too much self-command to allow his countenance to betray his heart.

“I perceive, Miss Mountnoy, you belong to a class, whose doctrine of exclusiveness must inevitably fill many amiable bosoms with despondency.”

“Really, Colonel Köller, I have no idea to what particular doctrine you allude.”

“None but the brave deserve the fair.”

“Their sympathy is simplified—we cannot deny our admiration of extraordinary valor, in whatever rank it may be found.”

“The highest examples of it, Miss Mountnoy, have been presented by your own sex—the Maid of Orleans and the Maid of Saragoza—those illustrious heroines,
whose high-minded devotion must always command our admiration and our reverence, if not our love."

"Which we reserve for those alone, whose weakness claims our pity."

"Let me not imagine you to be so uncharitable, Miss Mountnoy, as to ascribe that sentiment to me."

"You know, Colonel Köller," I answered, "we are always found guilty, in order that our accusers may gratify their self-love, by ostentatiously recommending us to mercy."

"Some, probably, might suffer by the strict administration of justice, but I am assured that Miss Mountnoy has no reason to fear the sternest ordeal, even admitting her to be susceptible of a tremulous emotion."

This pretty interchange of compliments was suddenly interrupted by an announcement that Colonel Köller was wanted, and he had just time to press my hand to his lips, when my father entered the apartment. It was too dark I thought for him to discover my presence, but, on the following day, I was commanded to prepare for my immediate departure—an unexpected precipitancy which I could only attribute to his knowledge of my acquaintance with Colonel Köller, and his jealous determination to prevent its extension.

CHAPTER X.

The residence which my father had assigned me was situate in one of the most solitary parts of Hertfordshire, at some considerable distance from either town or cottage. It was a large, old-fashioned, red-brick mansion, surmounted by an observatory, and faced by an extensive quadrangular court-yard, whose broad flagstones were partially covered with moss, and in the centre of which was a circular stone-bason, where a fountain had formerly played, and which was now nearly filled with dry leaves and relics of statuary. The house had been erected in the reign of Queen Anne, by an unfortunate partisan of the Stuart dynasty, whose misplaced zeal led to its confiscation, though I believe it was ultimately restored to his lineal descendants. On either side of the court-yard were coach-houses and domestic offices, and a dove-cote, which from its dilapidated condition had apparently long been untenanted. At the rear of the mansion, a delightful park lay open to view, bounded at one extremity by a copice, and, at the other, by a brock, whose gurgling waters were overshadowed by some magnificent lime-trees, where a republic of rooks had long held undisputed sway, and whose tumultuous discord, as they took their predatory flights, was quite in keeping with the scene to which they formed such indisputable auxiliaries.

I must confess that my first glance at this rural dungeon made me supremely miserable. Though seldom given to indulge in superstitious notions, I could not resist a presentiment that some dreadful calamity was about to take place in that dismal, old mansion. To aggravate my apprehensions, and give me some substantial cause for uneasiness, as we drove across the court-yard, on looking up at the attic windows, I perceived a face exactly resembling that of my cousin Eugene, with, as I
fancied, a streak of blood upon his forehead. Whether this was some invalid connected with the establishment, or a ‘real apparition,’ as it is termed, I shall not pretend to decide. If such things have existence, and there are many who believe and tremble, I think that subsequent events would fully warrant me in arriving at the latter conclusion, nor would it deter me from making the avowal, by any dread of exposing my understanding to ridicule or contempt. Folly may deride, and wisdom affect to despise, but truth will pursue its course like a monarch in mendicant guise, though few can recognize him, and none will embrace it.

If my first impressions were by no means agreeable, they were but little improved by further observation. The mansion, within, was spacious, cold, and comfortless. A very broad, winding staircase, protected by heavy balustrades, evidently fast going to decay, conducted to a large banqueting room, where its former tenants had, doubtless, held high revel in days of yore. The wainscotting, which was of dark, polished oak, was relieved by an array of old, family-pictures, representing knights and dames, who, by their costume, had flourished in the reign of James II. or of his immediate successor. Some of the chambers were elaborately decorated with tapestry, and one was occupied by an antique bedstead, with embroidered, purple-satin hangings, reported to have formerly been in the possession of Charles the martyr-king, while a suit of chain-armor, a black-velvet mantle, a plumed helmet, with a battle axe and other obsoleto implements of war were deposited in the closet which enjoyed the equivocal reputation of having been haunted for upwards of a century.

The only companions whom my father had thought fit to award me in this desolate habitation were the housekeeper, a tall, middle-aged, sedate gentlewoman, and her brother, a feeble, old man, who held some situation in my father’s counting-house, and being too infirm, I suppose, for active employment, by way of reward for his fidelity, had been appointed my guardian, steward, butler, and major-domo to command. Not to leave me entirely destitute of all terrestrial comforts, however, my father, knowing my passionate attachment to equestrian exercise, had provided me with a spirited and beautiful Arabian, which I rode and managed with unbounded confidence, attended by a fine dog, said to be a blood-hound, a most sagacious animal, who could be as bold as a lion or as gentle as a lamb; and upon whom, as one of my established pets, I bestowed the endearing appellation of Kolly.

So intensely wretched, despite all the suggestions of philosophy, was I rendered by one week’s residence in this lonely, old house, that I determined to write to my father, intimating that unless he could furnish me with more eligible accommodation I should consider my promise to remain where he had placed me, no longer binding, and would act accordingly. I had despatched my letter, and was anxiously looking for a reply, when, on the morning which I anticipated would bring me at least some acknowledgment of its receipt, Mr. Frankley, the attorney, suddenly arrived to communicate to me the intelligence of my father’s death. He had expired of an apoplectic fit, and was found dead in his bed.

To assert that the emotions excited by this announcement were those of intense
and poignant grief, would be sheer dissimulation; I could not do such violence to my nature as to assume the manifestation of a passion which had never penetrated my heart. I felt indeed shocked that so melancholy a fate should have overtaken one so closely related to me, and although I could not but be sensible that the event, however much it might be lamented, would release me from the painful and harassing circumstances by which I had from childhood been surrounded, still, had it been in my power, I would freely have foregone all the advantages which a parent’s untimely death might be supposed to confer, rather than it should be insinuated that, by professing to regret it, I was merely paying that deference to the conventional prejudices of the world, which those from whom the taunt proceeded would probably exhibit, if placed in a similar position.

No longer subject to restraint, and anxious to avail myself of my newly-acquired liberty, I determined not to remain another hour in my present abode. I had not seen my mother since our compulsory separation at Hampton-court, in consequence of her being prevented from leaving home by severe indisposition. A violent storm, however, which came on as I was about to send for a post-chaise, delayed my departure, which proved extremely fortunate, as, to my great surprise, in the course of the afternoon, Colonel Köller, who had managed, through some unknown channel, to discover my retreat, came down from London expressly to render me such consolation and assistance, as it might be in his power to afford.

He told me that he was just about starting for the Continent, when he heard of my father’s sudden dissolution, and although he had urgent motives for his journey, yet he could not do otherwise than postpone it, that he might hasten to afford me his condolences upon the bereavement which I had sustained. I thanked him, sincerely, for his kind consideration, and communicated to him my earnest desire to proceed to my mother, at Hampton, with as little delay as possible. Köller approved of my intention, and arranged to stay all night at a neighbouring inn, and, on the following morning, to accompany me in his own carriage to Hampton-court. Before he took his leave, he desired his groom—a man of color—to bring in his travelling case, from which he extracted a miniature of himself, beautifully painted and enriched with brilliants, and solicited my acceptance of it.

I observed that the groom, to whom I have alluded, looked at me rather earnestly as he withdrew; but my attention being entirely engaged, the circumstance excited neither my astonishment nor alarm. That night, being fatigued and weary, I retired to rest, somewhat earlier than usual. About two o’clock, however, as near as I could guess, I was awoken by a sound, as if the window-sash was being raised, attended by a sensation like that produced by a cold current of air. The moon was shining into the apartment, and, as I glanced towards the white-painted wainscot—owing to the dampness of the other chambers, I had been obliged to remove from one which was much more elegantly furnished—I perceived what at first appeared to be the shadow of some object thrown upon it. Suddenly, however, I fancied that it moved, and raising myself gently, I discovered, to my unutterable terror, that it was a human figure, whose sable features resembled those of Colonel Köller’s groom, stealing towards me with a large knife clasped in his hand. My presence of mind
alone, saved me from instant assassination. Had I shrieked, my death would have been certain—I therefore pretended to compose myself to sleep, and, presently, I felt the wretch's warm breath upon my throat, as, stooping down, he tried with his teeth to snap the chain to which the miniature was attached, which had doubtless excited his cupidity. He had nearly completed his task when, by a sudden impulse, which I could not control, I started up and seized the knife, which was lying on the bedside. I screamed for help. My resolution at first startled and daunted the robber. It was, however, but for a moment—he quickly recovered his self-possession, and, uttering the most awful threats, attempted to wrench the weapon from my grasp. My cries now became more and more terrible, but still no one came to my relief. The housekeeper slept in a room detached from the main building, and her brother was too infirm to render any effectual assistance. After a severe struggle, in which the imminent danger of my situation endowed me with nerve and strength beyond what might have been possible under ordinary circumstances, the robber abandoned his object, and made his escape from the window, but not till his hand was nearly severed in two by accidently clasping the weapon, for which he was contending with all the malignant fury of his race—added to the desperation which a dread of detection and its consequent punishment were calculated to inspire.

The horrors of that night will never be effaced from my remembrance. I subsequently learnt from Colonel Köller that he had taken the man, who was a native of Sierra Leone, into his service, from benevolent motives, and, till the present occurrence, had never experienced any reason to suspect his honesty. I need hardly add, that the poor wretch immediately absconded, and was never again seen by any person acquainted with his delinquency.

On the following morning, Colonel Köller conducted me to Hampton-court, where I found my mother busily employed in preparing her mourning-dresses, surrounded by her titled friends, who were actively speculating upon the mode in which my father had disposed of his property under his will, and to which they now all looked forward with more anxiety than confidence.

CHAPTER XI.

My poor, infatuated cousin Eugene had been so long absent from my sight, that I had nearly forgotten the existence of that foolish penchant, which formerly caused me so much disquietude. In consequence of the recent melancholy event, I learnt that my uncle and Eugene were coming to town to attend my father's funeral, whereby we should be often thrown again into each other's society; and, under circumstances which tended to evolve all the softer feelings of the heart, I dreaded, by any inadvertence, giving encouragement to that passion, which I felt to be hopeless, and to cherish which, he knew could only be productive of misery to both. Better—far better—would it have been, had we never seen each other again. Better that he should have known that my affections were bestowed, irrevocably, upon another, and that neither the dictates of reason, the suggestions of friendship, nor the remembrances of early days, could revoke the decree which my heart, blinded by its
own culpable waywardness, had pronounced in behalf of Frederick Köller, and of him alone.

The dreaded day of mourning at length arrived, my uncle and Eugene were both present. Eugene had apparently improved in health since my last interview. He had, also, grown taller, and his figure and countenance had a more manly aspect—still, I could trace in the humid and restless eye and pallid brow, the same wild and gloomy imagination, the same proneness to tender and melancholy reveries, partly springing from natural causes, partly fostered by a defective education, and addiction to the writings of the solitary Rousseau, which had ever characterised my unhappy and gentle-hearted cousin. Our meeting was cold and constrained—we exchanged but few remarks, and those of a common-place, uninteresting nature; I began to hope that Eugene had conquered himself, the noblest valor, and more worthy of praise, (I did not always think so,) than the loftiest daring, whose exploits have been rewarded with the laurel-wreath, and inscribed upon the illuminated rolls of Fame.

Mr. Frankley, the attorney, was invited to the funeral, and when the mournful obsequies were concluded, at my uncle’s request, he proceeded to read the will, which had doubtless been prepared according to instructions from a particular party, as will presently be shewn. My father, after reserving an annuity of £300 to my mother, for life, settled the whole of his property upon trustees, (my uncle being one and Frankley the other,) for my exclusive benefit, but with this atrocious restriction—that if I married without my uncle’s consent, the entire fund should accumulate for any children of my marriage, but that not one sixpence should be enjoyed by myself during my life-time, neither by my husband. To describe the emotions which this wanton insult, for I could regard it in no other view, excited in my bosom, would be impossible. I saw in an instant that my uncle’s machinations had been at work for his son’s advantage—that, knowing of my attachment to Frederick Köller, he had prevailed upon my father to insert that flagitious clause in his will, to prevent our union. Maddened with this conviction—and burning with indignant scorn, I accosted Eugene, and called Heaven to witness that, if ever I accepted his hand, it was my earnest wish and prayer that I might fall a corpse upon the altar, where that perjury would be committed which was involved in the recognition of his love. I cannot pursue this painful theme—I remember no more, for my passion mastering my reason terminated in violent hysterics which returned at intervals, during several days.

CHAPTER XII.

The mental suffering which I had sustained rendered me so weak and nervous that my physician advised an immediate change of air, and, attended by my brother, I was once more removed to the old mansion, in which it had been my desire never to set foot again. My miseries seemed now to have attained their crisis. In vain my mother endeavored to soothe and console me with assurances of my uncle’s disinterestedness—that she felt convinced he would not so far outrage all common
justice and humanity, as to oppose any alliance that I might be inclined to form, provided only it met with his conscientious approval. All her arguments failed to weaken the conviction at which I arrived, that my uncle had been mainly instrumental in framing my father's will, and that he would deliberately sacrifice my feelings to secure his son's fancied happiness and his own aggrandizement. How far I was justified in this opinion will be seen hereafter.

To extinguish my last ray of comfort I had received no tidings of Col. Köller since my father's death. It was true that he had spoken of going to the continent, but nearly a month had elapsed, and he had not written, although he promised to do so, immediately on his arrival at Milan. Could he be acquainted with the provisions of my father's will? Had he been informed of my dependent position, and, feeling certain misery must attend on further acquaintance, had he determined to dissolve it at once and for ever?

Occupied, one morning, with these painful reflections, I was interrupted and annoyed by the arrival of my mother's friends, the Chevalier de Grasse and Lady Mary Horncastle—for, since my recent calamities, I had taken no pleasure in society, and to gossip on frivolous subjects I had neither spirits nor inclination. On this occasion, however, it happened that the conversation of our visitors was more interesting than could have been anticipated.

"Whom do you think I saw at the Opera on Tuesday night?" said the Chevalier, glancing from me to my mother, as we sat at lunch.

"Not Colonel Köller, surely?" exclaimed my mother, with prophetic sagacity.

The Chevalier smiled, in his mysterious way—he saw that my attention was earnestly fixed upon his countenance, and, of course, he was determined to vex me as much as possible by keeping me in the tortures of suspense.

"Why," said my mother, "I understood that he was on the Continent."

"Perhaps, he may have returned," replied the Chevalier, "if not, it was some person exceedingly like him—in company with a lady."

"A lady," exclaimed my mother, looking anxiously at me, as I sat like a simpleton unable to speak or breathe.

"What lady was it?" enquired my mother, after a pause, during which the Chevalier deliberately cut up his salad, with a heartless sang-froid that made my very fingers tingle, so dreadfully was I irritated.

"I have not learned—my sources of information, as you know, are very limited."

"Was she dark or fair—tall or short—what was her age?"

"Really, my dear Mrs. Mountnoy, I must beg to be excused—speculating in ladies' ages, I have always found a very—very unprofitable investment of generosity—she was tall, fair and—if my opinion is worth taking—pretty."

"I fancy it must have been Miss Portland," observed Lady Mary Horncastle.

"How can that be, Lady Mary?" rejoined my mother, "you heard what the Chevalier said just now."

I could restrain my feelings no longer, but hastily retired to my chamber, and gave vent to them in a bitter and passionate gush of tears. What follows I learnt from my mother, after our visitors had gone.
"I was waiting in the lobby," pursued the Chevalier, when Colonel Köller, who was standing just before me, with Miss Portland, as you suppose it to be, on his arm, suddenly turned round, and addressing some young female of respectable appearance, who seemed anxious to speak with him, he threatened to give-her-in-charge, if she did not immediately withdraw. As he was about entering his carriage, the young person who, from her dress and manner, I should imagine to be either German or Swiss, again attempted to obtain a hearing, when Köller pushed her away, and, but for the crowd that had gathered round her, she would have fallen to the ground. As it was, she hid her face in her handkerchief and burst into tears, at the same time uttering some piteous reproaches in broken English, which I could not understand. Colonel Köller had departed, and the soldier on guard was about dispersing the spectators, when a gentlemanly young man, who happened to be casually passing, as it appeared, kindly addressed the poor girl in her native tongue, and having, I believe, received satisfactory answers to his enquiries, he ordered a coach, and they drove off together."

The Chevalier had no means of learning the name of this kind-hearted stranger, but, from his description, and the circumstance of his speaking German, with which language Eugene was perfectly conversant, I came to the, perhaps unwarrantable conclusion, that it must have been my cousin. In this opinion my mother could not concur, till the next day, when, on receiving our newspaper, which was regularly transmitted to my mother from town, the first paragraph that caught my attention contained the following dreadful intelligence:—"An affair of honor took place yesterday morning on Wimbledon-common, between the gallant Col. K—— and Mr. E—— L——, in which the former received his adversary’s fire, and now lies at his hotel in a precarious state. Some intemperate language addressed by Mr. E—— L—— to Col. K—— in reference to an affaire de cœur, is reported to have been the primary cause of this hostile meeting."

The vanity of human nature! Can any reasonable being credit my infatuation, when I tell them that, on reading the above announcement, my first and permanent impression was that Köller had sacrificed his life for me? That knowing Eugene to be the only obstacle to our union, he had, under the influence of excited feelings, resorted to that desperate expedient (ending unhappily in his own destruction) to remove a jealous rival, which, to my perverted judgment—though my better nature would have instantly condemned it in another, in him, (remembering the peculiar circumstances and persecutions which caused it,) rendered it pardonable, if not meritorious; yet when I look back and reflect upon past events, now that experience has mounted the throne which passion once usurped, it seems as if my reason must have been then temporarily clouded, to have entertained such wicked chimeras. But, alas! the seal is broken, now, and I can read, too plainly, my folly and my guilt.

CHAPTER XIII.

Although my mother could not question the testimony of the Chevalier de Grasse, she felt quite satisfied in her own mind, that Miss Portland was not the lady with
whom Köllner was seen in company at the Opera, and that his sentiments, in relation to Miss Portland, were perfectly consistent with his avowed engagement to another. The duel with Eugene she could not so clearly understand. To suppose that Colonel Köllner had wantonly provoked a deed so perilous and criminal, was no less difficult than to imagine that Eugene, whose gentleness and humanity were proverbial, could have been the aggressor. However, there could be no doubt of Köllner's imminent danger, and feeling the deepest anxiety to ascertain his condition, she determined to proceed to town, and have an interview with my uncle, from whom she expected to gain the information she required.

It happened, unfortunately, that Mrs. Roberts the housekeeper, had been summoned to attend her daughter, who resided at some distance from the mansion, and who had been suddenly seized with severe indisposition. The old man, her brother, and myself, were consequently the only remaining inmates of the mansion, and although my nerves were not very easily agitated, yet, after the recent attack of a midnight assassin, I felt rather uncomfortable at being left in a lonely house without any protection but my own native firmness and an Indian sabre, which hung over the mantel-piece, and which was better adapted for ornament than warfare.

I was engaged in my chamber, examining the chaotic contents of my escritoire, by the aid of a taper, whose flickering light warned me of its speedy extinction, when I was alarmed by a loud knocking at the hall-door. Thinking it might be a messenger from Mrs. Roberts to her brother, I went to the head of the stairs and listened, when, to my great astonishment, I saw Eugene ascending the staircase, bearing a letter with a black seal. In an instant, the wild conviction flashed upon my mind that Köllner was dead, and that this letter contained the dying protestation of his love.

"Murderer!" I gasped, my whole frame trembling with emotion, as Eugene silently presented the letter to me.

"Esther!" he said, with an air of reproachful surprise.

"Murderer!" I repeated, with increasing frenzy, "You have killed him—your hands are stained with his blood."

"Listen to me, Esther——"

"Approach me not," I replied, "begone this instant."

"One word—one word only——"

"Eugene," I exclaimed, "you know my temper—if you would not urge me to a deed as foul and sanguinary as that which is branded upon your own head—leave me—leave me for ever, or the darkest curse that woman ever called from Heaven to avenge her basest wrongs, shall strike you speechless where you stand."

Appalled by the vehemence of my tone and manner, Eugene, his lips pale and bloodless, unconsciously stepped backwards, when the frail barrier behind him, yielding to his weight, suddenly snapt, and he fell headlong down. I heard a crash—a groan, and then all was still, and, as with dizzy eyes I leant over the balustrades, by the light of the taper in my hand I saw him lying on the stones of the hall below—a bleeding corpse.
For several minutes, I remained gazing, breathless and immovable, down the abyss, through whose dark shadows I discerned the frightful image which haunts my pillow to this day. Voice, sight, and motion, were all extinct, save that, once, I fancied there was a slight quivering of a limb. My heart beat quicker—there might yet be hope, and serving myself for the effort, with a cold perspiration be-dewing my brow, I slowly descended the stairs, pausing ever and anon with fainting fears—till, at length, I sunk upon my knees beside the insensible form, whose locks were dabbled with blood, and feebly ejaculated, "Eugene—Eugene—speak—speak." I could say no more.

He answered not. I placed my hand upon his heart. It throbbed no longer. I touched his cheek—it was cold and clammy, and his eyes were fixed upon me. Never—never shall I forget their glassy gaze. A chill shudder crept over me, and, cowering like a guilty creature at the tribunal of justice, I bowed down and wept with terror and remorse.

Hours might have elapsed, for I had no remembrance of time or place—nothing but Eugene, death, and agony, when the report of a gun suddenly recalled me to my senses. I hastily rose, and opening the hall-door, perceived three men traversing the park, who had just emerged from a lane through which some gypsies had obtained access to the ground surrounding the mansion-house. Thrice I called to them, before I was able to arrest their attention. At length, they paused, and one, in a loud voice, demanded by whom they were wanted. I was too faint to reply, and, after consulting together for a few seconds, the whole party advanced to the hall-door, when I informed them what had happened, and entreated them to go for surgical assistance immediately.

"If he's dead, it's of no use going for doctors," replied the foremost, a tall, athletic man in a shooting-coat and belt, belonging, as I suspected, to a notorious gang of poachers, who were constantly committing depredations in the neighbourhood.

"Dead?" muttered his companion, turning the body over with his foot, "he must have been dead an hour."

"Let's have some wine to drink," exclaimed the third, a dark, sinister-looking fellow in a slouched hat, with a hare that he had just shot, in his hand.

So saying, the ruffians forced their way into the dining-room, and, taking the decanters from the side-board, they sat down and began to regale themselves with a cool effrontery that seemed habitual to them, but with no positive insolence in their demeanour.

Expostulation with such creatures as these would have been worse than useless—what I most dreaded was, that, under the influence of inebriation, they might proceed to acts of violence, and I was pondering upon what course to pursue, when I heard the clinking of plate, denoting that my worst apprehensions were being already realized. I instantly flew to my chamber, secured the door, and rang the alarum. Presently I heard voices without: the ruffians were endeavoring to force open the door. I continued, nevertheless, to ring with increased energy, and, in a few minutes, the welcome sound of horsemen galloping across the park revived my drooping spirits, and prompted the ruffians to make their escape.
On descending to the hall, I found two men on horseback—one of whom was the mounted patrol, the other a farmer who resided in the neighbourhood, and with whom Roberts, our housekeeper, was intimately acquainted. These were presently joined by the latter, whose absence it appeared had been caused by his going to the inn with the horse on which Eugene had rode down from London. The farmer, whose name was Bransom, on being apprised of the calamitous occurrence that had taken place, kindly offered to fetch a chaise and convey me to his house—a proposition to which I readily acceded; for another night, passed beneath that fatal roof, would have been more terrible than the contemplation of death itself.

CHAPTER XIV.

The letter which I had received from the hands of Eugene was addressed to me by my uncle. After assuring me that only one feeling animated him and his family, namely, an earnest desire to promote my happiness, he proceeded as follows:

"I have heard with pain and surprise that the restrictive clause in your lamented father's will, by which any alliance you may propose to form is made subject to the approval of his executors, you allege to have been introduced at my suggestion, and from motives in which your cousin Eugene is specially implicated. The best refutation of this charge is the fact, that so anxious was I to extinguish any serious attachment that might spring up insensibly between yourself and Eugene, from being constantly in each other's society, that I determined upon your leaving Fontainebleau, and returning to your father's care, though much against his wish; my expectation being, that Eugene, when removed from your presence, would abandon all thoughts of an union which, from difference of tastes and tempers, I felt assured, could only be productive of disappointment to both parties. Your father I know framed his will from his knowledge of your attachment to Col. Köller (with whom political considerations alone induced him to associate,) and to prevent if possible your alliance with one so unworthy of you in every respect. The character and pretensions of this person will be fully explained to you by your mother and, if after hearing her statement, your sentiments remain unchanged, no opposition on my part shall operate to frustrate your wishes, however much I may deplore that perverted judgment from which they must necessarily emanate."

Two days I had to wait in agonising suspense. At length, my mother came. She pressed me in her arms and wept. I was prepared for the worst she could tell me. It was merely the old tale of man's treachery and woman's weakness. My heart sickens to repeat it—but to expose and denounce his turpitude, no exertion shall prevent—no sacrifice deter me.

In Vienna lived a widow and her daughter, Emelie, a lovely and gentle girl. Though Madame Vineer was left in comparatively humble circumstances, owing to the improvidence of her deceased husband, she was related by marriage to Count Reisbech, who held the office of Chamberlain at the Austrian Court, and was reputed to be exceedingly rich. The Count had an only son, Rudolph, whose wild and dissipated habits rendered him as popular amongst the lower orders, as they made him repulsive to all persons of intelligence and delicacy. Count Reisbech had long desired to effect a marriage between his niece, Emelie, and his son, considering that the most effectual means of redeeming him from his irregularities. This proposition, however, met with the acquiescence of neither party. Rudolph's profligate disposition instinctively repelled the idea of an alliance with a gentle and unassuming girl, and Emelie, on her side, trembled even at the approach of her cousin, whose tastes and sympathies were so repugnant to her own. Moreover, her affec-
tions had long been engaged by a young Captain of artillery, Frederick Köller by name, a soldier of fortune, whose handsome person and captivating address excited the admiration of all who were honored with his acquaintance. Count Reisbech, foreseeing that his son’s prodigality would sooner or later terminate in his ruin, adopted the singular, though not altogether unprecedented resolution of leaving the whole of his property, excepting a very trifling annuity for Rudolph’s subsistence, to his niece, Emelie, contemplating, probably, that his son might be induced to marry rather than forfeit his inheritance. The bequest, however, framed as it had been by the Count’s unguided judgment, was, after his death, on submission to competent authority, pronounced defective. Vexatious litigation necessarily ensued, and at one period it was proposed by the friends of both parties to compromise the suit, by Emelie consenting to accept the hand of her cousin Rudolph. Whether she would have yielded to this proposal, had she been left to her own free discretion, may be deemed questionable. Certain it is, that Frederick Köller exercised his influence, which was supreme, to prevent any such arrangement being carried into effect. The suit was, therefore, principally, if not solely, proceeded with under Köller’s advice and instigation, and ended in Rudolph, as the heir of Count Reisbech, being declared entitled to all his father’s estates. The consequence was, that Madame Vineer and her daughter were completely ruined—the expenses of the law-suit having absorbed their limited resources and, to increase their distress, Frederick Köller, who had professed the most sincere and disinterested attachment to Emelie, on finding his pecuniary expectations defeated, abandoned the poor girl, and left the country with his regiment, never to return.

Long did Emelie mourn over her blighted hopes and desolate state. Yet no word of reproach ever escaped her lips. False—mean—perfidious as he had been, she loved him still, and when, after the lapse of five years she accidentally heard that Frederick Köller had risen to the rank of Colonel, and was the idol of all the coteries of St. James’s, she determined to travel to England, alone, as she mournfully observed, to gaze upon him once before she died. To England she accordingly came, and, after many weary wanderings and watchings, her earnest wish was at length accomplished. At the Italian opera, one summer’s night, she saw him in company with a lady, fair and graceful, into whose ear he was then breathing those tender vows, the remembrance of which yet lingered in her own, and choked her utterance. Nevertheless, unmindful of time, place and character, she made an effort to address the insidious villain. His deportment, on this occasion, has been already described. It was, then, that Eugene, who happened to be present at the scene alluded to, kindly interested himself in her behalf, and, having sought an interview with Col. Köller, endeavored to elicit from him some little sympathy for one, upon whom he had formerly bestowed so many expressions of unalterable devotion. Irritated at Eugene’s importunity—stung with the inward reproaches of conscience and, perhaps, anxious to remove by any means, so troublesome a witness of his perfidy, Col. Köller sent him a challenge, peremptorily insisting upon that satisfaction, which his insulted honor, he declared, justified him in demanding. Eugene, whose aversion to bloodshed was as intense as his detestation of unmanly treachery, had no alterna-
tive, by the conventional obligations of society, but meeting his assailant. By some mishap—for Eugene had determined not to fire at his antagonist—Köller was wounded, though not so severely as had been represented in the public prints.

My mother having learnt from Eugene the above particulars, and understanding that Emelie was in declining health, invited her to spend a few days at our country-house—an invitation which she gratefully accepted, and, accordingly, as my mother informed me, she was now at the mansion, whither it required much persuasion to induce me to return, after the fearful tragedy which had been there so recently enacted.

The remains of poor Eugene having undergone the customary formalities, had that day been removed to his father's residence in town, for interment. When I reached the fatal spot—the hall where I had so lately seen his ghastly form extended in the agonies of death, I could scarcely support myself. With difficulty my mother led me up stairs to the drawing-room, where I sunk into a chair—faint—wretched and trembling with an undefined feeling of terror.

On a couch, in a small apartment, communicating by folding doors with the drawing-room, lay Emelie, asleep, and with the traces of tears still apparent on her hectic cheek. She was a sweet, delicate-looking girl, of a slight, fragile form and a countenance purely English in its simplicity and ingenuousness. My mother showed me a packet of letters which she had received from Emelie, and which had been addressed to her by Colonel Köller. They were written in German, and my limited knowledge of that language would not enable me to read them through, but I could translate sufficient to ascertain their general tenor and purport. I had just finished their hasty perusal, my mother having gone to her room, when Roberts suddenly entered, and announced the arrival of Colonel Köller. For an instant, I was transfixed with astonishment; I had just sufficient presence of mind to conceal myself behind a screen, which surrounded the fire-place, when Köller entered with a grave and thoughtful air, and, advancing into the inner room, paused before the couch, where he encountered a spectacle, as little anticipated as desired. I watched his features narrowly:—surprise, confusion, and malice, were all depicted in their sardonic lineaments; but instantly recollecting his position, he glanced hastily round him, and retired into the adjoining apartment, when I came forth from my place of concealment, and confronted him. Contrary to my expectation, he did not even smile, but, though perfectly self-possessed, and although never a nerve quivered, and he met my scornful gaze with seeming composure, yet the consciousness of guilt, and the dread of its discovery, were branded on his brow.

"Colonel Köller," I said, after a lengthened pause, and, unable any longer to control my excited feelings, "may I be allowed to ask by whose invitation you have presumed to intrude into this house?"

"Miss Mountnoy," he replied, and his voice faltered, for I could perceive that my demeanour had stung him to the quick, "I come to explain——"

"Your connexion with that young person, there?" I rejoined, pointing to the still slumbering Emelie.

"I am acquainted with her family," he replied, "she has lately come from Vienna."
"Perhaps you can explain, sir, how these letters came into her possession;" and I handed him the packet, which he glanced over, and deliberately returned to me.

"They are my own," he observed, with an air of indifference.

"Just now, sir, you mentioned that you were merely acquainted with her family," I said, in a tone of bitter irony.

"I confess that she once stood in a different relation to me," he answered, "but her own indiscretion has annulled any claim she might otherwise have had upon my regard."

"Slanderer!" I exclaimed, with indignant vehemence.

Köller started—his eyes glared with threatening ferocity—and, unable to give vent to his resentment, he turned aside, and I could almost hear him breathing the maledictions which he durst not openly express.

At this moment, my mother came in. Köller's appearance excited her alarm. She was about to remonstrate with me, but my resolution was formed. To openly spurn him was my heart's dearest aspiration. I rang the bell—Roberts answered it.

"Roberts," I said, "open the door, instantly, for that—swindler."

Köller clenched his hand and, approaching me with the fierce malignity of a demon in his face, he exclaimed:—"Madam—if that epithet had been applied to me by any but a woman, I would have struck the utterer dead at my feet."

"Roberts," I repeated, without deigning to notice his threats, "are my orders obeyed? show out that—swindler—and if he enter these doors again, sir, it shall be at your peril."

Köller gave me one withering look, and silently departed. He had not spoken to Emelie, nor was she aware of his presence.

Emelie returned to her friends at Vienna, and, I believe, eventually took the veil.

Here, for the present, I conclude; at some future time I may be tempted to extend these confessions; but my spirit is too heavily oppressed to prolong them now.

A few words will dispose of those persons who have been casually introduced in these pages.

On Köller's character becoming known to the Portland family, he was at once repudiated by them. It appeared that he commenced formally paying his addresses to Miss Portland—his attentions had long exceeded the simple privileges of a friend—immediately on learning the peculiar restrictions contained in my father's will. The announcement of his dissimulation and venality deeply affected her sensitive mind, and she became the desponding inmate of a private asylum.

The mother of poor Eugene followed him to the grave within a month after his untimely end. My own mother married the Chevalier de Grasse, and went to reside in a chateau at Neuilly.

As for him, to proclaim whose perfidy these confessions have been wrung from a bitter and tortured heart—he still lives in pride, and pomp, and honor—to flatter and to destroy.
ALLHALLOWS EVE,

or,

THE BEACON OF REVOLT.

CHAPTER I.

Humanity must naturally shudder at the numerous acts of desperation and insanity, which, partly domestic and partly political, have recently overshadowed so many hearths with the gloom of grief, and filled counties and provinces with agitation and anarchy. Whatever the real or apparent causes, whether they are to be ascribed to the uses or abuses, or diseased condition of society on the one hand, or to individual selfishness on the other, there can be little doubt that social suffering and national depression are only aggravated and extended by the very means which are so recklessly pursued for escape from evil, or redress from wrongs.

It has always been one of the provinces of fiction, when legitimately directed, to disperse the shades of error, and convey lessons of moral truth by appealing to the feelings and sympathies slumbering in the human breast, and, by displaying vice and virtue as in a mirror, create disgust at the hideousness of the former, and affection for the beauty of the latter; and could the pages of romance be universally made to assume a severer and purer tone, they might become, without losing a tittle of interest or beauty, what so high a branch of creative literature ought to be, the source of information and morality, of constitutional content and industry, offered in the most attractive form to the generality of readers.

It was a day on which a gaudy pageant was to signalize the entry into Dublin of a person, invested with high official dignity and possessing great popularity in Ireland. The military lined the streets, and the city poured forth its multitude of rich and poor to witness the spectacle. At the corner of Dame-street, just where it turns off to the principal gate of the Castle, a female, respectably attired, and bearing in her arms an extremely young infant, stood among the crowd. Her countenance was pale and anxious, and she was endeavoring to bear up against the pressure, in order that, by keeping a front place, next the soldiery, she might command a better view of what was passing. Suddenly a murmur arose among the throng, and then a tremendous crush ensued. Mother and babe were in danger of being trodden to death. The rudeness of the mob, and the brutal repulses of the military were endured in silent terror, until a soldier, more compassionate than the rest, allowed her to occupy a place which partially secured her from annoyance. Then a discharge of artillery, the bands playing the national anthem, the increasing acclamations, the roll of wheels, and clatter of arms, announced the approach of the cavalcade. All stood on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the people’s ephemeral idol. But the blaze of warlike array, the splendid equipages, the display of civic pomp and magnificence, awakened no emotion of delight in that lone female’s breast. She

M—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1843.
only watched for one, and all besides, though tricked out in dazzling fopperies, was a blank before her sight. Banners floated proudly, steeds pranced in rich capa-
ri-sons, martial leaders in bright uniforms, and civil dignitaries in their robes of state, 
to her eye offered nothing but a gilded cloud. But hark! what word was that? 
The soldiers are presenting arms,—aye—on he comes, bowing and smiling in gra-
cious acknowledgment of the deafening plaudits from the lips of thousands which 
rang his welcome—what blandness and benevolence—what real falsehood lurks beneath that smile! He passes; his head is turned towards her—she held up the 
infant, which laughed, spite of the tumult and confusion, but, at the moment, the 
rowels gored his horse's sides, and the animal bore him rapidly forward—plunging 
and curvetting, indignantly, at the unnecessary goad. The eye of the female fol-
lowed him until he disappeared beyond the arched gateway. Equipage after equip-
age succeeded, and, at last, the brilliant cortège was gone. Strains of music, the 
murmur of voices, and noise of various vehicles became strangely blended to her 
bewildered senses, and on rousing from her state of stupor she found the soldiers 
had departed, herself becoming a butt for the prying curiosity and insulting 
it of the bystanders. Blushing to her very brow, as if detected in a crime, she 
folded the child within her shawl, pressed it to her bosom, and hurried along the 
street.

CHAPTER II.

In the private room of a public-house, not far from the lower great gate of the 
Phoenix-park, two men were seated, smoking, over some ale. They were dressed 
above the common, but their countenances had that expression of dark mystery, 
united with cunning, which is one of the peculiarities of the Irish peasant, and 
which assumed a still more suspicious and ominous aspect as their faces approached 
each other in close and serious consultation. "I dunna but it 'ud be the best plan 
after all;" said one in continuation of the discourse, "but there's that Casey down 
from Cashel, that's turned new-light lately, an' as he's always goin' hither and 
thither like a plough-share in stony ground, he'll find it out and give information 
to the Peellers."

"By my troth, you're right enough, Barney," returned the other, "so it 'ud 
be well to let the secretary write a dispatch to the boys along the road, that 'll stop 
his preachin' with a clap o' thunder."

"To shoot him of course, neither more nor less," added Barney, grinning with 
satisfaction.

"It's a job that 'ud be performed nately, if it was Barney O'Leary pulled the 
trigger," remarked his companion, in a complimentary tone.

"Och! never say the word, Misther O'Dwyer," responded the other, grasping 
his confederate's hand, and then added, more seriously, "but it's said there's more 
sogers comin' over in the steam-boats—somethin' betwuxt twenty-one and twenty-
two thousand, I b'lieve or thereabouts—eh? is 'nt it, Misther O'Dwyer?"

The latter, who had gained this respectful apppellative from some higher office or
The Beak of Revolt.

The intercourse with the heads of a secret association, smiled at this exaggerated estimate, saying, "Na-boolish, (never mind it) Barney, if they came over as many more of 'em nor what there is, we'd fight 'em wid courage and stratagem, listen to that, Barney—stratagem."

"Och! vo!" ejaculated the latter, with a kind of sigh, "you see the say is made o' wather, Misher O'Dwyer, an' there's no such thing as makin' a mine of gunpowder and ther it all the way, as we're towld they used to do of old to blow up the great city of London wid—more's the pity, or else we might blow up the sogers, say an' all, an' they sailin' across."

"There's more nor that a pity," replied O'Dwyer, indicating yet greater mirth, "but you'll have work enough in no time—you'll be on guard outside, while I go into the Central Committee, and see about the dispatches—that Casey, the heretic, must be settled, and the boys are up in Cavan already, it's likely, an' the counties towards the south adjacent—we'll fight 'em with desilie—Tory war, Barney," jogging the latter to attend to his pun, "but hurry on now wid me, an' we'll soon see what's to be done."

Seizing their hats, they prepared to depart, when their intention was checked by the sudden entrance of the female, already noticed as having watched the procession. She still carried the infant, and looked with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes on the two men who returned her silent gaze for some moments with the abashed, but furious glance of rage and guilt.

"I know ye, traitors!" exclaimed the woman, first breaking silence, "and I know your schemes—think ye, by private murder and public treason to recover your political rights, and win your own and country's happiness; your own rashness and offended justice will make many a homeless widow and orphan, and after a thousand deaths and miseries unutterable, ye will find, that instead of struggling for freedom, ye have plunged yourselves yet deeper into deserved slavery—Barney O'Leary, your hand is ever ready to clutch the weapon for the deadly deed—Phelim O'Dwyer, your country's laws have made me your wife, and here is the living pledge you gave me," holding up the child, as she spoke; "beware lest following some disguised and monstrous demon, mis-named patriotism—beware, I say, lest the same laws dissolve our union with ignominy, and ruin wife and babe, bringing on ye the curses which duty and affection forbid me to anticipate, much less utter."

"Maria, asthoiragh!" said O'Dwyer, soothingly, more moved by her words than he chose to express, "Go home, and love these matthers to us that has the undherstandin' a-cush-la!"

"There is no home for me," replied his wife, "Unless it is shared with him whom I would save from his own wickedness and folly."

"Betther to kill her first, and raion her into it af her," muttered Barney, sulkily, "but that's what comes of takin' up wid a Sassenach, bid manners to her! an' now she'll be after lodgin' informations to get us murdered by Peel's lawyers."

"Howld yr' tongue, you o'medhaun," said O'Dwyer, aside, "Saxon or heretic, I tell you, "Maria hasn't the black heart o' the treacherous—howsomdever, we must get rid of her." Then, turning to his wife, he added, "Go home—this is no
place for you—and where I am, you mustn't be—'an now, ather this, let there be
no thrillin' between us.'

"My child shall have a home," returned Maria, passionately; "and I will be
where you are when you least expect it."

Her husband looked suspiciously at her, muttering, "If I thought"—then pushing
her backward, he told her, in a rough voice, to be gone. The action exasperated her
to the utmost, and she indignantly retorted, "Wretch, that would imbrue your
hands in the blood of human beings, and trifle with your own—fate would have
justly punished you, by giving you a wife deserving of such base suspicions—but
no, you wrong me—with my own life would I guard your's, yet listen to my warn-
ing;" then with a strange singularity, which characterized her on occasions of high
excitement, and assuming a tone and attitude such as might have suited a Delphian
priestess;

"Red warriors, by your Queen's command,
Shall traverse and lay waste your land;
Plot on—your huts will burn the same—
Fit food for martial storm and flame.
Dark treason God is sure to see,
The' where He is ye ne'er shall be."

Then hastily turning, she hurried away; her husband, confident of her integrity,
neither making nor permitting any effort to detain or pursue her.

After regarding each other for some minutes, with a kind of stupified stare,
O'Dwyer resumed the interrupted conversation, without alluding to the late
occurrence: "Barney, you spalpeen, don't be throwin' yr' sheep's eyes at the hob
beyont, as if it could desave you out of yr' heart, like the blink of a colleen (young
Girl)—let me see—All Hallow's eve will be here shortly—an' arrah thin, wo'nt it
be fine sport to light the wisp o' straw over the mountains, just when the Sas-
senachs are burnin' beans wid' their sweethearts—hurrah for repale—it an' the rint
will go on smooth ather a stroke or two at thin an' the Peelers."

"Throth yes," replied O'Leary, "but do'nt be ather losin' time—an' thin whin
the gentlemen of the committee have med up their minds—then down wid the
Sassenachs, Tories, sogers, an' all o' their sort! whoo!"

With this ebullition of treasonable sentiment, the two ruffians departed on their
secret mission, first, however, draining their ale-pots to the bottom, for both being
tee-totallers as well as repealers, had taken the pledge, but never kept it, a virtue
which, if ever practised, was confined to that redeemed from the pawn-brokers on
each succeeding Saturday.

CHAPTER III.

The autumn of—— had concluded with unusual severity. On one of its most
inclement evenings, a social circle were assembled in the parlour of Mr. Ellis, in
—— street. The hours had worn far into the night, but mirth and enjoyment had
only become more diffused and animated. A song was just concluded by one of
the party, and the usual applause was flying from lip to lip, when a loud knock at
the hall-door put a sudden stop to the tide of encomium. It was repeated. Mr.
Ellis rose and rang the bell.
"Who knocks at this unseasonable hour?" he enquired, with some perturbation, of the servant who entered.

"Faix then, I dunna, sir," was the answer, "when I opened the door I could see nothing, and the night is dark enough to blind a cat, and cowld enough to shave a mouse."

Another knock, yet more violent, broke in upon the scarce-finished sentence, and made several, standing up, rush to the hall, among whom was Mr. Ellis himself. They opened the door, but no object presented itself, and, indeed, the night was calculated for concealment. The streets were deserted; the lamps hardly discernible through a thick and blinding sleet, and nothing was heard but its pattering on the roofs and pavement, and the howling of the winds.

"It is useless to attempt discovering the delinquent on such a night," said one, whose libations had rendered him loquacious. "I move that we return to the parlour, and let the knocker divert itself as it please."

"I shall not be satisfied," said Mr. Ellis, in a state of considerable agitation, "without making an effort to detect the offender, at the same time descending the steps, and advancing some paces along the street. Then, suddenly stopping, he exclaimed, "What have we here?" And lifting a bundle from the street, and carrying it into the parlour, curiosity prevailed, and all flocked round to see the contents of the bundle. A roll of flannel, long enough to have warmed an icicle, being unfolded, the candle's bright glare fell on the eyes of a sleeping infant, which immediately awoke with a feeble cry. Released from its outward covering, it was found to be neatly dressed, and a note suspended from its neck attracted attention. Mr. Ellis, opening it, read as follows:—

Sir,—An appeal to the really humane is not likely to be unsuccessful. Without further prelude, therefore, I boldly consign this infant to your care, circumstances having deprived it of paternal protection, and prevented a mother from bestowing upon it the necessary attention, but remember that it is no less dear on that account. I trust that all mystery will be soon over, and, if Providence wills it, favorably explained.

Until, then, accept a mother's grateful blessing, and protect her child.

A fond but unfortunate parent.

..."You will laugh at me," said Mrs. Ellis, as he concluded, "if I relate to you a curious dream which I had last night; it kept me awake for a couple of hours—this strange incident reminded me of it."

"Let us hear it, by all means," said one of the company, "anything must be interesting which relates to this child—I'll warrant you dreamed he was married and happy."

"There you are wrong, friend," observed another, "she dreamed that he had acquired wealth, having forgotten all his youthful flames and visionary nonsense."

"I'll wager," interposed a third, "that this vision, like all others of the kind represented the luckless fellow toiling over some barren desert, clinging to some inhospitable rock, or facing some imminent danger, against which he was found victorious—am I right?"
"Indeed you are all in the wrong," said Mrs. Ellis, "it simply referred to death."

"Death—death," echoed they all with astonishment, each face becoming dark and portentous.

"Even so," continued Mrs. Ellis, "I thought I stood upon a rock."

"Aye, a rock," interrupted the last speaker, "that's exactly what I said."

"Bleak, high, and overlooking the sea," proceeded the narrator.

"Bleak—bleak—very well—all right," commented the former with a self-congratulatory chuckle.

"For heaven's sake, allow the lady to go on," remonstrated a fourth.

"Oh! I beg pardon—meant no offence, upon my honor, only you must all admit that I was so far right."

"As I was saying, I stood upon a rock, and the ocean lay stretched out beneath, as waveless as a lake in a calm summer-evening's twilight. Not a speck to break the monotonous prospect, and, in my dream, I mentally remarked, how emblematic was that scene of a dread, fathomless, unbroken eternity. A starless and murky sky shrouded the sea as with an immense pall, and, as I gazed, I thought I saw a ship in the distance, the tracery of whose white sails contrasted strongly with the black horizon, while it came swiftly forward and approached the rock, and not a soul could be seen upon its decks, but it looked like a lovely ocean-spectre haunting the shores where it had long endured the blustering breeze and pelting tempest. Nay it even drew so nigh that I could hear the creaking timbers, and the sluggish flapping of the canvas; and then, on a sudden, it vanished, and I beheld a hearse drawn by four horses, with plumes as white and fleecy, as if made of the foam which is dashed from the sides of the immemorial crag. But this was attended by a train of figures, all arrayed in funereal garb. I recognized the chief mourners, Casey the preacher, and his wife, whom he buried three years ago. The others seemed in ruddy health, but these two were pale and ghastly, holding each other's hands. And, as the sad and solemn procession proceeded, I thought I heard a voice singing, and the notes grew louder and louder; and then I beheld Joseph and Shaughnessy, the secretary to the repeal association, that lately went to America, in the same vessel as our son, sitting on the hearse, and chanting a requiem, which, wafted over the quiet sea, made even stillness more awful, and I could plainly hear the utterance of the names of Casey and his wife, for the repose of whose souls I thought it was sung, and I smiled to think how foolishly Joseph thus confounded the living with the dead.

Approaching nearer and nearer, the roof of the hearse seemed almost to brush the spot whereon I stood, and a loud 'amen' from the spectral singer was howled in my very ear. Then his hands seemed as if they touched mine, and I felt them warm as in vigorous life. Delighted, I stretched my arms to embrace my boy, when a loud maniac-laugh arose from his lips, so loud, terrific, and unearthly, that, screaming, I released my hold, and in an agony of fear, awoke. I was covered with cold perspiration, and put up my hands to destroy the illusion which still continued —"dear me! how strange! I should know that knock," she added, as a third summons interrupted the recital.
The next moment, some one tapped at the door, and William Shaughnessy entered. He was instantly surrounded by the party, but replied little to their congratulations, pensive, and evidently expecting an anxious mother's questioning.

"Where is Joseph?" enquired Mrs. Ellis, "why has he not come with you?"

"The ship in which we sailed was lost on her return," he answered, taking a chair, while a slight tremor was observable in his voice.

"What! you were then wrecked?" cried several at once.

"Yes."

"But Joseph—you do not speak of him," remarked Mrs. Ellis.

"Do you remember this?" he said, taking a watch from his pocket, and holding it before her eyes.

"It is Joseph's," she exclaimed, "my parting present—he is lost—William Shaughnessy—speak—is he dead?"

Shaughnessy was silent, but bent down his head mournfully.

"God's will be done!" solemnly ejaculated Mr. Ellis, catching in his arms his wife's sinking form, and proceeding to bear her to her apartment through the posse that proffered their services:—"No, no," she said, suddenly reviving, "I will stay—let me hear all—that I may know there is no hope—that I have no son—that I am childless."

"Young man!" said Mr. Ellis, in a tone and manner that appealed directly to Shaughnessy's heart, "go on—tell the whole truth—nor conceal anything."

For the purpose of elucidating the story it should here be premised that Mr. Ellis had an only son, Joseph, who had grown up with a ward named Sophia Southley. They were playmates in childhood, and Joseph soon contracted an attachment, which ripened with his years. Yet Sophia was one of those on whom love sits loosely; Joseph's affection was sincere; but his parents were hostile to his wishes: only seventeen years of age, his first overtures for their consent to an immediate marriage were laughed at as the mad romance of a dreaming boy, and of course met with a stern but unqualified refusal. Parents at times mis-calculate the disposition of their offspring, and oftentimes condemn or commend according to the customs of society, rather than yield assent under particular circumstances. Did they study nature and character more deeply, they would learn to correct without ridicule, and so oppose advances as not to wound the feelings.

The indisposition consequent on this disappointment caused the youth to be confined some time to his apartment, where Mr. Ellis often conferred with him. At length, it began to be buzzed through the house that Joseph was about to emigrate, being destined to seek, in a distant land, oblivion of his early affection. It had, in fact, been agreed upon—an expedient commonly resorted to—that he should absent himself for a time, so that after forming new associations in strange society and foreign climes, should his once boyish passion continue unchanged and undiminished, he might on his return wed the object of his choice.

Early one morning, before the members of the family had risen, Joseph Ellis might be seen paying a visit to their bedides, bidding each a sorrowful farewell. He was not permitted to see his idolized Sophy, and clutching his father's arm, paused to
gaze on that slender barrier which divided him from love—a barrier so soon to be increased to an ocean's measureless expanse. When he had passed into the street, and the hall-door with a sullen sound had closed upon the walls of home, unable longer to suppress his feelings he whispered hysterically in his parent's ear—

"Father! if my body perish, remember my spirit will come to claim the fulfilment of your promise."

Joseph Ellis traversed the wild waters of the deep. Sophy received the intelligence of his departure with a smile, and manifested no emotion, though, for her sake, he was now an exile from his native land, rather than be faithless to his love; and on her at least there was no change either in health or spirits. The knowledge of a loving devotion is seldom found to produce on the female mind a corresponding sympathetic impression. Still pursuing what is unattained or unattainable, she spurns with disdain, or treats with cold neglect the heart of whose possession she is sure.

One friend, whose years should have commanded steadiness, undertook to join Joseph in his travels, and readily did his family congratulate themselves that their child would not be separated from all his friends during his period of probation like a bark without a pilot, which contributed much to remove their lurking uneasiness. This friend was William Shaughnessy, who had been secretary to several political associations in Ireland, and now went to America, it was supposed, charged with secret dispatches from the Irish repealers to their partisans in that quarter.

"Heaven, knows," answered Shaughnessy, with a deep sigh, "Heaven knows I have not remissly performed the duties of friendship. We were off the island of——, when the ship became entangled in drifting masses of ice, and the repeated shocks soon convinced us that every effort to save her would be fruitless. Accordingly, the men took to the boats, which, during a thick fog, parted company, and that which contained Joseph, the captain, and myself, was upset, close to the shore, which we three alone reached alive. Joseph was well nigh exhausted, having in the first alarm run literally naked from his hammock to the deck; where, shivering in the intense cold of a northern winter, he remained during our preparations for departure. One or two things, which he considered too valuable to lose, except with life, were all he thought of securing; and after having got into the boat, the captain's cloak was thrown round him, which he retained while struggling with me to gain the land. But as there was neither place for repose, nor a morsel of refreshment, he began to sink under his fatigue. The captain pushed on in search of some habitation, but being the more robust of the two, I determined not to forsake my friend while there appeared a chance of saving him. Thus assisted, he tottered on for some time, but, at length, unable to proceed, he said:—"William, I am sleepy—I cannot keep my eyes open—leave me, and save yourself."

"Nonsense, man," I remonstrated, "relief is not far distant—do not despond."

"It is all over," he answered feebly, "I feel my heart growing cold—my limbs will not support me—go—yet stay one moment—here—these are all I have saved from the wreck—of my hopes, as well as of my fortune—this is the watch my mother gave me on the morning I left home; take and wear it for my sake, and this—this is the ring, on which Sophy and I plighted our eternal vows, and with
which we dreamed we should yet be united—alas! death alone will soon be poor Joseph's bride—return it to her, should it be your good fortune again to behold your native land—tell her not to grieve, for we shall meet in heaven, and do'nt forget, William, do'nt forget, to say that this pledge was the last earthly thing with which I parted, and her name, my Sophy's name, the last word I uttered, and that, though my heart is frozen, her image, defy ing the elements, still glows within its core."

"Joseph," I urged, "do not thus despair—while you have life, there is hope; come, we will ever live or die together." Taking the trinkets, which he could no longer grasp, I stooped, and drew his arms round my neck, for every limb was relaxed and helpless, as if struck by paralysis. Raising him on my back, I bore him forwards, hoping, as he feebly thanked me, that all would yet be well; but after carrying him for some time, with repeated and earnest admonitions to resist the drowsiness which I knew would herald his dissolution, he again addressed me:

"Remember me to my parents, and say that I forgive them—but worse than useless would have been any effort to cause me to forget my Sophy!"

All subsequent attempts to rouse him were fruitless, his head drooped heavily on my shoulder, and his legs became gradually stiff and motionless. However, I did not even then despair, although my exertions alarmingly lessened my remaining strength, until, sinking beneath the burden and releasing my hold, I discovered that I had been bearing a corpse. His flesh was hard as the earth on which I trod. Even in this extremity, I left him not, but, searching about, discovered a severed branch of one of the leafless trees, growing at wide intervals along our way. With this I hollowed out a shallow grave, and there rest the remains of your dear and my lamented friend. Even now it seems a dream."

"Say no more," gasped Mr. Ellis, "you have told all, and we are satisfied."

Mrs. Ellis made no reply, but had kept her eyes fixed on Shaughnessy's face during the whole narration, from time to time clutching convulsively at her husband's arm. Many cheeks were wet, and as Sophy held down her head, perhaps, she too wept; but the hand's tender pressure which she permitted on receiving from him the keepsake ring, was too warm and protracted to bespeak a desolate and mourning heart, and the bold whisper which accompanied it from Shaughnessy's lips was too earnest for mere sympathy for a lover's loss. Inconstancy is woman's weakness and man's nature, but the night which brought intelligence of a child's decease, of a friend's bereavement, of a lover's dying prayer, was scarcely a suitable one on which to anticipate the rejoicings of a bridal.

Mr. Ellis was a man whose inflexible integrity of principle and determined loyalty rendered him obnoxious to the disaffected and revolutionary, with many of whom he associated; for, although being a firm and conscientious Protestant, he did not deem it necessary to manifest it by illiberality or refusing social intercourse with his Roman-catholic brethren, which was generously offered to all without distinction of creed or opinion. This line of conduct, however, did not, unhappily, prevent the enmity of many by whom he was surrounded, who were ready to avail themselves of his easy access, to become familiar with his habits and sentiments for treacherous purposes.
CHAPTER IV.

The moon shone cloudlessly above the romantic and beautiful scenery of the Phoenix Park, when a gentleman, enveloped in a military cloak, strode down the principal avenue leading to the Vice-regal Lodge. It was the same already noticed as being the object of Maria O’Dwyer’s vigilance during the recent procession, seemingly too in high command, for, as he passed the sentinels, they saluted him with presented arms. Turning to the right, he ascended a steep and narrow pathway, which led to the pond, beside which was situate the spa, with its shady enclosure; having entered this, he leaned on the rustic bench, and gazed for some time in silence on that limited but beautiful landscape. High, sloping grounds entirely skirt in the view, but the long and glassy pond, trembling in the soft moonlight, reflected darkly the foliage which crowded like a girdle of living emerald around its waters. At the further end, a tall column rose towering into the blue heavens, like a giant watching over his slumbering and helpless charge, while along the sedgy margin sailed a solitary swan, rippling the surface into tiny waves, now vanishing and then re-appearing amongst the small inlets, and promontories, which indented the wooded shores. Fancy might conceive it to be some tutelary spirit, gliding along the haunts over which it was commissioned to preside.

"Calm and voluptuous hour," he soliloquized, "how sweetly it steals upon the senses, even while it knocks at the heart and makes the guilty tremble—guilt, why do I speak of guilt—my hand unstained with blood—my tongue undefiled with blasphemy—pshaw—but poor Maria—and her petition, I suppose she has been wretched, but she is a lovely woman—I shall sing something appropriate, and drive off melancholy." Taking a guitar from beneath his cloak, he swept a wild prelude on its chords, and began:

I gaz’d on the day-god’s vesper light,
Like floating gems on the blue wave gleaming,
And Love caught the spa. kies all glowing and bright,
To enamel an eye that of rapture was dreaming.

I gaz’d on the amorous lunar ray,
As it softly envelop’d each tree and flower;
And Venus all smilingly stole it away,
To mellow a glance for the nuptial bower.

I lay on Love’s isle—in the arbour of bliss,
Soft eyes in their lustre reflectedly shone;
The sun and the moon lent their charms to the kiss,
For the warm and the lovely were blended in one.

Laying down the instrument, and resting his head upon his hand, he thus soliloquized in the enjoyment of his fanciful feast of ecstasy.

"Tis a poetic hour—hark! methinks I hear the laughing zephyrs bear away the notes to their midnight banquet. Who dares to say that dame Nature is not a voluptuary, listening delighted to the congenial strains, and throbbing with a deep sympathetic pulsation. Suppose my melody were to prove a spell, and bring into view a multitude of those lovely, sylphlike forms, said to inhabit the clefts of trees and sport over the placid lakes and running brooks.

"And yet," he added, suddenly lapsing into melancholy, "There is something
The Beacon of Revolt.

here, a stern, untiring, ever-watchful fiend, that points and whispers, "do!" then
culling and preparing the tempting and nectarous fruit, laughing in hollow tones
when it is found to be ashes. And is this all that the cup of pleasure gives to those
who quaff it? an upbraiding past—a craving present—a dark future? And, there,
she alone, appears; she alone maintains a spell upon my spirits; probing my soul's
recesses, and awakening thence the babbling conscience—'tis true, that she alone
confided in me—unveiled her innocent heart, and found it like you watery beams,
airy and inconstant. Others gave me their smiles and caresses, and, after all, fluttered
as gaily and thoughtlessly round another flame. Well, she has her revenge in my
uneasiness, why fool away her confidence? The very weakness shows her to be
contemplatable, she should have known human nature better—still, being innocent,
she enjoys a happier lot than I." As he spoke, his eyes fell upon a few stunted
bushes beside the pathway. What did he behold? A form in sable drapery, rising
from among them, advanced with slow and stately step—he could not be mistaken—
the figure, stature and motions, declared a well-known acquaintance. "Angel or
demon!" he exclaimed, springing forward, as it approached, "thou that seemest
endowed with power to haunt me for ever,—Maria."

"My lord," said the lady with a firmness which brought him to his recollection.
So surprising is it with what facility people, practised in duplicity, or moulded by
fashion into creatures of circumstance, suit their deportment to create the effect
intended.

His manner became tender and insinuating. "Maria, welcome, welcome, my
love!" he said in a delighted tone; such as he might employ towards a dear friend,
whom he had never injured.

"I am no longer your minion, my Lord!" she said calmly, "the reed played upon
for an hour is flung into the stream, and consigned to rottenness and oblivion.
This warmth seems strange from you, who have so long denied me access. Where
are the letters I have sent, and which you have never deigned to answer—know you
that I have watched here, night after night, hoping you might perchance visit this
spot, which we both have reason to remember."

"What letter?" he replied, "I do not understand you."

"Do not prevaricate, my Lord, it is surely too trifling a matter for which to incur
the guilt of falsehood."

"Nay, Maria, you are too severe; come, believe me, still, "a being whom you can
trust."

"Too well, I know that I have trusted—your own conscience will declare how far
I was justified in reposing such a confidence."

"Maria, forgive my temporary coldness, and"—

"Never," she replied, interrupting him with stern emphasis.

"The repetition of an act demands not so many scruples," he observed
smirkingly.

"I needed not your upbraiding, sir. The dupe of your perfidy deserves not
your taunts; do not burden your conscience with more vows of fidelity. I am
here to urge a petition, not for myself, but for a babe, which employs a mother's
lips to save it from insult and want, and trusts that to a people's deputed father, the appeal will not be vain. Not knowing that its mother was deceived, it will trust his promise; being ignorant that man ever forged a lie to deceive the innocent, it will meekly hope to be shielded from the world's reproaches."

"Cease, dearest Maria!" said his Lordship, taking her hand, with a wild, hurried hilarity intended to conceal widely different feelings, "say no more—your eloquence overpowers, as much as your charms distract me—by heaven! I will do all—anything—at your will—by your wish."

"My Lord!" said Maria coldly, "your words add insult to injury; you have made no explicit promise—nor noticed my request, except by those incoherent ravings which passion conveys to the ready lip, engaging neither heart nor understanding. Once I was foolish, sir, and reasoned not thus—though you may now applaud my improvement in wisdom, my Lord, as my preceptor."

"You refuse, then?" "There can be no apology for the renewal of offences, sir, their pernicious consequences having been experienced."

"I am not so cold a reasoner, Maria; do you, I repeat, refuse me this?"

"I do."

"Then I shall take without leave what is so uncourteously denied."

"My Lord—beware," said the lady energetically. But his Lordship answered not. "Should I scream, my Lord, your exposure and disgrace will follow—besides, there is a God."

"Who looks down on us," interrupted he, "forgetting it is sin to worship such loveliness as thine."

As he uttered the impious words, a horse's hoofs clattered on the gravelly space above the enclosure, the soft herbage having smothered the noise, until nearly upon the spot. The rider in a moment dismounted, cleared the fence, and approached them. "Take off o' that lady," exclaimed O'Dwyer, for it was he—seizing his wife's arm, "an' do'nt be aft'er makin' so free till you're better acquainted."

"By what right do you intrude here?" said his Lordship indignantly.

"By what right, is it?" responded O'Dwyer, placing himself, menacingly between him and Maria, "That's a question for an ugly spalpeen, like yourself to ax a dacint gentleman, like me. I thought I knew the voice an' I comin' along the road—supposin' that its by the right every man has to defend the unprotected."

"I know not this, sir,—it 'seems to me a strange place to prove or establish it—I desire you will proceed," said his lordship with the most resolute effrontery.

O'Dwyer answered this order but by drawing Maria's arm more tightly within his, and assuming a firmer attitude of defence.

"I trust," interposed Maria, whose agitation had hitherto prevented her speaking, "I trust there will be no quarrel."

The nobleman suddenly stooped and whispered in O'Dwyer's ear.

"I do'nt care a skeelawn," (seed-potato,) said the latter aloud, "your rank and title, as you call 'em, doesn't excuse your violence, I therefore beg leave to take her as she's my wife, under my protection; a husband, your lordship, is of course the best person to see a wife's wrongs enquired into and redressed."
"Then, I resign her to your charge," said his lordship, sarcastically, as he moved off.

"Your lordship wouldn't be in such a hurry," retorted O'Dwyer with equal scorn. Before you have reached the top of that pathway this pistol will shout "guard turn out," and you will be found out by your own—" he stopped short, and held up the weapon, "now, my lord—beware."

This inflexible determination had a visible effect upon the behaviour of his companion, who muttered:—"Well, if it must be so, I have no objection to settle this affair with you, but this is not the place—and as fate seems to have made you umpire here, a little prematurely I must confess, I will take steps to convince you that I meant nothing but kindness. Had you been a trifle less Quixotish, you would have pleased me better—come on."

"Your lordship's welcome to your game," replied O'Dwyer, assisting his wife over the fence; and, taking his steed by the bridle, the three walked away arm in arm; for noblemen are known, on occasions involving their personal interest, to be peculiarly amiable and condescending.

During that interview, of which it is unnecessary to give the details, the nobleman was prevailed on, partly by menaces and partly by entreaty, to give a written promise of protection to O'Dwyer, in whatever legal difficulty the latter might be involved.

Before proceeding farther, it may be proper to state that Maria's unanswered letters to his lordship related to the political plots and treasonable cabals with which O'Dwyer was connected, which she, through a simple and laudable wish to extricate her husband from the dangers thus incurred, had communicated to the nobleman, imploring secrecy, and a speedy adoption of measures which would check revolutionary schemes at the very outset; and before the rash and sometimes unfeeling O'Dwyer had become implicated in a serious and sanguinary conspiracy. But her suggestions had a very different effect upon his lordship from what she had fondly anticipated. Observing her youth, beauty and innocence, he conceived the double purpose of allowing O'Dwyer to reach the fatal stage of crime, thus hoping to remove him, and secure Maria, if not dishonorably, at least legally, for himself. He accordingly continued to temporize with his fair informant, never committing himself in writing, but found her indignation only roused by delay, and artifice and bribes alike unavailing against her virtue. Baffled, and more than ever alarmed for her husband's safety, she made several efforts to obtain an interview, which was constantly refused, until she surprised him, as before mentioned, at the park-pond, where she had been accustomed to give the letters to his servant, and to which place she had reason to conclude he sometimes paid nocturnal visits.

CHAPTER V.

The following paragraph has recently appeared in the newspapers:—

"A circumstance has come to our knowledge, of which the party most interested, is, we believe, still ignorant, and will hear of it now for the first time. It will show
Mr. O'Connell, that a far more serious charge than that of misdemeanour was at a former period impending over him, and that a mere accident prevented his being arrested for high treason. We can pledge ourselves (continues the same journalist) for the truth of the following statement, and if additional testimony be necessary, we can appeal to Lord Stanley, Sir W. Gossett, Mr. Blackburne (present Master of the Rolls), and, we believe, Mr. Justice Crampton, for its further authentication. During the secretaryship, indeed we may call it the government of Ireland, by Lord Stanley, a certain individual sought an interview with the authorities at Dublin Castle, and disclosed to them the particulars of a horrible conspiracy then actually matured for raising a general rebellion in Ireland, at the head of which was Daniel O'Connell. The plausibility and hard swearing of this individual procured him credit at the castle. He was requested to continue to attend the meetings of the conspirators, and report their proceedings from day to day. At length, all seemed ripe for action, and a warrant for Mr. O'Connell's apprehension was actually being made out, when Mr. Blackburne, then Attorney-general, suggested a little further delay. The delay of three or four days was conceded, but before their expiration, a paragraph in a Scottish newspaper blew the traitorous conspiracy into air. This paragraph had reference to the trusty and well-paid informant at the castle, and spoke of him as to certain questionable doings in Scotland, before he became the confidential agent of the Irish Government authorities. Inquiries were made, the warrant was burnt, and every effort made to hush up the whole matter. In now re-producing it, we feel that we may be doing some public service; for it may be that some other such informant is at present deceiving the Government, and leading it to those otherwise unaccountable military preparations which it is making in Ireland."

Time passed, and the reception which Sophia Southley had given William Shaughnessy, had been improved into a decided courtship, while he never ceased to urge upon Joseph's sorrow-stricken parents, the absolute expediency of a speedy marriage—an argument which Mr. Ellis was the more inclined to listen to, as he saw the suit was by no means unacceptable to Sophy herself, and the political distractions of the country assuming each day a gloomier and more menacing aspect, seemed to him to create a yet stronger reason for permitting his ward to choose a closer and less equivocal protector. Shaughnessy pursued his suit with the most assiduous ardor, devoting all his leisure-time to his intended bride, although many hours of every day were spent by him in solitude, during which he was supposed to be engaged in study, but was in reality digesting and aiding to its full development, a grand insurrectionary movement, and maintaining an intimate correspondence with O'Dwyer and its other leading members and partisans. He already knew the appointed time for way-laying Casey, whom they dreaded from his knowledge of their proceedings, as they hated and cursed him for apostasy. But, in the midst of an actually murderous political intrigue, he forgot not the affairs of love, and so well did he practise upon Mr. Ellis's easy disposition, and Sophy's sensibility, that, by degrees, he had surmounted all obstacles to an immediate
union—nay, on the very day intended to seal Casey's fate, the same pen had signed
his name among the list of its abettors and written a complimentary poetical
effusion to Miss Southley, on the anticipated fulfillment of their mutual inclinations.
The wedding morning had, in fact, arrived; and the preparations for nuptial
festivity were ripe in the abode of Mr. Ellis. White cockades, white ribbons, white
dresses, were displayed in great profusion, as if the absence of purity could be
recompensed by the presence of its emblem. The drawing-rooms were set out for
the midnight ball, the tables groaned beneath the burden of the wedding-feast, and
the servants, with meaning looks of mirth, passed rapidly to and fro, all earnest and
jovial, as if participating in idea the bliss of the happy couple. Guest after guest
arriving, congratulated the bride, who smiled with joy and benignity. The bride-
groom was all rapture, passion. No unseasonable thought of deceived friend or
discarded lover was suffered to intrude upon the unmingled delights of the festal
hour. The tomb had closed above the hapless Joseph. The solitary tear had
flowed for his untimely fate. What more could fidelity like his expect from the
fail children of humanity?

"You have not remarked a curious coincidence," said one of Miss Southley's
bride-maids to her young friend.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Friday is the anniversary of Joseph's death. This day two-years the vessel
was wrecked in which he sailed, and"—

"For heaven's sake, hush!" interrupted Sophy, pettishly, "I do'nt like those
hints of death—they seem like evil omens." The subject was instantly dropped,
but her countenance grew less radiant, and she became occasionally abstracted.
The minutes flew, and the bridal party drove off to church. Through the throng
of idlers, loungers and vagabonds usually assembled on such occasions, Mr. Ellis
led the glittering Sophy to the altar. Immediately behind the group, assembled in
front of that holy place, a young man, of respectable mien, but poorly clothed,
appeared among the crowd of spectators. His lips were compressed, he talked to
no one, but moved restlessly from place to place, still keeping his eyes stedfastly
fixed on the bride. And now all was over. The party moved away. The bride
and bride-groom walked arm in arm, conversing in whispers; but, as the nuptial
party drove off, the same young man stood beside the wedded pair, with the same
stern unmoved aspect.

The day passed merrily by; Hymen sweetened the flying hours with pleasure and
wit, and during the evening many a toast was drunk to the happiness of the new-
marrried couple. They now thronged the ball-room,

"A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival."

And a thousand brighter eyes lent lustre and animation to the scene. Soft music
floated round, and many a light and graceful nymph threaded the mazes of the
sprightly dance, and many a tremulous hand returned a willing and delighted
pressure. Amidst the gayest there, glittered Sophy and her husband. The transient
melancholy had worn away, and she moved and conversed as if destined never to
experience future anguish. Wearied with the dance and song, this pair, retired, like Edwy and Elgiva, apart from the vortex of giddy revel, to enjoy a more unrestrained dalliance. They thought not of the loved or lost one, nor felt pangs of remorse. Unfaithful, they yet spoke of fidelity and eternal truth. Treacherous and unfeeling, they yet talked warmly of sincerity and benevolence. They dreamed not of secret vows, never to repose confidence in each other, while breathing impasioned murmurs. The comforts, hopes, joys, of wedded life were all present to their imaginations; the anguish of disappointment, the loathing of sated appetite, the curse of jealousy, the blight of mutual distrust, flung not their dark and lowering shadows from the all-bright future.

"Sweets to the sweet," said Shaughnessy, gallantly, handing a plate of confectionary to his bride.

"If they were flowers, the compliment would be more appropriate," replied Sophy, laughing.

"True, but you will excuse the blunders for his sake who made it."

"The duty of a good wife, you know," returned Sophy, "is to take the will for the deed, and be grateful," but the sweetmeats dropped from her hand, and she turned deadly pale.

"What is the matter, my love?" asked the bride-groom, anxiously, you change color."

"William," she said, in a subdued tone, "I could have sworn I heard Joseph Ellis' voice, repeat the word 'grateful.'"

"Pahaw, nonsense," exclaimed Shaughnessy, whose arm, however, encircling his wife's waist, trembled slightly, "do you not hear them talking all round you; how wild to fancy you heard the voice of one who is buried beneath the snows and icebergs of the North—forget him."

"There again," rejoined his wife, clinging half fainting to her husband, "Your words were repeated—it was Joseph's voice—I cannot be mistaken, oh! his spirit hovering round us will curse our union from the dark places of eternity."

"Hush, do not make yourself uneasy," remonstrated her husband, in evident alarm, "your agitation will be observed—for heaven's sake, compose yourself—trust me, you will be most happy."

"Liar!" said a voice which sounded as if from behind them, and was, indeed, too audible to admit of any further doubt. Shaughnessy turned suddenly, but found nothing unusual. Sophia moved not, but the cold dews of indescribable horror started forth over her frame. "Tis he," she whispered, "his hand is upon me, it is icy as the grave in which he lies—he is gone before his time—and I write as if under his curse,—I feel, within, the depths of misery—William Shaughnessy—this night our doom is recorded by the Almighty." A shadow darkened the wall behind them, and passed round the sofa, on which they sat, and the young man, already mentioned as watching them in the church, stood before them. His mean garb, and solemn demeanour offered too powerful a contrast to the brilliant dresses and mirthful deportment of the groups around, not immediately to attract general attention. And, as the first accents fell from his lips, the noise of many tongues and
instruments sank into a sudden silence. A slight hectic tinged the young man's pallid features. He did not foam or stamp in a violent whirlwind of passion, but his hands trembled as he stretched them forward, and, standing erect, his brow now dilated now contracted from internal agonies. Several in that assembly identified him, although the hand of sorrow had prematurely sprinkled grey hairs in his youthful locks, and had traced upon his form and countenance the appearance of middle age. Sophy and Shaughnessy shrunk from his blighting gaze. It was Joseph Ellis, but the friend's joyous congratulation, and the doting parents' fond embrace were withheld, while they listened to him with wonder and dread, as to one from the grave. His whole spirit seemed concentrated in one intense and withering stare fixed upon the bride and bridegroom, and, as the accents fell from his livid and quivering lips, a power appeared to dwell in the deep emphatic syllables, which rendered them active ministers of untold agony. "Ye did not expect me here, the cold wave and the pitiless storm raging above my bleaching bones, had, ye thought, spared ye, perjured as ye are, the vision of your victim. Let the music be jocund, it is the bridal day of a dear friend and devoted mistress—of him who so faithfully conveyed the last message of the dying, of her, who, smiling fondly at the tidings of her lover's destruction, willingly received a substitute. That ring, sparkling like truth,—might have made a precious keep-sake, for, if sold, it might have furnished an hour's gratification to her vanity; and my last wish, here, would be, to see how ye fulfil the pledge. William Shaughnessy! the lie which you then forged now presses more heavily upon your heart than, according to your story, did the frozen waters of the St. Lawrence on these stiffening limbs. Enjoy, my friend, your hour of delight. Sophia Southley—or Shaughnessy! if you prefer the name, to-night revel in wantonness; to-morrow, perhaps, may be too late: sweet flower of beauty and falsehood imbibe the dews of amorous delight, your leaves will close all softly over them, but will not unfold again in vigorous freshness—dance, sing, be gay—Joseph Ellis must not share your merriment. He is too mad to take part in the enjoyment of persons so wise as ye—dance, sing, be gay—then hurry to your doom—to-morrow, Joseph Ellis may laugh, for he will have revenge." Having thus spoken, he turned, and strode leisurely from the room.

CHAPTER V.

Sally was busied in making some arrangements pertaining to the entertainment, when Joseph entered the kitchen, after leaving the drawing-room. His step was hurried, his hair disordered, and his eye fearfully wild. Advancing, he placed a letter in the servant's hand, saying, in a low, tremulous tone:

"In half an hour give that to Miss Sophia, and allow no one else to see it."

Without waiting for a reply, he rapidly retreated. Sally heard him ascending the stairs with unsteady tread, and now turned the letter over and over, stupefied with terror.

"Och, glory and power to the blessed Virgin!" she ejaculated, "if it isn't Master Joseph's ghost come to spend Christmas wid us. How quare he eyed me; and wid the slow, hollow voice, as if it came out of a church-vault—like Flaherty's, down N—(COURT MAGAZINE)—DECEMBER, 1843.
in the West, after they b'errin' him alive—' In half an hour give this to Miss Sophy, and let no one else see it. Half an hour!—in half a minute I'll show it to my mistress. Oh! what horrid wicked things can be done in half an hour!'"

With this soliloquy, the panic-stricken Sally hurried, or, rather, staggered away in search of her mistress.

Mrs. Ellis was still in the drawing-room, where the confusion had not yet subsided, nor any arrangement been made regarding Joseph, so surprised and thunderstruck were they at his sudden appearance and Shaughnessy's contradictory statements.

"Here is a letter, ma'am!" she exclaimed, with characteristic abruptness—the intelligence being more sudden in proportion as the shock was likely to be more severe—"Master Joseph, or his fetch, God save us! gave it to me; and I think he's mad, ma'am—at all events, he had the broken heart upon his face. He told me to give it to Miss Sophy in half an hour. It wasn't nothin' he meant by that half hour, I suppose? In troth, ma'am, if you'd seen him you'd never do a bit of good. Och, poor Master Joseph!—he's mad—an' sure he's mad!" and, clapping her hands, she burst into tears.

Needless of her volubility and lamentations, Mrs. Ellis hastily broke the seal, and perused the contents.

_My best beloved Sophin,—Since you have thus broken the pledge of affection, and as circumstances now oppose a yet more insurmountable bar to our union, I have formed the only resolution which can release me from this consuming anguish. When you receive this, Joseph will be no longer unhappy. Accept his last prayer, and believe him,

Your's with unshaken constancy, even in death,

JOSEPH ELLIS._

The paper dropped from the palsied hand of Mrs. Ellis, and her husband hurried from the room, followed by several of the company.

"Mad—mad boy!" she exclaimed, starting up, without perceiving this movement. "What does he contemplate?"

"Aye—I thought he was mad," interposed the sobbing maid, "to-be-sure he's too mad now to contaminate any thing."

"Call your master, girl!" said Mrs. Ellis, who suddenly seemed to have had all her energies nerved by terror "lose not a moment—alarm all the servants—there is death in delay."

Sally was not slow to obey the order. Tearing her hair, wringing her hands, and howling in tones of the most outrageous grief, she rushed down the stairs, showing that if noise at such a juncture could be of service, she indeed merited the palm of a most efficient minister. Mrs. Ellis took a contrary direction, and ascended to her son's chamber. What was now her consternation to find it locked on the inside. She called, and knocked, but received no answer—then tried to force the door, but it resisted her strength.

"Joseph, Joseph," she entreated, "by the love of her who bore you—by the knees on which you have rested—by the breasts that nourished you—maintain not this cruel silence—Joseph—undo the door, I say—" she shrieked, for, amidst the uproar of several persons ascending to the landing-place, the harsh grating of a steel or iron
instrument against some hard substance could be distinctly heard, offering a wordless but awful reply to the tender appeal of maternal solicitude. Mrs. Ellis was agonized; stupor benumbed her powers of exertion. Tumult and clamor reigned around her, for the domestics had arrived, and tears, entreaties, lamentations were poured forth with equal rapidity and impotence. A thousand murders might have been then committed within that chamber, without the listener being shocked by the victim’s dying groans or parting aspirations.

"Stand back," shouted Mr. Ellis, who now came up, carrying a heavy stone-hammer,—"stand back." There was a general hush, the blows fell thick and hollow on the lock—all held their very breath during that dreadful interval of suspense. The timber cracked, and splinters flew with every stroke,—a minute had scarcely elapsed, but their beating hearts made the passing seconds like the noiseless foot-falls of eternity. The fastenings at last yielded—the door flew wide, and pressing on each other’s heels, the group of rescuers thronged the chamber.

There, by a recess between the windows, stood Joseph Ellis, whose intentions had taken such entire possession of his faculties, that even the general shout of horror, and his mother’s and father’s voices, failed to attract his notice. As Mr. Ellis sprung forward and wrested a fatal weapon from his grasp, he rose from his kneeling posture, and, pale and ghastly, yet composed, looked upon the unwelcome witnesses of his design. "Two minutes longer," he sullenly muttered, "and the flames which scorch this bosom would have been quenched for ever."

"Joseph—I did not deserve this," said Mr. Ellis, pale and more agitated than the delinquent; then begging the company to retire, Joseph was presently alone with his parents.

"Rash boy," answered his father, reproachfully, "did you weigh the nature or the consequences of that decisive act of which you were about to be the perpetrator? The grief, perhaps the death of your mother? The bereavement of your father,—the loss of your own soul?"

"Love is neither philosopher nor reasoner, father," replied the young man, "the same strength which enabled you to refuse happiness to your offspring, caused him to contemplate with calmness and indifference the ills which you have enumerated."

"For heaven’s sake talk no more now," implored Mrs. Ellis, who had already led her son to the bed-side, and was endeavoring with trembling hands to stop the bleeding. Mr. Ellis shook his head, and was silent. A surgeon arrived, and Joseph was put to bed—a fond and anxious mother—an outraged but still doting father tending him with assiduous attentions.

Vocal and instrumental harmony resounded no longer in the ball-room. If any spoke, it was in a mysterious whisper. William Shaughnessy and his bride retired, ungrreeted, unattended. There was no leave-taking, no good-humoured jest, no parting-cup to their happiness. The aged shook their heads with ominous solemnity. The young seemed repelled as if by a terrible phantom. Party after party glided almost stealthily down stairs. Then all was still. Sally was the last to retire, and, passing the sleeping-rooms, she paused to listen. A convulsive sobbing was audible from Joseph’s apartment, a faint gurgling sound from Shaugh-
Aithalowes Eve; or,

nessy's, which finally ceased—next followed a low moan—then, even the breathing of its occupants seemed suspended. "The holy saints be above us and about us this night," she ejaculated, with a shudder, stealing cautiously on, "but something tells me that this ugly wedding will have a more sorrowful morning."

The foregoing events may, perhaps, serve to shew the effect of evil counsels, dangerous society, and even mistaken liberality of opinions, upon the minds of ardent and enthusiastic young men, apt to be influenced by inflated representations of greatness, and dazzled and misled by phantoms of grandeur and glory. William Shaughnessy was a man exactly of this description; artful, ambitious, and talented, combining the advantages of education with a restless mind and a spirit of intrigue; and having involved his unfortunate friend in schemes, for which he had neither skill nor capacity, he left him, on his return, in a remote part of Ireland, engaged in seditious enterprises, and, on the plea of a private, political mission, hastened back to Dublin to report Joseph's death, which, indeed, he hoped to accomplish, and secure to himself Sophia's hand, by him so long coveted.

The ring Joseph had confidingly entrusted to him to present to Sophy as a proof of his speedy arrival and truth, and also the watch, lest it should be lost in the expected party-struggle. Joseph Ellis, mad with passion and romance, and now become a fanatic in the cause of rebellion, was induced to head an attack on the house of his own father, whom he was to securc, and put under restraint as hostile to the liberals, until the latter had won their signal triumph; the hope being encouraged that he would thus, like a knight-errant, obtain the bride so cruelly refused him. O'Dwyer's movements had been more rapid than Shaughnessy had anticipated, and the first tidings which Joseph heard upon coming to execute his unnatural commission, like a parricide's retributive punishment, was Sophia's marriage with his treacherous acquaintance, upon which he instantly determined upon the above rash and impious mode of revenge, as if the loss of his mistress could be repaired by self-inflicted death, or the consequences of his own criminal folly and credulity be thus justified in the presence of an offended Deity.

CHAPTER VI.

The Elector of Bavaria's opening operations against the Tyrol were eminently prosperous. The fortress of Kuffstein, the key of the valley of the Inn, surrendered immediately, and Rotenberg and Hall did not offer a sufficient resistance. The Elector proceeding thence, marched into Innsbruck in triumph, no longer entertaining a doubt of success. The next night undeceived him. On every mountain-top the troops perceived with astonishment beacon-fires, yet for the present saw no enemy. The Elector despising this demonstration on the part of the Tyrolese peasants, proceeded in vain-glorious security, until he reached a mountain-pass of peculiar difficulty on the borders of the Tyrol, where his soldiers were obliged to march two abreast, and that with danger; here the Tyrolese made their first stand. From the heights descended vast masses of rock, detached by unseen hands, crushing the unhappy soldiery below. On a given signal, the peasants, too, fell on the crowding troops and beat them back with a loss of a hundred and eighty officers, and twelve hundred men. Success added all that was necessary to render their patriotism invincible. The Elector suffered repeated losses, his troops were daily attacked, and harassed by nightly surprises. Baffled and beaten, the Elector retreated step by step, and reached Munich with the loss of all his conquests, except Kuffstein, and with scarcely a third of his troops remaining.—History of Wars in Germany.

The events related in the foregoing chapter were but concomitant with others, much more extensive and important. O'Dwyer's personal protection had been guaranteed by the nobleman who, through the agency of Maria, had become
strangely connected with her husband. Thus emboldened, and fearful lest unforeseen obstacles should thwart his party’s rebellious schemes, besides being willing, previous to the adoption of vigorous measures, to take the nobleman by surprise, he exerted himself with unremitting diligence to bring the matter to an immediate issue. New organizations were set on foot, arms distributed, and a time appointed for the outbreak, although, to all appearance, profound repose and tranquil industry prevailed, and flourished throughout the land.

But O’Dwyer reckoned without his host. Every movement was watched, every design detected and guarded against, and a vigilant system of espionage and rapid communication established, which was well calculated to crush the infant effort, and secure and punish the leaders with the least possible bloodshed; steps and events which introduce us to the serious and more active catastrophe of our story.

The night of Shaughnessy’s ill-omened bridal—the eve of All-hallows, had been fixed upon for this commencement of decided rebellion, and, that it might be removed to some distance from the capital and the large garrisoned towns, besides being nearer the strongholds of their political enemies, and thus inspiring them with terror, the hills and bogs of Cavan were chosen as the centre and rendezvous of revolt, though the preparation and equipment for active operations were to be general throughout the country.

The shades of evening had scarcely descended, when O’Dwyer and his accomplice, O’Leary, might be seen ascending one of the highest hills of Cavan, the latter carrying under his arm a large bundle of wheaten straw, and, on arriving at the summit, they crouched down beneath the shelter of an embankment, to await the time when their signal-flame should rouse to action and the work of massacre, the thousands of the rustic and expectant myrmidons. Casey, the man whom they so much dreaded, by some means, for which O’Leary could not account, had not passed the deadly ambush laid for his destruction; while under cover of the same darkness that concealed the movements of the rebellious, numerous parties of the royal infantry and cavalry, guided by native yeomanry and police, approached with equal secrecy and dispatch, and silently, but rapidly, established an extended line of posts along the roads and the surrounding country, and then with the exception of a scattered sentinel, sat down in groups upon the ground, or reclined in apparently listless repose beside the hedges, while an occasional whisper or a sabre’s accidental clang, were the only sounds that escaped them.

Exactly as the hands of O’Dwyer’s watch pointed to 12, the straw-sheaf that Barney held was lighted, and blazed above the high eminence where they were posted. Hundreds of flames sprung up over the surrounding country, responsive to the concerted signal-beacon. The fields to a wide extent, with their various objects of tree and cottage, became partially illuminated, and the affrighted cattle, rushing here and there in disorder, and groups of peasants hastening to their appointed rendezvous, the sparks of their leader’s torch streaming backward through the air, presented a singularly wild and imposing spectacle. Then the rapid tread of regular troops might be heard upon the road, mingling with the loud clatter of approaching horsemen. O’Dwyer quickly discovered his real position, and cursing.
the dire mischance which thus exposed him to the fearful alternative of fight or capture, desperately determined upon the former, and, assembling round him a large body of the ill-armed and disorderly peasants, gave the word to charge, and rushed impetuously on the advancing soldiers.

The military observed the movement, and, pouring in a destructive volley, marched on with an energy and force only equalled by their previous apparent inactivity. The collision was awful, but momentary. A few fierce yells of defiance, and some scattered shots replied to the close and well-sustained fire of the soldiers, and their being unable to break the infantry’s compact ranks, the rude and undisciplined mass almost instantly took to a precipitate flight, the cavalry galloping along the roads and across the fields, increasing their astonishment and dismay. O’Dwyer, O’Leary, and other leaders were immediately secured and pinioned. Hundreds lay upon the ground wounded or dead, the soldiers formed round their prisoners, and, while they continued to patrol the country, a strong body marched the delinquents to different gaols, thus promptly crushing a revolt in its very birth, which, if allowed to proceed for that one night, would have drenched the land in slaughter.

Morning came, smiling as freshly and brightly as if the past night had not been signalized by domestic grief and public anarchy and carnage, as if to shew that Nature’s mighty movements could not be disturbed by the crimes and turbulence of human insects.

The hills of Wicklow shone bluely in the distance, and the Liffey, with its slender stream and low soft murmur, sparkled in the splendor of noon, ere it disappeared transiently beneath the arches of Island-bridge, having glided by the thick hawthorn copse, which yet in partial bloom, fragrance and verdure, clothed the declivity overlooking the road on that side of the Phoenix Park.

How many reminiscences, painful as well as pleasurable, are suggested to the mind, while thus in imagination rambling through those delightful grounds. The little Spa, previously alluded to, with its rustic seat and steep descent, the adjacent pond, the vice-regal lodge, are all closely connected with many a youthful association—even the wooded paths become haunted with images and phantoms of beings, sunk in the oblivion of the grave, or separated by distances, above which Time hath enwreathed his melancholy motto, “Ye shall never be re-united.”

Mr. Ellis’s household arose with mournful and harassed looks; but neither Shaughnessy nor his wife made their appearance. The day advanced—curiosity was roused, and alarm succeeded. They forced an entrance into the chamber. Portions of dress were scattered about, just as they had been thrown in the agitation of the previous evening. They approached the bed, and drew back the curtains, which were drawn closely round it—what a sight was there? The words of Joseph Ellis had been awfully prophetic. Sophy’s head was averted—the lips of her husband were pressed against her cheek. One arm of each was outside the counterpane; and the hand of Shaughnessy grasped the ring which was still on the finger of his bride. It seemed as though in some struggle for that fatal pledge of constancy, that token of friend-sold union, they had expired, for there they lay motionless, lifeless; their
eyes open and glaring in the stony fixedness of death. While the heads of the household contemplated the scene in wordless consternation, Joseph Ellis stood beside them, and, gazing on her who ought to have been his own, muttered:—

"I knew it—there is my revenge—but would I willingly resign my life to recall the spirit which but yesterday animated these cold, cold limbs." He took Sophy's hand, and shuddered as he felt the chill. The decisive blow was dealt upon his shattered nerves—though faithless, she had been "his only shrine of feelings unfiled." He sighed and fell, being seized with an incipient fit of epilepsy, from which he never after recovered. His intellects gave way beneath that final shock, and Joseph Ellis is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum—a melancholy example of ardent, disappointed and blighted love.

Leaving others employed in attending to the recovery of his son, whose real malady was not at the moment conjectured, Mr. Ellis retired from the group, and a mounted servant almost immediately galloped from the door. After some time, a chaise drove furiously up, and a lady, habited in deep black, hastily rushed up the staircase. Mr. Ellis met her on the landing-place, and pointed silently to the door of the bridal chamber. She entered; Joseph Ellis had yet shewn but few symptoms of revival, and the first intimation of a stranger's presence was her piercing tones, as she flung herself in a passionate burst of uncontrolled grief on the body of Sophia Southley, exclaiming:—

"Sophy, Sophy! answer my voice; you know not who calls upon you—pale, cold, dead, dead—my last stay of earthly comfort—my only memorial—my sole pledge of him whom I loved; you, too, with the hopes of her who bore you, sunk in an untimely tomb, oh! could your lordly father now behold the wreck that he has made—this withered form that he has blighted—and see it thus bending in anguish over his offspring—his lovely young offspring—now become the bridal blossom of the grave—the scene would grow a vision to haunt him for ever—ever—to poison all his pleasures, as he has mine, and yet Sophy—you that I have not seen for years, and who can now only hear me as from the shrine of your disembodied spirit—we will not curse him, Sophy—he is your father, Sophy—your father—and was once my—my—" The unfinished sentence gurgled in her throat—her senses evidently wandered, and, groping with her hands, as if searching for some object, she staggered and would have fallen, had not Mr. Ellis, who had followed, unperceived, caught her, and, partly by violence, partly by persuasion, succeeded in conducting her from the room.

"Thank you!" said she listlessly, as he placed her on a sofa in another apartment, "the air seems better here. Those hideous shapes are gone, but, Sophy—she is dead—you will see her buried—in due time, sir—will you not."

"Dear Madam, compose yourself," remonstrated Mr. Ellis, "let not your mind dwell on this sad subject—every arrangement shall be made conducive to your wishes—and in this house I need scarcely say, you will experience all the comforts of a home."

"Oh! no, no," she answered, starting from her seat, "this can never be my home—where memory would suggest the bitter thought that here she died—indeed, I have no home in the wild world—even the hand of kindness can bring no alleviation of my sorrow—my heart was almost broken before by desertion and treachery—and is now I trust near its last throb—I must depart instantly—no, detain me not" she said with vehemence, seeing Mr. Ellis rise to prevent her departure, "I cannot stay—you know he has provided amply for my temporal wants—I thank him too for that, though he had robbed me of a greater treasure." She then hurried into the hall, followed by Mr. Ellis, towards whom she stretched forth her hands, saying:—

"The blessings of the wretched be upon you!" The next moment she had stepped into the chaise, which drove off at a rapid rate.

"This has been a melancholy morning," said Mr. Ellis to his wife, whom he met as he returned, and walked with into the parlour. "How is Joseph?"

"I have left him recovered and composed—he is now in a deep sleep."

"Poor fellow! I am glad of that. His heart was bruised, but, the lady—saw you her?"

"Sophia Southley's mother? yes."
"The ills of life have visited her keenly—she is the mother of poor Sophy—but is not—"
"The wife of Southley,"—interrupted Mrs. Ellis. "No;" was the reply.
"I guessed as much."
"Yet is scarcely to be the less respected," interposed her husband warmly, "the dupe of the ruffian—the victim of perfidy, she erred through artlessness, and loved not wisely, but too well—she is entitled to the sympathy of her sex, none of whom should be driven to desperation by reproaches or cruelty."
"I have not been unkind to her," said Mrs. Ellis.
"I did not say so," was the answer, "but merely wished to shield her from aspersions—Sophia Southley was the child of Lord—" he whispered in his wife's ear. Mrs. Ellis started. "Strange but true, he added, a certain combination of circumstances—made me the confidant of both—you know how Sophy was introduced beneath this roof—no more—" he put his finger significantly on his lip, and the conversation ceased. In due season took place the funeral of Sophia and William Shaughnessy. Not many attended their obsequies upon whom death had pronounced a marriage benediction. They were buried beside each other. Among the little group surrounding the grave, to see the earth closed in over its kindred clay, the face of Joseph Ellis might be seen, watching intensely every separate clot which fell within the narrow chasm, as if he would read in the damp noisome mould, the mysteries of the tomb, or hoped even yet to find the aerial form of her, who had made "the starlight of his boyhood." But when the green sods were replaced above the small, arched mound, a solitary female yet lingered beside it, and when the sexton gently reminded her that the gates were about to be locked, she knelt down and kissed the ground, but said nothing. It was Maria O'Dwyer, who had come to bid a final farewell to the child whom she had loved more for another's sake, than even from maternal affection. As she reached the gate, she turned a wistful look upon the hallowed sepulchre and passed on—all was over.

It will be perceived, that in the preceding story, certain circumstances, characters and events remain involved in partial obscurity. The fate of Maria and her child, and that of Joseph Ellis, as well as others, possess a distinct, and, it is hoped, a stirring interest; and their rather abrupt dismissal is likely to create an air of mystery not altogether satisfactory to that class of readers, who prefer the noon-day blaze to the glimmering and almost visionary twilight, in which writers of fiction and imaginative persons revel with such pre-eminent delight. But should there be any one sharp-sighted enough to see clearly through the clouds gathered in heavy though majestic masses round our political horizon, such an individual will as easily perceive that the indications of morning must wait the day's development, which, in its turn, yields to the grey maturity of evening, as time takes each successive stride into the future. In plain language, it might be imprudent, if not presumptuous, in a tale professedly fictitious, were we to attempt to give a more detailed and definite account of the leaders of a conspiracy and all its consequences, but the loyal subject, the lover of order, and the true supporter of God and his right, may reasonably hope that all such mischievous enterprises, directed by whatever agency, or guided by whatever power, may terminate similarly to that of O'Dwyer the repealer, and his "Beacon of revolt."* It remains, then, only to be observed, that the misery, mental and bodily, allotted to Phelim O'Dwyer and his adherents, though by no means the worst consequences of political broils and disaffection, yet had inflicted a terrible punishment for the crime of active disloyalty and mistaken zeal, and must inevitably send him, like a thousand others similarly guilty, mourning and dishonored to his grave.

* A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine, to teach young persons that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, &c. the reader will be apt to say, 'virtue has had its reward.'—Sir Walter Scott's Preface to Ivanhoe.
GABRIELLE; or, Pictures of a Reign. A Historical Novel, by Louisa Stuart Costello. 3 vols.—Newb. y.

This is, indeed, a very brilliant work; such was the opinion we were forming when we had read only the first chapter, and we were fully confirmed in it when we had finished the last. The story, however, is not without its faults, but it is nevertheless admirably told. Miss Costello (with whose writings our readers have had previous acquaintance) has made herself familiar with the olden time, its history and its personages. Few can repealed the Past with more effect. Her reading, to produce such a work as this, must have been laborious, and it is really a tale combining an accurate chronicle of Court-life and country-life in France during the most brilliant part of the reign of Louis-le-Grand. Excellent, indeed, is the author’s acquaintance with the personages of that era, awakening familiarity with their character—as exhibited in contemporary memoirs. These are the grounds upon which we have formed a very high opinion of "Gabrielle" and recommend it to our readers. It may, therefore, be plainly seen, that it is not as a mere story that we like this novel, for Miss Costello has not constructed her narrative with much artistic skill.

Gabrielle, who gives name to the tale, can merely be considered the heroine; Angélique de Merî and Madeleine de Mezierage have, at least, equal claims to that distinction. Again, the introduction of the Zingari appears unnecessary,—at all events, their presence does not bear materially upon the plot. The narration, too, of several tales, in the course of the main narrative, delays the action, and the episodes themselves do not adjust nicely with the story; in corroboration of which, one of these ‘the voyage of the sea star,’ occupies nearly 200 pages in the second volume. Others in verse might, likewise, be well omitted, and it is not very judicious, after making "The Air: Neveu" hang over us as a mystery from first to last, to explain it, at last, in a metrical legend, which mode of structure is, we think, not defensible.

for, according to our notions, a legend in verse should be rather the fabric of, or for a tale, than the d movement of a tale itself. All these things might have been better done, and Miss Costello must be content to find us thus impartially allude to them, when we say that,—with even such drawbacks,—her work is one of the best of the season. That portion where Gabrielle is introduced is most beautifully written; and nothing can be in purer taste than the account of her bridal, and early post-nuptial life; we have not often read any thing better.

As "Gabrielle" is one of the tales, of which the plot should not be fore-stalled, we shallnot, therefore, do author or reader the injustice of giving a summary of it. Our extracts have been selected on the principle of shewing how the writer has acquitted herself,—and in the hope, we confess, that they may tempt others to share in the gratification which the perusal of "Gabrielle" has afforded us.

The work is quite a picture-gallery, and forms a nice adjunct to our cabinet of ancient portraits, and memoirs, in which most of these several personages have already appeared before our readers.*

Here is a sketch of a Court favorite:—

Marie Angelique de Scoraille, better known as Mademoiselle de Fontanges, was above the ordinary height, with a figure, slight, but rounded with all the exquisite grace of the most perfect specimen of Greek art; every movement had a charm, every glance a spell: her complexion was dazzlingly fair; her hands and arms models of perfection; her cheek was tinged with the softest tint of cresson, which at every moment went and came like the flickering of the sunbeams through a tree covered with roses; her mouth was small, and seemed a scarlet shell filled with little pearls; her soft, clear-blue eyes beamed through their long lashes, now with a sweet, languishing expression, and now with a mournful joyousness that gave them the brightness of shat—

* See in this Magazine, portraits and memoirs of "The Fair Gabrielle, Nov. 34, December—The Duchesse Bourgoin, No. 35, November—Marquise de Maintenon, Sept. ember—Madame de Montespan, Nov. 29, July—The Duchesse de Fontanges, No. 30, Aug. 29, June 1835—Ninon de L’Enclos No. 52, May, 1837, &c. &c.

M. C. 1—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1843.
tered sapphires. Her luxuriant hair was of a rich auburn, which in the sun appeared a blaze of gold; its natural ringlets wanted only the polish of a comb and waved and twined like tendrils of the vine.

She wore a riding-dress of pale blue velvet, embroidered so profusely in a rich pattern of silver as almost to conceal the texture beneath: this dress fitted closely to her shape and marked its exquisite proportions. On her head was a small black-velvet cap, called a capeline, ornamented with a plume of white feathers carelessly placed without order, and forming a head-dress which few besides herself would have ventured to wear.

Montespan, de Maintenon and the Queen come next:—

There were three ladies who did not however quit their seats under the trees, and who, left almost alone, remained thoughtful and silent, each apparently occupied in absorbing raptures.

One of these fair dreamers was considerably older than the beautiful being distinguished by the king’s attention, but her charms were nevertheless of a high order. Her hair, eyes, shape, and gait, were faultless; vivacity and spirit sparkled in her glance, and but for the contraction of her brow at the present moment, her face left nothing to desire on the score of beauty, though she was not even so bewitching as to be able to hold the attention of a king. Such was Madame de Montespan, who, with angry and excited feelings, had watched the countenance of her rival, while words, which she was too far off to hear, but which she rightly guessed, were poured into her ear by the courtiers who surrounded her. Still now, she flattered herself was all her own.

She sat with her bright eyes bent on the ground, and tapped the green sward with a tiny, restless foot.

"I have been dangerously imprudent," said she, mentally. "What folly induced me to draw his attention to this pretty rustic of Limousin? She would have passed unnoticed in the train of Madame, if I had not officiously prattled of her singular beauty, and while I tried to abash and frighten the awkward country girl, by drawing all the eyes of the court upon her, I was exciting the pity of Louis, and pointing out to him a means of wounding me. At first this inclination answered my purpose, in detaching him from his friendly intercourse with Scarron, but I see it becomes too serious. He forgets everything besides; this must not last, for if it does Les Amis may be necessary." As she made the last reflection she bit her lip, and a sudden paleness overspread her countenance, while a look of malignity passed over her beautiful face, rendering it for a moment almost hideous, like the slime of a snake over a bed of flowers.

Thoughts like these which occupied the mind of the hitherto unapproached divinity, who for more than ten years had reigned supreme, were shared by a demure, plain-looking, grave personage, who sat by her side, in whose countenance sense and expression held the place of positive beauty, and whose dark, meaning eyes followed the direction of the royal lover’s walk.

"So," thought Madame de Maintenon, for this person was no other than the widow of the comic poet, "my dominion is once more interrupted—these beauties give me much to struggle with—time and caution will be required before my triumph is secured. Louis is deaf to my advice on this subject, and I see that I may not venture it too far. It is better perhaps to leave him to his inclination—it cannot last, for the doll de Scoraille has no mind, the ‘esprit de Mortimar’—and as the thought passed, she glanced at de Montespan—"is not in her; she is as lovely and senseless as the rose of a day, and will fade as quickly. It is at least an advantage to have detached him for a time from the chain which has too long bound him."

She who formed the third of this reflective group was a small, delicate woman below the middle height, extremely fair, with an expression of goodness and benevolence on her countenance. Her figure was elegant and dignified, although which slight defect she endeavored to remedy by wearing high-heeled shoes, and a head dress piled up with ribbons and feathers, which formed as striking a contrast to the easy style generally adopted at court, as her reserved and modest manners did to those of the ladies by whom she was surrounded.

She looked careworn and sad, and the forced smile of content which she had striven to exhibit while the king was near had entirely passed away, leaving her cheek pale and inanimate, and her eyes dim with tears, which she could not restrain, and which fell on the clasped hands which rested in her lap.

"Alas!" she sighed, "is my heart never to be at peace—never to be rewarded—for all this patient endurance and devotion? When the penitent Lavalière, whose error caused her as many tears as I had shed myself—when she retired from the scene of her triumph and misfortune, I trusted to regain his affection—then came the fatal Montespan, who has usurped my place, so long, in spite of her violence and ungenial temper. This attachment I hoped was lately weakened by the singular friendship he has evinced for the widow Scarron—how she sits watching, with her large shrewd eyes, his every movement! Her design is no common one, but while I live—while I am still a queen, what can she gain? She has neither youth nor beauty to serve her—it is not that—she will subdue him by her force of mind. Her aim is inscrutable to me. But this lovely
vision—this dangerous syren—all youth, and grace, and seduction! Oh! why had I not all the charms of these women? or why have I a heart that trembles with unreturned affection? Why do I still love him, and thus die a thousand deaths of sorrow and regret, while he is still gentle, kind, indulgent, even fond? Oh! anything but true!"

Thus muses Maria Theresia of Austria, as her tearful eyes marked the steps of the gay and gallant husband, to whom she had the misfortune to be really attached.

Ninon de l'Enelos is also wretched,—but in much too flattering a manner, according to what popular feeling has represented that clever, fascinating, but most guilty woman. Miss Costello says:

Her world was in her own circle, and comprised all that was gay, witty, accomplished and amusing. No one who was not distinguished for some quality tending to please found admission into her salons; and not to be there admitted was to be cast out of fashionable society altogether.

Her dress, her manner, her style, all about her was unstudied, free, and perfect in every point; the most exquisite taste reigned in everything she did—her rooms, furniture, ornaments, pictures, statuettes—all was the very beau ideal of elegance and refinement. Not a shade of coarseness or impropriety betrayed the character of the brilliant company assembled—all that appeared outwardly was the pattern of whatever was desirable in the fashionable world.

To be of Ninon's society argued some merit of whatever kind—if not superior talent, superior beauty or manners or rank were necessary as a passport. The young men of fashion of the day took their degrees in this temple of the graces—the poppy of this hotel passed current everywhere, the follies and vices received here carried their weight in other circles—everything was tolerated but insipidity and vulgarity of manners. Pedantry was banished, but wit and talent reigned supreme—men of letters, of science; artists, actors, all were welcome; and, seen there, they were beheld in perfection, for the atmosphere of Ninon's abode seemed their natural element.

It was well known that the heart of Ninon was the seat of the noblest sentiments, that her benevolence, generosity and goodness were unbounded, in fact, that she had all the virtues of an honest man; and consequently the very worst persons who frequented her assemblies were careful to conceal that they would not consider venial. Tyranny, cruelty, meanness, oppression and cowardice were held in abhorrence by her—though she could forgive extravagance, weakness, and all the faults that take their rise in folly or false feeling. She had a mind to discriminate closely, but she was not a severe judge of failings which she shared—all the wicked and vicious qualities to which her own mind was a stranger, inspired her with disgust, and she would not afford her countenance to those possessed of them, if they came to her knowledge.

Her love of justice was predominant, and her attachment to truth paramount. She never deceived, and hated deception in others, except in affairs of the heart, to which she was in every way indulgent: she could laugh at many things of this kind which she secretly blamed, but as she was far from setting up for a censor, she did not enquire into motives too closely, unless they were forced upon her. Beauty and genius found in her a ready patroness. Her faults were undeniable, and her merits have been acknowledged by all.

"Les Compagnons du devoir," figure in the tale, and with much effect. We annex an account given by one of them touching the manner in which he had performed the part of a sorcerer. It reminds us of a like account in Schiller's "Ghost-Seer":

"I have not been idle, I assure you," said Nicolas Hoeque, "these stupid Parisians, who are not content with seeing the devil in a common way, have flocked to my cavern, near Gentilly, where I make them pay pretty freely for a sight which scares them out of the little wit they have. I can scarce contain myself at their folly while I play the face out. You know what good use I have put the old quarry to—its allies branch out in many ways, and meet in a centre, which furthers my purpose admirably. I carry my curious visitors there, taking care, first, that they pay me at least forty-five or fifty pistoles; then make them take a solemn oath of secrecy, exact a promise that they will show no terror, nor call upon any sacred name; then enter a cell of the cavern, first go through a set of invocations, and use as many hard words as I can muster. Presently, in the depths of the recesses, is heard a noise of chains and the growling of a mastiff, which they take for a demon. I then demand if they are terrified—by this time they are generally half dead with fear, and as often as not they entreat to be let out. I get rid of them as quickly as I can, and having their money in my pocket, am content. If, however, they have as much nerve as folly I go on with the scene, and advancing to the mouth of a gulf, I utter some frightful words, calling on the fiends. I then fall into convulsions, and roll in agonies. Six of my men, who are ready for the occasion, then rush out, throwing about flames of phosphorus, and dancing wildly. Of course they are dressed in as hideous a manner as we can devise. Amidst the flames
which are now bright and now extinct, I then show them a great black goat, covered with chains painted red, which seem all on fire. On the right and left of the goat are placed two enormous mastiffs, whose heads being crowned in wooden tubes, large at one end and small at the other, utter long and horrible howlings, when goaded by the apparent demons, and so loud and fearful is the echo, through the extensive caverns, that actually my own hair bristles with fright, and my visitors sometimes fall into fits on the spot. The goat meantime rushes about, aiming at every one with his fiery horns, and is only kept back by my six demons, who roar and shriek and dance shaking their chains, and waving their black arms and hands, garnished with immense claws. If my guests are not overcome with this, and desire to see more, which is occasionally the case, I give a signal, and all, at the same time, two of my fiends dart forth with long bags filled with sand, which they dash in all directions. I exclaim that I can no longer restrain their fury; and while I drag my friend towards the mouth of the cavern they set upon him beating him unmercifully with their sacks and using the most horrible language. By the dint of roaring, expostulation, and force, I pretend to rescue their victim: they retire, howling, back to darkness and I bring my dupe, more dead than alive, to the upper air, strongly recommending him never to try to see the devil again. I always find that my advice is taken; for after the comfortable drubbing he has got, and the terror he has experienced, none ever return to the scene of action."

What the "compagnons" ideas of suum and tuum were, a brief anecdote will tell:—

It was well known to many of the young men of rank that their valets were members of the society called Compagnons du Dévoir and more than one of them had enrolled themselves amongst the fraternity. Gambling had risen to such a pitch, that to support their frightful excesses every means was resorted to, and, under feigned names, some of the younger sons of the best families in France joined the community, directed by Le Sage, and presided over by La Voisin.

At the time of the marriage of the Duke of Bourbon, evidently the fiend given, all the luxury of dress that distinguished the period was exhibited, and the nobles and ladies tottered under a weight of jewels and embroidery, the needy guests are known to have gained a great booty by purloining the ornaments of their neighbours. One gentleman had the daring to cut off a piece of the Duchess's robe, in order to get easier possession of a clasp of diamonds, which he coveted: he was seen in this act, and recog-

nised as a man of the highest family. It was, however, charitably considered that his reason for so conducting himself was, that he wished to obtain the means of paying the expenses of his own costume on the occasion in question, and his offence was passed over. Many noblemen, distressed for money, accepted the office of spy to the government or to private persons, and no base means were rejected to enable the dissolute courtiers to carry on their disgraceful and profligate courses.

The king himself was robbed in his own palaces, in the most audacious manner: several curious cases of this kind are told by St. Simon; he relates that the horses in the royal stables had all their housings stolen, to the value of fifty thousand crowns, though, at the time, the houses were filled with attendants of all descriptions, and, being in summer, the nights were scarcely dark; but a more extraordinary theft was committed almost in the very face of the king at Versailles, and the restoration of his property was attended with such extraordinary circumstances as to lead to the supposition that some person of too much rank to be named by the actor about the proceedings.

One of the principal state apartments was hung with drapery of crimson-velvet bordered and fringed with gold. One morning it was discovered that all the ornament was cut off. This appeared a perfect prodigy to happen in a place so public by day, so closely shut at night, and so guarded at all hours, yet so it was, and in spite of every effort the thieves could not be traced; Bontems, the first valet de chambre was in despair; five or six days after the event the king was at suppers with several of his gentlemen, and on a sudden one of the company observed a dark mass appear in the air just above the place, where Madame and Monsieur le roi and the king's brother, were accustomed to sit, they being then in Paris. This place was opposite the windows which looked into the great Court. The dark mass which seemed to have been thrown with force fell on the dinner table, making the dishes rebound with the weight of its fall. The king, hearing the noise, turned his head half round, and with the utmost coolness, remarked, "It is my fringes come back I suppose."

It was so indeed; the large packet contained the fringes clumsily rolled up, and they must have been thrown from a doorway of one of the anti-chambers: a piece of the fringe slipped out and fell on the king's periouche.

A written paper was within, which the attendants opened before they allowed the king to touch it, though he tried to take it from their hands. The words traced were as follows:—

"Take back your fringe, Bontems, the trouble is greater than the gain. My service to the King."
The hand writing was disguised and had the appearance of being that of a woman. Louis, after it had been well looked at, rubbed and turned on all sides, read it himself, when his only remark was:—

"Well, this is sufficiently insolent," in the quietest tone imaginable. He desired that the packet should be taken away: it was so heavy as to be difficult to lift, and when it was gone the king said no more about it, the dinner went on as before, nor was it ever afterwards mentioned.

The description of Gabrielle is too brief—but here it is:—

She was about seventeen, blooming, fair, and full of animation and gaiety: her sparkling eyes dancing with cheerfulness, and her rich color heightened by exertion. Her fair hair was faultless, set off by the picturesque dress of her country—long ringlets of shining dark hair streamed from beneath her snow-white cap, tied with a silver ribbon—her little feet were encased in black shoes, with buckles, and her round, white throat was encircled with a black velvet band, from which hung a glittering Saint Esprit. She looked the very impersonation of happiness and content, and she met the welcoming shout of her friends with smiles of pleasure.

Our last prose extract must be more lengthy than any we have yet given, as we want to show how well Miss Costello draws out, as it were, the characteristics of those who figure in her work:—

Madame de Maintenon, after having dismissed her guest, prepared herself to receive the visit of the king, for which she anxiously looked. "He has some secret uneasiness," said she, "that he dares not communicate to others; this is as I would have it. He comes by degrees into the net I have laid for him, and every day he becomes more and more in my power, even by the very acts which seem to make my task more difficult. These constant jealousies which surround him drive him to me for consolation, and he seeks it of me because he is sure to meet with no reproaches. I can always send him away satisfied, and he is sure to return whenever his troubles recur. The force of love has been two often played to him—that of disinterested friendship answers much better. Madame de Maintenon placed herself at her prié dien, and cast her eyes apparently towards heaven, but in the direction to which they turned, she could perceive the approach of him on whom all her views were built; and she really uttered a prayer, from habit, as she observed him advancing along the retired alley of orange trees which led to her apartments.

He entered with a languid step, and seated himself whilst she finished her devotions, which she did not permit his presence to interrupt immediately. When she rose from her knees he advanced to meet her.

"My dear friend," said he, "how peaceful and calm do I always find you? It is enough that I were not altogether a stranger to those tranquil pleasures in which you pass your existence. The turmoil of the court bewilders and fatigues me. I long for rest, and cannot hope to find it."

"No, sire," said the devoted, with a smile, "rest is for the obscure and humble—action for the exalted. It is enough that those who are lowly utter prayers, and breathe aspirations for the welfare of those whom heaven has placed so high. It is the part of the great to endure the evils of their position, without murmuring—content in dispensing blessings around, even though they suffer in the midst of the power granted them. I cannot pity you, sire, my admiration for your qualities forbids it, but would that I could afford one moment's ease to your mind when it would unbend from care."

"You are so, dear friend," said the king pensively, "in your society I find that quiet which I seek in vain elsewhere. Montespan is become a perfect fury, she annoys me to death, her reproaches, her anger, her bitter sayings are little calculated to gain the end she desires."

"Your majesty must forgive her," said Madame de Maintenon sighing, "her faults arise from too much affection, ill regulated I own, and more passionate than prudent; although I am myself a stranger to feelings such as hers, I pity their effects."

"You are ever generous and forgiving," said Louis, "but the queen—her sadness betrays pure love and sympathy; her heart, sire, cannot answer to her love, you cannot be to blame."

"No," said he, somewhat relieved, "we cannot control our likings, and mine, I am sorry to say, are arbitrary and independent of myself."

"Ah! dear Sire," said de Maintenon, "of what consequence are any of these things in the great account, the weaknesses of our nature are all parts of our imperfect state, it is in vain to sorrow over them. Heaven, which ca. us to its delights, has a nature which is exempt from these petty failings—believe me a great monarch like yourself, unrivalled in glory, in goodness, as in all human graces, is looked upon by heaven with favour—but heaven will not be neglected by you—you are worthy of its love and have only to believe that to be worth gaining. Have you confidence in a good father in Chaise lately, dear sire?"

"You remind me, sweet friend," said Louis, pleased with the new form of flattery adopted, "that I have much neglected the
good father, I will see him this very day, my mind will be much relieved by confession. By the bye, are you not shocked at the ignorance and impiety of my courtiers—you, who are an angel yourself! think of de Grammont the other day, when she made him read the Pater Noster which he assured me he had never heard, he exclaimed that it was worthy of Racine and asked me who wrote it.”

“Madame de Maintenon crossed herself and bowed her head at the same time, to conceal a lurking smile which she did not, nevertheless, wish should be totally unobserved, as she saw that the king was more amused than shocked at the anecdote he related.

“I fear there is but little devotion in my Court,” he continued, “for only yesterday when I went to mass I was amazed to find the chapel deserted, not one of my beautiful devotees there.”

“I asked Brissac the reason,” rejoined Madame de Maintenon, “for I was surprised also. Would you like to hear how it happened?”

“Certainly,” said Louis, who saw by the arch glance of his friend’s eye that something amusing was likely to follow.

“The truth is, sire,” continued she, “there is no divine but in your sight, cannot pray without you. When Brissac first posted the guard, the tribunes were filled to overflowing, every place was completely filled, and expectation was at its height. He was resolved to play them a trick, and returning in a few minutes, said, loud enough to be heard, Soldiers, you shall all retire; the king will not come to-day.”

“Simply was the word said, than one by one, every candle was extinguished, the rustle of silk was heard, and presently the chapel was empty. When your majesty was really coming, Brissac, who was on the watch, readily replaced the guards, and thus you found no ladies to receive you.”

The king laughed heartily, and was evidently more pleased at the compliment paid him, than at the want of devotion he complained of.

“Those infidel Protestants,” said he, “continue to give me great vexation. Their impiety and restlessness are every day becoming manifest; and these Jansenists, father Letellier informs me, are becoming more and more intrusive. I must clear the kingdom of them. There is no Christianity but amongst the order of the Jesuits.”

Madame de Maintenon again crossed herself, and as she bent her head, was really careful to hide the bitter smile which rose to her lip.

“I have a little present for you, sire,” said she, “a ring blessed at the shrine of our blessed Lady of Liesse—wear it, I entreat, for her sake, and, accompanied by pious thoughts and abstinence for a day, you will find your mind singularly relieved.”

“Do you think it absolutely requisite,” asked Louis smiling, “that my abstinence should begin immediately? This week I give a series of fêtes on my daughter’s marriage, and it would strangely inconvenience me.”

“I did not mean to name the time,” replied the false devotee. “I merely rely on your majesty to attend to the fact—a great monarch like you must necessarily be exempt from much which would be required of a mere subject; but I, dear Sire, can fast and pray for you, and be assured it shall be done with zeal.”

“I doubt it not,” said Louis pressing her hand. “I can always rely on you in every emergency. Just now I am greatly at a loss. The courier from Bavaria is arrived, and though I have sent for Pomponne, to meet me here instantly, he still delays.”

“He is not in Paris, Sire,” said the devotee, “he left yesterday for his country place, where he has a company of friends, and does not propose to return for several days.”

“How!” cried Louis angrily, “leave Paris just when the news which so much interests me was expected! I tell you the dispatches are arrived, and I must know their contents this very instant.”

“But is there anyone who can decipher them, Sire?” she asked with interest.

“Perdition on him—no—I fear not,” exclaimed the king, walking furiously up and down the room, “dolt that he is, parading in his allies, and leaving the fate of France in uncertainty! but he shall lose his place—I will not be thus carelessly served. If I could only find one—capable—where is Colbert? Where is Louvois? Let them be sent for.” So saying, he rang a bell furiously, and gave orders that the two ministers should be immediately sent for.

Madame de Maintenon allowed this burst of passion to subside, and then said calmly

“I think in this business I can help your majesty, for but a moment since one of my friends arrived, who is the bearer of letters to M. de Louvois. If you would condescend to see him, he might perhaps be able to throw some light on this subject.”

“You are my good genius in all things,” said Louis, stopping short, and becoming suddenly calm. “Let your friend be sent for—who is he?”

“Most opportunely he arrived only yesterday from a journey,” answered she, “and your majesty, I think, has already heard him by your notice—it is the young Breton Lomaria, who dances in such perfection.”

“Did I not see him this very night in a strange four-sided mask?” asked Louis, eagerly.

“Your majesty cannot be deceived,” said the widow, smiling, “though no one else suspected him; he has just confessed it...”
to me, though I was far from having recognised him—it is so easy to impose on me! Lomaria, I feel certain, can afford assistance in this case: he is at this very moment close by. Shall he be called in?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the king, "this is indeed fortunate. Now my old careless minister, we will outwit you; you shall dearly regret your visit to the shades of Pompomme, where you may stay long enough to recruit your health, which has suffered from such zealous attention to business."

Madame de Maintenon retired for a moment, and as she returned, ushering in Lomaria, the two ministers were announced. Louis with a few words only of explanation, received the letters for Louvois, which he had the satisfaction of seeing opened in his presence, and obtained by this means all the informat on he desired.

The triumph of the enemies of the foreign minister was complete. Lomaria’s credit was established, and the dangerous foes to evil schemes, whom de Maintenon’s band dreaded, was for some time removed from office, the king, having, from impatience and caprice, sacrificed the interests of an old and tried friend.

Many lyrics are scattered through these volumes, and, with a specimen we conclude our extracts:

The tulip knows how false and cold
Are all earth’s joys that seem so bright,
For still she loves the cup to hold,
And drinks the falling dews all night.
And many a jewell’d goblet lies
By perfum’d streams in Aden’s groves;
And there the maidens of Paradise
Fill the Faithful the draught he loves.

When the pilgrim roams o’er the desert waste,
And hails the gush of waters near,
As best is the wave he stoops to taste
As Zemzem’s well to the mother’s ear;
But the wave, the flower, the sacred well,
Or the cups of gold that the Blessed cheer,
These ruby drops could never excel,
Or yield one charm that we have not here.

THE PASTOR-CHIEF; OR THE ESCAPE OF THE VAUDOIS. A Tale of the 17th Century. 3 vols.—Cunningham & Mortimer.

There is considerable ability exhibited in this work, for the author has attentively studied and mastered the history of the time; yet it is not less apparent that he is not a practised writer. It need not, therefore, be greatly wondered at, if, with much merit,—especially in the opening of the story—the interest is not maintained to the close. This may arise, perhaps, from the nature of the subject, (better adapted, probably, for history than romance) but, whatever the cause, the value of the production is considerably diminished. Upon principle, we dislike narratives of which War—with its horrid accompaniments of slaughter and cruelty—forms the chief subject, and this may have led us to undervalue the tale before us. This is the sad romance of real life, which far exceeds anything which can be plotted by mere invention.

The story itself lies in a nutshell. Anima di Solaro, reared in the valley of the Vaudois, and educated in their faith, is early removed to the Court of Louis XIV. There, that faith being under the ban of Royalty, she has not strength of mind sufficient to avow it. Her beauty and her wealth (for she is an heiress) cause the Marquis di Pianezza to seek her hand, and she marries him, as a nominal Catholic, while her faith is that which the Vaudois hold; but, more than this, her affections had been given to Walter Durand, one of her persecuted countrymen. The Marquis and his bride go to reside at Turin, whence, in process of time, the former is sent by Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, to head the war of persecution against the Vaudois. About two volumes are filled with details of the warfare, in which the Marquis falls, and the Vaudois finally triumph. Marie, only daughter of Henri Arnaud—the Pastor-Chief, discourses that Durand, whom she loves, cherishes a passion for Anima, and generously devotes herself to bring about their union. In progress of time the widowed beauty returns to her old home, her old faith, and her own love, and becomes Durand’s wife, and in the end Victor Amadeus,—the royal persecutor—is indebted for his life to their protection,—at the crisis of his fate, a fugitive for his life,—and at the moment when he is enabled to reascend the throne from which the hostile French had driven him. Then it is that he exhibits princely gratitude and makes acknowledgment of his subject’s loyalty, by presenting a silver drinking-cup to Henri, the son of Durand and Anima. This ends the tale, which some readers may regard as a rather lame and impotent conclusion.

But to return to the early part of the story which introduces us to the Court of Louis XVI. this is by far the most striking and successful portion of the work.
The time is, when, with the reign of Madame Montespan, had passed away much of the festivity of the court, and the real ascendancy of Madame de Maintenon was enveloping Louis as in a silken net.

For gaiety, though sobered, still existed, but deprived of its licentious character; and but for the dark hue which political affairs had assumed, and which made even the most thoughtless pause, a city possessing such rare ornaments as a Sévigné's grace and talents, and a Racine to pour forth the full tide of song, in celebration of the nobiest and most stirring subjects, could not be wanting in attraction.

Our next extract will introduce a celebrated character:—

The individual who entered was short in stature and perfectly proportioned; his countenance was stern and haughty, and indicated a talented and thoughtful mind. It was Michel le Tellier, comte de Louvois, the successor of Colbert and Seignelais, under whose administration France had reached such an unparalleled height of prosperity. He had arrived at the helm of government at the moment it most required an able pilot, when the difficulty of steering the vessel was increased by the female interference, which all saw that it was destined to receive at the hands of Madame de Maintenon.

As soon as the first feelings with which Madame Soany met the friend of her husband and of brighter days had subsided, she anxiously inquired into the actual state of Paris.

"What," she began, "is the chief object of interest, and who is to be the next cynosure of admiring eyes, now that Montespan has betaken herself to devotion, and her daughter to matrimony and a private life? Paris serious, seems a paradox unlikely to continue; but I hear Madame de Maintenon will have it so, and that must shorten her reign, who is the rising sun that Louis adores? for between us, Le Tellier, his devotion will require warmer rays to kindle its fire than her lectures or Bossuet's orations."

"That sun," replied Louvois, "has sunk with Montespan never to rise again; but the fire which her wit and Vallière's beauty could not maintain, burns steadily, fanned by bigotry and superstition."

"If then Scarvon's widow transferred her guile from Louis's children to Louis himself?"

"Guide!" retorted the minister; "she rules, she reigns over him, with the tyranny of a master mind."

"But it was always so with Louis's mistresses in their first favor."

"Mistress!" exclaimed Louvois; "but this is his wife!"

"Impossible!" cried Madame de Saony; "she, the indigent widow of the despised Scarvon, the governess of Montespan's illegitimate offspring; she, to share the throne of France, to be its monarch's bride? Louvois, you invent these tales to astonish and deceive my provincial ears."

"Would it were so, most excellent Baronne, but if you remain here, you will soon believe in the rumour which is the city's hourly tale."

"But had the king no friend to withhold him from such madness? where was Bossuet? where the Bavarian dauphiness whose influence once was great, and whose proud character must have detected the impropriety of such an alliance? and yourself Louvois, could not you interfere?"

"Madam, there was no lack of remonstrance, but the will of Louis is not so easily controlled, and all that he would concede, was that the marriage should be private. Yet is it well known that it was solemnized ten days ago, under the auspices of our Archbishop Harlai, and witnessed by valets and henchlings."

"But how could Maintenon induce so proud a king to forget what is due to his own dignity and that of France."

"Madam, she persuaded him that the only availing penance for his former follies, was a union in his mature age with an immaculate widow of fifty."

"And how is the court?"

"Dull enough; the Bavarian princess weeps for the loss of her pin-money, and the change of her religion. Mademoiselle de Montpensier sighs for the faithless Lu- zan, and the proud arbitress of all, prays in her ante-chamber, or preaches at St. Cyr."

"And politics?" asked Madame de Soany.

"Monopolized by one female ear, it would ill become me to divulge them to another; but the horizon is dark also in that quarter, and only for the miracles that Catatin relates from the mountains of Piedmont, their page would be a blank. But come to Versailles, and see what we are doing. Who is the lovely girl who fled as I entered?"

"An Italian niece whose romantic history you may have heard. I have rescued her from the Vaudois valleys to share the advantages of Parisian society."

"Ah! but Baronne you must keep her origin a secret. The Vaudois are defaced here, and indeed it were best they should be exterminated; for troublesome and fanatical as they are, they have presented unheard of obstacles in those Piedmontese valleys. But I must hasten hence to fulfil many duties this evening, and prepare for the necessity of appearing first in the morning levee of our ruritie queen."

"Levee! keep she such regal company?"

"Ay! her ante-chamber is thronged with

"Monthly Critic."

the beggars and indigent priests of the Boulevards, and not content with these, the presence of the great must feed her vanity. Adieu, charming Buronne, and remember that to-morrow I must see this fair savage, who is to astonish Versailles, and change her country and her faith for the charms of our court." 

Here is Madame de Maintenon—the widow of Scarron, the wife of Louis!

The folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown open, and all eyes were turned towards the female form which entered, leaning on the monarch's arm. Her figure was set off to the utmost advantage by a tight dress of leaf-colored satin, the train of which swept the floor in graceful folds, and added to the height which already exceeded the usual standard; the only ornament was a resplendent brooch, which confined the dress where the swan-like neck arose in elegant proportion. Her hair, braided on the high forehead, which bore the impress of noble thoughts, and fastened in a dark, luxuriant knot at the back of the head, contrasted with the extreme pallor of the countenance, which, but for the regularity of features and beauty of expression, would have made one regret the loss of its pristine freshness.

With a composed demeanour and almost regal carriage, Madame de Maintenon entered the apartment, her quick eye at a glance discerning its various occupants. Courtesying to the Archbishop of Paris, but dignified even in her submission, she received his compliments, and promised an early audience.

Then acknowledging the presence of his companion by a severe look, which seemed to pierce his inmost thoughts, she advanced into the crowd that awaited her at the lower end of the room; and there her commanding expression yielding to the softer one of compassion, she received the multitude of petitions forced into her hands, and with kind looks of encouragement consigned them to an attendant page. She then passed on, the blessings of the poor and the prayers of the humble soothed the bitter feelines excited by the view of the proud and curious courtiers, whose scorn she well knew was pointed at her; and as the door of the state apartment closed on her retreating figure, no disapproving murmur disturbed the clamorous applause which burst from the lips of the sorrowful and forlorn, who felt they had found in her a link between their hard lot and the unparalleled luxuries of the great.

The crowd dispersed, the poorer class returning pleased and soothed to their gloomy dwellings, and the proud minions of prosperity following their monarch to the ceremonious meeting of the next apartment.

As a specimen of the dialogue, we cannot give a better than the following:—

The scene which the presence-chamber presented, was singular enough. A court without a queen; a queen without a court. Yet there she sat: in manners and appearance more majestic than any of the royal dames who ever yet received homage in that gorgeous apartment; making dignity more dignified by the simplicity of her manners, and honoring rather than receiving honor from the station she occupied. The monarch, as affable in private life as he was magnificent in his public career, and with a manner improved into seriousness by the late change in his habits, stood near her; and beside him, his favorite sister-in-law, Christina, the Bavarian dauphiness, whose amiability and talents had overcame the antipathy Louis generally testified for awkwardness of demeanour and corpulency of person, which in her v. raged upon grossness.

On the present occasion, alarmed at the ascendency which Madame de Maintenon was hourly gaining, and jealous of the contrast accorded by her quiet deportment, the dauphiness was feverishly anxious to regain the favor which she fancied she had lost; and mindful of the success which had attended Montespan's brilliant sallies and pointed sarcasms, she forgot, in the imitation, the ever ready bait which accompanied them; and, bent on amusing the monarch, she aimed at random the shafts of her ridicule, rendered more bitter by her averse, at the various parties who now began to arrive.

"Behold, sire," she said, "the Duchess of Richelieu, like a Dauphiné Alp that has donned an additional shade of blue, come to visit your Majesty, but has forgotten to thaw beneath the rays of your glory."

"The monarch smiled; and delighted at the smile, the princess continued: "See, here is Racine, come from his musty papers to make Assyrian kings and queens of us all, and we shall figure as Vashti and Ahasuerus in the next representation," said she, casting a glance at the proud features of Madame de Maintenon, who stood conversing with the poet.

"Thus, at least, he will be appreciated; La Marquise understands his corps de théâtre."

The king felt the allusion to the memory of Scarron, and a flush passed over his countenance, but it was unobserved by the lady, and she ran on.

"Ah, here is the Duchesse de Chevreuse; perhaps your Majesty has not heard that during her residence within the walls of St. Cyr, she has imbibed all of quietism but the manner. But preserve me from the brandishing sword and powdered peruke of her companion, Colonel d'Aubigné, whose head has been so turned by his sister's elevation, that he has forgotten the very position nature placed it in during Scarron's life-time."

This pointed and ill-timed witicism was
beyond Louis' endurance, and in a severe
tone he hinted at the respect that was due
to the brother of his friend; then, too well bred
to observe the confusion his rebuke excited,
the monarch turned to receive the numerous
presentations of that morning's levee.

The reader may wish to see a little
more of the favorite. This scene is cha-
acteristic:——

Having ended her long and strict devo-
tional exercises she sat absorbed in the busi-
ness of the day, devoting to it an attention
and perspicuity of comprehension, few but
herself could boast of possessing.

Papers of importance were before her;
accounts wherein the closest inspection could
detect no flaw, the items of which were
principally acts of charity; beside these,
were large volumes of notes taken from the
parliamentary debates, for the use of him
whose convenience was her first care; letters
all read and answered. At a little distance
from her table stood a book-case containing
those classic authors, into whose regions of
poetry and delight few female minds had
touched on in their desire to penetrate; with the best
modern publications, whose style amused her
lighter hours, and gave poignancy and ele-
gance to the language Louis loved to hear.

The expression of her eye was that of the
deepest thought, as she examined paper after
paper, and inscribed her observations on
their margins. At length pushing the escru-
toires from her, she exclaimed with the sigh
of exhaustion:——

"Yes! the world calls these employments
hard, but without them how waresome would
be my existence. Oh, Louis! but for thee,
never could I have endured the privations I
bear in my court. For ever undervalued,
misunderstood, thy presence alone illumines
my misery!

"Throne of France! whose superb gran-
deur I might easily share, how far inferior
to the affections where I would reign trium-
phant unscanned by human observation. The
garb of royalty, its pomp and magnificence,
how contemptible does it seem to me, and
yet to charm His eye, I am content to wear
it—ay, and bear with a smile, the degrada-
tion of false-hearted flattery, more depress-
ing than even Louvois' undisguised hatred!
Difficult station! where would be thy charm,
what the reward for thy cares but for the
support of prayer. But forward—forward
is the watchword; dull fears begone; my
path is lighted by the lamp of conscience,—
no benighted wanderer am I—and I will obey
her directions, follow where she leads; and
if I fail—then religion comfort me!"

A knock at the door disturbed her, and
bidding the stranger enter, Madame de
Maintenon on seeing him exclaimed——

"Ah! is it thou d'Aubigné, my brother?
Welcome indeed art thou!"

The brother and sister then sat in close
converse together. But who that noted the
different expression of both countenances
could guess that any link of sympathy united
the two. The sister's brow—so open and
pure, seemed as if falsehood's shade had
never rested there; the brother's—a narrow,
lowering frown lit up by a bold look of reck-
less-animal courage alone.

His discourse assumed the earnest tone of
persuasion; hers, that of a calm but steady
dissent.

"François," said he, "why do you con-
stantly neglect my requests; why refuse my
just and reasonable demands?"

"My brother, I have already told you,
it's in vain to urge my interference; it can-
not be——"

"But, sister, the favor I would have you
ask is so trifling, and when you know my
embarrassed circumstances,—"

"D'Aubigné, did not I obtain for you the
rank you hold; has not my private purse
supplied your necessities?"

"True; but the former was neither un-
earned before, nor now a sincere; and the
latter paltry sum——"

"Was all I had to offer!" interrupted she.

"Nay," said d'Aubigné "that I can scarcely credit; generous to every one, Louis
cannot be a niggard to thee, and 'tis cur-
cently reported no request of thine is ever
denied."

"And think'st thou, brother, I would
take advantage of his kindness to importune
him on such a subject, or that I would accept
of the liberality so justly implored to him?"

"If not for yourself, François, you might
for others; Montespan was more thoughtful
of her friends, more mindful of her own
dues!"

"This to me, brother! dost thou place
me on a level with Montespan?" said she,
with a look before which his eye quailed and
fled.

"I know not what thou art, but an un-
kind and ungenerous sister," retorted he
confusedly. "Have not I implored thee
again and again to obtain for me some place,
however trilling, to support my family and
my——"

"Vices, you should add," answered Ma-
dame de Maintenon, with cold severity.
"But brother, I have done; you have re-
ceived my answer. A sister's affection, a
friend's best advice you have ever had from
me; both, alas! have been as valueless as
her honor, weighed, in thine estimation,
against the paltry endowment of wealth; and
if indeed a natural weakness for thy advan-
tage ever dwelt in my bosom, thou, only,
last cancelled it for ever. Never shall a re-
quest to increase my own grandeur, or that
of my relations, importune the ears of Louis.
Thy difficulties I compassionate, though I
reproach their cause; and to all of them
I offer thee all I can command, and that is
wrong from my own wants—from the luxury
of relieving worthier applicants." D'Au-
bigny took the pocket-book and cowering
beneath the majestic look that companied
the gift, kissed her hand and departed.

With this we must conclude, and it is
possible that our extracts may give a
more favorable idea of "The Pastor-
Chief," than indicated by our opinion—
but let it be remembered that they are
exclusively taken from the first volume,
which we have described as the far in-
ferior portion. Our object always has
been to exhibit the merits rather than the
demerits of a work, and we think the
critic caters indifferentiy for his readers
who, if he quote at all, does not present
them with the best portions of the work
submitted to his notice; whilst, also, by
so doing, the author can himself judge
in what manner he should in future per-
form his arduous task of catering for
public approval.

(See our Portrait list and Memoirs for
several of the above-named personages.)

A SHORT TREATISE ON LIFE ASSURANCE:
With the Rates of all the Offices in Lon-
don, mutual, mixed, and proprietary, al-
phabetically arranged. By Frederic
Lawrance, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office.
—Richardsen, Cornhill.

This pamphlet contains so much use-
ful information upon the subject of Life
Assurance,—all-important to Society—
that we strongly recommend it. The author,
his situation, is fully (be-cause
practically) acquainted with the
topic upon which he treats, and commu-
nicates the results of experience in a
plain, simple, and explicit manner. He
has even made a dry subject entertain-
ing, while urging the importance—the
necessity of being influenced by Pru-
dence, as regards Life Assurance. What
follows will bear out this opinion.

No scheme bearing the slightest analogy
to the present system of Life Assurance is
to be found on record until about the middle
of the seventeenth century; no provision
whatever, except the actual money hoarded,
guinea by guinea, in the family strong-box,
being either made or thought of, to support
the dignity of the house after the death of
the parent; or to continue to the widow and
the children the same comforts, if not
luxuries, to which they had been accus-
tomed during the lifetime of the husband
and the father; and if unforeseen events
had arisen, as was too often the case, to
cause a call (temporarily as was imagined)
on the by-laid treasure, and sickness or
sudden death intervened, neither the com-
forts, nor the luxuries, no, nor even the
necessaries of life, were left to support those
who were previously living in mutely se-
curity and happiness. As family after
family thus became burdens on the rela-
tions and friends of the deceased, and
curtailed many of the pleasures and amuse-
ments of the charitable brother or sister,
and proved a yoke not easy to be borne,
men's thoughts and minds naturally diverged
into various schemes by which they might,
by thrift and economy, provide for any such
contingency occurring to themselves, and
placing their offspring under the uncertain
charity of their own kindred. As in most
cases, so was it with the first attempts to
remedy the evil as to life-risks. Without
guide or data of any sort, with nothing but
the strong conviction that something
should be done to provide a fund for available
purposes after death, whenever that event
should occur, "Life Assurance" struggled
hard to burst into existence; but with very
little hope of success, and less of encou-
ragement, until the period I have named.
The first scheme of importance which
seemed for the time to command the atten-
tion of thinking men, and which stands
prominently forth as the foundation of Life
Assurance itself, was the introduction of
Tontines;" invented, I believe, by a na-
tive of Italy, by name "Tonti" or "Tonti-
tino."

The plan was this:—A certain number of
persons clubbed together a specified sum
(without reference to age or sex) annually,
and at the expiration of each year the
interest of this fund was divided amongst
the subscribers who were living, and so on
from year to year, until the last survivor
received the whole of the interest. This
novelty, having on its face all the appear-
ances of a profitable investment, with a
little of the then relish for gambling, as to
health and death, caused many thousands to
be annually contributed, each man specula-
ting on the life and habits of his co-sub-
scriber, so as to form a rough guess as to
who stood the best chance of survivorship.
This went on for some time, until some one,
either wiser, or more inquisitive than his
fellows, came to inquire what became of the
principal sum subscribed as the interest on
the fund only was awarded. This was a
death-blow to the first invention; the money
of course, failing heirs, was forfeited to the
Crown. But the "snake was scotched, not
killed." To remedy this glaring error,
(glaring when fully brought to light) a
limited number of years was fixed for the
"Tontine," and should any member be
alive at the expiration of that time, they
were to receive the whole amount originally
subscribed; but as many died without re-
ceiving any advantage whatever for their subscriptions, and others, longer lived, received in many cases nearly 300 times the amount advanced, this plan, from its great inequality, did not, as was anticipated, meet with general approbation; but one permanent good resulted from it, the first tables of the duration of human life on a small scale being recorded. But as these were obviously insufficient to carry out any calculation on an extended scale, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Sir William Petty made a register of the Bills of Mortality of London and Dublin; but as the original number of the population was not ascertained, and no note being taken of the visits of strangers of both sexes and from all lands who died there, no correct data could be established.

These were followed by Dr. Halley’s Tables, more generally known by the name of the Breslau Tables, formed from registers during the years 1687 to 1691, both inclusive, being a decided improvement on the last; but yet not sufficiently satisfactory to answer the purposes intended. It would be but dry detail, totally unfitted for a short treatise like the present, intended for the general reader’s guidance and instruction, to trace step by step the steady advance of the calculations, the sources from which they were derived, and the amendments successively and successfully suggested by each. It will be sufficient for my present purpose to bring before the reader’s notice the tables now in general use, and which are daily tested as to accuracy in the calculation of the chances attendant upon the duration of human life—I mean the Northampton and the Carlisle Tables—the first by Dr. Price in 1769, the latter by Mr. Joshua Milne, from observations made at Carlisle during a term of nine years. These have been amended and improved by several of our most talented and scientific Actuaries in later years, each striving for the benefit of his fellow man to outvie in friendly rivalry the labours of his predecessors, and each having the proud satisfaction of knowing that by his own individual efforts he has been the means of conferring lasting benefits on the present and future generations. François Baily, Charles Babbage, De Morgan, Finlaison, and others, have contributed to spread this noble science, not omitting Mr. George Farren, who has laboured with so much research to increase the accumulating information on the subject.

A NEW GUIDE TO CHESS, by the Rev. H. Wood.—Sherrin.

This which is put forth as the “improved edition” of a very popular handbook, appears to us like former editions which we have commended, well adapted for reference as well as instruction. It should be taken, not to supersede any of the works upon Chess which Lewis and Walker have published, but to be studied along with them. Mr. Lewis may be the better player, (it is a fact, not generally known, that it was he who directed the movements of the Automaton Chess-Player, when last in England, but it is generally conceded, we believe, that Mr. Walker’s Chess-books are written with more perspicuity. His “Chess Made Easy,” is a most valuable work, not only for beginners but for adepts, and we perceive that Mr. Wood gratefully acknowledges “his liberal assistance, during the complection and revision” of the little work before us.

The recognized rules of the game are here given in full. When two persons are playing chess, how can they decide a disputed point, except by reference to some superior player, or otherwise to some work of admitted authority? The reference to the former may not always be accessible, but the latter is available for all.—Its explanations of the moves of the men, and their relative value, are very clear and explicit:—the same may be said of its ample illustrations of technical terms, its examples of games, and its very curious “endings,”—particularly with the pawns.

About what is called “Queen the Pawn,” Mr. Wood delivers an opinion which is fully borne out by common sense. When a Pawn is pushed on to the eighth square of the board (that on which the adverse pieces originally stood) it may be changed for any piece, the King excepted. In every instance, of course, the player will change it for a Queen—as the best piece on the board. This he is entitled to do, even though his own Queen has not been captured. Mr. Wood says, “A vast deal of twaddle has been urged in vain against this very proper rule.” It has been urged that the King should not have more than one Queen at a time, and that, therefore, should the Queen remain uncaptured when the pawn reaches the eighth square, a second Queen may not be made, but the successful pawn may be replaced only by some inferior piece, already lost! The plain English of this is, that should a player, by skill and prudence, not only retain his best pieces but promote the
humble pawn to the post of honor and advance ment, the result will be that—as a punishment for this skill and this prudence—the pawn will gain little or no solid advantage. Let him have played badly,—let him have but his Queen, and the Pawn may be advanced to that dignity,—but should he have retained her on the board, he must be content to reap small advantage from his success! This, as Mr. Wood remarks, is pure “twaddle.”’

To what would it lead?—to the exchange of the Queen for an inferior piece, in order to allow the queening of the Pawn. This would not be Chess. We hold with Mr. Wood that if every one of the light Pawns could be advanced to the eighth square, each of them might be queened as that is the recognised reward of such an achievement.

We regret that Franklin’s excellent “Morale of Chess” has not been appended to this little work. Of all games Chess is the most purely intellectual, it draws on the mental faculties more largely than does any other game. It involves nothing of chance—but depends wholly upon mental skill. In increases the judgment, the fore-sight, and the memory. Chess makes the players reflect.

It must be played without precipitation. It sorely tries the temper, and, in that point of view, did Franklin come to what he called its “Morale.”’ It is curious that there has not yet appeared any first-rate female players, while, in the second case (i.e. of good chess-players) there are more of the gentler and better sex than of the men! Woman usually plays chess with comparative rapidity. They make their calculations without delay, and appear to arrive at their conclusion with very little trouble. But, as we have said, a first-rate female chess-player has not yet been heard of. Let Philosophy account for this—if it can!


Whittaker & Co., London.

A didactic poem, in four cantos, is what we should not have thought likely to run into a third edition. However, so it is announced of “Marriage,” on the title-page—which like an auctioneer’s announcement—states no more than the purest truth, of course. Had what here is thrown into rhyme, been written in plain prose, a readable essay might have been produced. In a poem, however, “Marriage” is common-place,—and the fatal word “Mediocrity” is marked upon it. The opening couplet has defective rhymes: ex. gr.:

“Hail, Hymen, hail! prime parent, best of all Whom Pagan rites or poetry exult.”

Again, in the second page, we have such (intended) rhymes as sight and type, men and heaven!—

The loving bride and bridegroom, holy sight, Of heaven and heavenly things the brightest type:

Perverted oft, indeed, by erring men, Yet not the less praiseworthy, and of heaven.

A little farther on, in the same page, we meet this couplet—

Ah, wonderous fair! Orpheus, who charmed the trees, And herd, insensate, by his lyrics pleased.

In blank verse, these lines would be justly liable to the charge of wanting euphony,—when, then, we state that they are given as rhymed verse, how can they be described? We could give a hundred examples of similar carelessness or actual ignorance of the very elements of poetical construction. For instance, Dr. Edwards has such rhymes as plains and range, home and join, drawn and strong, home and own, mind and rhyme, escaped and hate, soul and controlled, assailed and pale, grand and man, revolve and involved, control and mould, commonwealth and himself, clime and find, gleamed and supreme, design and find, heaven and send, creed and decreed, heaven and contemn, isle and undefiled, torch and scorched, formed and storm, gone and long,—every example we have given being taken from the first canto, containing about sixteen pages!

Far be it from us to exercise severity of criticism, but when a “Third Edition” poem is put forth with fatal faults such as these, we are bound to shew upon what trifling pretence popular favor—under a third edition—is sometimes won. However, the author’s title page quotation from Telemaque:

“Presque tous les hommes ont I’inclination de se marier; il n’y a que la misère qui les impeche,”

is the real secret why every narration relative to this “vale of mystery” is
received with earnest anxiety by every class of the community; and truly, whilst condemning the author’s rhymes, he has in his various twistings and turnings of the subject hit upon many a true saying which may-be will one while go home to the feelings of a happy wife; another while to those of a tortured bosom.

RESTORATION OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF CHESTERFIELD, (May 1843), with Historical Sketch of that Edifice.—Roberts, Chesterfield.

Of late years, public liberality has been judiciously directed not alone for the supplying of new churches, to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing and religiously-inclined population, as for the restoration of the time-worn edifices which, scattered throughout the land, remain as illustrious examples of the piety, taste, and generosity of our forefathers. What has recently been done in the Temple Church, on a large scale, has been followed in the country places, with success and spirit. The issue has been the restoration of many sacred buildings, and their adaptation to the wants of the present day.

Chesterfield Church, (with its curious spire, which appears crooked, from every point of view!) has been restored, in a manner highly creditable to the spirit and the liberality of the inhabitants. The re-opening took place, May the 13th, and the pamphlet before us—illustrated with handsome copper-plate and wood-engravings—gives a full and interesting account of the religious ceremonies of the day, the improvements made, and the history of that ancient place of worship. The Lord Bishop of Hereford officiated in the place of the Bishop of the dioecese, (Lichfield), and the attendance of clergy was very numerous. The restoration has afforded much additional accommodation for the parishioners.

Besides this, a fine Gothic ceiling has been erected, and the addition made of a very beautifully painted five-light window. This was accomplished at the cost of £600, as a truly appropriate mark of respect from the parishioners, for the Rev. J. Hill, the Vicar.

Chesterfield Church was erected early in the 13th century, having been preceded by an edifice which was probably built before the Roman conquest. On the score of antiquity, then, it was worthy of being restored.—The “Account” enters fully into its history.

The lover of bare antiquity will not be sorry to learn that the chancel and the exterior of the Church will soon be subjected to the same tasteful and careful renovation as that which has so greatly improved the interior. When this is done, it will be one of the finest churches in the kingdom.

FLORAL FANCIES, AND MORALS FROM FLOWERS. Titl and Bogue.

The embellishments in this book, seventy in number, by the author, are exceedingly clever, and greatly increase the value of the work. To those who are fond of their flower-garden, to those who are lovers of artistical skill, here they will find it exhibited with no small quantum of mind, developing under every attractive form of probability, the shapes, makes, and features of these beauteous adornings of our Parterres.

As to the nature of the letter-press which it illustrates, here is a pleasing specimen, which may not be an unacceptability conclusion to our remarks. We wish the clever authoress every success. The getting up of the whole is highly creditable to all concerned.

THE CLEMATIS.

Two brothers, the elder a merchant, the younger an artist, had once occasion to take a journey, which they chose to perform on foot, from the metropolis to their native village. The tastes and characters of these men were as widely different as the professions they followed, the latter being an ardent lover of nature and the beautiful; the former a devout worshipper of Mammon, and what he termed the useful. The man of business thought only of reaching the place of destination; the man of observation found objects of interest in all he saw upon the way. To the one, their passage through a romantic country was as a mere causeway of communication; to the other, it was a pleasant path, hung profusely in metaphor, as well as reality, with sweet tufts of Traveller’s Joy. One glorious August morning, our brothers having nearly reached what was once their home, found themselves following a narrow sheep-track skirting the edge of a chalky precipice, whose broken sides were studded with spots of emerald green, varied by the enamel blue of the Viper’s Bugloss and the golden yellow of the fugacious Cistus.

The Painter was restored to his native element—the sweet air he had breathed in childhood; and he drank in pleasure through all his senses—pleasure tempered indeed, and
not poisoned by recollections of sadness. His eye rested with more than professional delight on the lovely landscape beneath him, for it was the scene on which he had first essayed his untutored pencil. Not only his ear, but his very soul, felt music in the tinkling sheep-bells, because it sounded like the very same he had listened to in boyhood; and the rich perfumes, with which the air came laden, recalled to his memory, perhaps more forcibly than all, the summers long ago when he had been used, on holidays, to visit that chalky hill for the purpose of collecting fossils, or gathering the rarer species of Orthoceras, now so rare. Wrapped in a web of musing (the warp, the past—the woof, the present) the artist lingered awhile behind his companion till roused by the voice of the Merchant, who, having trudged onwards at his usual business pace, had got considerably in advance of his brother. "Come, Frank," exclaimed he, with some impatience, as he applied his yellow bandana to his glistening forehead, "what the deuce can you be loitering there for in this broiling sun?" The Painter saw his brother's mood, and made no reply but by hastening to rejoin him. Both proceeded for a season in silence. At length, however, Frank again stopped involuntarily on the edge of the cliff, just above a root of Wild Clematis, whose trailing arms, proceeding from a knotted stump of unusual age and bulk, curtained the rough surface of the cliff with elegant festoons of green, and clusters of fragrant blossom. "Well, what's the matter now?" asked the Merchant, on perceiving his companion's second pause. "Only look, my dear Ambrose, look!" returned the other, pointing to the Clematis. "Well! and what is there to look at? I'd much rather look just now at a clean white breakfast cloth, or even a field of turnips. A big four-footed myna, a einige noise, and a horde of rubbish-creepers and twiners. I'd have every one of them (except the hop and the vine) rooted from off the face of the earth." "Oh! but, Ambrose, don't you remember that the Clematis was our mother's favorite flower? This is the very plant I used to come and sit under by which to fill her bow-pot. I can never look upon the Traveller's Joy, even in our London squares, without being reminded of home, and here"—Frank paused, and brushed his hand across his eyes. Ambrose walked on quicker than ever, and took a pinch of snuff. Presently, however, the Merchant turned, and took his brother's hand in a friendly manner, though money-seeking and money-making had blunted its finest sensibilities. "You're a silly fellow, Frank," said he, "you'll never be a man, always running your head upon some childish rubbish—flowers and poetry—and such useless nonsense, to say nothing of painting, which hasn't brought you any vast good either." Another half hour's walk conducted the brothers to the place of destination, their native village. The business which brought them there is none of ours; we shall merely notice that the Merchant took this opportunity of raising the rents of a small paternal property, and the Painter raised a simple monument to the memory of his mother. The season having now advanced to November, the brothers agreed on returning to London by a coach which started in the evening from a neighbouring town. It was growing dusk when they set out to walk the intervening distance, and, by the time they reached the chalky-hill beforehand, it had become so dusky as to render the narrow winding track along its crest a path of some peril to an inexperienced foot. Frank, who, in his boyhood, had scanned and learned by rote its every turning, could have safely passed it blindfold, but it was not so with Ambrose. The artist, conscious of this point, at least, of possessing more acuteness than his worldly-wise brother, offered the guidance of his arm, or, at all events, to lead the way; but the Merchant, who was an independent sort of fellow, and who, moreover, felt a kind of absurdity in the idea of so careful a man as himself following the guidance of one whom he had always looked upon something in the light of a mad-brained fool, persisted in walking on in advance.

"Mind, Ambrose, keep more to your right," cried the Artist; but the Merchant went straight on: he was thinking of a probable rise on Indigo, and quite forgot a possible fall over the cliff's edge. "For heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed Frank; but, before the words were ended, the figure of Ambrose had disappeared. Another second brought his terrified companion to the spot left vacant, and he almost shuddered to look, as far as growing darkness would permit, down the face of the precipice; but his fears were groundless: the worthy Merchant's speculations had not been overturned for ever, or his portly person dashed to pieces, as assuredly must have been the case, but for something that had arrested his downward progress to the depths below. That providential stay was noise other than a natural cable composed of the strong rope stalks of the Wild Clematis—of that very plant whose flowers had once been his mother's, and were still his brother's joy. Directed by the Creeper's silvery seed-plumes, clearly discernible even in the gloom, he had caught, in his downfall, at the friendly support by which he now hung suspended above—destruction. His rescue from this awkward position was but a moment's work for his active companion. When they had both safely ascended to terra firma, "Now, my dear fellow," said the Painter, with a smile, though his eyes glistened and his voice trembled with grateful joy at his brother's
preservation—"I hope you'll confess, that ornamental plants are not always without their use in creation—since (Providence be praised!) the wayfarer's safety has, for once, been found dependant on the Traveller's Joy."

The Clematis Vitalba, or Traveller's Joy, grows plentifully in chalky soils, covering hedgerows and the broken frame of lime-stone rocks with rich tapestry, sweet to the traveller for its fragrance in summer, and in autumn and winter for the beauty of its silvery seed-plumes, whose feathery tufts make (says Gerarde) "a goodly shewe." To these it owes another familiar appellation, that of Old Man's Beard.

The common Viper's Buglos, though a common, is a magnificent weed, despised only for its frequency, especially in chalky soils, yet (says Sowerby) "it has been called by inhabitants of the tropics, worthy to decorate the gardens of the gods." In some parts of Cambridge and Norfolk the fields are blue with its long spikes of brilliant yellow flowers, and many other persons of distinction, who have tried the water, are pleased to speak highly of it. This pump room I have been induced to erect, in conjunction with two friends who are proprietors with myself, at a very considerable expense; and everything that can be considered to tend to the comfort and happiness of those who surround it shall be attended to—no expense or trouble shall be spared; and the benefits that will be derived from the waters I have reason to believe will, in a very few years, enable us to have those buildings that will correspond with it, and, with the scenery around it, so as to make it a little Cheltenham. I have some freehold land here, and I have taken a considerable breadth on lease; I have taken the field by the side of this building for ninety-nine years, and I have other property as far as the turnpike, which will ere long have buildings erected on it, such as have been recommended by my kind friend Dr. Granville. The next building I expect to open is a splendid hotel, which I propose to be erected at the corner. In the course of time we shall have baths and accommodation for any number of individuals we ever so numerous; and I feel convinced, from the good qualities and properties of the water, that I shall not be disappointed in my expectations as to the benefits that may ultimately result. I hope every one present is satisfied as far as we have gone—that we have not been backward in carrying out what was contemplated to-day; and be assured nothing could have been wanting to render the place a delightful resort."

"It was stated on the same occasion by Dr. Granville, "In the course of my numerous investigations, that are probably not unknown to this assembly, respecting mineral waters, both on the continent and throughout England, I have not found till I came..."
down here at the request of Mr. Fawcett, a water within some hundred miles of this place, which afforded equal means of overcoming many diseases that had baffled the skill of all professional men. My conjecture has since been realized by ample experience, for not only have I witnessed cases that have been really cured, and which had held out no hopes of recovery, but others are in course of cure by it; and through the liberal manner in which the water is sent abroad, and the reasonable price at which it is offered to the public, I have not the slightest doubt, knowing its composition and the peculiar influence it must exert on the human constitution, that all your anticipations of it will be realized. It is a proud day for me to stand in this beautiful and magnificent hall which does great credit to Mr. Lockyer. I am proud to stand under the roof of the magnificent hall wherein we are now assembled, to urge the claims of Mr. Fawcett to your kindness, and the claims of the water to your attention, where only eighteen months ago I stood beneath the roof of a humble cottage, enjoying the hospitality of the old lady who first benefited by the water discovered on the premises, and who I now see before me, Mrs. Clay; it is a proud day for me to stand here, not only to urge on you the consideration of the waters, but to see by this building, by the gracious way in which you have received Mr. Fawcett, and by this numerous assemblage, that the anticipations I formed, and Mr. Fawcett formed, have not been disappointed. I need only look on the collection of fair faces before me, and on the gentlemen who have greeted all Mr. Fawcett has said on the subject, to be authorized to conclude by saying that, if you go on prospering as you do now, Hockley spa will not be long, not only in apiing, but in equaling Cheltenham, Brighton, Bath, Leamington, and other places. We sincerely trust these anticipations may be realized to their fullest extent.

Those who have a regard for the public health, will watch, with some interest, the progress (may we be pardoned for the pun) of this nascent spring, whose mild, and sanitizing waters have been given to understand are already a fashionable beverage for west-end invalids of no-great-ailment, so much so that already it has been deemed advisable, independently of the various agents distributed in many parts, to have a Depot in the same direction, to meet at a moment the demands of the public. It is situated at Hoffman's, No. 5, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, where the genuine aerated waters can be obtained.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Baker, Lady of Sir George, Bart., of a son and heir; at Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, June 12.
Baillie, Lady of W. H., esq., of a daughter; at Richmond, May 26.
Beales, Mrs. Edmond, of a daughter; at Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, May 28.
Beaumont, Mrs., of a daughter; at Holly terrace, Highgate, June 10.
Black, Lady of John Young, esq., of a daughter; at Sea-grove, near Ryde, June 7.
Butler, Hon. Mrs. James, of a daughter; at Dresden, May 15.
Burnett, Lady of Charles F., esq., of a son; at Park-crescent, May 28.
Brewer, Wife of J. H., esq., of the Inner Temple, of a son; at Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, June 8.
Call, Lady of W. B., esq., of a daughter; of Portman-square, June 16.
Carpend, wife of Mr., of a son; at Streatham-hill, Surrey, June 19.
Cruikshank, Mrs. Patrick, of a daughter; at Hyde-park-gardens, June 6.

Dalton, Lady of Major, of the Royal Artillery, of a daughter; at Baker-street, Portman-square, June 6.
Davis, Lady of Vaughan, esq., of a son; at Fagral, Hampstead, May 19.
Drew, the Lady of James, esq., of a daughter, at Parsonage, Blackheath, June 10.
Meech, Lady Harriett, of a son and heir; Dover-street, June 5.
Edmouson, the Lady of N. B., esq., of a son; at Somers-place, Hyde-park, June 29.
Egan, the wife of John, esq., of a daughter; at St. John's-wood-road, Regent's-park, May 22.
Ellis, Lady of John Foster, esq., of a son; at Dorset-place, May 29.
Fraser, Lady of James, esq., of Singapore, of a daughter; at Park-village East, Regent's-park, May 30.
Fawkes, Lady of Major, of a son; at West Lodge, June 1.
Fenwick, Lady of James Thomas, esq., M.D., of a daughter; at Ripon, Yorkshire, June 13.
Glennie, Lady of John Irving, esq., of a son; at Devonshire-square, June 10.
Hamilton, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Belgrave-square, May 21.
Hird, Lady of Francis, esq., of a daughter; at Cleveland-row, St. James's Palace, June 22.

M. C. 2—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1843.
Horsford. Lady of the Hon. Sir Robert, Solicitor-General of the island of Antigua, of a son at Antigua, April 15.

Impy, Lady of M. E., esq., of a daughter; at Devonshire-street, Portland-place, June 8.

Jordan, Lady of A., esq., of a daughter; at Coblenz, on the Rhine, June 16.

Loughborough, wife of Thomas Poynter, esq., of a son; at Blythe-house, Upper Tulse-hill, Surrey, June 20.

Moore, Lady of Robert Montgomery, esq., of a son; at Southampton, June 17.

Owen, Lady of Conrad, esq., Captain 1st Bombay Cavalry Lancers, of a son; at Kingsbridge, Devon, May 20.

Parr, Lady of Thomas Clements, of a daughter; at Clifton, June 3.

Pigott, Lady of Gillery, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; in Keppel-street, Russell-square, June 6.

Pollard, Lady of George Thomas, esq., of a daughter; at Stannary-hall, Yorkshire, May 29.

Powell, wife of Nathanael, esq., of a daughter; at 25, Tavistock-square, June 6.

Samuel, Lady of Dennis, esq., of a son; at Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park, June 20.

Steele, Lady of Adam Rivers, esq., of a son; at Westbourne-grove, Bayswater, June 17.


Stutely, Lady of Martin J., esq., of a daughter; at No. 2, Gower-street, Bedford-square, June 15.

Tatham, wife of Montagu John, esq., of Doctors' commons, of a daughter; at Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, May 25.

Todd, Lady of Dr., of a daughter; at Parliament-street, May 21.

Trevelyan, Lady of C. E., esq., of a daughter; at Clapham-common, May 27.

Trew, Mrs. William, of a son; in Woburn-place, Russell-square, June 23.

Wotton, Lady of H. R., esq., of a daughter; at Fitzroy-square, June 1.

MARRIAGES.

Abercromby, Jane, d. of Sir Robert Abercromby, Bart, Forgen-house, Banffshire, North Britain, to Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, Bart, Lord-Lieutenant of Dunbarshire, by the Rev. Mr. Veitch; June 14.

Ahmury, Mary, only surviving child of Lady Blunt and the late Richard Ahmury, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to R. C. Mellish, Esq., of the Foreign-office, by the Rev. Edward Gordon, St. George's Hanover-square; May 27.

Aldridge, Emma, eld. d. of Joshua Aldridge, Esq., of Cippenham-court, county of Bucks, to P. S. Ormiston, youngest son of the late James Ormiston, Esq., by the Rev. Thomas Carter, at Burnham Church; June 8.

Atherley, Selina, only d. of George Atherley, Esq., to John Henry Forrest, Esq., Capt. 11th Hussars; by the Rev. Arthur Atherley, at All Saints Church, Southampton; June 17.


Benniworth, Maria Sneiley, niece to John Benniworth, Esq., of Toynoton-house, near Spilsby, to the Rev. Lewis Drummond Kennedy, B. A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, by the Rev. T. H. Hollway, M.A., incumbent of Spilsby and Partney; at Toynoton All Saints, Lincolnshire; June 14.


Bolton, Henrietta Charlotte Elizabeth, eld. d. of Col. Bolton, C.B., Her Majesty's 31st. Regt. to Lieutenant T. F. Powell, Her Majesty's 16th Foot, youngest son of the late Samuel Powell, Esq., of Brandlesome Hall, Lancahire; at Umbella, Bengal Presidency, March 27.

Bartlett, Eliza Sophia, eld. d. of the late R. C. Bartlett, Esq., of Anchor-hill-house, Devon, to Francis Johnson, Esq.; at the New Church, Holloway, June 24.


Clark, Anny, d. of the late Thomas Clark, of Cather sanitary, Surrey, to John Guest, of Birmingham, Esq.; by the Rev. T. Clark, British chaplain, Calais, at St. John's, Paddington, June 1.

Clegg, Emily Elizabeth Barrow, only d. of Robert Bousfield Clegg, Esq., of Manchester, to James Bateman, eldest son of William Thorpe, Esq., of Ardwick; by the Rev. William Wilson, M.A., at the Collegate Church, Manchester, June 8.

Colson, Emily, 2nd daughter of J. Colson, Esq., to George Frederick Hodgkinson, Esq., of Stamford-street, Blackfriars; by the Rev. William Brock, M.A., at Bishop's Waltham House, June 20.


Cosmanah, Catherine Maria, only surviving child of the late Hugh Cosmanah, Esq., R.N., to the Rev. John Fenend Moor, of Bradford Cottage, Berks; by the Rev. G. Harries, Canon of St. David's; at Tenby, June 20.


Echalaz, Emma Rosina, d. of the late Joseph Echalaz, esq. of Clapton, to Thomas Langmore, son of Thomas Langmore, esq. of Greatton-square; by the Rev. John Echalaz, rector of Appleby, Leicestershire; at St. John’s, Hackney, June 1.


Erickson, Lady Alicia, 3rd d. of the Earl of Buchan, to the Hon. and Rev. Sonnville Tayor, youngest brother of the Earl of Erroll; at Dryburgh Abbey, June 6.


Fennell, Mary Alice, d. of Edmund Fennell, esq. formerly banker and merchant, in Limehouse, to Samuel Backhouse, esq. of Wells, Somersetshire; June 6.


Ford, Caroline Parker, 3rd d. of the late Robert Ford, esq. of Turnham-green, to Frederick William, son of Mr. Henry Stretton, of Fentonville; at St. James’s Clerkwell, June 10.

Gordon, Harriet, d. of Mr. Galton, chief clerk of the Outward Department of Her Majesty’s Customs, to Mr. Henry Purdie, of Islington; by the Rev. John Lincoln Galton, M.A., at St. John’s Church, Upper Holloway, May 21.

Gold, Mary Augusta, only child of the late William Gold, esq. of Her Majesty’s Customs, to John Robert, eald. son of Edward Edwards, esq. of Woburn-square; by the Rev. Evan Nepean, chaplain to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester; at St. George’s Hanover Square, May 20.

Gopsy, Louisa Margaret, only d. of the late G. J. Gopsy, esq. of British Guiana, to William Harris, esq. by the Rev. Thomas Harris, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, at St Andrew’s Rugby, June 6.

Grace, Maria, widow of the late Captain Robert Grace, Royal Marines, to James Booth, esq.; by the Rev. Philip Scholefield, M.A., at St. George’s, Hanover-square, May 30.

Greenfield, Mary, youngest d. of J. Greenfield, esq. of East Claremont-street, Edinburgh, to Mr. William J. Sage, of Rainford, Essex; by the Rev. W. Rawlings, at St. Anne’s, Limehouse, June 4.


Hedden, Mary, youngest d. of the late George Hedden, esq. of Appleton-le-Street, Yorkshire, and Gottenburg, Sweden, to Henry Rowe Monkhouse, esq. of Field-house, Walworth; at St. Clement Danes, June 8.

Hentig, Caroline, youngest d. of John W. Hentig, esq. of Cottingham, Yorkshire, to Joseph Gripper, jun., of Hertford, esq.; by the Rev. Thomas Dikes, LL.D., at St. Mary’s, Cottingham, June 8.


Hicks, Mary Anne, 2nd d. of John William Hicks, esq. of Lansdowne-crescent, to Frederic, youngest son of the late Daniel Mildred, esq. of Woodford, Essex; at the Abbey Church, Bath, by the Rev. T. Mills, rector of Sutton, May 24.

Honywill, Eliza Anne, eldest daughter of the late Richard Honywill, esq. of Clifton, to the Rev. Edward Holland, 2nd son of Lancelot Holland, esq. of Langley-farm, Beckenham; by the Rev. C. Holland, June 4.


Hunt, Charlotte, youngest d. of Robert Hunt, esq. of Ketton, to William Burgoyne Fernell, esq. of Sheffield, only son of the late William Burgoyn Fernell, esq. of Spring-house, Chesterfield; at Ketton, Rutland, May 28.

I’On, Jane, eldest d. of the late John I’On, esq. Hertford, to Mr. Thomas Mumbry, of Sutton, Lincolnshire; at St. George’s, Bloomsbury, by the Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers, rector, June 1.

Jemmett, Francis Mary, eldest daughter of the late George Elwicke Jemmett, esq., of Ashford, Kent, to Frederick Sculamore, esq. of Maidstone, by the Rev. T. Wood, Vicar of Ashford; at St. Pancras Church, May 30.

Lahee, Maria, widow of the late Mr. Charles Lahee, of Cheyne-walk, to Henry Norton, esq. of the King’s-road; at St. Luke’s Church, by the Rev. Charles Kingley, rector, June 20.

Lochner, Selina, d. of John C. Lochner, esq. of Forty-hill, to Henry, son of the late Lieut. Walker, R.N.; at Enfield, June 5.

Lockwood, Eden, only child of Joshua Lockwood, of Forest-hill, Kent, to Chas., 4th son of the late James Randall, esq. at Lewisham, by the Rev. John Randall; June 6.
Births, Marriages, any Deaths.

Longworth, Ellen, edd. d. of Thos. Longworth, esq. of Manchester, to Amable Lefebre, esq. of Boulogne, by the Very Rev. the Dean; May 29.


McLachlan, Margaret, d. of Bernard Martay, esq. of common, Ireland, to Thomas Stevens, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law; by the Rev. Sir G. L. Glyn, Bart., at Ewel, June 15.


Meabry, Ellen, ygd. d. of the late John Meabry, esq. of Broad-street, Bloomsbury, to Mr. Thos. Oakley, of St. Martin's-square, by the Hon. and Rev. H. M. Villiers, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, May 20.

Miller, Louisa Margaret, second d. of Lieut.-Colonel Miller, K.H., and great-niece of Dugal Stewart, to Richard Jones Congreve, second son of Richard Congreve, esq. of Aldermoston-house, Berks; at Edinburgh, June 20.

Molyneux, Eliza, fourth d. of the late John Molyneux, esq. and granddaughter of the late Right Hon. Sir. R. Molyneux, M.P., of Clifton-hall, Mid-bart., to Capt. Henry G. Stace, of the Royal Artillery; at Carlton Church, near Woolwich, by the Rev. W. Vincet, vicar of Steventon, June 17.

Montagu, Hon. Caroline, d. of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Exebury, to the Hon. William Godolphin Osborne, 2nd son of Lord Godolphin; at St. Mary's, Marylebone, June 7.

Moore, Miss, only d. of Capt. Moore, R.N., to William Hulme Wills, esq. of Doctor's-common, London; at St. Peter's Church, New Town, Sydney, by the Rev. S. Newall, A.M., incumbent of��s_tall, June 3.

Nathan, Ann, youngest d. of Henry Nathan, esq. to Mr. Barnard Marks, of Liverpool; by special licence, by the Rev. Mr. Lindenthal, Jenuel.

Newall, Charlotte, d. of W. Newall, esq. of Oxford house, near Manchester, to Edward Acland Moore, esq. of Hartlepool, Durham, son of John Moore, esq. of Plymouth; by the Rev. S. Newall, A.M., incumbent of Tunstall, June 8.

Norris, Mary, youngest d. of Edward Norris, esq. of Sandford, Devon, to Thomas Mellish Comins, esq. of Witheridge; by the Rev. Charles Gregory, at Sandford, Devon, May 25.


Johnson, Ruth Mary, 3d. d. of the late William Standay Parkinson, Captain of the Royal Navy, to Henry Street, esq. at St. Mary's, Brympton-square, by the Rev. G. W. Osnald, June 1.

Peterson, Frances Louisa, d. of the late Henry Peterson, esq. and grandd. of Sir Thomas Turton, bart., to the Rev. W. H. Rose, M.A.; at All Souls' Church, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester, June 16.


Perrrott, Mary, d. of the late G. Perrrott, esq. of Craccombe House, Worcestershire, to T. D. Hastings, esq. R.N.; at Claines Church, June 5.


Phillips, Frances Sophia Pole, d. of the late John Phillips, esq. of Culham, Oxfordshire, to George Augustus Scrope Fane, son of John Fane, esq. of Wormsey, Oxfordshire; at Culham, by the Rev. John Ballard, June 5.

M'Quhe, Louisa, widow of the late Lieut. F. W. Colin Chalmers, 43rd Regiment, N.F., and youngest d. of the late Major William M'Quhe, Bengal Horse Artillery, to Samuel Smith, esq. merchant; at Calcutta, March 25.


Ripley, Louisa Maria, 2d. d. of the late Horatio Ripley, esq. to Niven Kerr, esq. Her Majesty's Consul for Cyprus; at Clapham Church, June 1.

Roby, Helena Eliza, d. and only child of A. Roby, esq. Bryn-mor, Llandilo; to David Lewis, esq. of Bank-house, Landilo; at Llandilo Church, Caernarthen-shire, June 11.

Ronald, Mary Brown, only daughter of the late Robert Macfarlane Ronald, esq. of Calcutta, to Thomas Henry Golden, esq. of Burton-crescent; at St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. R. Bryan, June 9.


Skene, Catherine Heydon, widow of the late Richard Smith, esq. of Castletown-Roche, Ireland, and eldest d. of the late Major A. P. Skene, Skeneborough, United States, and of Durham, to George Hutton Wilkinson, esq. of Harperley-park, in the county of Durham; by the Rev. George Fielding, M.A., at St. Andrew's, Auckland, June 3.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.


Smith, Janet, of Hendon, Middlesex, to John O'Connor, esq., of Her Majesty's Commissariat; in the Tarka, Cape of Good Hope, Jan. 31.

Stanbrough, Mary Anne, third d. of James Stanbrough, Esq., to John Mackinlay, M.D., late surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's Service, by the Rev. Henry Glossop, A.M., vicar; June 20.


Thomas, Maria, d. of the late Ben. Thomas, esq., to H. W. Brutter, esq., Professor of Political Economy at Stuttgart; Brussells, June 5.

Thornhill, Elizabeth, 2nd d. of Mr. Edward Thornhill, of Stepney-green, to Mr. James West, of Pangbourne, Berks.; by the Rev. J. H. Brooke, at St. Dunstan's, Stepney, June 16.


Vigurs, Margaret, 3rd d. of John Vigurs, esq., surgeon, of Falmouth, to Captain Richard Scott, (half-pay), late Royal Staff Corps; at Falmouth, June 8.

Waite, Augusta, youngest d. of the late Rev. Dr. Waite, rector of Great Chart, Kent, to Robert May, esq., of St. Haller, Jersey; by the Rev. Thomas Dale, at St. Bride's, June 18.

Watts, Maria, eldest d. of the late Joseph Watts, of Cheltenham, to Thomas Newcome, 2nd son of the Rev. T. Newcome; at Thames Ditton, by the Rev. T. Newcome, June 23.


Williams, Charlotte, eldest d. of the late Joseph Williams, esq., to C. W. Niblett, esq.; at Farnham, Surrey, June 1.

Willink, Catharina Mary, youngest d. of Daniel Willink, esq., Consul of His Majesty the King of the Netherlands at Liverpool, to John Orred, esq.; by the Rev. W. Whitley, vicar of Whit-gate, Cheshire, at St. Mary's, Edgehill, June 6.


Woolmer, Elizabeth, eldest d. of Edward Woolmer, esq., of Exeter, to Parr W. Hockin, esq., of the Bombay Medical Establishment, 6th son of W. L. Hockin, esq., solicitor, Dartmouth; by the Rev. W. Hockin, at Trinity Church, Exeter, June 1.

MARRIAGE
OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

(From The Times.)

Wednesday, June 29th, having been fixed by Her Majesty for the celebration of the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, eldest daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with His Royal Highness Frederick William Charles George Ernest Adolphus Gustavus, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Chapel Royal of Buckingham Palace, where the ceremony was appointed to take place, was neatly and most appropriately fitted up for the occasion, under the superintendence of Mr. Sanders, the Inspector of Palaces. The pulpit and reading-desk having been removed, the platform on which the Communion-table rested was raised several feet, and extended considerably into the body of the Chapel. The Communion-table was also advanced, and the railing around the altar enlarged, so as to accommodate the officiating Archbishops, Bishops, and Chaplains, who had seats assigned them within its range in front and behind the Communion-table. On the dais, but without the railing, were placed on each side of the Altar, carved and girt stools covered with crimson velvet, and kneeling cushions for Her Majesty the Queen, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the various members of the Royal Family. Immediately in front of the altar, were stationed for their Royal Highnesses the bride and bridegroom. The platform, with the entire floor of the Chapel, was covered with crimson carpeting. On the Communion-table were displayed six flagons, two cups, and two salvers, silver gilt. Along the Chapel were three rows of benches, appropriated, on the right side to the Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, and their ladies, and on the left, to the Cabinet Ministers, their ladies, and other distinguished personages invited to the solemnity. The closet opposite the organ loft was assigned to Ladies of the Household who did not form part of the procession of Her Majesty, and the gallery at the lower end of the chapel was set apart for the gentlewomen choristers of the Chapel Royal and the Queen's private band.

The Chapel was illuminated by globular gas lamps from the ceiling, by the wax lights of six gigantic gilt candelabra, and two magnificent altar candles which stood on the Communion table.
The Yeomen of the Guard, under the command of the Lieutenant, Mr. Lee, the Ensign Sir George Houlton, and Mr. Ellerthorpe, Clerk of the Cheque, lined the Library, the adjoining room, and the anteroom, the grand-hall and stair-case, and the passage leading to the Chapel.

The Great Officers of State, and the other distinguished personages who had been invited to assist at the ceremonial, began to arrive at the Palace about eight o'clock in the evening.

The members of the Royal Family, and the other Royal and illustrious visitors, who had previously dined with Her Majesty, assembled in the drawing-room on the ground floor of the Palace at half-past eight o'clock.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, upon her arrival, was, with her suite, conducted to a room adjoinging the drawing-room.

His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, upon his arrival at the Palace, was conducted to the drawing-room.

The Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and others invited to the solemnity, assembled in the Old Dining-room at eight o'clock, and were on arrival conducted by the Officers-of-Arms to seats provided for them in the Chapel.

Count St. Aulaire, with the Countess, were the first of the distinguished visitors who entered the Chapel, about half-past eight. They were followed by Lady Graham, Lady G. Somerset, the Prussian Minister, the Russian Minister, Lord G. Somerset, Lady Lyndhurst, Baroness Brunow, Lady Peel, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, the Belgian Minister M. Van de Weyer, Sir R. Peel, Lady Delawarr, and the Ladies West, the Lord Chancellor, Sir J. Graham, the Duchess of Sutherland and two daughters, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Mahon, Lord Elliot, Mr. Pemberton, the Duke of Wellington, Sir H. Hardinge, Sir E. Knatchbull, the Solicitor-General, Lord Lincoln, Baron Nieumann, Lord Roslyn, Sir G. Murray, the Duke of Rutland, Lady Stanhope, the Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Lady Stuart de Rothsay, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Attorney General, Sir Henry, Lady, and two Misses Wheatley, the Charge d’Affaires for Austria, the Portuguese Minister, the Duke of Buculech, the Württemberg Minister, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, Lord Lowther, Lord Redesdale, &c.

The whole of the company, who had been in the Chapel, after occupying their seats assigned to them upwards of a quarter of an hour, rose, when the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich (Clerk of the Closet), with the Dean of Carlisle, Rector of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Leslie Courtenay (Domestic Chaplain to Her Majesty), Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Lord Wriothesley Russell, Canon of Windsor (Chaplains to His Royal Highness Prince Albert), and the Rev. Evan Nepean, proceeding from the old Dining-room, entered at about five minutes to nine o'clock, and took their positions within the Communion rail. The Archbishop of Canterbury sat immediately in the centre front of the Communion-table, with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Norwich on his left, and the Bishop of London on his right.

Behind the Communion-table sat Archdeacon Wilberforce, in the centre, with Lord Wriothesley Russell and the Dean of Carlisle on his right, the Rev. E. Nepean on his left.

At ten minutes past nine o'clock the procession of Her Majesty having been formed, moved from the Queen's apartments in the following order.——

Two Heralds.
Equerry in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. to the Queen.
Equerry in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Clerk Marshal.
Contoller of the Household.

Treasurer of the Household.

Gentleman Usher.

Gentleman Usher.

Usher of the Black Rod.

Garter King of Arms.

Groom of the Bedchamber.

Groom in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Lord of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

Lord in Waiting to His Royal Highness Prince Albert to the Queen.

Their Serene Highnesses

The Prince and Princess Peter of Oldenburg.

The Prince attended by a Gentleman and the Princess by a Lady in Waiting.

His Serene Highness the Prince Baron Lobenstein Ebersdorf, attended by a Gentleman.

His Royal Highness Prince George, attended by a Gentleman.

His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, attended by two Gentlemen.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge and Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary. The Duchess, attended by her Lady in Waiting and an Equerry.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by her Lady in Waiting and an Equerry.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by her Lady in Waiting and an Equerry.

The King and Queen of the Belgians, and Suite.

Lord Chamberlain to the Queen Dowager.

Vice-Chamberlain.

Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Maid of Honour.

Clerk Marshal.

Page of Honour.

The Lord Steward. The Lord Chamberlain.

The Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Master of the Horse. Groom of the Stole to
Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness
the Queen. Prince Albert.
Mistress of the Robes.
Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting. 
Maids of Honour in Waiting. 
Bedchamber Woman in Waiting. 
Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard. 
Gold Stick in Waiting. 
Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. 
Master of the Household. 
Master of the Buckhounds. 
Silver Stick in Waiting. 
Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.

The Bride and Bridgroom, with their supporters and attendants, remained in the Queen’s apartments till Her Majesty’s procession had reached the chapel.

The moment the procession was heralded the whole company rose from their seats, and continued standing till the conclusion of the ceremony.

The Vice-Chamberlain of the Household and the Master of the Ceremonies awaited the arrival of Her Majesty’s procession within the door of the chapel, and upon its entrance the Heralds and Officers of the Household arranged themselves on either side, while the Vice-Chamberlain, assisted by the Master of the Ceremonies, conducted the Royal and Illustrious Personages to the seats provided for them.

On the entrance of the Queen, &c. to the Chapel, the Coronation anthem was performed (the day being the anniversary of her Majesty’s Coronation).

Her Majesty and Prince Albert occupied the end of the haut pas on the north side of the Altar, having ranged on her side the members of the Royal Family. The King and Queen of the Belgians occupied the place opposite to Her Majesty, and with their Majesties were ranged the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, the Prince and Princess of Oldenberg, Prince Reuss Lobenstein Ebersdorf, and Prince George.

The bride and bridal groom stood in front of the altar, the former supported by her father, and the latter by the King of Hanover. The great officers of the Household and the Mistress of the Robes took their places near the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The attendants forming the suites of the Royal Family and illustrious visitors arranged themselves on either side.

The Lord Chamberlain then, accompanied by the Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, and the Lord and Groom in waiting upon her Majesty, returned to the Royal Closet to conduct the Bridgroom to the Chapel, in the following order:

Herald.
Bridgroom’s Gentleman of Honour. 
Herald.
Groom in Waiting to the Queen. 
Lord in Waiting to the Queen.

Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness 
Prince Albert.
Lord Chamberlain.
THE BRIDEGROOM
Supported on the right by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., and on the left by the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

His Royal Highness having been conducted to the Chapel, and having taken his seat, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied as before, returned to the Royal apartments, and conducted His Majesty the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge to the bride, whose procession then moved in the following order:

Herald.
The Bride’s Gentleman of Honour.
Herald.
Groom in Waiting to the Queen.
Lord in Waiting to the Queen.
Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness 
Prince Albert.
The Lord Chamberlain.
THE BRIDE.
Supported on the right by His Majesty the King of Hanover, and on the left by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; The train of Her Royal Highness being borne by 
Lady Alexandrina Vane, 
Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, 
Lady Mary Campbell, 
Lady Clementina Villiers, 
attended by the Lady in Waiting to the Princess, and followed by the attendants of the King of Hanover and of the Duke of Cambridge.

The bride having been conducted to her seat, the Lord Chamberlain, and officers accompanying him, retired to their places, and the service immediately commenced.

The Archbishop of Canterbury read the service in a beautiful, clear, sweetly impressive manner, the Bishop of London gave the responses.

The bride was given away by her father, the Duke of Cambridge. The demeanour of Her Royal Highness was throughout unaffectedly graceful—

not obtrusive, but retired; 
(The more desirable) or, to say all, 
Nature herself. Her air inspir’d 
The spirit of love and amorous delight.”

The bridgroom evinced great self-possession, and gave responses in a firm and audible tone. The responses of the bride were not heard.

His Royal Highness wore a foreign colonel’s uniform, with several decorations. The psalm was sung by the gentlemen choristers of the Chapel-Royal; and upon the conclusion of the service, the Hallelujah Chorus was given in splendid style.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Princess went up to the Queen, and saluted Her Majesty, her Mother, and Aunts, around the Altar. The Prince, too, was warmly
congratulated. The ceremony being over, the Bride, led by the Bridegroom, left the Chapel, accompanied by their supporters and attendants, and preceded by the Vice-Chamberlain, Treasurer of the Household, and two heralds, proceeded to the Library, whither they were followed by the Queen's procession and all the company. The formal attestation of the marriage then took place, the book carried by Mr. Lingard, Serjeant of the Chapel Royal, being first signed by the Queen and Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the other Foreign Visitors, the Foreign Ministers, the Cabinet Ministers, and then the general company. After this ceremony, and renewed congratulations, the procession was again formed, and the Bride and Bridegroom, preceding the Queen and Prince Albert, passed up the grand stair-case to the State apartments, where the company for the evening party had already assembled; and the Royal pair having received their salutations, adjourned to the grand saloon, where the concert was performed. At the conclusion of the concert, the Prince and Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz left the Palace for Cambridge-house, whence, after remaining a short time, they took their departure for Kew.

The Queen Dowager was prevented being present at the ceremony in consequence of indisposition.

The Duchess of Cambridge was much affected when she entered the Chapel, and frequently shed tears during the ceremony.

The Queen wore a diadem of diamonds, magnificent diamond ear-rings and necklace. Her Majesty wore feathers, which is a great deviation from her usual style of headdress. Prince Albert wore a Field Marshal's uniform, with the insignia of three British Orders of Knighthood.

The dress of the Princess Augusta was of Brussels lace, manufactured expressly for the occasion, of the choicest description ever imported into this country. The dress represented two tuniques, with a handsome Gothic pattern running over the top, and both skirts terminating with splendid deep flounces. The front of the tunique was raised on one side with a garlande of orange flowers and myrtle (the myrtle being introduced with the orange flowers as the emblematic flower of Germany), and on the other side a bouquet of the same. The train, which was borne by the four Maids of Honour, was of rich silver-watered tissue (of Spitalfields manufacture), edged with a silver rouleau, above which ran broad Brussels lace, looped up at distances with bouquets of orange blossoms and myrtle, giving an effect to the whole costume of the Van-dyke style. The robe was of rich white satin, and the manteau was lined throughout with the same rich material, also of British manufacture. The head-dress of her Royal Highness consisted of a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle, and at the back a magnificent tiara of diamonds (the costly present of Queen Adelaide), from which fell gracefully a superb veil of Brussels lace.

The Queen, Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the King of Hanover, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Rutland, and the Duke of Buccleugh, all wore the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The Dukes of Beaufort, Devonshire, and Sutherland wore the Collar of the Order.

The whole ceremony lasted little more than half an hour.

The bride-cake, made by Her Majesty's yeoman confectioner (Mr. Mauditt), was really a most magnificent specimen of the art of confectionery. Standing on a gigantic silver-gilt plateau, it measured 12 feet in height, and nearly 6 feet in circumference! the whole was encased in frosted sugar-work, the base being encircled by a wreath of candied white roses, while immediately above were garlands of orange-flowers, and rose-buds with silver leaves. Around the top of the cake a moveable cornice was formed of hollow palms, or little tiny hands, in sugar-work, filled with love-bows, encircled with silver bracelets, and holding a bouquet of orange flowers, Portuguese laurel, and myrtle buds. The whole, being ornamented with a very beautiful representation of Aurora, "daughter of the dawn," stood at least four feet high. The weight of the cake, exclusive of its ornaments, was upwards of 160lb.

Kew, Thursday Morning.

The Royal and Illustrious bride and bridegroom reached Kew at half-past twelve o'clock, in a carriage with four horses, preceded by an outrider, and immediately proceeded to Cambridge-house. A triumphal arch had been erected on the Green, which was brilliantly illuminated, as were also most of the houses in the village. The band of the Scotch Fusilier Guards played the national anthem as the carriage passed under the arch, which was responded to by loud cheers from the immense assemblage of persons by which Kew and the neighbourhood had during the afternoon and evening been crowded. A splendid display of fireworks was then exhibited, which did not conclude until nearly twelve o'clock, after which the crowd dispersed.

(From the Court Circular.)

The marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was solemnized on Wednesday evening.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
June 19. with great splendor in the Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace.

The suite of rooms on the Ground Floor, the upper or State suite of rooms, and the Picture Gallery were all opened on the occasion, and were brilliantly illuminated. The rooms were tastefully decorated with a great variety of choice flowers, and all the niches and recesses on the grand staircase were also filled with flowers.

A double guard of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty, commanded by Captain Sadler, the Exon in waiting, and lined the hall and staircase and some of the lower suite of rooms, to the great delight of the assembled guests. The Yeomanry, the Light Horse, and the Life Guards were present.

The band of the Grenadier Guards attended in the Grand Hall, and a Guard of Honor of the Coldstream Guards was on duty on the Palace lawn with the band of the Netley division. Both bands received the Royal Family on their arrival with the national anthem.

The Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Administration began to arrive at 3 o'clock, and assembled in the library. Their Excellencies in their respective diplomatic costumes: the Lord Chancellor wore his gold state robe, the Duke of Wellington his field marshal's uniform, and the riband George and of the most noble Order of the Garter (the latter set in brilliants), and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece; Sir R. Peel, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Earl of Aberdeen, and Sir E. Knatchbull wore the full dress official costume; the Earl of Haddington a lord-lieutenant's uniform, with the ensigns of the most illustrious Order of St. Patrick.

The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stool, and the officers of their respective apartments appeared in the full dress household costume.

Garter King at Arms and the Heralds appeared in their magnificent tabards and collars of SS.

The Dukes of Beaufort and Devonshire, the supporters of the Royal bridegroom, appeared, the former in a Yeomanry uniform, and wearing the ensigns of the Garter, and the latter in his Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, and wearing the Collar and Star (the latter set in brilliants) of the Order of the Garter, and the collar of another order of knighthood. His Grace also wore the motto of the Garter set in brilliants.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince Peter and the Princess of Oldenburg arrived shortly before 3 o'clock.

His Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz arrived soon after 8 o'clock, attended by Baron Bernstoff. His Royal Highness was habited in a uniform of dark blue faced with crimson, and wore the riband and jewel and also the star of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and the star of the Black Eagle. His Royal Highness was immediately conducted to the drawing-room.

The Crown Prince of Wurtenberg arrived soon afterwards.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent was attended by Lady Anne Maria Dawson and Sir George Couper.

His Majesty the King of Hanover arrived at 8 o'clock, His Majesty appeared in a rich Hussa uniform of scarlet with a purple pelisse trimmed with fur and embroidered with gold, and wore the insignia of the most noble Order of the Garter. The King was received by Lord George Lennox, Lord in Waiting on Prince Albert; the Hon. Captain Duncombe and General Sir George Anson, the Grooms in Waiting; and Colonel Buckley and Sir Edward Bowater, Equerries in Waiting, who conducted His Majesty to the Drawing room.

The Duchess of Gloscester, attended by Lady G. Bathurst and the Hon. Captain Liddell, and the Prince Reuss Lobenstein, arrived soon afterwards.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta arrived at a quarter before 9 o'clock, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and the Princess Mary. The Process was attended by the Baroness de Normann. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were attended by Lady Augusta Somerset, Baron Knesebeck, and Major Stephens.

In the Statue Gallery the Royal Bride and her illustrious relatives were met by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and Viscount Hawarden, Lord in Waiting, who conducted the Royal party to a room adjoining the Drawing-room.

The August and Royal visitors were received by the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent.

Her Majesty wore a petticoat of white net over white satin trimmed with silver blonde and pearls. The train was lilac and silver-shot tulle, trimmed with silver blonde. The stomacher was trimmed with diamonds and pearls. The head-dress of a tiara of diamonds.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent wore a very handsome robe of gold blonde over white satin, looped in front with bouquets of leaves and diamonds. The stomacher was of diamonds; the train (of Spitalfields manufacture) was of white satin, very richly brocaded in gold and silk, with a pattern of oak leaves. It was elegantly trimmed with tulle and gold blonde. Head-dress of oak-leaves, diamonds and feathers, and necklace of brilliants.

Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms were posted in the route to the chapel, lining the Dinner-room and Corridor,

M. C. 3—(COURT MAGAZINE)—JULY, 1848.
and four of the corps being stationed in the chapel. The Hon. Sir E. Butler, the Lieutenant; Mr. H. Robinson, Standard Bearer; Mr. J. B. Cutling, Clerk of the Check; and Mr. B. Smith, C.S. were present.

All the company having arrived at nine o'clock, the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and the rest of the clergy, entered the chapel and took their places within the precincts of the altar. In about ten minutes the procession entered the chapel, a voluntary being performed on the organ. On her Majesty reaching the entrance to the chapel, her Majesty's private band, stationed in the Royal closet, under the direction of Mr. Anderson, performed the chorus in Handel's Coronation Anthem "God save the Queen."

Her Majesty seated herself on the north side of the altar at the end of the haut pos. On the west side were Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Cambridge. Opposite the Queen were the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, Prince Reuss Lobenstein Ebersdorf, and Prince George of Cambridge.

The Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz stood in front of the altar, the Princess supported by the Duke of Cambridge, and the Grand Duke by the King of Hanover. The Archbishop of Canterbury, having the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Norwich on his left hand, and the Bishop of London on his right, then commenced the ceremony. The responses of the bridegroom were given in a clear, distinct voice, but those of the Princess were scarcely audible. After the prayer, "God the father," the 47th Psalm, "God be Merciful unto us," was chanted; the music by the Earl of Mornington. At the end of the last prayer, the chorus "Hallelujah, Amen," from Judaeus Macabeus, Handel, was performed, at the conclusion of which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the blessing. Sir George Smart presided at the organ. The choir consisted of the boys and twelve gentlemen from Her Majesty's Chapel-Royal, St. James's, viz., Messrs. W. Knivett, J. B. Sale, Hawes, Hobs, Bradbury, Wyne, Horne, Hawkins, Chapman, Bennett, Machin, and Francis (deputy).

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bride approached the Queen, and was saluted by Her Majesty, as also by the Duchesses of Kent, Gloucester, and Cambridge. The Grand Duke received the congratulations of all those about the altar.

The Royal Bride and Bridegroom then left the chapel, attended by their suite, and were soon followed by Her Majesty and the rest of her illustrious relatives and visitors to the great Dining-room, where the registration of the marriage was made and was attested by the august and illustrious relatives, and by the Ministers and officers of State.

The following were invited to the ceremony:

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, His Majesty the King of Hanover, their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, his Royal Highness Prince George, her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda, the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, the Prince Peter and Princess of Oldenburg, the Prince Reuss Lobenstein Ebersdorf, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, the Dean of Carlisle, the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, Archdeacon Wilberforce, the Hon. and Rev. Leslie Courtenay, the Rev. Evan Nepean, the French Ambassador and Countess de St. Aulaire, the Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, the Portuguese Minister, the Wurtemberg Minister, the Hanoverian Minister, the Saxon Minister, the Netherlands Minister, the Austrian Minister, the Russian Minister and Baroness Brunow, and the Prussian Minister and Madame Buesen.


Earl and Countess De La Warr, Ladies Elizabeth and Mary West, Earl of Liverpool, Earl and Countess of Jersey, Lady Clementina Villiers, Lord Ernest Bruce, Earl and Countess of Roslyn, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, Hon. Colonel G. Dawson Damer, Earl Jermyn, Hon. C. A. Murray, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lord Forester, Hon. Sir Edward Butler, Earl and Countess of Beverley, Lady Louisa Percy, Sir H. and Lady Wheatley, the two Misses Wheatley, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, the Hon. Misses Lyttelton, Baron Stockmar.


Viscount Hawarden, the Hon. A. Duncombe, Colonel Buckley, the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, Lady Caroline Barrington, Lady Caroline Cocks, the Hon. Miss Paget, Mr. H. L. Wilson, and Mr. A. H. P. Stuart Wortley, Pages of Honour.
The Gold Stick in Waiting, Viscount Combermere; the Silver Stick in Waiting, Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson; the Field-officer in Brigade Waiting, the Adjutant in Brigade Waiting, Sir R. Chester, Master of the Ceremonies; Black Rod, Sir A. Clifford; Sir W. Martins, Gentleman Usher, Mr. C. Heneage, Gentleman Usher.

Attendants on the Queen Dowager.—The Countess of Sheffield, Viscountess Barrington, Hon. Anne Gore, Earl Howe, Hon. W. Ashley, Sir A. J. Barnard, Mr. A. C. G. Disbrowe, Page of Honour.

Attendants on the King and Mr. Queen of the Belgians.—La Comtesse Vilain Quatorze, Baron de Dieskau, Count de Moerkerke.

Suit of the King of Hanover.—Baron Falcke, General Baron Hattorff, Baron Malerie, Baron Reitzenstein, Captain Baron Slicher.


Lady in Waiting on the Duchess of Cambridge—Lady Augusta Somerset.

Lady in Waiting on the Princess Sophia Matilda.

Attendants on the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg—Baron de Maucour and Count de Zeppelin.

Attendant on the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg—Baron de Bernstorff.

Attendant on the Princess of Oldenburg—Madame de Maltzoff.


Attendant on Prince Reuss—Baron de Beust.

Baroness de Normann, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Ladies Elizabeth and Evelyn Leveson Gower, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Ladies Francis and Alexandra Vane; the Earl and Countess of Cawdor, Lady Mary Campbell, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Lady Adeliza Manners, Lady G. Codrington, Visco int and Viscountess Mahon, Mrs. de Burgh, Earl and Countess Grosvenor, Lord Redesdale, the Hon. Miss Milford, the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Cantelupe, Sir Brook Taylor, and Sir George Anson.

Among the were—the American Minister and Mrs. and Miss Everett, the Argentine Minister, Bavarian Minister and Baroness de Lescz, Brazilian Minister and Madame Marques Lisbon, Danish Minister and Countess Reventlow, Grecian Minister and Madame Tricoupi, Mexican Minister and Madame Murphy, Neapolitan Minister, New Granada Charge d’Affaires and Madame Mosquera, Sardinian Minister, Spanish Minister, Swedish Chargé d’Affaires and Baroness Rehauzen, Turkish Ambassador, Venetian Minister, Vicomte Chabot, Aria Bey, Rev. H. Bunsen, Lieut. E. Bunsen, Le Chevalier de Guggenthal, M. de Hoogstraten, Baron de Koz, Senor Don Victoriano de Pedrorena, Le Comte Sohier, M. de Seulze, Count de Harcourt, M. de Thile, Baron de Vincke, Lieut. Gen. Baron de Washington, Don Carlos Drake, Le Baron de Tuyl, M. de Weerd, M. Dubois, Count Poretto, M. Kless, Capitaine Baron Koller, Viscount Duhesme, Gen. Count Latour, Lieut. Lejder, Col. Baron Osten, Le Marquis Pallavicini, Chevalier Rodrigo Delfini Pereira, Count de Rosen, Mr. Smith, Capitaine Solortroff, Lieut. Trelawney, Baron Smith, Capitaine Solortroff, Lieut. Trelawny, Baron Von Orlich, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Dr. Baring, Capt. Quintin, Lieut. Wyke, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

After the registration of the marriage, their Royal Highnesses Prince Frederick and the Princess Augusta proceeded through the Grand Hall and up the Grand Staircase, to the State Apartments, followed in procession by all the illustrious company present at the marriage, the way being marshalled by Garter King of Arms and the heralds.

Her Majesty had an evening party.

The company assembled in the Grand Saloon, where a concert was performed.

Her Majesty’s private band, assisted by several most eminent performers, was in attendance, conducted by Mr. Anderson.

The following is the programme:

**First Part.**

**Fest Overture (Marschner.)**

Selection from the Sinfonia Pastorale (Beethoven.)

**The Storm.**

“‘And pensive listen to the various voice

‘Of rural pace; the herds, the flocks, the birds,

“The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills.”

**The Village Dance.**

“Rustic mirth goes round—to notes

“Of native music the respondent dance.”

**The Shepherd’s Song.**

“Through the lightened air

“A higher lustre and a clearer calm

“Diffusive tremble, and Nature smiles revived;

“‘Tis beauty all, and grateful song around.”

Overture.—Midsummer Night’s Dream, Mendelssohn.

**Second Part.**

Overture.—Faust (de Goethe), Lindpainter.

Andante, con Moto,” (Preis-sinfonie) Lichner.

Military Movement, Haydn.

Sinfonia.—Nona Sinfonia (Sinfonia) Mozart.

Supper was served in the State Dining-room on a long range of tables extending round three sides of the room, covered with the magnificent Royal service of gold plate, the plateau containing numerous eperegnes and candelabras, sculptured in gold, and of elaborate workmanship.
A buffet at the end of the apartment displayed some of the finest specimens of the Royal Treasury. Three magnificent shields formed the principal ornaments, that of Achilles in the centre, a fine battle piece in alto relievo on one side, and the chase being sculptured on the other shield. In front of the shields were a pair of silver gilt candleabra of the largest size, Mercury receiving Bacchus from the nymphs being the subject. A large drinking cup was placed at the top, elaborately carved on ivory, with a gold cover; this stands on a high pedestal richly chased. Other shields, salvers, tankards, &c., were arranged with excellent effect. A number of vases, several being copied from the celebrated Warwick vase, were filled with choice plants in flower, and the whole collection was lighted by candleabra and sconces of silver gilt, reflected in a magnificent mirror of the largest size, extending the whole width of the sideboard.

The supper room was also ornamented with a great variety of the choicest shrubs and plants placed on each side of the recess. The apartment was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers and candleabra, and had a magnificent effect.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Frederick and the Princess Augusta took their departure for Cambridge-house, and thence proceeded to Kew.

The following had the honour of receiving invitations:—

Dukes—Northumberland, Bedford, Buckingham, Argyll.

Duchesses—Belford, Buckingham, Northumberland, Argyll.


Marchionesses—Lansdowne, Westminster, Abercorn, Douro, Ailesbury.


Bishop—Peterborough.

Viscounts—Palmerston, Morpeth, Beresford, Sydney, Villiers, Canning, Alford, Jocelyn, Harrington.

Viscountesses—Beresford, Cambrense, Canning, Villiers, Jocelyn, Palmerston, Sydney, Hawarden.


Honourables—J. H. M. Sutton, Mrs. M. Sutton, Mr. J. Talbot, Mrs. J. Talbot, General Upton, Mrs. Brand, Captain G. Campbell, Mrs. G. Campbell, Miss Murray. Mrs. B. Paget, Colonel Grey, Mrs. Grey, C. Gore, Mrs. Hays, Miss Hamilton, S. Herbert, Mr. Lyttelton, Sir W. Lunley, Miss Forester, Misses Debon, Mrs. G. D. Damer, Miss Lister, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Conley, Miss R. Colborne, Mrs. A. Duncombe, Miss Stanley, Miss Willoughby, W. B. Baring, Mrs. W. Ashley, Georgiana Liddell.


Missesses—Emerson Tennent, Bouvier, Howley, Juliana Symonds, Shaw, Leefrere, Stanley, Davys, Bloomsfield, Cornwall, Nicholl, Addington.


General Brown.

 Colonels—Peel, Arbuthnot, Cornwall, Bouvier, Wydde, Berkeley, Drummond.

Captains—Hob. A. N. Hood, Meynell.

On Sunday the illustrious bride and groom, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with Prince George and the Princess Mary, attended divine service at Kew Church, which was greatly crowded on the occasion. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the other members of the family, went to an affectionate farewell of her Royal Highness and Consort.

Monday, July 3.—Considerable interest was excited in the neighbourhood of Kew, Richmond, &c., by its becoming known that the Royal bride, the late Princess Augusta of Cambridge, now Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, would in the course
of the forenoon, accompanied by her illustrious consort, take her departure from the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, on Kew-green, where they have been staying since their marriage on Wednesday evening last. As early as 10 o'clock the numerous parties of elegantly dressed ladies began to arrive in rapid succession on the Green for the purpose of witnessing their departure, and of testifying their feelings of gratulation on the happy event, and of regret at Her Royal Highness so early leaving the land of her birth. Before 11 o'clock the Green was crowded by respectable persons, and at that hour two travelling carriages, each drawn by four horses, with outriders, drew up in front of the entrance of Cambridge House, and the principal ladies of the village then formed two rows, lining the passage to the Royal carriage. In a few minutes the illustrious bride and bridegroom appeared at the door and bowed to the assembled throng with the greatest condescension. They were then each presented by one of the ladies with a beautiful and elegant bouquet of flowers, while other ladies strewed their path with flowers as they advanced to the door of the carriage, and many a fervent wish was expressed that their path through life might be strewn with every happiness to a good old age. Upon their entering the carriage her Royal Highness appeared much affected at the spontaneous expression of the kind feelings of the inhabitants of Kew towards her, and waving, returned the enthusiastic cheers which burst forth from all assembled, accompanied by waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies until the carriage started on its course to Dover, from which port the Grand Duke and Duchess were to embark on Tuesday morning for Calais.

Previous to his departure, the Grand Duke placed in the hands of the parochial officers of the sum of thirty pounds towards the Clothing and Coal Fund for the Poor of that village.

DEATHS.

Abbott, Mrs. Isattie, Walcot-square, Lambeth, aged 53, June 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Alison, Dr. Charles, surgeon of Her Majesty's ship Endymion, son of Mr. James Alison, Edinburgh, and brother of Dr. Scott Alison, Gower-street, London, on his way to England from the China Expedition, having suffered much in health, in consequence of his great and unremitting exertions during a long-continued prevalence of excessive sickness on board that vessel. He was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a warm-hearted friend, and a zealous and highly-esteemed officer. His loss while yet in the prime of life, is most deeply deplored by sorrowing relatives and friends; at the Royal Naval Hospital, Cape of Good Hope, March 28.

Ashhurst, William Henry, esq., in the 36th year of his age; at Waterstock, Oxfordshire, June 15.

Ball, John, esq., of Her Majesty's Customs, eldest son of John Ball, esq., of Davidgate-terrace, Lambeth, of bilious fever, after a few days' illness, in his 23d year, universally regretted; at Mortain Bay, Jamaica, May 7.

Barnard, Mr. Wm., Kennington Lane, aged 65, June 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bates, Harriet Anne, the beloved wife of R. M. Bates, esq.: at 41, Norfolk-street, Strand, May 31.

Beauchel, Ada, daughter of A. W. Beauchel, esq., of Aglass Castle, Ireland, of inflammatory fever, in his 83d year; June 17.

Bellamy, Charles, the youngest son of the Rev. J. W. Bellamy; at Merchant Tailors' School, June 23.

Bennett, Henry Elliot Burton, R.N., late First Lieutenant of Her Majesty's brig Clio: at the Lazarre, Malta, of small-pox, on his return from China, May 6.

Bentley, Ernest, son of Richard Bentley, esq., of New Burlington-street, St. George's, Hanover-square, aged 8, May 21; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Benyon, Mary, twin sister of Elizabeth Benyon, who died in February last, and sister of the late S. Y. Benyon, esq., Attorney-General for the county of Chester, aged 89, June 22.

Berney, Horace, Westow Terrace, Westow-hill, Norwood, aged 45, May 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bishop, Wm. Bertram, esq., solicitor, Clapham Road Place, Lambeth, aged 37, June 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Blake, Malachi, esq., M.D., for many years an active magistrate of the county of Somerset; at Taunton, in his 72d year, May 30.

Blackiston, Charles, esq., formerly of the 9th Lancers, third son of the late Sir Matthew Blackiston, bart., in Kingsgate-street, Winchester, after a short illness, June 22.

Bosanquet, S., esq., of Dингestow, Monmouth; in Upper Harley-street, aged 74, June 4.

Breeden, Mr. eldest son of the late John Symonds Breeden, esq., of De la Bere, in the county of Berks; at Tenby, aged 23.

Bridgehead, Louisa, daughter of Symond Bridgwater, Hurst Green, Surrey, aged 19, June 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Brightman, Edward William, esq., 2d son of the late Edward Brightman, esq., of Calcutta; at No. 1, Chester-square, Pimlico, in his 32d year, June 1.

Brookner, Caroline, wife of Mr. H. Brookner, Millbank-street, Westminster, aged 60, May 81; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Boulter, Robert Sewell, son of Mr. Robert S. Boulter, Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth, aged 2, June 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bulkeley, Helen, wife of A. Bulkeley, esq., Sloane-street, June 20.

Carr, Martha, the beloved wife of Captain Carr, of Montpelier-terrace, Chelsea, and d. of the late William Sutton, esq., of Northampton; at Clifton, June 21.

Christopher, the Right. Rev., first Bishop of Jamaica, in his 62d year; at Jamaica, April 4.

Clarke, Mrs., widow of the late Joseph Clarke, esq., of Pall-mall, banker; at Shrewsbury, June 18.

Cook, Mrs. Mary, Lombard-street, Borough, aged 82, May 20; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Chalmers, Elizabeth Margaret, wife of Dr. William Chalmers, of Croydon, in her 52d year, June 28.

Cole, Major John Cole, half-pay, late of the 45th Regiment; aged 54, June 25.

Coupland, Eliza Cruso, third d. of Charles Coupland, esq., of Leek, Staffordshire, in his 21st year, of rapid decline; June 1.

Cran, Mrs. Leah Cecilia, daughter of the late Thomas Cran, esq., of Thorpe-hall, Suffolk, and youngest sister of Mrs. Walter Watts; at the residence of her sister, Streatham Hill, aged 38, June 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Craig, Miss, second daughter of the late John Craig, esq., of Dereham, Norfolk, deeply lamented by all who knew her; at the house of her brother-in-law, 70, Gower-street, Bedford-square, June 15.

Day, David Hermitage, esq., banker of Roch-ester, and one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Kent; at Eastgate, Rochester, June 5.

Deacon, Mr. Thomas, Chapel Place, Nor-wood, Surrey, aged 66, June 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Dean, James, esq., of New York, and formerly of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire; at New York, April 30.

Dixon, Margaret, wife of Daniel Dixon, esq., Mark-Lane, London, after a severe and protracted illness, aged 54, June 14.

Doyle, Francis, son of John Doyle, esq., Cambridge-terrace, Paddington, aged 14, June 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Dunn, James, M.R.C.S., eldest son of the late Rev. James Dunn, B. D., rector of Preston, Suffolk; whilst proceeding from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, to Cadiz, aged 23.

DUPREE, Thomas, esq., of the Bank of Eng-land; at Hackney, aged 72, June 15.


Falconer, Wm. Edward, late of Colchester, aged 40; in Bond-street, June 1.

Farrand, Mrs., after a few hours' illness, aged 89; at Brixton-place, June 4.

Fenwick, Jane Frances, 3d daughter of R. Fenwick, esq., of Haling-park, Croydon, aged 34; June 22.

Field, John, esq., late of Her Majesty's Mint; at Bayswater-hill, Kensington-gardens, aged 79; June 22.

Frampton, the Rev. Thomas, B.A., aged 51, late curate of 'Harlton, Wilts, son of the late Wm. Frampton, esq.; at 30, Brunswick-square, June 5.

Francis, Lydia, wife of S. Francis, esq., of Ford-place, Stifford, Essex, very suddenly, aged 51; June 16.

Gardner, Anne Maria, widow of the late Robert Gardiner, esq., of the Madras Civil Ser-vice, in the 82d year of her age; at her house in Bath, June 17.

Gillespie, Robert Rollo, Captain in Her Ma-jesty's 15th Hussars; at the Cape of Good Hope, March 18.

Gisborne, George Babington, aged 16 years and 8 months, second son of Matthew Gisborne, esq.; at Walton-upon-Trent, Derbyshire, June 9.

Glanvill, Thomas, Pedlars-acre, Lambeth, aged 71, May 19; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Gooderham, Mary, wife of Mr. Joseph Gooderham, formerly of Bury St. Edmund's, and niece of the late William Higgs, esq., of Chandernagore, Calcutta, aged 53; at Hackney, June 17.


Gordon, Rev. John, 2d son of the Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, vicar of Edwinstowe Ol-lerton, Notts, and a prebend of Bath and Wells, aged 49; June 7.

Gostling, Benjamin, esq., aged 65, mnh be- loved and lamented; at Whiston, Middlesex, May 31.

Goulburn, Henry, esq., barrister-at-law, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 30; at the official residence of the Chancellor of the Eschequer, June 8.

Gordon, James, esq., of Culvennan, the senior Retired Judge of the late Commissary Court of Edinburgh, in his 72d year; at Balcary, in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright.

Grove, Mary, the beloved wife of Henry Leslie Grove, esq., after a very protracted illness; at Exeter, May 26.

Hall, Mary, wife of Mr. John Hall, Charles-street, Hampstead-road, aged 76, June 25; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hall, Anne, the beloved wife of the Rev. W. J. Hall, aged 36; at Amen-court, St. Paul's, June 20.

Hancock, Rev. William, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and for many years the faithful minister of the episcopal chapel in that place; at Kilburn, May 26.

Handley, Edwin Hill, esq., of Old Bracknell, Berks, in his 37th year; at Cadiz, June 2.

Haye, Nanny, wife of Captain George Haye, R.N.; in Jersey, June 6.

Hazard, Joseph, esq., Crysall-road, North Brixton, aged 55; June 16; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Heathcote, Ann, wife of G. Heathcote, aged 66; at Clapham, June 6.

Hereford, Henry Viscount; at Honfleur, Normandy, after a painful illness of two years, aged 66; June 1.

Hill, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Hill, of No. 4, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, and of the Camden Villas, aged 5 years and 7 months; May 31.

Horner, Fortescue, eldest son of T. S. Hor-ner, esq., of Mells-park, Somerset, aged 56; June 11.

Houghton, Frederick, son of Mr. G. Houghton, aged 3 years and 10 months, June 1; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Howe, John, esq., of St. Dunstan-hill; at Forest-hill, aged 68, sincerely regretted by all who knew him; June 12.

Hunter, Adam, M.D., of Leeds, aged 49; at Brompton, June 22.

Jenkins, Jane, the beloved wife of John Jen-kins, esq., of Calcutta, and three of their chil-dren, also the infant son of their brother-in-law, J. W. H. Ilbery, esq., of Calcutta; drowned, by the wreck of the Conqueror, off Boulogne, on the morning of the 14th of January.
Johnson, Wm., esq., Canterbury-row, Newington, aged 73, June 23; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Jolly, the wife of Wm. G. Jolly, esq., of Calter, Dumbarton, and 2d d. of R. Auld, esq., of Scotland-hall; at Lochard-lodge, June 2.

Keats, Mary Eliza, wife of the Rev. Richard Keats, vicar of Northfleet, Kent, aged 45, of apoplexy; at Ospringe, on her road to Dover, June 20.

Kilvington, James, esq., Loughborough-road, Brixton, aged 67, May 26; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Kight, Major Henry, late of the 8th hussars, aged 46, son of Edward Knight, esq., of Godmersham-park, Kent; May 31.

Lavenu, Mr. John Baptist, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, aged 74, June 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Law, Letitia, the wife of Wm. Law, esq.; in Russell-place, July 4.

Le Bas, Reginald Hall, of the Bengal Civil Service, second son of the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, Principal of the East India College; at Madras, April 25.

Lennep, Harriet, relict of the late Peter Van Lennep, esq., merchant, Smyrna, aged 63; at Smyrna, Jan. 5.

Livesey, Joseph, esq., of Stourton-hall, Lincolnshire, aged 67; in London, after a few days' illness, of inflammation of the lungs, caused by influenza, June 21.

Littlewood, Elizabeth, wife of John Littlewood, esq.; at Lower Eaton-street, Grosvenor-place, June 22.

Locock, Henry, M.D., formerly of Northampton, aged 80th; at Bath, June 14.

Low, Margaret Hunter, wife of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Low, Madras Army; at Wemys-hall, Fife-shire, North Britain, May 19.


MacKenzie, Sir Francis, bart., of Goirloch, after a short illness, aged 44, June 1.

Maclean, Alexander, son of Mr. Alex. Maclean, York-street, Walworth, aged 5, May 30; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Manners, Lieut. Col. H. H., K.H., late of the 37th Regiment, in his 56th year, leaving a wife and eight children to mourn the irreparable loss of the best of husbands and the most affectionate of fathers. His end was peace; at Warwick-square, Kensington, May 21.

Mitalle, Henderson, son of Wm. Mitalle, esq., of 40, Fitzroy-square; at Aston Clifton, Bucks, aged 6 years, June 5.

Monoux, Miss Lucy, youngest d. of Sir Philip Monoux, bart., of Wootton, and of Sandy, Bedfordshire, who died 1802; at her seat, Linden, Evershot, in the same county, aged 66, June 7.

Morgan, John, Mr., surgeon, Blackfriars-road, Surrey, aged 26, June 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Morland, Lydia Catherine, the wife of William Alexander Morland, esq., of Court-lodge, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. James Marriot, LL.D., rector of Horsemorden, Kent; at Lambeth, in the same county, May 25.

Moyer, Mrs. Margaret, Coburg-place, Old Kent-road, aged 28, June 11; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Munro, Gilbert, esq., of the island of St. Vincent; at Weymouth, on Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, June 21.

Newton, Elizabeth, wife of William Newton, esq., of Elveden-hall, Suffolk; June 12.

Nichols, Mary Franclynn, the beloved wife of Henry Nichols, esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and eldest daughter of the late Thomas Bull Williams, esq., of Gower-street, London, and Orange-grove, in the island of Jamaica, in her 32d year; at No. 5, South-terrace, Brompton, after a long and painful illness, June 23.

Northage, Martha, the beloved wife of William Northage, esq.; at his house in Upper Gower-street, June 6.

Ogle, Jane, the only daughter of Robert Ogle, esq., of Engleham, Northumberland, deeply lamented; at Carlshad, Bohemia, June 9.

Paget, Hannah, wife of Mr. George Cardale Paget, Park-road, Norwood, aged 45, June 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Palmer, Charles Johnson, son of Robert S. Palmer, esq., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged one year and eight months; at Ryde, June 21.

Parker, Mr. William, late of No. 19, Northbank, Regent's-park, aged 67; May 31.

Pascall, Susannah, wife of Captain W. L. Pascall, East India Company's Service, aged 58; at her residence in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, June 14.

Patterson, Martha, the beloved wife of Lewis Henry Patterson, esq., of the Colonial-office, aged 22; at Grove-road, Brixton, June 20.


Perry, William Vincent, youngest son of John Perry, esq., aged 6 years and 6 months; at his residence in Charlotte-street, June 10.


Penn, John, esq.; at Lewisham, June 6.

Pounton, Mr. John, London-road, Southwark, aged 80, June 6; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Popham, General E. W., aged 79; at Bath, June 16.

Putnam, Ellinor, widow of the late Hon. Charles S. Putnam, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, British North America, member of the Legislative Council of that province; at her residence, Claremont Cottage, Park Village East, Regent's-park, after a short illness, June 3.

Richards, Griffith, esq., one of Her Majesty's Council, in his 47th year; at his residence, Chester-terrace, Regent's park, June 11.

Riddell, the wife of Thomas, esq., of Feltonpark, Northumberland; at Montmorency, near Paris, June 10.

Rolls, Julia Maria, wife of Edward Rolls, esq., Hans-place, Sloan-street, Chelsea, aged 20, June 24; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Ronsley, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cornwall-road, Lambeth, aged 67, June 17; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Russell, Frank, son of Mr. Thos. J. Russell, King-street, Bow, aged 6, June 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Saker, Mr. John James, Great George-street, Bermondsey, aged 32, June 14; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sale, Lydia Rawlinson, wife of the Rev. Thomas Sale, minister of Weld Chapel; at Southgate, aged 39, June 7.


Savage, Lady, relict of Major-General Sir John Boscauwen Savage, K.C.B., K.C.H., whom she survived only three months; at her residence, on Woolwich-common, June 12.

Shepard, Vice-Admiral Keith; at his house, in Dorset-place, May 31.

Sheil, Edward, esq., for many years of Belise, an eminent merchant, and brother of the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P.; on board the Royal mail steam-packet Tivoli, bound to Honduras, June 7.

Sillafant, the beloved wife of John, jun., esq., of Coombe, Devon; at Torquay, June 27.

Simmons, Mr. Jeremiah James, Denmark-row, Cold-harbour-lane, Camberwell, aged 76, June 2; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sims, Robert S., M.D., leaving a beloved wife and five children, aged 30; at Pelham-crescent, Brompton, June 15.

Smith, Heptibah, wife of Mr. John Smith, Bermondsey-street, aged 51, May 31; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Smith, Hannah, widow of the late Mr. R., Smith, Stockwell, Surrey, aged 60, June 4; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Smith, Edward Grosse, esq., in his 75th year, deeply lamented; at the Priory, Isle of Wight, June 6.

Smith, Elizabeth, widow of Robert Smith, esq., late of Norton-street, Portland-place, one of the oldest members of the Society of Apothecaries; on Thursday morning, June 16.

Stanley, Miss Susanna, the niece of Lady Blizzard, of Grove-terrace; at Kentish-town, June 19.

Stanley, Francis William, esq., aged 51, son-in-law of George Crawshaw, esq., of Montague-street, Russell-square; in consequence of a fall from his horse; at Bensham, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 18.

Starkie, Thomas Whittaker, only son of Thomas Starkie, esq., Q.C., of Bedford-square, London, and Downing College, Cambridge; in the Fiegel Strasse Berlin, June 12.

Stephens, Emma, daughter of Richard Stephens, esq., of the island of Cuba, at the residence of her uncle, James Hunt, esq., Sydenham-common, aged 24, June 12; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stringer, Richard, esq., late of Chilton, and Long Cronden, Bucks; at his residence, Vine-place, Brighton, in his 79th year; May 31.

Thomas, Miss, aged 52, at her residence in Argyll-street, June 1.

Thomlinson, Sarah Penelope, relict of the late John Thomlinson, esq., of Briscoe-hill, and Blencoe in the county of Cumberland, in the 64th year of her age; June 14.

Tomes, Mr. James, Bridge-street, Lambeth, aged 55, June 18; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Turner, Mary Frances, daughter of Francis Turner, esq., of Queen-square, Westminster; at Sandgate, in her 21st year, May 24.

Turner, Sarah, relict of the late Charles Turner, esq., of Hanwell-park, Middlesex; suddenly, June 19.

Tyrell, Frederick, esq., of Chatham-place, Blackfriars-bridge, one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital; May 22.

Walker, Wm., esq., late of Barton-hall, near Mildenhall, Suffolk, aged 66; at Ramsgate, July 8.

Waring, Samuel, esq., aged 69, late of Norwood, in the county of Surrey; at Bloomfield-lodge, near Taunton, Somerset, June 23.

Ward, Robert, esq., in the 79th year of his age; at Salhouse-hall, Norfolk, June 14.

Wayte, Mary Francis, wife of S. S. Wayte, esq., of Clifton, Bristol, and daughter of S. S. Ward, esq., of Camberwell, Surrey; at Sidmouth, after a lingering illness, June 15.

Westwood, Mr. Robert, Beech-street, Barbican, aged 47, June 10; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wharton, John, esq., of Shelton Castle, Yorkshire, formerly member for Beverley, aged 77; May 29.

White, Mrs. Louisa, aged 24, eldest daughter of the late Chas. Clarance, of Lodge-hall, Essex, esq.; at Epping, June 7.

Whitmore, Sarah Altn, wife of Felix Whitmore, esq., aged 74, greatly respected by all who knew her; at Belvue, Chelsea, June 5.

Whyte, Edward Atheny, esq., aged 71; at his house in Torrington-square, suddenly, June 6.

Wilson, Catherine Jane, daughter of Mr. John Wilson, aged 11 months, June 9; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wilson, Thomas, esq., Treasurer of Highbury College, aged 79; Highbury-place, June 17.

Willsber, Mary, wife of Mr. C. W. Willsber, and daughter of the late John Chaplin, esq., of Fulbourn, Cambridge, aged 53; at Finchingfield, Essex, June 3.

Winter, John, esq., aged 87; at Heathfield-lodge, Acton, June 5.


Woodhouse, Maryanne, youngest daughter of the late Very Rev. Dr. Woodhouse, Dean of Sichfield; at Becon-house, Lichfield, June 11.

Worrell, Jonathan, son of late J. Worrell, esq., of Juniper-hall, Micklehain, Surrey, aged 77; at Framost, East Grimstead, Sussex, June 14.

Yates, Mrs. General, aged 61; at the house of her son, Capt. P. A. Reynolds, Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, June 15.

Young, Mr. Thomas, late of her Majesty's Customs, aged 72, sincerely regretted; at Grove-lane, Camberwell, June 22.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
MARRIAGES.

Alleyne, Ann, widow of the late F. P. Alleyne, esq., to the Rev. James Pycroft, of Trinity College, Oxford, 2d son of T. Pycroft, esq., of Bath, by the Rev. Dr. S. Penfold; at Trinity Church, Marylebone, July 8.


Ash, Louisa Jane, the youngest daughter of the late John Ash, esq., of Grove-end-road, St. John's-wood, to Mr. John Wilson, of Grove-road, by the Rev. R. Walpole; at Christ Church, Marylebone, July 13.

Aspinall, Jane, eldest daughter of Richard Aspinall, esq., of Hamilton-square, Woodside, Cheshire, to Mr. Wm. Harris, of Birmingham, by the Rev. R. E. Roberts, M.A., incumbent of St. George's, Bury; at St. Mary's Church, Birkenhead, July 6.


Atkinson, Margaret, 2d daughter of R. Atkin-son, esq., of Camberwell, and late of the Stamp-office, to M. Hoyts, solicitor; at Peith, July 10.


Barker, Maria Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Peter Henry Barker, esq., Bedford, to J. Wats Russell, esq., of Ilem Hall, Staffordshire, and Biggin-house, in the county of Northampton, by the Rev. F. Day; at the British Embas-sy, Munich, July 20.

Berry, Caroline, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Bate, rector of Draycot, and of Upton Scudamore, Wilts, and formerly Fellow of Queen's College, to Edward, youngest son of A. Quin, esq., M.D., of Dunbarvan, county of Waterford, by the Rev. A. Gibson, vicar of Cheshord, Gloucestershire, at Draycot Corfe, July 5.

Bate, Anne, 2d daughter of Robert B. Bate, esq., of London, to Richard Thomas Staples Browne, esq., of Launton, Oxfordshire; at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, July 5.

Berry, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Mr. T. Berry, of Boughton-hill, to Mr. Ed. Merry, of Newington, Surrey, by the Rev. Thos. Wm. Wright; at Christ Church, Ville of Dunkirk, near Canterbury, July 12.

Blacket, Mary, eldest daughter of J. Blacket, esq., Brixton-rise, Surrey, to W. B. Owen, esq., Finchingley, by the Rev. J. Hopkins, rector of Stambourne, Essex; at St. Matthew's Church, Brixton, June 27.

Bolding, Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late John Bolding, esq., of Evershot, Beds, to Wm. Richardson, esq., surgeon, Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park, by the Rev. T. Wharton; at Christ Church, Marylebone, July 1.

Brooking, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late N. Brooking, esq., of Dartmouth, to Edward, second son of the late Robert Blackburn, esq., of Madeira, by the Rev. R. Blackburn, rector of Selham, Sussex; at St. Saviour's Church, Dartmouth, July 11.


Burton, Louisa, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Burton, of the Royal Marines, to J. H. Gascogne, esq., Royal Marines, by the Rev. T. J. Burton; at Charleston Church, June 27.

Bushman, Mary Anne, only daughter of the late C. Osborne Bushman, esq., to Francis Hasting Medhurst, esq., of Kippur, Yorkshire, by the Rev. J. Williams, M.A., the bride was given away by the Marquis of Riaro Sforza; at All Soul's Church, Marylebone, July 5.


Carr, Isabella Susan, youngest daughter of the late R. Carr, of Park-crescent, esq., and Stannington, Northumberland, to Charles F. Gregg, esq., of the Enniskillen Dragoons, youngest son of the late Henry Gregg, esq., by the Rev. J. Hamilton; at Trinity Church, Marylebone, July 18.

Cator, Margaretta Eliza, 2d daughter of Lieut.-Col. Cator, of the Horse Artillery, to Wm. Courtenay Morland, esq., only son of the late Col. Charles Morland, of the 9th Lancers, by the Rev. Sir C. F. Farraby, Bart.; at West Wickham Church, June 27.

Cazalet, Sarah Mary Anne, eldest daughter of P. C. Cazalet, of Kemp Town, esq., to the Rev. George Searl Ebsworth, M.A., vicar of Fleenton, Derbyshire, by the Rev. J. S. M. And-erson; at Brighton, July 5.

Child, Emily W., 4th daughter of the late Robert Child, esq., of Russell-square, to Freemen Oliver Haynes, esq., M.A., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, only son of the late Capt. H. Haynes, R.N., by the Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, July 6.

M. C. 4—(COURT MAGAZINE)—AUGUST, 1843.
Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Cleather, Sophia Louisa, daughter of the late Capt. W. H. Cleather, of the 1st Ceylon Regiment, and for many years Deputy Judge Advocate of that island, to the Rev. G. J. Collinson, vicar of Swanmore, Bucks, by the Rev. C. J. Glynne at Wingham, Dorset, July 11.

Collins, Caroline, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral F. H. Collins, to Thompson, son of W. Mackay, esq., Londonderry, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe; at Carrigast, July 4.

Cook, Margaret Jane, daughter of the late John Cook, esq., formerly of Pentonville, Middlesex, to Edward Bennett, esq., of Gray's-Inn; at St. Giles's, Reading, June 29.


Crowe, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Spicer Crowe, of George-street, Easton-square, to Edward, third son of Mr. Spencer Weston, of Honerton; at St. Pancras Church, New-road, July 6.

Cumberland, Mary Catherine, 2d daughter of the late Captain Cumberland, to the Rev. Joshua Cautley, of Thorny Abbey, Cambridge-shire; at Heath, Beds, July 13.


Dent, Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late T. Dent, esq., to Charles Frederick Robinson, of Queen-street-place, City, esq., by the Rev. Dr. Rice; at the Parish church of St. Michael Royal, College-hill, July 4.


Dickinson, Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Dickinson, of Kingeswton, and formerly M.P. for the county of Somerset, to Wm. Bence, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Jones, of Lowestoft, Suffolk, by the Rev. J. Horner, rector of Mells; at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, July 6.


De Domecq, Elise, 4th daughter of the late Peter de Domecq, esq., of Xerez de la Frontera, and London, to le Vicomte des Ro, son of Monsieur le Comte des Ro, Peer of France; at Paris, July 12.

Didham, Fanny, daughter of R. G. Didham, esq., L.N., of Porkdown, to Thomas Cary, esq., of Eaubrink-hall, near Lynn, Norfolk, by his father, the Rev. J. Cary; at Furness

Durie, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Captain John Durie, of Astley-hall, Lancashire, to Henry Hunter, 3d son of Admiral Sir S. Davenport, C.B. and K.C.H., by the Rev. T. G. Su-

ther; at St. George's Chapel, Edinburgh, June 23.

Dyson, Emma Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. John Dyson, of Wyrdisbury, to Benjamin, son of Mr. S. Bagster, of Old Windsor, and one of the firm of Samuel Bagster and Sons, Peter-noster-row, by the Rev. G. A. Hopkins, M.A.; at Wyrdisbury, Bucks, June 23.


Gibbs, Ann Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Gibbs, of Jermyn-street, to Wm. H. Dunster, esq., of Great Maryle one-street, Cavendish-square, by the Rev. P. H. Dunster, M.A.; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 17.

Gurney, Herriet Alcia, daughter of Daniel Gurney, esq., of North Runton, Norfolk, and niece of the Earl of Erroll, to the Hon. Wm. Cowper, 2d son of Viscountess Palmerston, brother of Earl Cowper, by the Hon. and Rev. S. Hay; at St. James's Church, June 27.


Haines, Mary Lucretia, eldest daughter of H. Haines, esq., of Lorraine-place, to Wm. B. Kent, esq., surgeon, to Upper Holloway, by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, incumbent of St. James's, Holloway; at St. Mary's, Islington, July 21.

Hamilton, Maria Isabella, eldest daughter of F. Hamilton, jun., of Mountjoy-square, and Siane, county of Meath, esq., to Richard Neville, 4th son of John Cornwall, of Rutland-square, and Brownstone-house, county of Meath, esq., by the Rev. G. Stone; at St. George's Church, Dublin, July 5.

Hassel, Gertrude Mary, youngest daughter of Wm. Hassel, esq., of Halstead, to John Osbertus, son of S. Truman, esq., of South Lambeth, by the Rev. H. Knox; at Halstead, Suffolk, July 8.

Hatt, Emily, third and only surviving daughter of the late Hon. S. Hatt, Seignior of Chaubly, to Thomas Richard Mills, esq., late Lieutenant of Her Majesty's 1st or King's Dragon Guards, eldest son of Wm. Mills, esq., of Saxham Hall, Suffolk, by the Rev. J. Braithwaite, A.B.; at Chaubly, near Montreal, Canada, May 31.


Hill, Letitia, eldest daughter of D. Hill, esq., of Southend, Skenh, Kent, to John Defelli, esq., of Upper Harley street, by the Rev. R. Cott; at Lewisham Church, June 29.

Hovde, Mary Jane, sister of Henry Hoare, esq., of Staplehurst, Kent, to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel; at Hornsey Church, June 28.

Hussey, Fanny Susanna, eldest daughter of the late Philine Hussey, esq., of Wyrley-grove, in the county of Stafford, to Edward Frederic Ke-
laart, M.D., Army Medical Staff, eldest son of W. H. Kelaart, esq., of Ceylon, by the Rev. P. Mosley, rector of Rolleston; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 24.

Johnson, Jessica Maria, 3d surviving daughter of the late Richard Johnson, esq., of Baker's farm, Sible Hedingham, Essex, and of Queen's Court, Ireland, to Alexander Holmes of Calcutta, esq., eldest son of the late Alex. Holmes, esq., of Larne, county of Antrim, Ireland, by the Rev. W. A. Soames, M.A., vicar of Greenwich; at St. Alpoge's, Greenwich, July 5.


Lawson, Frances Lucretia, 2d daughter of Captain Lawson, Kentish-town, to George P. Laplume, by the Rev. M. J. Irons, B.D.; at Trinity Church, Brompton, lately.

Lewis, Strath Ann, eldest daughter of W. C. Lewis, esq., of Kensington, to Wm. Rickett's Gerrard, esq., Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army; at Battersea Church, July 6.

Little, Ann, only daughter of Wm. Little, esq., of Condon, Co. Down, by John, of London; by the Rev. F. Bell; at Ely, Northamptonshire, July 18.


McGregor, Emily, youngest daughter of the late Malcolm McGregor, esq., formerly Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Panama, to Mr. Robert A. Joy, of Santa Martha, New Granada, by the Rev. D. Moore; at Richmond Church, Staten Island, New York, June 8.

Mansfield, Emily, 3d daughter of the late John Mansfield, esq., of Diggewell, Welwyn, Herts, to John Ralph Milbanke, esq., Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, only son of Sir John Milbanke, Bart., by the Hon. and Rev. R. Eden; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 13.


Moore, Henrietta Walker, youngest daughter of Wm. Moore, esq., of Kirby-fields, Leicester-shire, to the Rev. George Hargrave Parker, Ministry of late Mr. Wm. Sanders, of Bishopsgate-street, to Benjamin Gray, esq., of Hutton-house, Heston, near Brentwood, Essex; at St. Pancras Church, July 5.

Noricott, Martha Anne, daughter of James Noricott, esq., Springfield, county of Cork, Ireland, to Frederick John Rawlins, esq., son of the Rev. C. Rawlins, of Sutton, county of Kent, by the Rev. Dr. Cotter; at Buttevant Church, July 19.

Pell, Mary Anne, eldest surviving daughter of the late John Pell, esq., of Alford, to Thomas Grant, esq., solicitor, of Louth, by the Rev. E. H. Mantell, vicar; at St. James's Church, Louth, July 6.


Philpot, Eliza Anna, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Philpot, Colonel of Her Majesty's 7th Hussars, to John Wentworth Austin, esq., Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders, son of Sir Henry A. Austin, of Shaftsbury, Bedfor:house, near Guildford, Surrey, and of Chelseas, Suffolk; July 8.

Powell, Mary Elizabeth, 3d daughter of the late James Powell, esq., of Clapton house, Middlesex, to Alfred Caswall, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, by the Rev. H. H. Norris; at St. John's Church, Hackney, June 27.

Rainier, Ellen Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Captain Peter Rainier, R.N., C.B., and Aide-de-camp to his late Majesty William IV., of Hamilton-place, Southampton, to Wm. Yolland, esq., of the Royal Engineers, by the Rev. Wm. Hulton, M.A., Minister of St. Paul's Chapel; at All Saints' Church, Southampt0n, July 18.

Reid, Louisa, daughter of the late Colonel Stephen Reid, Bengal Cavalry, to Captain Beatson, Bengal Cavalry, by the Rev. R. Burgess; at Trinity Church, Chelsea, July 22.


Roome, Ann, eldest daughter of Captain Roome, of Tradegar-square, to Mr. A. Howcroft, of the Mile-end Nursery, Bow-road, by the Rev. D. Vawdry, rector; at St. Dunstan's, Stepney, July 24.

Rouse, Elizabeth Golty Catton, only daughter of the late Peter Rouse, esq., Holt, to John Banks, esq., of Holt, by the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge; at Holt Church, Norfolk, June 29.


Sanders, Emma, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Sanders, of Bishopsgate-street, to Benjamin Gray, esq., of Hutton-house, Heston, near Brentwood, Essex; at St. Pancras Church, July 5.

Sandars, Anna Louisa, the youngest daughter of Joseph Sandars, esq., of Johnstone-hall,

Saldman, Rachel, 5th daughter of Simeon K. Saldman, esq., of Baker-street, Portmansquare, to John Simon, esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; June 12.


Theisiger, Augusta, eldest daughter of Frederic Theisiger, esq., M.P., one of Her Majesty's Council, to Wm. Frederic, eldest son of Sir Samuel Huggins, Equerry to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, by the Rev. C. Webber, rector of Boxgrove, Sussex; at St. George's, Hanover-square, July 22.


Wales, Mrs., of the Albion Hotel, to Thomas Johnson, esq., of London, by the Rev. W. Johnson; at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, July 8.


Wishart, Catherine Ann, eldest daughter of Captain John Wishart, Lotherhitee, to Daniel Harrocks Bennett, youngest son of J. Daniel Bennett, esq., of the King's Mills, Rothesay, by the Rev. J. J. Gelling, M.A.; at St. Catherine Cree's, June 27.


(The next Number for—September and October—will be published October 1st.)

FINIS FOR AUGUST.
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MISCELLANY.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S TRIENNIAL VISITATION.

Last month (October) the Lord Bishop of Rochester commenced the triennial visitation of his diocese at Bromley Church, Kent. The attendance of the clergy was larger than usual, and the rev. gentlemen present appeared to be the dearest interest in the address of their diocesan.

Prayers having been read by the Rev. J. E. Newall, the incumbent of Bromley, the names of the clergy were called by the registrar, and the Bishop took his seat within the altar rails, and proceeded to deliver his address.

His Lordship commenced by remarking, that he had assembled his clergy at a somewhat later period than usual, in consequence of the bill which had been recently introduced into Parliament affecting the jurisdiction of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. On this subject he was most anxious to address the clergy, but he would postpone his remarks until another opportunity.

With reference to the controversy which had recently so painfully agitated the church, it would, of course, be expected of him that he should not pass that subject over without briefly advert ing to it; and, in passing, he might say that it afforded him pleasure to observe, that there could be no question as to the soundness of the doctrinal opinions held by the clergy of that diocese. They had embraced none of the peculiar opinions which had obtained elsewhere, nor had they adopted any of the novelties which had been condemned. They had, in fact, a firm and unshaken faith in the doctrines of the Romish Church and her ceremonial observances. He could not doubt the sincerity of Dr. Wiseman's expressions, and he (the Bishop of Rochester) feared that the opinions which he entertained upon the subject were but too well grounded. It behoved them, therefore, not to consider this matter as light and unimportant; on the contrary, they should regard it as a beacon to warn the church against approaching danger.

The lax views of the clergy with regard to the sacramental ordinances had led to extreme opinions on the other side. For his own part, he had no hesitancy in saying, that he felt much more sympathy with those who exalted than with those who depreciated those sacred rites. He grieved to say, that there were many amongst the clergy who, in the baptism of infants, publicly, in the face of the church and the congregation, declared, after signing the child, with a conviction, "Seeing, now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's church," &c., yet professed their belief that there was no real efficacy in the sacrament of baptism. The "Tracts" mentioned, advocated the other extreme, an evil of great magnitude; but they had been the means of promoting a regard for order.

M C 5 (COURT MAGAZINE) NOVEMBER, 1843.
and discipline, and a veneration for the church and her institutions, whilst great praise was due to their authors for the sanctity of their lives, the amiable-ness of their dispositions, and for the earnestness and untiring zeal which they exercised in the discharge of their high and holy duties. Would that they were as eminent for sound judgment and discretion as for zeal in the propagation of their peculiar opinions! But the errors of the disciples were not justly chargeable upon their masters; much had fallen from the former which the latter would have been the first to disown. Still, serious imputations attached to the leaders for what they had done. In “Tract 90” the articles of the church were perverted from their true meaning to support some of the worst errors of the Romish church, and in direct opposition to the injunctions of the church of which they were members, which decided that no interpretation should be fixed upon them but such as was warranted by their plain and grammatical sense. One of the errors included in the tracts was that of the “Invocation of Saints,” and the defenders of that doctrine pointed triumphantly to the collect of St. Michael and all angels, in support of their position. In that collect, the church prays “Mercifully grant, that as the holy angels always do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth.” But the argument was most fallacious, as the most superficial reasoner might immediately detect without any assistance from the heads of the church. Another error inculcated by the “Tracts” was on the subject of the Lord’s Supper. The anxiety on the part of the writers to introduce the word “altar” instead of “communion table” seemed to counteract the doctrine of perpetual sacrifice offered up by the priest. In some sense it might be called an altar, as upon it we offered ourselves in token of thankfulness to God for His mercies. But at the celebration of the Lord’s Supper we were recipients only—participators in the benefits of Christ’s death and passion, and were by no means to be considered as offering up a sacrifice. “Tract 81” was decisive on the subject of the word “altar,” maintaining that its disuse was a great loss, and an evidence of the sacrilegious polluting of this country. The “Tracts” teamed, also, with reproaches on the great principles successfully contended for at the Reformation, and on the good men who laid down their lives on behalf of unadulterated-Scripture-truth. Such statements as these evinced an unpardonable ignorance of the doctrines held by the English church.

Much stress had also been laid upon the word “oblation,” which occurred in the communion-service, as favoring the views of the writers in the “Tracts;” but, in his opinion, it signified nothing more than thankfulness. The term “oblation,” in the Romish church, applied to the consecrated wafer; but, in the Prayer-book, it bore an entirely different construction, as the reading of the context might explain. The homilies, Whenley on the Book of Common Prayer, and Archbishop Secker, in his works, were most decidedly at variance with the writers of the “Tracts” upon these points.

The sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was a commemorative sacrifice. Through the medium of the bread and wine the death of Christ for sinners was commmonorated. We “feed on him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving.” We should rest content with the Saviour’s declaration, “This is my body.” Human benedictions had no real efficacy in themselves, except in so far as they were founded on Divine promises. The declaration of the Saviour was declaratory of what was, and promising of what should be. This view of the subject would be found fully set forth and enforced by Archbishop Secker, to whose works he would strongly recommend the younger clergy to refer for a confirmation of his opinions.

Prayers for the dead were recommended in “Tract 86”—a custom which, it was alleged, had always prevailed in the universal church. In the prayers for the church militant we say—“And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good example, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom.” This was a remembrance of their virtues, but certainly could not be construed into a prayer on their behalf, and he thought the argument founded upon that passage, that, was of very little avail to the advocates of the practice of praying for the dead. The doctrine received no sanction from the Book of Common Prayer; and, in his opinion, English clergymen were not justified in attempting the revival of a doctrine which, after long and mature deliberation, was rejected by the unanimous consent of the church.

With respect to “tradition,” it must be admitted that, to understand the Scriptures aright, it was necessary to see what the early writers agreed in. Their opinions were no doubt deserving of great attention, and must carry great weight with them, and nothing short of the Scriptures themselves should induce us, without the most serious reflection and arduous investigation, to oppose the concurrent opinions of “the Fathers.” To investigate them properly, however, was a labour of great research, and even after the most laborious study there was danger of falling into serious error. His Lordship then proceeded to remark on some of the ceremonies which the writers of the “Tracts” and other persons in the church were anxious to revive. In these enlightened days he
could not have conceived that the adoption of the surplice during the delivery of the sermon should have occasioned so much controversy and engendered such ill feeling as had. It had always been the custom for the preacher to wear the surplice, and in many country churches that course has been pursued as a matter of convenience. He had for some years held a curacy in the diocese of Lincoln, and during that time it had been his invariable practice to wear the surplice in reference to the academical gown. It was a matter of little consequence in itself, but, considering the temper of the times and the unsettled state of the church, he thought it was advisable, when the congregation objected to preaching in the surplice, to pay some deference to their prejudices, and abandon the practice, so as to remove all apprehensions from their minds. He trusted that so trifling a question would never be allowed to irritate or vex the minds of congregations, much less become a badge of party distinction. The position of the reading-desks in the churches had also been matter of discussion. The rubric directed that morning and evening prayer should be said in the usual place, except otherwise ordered by the ordinary. There was no rule to induce the minister to turn to the north or to the south, or to any point of the compass. The only direction given was, that he should place himself so as to be most distinctly understood by his congregation. Turning the back to the congregation involved the Popish notion of praying for and not with the people. The form of the desk had also been cavilled at; but whilst he was sorry that such trifles should occupy the minds of the clergy, he rejoiced in the exertions that were being made for the restoration of our ecclesiastical edifices. In some places the clergy had caused the pulpit and reading-desk to be taken down, and their position altered to meet their modern views. It might be well to state, that this could not be done legally without the consent of the bishop of the diocese, or the archdeacon. This was a fact to which churchwardens would do well to attend, as much inconvenience might be prevented by timely caution on their parts. Psalmody was another subject on which he (the Bishop) wished to say a few words. Various alterations had been made, and in some churches versions of psalms and hymns had been introduced, which were unauthorised and objectionable. It was impossible for the people to join in that part of the church service, unless they had the books which contained these versions in their possession, and that could hardly be expected. He would recommend that from henceforth a return should be made to the new version of the Psalms of David, as found in the Book of Common Prayer. In this the church had made a special provision:—“And whereas heretofore there hath been great diversity in saying and singing in churches within this realm, some following Salisbury use, some Hereford use, and some the use of Bangor, some of York and some of Lincoln. Now, from henceforth all the whole realm shall have but one use.”

The administration of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to a large number of persons at once, without a special address to each, was to be highly deprecated, excepting in cases where the number of communicants was so great as to prevent almost the possibility of a separate address to each. He thought, however, that that might be effected by a more frequent celebration.

In some places offence had been taken at the practice of bowing to the altar when entering and leaving the church. He (the Bishop) had himself certainly never been in the habit of following this practice, but he could not say that he saw in it anything objectionable. If it proved a satisfaction to any pious mind, he would say nothing to discourage it. “Let him that eateth not despise not him that eateth, and let him that eateth despise not him that eateth not.”

The duty of daily service in the parish churches had been much insisted on of late. There could be little doubt that the practice was productive of much good when carried out, but in most cases it was altogether impracticable and incompatible with the discharge of the parochial duties to which every clergyman should devote a large portion of his time and attention. In great and populous towns the revival of the custom might be attended with success. On this subject he (the Bishop) would make no request, but would leave the question open with them as it stood in the rubric:—“All priests and deacons are to say daily the morning and evening prayers, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause; and the curate that ministreth in every parish church or chapel, being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the parish church or chapel where he ministrith, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God’s word, and to pray with him.” Strict obedience to this rule would be found impossible, and had never been insisted on; at the same time he was desirous of impressing upon the clergy the necessity of a regular observance of saints’ days and all the other holydays of the church.

The weekly oblationary and the prayer for the church militant had also provoked considerable discussion. He would advise the clergy upon these points to adhere closely to the practices which had now long prevailed. With the remark of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he deprecated the use of obsolete customs, which, to the ignorant, might have the appearance of
novelties, and might consequently cause disaffection or dissension, he fully concurred, and was anxious to press it upon the attention of the clergy of his diocese.

His Lordship then proceeded at some length to remark upon matters of a private and parochial nature more peculiarly affecting his own diocese; and he intimated that it would be necessary for the clergy to bear in mind that upon his dying bed a man was more susceptible of religious impressions than at any other period of his existence: it behoved the clergy, therefore, well to consider in what manner they would best aid the dying man in his departure from this world to obtain an inheritance with Christ in the world to come. They might be called upon, in the exercise of their duty, in visiting the sick and dying, to witness many scenes of a most painful and distressing character; and he (the Bishop) trusted that, in all their labours, they would bear in mind the injunctions of the apostle, studying to approve themselves faithful ministers, "rightly dividing the word of truth. Firmly relying upon the promises of the Saviour there would be no necessity for superstitious observances, or for the introduction of the novelties of unauthorized and self-appointed reformers of the church.

His Lordship concluded his charge with the apostolic benediction, and the clergy then retired.

His Lordship, after visiting Dartford, proceeded to Tonbridge, Rochester, and other parts of his diocese.

A fatal but extraordinary duel, says Galigiani, took place lately in the commune of Maisonfort (Seins et-Oise). Two gentlemen, named Lanfant and Maldant, having quarrelled over a game at billiards, drew lots who should first throw the red ball at his adversary's head. Chance fell to M. de Maldant, who threw the ball with such force and correct aim at the forehead of the other as to kill him on the spot.

FATAL DUEL AT BADEN.—A tragic scene occurred there on the 3d September. About a month since a ball was given by subscription to the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia (to whom M. de Rothschild of Frankfort lent his splendid hotel). Monsieur de Haber, the banker, put his name down as a subscriber. When the list was revised by those who set it going, and who pretend to be the arbitri elegantiarum of Baden, M. de Haber’s name was objected to by M. de Goler, an officer of artillery in the service of Baden, upon the plea that in the year 1838 he (M. de Goler) gave M. de Haber blows which the latter did not resent, and that he was therefore unfit for the society of a gentleman. His name was in consequence erased. Thereupon M. de Haber sent his friend, M. Verifkin, a Russian officer, to M. Goler, positively denying his statement, and calling upon him for satisfaction for the calumny and injury fastened upon him. M. de Goler, by the advice of his brother officers, refused on any terms to meet M. de Haber, saying that he did so, because he could prove that he was not entitled to be treated as a gentleman, and there is an article and correspondence on this part of the subject in the Frankfort Journal of the 30th August, under the head of “Carlsruhe.” M. de Haber on his side had a letter printed, and sent round and posted all about there, saying that M. de Goler had calumniated him by false statements, had misled his brother officers, had refused to give him satisfaction, and that he therefore declared him (Goler) to be a liar and a coward. This led to violent language between M. de Goler and M. Verifkin, the friend of M. de Haber, and blows were given by the former to the latter; the consequence was the above meeting at Carlsruhe, between M. de Goler and M. Verifkin. They fought at six paces with pistols. M. Verifkin was shot dead, and M. de Goler received a ball in his chest. It seems hardly possible that matters should terminate thus, and that M. de Haber should not himself engage in a duel with some one. De Haber was recommended to travel in Switzerland, and left the following morning.
1813 he received the honor of Knight Com-
mander of the Tower and Sword by the
Prince Regent of Portugal, and in 1814 the
honor of Knight Commander of the Royal
Duke of Wellington, and particularly
manner of the Portuguese
and in 1815 he was noma-
Knight Commander of the Bath. During
the various services in which he was employ-
ed he was frequently honored by the thanks
of the Duke of Wellington, and particularly
mentioned in his despatches after the ac-
tions of Pampeluna and Bayonne. Being
appointed to the 38th Regiment in 1821, Sir
Archibald Campbell again returned to India,
and in 1824 the disputes with the Burmese
empire having determined the Government
of India to send a force against it, Sir Archi-
bald was appointed to that important and
difficult command. The nature of the coun-
try, thick jungle and marshy, and the na-
tives robust, active, and brave, made the
carrying on warlike operations extremely
difficult, and compared with previous
wars against the native Powers in India. All the
luxuries which had hitherto accompanied
Indian armies had to be abandoned, and
officers and men were to be reduced to the
same state of equipment as had been the
custom with the army in Spain. This,
through the example of their leader they
could not but be thankful and thankful to
be in the climate, where the dews of the night reduced
the thermometer to 53, whilst during the day it
rose in the shade to above 90. The nature of the
country rendered it necessary to em-
ploy a large force of Europeans, as the Se-
poys was found unfit for such warfare. Sir
Archibald Campbell had ten European regi-
ments under his command, but of course the
climate and the privations soon rendered
them far from complete. With this force he
advanced into the country, and after three
great actions with the Burmese, amounting
to about 70,000 men, entrenched in their
stockades, and retiring on their resources, so
that their losses were immediately replaced,
after two years' warfare he forced his way to
within thirty miles of the capital, Amarapo-
ora, and 700 miles from Rangoon, when
the Burmese again sued for peace, but no
longer stipulating terms, leaving them en-
tirely to the British commander's will. A
few days more and the capital would have
fallen. The respect, the regard, and entire
confidence of every officer and soldier were
fully possessed by Sir Archibald Campbell,
and enabled him in all the service in which
he was engaged, whether in the Peninsula
or Burmah, to call out all their energies in
the confidence that they were well directed.
Thus Sir Archibald Campbell brought the
war to a most brilliant termination, an ex-
plot which must ever rank him amongst the
highest names to be recorded in the annals
of our Indian empire. Such services, in-
deed, led to a general expectation in the
army that he would have been raised to the
peerage, as other generals, with perhaps less
claims, have been before and since, as the
thanks of both houses of Parliament were
voted to him and the army under his com-
mand, and the highest military honor was
conferred on him, viz.—the Grand Cross of
the Bath, and after his return home he was
created a baronet. The long and arduous
services of this gallant officer terminated
by his being honored with the lieutenant-go-
vernment and command of the troops in
New Brunswick, where his duties were dis-
charged in very trying times to the entire
satisfaction of the Government. The fol-
lowing are the dates of his commissions,
 viz.—Ensign, December 28, 1787; Lieu-
tenant, April 26, 1791; Captain, May 17,
1799; Major, September 14, 1804; Lieu-
tenant-Colonel, February 16, 1809; Colonel,
June 4, 1814; Major-General, May 27,
1825; Lieutenant-General, June 28, 1838;
Colonel 77th Regiment, December 23, 1834;
Colonel 62d Regiment, February 17, 1804.

The Rev. James Tate, A.M., late master of Richmond School, Yorkshire, one of the
Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's—died at
Clifton, Sept. 2, in the 73d year of his age.
Amongst the many whose days have been
spent in imparting knowledge, there are few
who have devoted themselves so assiduously
and successfully to the instruction of the
present, and the improvement of the rising
generation, than the reverend deceased, and,
in the language of a contemporary, "the
many high qualifications by which he ren-
dered his life useful and beneficial to man-
kind," by which, indeed, the public have
been such gainers, cannot fail to awaken a
more than ordinary interest.

One of the first acts of Earl Grey's Ad-
ministration was to present Mr. Tate—who
had always advocated Whig principles—to
one of the vacant canonyrs of St. Paul's
Cathedral, not as a recompense for any po-
itical obsequiousness or sycophancy—for no
man ever thought, spoke, or acted with more
independence or with a greater or sterner
love of truth—but as a well-deserved reward
for the distinguished zeal, ability, and suc-
cess, with which, during more than thirty
years he had presided over the Grammar
School of Richmond, in Yorkshire, at which
he had himself been educated, and from
which he had been sent to the University of
Cambridge. The appointment gave uni-
versal satisfaction, for it appeared only just that
he, who had so long and diligently labored
in his useful and honorable vocation for the
benefit of the State, should receive from the
State some public provision for his declining
age, as a recognition of his merits, and of
the many virtues of which his character was
composed. How worthily he discharged the
duties of the sacred office in the Church to
which he was then elevated, is best know-
to those who witnessed the constant and unremitting attention with which he applied himself to his awful charge as a minister of eternal truth, not only in the metropolitan Church of St. Paul, but also in the parish church of Edmonton, of which, by virtue of his expediency, he also became the incumbent. His mode of communicating religious instruction from the pulpit was characterised by that mild and simple, yet eloquent and effectual style of persuasion, which he had found so useful in communicating secular instruction to the young persons whom he had charge of, and which he applied to learning and virtue. How nobly they benefitted by it, the records of both Universities, but more especially those of the University of Cambridge, have long borne ample testimony. They show, that as a teacher of classical learning, none of his contemporaries were more successful, and that few were even as successful as the plain country schoolmaster, to whose residence in the remote province of Estremadura—as he used playfully to call his own native Richmondshire—pupils were attracted from almost every part of the United Kingdom. And no wonder; for the task of education, which many preceptors perform as a mere matter of ixsome duty and of wearisome and depressing toil, was to him a matter of delight, and almost a labour of love. He had the singular knack of inspiring others with that passion for learning by which he was himself animated, and of smoothing the pathway to knowledge, until it appeared neither harsh nor cramped, even to those who were most unwilling to make their first steps upon it. He was a most exquisite and discriminating judge of the exact amount of information which the young mind could imbibe at one draught, and therefore never ran the risk of nauseating it by administering doses beyond its capacity to retain with advantage. It was his constant endeavour, and one which was crowned with complete success, to impress upon the minds of his pupils principles of the most rigid accuracy. But partially acquainted himself with the most exact of sciences, he had witnessed the beneficial effects which mathematical studies produce upon the well-trained intellect; and he labored diligently to transfer these advantages to the classical studies of his own pupils. To this may be attributed the aptitude of mind displayed by the Richmond boys for the severe abstractions of Cambridge reading and their proficiency in a science, with the elements of which they were comparativelyunacquainted on their entrance into the University. But though ignorant of the language of symbols, they had learned from their master the invaluable lesson of patient thought. Inferior to other scholars in the more pleasant position—Latin composition—they excelled all in their thorough acquaintance with the philosophical principles and grammatical niceties of language. Thucydides and Horace—grammar and chronology—had, under Mr. Tate's guidance, effected for them what Newton and Euler—geometry and analysis, effect for others. He had the strongest aversion to corporeal punishments, from a conviction, which he often expressed, that stripes were unavailing to ameliorate the lad who could not be excited to industry and improvement either by well-timed encouragement or by well-timed reproof. He seldom or ever found any difficulty in "the management of tyroses of eighteen," which Cowper in his **Tytönium** declares to be so full of difficulty, for his indulgent gentleness made them consider him as "A father, friend, and tutor, all in one."

Even when it became necessary to administer to them "the bitter abstinence" of rebuke, he always smeared the rim of the gobet in which he tendered it to their lips with the sweet flavor of honeyed kindness. Like his own favorite Horace—

"He raised a blush, where secret vice he found,
And tickled, while he gently prov'd the wound;
With seeming innocence, the boy beguiled,
But made the deadliest passes, while he smiled."

In his most angry moments—and what schoolmaster can always command his temper?—there was none of that austere and gloomy ferocity in his look, which so often engenders in youth a feeling of hatred towards their instructors; whilst, on the other hand, in his most sportive moments—and he often enlivened with a jest the most incomprensible choruses in Eaclesy, and the most abstruse passages in Tacitus and Thucydides—he preserved that placid air of dignified authority which is the best antidote against contemptuous familiarity. Those pupils in whom he observed a combination of genius and talent beyond his knowledge, he cherished as the apple of his eye, laboring with them in school and out of school, in season and out of season—most readily responding to all their inquiries, and even voluntarily suggesting them, when shame or diffidence, or some other cause too trifling to deserve a distinct name, kept the young novice silent. In his earlier days he made them the constant companions of his walks during his leisure hours, thus winning their youthful affections by the devotedness he evinced towards them; and many of them now living can bear testimony to the value of the regular lecture examinations which they received, and of the vivos roce examinations which they undertook, as they threaded their way together ("cantiones ut camus," as he used to say) through the delightful woods and walks of Easby. This is not the place nor the time to enter further into the details of a system which communicated and recommended knowledge at every stage—which turned so many of the *alumni* of Richmond School into scholars, fellows, and tutors in the Uni-
University of Cambridge, and which has raised some, and in due time may raise others, into worthy ornaments of all the learned professions of their country. Sufficient to say, that the principle of fear was one which he sedulously banished from his plan of education, and that his constant object was to establish the principle of honest and honorable emulation in its stead. Early in life, he had solved to his own satisfaction the problem, which Roger Ascham propounded nearly 300 years ago to the schoolmasters of his day, and had decided that the schoolhouse ought to be, not a house of bondage and of terror, but a house of play and of pleasure. As in the model school of Quine-
tilian, so in that of Mr. Tate, "profuit aliquis objurgata desidia, profuit laudata industria; excitatur laude animatio; turpe decebatur cedere pari; pulchrum superare majores," Any preceptor—acting upon such principles, and dispensing, as he did, vast stores of erudition out of his capacious mind, with a prodigality disclaiming all fear of exhaustion, and with a felicity of illustration and a distinctness of language rendering all mistake of his meaning quite impossible—is certain to be esteemed, regarded, loved,—may, these are cold words, and we will therefore add, is certain to be venerated and idolized by his scholars, especially if, like Mr. Tate, he identifies himself with their interests and exerts every energy of his soul to promote their welfare. And never was man more idolized, or more deserved to be idolized, by a host of admiring and grateful pupils, than the excellent and lamented personage who has now descended not immaturely into the tomb (saeu
tem famos, saevisit inictum), and upon whose hearstone, whose unformed taste he directed, and whose youthful spirit he introduced into the magnificent domain of earthly knowledge, now seeks with pious hands to place a melancholy tribute of unavailing praise.

—Manibus date lilia pilenis;
"His solum accumulem dominis, et fungar inani" "Munere."

He was one of the last survivors of the Parr and Porson school, and was considered the "Scholar of the North." His works were few, but "choicely good;" his Greek Metres are favorably known throughout Europe. In his Horatius Restitutus he has not only given the compositions in their chronological order, but drawn up much interesting information on the domestic life and manners of the Romans. Nor was he unmindful of professional studies. In his Continuous History of St. Paul, he has given a valuable addition to such reading. If, however, held up to respect and imitation only as a "scholar," Mr. Tate would lose the better part of his usefulness. He was the "kind man" in private life, not to scholars only, but to all—to which his pleasing appearance and manner of venerable graces added additional charms. Many a modest struggling scholar has been taken by the hand. Many a poor scholar, reduced—if partly by his own imprudence—has been relieved by his purse, not once only, but "again and again." His time also (which was valuable), and influence and exertion, were given as freely as money; and his elevation in the Church left him, as it found him, utterly destitute of pride and hauteur. In a word, few persons have gone to their rest with more loveable qualities, with fewer (if any) drawbacks, than Mr. Tate.

General Narvaez, and Spanish Treachery.—The month of August will long be remembered in Spanish history, since, how remarkable soever for civil war, the re-action in the army has been stained by a savage species of bloodshed, whereby the lives of many brave men—the sport and playthings of their chiefs—have been sacrificed for venturing to demand the fulfilment of a promise (if herein we are not misinformed) of freedom from further service. The following are the heart sickening particulars:—

A battalion of the Princepe Regiment of Infantry, quartered in the convent of San Francisco, demanded of their colonel the fulfilment of the promise held out to them by Narvaez of licentia absoluta, or freedom from further service. The colonel instantly sent word of the "mutiny" to General Concha, who forwarded a message to General Narvaez. The latter mounted his horse and rode to consult with the Minister of War (General Serrano), and the Political Chief. Measures were promptly taken, the whole garrison placed under arms, and a strong force of cavalry posted at the Puerta del Sol. General Narvaez proceeded to the convent of San Francisco with a strong force of the Regiment of the Princessa, where he negotiated with the "seditious battalion," and prevailed on them to lay down their arms without a contest. (The battalion of the Princepe say that they did so on his renewing his promise of immediate licencia absoluta, and overlooking their unceremonious mode of insisting on it.) He then locked up the disarmed soldiers in one room, the corporals in a second, and the sergeants in a third; and drew out every fifth man by lot to be shot, regardless of his promise. This was, however, seriously resisted by General Serrano and some of his staff, and he finally contented himself with instituting a summary court-martial, by which twelve of the ringleaders were marked out,—eight of whom, five sergeants, two corporals, and a soldier, were condemned to death, and four others to hard labor—viz., one sergeant for six years, two corporals for two years, and one soldier for one year. The first-mentioned eight were immediately turned over to so many priests, confessed, and shot, within an hour on the morning of.
the 30th of August, outside the gate of Toledo, in the presence of strong bodies of horse, foot, and artillery. In conclusion, General Narvaez formed the troops in a hollow square, and addressed them on the enormity of the crime of sedition, the necessity of discipline in an army, the country’s confidence in their honor and patriotism, his veneration for the constitution, and determination to punish its violators, and a string of similar commands, which, in his mouth, could only serve to remind the listeners of “Satan rebuking Sin,” and serve to illustrate the extent to which impudence, faithlessness, and hypocrisy could be found united on such a melancholy occasion. There may, then, be some cause for fear that the discontented soldiers of other regiments will take the redress of their grievances into their own hands next time, without trusting to negotiation or laying down their arms in fancied security or confidence in the honor of their generals. This is the second time Narvaez has carried his point in Madrid by the stratagem of a convention made to be broken; but his next opponents will doubtless be more upon their guard than the simple Nacionales of Madrid and the credulous troops of the Princede. The latter, it is asserted, committed no act of personal violence against their officers, and contented themselves with turning the colonel out of the barracks. The bloody massacre of Isabella Segunda was also, Aug. 29, implicated in the demand for their free dismissal, but its officers did not provoke them to the point of defiance, and did not urge any subsequent measures of vengeance, so that its mutiny is postponed for the present; but the soldiers have been heard openly speaking of “their determination to obtain their licencia absoluta, or else—.”

HYDROPHOBIA—AND DOG-RAT-HUNTING.—A young man named Frederick Beat, a blacksmith, was brought to St. George’s Hospital, in September last, laboring under the most agonizing pain, and in a state having all the symptoms of incipient hydrophobia. Having a fancy for the species of dogs usually employed in worrying rats, he got one of them to worry a number of those vermin; the dog did its duty and despached its antagonists. After the excitement of the operation, during which the rats fought hard and inflicted some severe bites, it became quite ferocious, and, turning on its master, seized him by the calf of the leg, which it held firmly, shaking the man for a considerable time, until his screams brought assistance. Several persons made ineffectual attempts to disengage the animal. At length, police-constable 152 B made him release his hold by a blow of his truncheon. It is a fact (though not generally known) that dogs habituated to the worrying of rats, a contest during which they generally receive some poisonous wounds, acquire a peculiar ferocity which ends in ferocious madness. It may be remembered, that not long since (a brief account of which appeared in some of the journals) a man in North Shields, in the habit of backing his odds in worrying any number of rats, was known to have lost many of his dogs by the poison communicated through the bite of the rats. He then engaged for a wager to worry to death with his teeth a certain number of rats let loose, one at a time, in any enclosed place, the rats being confined on a platform breast high. He won his wager, but lost his life in a few days afterwards.

ASCENT OF MONT-BLANC.—This perilous ascent was made a short time since in a most rapid and successful manner, by Dr. E. Ordinaire, of Besançon, and M. E. Tairraz, of Chamouny, and a party of thirteen persons. They left the Priseon at noon of the 23d; at half-past six in the evening arrived at the rocks of the grand mulets, which they again quitted the following day at half-past two in the morning. They were seen ascending by the old road exposed to the avalanches, and where the three guides of Dr. Hamel were swallowed up in 1820. At half-past ten M. Ordinaire, who was in advance of the other travellers, with two of his guides, arrived at the summit, where the rest of the party shortly afterwards joined them. At a quarter-past eleven they commenced their descent by the new road, and at seven in the evening arrived at Chamouny.

TREATY BETWEEN THE NETHERLANDS AND GREECE.—Whilst Irish agitators are seeking to effect a disunion, it is truly gratifying to know that, based upon the most equitable reciprocity, the subjects of His Majesty the King of the Netherlands and those of His Majesty the King of Greece are, by treaty done at Athens, the 10th (22d) of February, 1843, all but amalgamated into one nation. In the words of the preamble of the Treaty:—

"His Majesty the King of the Netherlands and His Majesty the King of Greece, being equally desirous of consolidating and extending as far as possible the relations of friendship, commerce, and navigation between their two states, and their respective subjects in Europe, and deeming that this common object cannot be better attained than by concluding a treaty of commerce and navigation, based on the principles of an equitable reciprocity, have to this effect appointed their plenipotentiaries." Thus may the subjects of either of the high contracting parties, not merely trade upon equal terms, but have, possess and enjoy, assign, transfer or devise by will, leasehold or freehold property, subject to the payment of no other imposts than those payable by natives, which treaty includes, likewise, the transfer of their property from one country to the other.

* For the treaty in full, see The Times, September 8. [COURT MAGAZINE.]

When a work addresses itself equally to all classes of readers, and engages in its favor all the magic of romance, chivalry, and literary and historical associations, it is needless to expatiate on its interest or utility. With a letter-press small, but neat and extremely distinct, these sketches are written in a close, yet agreeable and perspicuous style, and present a comprehensive embodiment of a large fund of information, at a price scarcely above that of an ordinary guide-book. We look forward with pleasure for the second and concluding part of this valuable biographical compilation.

Harvey & Darton.

This volume consists of three short stories, respectively entitled, "The Lighthouse;" "The Incendiary;" and "Margaret Seaton's Victory." The first of these turns upon a stratagem of wreckers, to prevent the lighthouse-keeper from doing his duty on a night of tempest, expecting thereby to secure a rich spoil from some deceived and unfortunate vessel; but their objects are frustrated by the sagacity and courage of a little girl left alone in the light-house. The great fault of this tale is its general want of perspicuity, not of style, but plan, an essential point in any work intended for juvenile improvement. There is likewise an affectionate Sam Wellerisms, which may, perhaps, do to raise a jest when original, but are far from worthy of juvenile (or, any other) imitation. To the remaining two, these objections do not apply; and all, with the objections mentioned, are pretty and entertaining. In the last story, the combined skill and eccentricity of a half-crazed doctor, of whom the famous Abernethy seems to have suggested the original idea, is delineated with considerable spirit.

The Pagant. By F. E. Paget, M. A.
J. Walters, Rugeley, Burton, Portman St. &c.

In the present age of philanthropy and philosophy, a work like that under notice, having for its principal object the correction of one out of the many abuses polluting society, has a strong claim, independently of literary merit, upon the support of the humane and benevolent. It is to be lamented that so many of our larger standard works of fiction exhibit a tone and style calculated to create a depraved and morbid mental excitement, rather than a just abhorrence of vice, and a earnest desire for a great social reformation. Walter Blunt, or uncle Wats, portrait, in this page, is so fresh and life-like, so vividly illustrative of our own impressions and recollections, that, in surveying it, fancy smilingly points us to living models, whence the faithful pencil of the author might have been inspired. Ladies, too often unjustly reproached with overlooking worth, when presented in homely guise, will be gratified with the passage alluded to, in corroboration of our opinions.

Mr. Blunt was a man of an ancient race, and extensive property, and though fast approaching his sixtieth year was still a bachelor. Having no relations in the world but his sister and her family, they, not unreasonably, looked forward to being his heirs. As he was known to be wealthy, the prize was thought to be worth securing, and as he was considered rather eccentric and capricious, they took great pains to keep in his good graces,—a thing not always very easy, where a rough, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact country gentleman comes in contact with a set of people who are welded to the artificial habits of fashionable life. Had Mr. Blunt and his relatives lived much together, it is probable that each party would have made the discovery that they were by no means suited to each other; but—as matters stood, they were very good friends, and got on with an occasional burst of wonder at each other's foibles. The young ladies were a little afraid of their uncle, were very cautious what they did and said before him, were rather nervous as to what he might say or do next, with the proviso that they were now and then under some caustic pleasantry, half jest, half earnest, and always shuddered when they saw for the first time the cut and pattern of his best waistcoat. He, on the other hand, was occasionally a little impatient at the frivolity and love of dissipation which the love and habits of his sister and nieces involuntarily displayed: but, though not sorry when their visit was over, he was always pleased to see them for a fortnight in the course of every year at Wroxton-court; and they contrived to amuse him for the same length of time during the London season;—for he paid an annual visit to London with the ostensible purpose of seeing his lawyer, and his wife: the sight of the metropolis, the exhibits of the museums, and all the rest, the Polytech is Institution had full as many charms for him.
as any thing which he learned of the Somers- 
setshire property, or the last vintoge. Living 
great part of the year in seclusion, he had cul-

tivated his natural taste for mechanics 
during the many hours of leisure which fell 
to his lot; and this circumstance, together 
with the application of his mind in a manufac-
turing neighbourhood, had given him such an inter-
est in all matters connected with machinery, 
that there were few inventions or great im-
provements introduced into our factories, 
which he had not personally inspected. And 
hence he had learned more of the physical 
and moral condition of our manufacturing 
population, than is the case with most coun-
try gentlemen.

For the rest, his character might be al-
most comprised in a single sentence. "Deeds, 
not words," was his motto, and his abhor-
rence of anything like insincerity was so 
great, that it perhaps drove him into the other 
extravag, and made him the object of 
religious men, and a sound churchman; but this was to be in-
ferred from the consistent course of his 
every-day life, rather than from his conver-
sation. In society, he was wholly silent on 
such topics. He was a very generous man, 
but such pains did he take to "do good by 
shy" and to conceal his many acts of munificence from the eyes of the world, that 
he was often looked upon as penurious, and 
niggardly. He was a very kind-hearted 
man too, but, from waywardness, or some 
other cause, he frightened and repelled pe-
ople by his roughness of manner; and in his 
dislike of what he called "humbug," it must 
be confessed that he sometimes said all he 
thought, when so full an expression of his 
opinion was quite unnecessary. If, to these 
qualities, he added a fund of dry humour, 
and a great share of child-like simplicity, the 
component parts of Mr. Blunt's character 
will be clearly and fully enumerated. In a 
word, he was one whom all that really knew 
him loved and appreciated, while with those 
who could not understand him, or whom he 
chose to keep at a distance, he passed for a 
man whose odd, old-bachelor habits, want 
of sympathy with the ways of the world, 
and irresistible boldness in telling home-
truths, made him rather awful and disagree-
able in society.

As for Mr. Blunt's personal appearance, 
the page's remarks were no great caricature, 
except in so far as this, that the brilliant, 
deep-set eye, which was, perhaps, sternly 
fixed on the saucy jackanapes, had for its 
usual expression, one of deep and thought-
ful benevolence.

Such was the visitor who ushered himself 
into the breakfast-room at Lady Blonde-
ville's, unannounced, and, as the event 
proved, unexpected.

On entering the apartment, the first 
thing that struck Mr. Blunt's eye was his 
eldest niece, sitting with her back towards 
him, busily occupied with her breakfast;

the next thing which caught his attention, 
was a table, on which lay a heap of draw-
ings of female costume of the fashion of 
Henry the Eighth's reign, and several non-
descript articles of female apparel, composed 
of the most costly materials, embroidered 
velvet, gold brocade, and such like.

"Some more dry toast, Lucas," said the 
young lady, without turning her head round, 
and addressing herself, as she supposed, to 
the groom of the chambers.

Whereupon, uncle Wat walked straight 
up to the table, and selecting a coil or cap 
of sky blue velvet and pearls, stuck it jaun-

cily on one side of his head, and then coming 
quietly behind his niece's chair, put his head 
over her shoulder, and, looking into her face, 
said in his softest tone, "Yes, Ma'am."

Certainly there was enough in the appa-
rition of that old, wrinkled, weather-beaten 
face in its azure head-gear, to make any 
body start, on whom it came unexpectedly, 
and there was nothing very extraordinary 
in the fact that Miss Blondeville dropped 
her cup of cocoa, started from her chair, and 
screamed violently; but an acute observer 
might have perceived that the scream which 
commenced in sheer fright, was prolonged 
indiscriminately till its undulations exhibited a 
sort of hysterical giggle, not so much of ter-
ror as of despair.

"Upon my word, my dear Augusta, I 
didn't mean to frighten you so. I can't 
think how I could be such a fool."

"A... h!" exclaimed the lady, with a 
sort of running out of her mouth, "shriek.

"My dear uncle Wat, how could you terrify 
me so?" What has happened?

"You've upset the tea-cup, that's all. 
Well, never mind. How are you all?"

inquired the uncle, laying aside his coil, and 
looking rather guilty.

"But where did you come from? when 
did you arrive?"

"I came from Wroxton this morning; 
got to town by the last train."

"Well, uncle Wat," said the young lady, 
gradually recovering herself, and endeavor-
ing, as best she might, to conceal the ex-
action she was feeling at her uncle's most (as it 
happened) inopportune visit, "this is a 
most unexpected, most agreeable," (how 
does she look before words!) "surprise. 
How amazed Mamma will be when she 
hears you are in the house! So kind of you 
to come."

"Amazed! unexpected! surprise!" ex-
claimed Mr. Blunt, repeating his niece's 
words. "Why, Augusta, I do believe I've 
frightened you out of your senses. You 
expected me to day, didn't you? Tuesday, 
the fifteenth, it was to be; and to day is 
Tuesday, the fifteenth, is it not?"

"Oh yes, so it is," replied Augusta, look-
ing blanker than ever, "it is the fifteenth; 
but—"
"But what I" asked uncle Wat, who could never tolerate an unfinished sentence. "The sentence of life, was not destined to be finished: for, at that moment, the door opened, and Lady Blondenville's youngest daughter, Gertrude, entered, and having done so, stood for a moment transfixed, as though she had seen a ghost, and then with a sudden exclamation darted out of the room.

Up the stairs she bounded,—two or three steps at a time, till she reached her mother's dressing-room and then pausing once more, as if to take courage, presented herself to Lady Blondenville, who was just finishing her toilette.

"Oh, Mamma!" she exclaimed, "you'll be so dreadfully angry with me; you never will forgive me; I've done such a thing!"

"What! not accepted Edward Stanley, I trust?" said the affectionate parent, who shrunk from contemplating the immeasurable turpitude of an union, in which high principle would be the only compensation for a name and a fortune that barely reached a thousand a year.

Gertrude colored, and replied, "Oh no, it is something which you would think a great deal worse than that."

"Worse!" cried Lady Blondenville. "My goodness! you haven't broken Madame de Pompadour's Chocolate cup?"

"Oh no, dear Mamma, worse, worse, worse. Uncle Wat wrote me word that he was coming here this morning, and I forgot to tell you, and ... and ... he's now in the breakfast room with Augusta!"

"Gertrude!" said her mother, in utter dismay, "you had better have broken the cup, aye, and married the footman, than done such a thing as this. I'm excessively displeased. What could have been the reason of such intolerable carelessness?"

"I'm very, very sorry, Mamma; but the moment I got the letter I went into your room to tell you, and just then came the Duchess of Knutsford's note, inviting us to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and we were so busy and so eager, that I forgot all about it, and never once thought of it again till I saw my Uncle in the house."

Lady Blondenville, however angry she felt, saw that there was no time to be lost, and hurried down into the breakfast room, where, with a countenance refugent with pleasure, and beaming with smiles, she welcomed her brother, whom she was all the while "wishing at Jericho," as the saying is.

"My dear, dear Wat, how glad I am to see you, how well you are looking; grown quite a fat again, no more sleepy nights, I hope, or return of sciatica? Ah! you are quite right: there is nobody like Jephson: rather domineering and despotic about the bill of fare, but so essentially kind, and clever, and judicious.—Really to see you, and see you so well, I feel it quite a refresh-

ment already,—for I've been rather over-done of late: but we won't talk about that, for I must crave your pardon for a sad heedless girl who has used you very ill. Ah, Gertrude, you may well look ashamed; would you believe it, Wat, that girl's head was so turned with the thoughts of her first fancy-ball, that she actually forgot to tell us a word about your proposed visit?"

"Ho, ho! Mistress Gertrude, so that's the way you treat your correspondents, is it?" said the old man in a kind tone. "Well, I must think of some heavy penalty to be inflicted on you. What shall it be? more partners than you can find time to dance with, or more bills than you can find time to go to?—But how is this?" he added in an altered tone, "if I was unexpected, Augusta, why couldn't you tell me so, instead of humbugging me as you did just now? I had much rather you would spit at me, than throw dust in my eyes. Aye, aye, I know what you would say, but I happen to like truth better than civility. I know you fashionable people think nothing of this kind of tricks. I dare say they are often very convenient; but for my part I see little difference between equivocation and downright lying.—Ah! yes, I know you are thinking Uncle Wat a great bear: why don't you say so at once? you may as well say it as think it."

But much as we admire his powers of observation and execution, politeness would have demanded some hesitation in so uncourteously associating the fashionable fair with burglars and beasts of prey.

We extract the paragraph;—

It was a fine summer's evening, and the moon shone brightly, and the mob was in high good humour, so that, on the whole, the imprisonment was not very intolerable to persons habituated to prefer London to the country, and to go out for amusement at hours when the reasonable portion of mankind go to bed. Beasts of prey, burglars, and ladies of fashion are the only three kinds of noctivagous mammalia.

Without prematurely developing the plot or issue of the story, the strong manner in which life in collieries and certain London apprenticeships is depicted, luxury and prodigality seeking to sustain themselves on the pains and hardships of their humbler fellow-creatures, will reward the perusal of 'Pleasure and its Price,' and must awaken still greater interest in the breasts of those who have the power to mitigate the sorrows and improve the condition of all classes.
THEATRES.

"A short life and a merry one" is said to be the motto of those determined upon dangerous or desperate courses. To deal with refractory or self-sufficient actors is always dangerous to a manager, as has been signally exemplified in the case of Mr. Wallack, of Covent-Garden theatre, whose season, although surprisingly short, has been anything but a merry one, arising from disagreements with certain of his company, who would not coincide with the manager's views for the benefit of authors, or the accommodation of the public. From this it may be conceived how the best intentions may be frustrated, the most judicious arrangements overturned, and the greatest anxiety for general amusement and instruction, rendered futile by unforeseen occurrences and unexpected causes; and readers as well as play-goers should grant a kind indulgence to literary short-comings, which, however unavoidable, must necessarily inflict on them a degree of disappointment. Blossoms that have required infinite time and toil to cultivate, are sometimes nipped by a sudden blast; but new beauties and perfections may arise from partial decline; and as we hope the manager's renewed efforts will carry him through a successful season, so we trust the same apology will be taken, and the same support granted to this old and esteemed periodical, "The Court Magazine," and such as may be commensurate with the unwearied assiduity and pains bestowed for the general gratification.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—The present manager of this splendid establishment, which opened on the second of October, is Mr. Henry Wallack, who professedly starts with the laudable object of treating the public with entirely new dramas. By such a commendable course an opportunity will be afforded to men of the present day to shew whatever talent they may possess, and perchance some new and brilliant star, may arise to illumine the dreary horizon of theatrical darkness and dulness. However, in a word, whatever the talent be, the opportunity will be afforded to judge of its quality, thanks to the management which thus intends to grant to the most humble, but probably highly meritorious aspirant, the full display of genius which, in nautical parlance, without lead and compass will now be sailing on this new voyage of discovery how—in that most difficult of all difficult tastors—to win theatrical popularity. The audience assembled on the first night seemed fully disposed to afford every encouragement to so arduous an undertaking, and an address, in verse, spoken by Mr. Wallack, as an introduction to the performance, was received with very hearty cheers, particularly the lines expressing a resolution of employing none but English artists in an English theatre. The house was very well attended, and it was scarcely possible for a commencement to look more auspicious. The entertainment began with a play entitled Woman, which is grounded upon the attachments which Julian Doria, an artist, fancies his wife, Nina, feels for another. Did any such attachment exist, the whole beauty of the piece, the whole of the absorbing interest of the characters would be destroyed; it is virtue, for which we tremble, while thus apparently involved in the hazards of infancy— and to leave no doubt upon the subject, lest any should be offended, the author has dexterously presented the real lover of this Cola to the audience in the person of the lady's former guardian's daughter. Gaston's insinuations alarm Julian, who reproaches his wife, but is partially convinced by her assertions, though still uneasy, on which circumstances depend the incipient interest of the plot, which in the third act is heightened after the Jew, Benoni, a reviler of the Nazarene, living with his daughter Ruth, is applied to by Gaston for a love-pilferer, but unconsciously receives a deadly poison, Benoni, stipulating as its price the being admitted to witness its effects. For this wanton barbarity he is awfully punished by discovering that Nina is his own daughter, who, as she sinks senseless, is supported by Cola, and being found in this situation by her husband, his former jealousy is confirmed and increased, and he rushes out resolved to drown his sorrows in dissipate excesses. At length, the dreadful suspense is ended, Ruth having furnished an antidote, by which Nina is again restored to her jealous and devoted husband, and affectionate father, whilst Gaston, supposing her to be dead, affirms his legacies even his belief in her purity. Whilst, then, he is mortified at the unexpected turn of events, which has infused happiness into every breast, the play is brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

The piece itself exhibits an entire want of character. Notions are taken from some play or other and personified anew. Doria's jealousy worked upon by Gaston was but a reflex of the scenes between Othello and Iago, the Jew was the old conventional hater of Christians, and Nina could be traced in Beatrice, so that already existing plays were the sole objects of imitation. This, however,
was no cause of failure. Our modern dramatists have generally a pretty strong taste for adopting conventionalities, and the most likely error of a young author would be to take personages as they are exhibited in works of dramatic art, rather than as they are known to be in ordinary life. The writer of Woman is not chargeable in a higher degree with the sin of re-production, than most of the writers of five-act plays since—we cannot say when. All who essay the "legitimate" find themselves more or less the slaves of convention. The chief faults which caused the indifferent reception of Woman were of construction. The story, though simple, was not clearly told, nor the situations well managed. When the Jew has caused his daughter to be poisoned, at the end of the third act, the effect of that really strong situation is marred by delaying the fall of the curtain; the fifth act terminates most flatly, from the want of dramatic mechanism. Much in the way of remodeling may be done, and then it is possible that Woman may be made a tolerably pleasant play, though it cannot make a lasting impression, from the want of concentrated interest. The actors also might do more for it. Mrs. Nisbet, lovely Nina, acted with immense spirit, and made of the character all that the author could wish, though it would be desirable for him to soften some of the pleasantries she is required to utter. But neither the Jew nor his daughter were rendered so effective as they might have been by Mr. and Mrs. Vandenhoff. The young lady was particularly weak in parts where strength was eminently required, and during a great portion of the drama her voice was scarcely audible. A description she gives of Shakspeare in the third act, where she enters reading one of his plays, must have moved many to tears. And it is to be doubted whether here we would remark on the vein of true poetry which occasionally makes its appearance. In many instances the imagery is not new, but it is freely and gracefully used, and the love scene between Doria and Inez, which opens the piece, is particularly distinguished by energy and passion. This work is more creditable, shows a higher turn of thought, gives greater promise, than his former successful drama. The reception of the piece, which was announced for repetition amidst a contention of the "eyes" and "noes," was indeed not flattering; and the farce, called My Wife's On, as performed after the anthem. The principal parts were played by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. The humour turns on a lady's jealousy, who the better secure the affections of her husband, a "gay Lothario" innocently returns the pain he has inflicted by contriving an interview with her brother, personally unknown to him, and afterwards disguise herself in man's clothes. The dialogue is very smartly written, and excited roars of laughter. Keeley's acting as the husband; Miss Mordaunt's, as the wife; Wigan's, as the brother; and Mrs. Keeley's, as a housemaid, was completely up to the mark. A new Irishman (Mr. Hamilton) who acted sometime ago at Miss Kelly's, played the part in the Happy Man, which concluded the entertainments, and kept the audience in good humour by his broad humour and vivacity. Either invention must be at a low ebb, or the public must be most easily content with stale matter of mirth when they so favorably receive worn-out incidents and stage-conventionalities. The "Married Rape," by Selby, is built upon a nearly similar circumstance, an instance which might be multiplied almost without end. Farce-writers and dramatists generally exhibit less pains, or less power in making an original use of materials ready to hand, than many who put forward no pretensions to invention or creative talent, whose literary undertakings are, notwithstanding, equally distinguished by these qualities.

Instead of witnessing a theatrical performance within this theatre, on Saturday, Oct 14, the public saw the following declaration outside its walls:—"In announcing the opening of this theatre, on Monday next, for a second season, the lessee has to offer a brief explanation of the causes which have more immediately led to the premature closing of that which has just terminated. The lessee having, on the opening night, assured the public that he would make the theatre a home for the English author and actor, proceeded to redeem the pledge thus made by an endeavor to produce a succession of novelty, and by the revival of some of the standard plays of Shakspeare. In both these attempts he much regrets to say that he was constantly thwarted and crippled, principally by those who should have first come to his aid and forward his views. The immediate and eventual consequence of this was a ruinous nightly loss to himself, and its final result an absolute necessity for closing a theatre of the success of which, by the performance of the legitimate drama only, he cannot now retain a hope. He has, therefore, resolved to meet the evil as early as possible, and having thus terminated on the 13th instant a season as brief as unfortunate, he now most respectfully begs to announce his intention of re-opening the theatre under such new arrangements, and with the aid of such talent, native and foreign, as he hopes may prove more attractive to the public, and, therefore, less disadvantageous to himself. With a view to carry out, by every means within his power, the above design, the lessee has the honor to announce that he has, besides other attractive arrangements still pending, concluded an engagement for a series of representations with the far-famed juvenile company, known
as Le Gymnase Enfantin, et la Troupe des Enfants Castelli, whose wonderful and almost incredible performances are now the theme of admiration throughout Paris and the principal cities of France. Due notice will be given of their arrival in England, and a single tragic actor in London at this present time, who holds such a rank that he is justified in the refusal of a part, provided, of course, it belongs to his line. A fair reason for such refusal would be, that the actor by playing the part would lose his position with the public. None of our present tragic actors can allege this reason, as not holding a fixed position with the public. There are not ten persons in London, besides his own private friends, who care in what parts any individual actor performs, or whether at all, provided that the cast be respectable. We are not merely stating our own private opinion, but one that has been manifestly maintained by the public for years. If any of the gentlemen or ladies of the tragic profession doubt what we say, let them ask in any miscellaneous company if we have a great tragic actor, and the answer will be "No—no—no!" We have ever been far from underrating the merits of our present actors; we have seen them, when all playing harmoniously together, produce an excellent effect. But if told that any of them are assuming the character of "stars," we can only hear and marvel.

When the real "star" refuses a part he or she is ordered to play by the manager just because it does not suit his or her particular whim, a manifest wrong is committed, but still we can understand that wrong. The "star" being in possession of power, abuses that power, and it is the necessary effect of too much power to bring with it its own abuse. But at any rate the real "star" has the capability of good, as well as the capability of evil. If a popular prima donna of the Opera-house refuses to sing, except on the most unreasonable conditions, the manager, nevertheless, knows that by complying with those conditions he will succeed in drawing good houses. But our present tragedians have nothing to offer as a compensation, if their requests be unreasonable. As far as their own individual attractions go the manager will find his benches just as empty when he has complied with their demands, as he would have found them without such compliance. Many persons will go to hear Grisi for the sake of hearing Grisi, and not for the sake of the opera; but the people who go now to our English theatres when a tragedy is performed will go for the sake of the play, as we have not a tragedian who individually can fill five rows of the pit. In the present state of the drama the actors should do anything to be useful, anything to put plays in a working condition. By that course they might eventually even get a name with the public, instead of being
so totally unknown except among habitual players as they are now. But, on the other hand, if they are left to interfere with their duty to the manager and the public, they will eventually find the theatres partly closed altogether, and partly held by managers who have bought experience dearly, and who will refuse to enter into engagements bringing so much pain and no profit. The present appearance of the drama has never looked so miserable as they do at present; the fortunes of the drama cease to be regarded with general curiosity; plays cease to be a subject of conversation in fashionable circles; and yet, in the midst of the wreck, we find the actors like, alas! printers, instead of using all exertions to serve as the drama’s chiefest enemies, and making great efforts to destroy their own profession and everything connected therewith.

Haymarket. — Farren’s “Grandfather Whitehead.” We may consider a sort of modern English acting. The shuffling adhesion to stage convention, and the mere exhibition of the actor’s own individual peculiarity, on either of which performers usually rested, were for once abandoned, and here was a comedian really studying character and setting it forth. Shades were discriminated, details observed, minute touches distinctly given; in a word, abstraction was abandoned, and an individual personage presented.

Of that really artistic acting which Farren exhibited we have another specimen in the piece of Old Parr. The same spirit of careful, delicate delineation is at work. First, we have “Old Parr” at the age of 120. He is, in accordance with history, just married—a hale, hearty man, rejoicing in his vigor. Occasionally, a little imbecility creeps over him, occasionally his memory is inclined to be treacherous; but these are the mere beginnings of decay. The substance of the old man, both in mind and body, is yet untouched. He is a stalwart man, and a shrewd man likewise. When the second act begins 28 years have passed, and Parr is 148. He is dressed in a patriarchal gown! A long, white beard descends to his waist. From a black skull-cap fall down long grey curls. In short, our old friend is clad after the pattern of the throned heroes, that appear on the box of the patent medicine, entitled, “Parr’s Life Pills.” The old man is no longer shrewd. His mind refuses to retain a single thought. His eye is vacant, and occasionally rests itself immovably on some object which chance presents, though no distinct sense is obtained. He does sit gazing at a bunch of flowers. The mirth of the other characters is going on around him, yet they cannot arrest his attention. He would try to recollect the names of the flowers, but it is no easy task, and the solution seems fully to occupy the small relic of his mind. Yet intelligence is not quite extinct. One of the characters, to awaken him from his lethargy, must kneel in the dress of her aunt, whom Parr has seen in his youth—viz., when he was about 89. His eye lights up, the expressionless features again form themselves into meaning, the old man is once more a clearly perceptible being. Such is the impression which Farren’s Old Parr makes upon us. It is not often that any piece of modern acting would call for a description six lines long, but this is a masterpiece.

The drama itself we cannot much praise. Though written with care it is deficient in action, and wants dramatic interest. Less admirably acted, Old Parr himself would have been a wearisome personage. As it is, the plot he figures as the witness to a will, and as he alone can prove this, when every other trace of a title to certain property is obliterated by years, he is enabled to take this property out of the hands of a villain, who has obtained it by forgery, and to restore it to the rightful owners. Stewart, as the historian of the estate, played with much care, especially in giving his notion of the workings of a troubled conscience. Buckstone and Miss Bennett amused as a brace of Cambrians, and the little character of page to Old Parr was gracefully sustained by Miss Kendall. But it is Farren alone that gives the drama its stability. His character is the picture which alone will dwell in the mind. Retaining his appearance of age and decrepitude after the fall of the curtain, he announced it for repetition, amid unanimous applause.

Except few instances, the art of acting is lost, like the preparation of certain colors by the ancient Egyptians. We have already noticed Mr. Farren’s performance of Old Parr. Having been accustomed to the ordinary stage routine, we forgot there could be any thing higher—and now find a man who knows something about this old mystery. So when Menage saw for the first time Molière’s Precieuses Ridicules, he exclaimed, “This is a comedy?” It was not merely something better than something else, but it was a new kind of thing—the difference from what he had seen before was in kind, not in degree. So we say of Farren’s Old Parr, “This is acting—this is something we do not see elsewhere.” Our tragedians can do nothing half so complete, then why not do what they can towards promoting the drama generally.

A succession of small but spirited, and of some them well-constructed pieces, offered in profusion and rapidity at this theatre, continues to fill its benches, spite of all its host of rivals.

We regret to add that Mr. Farren was last week suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, a visitation singularly awful as tending to produce the very decrepitude which he has
been so successfully exerting himself to represent.

Princess's. — Establishments of much higher pretension might learn a useful practical lesson from the elegant and judicious management of this small but beautiful theatre, which has every prospect of a profitable season. There are here no empty professions, but all that is undertaken is accomplished with care, taste, spirit and energy. The manner in which his operas are performed, indeed his operas chiefly, from Her Majesty's theatre, but he always contrives to give them an appearance of novelty, by bringing out effects that others have neglected, or introducing some new decorative feature, showing a praiseworthy resolution to provide for the public gratification to the utmost of his ability.

Old Guard, the last of which the season of last year closed, was chosen to commence the new. Mr. Morris Barnett's bold and effective acting, as the old Frenchman, and the delicate performance of Eugenie Prosper's, late of the French company at St. James's, who made her début as an English actress, contributed much to the success of the piece. The entertainments concluded with Giselle, very beautifully put on the stage, and in which the grouping have been excellently managed. The dancing of Gilbert and Miss Ballin, as the Duke and Giselle, was loudly applauded.

After its conclusion a new drama, named "Old Guard," was produced. The hero of this piece is a sergeant of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, with all the enthusiasm that inspired the dying soldier of Waterloo, where his last energies were exerted to throw into the air his shattered arm, and his last accents were "Vive l'Empereur!"

We do not like the plot of the story; such attachements, if such be the fashionable parlance, when thus they turn upon kindred blood, are fitter to be kept out of mind, according to our notions, than to be paraded in public. That the pleasure-seeker was reformed we rejoice, but his physic is a nauseate to delicate susceptibility, such as that, indeed, which we feel assured animates the breasts and acts upon the minds of our readers. His shame and his remorse, tend not to strengthen the cause of virtue—a law, irrefragable, chains him to repentance, that is, at least, mars his intended meal. But we hope he has sincerely repented, and that the author of the play will never find such another subject; without saying more, our object is apparent.

"Lucia di Lamuraonor," and "Don Pasquale," have been likewise acted.

Adephi. — The season commenced at this popular theatre with a domestic drama, in three acts, entitled "Marie", in which the principal characters were by Mr. Lyon, Count de Fleuruy, an antiquated debauchee of the school of Louis XV.; Mr. O. Smith, as Loustalot, a Savoyard peasant, father of the heroine, Mrs. Yates. The plot of the piece is simple, yet sufficiently full of incident and circumstance to create good stage effects and dramatic positions. Marie is loved by the Marquis of Silvy, who courts her in the disguise of a hunter of the mountains; she returns his love, not knowing his rank. His mother (Mrs. D. Lee), of course objects to his match with an obscure peasant, and provides for him what she considers a more suitable mate. After a variety of adventures, in which the old adage, "The course of true love never runs smooth, is illustrated," the lovers are united, and the piece ends happily.

Amongst the subordinate characters there is one called Conchon, played by Miss Emma Stanley, who gave great promise of future reputation, and in a mock bravura very justly obtained an unanimous encore. Mrs. Yates played with her usual felicity in the representation of domestic tragedy, and was painfully correct in the development of the passions of love, disappointment, and regret. Mr. Lyon was also clever in a line of character in which he has not usually appeared. The piece was well received, and given out for future representation amidst unanimous plaudits. "Odine" followed, in which a new danseuse, Mademoiselle Celeste Stephan, made her début before a London audience. She is a very elegant dancer, and a great addition to the company. The ballet was altogether excellently got up. The humorous farce of "Banks the Bagman," concluded the opening night's entertainments.

The above have since been superseded by other attractions from which it may be inferred that the new pieces were not found to be so profitable as calculated to draw as the management expected. The entertainments now announced are "The Roll of the Drum;" "The Moral Philosopher;" with the ballet of "Odine."

The Heroes of Afghanistan. Cramer and Beale.

This song, the words of which exhibit considerable melody and practical taste, would have been much improved, if the recitative had been of a more decided character. The modulations are fine and effective; we may also instance that from A major to D major, which occurs more than once as particularly scientific; being adapted to military instrumentation, coupled with the recent successes of the British army, this, so laudatory a tribute to the heroes of our national triumphs, will doubtless gain no small portion of favor and patronage.

Zoalithe, by Mosses Wardale and Co. This preparation for the hair seems to offer it an acceptable homoeopathic nourishment.
This plan of a Printed Alphabetic Registration of Marriages, Births and Deaths was proposed some years back to the Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of Exurban Burial in England—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, namely in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of— in a recent number. His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and 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 inconsiderate enough not to register with this establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place, ever, forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there 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.

**BIRTHS.**

Balston, the lady of G. F. Balston, esq., of a daughter; at Everton-lodge, Lymington, Oct. 20.

Bateham, the lady of Capt. Josiah Bateman, vicar of Huddersfield, of a daughter, Oct. 22.

Byrne, the lady of W. Byrne, esq., of a daughter, in Montagu-square, Portman-square, Aug. 25.

Carnac, the lady of Capt. Rivett Carnac, of a son; at Church-house, Uckfield, Oct. 22.

Cockell, the lady of James Cockell, of a daughter, Bernier-street, Russell square, Aug. 29.

Duncan, the Lady Caroline, of a daughter; at Burlington-street, Aug. 15.

Englund, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Englund, A.M., of a son; at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, Oct. 19.

Finch, the lady of J. W., esq., of a daughter, at Knite's-place, Pembury, August 15.

Fitzgerald, the lady of G.W., esq., of a daughter, of Lawrence Pointney-hill, Aug. 4.

Francis, the lady of the Rev. C. D. Francis, of a daughter, at Bradfield-on-the-Green, Northamptonshire; Oct. 17.

Flower, the lady of Matthew Flower, esq., of a daughter; at Norfolk-crescent, Hyde-park, Oct. 22.

Fry, the wife of James Thomas Fry, esq., of a son; at Elm-grove, Sydenham, Aug. 17.

Gaskell, the lady of W. P. Gaskell, esq., of a daughter; at Bayswater, Oct. 21.

Gibson, the lady of George Gibson, Esq., of a son, at Ashfield, Midhurst, August 31.

Godsmid, the lady of William, of a son, at Hackbridge, Surrey, August 18.

Gosset, the lady of Montague, esq., in Trinity-terrace, Southwark, August 3.

Hamnuck, the lady of the Rev. St. Vincent Hhamnuck, of a son, at Milton Abbey, Devon, Oct. 23.

Hoare, Lady Sophia, of a son and heir; at Queen-square-house, St. James's-park, Oct. 20.

Holloway, the lady of Horatio F. K. Holloway, esq., of a son and heir, of Marchwood, near Southampton, Aug. 9.

Holt, the wife of John Holt, esq., of a son; at Baywater, Oct. 21.

Howden, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel, of the Malras Army, of a daughter, at Edinburgh, Aug. 31.

Julius, the wife of Frederic, esq., of a daughter, of Richmond, Surrey, Aug. 29.

Larking, the wife of John Wingfield Larking, esq., of a son; at Alexandria, Egypt, Oct. 4.

Milne, the lady of the Rev. Robert Matthew Milne, of a daughter; at Old Palace-yard, Oct. 20.

Moffat, the lady of Captain Douglas Moffat, Bengal Cavalry, of a son and heir, at Cawnpore, July 31.

Moffat, the wife of Lieutenant Moffat, of the 11th Regiment of Bengal Light Cavalry, of a son; at Cawnpore, July 31.

Neydeck, Octavia Maria, lady of the Baron Frederick von Neydeck, of twins, daughters; at Pironton, Bavaria, Oct. 4.


Pocock, the lady of Samuel Pocock, esq., of a daughter; at Bloomsbury-square, Oct. 23.

Poyar, the lady of John Poyar Poyar, esq., of a son and heir, of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, Oct. 26.

Radford, the lady of C. Ralford, esq., of a son; at Brunswick-terrace, Commercial-road, Oct. 21.

Ransley, the lady of the Rev. Drummond Ransley, of a daughter, at the Parsonage, Little Hadham, Herts.

Walters, the lady of the Rev. Thomas O'Byly Walters, of a daughter, at Congresbury, Somerset, Oct. 22.
MARRIAGES.

Adams, Eliza, 3rd daughter of James Adams, esq., of Finsbury-sq., to Herbert Harris Cannan, 4th son of the late David Cannan, esq., of the same place; by the Rev. N. Wade, M.A., at St. Paul's Church, Sept. 17.

Aitken, Isabella Frances, only daughter of Alex. Aitken, esq., of Thornton, Fife-shire, to Gilbert Smith, M.D., son of the late Alexander Smith, esq., of Edinburgh; at the British Embassy, Paris, Sept. 7.

Alewyn, Maria Henrietta, daughter of Jas. Alewyn, esq., of St. John's-wood, to George Ridgale, esq.; at St. Pancras Church, Aug. 1.


Ayers, Anna, 2d daughter of John Wigg Ayers, esq., of Lingwood, Norfolk, to Robert Bertram, esq., of Oxford; by the Rev. C. W. Page, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Aug. 17.

Banting, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Banting, of Kensington, to Mr. Edw. Westbrook, of Heston, Middlesex; by the Rev. W. Orger, incumbent of Shirley, Hants, at St. Mary's Church, Abbott's, Kensington, Oct. 21.

Barker, Maria Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Peter Henry Barker, esq., of Bedford, to Jesse Watts Russell, esq., of Ilam Hall, Staffordshire, and Biggin House, Northamptonshire, at the British Embassy, Munich, June 20.

Barker, Jane Vale Barker, niece of Mrs. A. Smith, of Grove-terrace, Kentish-town, and grand-daughter of the late John Barker, of the same place, to Henry Wood, esq., of Kentish-town, solicitor; by the Rev. C. J. Elliot, at St. Pancras Church, Aug. 12.

Barrow, Mary Amelia, eldest daughter of John Finlason, esq., at the residence of her uncle, William Finlason, esq., Hounslow, St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, to John Benson Barrow, esq., of Black-river, Jamaica and Liverpool, Aug. 30.

Baylis, Catharine Maria, only daughter of the late Thomas Baylis, esq., of Woolwich Common, to Vesey Thomas Dawson, esq., barrister-at-law, at the British Embassy, at Berne, Switzerland, August 17.

Bell, Emma, 2d daughter of J. Bell, esq., of Russell-square, to the Rev. H. Reade, quarterly vicar of Wolverton; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Sept. 6.

Berestford, F. Wilhelmina, only surviving daughter of the late J. Percival Berestford, esq., to Edward Walter Palmer, at Simla, May 10.


Bond, Miss, daughter of Benjamin Bond, esq., of Kingsbury, Middlesex, to John George Swindell, esq., of St. Red Lion-square, Holborn; by the Rev. H. Stomar, at Chesterfield Church, Derbyshire, Sept. 26.

Bottomley, Fanny, youngest daughter of Wm. Bottomley, esq., of Enfield, Middlesex, to the Rev. Christopher Greenside; by the Rev. J. W. Eyre, at the Parish Church, Enfield, Aug. 3.

Boxwell, Matilda Shutter, 4th daughter of the late Thomas Boxwell, esq., Hammersmith, Middlesex, to Captain Carruthers, Town-Major, and of Knockbeg, Queen's County, Ireland; by the Rev. G. Hough, by special license, at the residence of Henry Bickersteth, esq., Cape of Good Hope, May 13.

Bourchier, Mary Ann Thielle, 2d daughter of Mr. William Bourchier, King William-street, west, and granddaughter of the late Michael Thielle, esq., to John Charles Bristow, esq., of Bushmere-hill, Westmoreland; by the Rev. P. Hall, rector of Misletoe, Wilt's, and minister of Long-acre Chapel, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Oct. 18.

Bown, Caroline Sophia, only daughter of J. Bown, esq., of Blackheath, Kent, to Edward Lawes, esq., of the Middle Temple, eldest son of Mr. Serjeant Lawes; by Hon. and Rev. H. Legge, at Lewisham, Aug. 15.


Buckley, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Henry Buckley, esq., of Mecklenburgh-square, to Christopher John Robert Allatt, esq., M.D., of Boulogne-sur-Mer; by the Rev. J. Letts, rector, at St. Olave's, Hart-street, Sept. 18.


Campbell, Lady Sarah, to Major Charles P. Ainslie, of the 14th Light Dragoons, July 13.


Cass, Clara Elizabeth, 3rd daughter of John Cass, esq., of the Heath, Herts, to Thomas Ingleman, eldest son of the late Thos. P. Hart, esq., of Wimborne Minister; at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, Oct. 17.

Chiswell, Jemima, only daughter of the late,


Cordinson, Emma, daughter of the late Sir Bethell Cordinson, Bart., of Dodington, Gloucestershire, to John Harvey Lovell, esq., of Colepark, Wilts; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 1.

Coulman, Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Coulman, esq., of Whigfield-hall, Yorkshire, to James Clarke Ross, Captain of the Royal Navy. The bride was given away by her uncle, R. J. Coulman, esq., of Wadworth-hall, and Capt. Ross was attended by his gallant friends and companions of several of his Arctic and Antarctic voyages, Captains Crozier and Bud, and by Captain M. Dixon, R. N.; by the Rev. J. Sharpe, at Wadworth, Oct. 18.


Croft, Elizabeth Anne, 2d daughter of Sir John Croft, Bart., of Dodington, Kent, and Cooling-hall, Yorkshire, to Henry Stephen, eldest son of R. I. Thompson, esq., of Kirby-hall, Yorkshire; by the Rev. J. Radcliffe, in Beeston Church, Aug. 25.


Cumberlidge, Louisa, 3d daughter of the late Adm. Cumberland, and grand-daughter of the late Richard Cumberland, esq., to Edward, son of the late J. P. Lockhart, esq., formerly President of the Island, in Dominica, May 18.


Debnam, Sophia, 4th daughter of Major R. J. Debnam, H. M. 13th Foot, to Lieutenant H. Shaw Stewart, 28th Bengal N. Infantry; at Barrackpore, May 16.

Dick, Louisa, daughter of the late M. Dick, esq., of Richmond-hill, Surrey, and Pitkeero, Forfarshire, to James Ewing, esq., of Parkcrescent, Portland-place; by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich; at St. Marylebone Church, Oct. 23.

Drayson, Emily, daughter of Wm. Drayson, esq., of Brompton, near Chatham, Kent, late of Waltham-abbey, Essex, to Wm. Woods, esq., of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Chatham; by the Rev. R. R. Rede, M.A.; at Gillingham Church, Kent, Aug. 9.

Easthope, Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir John Easthope, Bart., M.P., to Andrew Doyle, esq., of the Inner Temple; at Weybridge, Surrey, Aug. 22.


Ely, Rachael, 2d daughter of the late Chas. Ely, esq., to Edward Strick, esq., of Drury-street; by the Rev. — Langdale, at Bexley, Aug. 15.

Faithful, Augusta, daughter of the late Col. Faithful, Bengal Artillery, to Lieut. Mounsey Staples, 68th Bengal N. I., 2d son of the Rev. Dr. Staples, of Gowan, Kilkenny, Barrack-pore, March 25.


Fennings, Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Fennings, of Iron-ware, to Mr. William Lyal, of No. 1, Grosvenor-place, Camberwell; by the Rev. G. Ainslie, at Saint Peter's Church, Walworth, Oct. 18.

Ferrier, Eleanor, 2d daughter of John Ferrier, esq., York Place, to George, second and only surviving son of the late Major-General Sir George Leith, Bart; at Edinburgh, Sept. 5.


Fraser, Jannet, younger daughter of Mrs. Fraser, Argyll-street, London, to Henry Forde, esq., M.D. and B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin; by the Rev. D. Fraser, M.A., at St. James's, Sept. 5.

Fraser, Annie, only daughter of the late Colonel Fraser, of the Royal Artillery, to John, son of Giles Thornber, esq., of Poulton-le-Fylde; by the Rev. W. Thornber, of Blackpool, B.A., at St. Pancras Church, Aug. 3.

Gallway, Marianne Margaret, eldest daughter of the late J. Florence Gallway, esq., of Port Orotava, Tenerife, to William L. Hurst, 2d son of Thomas Hurst, esq., late of Radmill and Upperton, Eastbourne, at Port Orotava, Tenerife, May 24.

Garstin, Sophia Frances, daughter of the late Captain John Garstin, H. M.'s 88th Regiment, to Major Augustus Abbott, C.B. Bengal Artillery, Hon. aide-de-caut to the Governor-General, at Puttugbur, March 23.

Grant, Anne, daughter of Colonel Grant, of Hayes Park, Middleton, to Peregrine Birch, esq., of Wreatham-hall, Norfolk, Sept. 4.

Gray, Susannah Henrietta, eldest daughter of Robert Gray, esq., of Brompton-crescent, to George Henry, eldest son of George Drew, esq., of Bermoussy and Streatham; by the Rev. W. J. Irons, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Aug. 5.

Gray, Mary Ann, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Loftus Gray, and daughter of the late Rev. J. Lamarchane, of Sidmouth, to Captain Wm. Andros; at Trinity Church, Bath, Aug. 15.

Golding, Frances Emma, eldest daughter of


Hall, Emily, 3d and only surviving daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Hall, Seignior of Chambly, to Thomas Richard Mills, esq., late Lieutenant 1st Dragoon Guards, eldest son of William Mills, esq., of Saxham Hall, Suffolk, at Chambly, Canada, May 31.

Hall, Marian Jane, youngest daughter of Joseph Hall, esq., of Pinner-wood, to D. W. Soames, esq., of Pinner; by the Rev. T. J. Burrow, Aug. 2.


Hamilton, Jane Hamilla, youngest daughter of the late John Hamilton, esq., to Henry Spencer, esq., of Helmington-hall, Durham, youngest son of the late Captain Shield; by the Rev. J. Hutchinson, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Aug. 9.


Hamper, Elizabeth Sarah Sharpe, eldest daughter of the late W. Hamper, esq., F.S.A., many years one of the justices of the peace for the counties of Warwick and Worcester, to Christopher James Noble, esq., of Hurst-house, Henley-in-Arden; by the Rev. J. Ellis, the vicar, at Wootton Wawen, Warwickshire, Aug. 9.

Hare, Amelia, eldest surviving daughter of the late Dr. James Hare, jun., of Calder-hall, North Britain, to David Scott Smith, esq., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place; by the Rev. W. P. Larken, at Speldhurst, Kent, Aug. 30.


Hawkes, Maria, of Norwold, only surviving daughter of the late Captain Hawkes, R.N., to John Dickenson, esq., of Brixton; by the Rev. C. Lane, at St. Mark's, Kennington, Oct. 20.

Hayne, Catherine Ann, eldest daughter of Jonathan Huxey, esq., of Park-hill, Croydon, to John Parson, esq., of Finsbury-square, eldest son of Captain Parson, R.N., of Teignmouth, Devon; by the Rev. H. Ward, at Croydon Church, Aug. 1.

Head, Julia, only daughter of Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., to Robert Williamson Ramsay, esq., late Captain in the 42d Regt. of Highlanders, son of the late Thomas Williamson Ramsay, esq., of Lixmounth and Maxon, North Britain; at Tounbridge, Aug. 1.


Hogg, Eleanor Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. E. Hogg, of St. James's-street, to David, youngest son of John Thomas Betts, esq., of Bromfield-house, Clapham-common; at St. James's Church, Westminster, Aug. 22.


Ives, Jane Fleetwood, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Ives, esq., of Somerset-street, Portman-square, to John Samuel Tanqueray, esq., of Hendon, son of the Rev. Edward Tanqueray, rector of Tingrith and Templeford, Beds; by the Rev. T. B. Whitehurst, at St. Marylebone Church, Sept. 3.


Jones, Emma, 2d daughter of Mr. W. Jones, of the Albany-road, Camberwell, to Mr. W. W. Rawlins, of Camden. New-town; at St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish-street, Oct. 19.

Killick, Susannah Ellen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Killick, of Asham, Kent, to G. E. Sharland, esq., of Gravesend, solicitor; by the Rev. — O'Neil, at St. George's Southwark, Sept. 7.

Kitchenman, Caroline Jane, only daughter of late Valentine Kitchingman, esq., of Carlton, in the county of York, to Charles Pratt, esq., only son of the Rev. Charles Pratt, Packington, Leicestershire; by the Rev. P. Packington, at Acomb, Aug. 3.

Kirkwood, Emily Caroline, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkwood, of Newbridge House, Somersetshire, to the Baron Thomas Frederick Zobel, of Giebelstadt, Darstede, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, and Lieutenant of the 7th Austrian Chasseurs, at Frankfurt, July 7.


Langford, Maria, youngest daughter of the late George Langford, esq., surgeon, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, to Captain Frederick William Greer, I.N.; by the Rev. W. H. Langley, incumbent of Wheatley, Ozone, at St. Pancras Church, Aug. 16.

Lamb, Sarah Elizabeth, 2d daughter of the late Colonel W. Lamb, to the Rev. R. M. Price, Assistant Chaplain, at Agra, May 16.

Laurie, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George Laurie, esq., of Hart-street, to Alfred Bower, esq., of Liverpool; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Aug. 24.

Leach, Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Leach, esq., of Bristol, to the Hon. J. A. Allen, Colonial Treasurer, at Port of Spain, Trinidad, June 15.


M'Caskell, Anne, daughter of General Sir John M'Caskell, to H. M. Omand, esq., Bengal English Private Secretary to the H. M. the Governor-General, Meerut, March 28.


Marryat, Blanche Charlotte, eldest daughter of Captain Marryat, R.N., C.B., to Lloyd Thomas, esq.; Sept. 6.


Marshall, Frances, 3d daughter of S. G. Marshall, esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Pas-de-Calais, the North, and the Somme, in France, to — Spires, of London; by the Rev. J. P. J. Fuggle, at Trinity Church, Dover, Sept. 3.

Matthews, Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Matthews, esq., to W. Hislop Clarke, esq., barrister-at-law; by the Rev. E. Penny, incumbent of Ash-next-Sandwich, at St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith, Aug. 16.

Maunsell, Helena, daughter of the Rev. T. Maunsell, rector of Castlane, nephew of the late Robert Hedges Eyre, esq., Marcroft Castle, and cousin-german of the Earl of Bantry, to John Burnet, esq., half-pay 52d Regiment, Cooketstown-house, Kilkenny; by the father of the bride, at Magorbank Church, county of Tipperary, Oct. 17.

Maxwell, Maria Susan, youngest daughter of the late Robert Maxwell, esq., and sister of the High Sheriff of the County Limerick, to the Rev. John Beaver Webb, rector of Dunrarrow, County Cork; at Groom church, Sept. 5.

Medley, Mary Mason, the youngest daughter of Lieutenant Medley, R.N., of the Coast Guard at that place, James Jeffery, esq., R.N., consulting marine surveyor; at Feswick, North Britain, Sept. 9.


Milsom, Mary Josephine Eliza, only daughter of the late Captain George Milsom, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to George Murray Dickinson, esq., surgeon; by the Rev. W. H. Dickinson, B.C.L., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 15.

Mills, Anna Sophia, only daughter of F. R. Mills, esq., of the Home-office, and of Cunningham-place, to James Pope, esq., of Hillingdon, Middlesex; by the Rev. F. E. Mills, at Christ Church, Marylebone, Aug. 1.

Mills, Susanna Caroline, 3d daughter of Wm.
Mills, esq., of Saxham-hall, Suffolk, to Henry Duncan, eldest son of Henry Skrine, esq., of Stubbings, in the county of Berks, and Wartleigh, Somerset; by the Rev. T. Mills, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, at Great Saxham Church, Suffolk, Aug. 2.

Mitchison, Juliana, only daughter of John Mitchison, esq., Sunbury, Middlesex, to Capt. Trewithit, of Langessoe Loire, France; Aug. 5.

Molyneaux, Ella, daughter of the late John Molyneaux, esq., of Gravel-hill, Shropshire, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Capel Molyneaux, Bart., to Capt. Bennu, of the Royal Artillery; by the Rev. Capel Molyneaux, at Wombourne, Aug. 5.


Nicholls, Emily Elizabeth Buckner, daughter of John George Nicholls, esq., of West Moulsey, Surrey, to Benjamin Smith Chimno, esq., of the Madras Medical Service; at Vellore, May 31.


Oliver, Susannah, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Oliver, of the Portugal Hotel, Fleet-street, to Mr. Charles Franics, of High-street, Borough; at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Oct. 21.


Pole, Cecilia Jane, only daughter of the late David Poole, esq., of Bootham, York, and grand-daughter of the late David Poole, premier serjeant-at-law, formerly of Bath, and Yongsbury, in Herefordshire, to Darius Cofield, son of the late Captain Cofield, R.N., of Blackheath, Kent; at the Catholic Chapel, Greenwich, and afterwards at St. Peter's-in-the-Weed, Sept. 12.


Rawlinson, Ann Jane, daughter of Frederick Charles Rawlinson, esq., of Peckham, Surrey, to Thomas Hill, esq., solicitor; by the Rev. H. W. Hyde, M.A., at Saint George's, Camberwell, Oct. 17.

Raynold, Eliza, youngest daughter of Thomas Alexander Raynold, esq., of Devonshire-place, to Frederick Edwin, youngest son of Walpole Eyre, esq., of Bryanston-square; by the Rev. H. S. Eyre, at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Aug. 8.

Rayson, Ann Louisa, only daughter of the late Thomas Rayson, esq., of York, to George Whiteley, esq., of the Middle Temple; at High Harrowgate, Aug. 22.

Reader, Frances Jane, eldest daughter of William Reader, esq., late of Ewhurst-house, Hants, to the Marchese Corsi Salviati, by the Rev. G. Robbins, M.A., and on the following day, according to the Roman Catholic rite, by the Vice-General, at the British Legation, Florence, Sept. 1.

Reilly, Elizabeth Eustace, eldest daughter of the late John Reilly, esq., of Kennington, to James Husnod, esq., of Ilford-terrace, Ilford, Essex; at Kennington, Aug. 8.

Renouf, Nancy, eldest daughter of Philip Renouf, of Jersey, to Edward Goodeve, M.D., at Bengal cathedral, May 18.

Richards, Giana Maria, youngest daughter of
the late John Baker Richards, esq., of Bryanton-square, to Francis Tower, esq.; by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Aug. 8.

Roome, Mary, eldest daughter of Major-General P. Roome, Bombay Army, to Captain J. Eckford, 19th N. Infantry, at Madras cathedral, June 6.


Slade, Catharine, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Slade, R.E., to the Rev. B. Boak, Principal of Columbia, Academy, Ceylon, March 23.

Smith, Jennetta, of Hendon, to John O'Connor, of her Majesty's Commissariat, Cape of Good Hope, Jan. 31.


Smith, Catherine Matilda, daughter of Henry Smith, esq., of Annabrook, in the county of Meath, to Captain Robert Wallace, of the 18th Bombay Native Infantry; by the Rev. J. Smythe, M.A., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 16.

Smith, Elizabeth, second daughter of Richard Smith, esq., late of Rathmines, county of Dublin, and of Her Majesty's Customs, to Mr. William Pinks, of the Albany-road; by the Rev. S. Smith, of St. George's Church, Cambridge, and curate of Brailes, at Walcot Church, Bath, Sept. 17.


Smith, Eliza, 2d daughter of Thomas Jnr. Stroud, esq., to Enquisites, esq., only son of Jose Ignacio Paris, esq., of Bogota, New Granada; by the Rev. J. Twycross, A.M., the step-father of the bride, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 7.

Stuart, Mary Pole, eldest daughter of Wm. Stuart, esq., of Aldenham Abbey, to Jonathan Rashleigh, esq., 2d son of Wm. Rashleigh, esq., of Menaberry, in the county of Cornwall; by the Rev. W. H. Scott, at Aldenham Church, Aug. 7.

Stuart, Maria, the eldest daughter of Henry Stuart, of Clapham Common, to John, the eldest son of John Thomas Betts, esq., of Broomfield-house, of the same place; by the Rev. J. Hill, at the Independent chapel, Clapham, Oct. 23.

Synam, Anne Jane, daughter of the late Mark Synam, esq., of Grove House, Clapham, Surrey, to Mark Seton Synam, esq., of Liver- pool, son of Marcus Synam, esq., of Balley- mont, Armatagh, Aughagh.

Thiselton, Ellen, daughter of Charles Alfred Thiselton, esq., Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Middlesex and city of Westminster, to Mr. John Pinkman, of Camberwell, Surrey; by the Rev. S. C. Baker, at St. Saviour's Church, York, Oct. 24.


Turner, Matilda Henrietta, only daughter of Captain Turner, to Captain Henry T. Newhouse, nephew of the late Sir Lionel Smith, Bart., K.C.B., Rajpoo re, April 4.

Verner, Grace Anna Dorothea, 3d daughter of the late David Verner, of Churchill, county of Armagh, esq., to the Rev. Charles Ross de Havilland, 2d son of Lieut.-Col. de Havilland, Madras Engineers; by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, at St. Martin's Church, Guernsey, Aug. 12.

Vredenburg, Fanny, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Vredenburg, esq., of the Island of Jamaica, to Robert Remmatt, esq., of the Inner Temple, eldest son of the late R. Remmatt, esq., of Bedford-square; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 15.


Walter, Fanny Dora, 2d daughter of John Walter, esq., of Bear Wood, Berks, to Thomas Broughton Charlton, esq., of Chilwell Hall, Notts; by the Rev. S. Fox, A.M., vicar of Hornsey, Derbyshire, at Hurst Church, Berks, Aug. 7.

Wastell, Mary, 4th daughter of the Rev. J. D. Wastell, of Risby, to John Worlidge, jun., esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; by the Rev. S. H. Alderson, at Risby, near Bury St. Edmund's, Aug. 29.

Weston, Margaret Emily, daughter of the late John Weston, esq., and niece of J. T. Church, esq., of Bedford-row, to James Williams, esq., of Dalston, grandson of Sir James Williams; by the Rev. the rector, at the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Sept. 13.


Willett, Adelaide, only daughter of the late Captain Saltren Willett, of St. James's Abbey, near Exeter, to Pierce Osson, esq., R.M., son of the Rev. G. W. Osson, of Dunsborough-house, Somerset; by the Rev. D. Nantes, rector of Powderham, Devon, at Old Charlton, Kent, Aug. 16.

Williams, Martha, daughter of the late R. Williams, esq., of Aberbrate, Brecon, to the Rev. George Corbett, of Ross, Sept. 24.

Williams, Mary Ann, 2d daughter of J. R. Williams, esq., of Lower Clapton, to Mr. John Peram, of the same place; by the Rev. M. Smelt, rector of Binsted and Slindon, Sussex, at St. John's, Hackney, Oct. 17.

DEATHS.

Agar, Captain John, aged 43; at Tours, Aug. 21.
Allen, Mary Ann, wife of Commander Grant Allen, R. N.; at Park-place, Kennington, Aug. 20.
Austen, Mary, widow of the Rev. T. Austen, late rector of Stevenston, Hants; at Speen, Berks, Aug. 3.
Bakewell, Robert, esq., author of "the Introduction to Geology," aged 76; at Downshire-hill, Hampstead, Aug. 15.
Baxter, Assistant-Surgeon, of Leslie's Troop of Bombay Horse Artillery, and only son of R. Baxter, esq., of Michael’s-place, Brompton; at Hydeabad, of fever, May 19.
Bird, Eleanor, relict of James Barry Bird, solicitor, aged 62; at Brixton-hill, Sept. 11.
Bridges, Wm., esq., of Coborn-place, Bow, and of Friday-street, Cheapside, aged 60; at Byfield, in the county of Essex, very suddenly, Aug. 17.
Bryan, Captain George, M.P., of Jenkinstown, county of Kilkenny; at Kingstown, Sept. 8.
Carter, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Francis Carter, solicitor, Edgbaston, Birmingham; at the residence of her father, John Charley, esq., at Beaconsfield, Aug. 20.
Cargill, the Rev. Richard, L.L.B., of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, incumbent of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Liverpool, and late of Nottingham-place, Marylebone; at Bradford-street, Liverpool, aged 80, Aug. 11.
Casteclicala, Princess de, widow of the late Prince de Castelicala, Ambassador Extraordinary of His Sicilian Majesty to the Court of France, leaving numerous friends to lament her loss. She was generally esteemed by all who knew her; at Neuilly, near Paris, Sept. 25.
Chapman, Marianne, wife of George Chapman, jun., esq., British Vice-Consul at Dieppe, aged 37; Aug. 3.
Coxe, Sarah, widow of Daniel Coxe, esq., of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, and formerly of New Jersey, in the United States, aged 91; at Old Steine, Brighton, Aug. 31.
Cox, Lindsey Zachariah, esq., late of the Carabiniers, aged 54; at the house of his father, Harrow-hill, Uppingham, Essex, Aug. 20.
Crewe, Robert, esq., eldest son of the late Colonel Crewe, and nephew of Lord Carlington; at Loakes-hill, near High Wycombe, Aug. 2.
Dallas, Eliza, sister of the late Lord Chief Justice Dallas, and of the late Sir George Dallas, Bart.; at 48, Gloucester-place, Aug. 6.
Dallas, Susan Sell, relict of the late Charles Stuart Dallas, esq., of Belle Cour, in the island of Jamaica, aged 73; at Stratton Parracombe, the residence of her son, the Rev. C. Dallas, Aug. 20.
Davis, Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Davis, esq., of Teddington, Middlesex, after an illness of six months of protracted suffering borne with true Christian resignation; at Hampstead, Sept. 13.
Dodd, Sophia, relict of the late J. T. Dodd, esq., after a lengthened illness, borne with Christian resignation, aged 63; at Hartland-terrace, Kentish-town, Aug. 28.
Dorset, his Grace the Duke of, K.G.; at Harley-street, Aug. 22.
Drummond, Arthur Henry, youngest and last surviving son of Henry and Lady Harriet Drummond, aged 21; at Albury-park, Aug. 6.
Dyer, James, eldest son of the late Rev. John Dyer, aged 38; at the Sanatorium, New-road, Aug. 4.
Dyson, Thomas Fournis, esq., of Everton, near Liverpool, and of Willow-hall, Halifax, Yorkshire, aged 76; Aug. 12.
Ebsworth, Mary Susanna, relict of the late Thomas Ebsworth, esq., of Rodney-street, Pentonville, aged 61; at Binalbridge, Wilts, August 16.
Edgecombe, Maria Keith, youngest daughter of the late Frederick Edgecombe, esq., Commissioner of the Victualling-office, aged 16; at Southgate, lately.
Ellwand, Wm., esq., of Crosby-hall-rooms, Bishops-gate-street, and formerly of West-green, Tottenham, aged 59; at Pentonville, Aug. 28.
Elliott, Bethia, wife of Captain Russell Elliott, of scarlet fever, aged 37; at Langley, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, Aug. 22.
Englefield, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of John R. Englefield, esq., of Calcutta, and daughter of Wm. Atfield, esq., of Cosham House, near Portsmouth; at Calcutta, Aug. 4.
Farrant, Helen Maria, the beloved wife of Godfrey Lee Farrant, esq., of the Bombay Civil Service; in Wilton-street, Belgrave-square, Aug. 29.
Fennell, John, esq., Captain R.N.; at Stanhope-street West, Regent’s-park, Aug. 14.
Firmin, Caroline Prest, wife of Harcourt Firmin, esq., of Dedham, Essex, aged 42; Aug. 5.
Flemmings, C. Gottfried, esq., of Knowles’s-court, Doctors’-commons, aged 70; Aug. 14.
Fraser, Brevet Captain Alexander, Acting Adjutant 44th Regiment Native Infantry, aged 33, deeply regretted by his brother officers and all who knew him; at Benares, of cholera, July 20.
Gibson, James, esq., of Great St. Helen’s and late of Epsom, aged 81; Aug. 23.
Gordon, Miss Forbes Ann, aged 60; at Elgin, North Britain, Sept. 7.

[COUP MAGAZINE].
INDIAN NEWS.

INSURRECTION AT LAHORE.

The principal item of intelligence from India, of date October 2, is an insurrection at Lahore, and the murder of Shere Singh, his son, Purtaub Singh, and all their families, on the 14th of September. The Sirdar, Ajeet Singh is the perpetrator of this bloody tragedy.

General Ventura and party attacked the murderer, but were defeated. The Rajah's body was cut up by Ajeet Singh, and his head placed on a spear. The Rajah's son was killed at the entrance of the town.

The wives and children of the murdered victims fell a prey to the murderers, even to a child who was born on the day before. The crime was afterwards avenged in the assassination of Dhyae Singh, by the actual murderer of the King.

A boy, who is said to be a son of Runjeet, now ten years old, has been placed on the throne, under the protection of the Vizier, a son or brother of Dhyae Singh.

This event, says the Delhi Gazette, took place at the north gate of Lahore, on the 2nd of October, at half-past three o'clock, on the morning of the 15th Sept. The conspiracy was formed by Fakir Azeem-odeen and Dhyae Singh, and it fell to the lot of Sirdar Ajeet Singh to execute it; Sirdars Golab Singh, Lena Singh (Majeeteen), and Soochet Singh were also concerned; Dhyae Singh made the arrangement by proposing to the Maharajah, to inspect Ajeet Singh's troops, which the Maharajah submitted to the following morning, and orders were issued accordingly. On the Maharajah's arrival at the parade-ground he found fault with the appearance and condition of some horsemen purposely placed to attract attention, when Ajeet Singh became saucy, words ran high, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, he (Ajeet Singh) shot Shere Singh through the head, the ball having entered his right temple. General Ventura, and his party attacked the murderer, but being opposed by a powerful body of troops, were defeated. Ajeet Singh cut up the Rajah's body, placed his head on a spear, and on entering the town met Prince Purtaub Singh's suwarie, which was immediately attacked, and the prince killed; the palace was taken, and Dulleep Singh, the only remaining son of Runjeet Singh, a lad ten years old, proclaimed to the throne. The treasury was thrown open, and the troops paid up their arrears of pay; every child, and all of Shere Singh's and Prince Purtaub Singh's wives were then brought out and murdered, amongst the rest one of Shere Singh's sons only born the previous evening. Troops were sent off to guard all the ghauts, and all the opposite party (except Ventura, who escaped) were made prisoners.

Ajeet Singh, after having killed Shere Singh, was returning to the fort and met Dhyae Singh; he told him he had done the deed, and asked him to return; he got into Dhyae Singh's carriage, and when they got near the gate of the fort, Ajeet Singh stabbed Dhyae Singh, and sent his body to his brother, Soochet Singh, and his son, Heera Singh. These two individuals surrounded the city with their troops, while the people inside continued plundering during all night.

In the morning (16th) Heera Singh having entered the fort, seized Ajeet Singh, Lena Singh, and others, and having put them to death, exposed their heads in the plain and threw their bodies into the bazaar. Dulleep Singh has been put on the guddee, and Heera Singh made Vizier. Six hundred men were slaughtered on both sides.

This is a most important event, for it proves that the empire founded with so much labor by Runjeet is on the eve of dislocation.

Runjeet died in June, 1839; his son Kurruck succeeded. He died, and was followed by Nao Nehal Singh, who was killed at his father's funeral.

Shere Singh succeeded, and he has been killed, and a child placed in his room, to become a victim in his turn.

"Lahore," says the Bombay Times, "is within 50 miles of our frontier post, Ferrozepore, and it seems next to impossible, should disorganization proceed as at present, for us to abstain from prompt and immediate interference. This is just the very necessity which, for three years past, Government is said most anxiously to have desired. The country in which these troubles prevail, destined shortly, perhaps, to become the theatre of warlike operations for the Bengal troops, contains a population of between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 souls. Its standing army, under Runjeet Singh, amounted to about 75,000 men, of whom 25,000 consisted of infantry, drilled as Europeans, and considered by Sir Alexander Burnes "fully
equal to the troops of the Indian army;" the regular cavalry and artillery mustered about 5,000, with 150 guns; 50,000 irregular horse constitute the remainder. The revenues of the country amount to about 2,500,000l. sterling, and Masson considers one and a-half more than enough to defray the expenses of the Government. The habit of the Sikhs, however, is to have been to hoard largely; in 1825, there was said to be 10,000,000, and there is now reported to be no less than 40,000,000, in the Treasury. Details had been just before given of the quarrel and subsequent reconciliation between Shere Singh and his minister; the latter having apparently been pursuing a course, purposely calculated to produce misunderstanding. Dhyan Singh had gained in strength by the manner of his restoration to favor. He admitted that in the course of three years he had distributed, in gratuities to the army, 5,000,000l., taken from the treasury and left unaccounted for; and he was accused of being long a royal master with drunkenness and debauchery. The Dussehra was approaching, when the period of annual muster of the army occurs, and the troops seem to have been collected in unusual numbers around the capital. It seems probable, that while the time of the Mahan was the pleasure afforded by the pleasure of the bottle and the chase, that the plotters were busily at work to secure his person, and overthrow his government. It is probable, also, that the European officers in the Sikh service, foresaw that the storm which was brewing, was likely to be beyond the reach of any control, which they could exercise; and accordingly, Generals Ventura, Court, and Avitabile, each in turn solicited and obtained leave, temporarily to quit the country; the last-named having purposed to be at Ferozepore by the 10th. of September. Dhyan Singh had manifested the utmost jealousy of their influence with the King; and General Ventura, in particular, seemed to have been the object of his special aversion.

The history of Sikh affairs from the death of Ranjeet Singh, in July, 1839, to the accession of Shere Singh, may be thus briefly summed up:—The Lion of the Punjab having been quietly succeeded by his son, the weak and imbecile Kurruck Singh, this Prince was cut off on the 5th of November, after a lingering and painful illness, aggravated by the prescriptions of native physicians, which alone he could be persuaded to attend to. His body was burned, and one of his wives, with three of his daughters or four of her hand-maidens, was immolated on the funeral pyre. His only son and heir, Nao Nehal Singh, was killed the same day, by the falling of a beam in one of the city gates, on returning from his father’s obsequies.

Two days after this, Shere Singh, Governor of Cashmere, was proclaimed Sovereign.

This prince was the son of one of the wives of Ranjeet Singh, but born on an occasion when her husband had been so long from home, as to leave little doubt regarding his illegitimacy. He was, however, treated as a prince of the blood, though not considered heir to the throne. He was made Governor of Cashmere, was a man of both energy and ability, but ofhabits entirely disreputable, so that he was much estranged from the old Lion himself, whose own manner of life should have made him in the last degree forbearing towards the frailties of his imputed son. Shere Singh hastened to Lahore, and was duly installed on the musnad. Meanwhile, one of the wives of Kurruck Singh, was declared pregnant, and shut up in the zenana; a large party, including the European officers taken into pay by Ranjeet Singh, being attached to her cause. This looked formidable, and though the people clung to the Prince, the strength of his party continued to be as in decline, when at length he professed to have dedicated his life, and retired from power. This was merely a ruse to enable him to visit those districts where he was popular, and to raise and collect his friends for a further effort. A revolution took place early in; January, the Prince returned towards the city; the leading men joined him on the way; and the army went over to his standard under the walls of Lahore. Generals Court, Ventura, and Avitabile, had been brought over, and before the end of the month, the new ruler was seated on the throne, the Princess having been persuaded to abandon further claims for the present, but not till after offering a stout defence, in which 2,000 of her followers are said to have fallen. These events occasioned much commotion through the country, the troops becoming mutinous and disorderly, and acting as brigands on the chief lines of route. No serious mischiefs, luckily, arose out of these disorders, whose aspect at one time had been so alarming. By the commencement of the hot season, matters were so far tranquillised that the Sikh troops were intrusted with the conveyance of treasure for our armies.

Respecting the above events, a leading journal thus observes:—

The Indian mail is not indeed destitute of news; but its intelligence is more important than strange. We have to record another of those sudden revolutions which so frequently overturn an eastern dynasty, and by means of which our own dominions have been so widely extended, and our power greatly aggrandized. In this case, as in many others, the overthrow of a monarch has been effected by bloodshed, and the revolt to which he fell a victim, has involved all
his family in the same fate. Shere Singh, whose quarrel with his Minister, and the speculations to which it gave rise, we have already adverted to, has at last perished by the hand of Ajeet Singh.

The murder of an Oriental despot by his incensed or ambitious Minister, is too common an occurrence to excite wonder, or, of itself, provoke remark. The suddenness of this catastrophe is less calculated to suggest any reflections on its own account, than as illustrating the melancholy fatality which has haunted the descendants of the Lion of the Punjab. But there are circumstances of a political character, which attach peculiar interest to an event even so ordinary as the murder of an Indian Sovereign.

The throne of the Punjab is in the possession of a boy—which means that it is vacant. The assassin of Shere Singh has himself been slain by his own partisans. Lahore is distracted by the anarchy and confusion inseparable from a mixture of unstable despotism, and sanguinary rebellion. A country containing nearly four millions of inhabitants, and producing a revenue of two millions and a half, is virtually without a ruler, or one capable of asserting a right to rule; and this, too, in the very heart and centre of a territory, where British domination has gradually become more and more encroaching—where state after state, and province after province, have either been subdued into submission by our arms, or undermined by the adroitness of our policy—in the very capital of a kingdom which has for years and years been doomed as a prey to our appetite for empire. “We must have the Punjab” has been the constant cry of governors, commanders, and Indian diplomats, for nearly a quarter of a century. “We shall have the Punjab some day or other” has been the prophetic inference drawn by all, who judge the future from the past. But now the cry is, “We must have the Punjab directly; the pear is ripe already. Let us pluck it.”

It may possibly be so. The pear may be ripe. The subjugation of the Punjab may be effected with little danger and no bloodshed. The incapacity of an infant—the insubordination of the Sikhs—the divisions of contending partisans—the management of a political agent—the presence or the proximity of an Anglo-Indian army—the prestige of the Anglo-Indian name—the dexterous use of means and chances—all these things may conspire to give us a bloodless and easy occupation of a coveted and opulent province.

But it may be far otherwise. The tumultuary insurrections by which the Punjab has just been disturbed, may, instead of facilitating the designs of an enemy, prove to be their most formidable obstacle. It has not rarely happened that the chiefs, who conspired against a tyrant, have combined in defence of their country. In the time of Runjeet Singh, the forces of this nation amounted to 75,000 men, of which the infantry were drilled as Europeans, and in a style, which would have made them no despicable antagonists to an European army. It might be struggling with fearful odds, to attempt the conquest of the Punjab, while the retention of Scinde must continue to demand the presence of a large army. Yet in India they boldly talk of annexing the former, with its large revenues, to our Eastern Empire, of keeping the latter at all risks; and, as if these did not give sufficient occupation to the mind of a Governor-General, of suppressing the independence of Gwalior! So insatiable is the cupidity of first success!

For our own parts, we confess that we do not participate in these sanguine anticipations and ardent prosecutions of conquests and triumphs. With the painful experience of the Afghan campaign before our eyes, we deprecate the notion of new wars and fresh distresses. We doubt not, indeed, of the valor of our troops, or the skill of our officers; we doubt not of the final events of any Indian war; but we think that glory may be bought, and territory acquired, at too great a cost. If we are fated to lord it over all the East, the time of our dominion will come, when it will come.” Let us not anticipate the natural and regular course of things, by sudden starts and sallies of impatience. It may be that we are destined to wield the sovereignty of all India without a rival or a foe to regenerate the people; and to purify their institutions. Be it so. Let us abide our time. There is no sap of life, no promise of permanence, in servile anarchy or timid despotism. The kingdoms and provinces of India are rotten at the core. They will fall; and when they fall they must b
ours, for evil or for good. Let us not
again extend our empire by an usurpa-
tion, either of treachery or violence.
We are glad, indeed, to see that Lord
Ellenborough’s attention is not confined
to military schemes; but that, amid
plans of conquest and dreams of glory,
he finds time to examine the internal
state of his government, and to propose
such measures of amelioration, as will not
fail to gain for him a higher and more
lasting praise, than the deposition of
Rajahs, or the annexation of provinces
would entitle him to. There is a wide
field open for the practical reformer in
India. Honor to the Governor-general
who wins his laurels in it!

After thus commenting on these scenes
of blood, the same journal proceeds in the
following day’s leader:—

And now what is to be our own course
with reference to this course of horrors?
Are we, as so many seem to desire, to
step in with the strong hand, and put an
end to all further disturbance, by quietly
appropriating this rich and much coveted
territory? If we do not, it will certainly
not be from the want of an appetite.
Wherever we look we see no one feeling
so clearly prevalent as a kind of glutton-
ous appreciation of the luscious tit-bit,
which is almost between our lips. We
hear of the riches of the Punjaub and
the hoarding habits of the Government
—its revenue is £2,500,000; “and
there is now reported to be not less than
£40,000,000 in the treasury.” What
pickings! And then so tempting an op-
portunity—“if we had but a pretext.”
But a pretext! As if there were no such
thing as deep substantial laws of meum
and tuum, based on the very nature of
human society, and requiring a species
of moral or political necessity—the ne-
cessity of self-defence, or of a prior equity
—to justify their infraction. As if spo-
liation were the law, and abstinence from
others’ property the exception in human
morality—as if the being still uninjured
by our neighbours, were a kind of pro-
voking contre-tempes—an unnatural clog
on the free current of human action—
and as if a “pretext,” or ground of war,
of whatever dimensions, were a kind of
carte blanche for indefinite appropria-
tion, instead of being what alone it ought
to be considered, a definite injury, actual
or imminent, justifying a definite remedy
or a definite punishment, proportionate to
the offence or danger. It is the short-
lived scruple of the schoolboy, looking up
with dishonest longings to his master’s
apples, and murmuring, “If it wasn’t
that you’d tell.” It is the very rapacity
of eastern monarchy—of the Sultan or
Rajah, who casts an unsatisfied eye over
the rich demesnes of his vassal, and sighs,
“If he were but a traitor;”—wishes, all
of them, which, when heartily enter-
tained, are seldom likely to lack accom-
plishment.

But, now, what present pretext have
we for interference? If such there are,
we suppose they must arise, either from
some treaties with the existing—or now
scarcely existing—dynasty, or from some
provocation given us by the body politic
of the Sikhs. If we are called upon to
act it must be in performance of some
duty, in maintenance of some right, or
in redress of some injury—in our own or
in our ally’s defence. Which in the
world is it to be?

We do not pretend to know what trea-
ties may have been entered into with the
late Shere Singh, or what claims his
heir, the infant Duleep, may have upon
us for protection against his present mas-
ters—too probably his future murderers
—the lawless Chiefs of Lahore. For
this we require another blue-book. The
last item of agreement which we can dis-
cover in any degree affecting our duties
among the treaties as yet given to the
world, is the somewhat antique proviso of
1809, that—

“Perpetual friendship shall subsist be-
tween the British Government, and the
State of Lahore. The latter shall be con-
dered, with respect to the former, to be on the
footing of the most favored powers, and the
British Government will have no concern
with the territories and subjects of the Rajah
north of the Sutlej.”

Very amicable, no doubt, but affording
little encouragement to interference or
protection. Little enough is to be gleaned
from it, but that little does not favor the
notion, that the Lion of the Punjaub in-
tended the British Government to act
either as guardians to his infant progeny,
or as tamers of his refractory subjects.

As to our own security, it is our busi-
ess to wait till we are hurt, or our ter-
ritory endangered. Put down a ni-
sance we may, but we may not swallow up an independent nation, because it may become a nuisance. Certain rights are guaranteed to our merchants in their passage through the Lahore territory, by the treaties of 1832 and 1838. That of 1809, forbids his occupation of the territory on the left bank of the Sutlej with “more troops than are necessary for the internal duties of the country.” Similar stipulations probably exist of a more recent date. If the Lahore Government, whatever it may be, will not or cannot cause the stipulations to be observed,—if they infringe that obligation to peaceful and neighbourly behaviour, which, without treaty, belongs to all ages and times,—if we find them plotting our overthrow, intriguing with our enemies, or tampering with our servants,—contingencies which the notorious hatred of the Sikh army and its rulers to the English name make but too probable,—then indeed arms may justly be appealed to, to remedy past, and to prevent future injury. Then, and not till then, will our voice be given in favor of such an appeal, not as a means of aggrandizement, but as a remedy for definite injury.

Meanwhile, we are bound to applaud the penetration of Lord Ellenborough, whose wise disposition of troops places us in a position in which we can, without fear for the result, make trial of this _ultima ratio regum_. He did not, of course, foresee the precise contingency, which has made the presence of this mysterious army of reserve so necessary for the interests of our empire. But this we need not maintain. We are always disposed to give a statesman full credit for a precaution which turns out to have been necessary, though we may not believe him to have had in his eye the exact evil which it has to avert. An able ruler, like a good chess-player, makes his move with an instinctive perception of the quarter whence danger is coming. The proof of his skill lies not in the logical exposition of his reasons, but in the result. An emergency has arisen—the question which the many will ask, and rightly, in order to estimate his merits, is not “Did he foresee it?” but “Is he prepared for it?” Lord Ellenborough is prepared, and deserves credit for being so.

Whether he is not too well prepared,—

too ready not only to protect himself from an unfavorable, but to avail himself of any (so-called) favorable conjuncture—ready not only for right, but for wrong—not only for self-defence, but for aggression—is a question upon which we should feel much more easy, could we forget the fatal example of Scinde. With that acquisition before our eyes, we cannot well feel easy, while the Governor-General’s honesty is exposed to the temptations ministered by the distractions of our old ally, the opportune neighbourhood of our army, and the hallos of the Indian public.

**CABUL.**—The different nations who are spread over the immense tract of country known as the kingdom of Cabul amount in the whole to about 14,000,000, which contribute to the population in the following proportions:

- Afghans: 4,300,000
- Beloochees: 1,000,000
- Tartars of all descriptions: 1,200,000
- Persians (including Taurijs): 1,500,000
- Miscellaneous tribes: 300,000

**THE BUNDEER GANG.**—Amongst recent trials of great interest, in India, has been that of two of the principals, and eight of the confederates of this redoubtable gang, who have for years been robbing, plundering, smuggling, and, as it is supposed, murdering in the harbour of Bombay. Their detection, after existing for 20 years, is looked upon with great satisfaction by the friends of Indian civilization and justice.

The Governor-General, after all the anxious time he had had, prior to the rupture at Lahore, was abandoning himself to gaiety, the Calcutta papers being full of lists of public dinners and balls which, while they attest his popularity, do infinite credit to his entertainers, civil and military.

Sir R. and Lady Sale were on their way to Calcutta, to embark for England.

**TRANSPORT.**—The export from China to England in the month of June was 1,431,741 lb., of which there were 1,039,916 lb. black, and 390,825 lb. green.

**LIVING IN A HURRY.**—The following wholesome remarks are from the able pen of a discerning ‘spectator’:

—Perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England, at present, is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railway is merely typical of the headlong hurry, with which the affairs of life are transacted. In business men are in a hurry to get rich; they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year’s patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek, by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar them—
selves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season, for some hundred years, but by shooting in the north of Scotland, and yachting in the Channel, during the same week; visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the Parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed, to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and millinery drudges; the gangs of night-and-day laborers relieving each other in printing-offices and coal-pits—all the unintermittent eager, "go-ahead" pressure of society— are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox, only in form, to say that we are in such a hurry to live, that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers, unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in a chariot, coach or 'bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of a business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtained of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got through impatiently, with frequent stagings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored; and the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down, and run over and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex men cannot rest. In the young societies of our colonial empire (and this is not their least recommendation) men might live more leisurely if they chose; but the gigantic bankruptcy of New-south-wales shows too clearly that even in our antipodean provinces this foolish effort to accomplish everything at once is epidemic. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste; the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart, are taking its place. Even the moralizers on this universal race for the sake of running, pant out their reflections as they run, and hurry along with the rest.

THEATRES.

In the present unsatisfactory state of our native drama, it is refreshing to peruse any sentiments calculated to convey a notion of natural or classical propriety.

Schiller, the great German tragic poet, has the following passage in his "Essay on Tragic Art." "Whatever convenience there may be in having destiny to solve our perplexities, the notion of a blind subjection to it is degrading to man; and this leave, something to be wished for, even in the finest specimens of the Greek stage; for, by this final appeal to destiny, while our reason demands reason, they in effect leave the perplexities absolutely unsolved. But, at the highest point of development of our moral nature, this, too, is reconciled, and there is nothing any longer left to jar. Here even our quarrel with destiny is at an end, vanishing in a feeling, rather a full consciousness, how all things are working together providentially and propitiously to one end. We then not only feel at one within ourselves, but are sensible of the exquisite adaptation of all the parts in one great whole; and the seeming irregularity which hurts us in the isolated case, only serves as a spur to make us look for the vindication of the particular fact, into the general law, which will turn the seeming discord into perfect harmony. To this height, Greek art never raised itself, from the deficiencies in their natural religion and philosophy." This quotation we would morally apply to passing events.

When people shall have become, by a more enlightened education, more inclined to devote themselves to solid and elegant mental acquirements, forsaking the frivolous and demoralizing writings, that form the staple of some of our so-called fashionable periodicals, there will be found more sincerity, more morality, and more taste, than at present distinguish our social system.

We now take first on our list the Theatre-royal, Covent-garden. — On Monday, Oct. 30th, Mr. Wallack made his second, or, more properly third attempt to cater advantageously for the public amusement—it is painful not to be able to add, what ought to be the aim and object of theatrical entertainments—for their refinement and instruction. In this enlightened age, when actors become literary dictators, and the public go to plays, as they read, not to think but laugh, and that from absolute contempt of the judgment shown in the entertainments selected, and the burlesque importance, 'maximus and minus,' of a certain class of overpaid and arbitrary performers; it would be a most seasonable opportunity for lessees and booksellers, to reform their patronage, and authors and dramatists to correct their taste. It is certainly a new position to assume that the public themselves despise the entertain...
ments they go to see, and one tending to throw the entire onus and responsibility upon the book-makers and piece-makers.

One staple attraction of the new season was the appearance of the troupe of juvenile performers, known as 'Les enfants Castelli,' who had gained considerable reputation in France, but having been dispersed on the death of the proprietor Castelli, a few of them joined another juvenile corps, named collectively 'La troupe du Gymnase Enfan
tin réuni,' which latter, much inferior, Mr. Wallack presented to an English audience under the original title. We have five-act farces, nicknamed comedies, and representations of fire, fiends and murder, yclept tragedies, and, as a climax to the absurdity, here is a great pantomime honestly leading its entertainments on an opening-night with a farce, "Quits," a name as inauspicious as the quality was below dignity. It was cast as follows:—

Cornelius O'Conroe, Mr. Hamilton.
Peter Pounce, Mr. Atwood.
Eugene Wilson, Mr. Hemmings.
Miss Morland, Mrs. Selby.
Amy, Miss Jane Mordaunt.

The following is the outline of the piece:—

Miss Morland is a rich, old maid, who falls in love with Cornelius O'Conroe, a "raal and beautiful" Irish lieutenant of dragoons, and employs his lawyer, Peter Pounce, to effect the match. This limb of the law, having no mental connexion with ideas of justice, pursues his task with all the cunning and asiduousity characteristic of the class, magnifies the old lady's charms, and renders them truly fascinating by the crowning attraction of £5000 ready money, and £1000 per annum. O'Conroe, being ambitious of living a life of idleness and gentility, grows quite superior to the common-place advantages of personal beauty and accomplishments, and resolves to take rouge and wrinkles for better or worse. The interests of Amy, Miss Morland's niece, and her sole heiress, would, however, be seriously affected by her aunt's marriage, and her happiness destroyed by the prevention of her union with her lover, Eugene Wilson. The latter demands satisfaction of O'Conroe, who instantly accedes, but as the conflict is about to commence, the lieutenant recognises in Wilson's hand a sword given him by the Irishman in a battle, wherein the esquire had been his preserver. Apologies of gratitude overcome those of interest, and O'Con
ey tears in pieces the contract, resigning his own prospects to secure the union and happiness of his friend.

The dialogue of this 'comedetta,' as it was ostentatiously styled in the announce
cent, was transferable to the emerald isle nor to Mr. Hamilton's capabilities of Hibernian representation, and the general and decided condemnation that marked its conclusion should be a source of gratificad

tion to every sincere lover of the drama and true histionic art. A pas Chinois was the next morceau of entertainment, in which M. Laurencen, of 'La Porte St. Martin,' displayed the most grotesque and ludicrous contortions, much to the delight of one portion of the audience, and the high disrelish of another. The swift gyration of his head at one moment must have caused more pain than pleasure in persons of sense or reflection, yet his exertions, however unworthy of a pantomime theatre, received their share of equivocal applause. After he had made rather an unsteady bow, owing, one might conclude, to the strange kind of hurdy-gurdy exercise to which his brains had been recently subjected, the petit M. Colbrun made his appearance as a Savoyard boy, and sang a characteristic chansonnette "Chou
doe," in which his natural demeanour and quiet drolery met with merited approbation. Then followed two more of "Les Enfants," Mademoiselles Heline and Rosalie, who, costumed as belle and beau, according to the fashion of Louis 15th, moved with exquisite grace through a minuet de la cour. Heline's coquettish nonchalance, when chastising her lover's presumption in attempting to kiss her hand, and then her throwing herself fainting into his arms, on his pointing his tiny sword despairingly against his own breast, was a miniature picture of matured caprice and passion not to be surpassed, and drew down thunders of applause.

In "L'Andalous," a one-act pantomime, M. Laurencen displayed his peculiar talents to much advantage, in the part of Poltronos, who is a silly farmer, courting the daughter of the alcalde Don Pedro, and suffering from the successful rivalry of Antonio, a farmer boy. This was a ridiculous common-place piece, and although Laurencen's pantomimic cleverness and agile dancing, might have pleased well on other boards, it was evident that the good taste of the audience suggested only feelings of indignation, that this noble theatre, the legitimate sanctuary of our high national drama, should be thus devoted, or rather desecrated to the exclusive appropriation of posture-masters and puppet-shows.

A third one-act affair 'Michel and Christine,' a vaudeville, by Scribe, followed, the parts of which being limited to three, were personated by the juvenile artists, Colbrun, Gonzalge, and Mademoiselle Leontine. Much surprising ability and skill were manifested in this performance, which, notwithstanding, was doomed to undergo a signal failure. The seal of destiny, it would seem, had been stamped upon the house, the performances, the performers, and all which they inherited. The dramatic and dramatic action, the paramount fault of the greater number of French dramatic works; and the smart witty dialogue, being delivered in French, could necessarily be appreciated but by a
moderate portion of the audience. The occasional snatches of applause which it received, were elicited by the truly artistic and subtle comedy-touches of young Colbrun (for the best of the juvenile company,) and the scraps of song with which the piece was interpolated. The gallery, whose turbulence had been growing gradually increasing, at last burst into a downright storm of boisterous impatience. They coughed, whistled, hissed, kicked and screamed with a persevering perfection that might have rivalled Dublin’s Hawkins’-street Theatre, on a muster night of repeaters and college-conservative. The louder and more continuous voices of the leaders, which were echoed back from the pit, to their ragged and deities above, cried “off, off,” with exclamations for the manager. Young Colbrun, unable to proceed in the tumult, sat down with the most remarkable sang-froid and self-possession, gazing quietly at the audience, when Mr. Wallack, highly excited, rushed forward, and leading the boy to the front of the stage, made a peremptory appeal on his behalf amidst the most violent interruptions, in which he accused the lessee of another theatre of unfair interference, addressed certain expressions to the gallery, more suited to that class of persons than to lady-readers, and offering satisfaction to any individual who might think himself aggrieved, insisting that some particular disturber in the gallery was the only person to whom his epithets alluded. On retiring he was much applauded, and the audience, allowed to proceed, concluded in a hurricane of mingled cheers and hisses.

After the fracas, D’Auberval’s ballet, “La Fille mal gardée,” in two acts, was presented as concluding the night’s entertainments. In this, the whole juvenile company took part. The petite Helene, played and danced as the rustic belle in a manner to deserve high commendation, also the pas de deux in the second act by Mlle. Rosetta and Elisa, and the “Valse de Giselle,” by Mlle. Leontine. This ballet was the best item of the evening’s bill of fare, and wanted only a more auspicious introduction, and a more fitting place of exhibition, to obtain for it all the eclat and encouragement which it deserved.

We regret that Mr. Wallack, who took his benefit on the 20th ult., has been obliged to terminate his management by abruptly closing the theatre.

DRURY-LANE.—The great monthly novelty at this establishment was the production of an English adaptation of Donizetti’s Grand Tragic Opera—“La Favorite.”

The reign of Alfonso XIth of Castile, forms one of the most brilliant and chivalrous periods of Spanish history, being nearly a continuous series of battles and triumphs over the Moors. It was in returning from one of his expeditions against them that the king met at Seville, Donna Leonora de Guzman, a lady of distinguished rank, who suffered a death rather different from that which poetical license assigns to her in this opera. The marriage with his Queen Constanza, was one little calculated to produce reciprocal confidence or affection, being entirely dictated by motives of state, to prevent Don Juan Manuel, the bride’s father, from forming an alliance with another powerful noble against the crown. Donna Leonora bore him several children, to whom, during his life, he continued a powerful protector, and, at his death, bequeathed her the fortress of Medina Sidonia, as a secure retreat; but the Queenmother’s resentment was deep and implacable, and, on Don Pedro’s accession, Leonora was prevailed on by the representations of the two nobles, Albuquerque and Lara, to repair to Seville, and being first treacherously seized and imprisoned, was afterwards conducted to Cremona, then to Talavera, where she was publicly executed—an inhuman act which imparted one of its darkest stains to Pedro the Cruel’s bloody escutcheon.

The characters were cast in the following manner:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alfonso XI</td>
<td>Mr. Leffler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balthazar</td>
<td>Mr. Borrani</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferdinand</td>
<td>Mr. Templeman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don Gasparo</td>
<td>Mr. Hornycastle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Nobleman</td>
<td>Mr. Morgan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonora</td>
<td>Miss Romer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inez</td>
<td>Miss Colley</td>
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The theatrical version of the story is as follows. Ferdinand—a novice in the convent of St. Jaques, meets in the cloisters the Lady Leonora de Guzman, with whom, without knowing her name, rank or equivocal social position, he becomes violently enamored, and announces to Balthazar—superior of the convent, his determination to resign all intention of taking monastic vows, although he thereby incurs the pious dignitary’s keenest reproaches. Leonora is provided by the King with a sumptuous palace in the Isle de Leon, whither, by her connivance, Ferdinand consents to be conducted, blindfolded. On one of these occasions, they are surprised by a visit from Alfonso, when Leonora leaves him, having, however, first, procured for him a commission to serve against the Moors. Meanwhile, Balthazar has discovered Ferdinand’s inamorato, and the latter’s subsequent successes in the field have already established a claim upon the
King's gratitude, and created the envy of the nobles, especially Don Gasparo—an officer in infection, most unwelcome on the court, determined to ruin Leonora and Ferdinand. A grand ballet which is introduced for the special entertainment of Alfonso's mistress, is interrupted by Don Gasparo's entrance, who has found means to intercept a letter sent by Ferdinand to Leonora, and the seeds of jealousy being thus sown, Balthazar coming into the royal presence at the head of his monks, urges upon Alfonzo the dreadful crime of neglecting Constanza—his legitimate Queen, and imprecated a heavy curse on Leonora's head, whom he commands, in all the insolent imperiousness of priestly authority, to depart from her royal lover. Ferdinand, ignorant of all these proceedings, and filled only with dreams of happiness and glory, boldly resolves to solicit the hand of his still mysterious fair one. At the moment that he is addressing the King for this purpose, Leonora enters, and Alfonzo is immediately made acquainted with their mutual inclination; and, after reproaching the lady, determines to unite the enamored pair. Leonora, inspired with a sincere attachment for Ferdinand, and nobly scorning to be despised as a deceiver, conceives the design of acquainting him with her real position, which the King, however, prevents by arranging that Mass, the bearing of the message. The wedding proceeds, previous to the conclusion of which, Alfonso creates Ferdinand Count of Zamora, and Marquis of Montreal. Leonora is also made a Marchioness, at which acts of royal favor, the envy of Gasparo and his associate-nobles, is raised beyond all bounds, and on Ferdinand's approaching, to receive their congratulation, they upbraid him with his dishonor, and he, at length discovering his new bride's real quality, rejects the King's recent honors, and indignantly flings his sword at His Majesty's feet. Leonora, now too late, aware of Inex's detention, and her lover's consequent ignorance of her true circumstances, seeks him in the convent, whither he has gone to take the vows of the order, and encountering him after the irrevocable act, which places an eternity between her and happiness, an effecting scene ensues, during which she elicits from him a confession of unchanged love, and dies, bliss in the forgiveness of him, who, presenting a single frailty, lost for ever the devoted constancy of an affectionate female heart.

The faults of the piece as a stage representation, are the broken connexion between certain parts; the story is scarcely told with sufficient distinctness, and the actors depart most unmercifully from the printed libretto. In the second part, where Balthazar reproaches the King, and unfolds the parchment containing the imprecation, Miss Romer's, Mr. Leffler's, and Mr. Borrazi's performance deserves commendation, also in the concluding duet. Miss Romer exhibited much energy, natural expression, and good execution. In Mr. Templeton's movements there is a stiffness and a certain want of keeping with the general sentiments of the proud but feeling lover, which, much as he is esteemed as a vocalist, must render his impersonation of the character less effective and agreeable. The scenery is finely painted, and reflects much credit on the well-known artists, Messrs. Grieve. The view in the last act, of the convent-cloisters by moonlight, presented a rich and delightful combination of softness, fidelity and beauty.

Our readers may be gratified with the following extracts from the libretto, which have been already noticed, as among the best in the opera:

**ACT 2.**

**BALTHAZAR and Moons enter.**

**King.** What mission this! Intruder! now depart.

**Bai.** Nay, I come to announce vengeance on thee.

**King.** Father!

**Bai.** Mark me, Alfonso, from powers than thine still more high,
Obey thou this decree; and dare it defy.
Or, at once, I pronounce the sentence,
Which thy crimes, by their weight, on thee bring.

**King.** Stern man, I own thy power, and submit—
It is my duty.

**Bai.** For a base woman's love, faith, devotion, thou scornest;
Hast thy Queen deserted—truth and honor lost.

**Chorus.** Oh! sin!

**King.** (looking at her reproachfully) True, I own thou speakest not falsely.
Yes; the crown I had bestowed on Leonora—
But, deadly tho' my wrath, of my love
I'm master still:
Nor owns this heart thy sway—no, nor ever will.

**Bai.** Proud king, beware
Dread this power severe;
Whose wrath is mighty, yet in kindness—
Will pity still thy blindness:
All his mandates revere.
My deep anger why brave,
I but warn thee, to save;
Repent thee; or, perdition, guilty monarch, beware.

From thy dark path repair;
For pardon entreats—
Pleasures too fleeting,
End but in despair.

**King (apart) Ah! my heart sinks with care,
With remorse deeply beating
(seeping Leo.) Ev'ry dream is fleeting,—
I freeze with despair.

**Gas.** Dread his power severe, &c.

**Leo.** It comes, the storm avenging;
O'er me angry lightnings glare,—
Shield, shield me from their fury,
Or I die with despair!
King (to Bal.) Yes, this fell storm defy,
    All this churlish rage I dare;
    For this insult thou shalt suffer;
    Hence! of pardon despair!
Bal. All ye who hear my word, I charge, from
    that lost one,
    Quick, fly! for she is now denounced—
    proscribed!
Leo. Fate, how cruel! fate, how cruel!
King (to Leo.) Fear not! fear not!
Leo. Would I were dead.
Bal. Begone! begone!
King. Insulting word!
Chorus. Away! away!

Act 4—Concluding Part.

RECITATIVE.

Fer. Come fly with me this dwelling,
Leo. Oh, no! such thoughts forbear!
Cho. May every word, &c.
Leo. Hear'st thou the convent bell knelling.
Fer. Let's hence.
Leo. List! that sound thee reproacheth—
Fer. Nay, nay; thou art my heart's only care—
    Hasten! fly!
Leo. Thy vows! think on thy vows!
Fer. But my love is my shrine,
    Fix'd in my heart it glows;
    E'en my soul I'd resign,—
    Yes, Leonora, thine.
Leo. Ah! thy better angel, sure,
    From those arms now doth tear me—
    Farewell!
Fer. Leonora?
Leo. Piety thy weakness,
    This deep crime to spare thee—
    I with joy, welcome death.
    Yes, his dark wing hovers o'er me.
    Thee 'twill save from the anguish before thee.
    Oh! remember me, still:
    Bless, oh, bless thee.
Fer. These arms, away, shall bear thee.
Leo. 'Tis too late?
Fer. Leonora! Leonora! fearful horror! thou grow'st pale.
Leo. I die!
    Yes, my heart is broken.
Fer. Oh, distraction! Yes, dying.
Leo. Shortly soon in peace repose,
    I'll bless thee from you sky;
    Adieu! I die! Oh! (Diss.
Fer. Leonora! oh hear! 'tis thy Ferdinand
    calls thee.
    Unclose those eyes, those gentle eyes,
    But one word! one! ah, can life be fled?
    Help there! help! help there; help!
    Come quickly, oh in mercy!
    She's dead!

Balthasar and Monks enter with torches.
Leonora!
Bal. Ah! whom see I? (recognizing the features.
Fer. Yes! 'tis she! (To Monks who approach to gaze coveringLeonora's
    face with a capuchon.
Bal. to Fer. Hush! silence! He is no more.
Fer. Ah!
appearing, and returning on his fulfilling the enjoined condition. These preternatural glories and delights at length vanish, and Roucem enters her slumber asleep, as he had left him. Achmet, being awakened, gazes round, bewildered, and, telling Roucem what he has seen, the latter assures him of its delusive nature, and is permitted to bring back Nourmahal, but the Peri, invisible to all, seizes the handkerchief which her rival is about to receive, and tramples on it. Achmet immediately kicks the star, and the Peri appears, and upbarding him with his earthly affections, carries away the bouquet. Thus recalled to a sense of his error, Achmet commands Nourmahal to be sold as a slave, on which the Peri exultingly returns, and again confides to him the magical bouquet. The first act here terminates with a magnificent tableau.

The second act opens with a representation of a terrace of Achmet’s palace, by moonlight, with the Peri’s attendants pouring the night-dew on the surrounding flowers from golden urns. One of these counsels the Peri to forsake her attraction, suggesting that her splendor alone attracts him, and that, were she merely a beautiful but obscure woman, he would cease to regard her. At this moment, a slave, escaped from the Pacha’s harem, is seen fleeing from terrace to terrace, until she is suddenly shot dead by the bullet of a Zobeit. The Peri suddenly determines to avail herself of this event to prove Achmet’s fidelity, and assuming with a wish the appearance and garments of the sacrificed slave, she lies motionless upon the marble. In this situation (one, indeed, which presented some novelties for the beholder, and which astonished even the performers!) she is discovered by Achmet and Roucem, to whom, on reviving, she declares herself to be the Pacha’s slave, and professes eternal devotion to Achmet. The latter is struck with her resemblance to the Peri, and questions her upon her qualifications, which she enumerates, and in the fete which ensues she dances a national pas, whose fascinating evolutions entirely eclipse all attempts at rivalry and enslave the heart of Achmet with amorous admiration. The slaves are ordered to retire, and the Peri remains alone with her lover. Meanwhile, Nourmahal, like another Juno, indignant at the slighting of her beauty, has found means to enter the chamber, and, inspired with jealous rage, attempts to plunge a dagger into Achmet’s heart; but the Peri arrests her hand. Thereupon, Nourmahal turns her vengeance upon the spirit herself, but Achmet snatches the weapon, dashes it to the ground, and is about to sacrifice her, when, at her rival’s fervent intercession, he withholds his hand. But a more dreadful interruption to their pleasure ensues. The Pacha has sent to demand his slave, and Achmet, resolved not to relinquish her, orders Roucem to conduct her to a cavern, which closes by a secret door, he himself being made prisoner by the Pacha. The scene changes to a gloomy fortress, a domicile destined to be Achmet’s last earthly home. More bitter trials await him. The Peri visits him in all her splendor, invites him to her kingdom, on condition of his forsaking the slave, but he resolutely refuses, and she departs, secretly overjoyed at this final proof of his fidelity. The hour of doom draws nigh, and the Pacha, finding him obstinate, causes him to be hurled from the window, when the prison-walls disappear as by enchantment, and a tableau is disclosed of the most gorgeous and surpassing magnificence, in which, in the full blaze of more than even fabled glory, is seen the Peri’s paradise; its lovely queen and her rescued Achmet appearing united in smiling ecstasy.

Carlotta Grisi’s and Petipa’s dancing, was decidedly the star of the ballet, the former’s exquisitely graceful, yet agile movements, with her beautiful figure and arch-looking face, combine to render her an unrivalled favorite. The latter’s mode of representing the passion of love, however, was not consistent with sincere and truly affection, and would do more to diminish than heighten the effect of their dancing.

M. Coralli and Madame Petit Stephan acquitted themselves creditably, as did Mdlles Clara Webster, Proche Giubilei, and O Bryan, all of whom apparently enjoyed themselves as much as the favor and applause of the audience.

Princess’s.—On the first of November, the appointed day of issue for our last number’s publication, two new pieces were produced upon the boards of this lucky establishment, and with the same success as it has enjoyed since the commencement of the season. The first was a one-act musical drama, “The Spirit of the Fountain” It was cast as follows:—

Conrad, (a student) Mr. Walton.
Hummer, Mr. Chicheley.
Perkin, Mr. Granby.
Leoline (the spirit) Mrs. H. P. Grattan.
Bertha, Miss Gould.
Bridget, Madame Sala.

There are certain characters and sciences, exhibiting a mixture of excellence and defects, through which occasional flashes of goodness and beauty, like the electric fluid through the circumfluent cloud, alone for dulness and poverty. To pass an unqualified censure while there is any thing to be commended, is not the province of a critic, and in this there is a good deal deserving of approbation. Falling in love with a spirit
which vanishes and reappears to the torment of some unhappy mortal is but a repetition of Barnett’s ‘Mountain Sylph,' and numerous other pieces wherein supernatural agency is supposed to be employed. The modification given to this hackneyed feature of opera and melodrama is, perhaps, entitled to some degree of originality, although it looks like a child’s trick to frighten with a mock-ghost, more than a natural or probable bait to entice a frigid lover. The plot is thus:—

A German student, more devoted to philosophy than Cupid, and quite indifferent to female charms, is under an engagement to marry a lady whom he has never seen, and the young lady, learning his character, resolves, like an exceedingly witty and sagacious fairy, to avail herself of a certain legend respecting a fountain frequented by the youth, who there beholds his betrothed, disguised as the airy spirit of the spring. With the dexterous coquetry usually ascribed to such visionary beings, she conquers all his defences of erudite stoicism, tantalizing, mystifying, and captivating him; until awakened passion abandons him to a most desperate infatuation for the supposed phantom. Having gained this inmost of her wishes, in an indirect, and, therefore, most congenial manner to a susceptible female heart, she resumes her proper garb, and gives herself to his delighted embraces as a warm and palpable humanity.

The piece is pretty, but full of extravagance and improbability, and the tricks of the spirit—as they may be called—but tolerably executed. A chorus of students, a song by Mrs. Grattan, and a comic duet by Oxberry and Mrs. Gould, constituted the music, which is well-suited to the subject.

The other novelty was a farce in one act, "A Mistaken Story," taken from a Parisian Vaudeville, whose humour borders on indecency, but created much laughter. A gentleman becoming involved in debt, goes to America, whence, after two years, he returns, and seeking his old lodgings on the second floor, finds himself in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Pickaninny, his own first cousins, the street having been lowered during his absence, and his wife’s residence consequently elevated to a third floor. Here! were we to particularize, we should condemn the licentious equivocque; nevertheless, the farce was very successful.

ADELPHI.—Although in the art of dexterously and daringly appropriating the property of others, there may be probably little distinction between Alexander the Great and Jack Sheppard, except that the former died of a voluntary debauch, the latter of involuntary strangulation; (not that it can be disputed that Alexander was a most noble wholesale robber, and Jack a noble and high-minded highwayman) yet, when it becomes an imperative duty to give lessons of refinement and morality, the display of vice should be confined to its exposure, and the development of strong passions directed to excite a horror of evil, and a love of good; consequently, all representations of scenes of low-bred infancy, but especially those in an attractive or romantic shape, should be avoided by writers and dramatists, as manifestly having a demoralizing tendency, and encouraging in the public a disrelish for the pure, the natural, and the legitimate, even as forced and meretricious dishes vitiate our alimentary and digestive organs. Much of the force of these remarks will apply to "The Bohemians," or "Rogues of Paris";—a piece recently produced at the above theatre, whatever may be its merits in a scenic or dramatic point of view. There exists in Paris a society under the general denomination of Bohemians, which comprises all, or the largest portion of the professional rogues of that metropolis, and amounting, it is said, to 100,000 individuals. From this singular and out-cast class, Eugene Sue, the celebrated French author, took the ground-work of a very popular novel, entitled "Les Mysteres de Paris;" which the play-wrights quickly seized, and converted into a melodrama—"Les Bohemians." Mr. E. Stirling, stage-manager of the Adelphi, and a clever and ingenious adapter, has translated and produced this piece with his customary success.

CAST OF THE PIECE.

M. Montorgeuil, Mr. Maynard.
M. Desrosie, Mr. Aldridge.
Charles Didier, Mr. Lyon.
Paul Didier, Mr. Braid.
Criquet Bagnollet, Mr. Wright.
Papeland, Mr. Sanders.
Creve Coeur, Mr. O. Smith.
Louise, Mrs. Yates.
Lolot, Miss Stanley.
Madame Papeland, Miss E. Mathews.

Charles Didier is a naval officer, who has formed an attachment for Louise, but goes abroad, and on his return finds she has been seduced by his brother Paul, with whom she
Montegeul. 73

is living as his mistress. Having met Bagnolet, they determine on seeking Paul, who has ruined himself by extravagance, forsaken Louise, and is forced to take refuge among the Bohemians, at the Pont Marie—one of their favorite haunts. Montegeul, having discovered that Charles Didier is contracted to the daughter of Desrosie—a rich banker, and ignominy to the former's arrival from India, and Paul's destination, first ingratiates himself with the banker, and then proposes to Paul Didier to secure him the alliance with Desrosie, on condition of receiving for his good offices 200,000 francs, and accordingly, introduces him to Desrosie as Charles, his intended son-in-law, just returned from India. Charles himself, in searching for his brother, has visited the Pont Marie, at the very moment when Louise, broken hearted, seeks the spot to terminate her existence, and is saved from a watery grave by his intervention, and that of Creve Cour—a mysterious old beggar, excited almost to madness at the sight of Marie Hubert. Louise, being conveyed by them to Bagnolet's house, tells to Charles Didier the story of her descent, and consequent wretchedness, and learning also the plot of Montegeul, Charles appears at the café, just as Paul is about to deliver to the latter the signature deed for the specified sum, which Charles snatches from his hand, reproaching him, and defying and menacing the villain Montegeul. The latter, however, is determined not to be so easily over-reached, and, on pretense of finally arranging matters, appointed to meet Didier in a billiard-room—the haunt of the Bohemians, where, supplemented and incited, he at last, on refusing to restore the deed, secured, and then, on further declining to take an oath not to divulge this outrage, is hurried to the cellars beneath the café which is set on fire, and the gens d'armes and Bohemians mingling in hostile mêlée form a wild and striking tableau. Charles Didier, thus left to his dungeon-fate, Montegeul proceeds to remove the only remaining obstacle to his nefarious scheme—Louise, who is induced by him to repair to a certain spot, where she will be conducted to her lover, Paul Didier, by a man to whom she must use these mysterious words, "I saw Marie Hubert die." The pretended guide is the beggar Creve Cour, who, being informed of the talismanic signal-word, is further told that Louise is the murderess, and engages to destroy her as the victim of his secret vengeance. Montegeul now assures himself of success and impunity, but this last crowning atrocity serves fully to unmask and defeat the villain's projects. Louise recognizes in Creve Cour the man who has before saved her life, and being questioned by him regarding her dark words, tells him, in her agonized alarm, that Marie Hubert's household had been condemned to the gallies for a theft of which he was innocent, and his wife holding papers which established that fact, a man named Francois Renault, in attempting to gain possession of them, had murdered Marie, who, however, had previously provided for their security, by placing them in the unsuspected hands of Louise—her daughter. On this declaration, Creve Cour claps his intended victim to his bosom, himself her father—the Hubert who had suffered twenty years punishment at the gallies on a false accusation. The grand denouement speedily ensues. Montegeul has met Paul Didier at Desrosie's house, who comes forth to embrace his future son-in-law, when Hubert and Louise approach, and Charles Didier rushes forward, being released from the peril of death by Bagnolet. Montegeul is arrested, Paul Didier joyfully weds Louise, and the piece terminates with singular satisfaction to the spectator's excited sensibilities.

Pont Marie—the nocturnal resting-place and rendezvous of the Bohemians presents a scene, picturesque and characteristic in the extreme. The play, generally, has numerous beauties. Mr. Lyon's reproaches to the villain Montegeul, were nobly delivered; and Mrs. Yates' performance throughout, especially in the part where she discovers Creve Cour to be her longlost father, was given with a natural and affecting truthfulness. Still morality is now and then outraged; there is very little approaching to obscenity, but a good deal of coarseness and vulgarity. The audience are constantly reminded that they are mentally associated with rogues and vagabonds, and Bagnolet is a person who dines on one portion of his clothing, sups on another, and lives in a house without a knocker, but whose bell-handle is a sheep's-trotter. Such incidents may be tolerated in farce, but are below the dignity of drama, or melo-drama.

The Wreck of the Memnon.—From the journal of a passenger in a Bombay paper.

July 20, 1843.—Left our moorings in Bombay harbour at a quarter-past 4 o'clock, p.m., 22d, Sunday, at noon the course was altered to the southward, instead of standing direct across the monsoon, as at first intended. Until the 31st, nothing particular occurred, the weather and sea, which were heavy on leaving the harbour, getting easier as we drew to the southward.

July 31.—Off the east coast of Africa, blowing a strong gale with a heavy sea all the morning; at 4 o'clock, p.m., sea and wind went down very suddenly, supposed to be on account of our leisure in under the lee of the land. The ship was kept away N. by E. during the night.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—At 4 a.m., blowing a strong gale with a heavy sea, and at 11 a.m., the tiller, which was fitted on some new principle
with a slide working in a transverse ground, got jammed hard a-starboard and could only be cleared at last by breaking up the deck over the rudder and cutting away all the slide groove, &c.; matters were got to rights again about half-past 1, p.m., but during the whole of this time the ship had been rolling about almost a helpless log on the water, the fore top gallant-yard being sent down and fore main topsmarts struck. The delay occasioned by this accident in all probability was in some measure the cause of the loss of the ship that night, as otherwise the high land of Guardafui would have been sighted early in the evening. I do not recollect the latitude and longitude at noon this day precisely, but as well as I can remember Cape Guardafui bore N. 83 W., distance 84 miles, and a small island midway between Socotra and the Cape bore on the chart about N.W., distance 36 miles, but we did not sight it. Ship steering west until 3 p.m., when by observation we had made 12 miles of westing since noon. Ship was then kept away W. by N. Heavy sea with a stiff gale all the afternoon. There seems some truth in the line, that

"Coming events cast their shadows before;" from what cause it arose I cannot say, but it was remarked at dinner at 4 o'clock how dull and out of sorts we all appeared; the captain was completely done up; he had been on deck the best part of two days and a night, and he was not in his usual spirits. Went on deck after dinner. The sun set dull and watery in a thick haze; remained on deck until the moon set; about 10 p.m. it disappeared behind a sharp bank, which I thought was a cloud: the officer of the watch said, "There is the land." I observed, "If that is the land, it must be exceedingly high or exceedingly near." He went below to the captain to report, but did not rouse him, and returned upon deck. I turned in, and had been in bed about an hour when I was roused by hearing him again come below, and reporting to the captain in a hurried tone that the ship was close ashore. I turned out and commenced dressing immediately; heard the captain, who had got on deck, give some hurried orders and turn the hands up. I roused the other passengers and went on deck, and on looking over the lee-side, found the ship in the midst of a boiling mass of breakers, the high land of Guardafui distant about 8 miles on the larboard quarter. I had just time to make these observations when a heavy sea struck us, and the ship went on shore with a tremendous crash, broadside on. The engines were instantly shattered, her back broken, and the engine-room swamped. The ship then fell over on her starboard side, which was then to windward, and the deck thus became fully exposed to every sea that struck us. The lee fore-rigging, which was taut from the laying over the ship, was cut, and the foremost immedi-ately went over to windward; the same was done with the mainmast, but it was a beautiful spar, and would not go until the body of the mast had been cut into about eight inches; it then went, carrying with it the starboard cutter, and the funnel followed immediately afterwards. The ship then forged rather nearer to the shore. Mr. M. landed, and a few hands lowered away the larboard cutter, but the line they carried paid out so fast that it was lost, and with it the hope of establishing a communication with the shore. The boat and party, however, landed under the lee of the ship all safe. The seas now came sweeping over us, bitterly cold, the ship rolling and striking so heavily that it was hardly possible to keep our legs. Little could be done but wait patiently for daylight. All kit that could be got at, such as beds, trunks, &c., were thrown overboard for the chance of their being washed on shore. We got blankets and clothes on deck, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the lee of the companion, and about 1 o'clock a.m., got up a bottle of port wine, which put a little life in us.

Wednesday, 2d.—About 3 o'clock a.m., she began to give very unpleasant signs of breaking up; the frame-work was evidently loosening, as during her heavy lurches instead of rolling altogether we felt her bending and twisting, and the deck-planks were opening and closing under us. At daybreak we commenced endeavors to establish communication with the party on shore; and after failing to do so by means of a rocket and kite, succeeded in tearing a line ashore made fast to a spar, which the party there got hold of; a halsor was soon stretched, and communication established by hauling the cutter to and fro, under the lee of the ship. Passengers, idlers, and sick, were first despatched, as much provision as could be got at (about 12 days' biscuit,) some preserved meats, with arms and ammunition, were also sent off. About midday, the cutter was unfortunately stove in, but the people on shore managed to patch her up, so that with constant bailing she managed two more trips, and brought off the last of the crew and captain.

We now found ourselves on a desert shore without a drop of water, but, at night, some small quantity was brought in by the Somalis, which they sold at the moderate price of 2 rupees per skin—rather expensive work for 169 mouths. From this, until Friday, the 4th, we took up quarters on the sand under a hurricane-house, composed of planking from the wreck. At 11 o'clock, a.m., on the 4th, the whole party, with the exception of the captain, first-lieutenant and a few men, marched for a watering-place about 7 miles distant; the route lay over a plain of burning sand, and the sufferings of the whole party from thirst were very great; a large portion of the men fell before reach-
ing the water, and one died of apoplexy. Water was sent back to those who had dropped, and about 3 o’clock, p.m., the whole had come up. In the evening, the captain came with all the remaining sick that could be landed on camels, which had been procured from the Somalis. It was determined that no more day-marches should be attempted.

Saturday, 5th.—Marched at sunset to a watering-place or road to Hurloolah, seven miles distance. Found water by digging holes in the nullah, but it had a strong alkaline taste.

Sunday, 6th.—In the morning, found the place to be infested with hornets, with whom we had to fight for the water; about 12 o’clock, the Shurreef of Hurloolah came into the camp, and recommended us instead of marching on to Hurloolah, which we should find very distressing, to march again down to the coast to a place not above seven miles distant from the shore, where he had boats all ready to take us on to Hurloolah with plenty of water. From Hurloolah he would provide us with buggalas to carry the whole party to Aden. He would ask no price for his services, but trusted to the English Government for remuneration; this of course was eagerly accepted. In the evening, we marched to the beach to a spot called Bunder Lugg, and found one small boat of about 20 tons and four small fishing boats, but not a drop of water.

Monday, 7th.—Found ourselves regularly taken in a trap; nothing could be done, until one day or another the Shurreef had got 800 rupees out of us, nearly our whole stock of cash. In this way, he kept us under a burning sun, without a drop of water until 3 o’clock, p.m., when he allowed us to go on board the boats, which we had to wade to, and then sit like herrings in a barrel for 24 hours in our wet clothes.

Tuesday, 8th.—At 3 o’clock, p.m., we came to an anchor at a watering-place called Baa, about seven miles from Hurloolah, where the Nacodah of the boat advised us to make our camp, but the Shurreef much wanted to get us to the town; however, we had had enough of his advice, and refused to have anything to do with him, and lucky it was for us. The water has to be brought to the town from some distance, and had he got us there he would have made us pay finely for it. On coming to an anchor we had to swim ashore through the surf. Our encamping ground was a beach of fine, white sand, which made most comfortable beds; plenty of water to be had by scooping out the sand about two feet deep with your hands. We slept every night in the open air, and were always soaking-wet-through in the morning, but from low living, and having no liquor, whatever, we all kept our health, there was not even a cold amongst the whole of us. Our daily allowance was at first half a handful of biscuits and two handfuls of dates. When the biscuit fell short, we had to take to jowasry, rather bitter fare at first, with a little too much sand, but we soon got used to it. Our life was pretty much the same now; day after day during the heat we stretched a blanket, to protect ourselves from the sun, and in the morning and evening, we bathed and, caught crabs, the crew being employed in cutting boards and stockading the camp.

Saturday, 12th.—A brig passed within sight, standing to the westward; she was some 12 or 14 miles distant; yet we could see down to her fore-yard, we could not communicate with her. The Shurreef and rascals about him, kept us feeling from hand to mouth, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any provisions whatever were procured; in my opinion, there was too much of the lenient system of dealing, we might have done what we pleased and made our own terms—however, we had only to obey orders—but every town and boat on the coast was at our mercy, had we resorted to force, and this before long it must have come to, but a day of reckoning will yet come I hope with the Shurreef.

On the 16th, Rubesh ben Salem, an Arab merchant at Futeh, came into the camp, and changed the face of affairs by offering to supply every thing that was required on credit. Orders were, therefore, given to him to complete a month’s supply for the whole party. Some days previous to this, after a long discussion, an arrangement had been made with the Nacodah of the boat, and we came to Hurloolah in, to take a party to Aden, to obtain assistance; this, after some time, he agreed to do for 300 dollars to be paid on reaching Aden. On the morning of the 17th, at 8, a party consisting of Lieutenant Balfour, Mr. Stradling, and three seamen of the Menmon, with myself, and four other passengers, embarked on board her and up sail, with three cheers from the whole party on shore. We had a hazardous cruise of eight days in this craft, several times having had most narrow escapes of being upset during the heavy land squalls that blew off the African coast. Our hopes were much raised on Tuesday, the 22d, by getting sight of a bark about 3 o’clock, p.m., but which on approaching we found to be the wreck of the Captain Cook, of Scarborough; we boarded her and found the Somalis plundering her; we got a few blocks and some cordage, which we were much in want of, out of her, and half a cask of damaged flour, which the Somalis thought was chunam, and did not like our taking away when they heard it was good provender. As the crew had been taken to Aden by a brig, we imagined that some craft would soon be sent down from that place to the wreck; we wrote up a description of the wreck of the Menmon on the mast, with tar, and gave a
note in pencil to one of the Somalies, who promised to deliver it to any ship that might come. We had a dangerous land-squall this evening. On the morning of Wednesday, the 23d, after discussing our plans, finding that our water was failing, and no chance of procuring more, we decided to bear up at once for Aden. All hands were put upon two measures of water per diem, the measure being a tin wafer-box, and we weighed anchor with a stiff land-breeze at half-past 10 a.m. From the part of the coast whence we took our departure, Aden bore, by a rough calculation, northwest, 130 miles; we had neither chart, compass, nor sextant, but thank God! made the high land of Aden, at half-past 10 a.m., on the 25th. About 3 p.m., when it was fully decided that it was Aden, we got the water on deck, and then, how we drank! Got to the entrance of Back-bay at 9 a.m., but the wind failing, did not come to anchor until 11. On reporting our arrival to the political agent, the Hon. Company's ship Tigris was immediately ordered to proceed to Hulloolah, to bring up the rest of the crew, and we were most hospitably received, and the next day overwhelmed with invitations from all quarters; and we hope in a few days to see the whole of the crew, left at Hulloolah, safe in Aden.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

Adams, the lady of Henry, esq., of a son; at Somers-street, Hyde-park, Nov. 1.
Anson, the lady of J. W. H., esq., of a son; at Avisford, Sussex, Nov. 14.
Atkins, the lady of E. Martin, esq., of a daughter; at Kingston Lisle, Berks, Nov. 20.
Arundel and Surrey, the Countess of, of a daughter; in Chatham-place, Nov. 19.
Braithwaite, Mrs. Isaac, Jun., of a son; in Mecklenburgh-square, Nov. 21.
Brown, the wife of Dr., of a daughter; at Grantham, Nov. 8.
Bullar, the wife of John, esq., of a daughter; at Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park, Oct. 30.
Chapman, the wife of Cowdell, esq., of the Temple, of a son; at Egremont-place, Nov. 10.
Cockburn, the lady of Captain, of a son; at Norwich, Oct. 29.
Colvill, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord of Ochilree, of a daughter, still-born; at Lower Tooting, Surrey, Nov. 2.
Duncan, the wife of Mr., surgeon, of a daughter; in Leadenhall-street, Nov. 2.
Emerton, the wife of the Rev. J. A., of a son; at Hanwell, Middlesex, Nov. 7.
Exeter, the Marchioness of, of a daughter; at Burghley-house, Nov. 9.
Frost, the lady of the Rev. Percival, of a son; at Pembroke-place, Cambridge, Nov. 14.
Glegg, the lady of Captain, East India Company's service, of a daughter; at Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Nov. 18.
Goodwin, Mrs. Colquhit, of a daughter; at Abington, Gloucestershire, Nov. 15.
Gordon, the wife of George J. G. Gordon, esq., First Attaché to Her Majesty's Legation at Rio de Janeiro, of a son; at Hampton-wick, Oct. 33.
Gower, Mrs. Edwin, of a son; at Hanover-terrace, Regent-park, Nov. 7.
Griffiths, Mrs. Richard J., of Huntington-court, Herefordshire, of a daughter; at George-street, Hanover-square, Nov. 9.
Hadow, the lady of James Remington, esq., of a son; at Bombay, Sept. 7.
Hollond, the lady of the Rev. Edmund, of a son; at Benhall Lodge, Suffolk, Nov. 2.
Hamilton, the lady of Francis, esq., of a son; at Kensworth, Herts, Oct. 27.
Harris, the Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Pearl-hill, near Southampton, Nov. 16.
Holden, the lady of E. A., esq., of Aston-hall, Derbyshire, of a son; Nov. 18.
Hoyland, the lady of C. W., esq., surgeon, of a daughter; in Manchester-square, Nov. 17.
Knollys, the lady of Colonel, Scots Fusiliers Guards, of a daughter; in Portman-square, Nov. 10.
Leson, the wife of John, esq., of a daughter, who survived but a few hours after her birth; at Finsbury-square, Nov. 12.
Macleane, Mrs. James, of a daughter; at 28, Wimpole-street, Nov. 12.
Malet, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel, 8th (or King's Regiment), of a son; at Bolton-le-Moor, Nov. 20.
Maxwell, the lady of P. Benson, esq., of a son; in Upper Gordon-street, Nov. 16.
Moore, Mrs. Edward, of twins; in Arlington-street, Nov. 5.
Newton, the lady of F. W., esq., of a son, still-born; at Fremantle Lodge, near Southampton, Nov. 9.
Northcote, the wife of Spencer, esq., of a daughter; at Bath, Oct. 30.
Parks, the lady of James Hamilton, esq., of a daughter; at Woodside-house, Old Windsor.
Patterson, the lady of W. N. Talbot, esq., of a son; at Florence, Nov. 18.
Pilcher, the lady of Jeremiah, esq., of a son; in Russell-square, Oct. 31.
Quarterman, the lady of the Rev. W., of a son; at Woolwich, Nov. 6.
Thomas, the wife of Richard, esq., of Eythorne-house, near Maidstone, of a daughter; Nov. 7.
Thorold, the lady of Henry, esq., of Coxwold, in the county of Lincoln, of a son; at Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, Nov. 13.
Sutherland, the Duchess of, of a son; at Stafford-house, Nov. 21.
Villiers, Viscountess, of a daughter; at Berkeley-square, Nov. 7.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
MARRIAGES.


Barrow, Elizabeth Grant, youngest daughter of the late Francis Barrow, esq., of Rochester, in the county of Kent, to John Leonard Woltenbeck, esq., only son of Peter Woltenbeck, esq., of Amsterdam; at the town-hall, Amsterdam, and on the following day at the residence of the British Ambassador at the Hague, Nov. 9.

Bartram, Eliza Watson, 2nd daughter of the late Charles Bartram, esq., of Rye-lane, Peckham, to Hugh Lennox, 2nd son of Hugh Hamilton Mortimer, esq., of Upper Tooting; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Nov. 7.


Bourne, Miss Caroline, of Kemp-town, Brighton, to Charles Webster, esq., of Uxbridge; at the parish church, Brighton, Nov. 14.

Brock, Eliza Rebecca, daughter of R. H. Brabant, esq., M.D., of Devizes, to Charles C. Hennell, esq., of Hackney; at Finsbury Chapel, Nov. 1.


Cade, Ann, only daughter of Frederick Cade, esq., of Compton-street, Bromley-square, to Charles, 2nd surviving son of the late John Mesaby, esq.; at St. Pancras church, Nov. 4.

Canning, Miss Eliza Minto, of Foxcote, in the county of Warwick, eldest daughter of the late John Canning, to Phillip Henry Howard, esq., of Corby-castle, M.P. for Carlisle; by the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, V. A., at the Catholic Chapel, Spanish-place, Nov. 16.

Carbonell, Maria Charlotte, 2nd daughter of the late John Carbonell, esq., to the Rev. Henry Varrel, esq., M.A., eldest son of Walpole, esq.; at Buckland, Surrey, by the Rev. Thomas Hulse, the rector, Nov. 8.

Carter, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late William Carter, esq., of Yeovil, to Mr. Martyn, surgeon, R. N., of Norfolk-street, Strand; at Langley, Bucks, Nov. 15.


Combe, Eliza, eldest daughter of Harvey Combe, esq., late of the Madras Civil Service, and niece of Quarles Harris, esq., of Blackheath, to Major Anthony B. Stranks, Royal Marines; by the Rev. H. Cole, A.M., at St. Mary's, Lewisham, Nov. 2.


De Fiault, Hon. Emily Elphinstone, eldest daughter of the Comte de Fiault, French Ambassador at Vienna, and Baroness Keith and Nairn, to the Earl of Shelburne; at the British Embassy, at Vienna, by the Chaplain to the Embassy, Nov. 1.

De Vismes, Eliza Jane, daughter of the late Count de Vismes, of Exmouth, and relict of Jy Kane, esq., of Withycomb, Devon; at Tor b, the Rev. T. Shelford, Rector of Lambourne Essex, Oct. 31.

Dwarris, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Dwarris, esq., of Golden-grove, Jamaica, to Henry Adolphus Shuckburgh, esq., captain of the 40th Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry, youngest son of the late Sir Stewley Shuckburgh, bart., (and brother of the present Sir Francis,) of Shuckburgh-park, Warwickshire, at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. Joshua Watson; Nov. 16.

Edenborough, Augusta Jessie, daughter of the late Samuel Edenborough, esq., of Leyton, Essex, to the Rev. Samuel George Dudley, of Great Holland, same county; at Cheshunt, Nov. 1.

Ellis, Henrietta Phyllis, to George M. Livsey, esq.; at the same time, Amelia, to Mr. J. R. Diamond, youngest son of W. B. Diamond, esq., only daughters of the late Horace Ellis, esq., of Horham; at the parish church, Brightton, by the Rev. R. S. Smith; Nov. 7.

English, Eliza Catherine, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel English, Royal Engineers, to Charles, eldest son of Nicholas Lo Queene, esq., at St. Helen's church, Jersey; by the very Rev. the Dean, Nov. 6.

Fenwick, Clementine Charlotte Myra, daughter of William Fenwick, esq., late Master in Equity of the Supreme Court of Bombay, to Frances G. Lovell, esq., assistant-inspector of small-arms at the Towe; at Greenwich, by the Rev. J. Hughes, Nov. 16.

Gardner, Catherine Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral the Hon. Francis Farrington Gardner, to Captain W. H. Rickards, Deputy Judge Advocate-General; at Nee- much, by Major-General C. W. Hamilton, commanding Meywar Field Force, Aug. 10.


Grant, Catherine Mary Thalia, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel St. John Grant, 18th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, and gree

Gray, Elizabeth Mabel, only daughter of Mr. J. W. Gray, of Limehouse, to Henry Lane; at St. John's, Bethnal-green, by the Rev. John Williams, chaplain of the establishment of the Hon. Corporation of Trinity-house, Nov. 16.

Gurney, Anna, only daughter of Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, to John Church Backhouse, of Darlington; at the Friends' Meeting-house, Norwich, Nov. 8.

Hamilton, Louisa, the only daughter of the late Col. Hamilton, C.B., of Her Majesty's 30th Regiment of Foot, to Lieutenant Hayes Marriott, of the Royal Marine Forces, third son of George Marriott, esq., of Thorpe Arnold, in the county of Leicester; at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Nov. 7.

Hanson, Amelia, daughter of Joseph Hanson, esq., of the Grove, Camberwell, to Joseph Tritton, esq., of Olney-loyd, Battersea; at St. George's, Camberwell, by the Rev. Zachary Nash, B.A., Nov. 8.

Harley, Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Mr. William Harley, to Mr. John Wardrope of Linthgow, North Britain; at St. Mary's, Alumnary, Bow-lane, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Nov. 21.

Haslar, Mary Churchill, daughter of Charles Churchill, esq., of Cranbrook, to William Woodgate, esq., son of the late Francis Woodgate, esq., of Ferox-hall, tunbridge, Kent; at Cranbrook, by the Rev. F. Barrow, Nov. 16.

Heaton, Aurora Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. Hewton, Thanet-street, Manchester-square, to Mr. William Fowler, of Henlow, Beds; at St. Marylebone, parish church, by the Rev. George Evezard, Nov. 16.

Ingram, Marianne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Rev. Edward Winnington Ingram, of Ribbleston, county Worcester, to the Rev. John Ryle Wood, domestic chaplain to the Dowager Queen and Canon of Worcester; at Ribblesford Church, by the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Nov. 7.

Jackson, Charlotte, sixth daughter of the late Henry H. Jackson, esq., of Lewes, Sussex, to James Henry Hurdis, esq., of Newick, Sussex; at St. John's Church, Margate, by the Rev. C. Carrol, Nov. 8.


Jenkins, Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of the late Major Jenkious, 11th Hussars, to George L. Norc-ek, esq., Lieutenant of H. M. S. St. Vincents, at Plymouth, Nov. 4.

Jenks, Jean, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenks, of Fleet-street, to Mr. S. L. Hiscox, of Blackheath; at St. Bride's, Fleet-street, by the Rev. Thomas Dale, vicar, Nov. 21.

Jones, Emily, second daughter of W. B. Jones, esq., of Kingston, to Edward, second son of Simmons Hammond, esq., of Dartford, Kent; at Kingston-on-Thames, by the Rev. W. S. W. Gandy, A.M., Nov. 16.

Johnston, Mary Matilda, daughter of the late William Johnston, esq., 65th Regiment, and stepdaughter of A. Child, esq., barrack-master, to John Wallace Harris, esq., of Kingston, Jamaica; at All Saints Church, Portsmouth, Nov. 13.

Kipling, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Kipling of Dalston, and late of Upper Hill-lay, to Mr. Charles Blake, of Catleton-street and Kew, at St. Anne's, Kew, by the Rev. John H. Ward, Nov. 7.

Keeyes, Frances, daughter of J. B. Keeyes, esq., Hever, Kent, to Jonas King, esq., surgeon, Tunbridge-wells; at Norwood; Nov. 15.

Kirkness, Margaret Anne, daughter of Wm. Kirkness, esq., of Kernick, Cornwall, to James Henderson, esq., Naval Dock-yard, Devonport; by the Rev. W. J. Kirkness, at St. Gluvius Church, Oct. 31.

Le Blanc, Louisa, daughter of the late William Le Blanc, esq., of Pippington-lodge, Sussex, to Baron Adolph Philipp Ernst de Weiler, first lieutenant of the 1st regiment of dragoons in the service of his Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Baden; at Leamington, Nov. 20.

Le Couteur, Mary, 2nd daughter of Colonel Le Couteur, aide-de-camp to Her Majesty, and Viscount of Jersey, to the Rev. John Maunoir Sumner, rector of North Waltham, Hants; by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham, Nov. 15.


Lenton, Mary Ann, only child of William Lenton, esq., of Plumstead, Kent, to George Smith, esq., of Park-place, Paddington; by the Rev. J. W. Buckley, at St. Mary's, Paddington, Nov. 1.


Mark, Julia Louisa, 4th daughter of William Mark, esq., late Her Majesty's consul for the kingdom of Grasada, in Spain, to Patrick Black, M.D., of Bedford-square; by the Rev. A. W. Black, M.A., at St. Mary's, Lambeth, Nov. 18.


Novello, Clara, 4th daughter of Mr. Vincent Novello, of Craven-hill, Bayswater, to Count Gigliucci, of Ferno, in the Roman States, Nov. 22.


Paine, Caroline, elder daughter of Mr. Leeds
Paine, of the Bath hotel, and Old White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, to Mr. William Weatherly, of Chatham, Kent; at St. George's Hanover-square, Nov. 7.


Radford, Frances Holland, daughter of William Radford, esq., of Kilburn-grove, to Mr. Thomas Streeper, of Church-street, Regent's-park; at St. George's, Hanover-square, Nov. 1.


Rooke, Mrs., late of Bengee, Herts, to Edmund Ludlow, esq., of Weymouth-street, Portland-place; by the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, at Trinity church, Marylebone.


Todhunter, Mrs., of Gloucester-place, New-road, to Count Maurice Grabowski, of Walbrook; at St. Marylebone, Nov. 18.

Toliver, Harriet Maria, 3rd daughter of Samuel Tolver, esq., of Great Yarmouth, to Mr. Edmund Preston, of West Derby, son of John Preston, esq., of Great Yarmouth, Nov. 15.

Unwin, Anna, youngest daughter of John Unwin, esq., of Battersea, Surrey, to Mr. Charles Glenny; by the Hon. and Rev. R. Eden, at St. Mary's, Battersea Nov. 7.

Vernon, Louisa, daughter of the late William Vernon, esq., of Brighton, to James Lane, esq., of St. John's-grove, Brixton; at Brompton, Nov. 7.


Whitehead, Mary, daughter of the late William Whitehead, esq., to Henry Myers, esq., of Milton-street, Dorset-square; at Christchurch, St. Marylebone, Nov. 2.


Williams, Ann, 2nd daughter of Mr. W. Williams, of Upper Cleveland street, Fitzroy-square, to Frederick P. Thompson; at St. Pancras New Church, Nov. 11.

Wilson, Louisa Curtis, eldest daughter of the late Robert Wilson, esq., of Cambridge-street, Hyde-park-square, to Spedlove Desborough, of Brighton; at St. Mary's, Paddington, Paddington-green, by the Rev. Richard Preckett, curate, Nov. 11.


Woodhouse, Annie, daughter of the late Samuel Woodhouse, esq., of Nuley Hall, Cheshire, and of Bronnt-house, near Liverpool, to Lieutenant Lionel Mead Place, of Her Majesty's ship Queen, youngest son of the late Rev. John Couperia Place, of Marnhull, Dorset; at the Palace Chapel, Malta, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Gibraltar, Nov. 4.


DEATHS.

Alexander, John, esq., aged 94; at Brompton, Middlesex, Nov. 18.

Andrews, Edward Golding, 3d son of the late Captain J. Andrews, Hon. East India Company's Service, aged 27; at Selimpore, near Goruckpore, East Indies, of brain fever, brought on by exposure to the sun; June 16.

Arbuthnot, George, esq., aged 72; at Eder- silie, near Dorking, Nov. 3.

Buddeley, Mrs. Mary Ann; at the residence of her brother, 18, Old-street, Nov. 14.

Ballard, Mr. Thomas Samuel, son of the late
Wm. Ballard, esq., of the city, aged 41; at the residence of his mother, Minerva-terrace, North Brixton, suddenly, just after his return from Brighton, Oct. 25.

Barvis, John, esq., of Langrigg-hall, Cumberland, aged 68, after a lingering illness; Nov. 17.

Bennett, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. John C. Bennett, 2nd daughter of the late Mr. R. Brassier, of Margate, lamented most by those who knew her best; at Norlands, Notting-hill, Oct. 31.

Bentick, Lady Mary, 2nd daughter of the late Duke of Portland and Lady Dorothy Cavendish, the melancholy event took place at her residence, Berkeley-square, after an illness of four weeks, throughout which period, her Ladyship bore her sufferings with a fortitude becoming a pious and benevolent Christian, Nov. 7.

Berry, Elizabeth, relict of Dennis Berry, esq., formerly of Dover-street, Piccadilly, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, and Hadley-house, Hadley, Middlesex. It was her unfortunate fate to live a short life, prolonged by a series of severe trials, to which she bowed with humble patience and resignation to the All-wise Disposer of events, and departed this life in hope of a glorious immortality through the mercy of her Saviour, leaving issue an only son in holy orders; at St. Alban's, aged 76, Nov. 4.

Bonham, Matilda, the wife of Captain John B. Bonham, of Her Majesty's 50th Regiment, and only surviving daughter of the late Colonel Bulkeley, of Huntley-hall, Staffordshire; at Cawnpore, Bengal, Aug. 31.


Bradford, Edward Chapman, esq., one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house; at his residence in York-street, Portman-square, in the 79th year of his age, Nov. 12.

Brett, Thomas Brandon, esq., in the 42d year of his age; at his residence, Spring-grove, near Ashford, Kent, Nov. 10.

Brenton, Magareta Diana, widow of the late Captain Edward Brenton, R.N.; in York-street, Gloucester-place, Nov. 6th.

Buchanan, Julia Louisa Emily, only daughter of Captain G. J. L. Buchanan, Royal Artillery; on board Her Majesty's ship Rodney Symon's-bay, Cape of Good Hope, aged 2 years and 7 months, on July 15.

Campbell, Augusta, fourth daughter of Archibald Campbell, Esq., late of the Mount, Harrow, Middlesex; at Edinburgh, after a long and painful illness, Nov. 15.

Chambers, Richard, esq., of Bradley-hall, Herefordshire, and late of Witburne-court, in the same county, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Hereford and Worcester; at Lodge-road, Regents-park, in the 71st year of his age; Nov. 7.

Corfield, Jane, the beloved wife of Arthur King Cornfield, esq., of the Bombay Civil Service; at Dharwar, Sept. 16.

Craford, Eliza, the niece of the late James Craford, esq., of Montague-place, Clapham-road; at Reading, in her 21st year, Nov. 3.

Curtis, Richard, esq., of Acre-lane, Brixton, in the 81st year of his age, Nov. 31.

Darnell, Anne, the beloved wife of Thomas S. Darnell, esq., and eldest daughter of Captain Hanamil, late of Norman-cross, in the same county; at St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, Nov. 2.

Dawson, Letitia, wife of Captain William Dawson, R.N.; in the Crescent, Southampton, Nov. 5.

Debenham, Cecilia, Sparks, wife of Mr. William Henry Debenham, and second daughter of the late John Wilmott, esq., of Lewisham, Kent, to the inexpressible grief of her family; at Redgrave, Suffolk, Nov. 10.

Denay, Anthony, esq., of Barham-wood, Herts, deeply regretted by his family and friends; at Florence, Oct. 19.

Dunn, Margaret, the beloved wife of George Dunn, esq., paymaster of the 32d regiment, Royal Welsh fusiliers; at Toronto, Canada, West, Oct. 24.

Dyke, George Hart, esq., formerly Lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream Guards, and son of the late Sir John Dixon Dyke, Bart, of Lullingstone Castle, Kent; at Torquay, Nov. 6.

Edwards, Frances Julia, 2nd daughter of Thomas Edwards, esq., aged two years and a half; at Thames Ditton, Nov. 17.

Ellis, Captain F. R., of the 41st Native Infantry, and eldest son of the late Captain Thomas Ellis, of Tuy Dee-park, Monmouthshire; at Gorackpore.

Epelin, Mr. Alexander, of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich; at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, North Britain, aged 30, Oct. 30.

Fell, Captain William Thomas, 3rd son of Richard Fell, esq., of Westoe, in the county of Durham, deeply lamented; at Valparaiso, on board the Royal Admiral, July 27.

Fennell, the Rev. Samuel, D.D., formerly fellow and tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, and late principal of the West Riding Proprietary School at Wakefield; at the Rectory, High Hogland, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, Nov. 19.

Fenwick, Captain, Royal Engineers, son of the late Major Fenwick, of the Royal Artillery; at Ireland Island, Bermuda, to the great grief of his family, after five days' illness, from yellow fever, Sept. 22.

Foulkes, John Davye, esq., in the 51st year of his age; at Meeth Vicarage, North Devon, Nov. 15.

Fowler, Lucretia Sarah, wife of Edwin Fowler, deeply regretted by a numerous family-circle; at 120, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell, in her 30th year, of consumption, Nov. 3.

Fraser, General Sir John, G.C.H., aged 84; at Campden-hill, Nov. 14.

Fry, Mary Ann, the beloved and affectionate wife of Mr. Thomas Fry; at 77, Canon-street, city, and 22, Bedford-square east, aged 58, Nov. 6.

Godby, Ann, relict of the late Lieutenant John Packer Godby, R.N., who, with his brother, Lieutenant Paul Godby, R.N., having been invalidated from His Majesty's ship Canada, Admiral Christian, in the West Indies, perished at sea on their passage homeward from thence in October, 1796; at Wallsworth, Surrey, aged 74, Nov. 2.

Grant, Alexander, esq., elder son of the late Alexander Grant, esq., of Crotcheted Friars and Newington; at Brompton, after a painful and protracted illness, Nov. 8.

Grazebrook, Joseph, esq., aged 92; at his residence, Far-hill, near Stratford, Oct. 30.
Groves, Marianne, the beloved wife of Mr. Henry Groves, and only daughter of Mr. Nasb, late of Burlington-house, Fulham; at Ootocamund, East Indies, Aug. 20.

Harding, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. William Harding, of York-street, Westminster, and second daughter of the late Richard Joshua esq.; formerly of St. James's, Westminster, Oct. 30.

Harker, Mrs. Mary, aged 77, beloved and respected by all who knew her. Her life shone a bright example to others, abounding in disinterested acts of kindness and Christian charity. She was spared long enough to see her children's grandchildren, and to bless them. She was granddaughter of Mr. John Butt, of Stroudwater, Gloucestershire, Nov. 10.

Harley, the Right Hon. Thomas James, Lord Rodney, at his seat, Berrington, Herefordshire, aged 59, Oct. 30.

Harris, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Harris, esq., one of H. M. Justices of Peace for the county of Surrey, at Croydon, Nov. 2.

Hannah, Thomas, esq., of the Accountant's Office, East India House, at Loughborough-road, Brixton, Nov. 17.

Heriot, John, eldest son of J. Heriot, esq., Foley-hills, Berwickshire; at Edinburgh, September 13.

Herbert, Thomas, esq., aged 38; at Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, Sept. 15.

Hoare, Anna Amelia, wife of Joseph Hoare, esq., of Lombard-street, and daughter of the late Charles Buxton, esq., of Weymouth, aged 28; at Westheath, Hampstead, Aug. 19.

Huntley, Major W.W., of the 9th, or Queen's Lancers, 4th son of the late Rev. Richard Huntley, of Boxwell Court, Gloucestershire, of cholera; at Cawnpore, June 28.

Innes, Captain Robert, late of the Scots Greys; in Blandford-street, Aug. 11.

Jackson, Captain Francis, of the Bombay Army, of fever, after a short illness; at Curramore, Aug. 9.

Jones, Lewis Maier, Lieutenant in the 3d Bombay Cavalry, son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Jones, K.C.B., of cholera, aged 28; at Balmear, May 3.

Jones, Lieut.-Col. Wm., late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of Lowestoft, Suffolk; at Lower Grosvenor-street, Aug. 5.

King, Robert Duncan, esq., British Vice-Consul in Hayti, of fever, eldest son of Captain J. D. King, of Kingville, Waterford; at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, June 8.

Knivett, Henry, esq., after a few hours' illness, of the firm of Charles Hopkinson & Co., bankers and army-agents, and formerly Chief Paymaster in the Isle of Wight, aged 70; at Regent-street, Sept. 15.

Lamont, Dugald, esq., Assistant Staff-Surgeon; at Piccadilly, Aug. 25.

Larken, Emily, wife of Metcalfe Larken, esq., of the Hon. Company's Civil Service, aged 27; at Milligam, Bombay Presidency, May 23.

Levett, Rev. Richard, aged 70; at Milford-hall, near Stafford, Aug. 25.

Lloyd, Elizabeth, 3d daughter of the late Francis Lloyd, of Dongay and Leaton, esq., M.P. for the county of Montgomery; at Leaton Knolls, Salep, Aug. 1.

Loveday, Douglas Charles, esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; at Craven-street, Strand, Sept. 12.

Pemberton, Richard, esq; 3rd son of the late Richard Pemberton, esq., of Barnes, in the county of Durham, a Magistrate, and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Durham; at Harrowgate, aged 61, to the inexpressible grief of his family and friends, Nov. 3.

Rham, the Rev. William Lewis, vicar of Wimfield, Berks, and rector of Fersfield, Norfolk, aged 64, Oct. 31.

Shaw, Colonel Merrick, the gallant Colonel had long enjoyed the confidence and society of the late Marquis Wellesley, whom he served in the capacity of private secretary; at Kingston, near Dublin, Nov. 6.

The grave of genius:—By J. O. La Mont:—Strange, Paternoster-row.

If a story, melancholy in its outset and issue, but involving incidents starting in their fidelity and truth, can establish its natural claims upon the attention of the humane and sentimental, this little book, in its unpretending simplicity, should certainly possess a more than ordinary degree of interest. As is modestly remarked in one of its introductory paragraphs, it unfolds "a train of circumstances, sufficiently commonplace in themselves, yet teeming with lessons of wisdom in their recital."

George Chisholm, born of parents, enjoying considerable commercial prosperity in Doune and Stirling, loses his father, and the business becomes embarrassed through the foreman in whose hands it was placed; he is next irretrievably ruined by the lawyers who undertook to arrange his affairs; sees his mother and sisters consigned to the silent tomb, and repairs to London, as a wider field in which to exercise his literary powers. After experiencing the various pangs of precarious subsistence and unpitied want, the unfair grinding of merciless though professedly liberal book-dealers, and being successively repelled from the several avenues of the periodical, mercenary, and, in some instances, truckling and fraudulent press, after undergoing many vicissitudes, all of a more or less painful character, is seized with consumption, and dies, a victim to that class of individuals, who, nursed in the lap of ease, or at least of affluence, fancy they swell their own importance, by treating with tyranny, neglect, or caprice, the children of penury and principle; though we must faint of
our own knowledge say, that there are vast numbers who would do well to learn by heart and follow the advice given to the husbandman—'put your shoulders to the wheel'—in a word, we fear, alas! that many 'cry' for help who do not strive to help themselves.

Friendship's Offering: Ackermann & Co.

How sweet and heart-appealing are the associations of Christmas—the interval between the old and new—a joyous filling up of the chasm between man's death and his redemption—an anniversary of buoyant gladness, when the old and feeble year puts off for a moment its cares and gravity, and frolics in merry mood with its youthful offspring, as those of hoary hairs are seen to sport most lovingly with childhood. Then close upon the heels of Christmas come the annuals, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the sum of human enjoyment, mental recreation being added to domestic harmony and social mirth.

To these endearing incidents and reminiscences, the annual before us bears in its very title, "Forget me not," a happy and appropriate allusion, appearing like the affectionate appeal of an aged and expecting friend to a new and vigorous successor, and almost extracting, as by a sympathetic spell, the sharp and generally ruthless fang of the literary critic. But, luckily for our feelings, the faults in the present instance are so far outnumbered by the excellences, that commendation must in fairness have a corresponding preponderating influence.

The reader is here presented with eleven engravings, such as at least will not disappoint the affections of any youthful aspirant for a paper-printed-and-illustrated Christmas-box. Among them may be particularized, "Emily," fronting the title-page, "The young Bandit," "The Novice," "Genoa," and "The delicate Point," as pretty and good; though the last title is rather non-descriptive, being but an unseasonable play upon words, which encroaches harshly upon the terrible and sublime image of a vessel, plunging onwards beneath a lowering sky and near a menacing cliff, half buried in the foaming breakers.

The letter-press is still more varied and entertaining, being indeed of higher average quality than its illustrations.

A good deal of the poetry is commonplace, as most of our poetry now-a-days is, and the articles of course present different degrees of merit, as is unavoidable when gathered from so numerous a list of contributors, yet it is but justice to state, that neither prose nor poetry are of a nature to do other than furnish the youthful mind, with a tasteful, congenial and elegant amusement.

"A pleasure party," by Robert Bell Esq., is a diverting and lively sketch; "The Maid of Larne," a seasonable though melancholy lesson of mistaken Irish patriotism. From the former we subjoin the following extract:—

Preparations for an Excursion.

"We ought to be at Hungerford Stairs at nine," observed Mr. Curtis, looking at his watch, "and it is now a quarter after eight, and breakfast not ready. Women are always late."

"Really, Curtis," replies his wife, "the prospect of a day's pleasure exhilarating her into a little unconscious boldness, "we haven't so many pleasures, that you should hunt us like that! One doesn't go to Richmond every Sunday in the year." Having said this with a certain toss of the head, easier to understand than describe, she pretended to be busy looking for her gloves or her parasol, and bolted out of the room to avoid the answer.

"It's true, papa," adds Miss Curtis, following up the womanly resentment, "for I'm sure it's not so very often you take us out." This valiant speech was uttered with the prettiest pout imaginable, and the speaker instantly flounced out after her mamma.

"Puss! puss! puss!" screamed out Master Tommy, hunting the cat under the shuffleboard, until at last the enraged animal, pent up in a corner, turned suddenly round, and glared with scintillating eyes and curved back on its tormentor. "Puss!—papa! papa!" roared the frightened eyes; then, flinging himself into Mr. Curtis's lap, he clutched his white waistcoat, and kicked and plunged, as spoiled children are very apt to do. The economy of that snowy waistcoat, and of that frilled shirt fastened with coral buttons, was ruined in a moment. Mr. Curtis winced, but the boy was lord paramount, and must be appeased at any sacrifice.

"There—there—Tommy. You're going to Richmond, you know, and you mustn't spoil your pretty eyes crying, you know."

"Yes—I know. And can't I fly my kite in the ship?"

"No, my love, nobody flies kites in a ship—because—we shall certainly be late—there, that's a good boy—you shall have such a beautiful ecl-pie—all to yourself!" (that
was the principle on which Master Tommy was reared up,) "when we get to Richmond. There now, run and call your mother—good boy!"

Tommy springs down, crows like a cock, runs to the open door, and, without leaving the room, calls out—"Mamma!—ma!—pa wants you!" Another twirl into the centre of the room brings him to the breakfast-table, which he is just tall enough to reach, and there he stands, helping himself voraciously to every thing he can lay hands on. Meanwhile, Mr. Curtis is adjusting himself as well as he can at the glass; and the ladies, with a magnificent rustle of silks, sweep down stairs, and take their places at the breakfast-table.

Not a word is spoken. Mamma and Miss Catherine look at each other furtively under their bonnets. Mr. Curtis fidgets with his watch every three minutes, by way of indicating his impatience and vexation. With such people pleasure is always a matter of business, and they think the whole day must go wrong, if they are not at least a quarter of an hour before their time. And upon this occasion Mr. Curtis, in addition to his ordinary temperament, had to take his satisfaction out of the ladies for the annoyance inflicted upon him by Master Tommy.

Breakfast is nearly over at last. The ladies have scarcely eaten any thing. The prospect of an excursion to Richmond steams, with all its vague delights in the distance, has quite taken away their appetites. Besides, it may be remarked that new dresses are not favorable to a hearty meal, immediately after the delicate fatigues of the toilette. But Master Tommy is never subject to nervous restraints at feeding time. Nothing short of a hurra could take away his appetite. He has annihilated one whole plateful of buttered toast, and his greasy fingers are already deep in another, when he suddenly rushes over to his sister, who is doing the honors, for a cup of tea, thrusting his hands into the pink balloon that floats round her chair.

"Oh! you nasty little wretch!" screams Miss Catherine, starting up, "if he hasn't actually buttered my gown all over!"

"Ten minutes to nine," cries Mr. Curtis. "I see I shall have to go without you."

His hat is already on his head, and he is spasmodically forcing on his left-hand glove. The whole party is in a bustle, and preparing to set out for a day's pleasure in the worst possible humour with each other. Miss Curtis is flying about, looking for her reticule, and chirruping at the same time to a little sandy-colored frizzled dog with a red ribbon tied in a large bow round its neck, which she intends to take with her; and Mrs. Curtis is scolding the servant in the hall, and telling her on no account to stir out all day; and Master Tommy is scolding himself, in trying to swallow his third cup of tea, and looking unutterable things with both his eyes.

At length, the whole party emerge into the street—Mr. Curtis first, with a tropical storm in his face, followed in a terrible flutter by Mrs. Curtis, the rear being brought up by Miss Curtis, who has considerable difficulty in preventing her dog from frisking across the street. The whole family of the Finches are now standing bodily bolt upright in their windows. It is a trying moment for the dignity of the Curtises; and it is of the utmost importance that their departure shall be marked by ease and gentility. But this desirable object is completely marred by Master Tommy, who, pattering out precipitately, is caught by a step that rises awkwardly at the sill of the door, and flung upon his head on the kerb-step. Such snickering amongst the Finches! Back flies Mr. Curtis in consternation, lifts the roaring cherub from the ground, blesses his pretty eyes, and promises him—any thing—if he will only stop crying. His papa's orange pocket-handkerchief is already steeped in his tears; and as soon as the boy can articulate, he sobs out—"Get me my drum—pa—and my horse—and my—and—and—I'll stop crying." What is to be done? The drum is procured from the top of the house, and swung round Tommy's shoulders, and the little wooden horse, on four wheels, with a long string, is paraded on the pavement; and, all the preliminaries of the treaty being now settled, the party once more set out for Hungerford Stairs.

Mr. Curtis, with Tommy by the hand, drawing his horse after him, and staggering back every moment to whistle to his Brachus, moves off first, followed by the ladies, the little dog making a procession of circles in the street, and then wriggling after his mistress, to leap up affectionately with his dirty paws upon her dress. The Finches are infinitely delighted. By the gleam of malicious pleasure in Miss Finch's face, one can fancy her exclaiming, "It's as good as a play!" Now, the windows are thrown up, and every neck is stretched out to watch the Curtises down the street; and, when they have fairly turned the corner of the Haymarket, a roar of laughter announces the triumph of the Finch faction. What with the tumbles of the wooden horse, sundry fruitless attempts to beat the drum with one hand, the delays occasioned by the erratic propensities of Pompey, and incidental stops to remonstrate with the dog, the child, and the ladies, who get more and more flurried by the notice they attract on the way, the progress down the Haymarket is slow enough. Mr. Curtis's anxiety increases as they advance. He has no hesitation in protesting that it is all useless—the steam-boat is gone. They fly across the Strand; and, once under the shelter of Hungerford Market, begin to run as fast as all
lets and hindrances will permit. Miss Curtis is nearly cut in two by the projecting ledge of a stall which she has run against; Tommy tumbles into a basket; Mrs. Curtis, "melting in her country's cause," is smitten with a haze before her eyes, and nearly misses her foot ng down the stone steps; and Mr. Curtis rushes to the pier, out of breath; while Pompey, ignorant of the cause of the hubbub, is barking in frantic fidelity at his heels. Had Curtis time to stop, he would certainly kick that devoted cur into the river.

They are all now gathered safely on the pier, amongst a crowd of at least one or perhaps nearer two hundred people. Twenty minutes after nine is written plainly in Mr. Curtis's expressive face. The Richmond boat has not yet come up! The fact is, that its time for leaving Hungerford Pier is half past nine. If the ladies, panting and piping, dare reproach this impetuous man for the unnecessary pangs to which he put them, what would they not be justified in saying! But there is no leisure for recrimination. They are in the full swing of an expectant Sunday multitude, and Richmond is already beginning to expand before their gaze. A sensible palpitation on the water, where skiffs of all sorts are tossing and heaving, proclaims the approach of the Richmond steamer. Every sinew is strained: the crowd rush forward; every body wants to get on deck first; the ladies are horribly crushed, and it is nearly all over with the little French bonnet and the flounced gown. But the deck is finally gained; and there is a scramble for seats, and such an uproar as might be expected from a large section of a city population, to loose in their finery to enjoy a holiday.

But where is Pompey in this clatter of feet and lungs? Scrambling up the side of the vessel, and whining in an agony of fear and fright, Pompey is not to bring dogs on board steam-boats; and Pompey would certainly be a melancholy example of the danger, if a good-natured fat gentleman were not close at hand to snatch him up by the neck, and fling him upon his legs, crying out—"Whoever owns such puppies ought to take care of them!"

From amongst the various pieces of poetry, we present the following for its greater air of originality:

GENOA.

By J. Forbes Dalton, Esq.

All cloudless are the heavens above, a calm is o'er the deep,
And, basking in the solar beams, Genova seems to sleep
In marble silence, till the glow of fervent day is o'er,
And evening brings the light cool breeze refreshing to the shore.

Then wakes the town: the sons of men, who kept the world at bay,
Come forth to kill the weary hours with idle talk and play;
But judge them not too hastily, forbear the scornful smile,
Ye listless wanderers who roam from Britain's favoured isle!

Two thousand years and more are fled since their proud city rose,
And, though to Rome allied, succumbed to Carthaginian foes:
Strange changes through long centuries her sons were doomed to see—
Proud Carthage fell, but she survived, more glorious still to be.

Then fell the Roman power—the Goths',
the Lombards' iron crown—
While her domains increased in weal, in glory, and renown;
Wide o'er the seas her argosies her red cross standard bore,
In fearless might, for trade or fight, to every distant shore.

Firm as the circling hills around, her empire seemed to stand
Resistless o'er the wide-spread deep, impregnable on land,
Till luxury and CIVIL STRIFE, more deadly than the foe,
Combined to check her onward course and work her over-throw.

Again she rose, but faint and weak, her pride all humbled down,
To seek protection and exist beneath a foreign crown:
Thence came revolt and frequent change, till Freedom's smothered flame
Burst forth, and all her rough rocks rang with Andrew Doria's name.

Can memory of the glorious past from all her sons have fled?
Beats there no heart to emulate the brave and mighty dead,
Who chased the pirate Saracen and tore from him his prey,
And o'er the Moorish hosts prevailed in many a hard-fought day!
Oh! judge them not too hastily, forbear the scornful smile,
Ye listless wanderers who quit our own dear blessed Isle
To roam abroad. Be ye content to scan the works of art;
Tis not for passers-by to read the secrets of the heart.
"Give me a cause! a worthy cause!" is still the earnest cry
Of many a proud and gallant heart that passes to "do or die;"
For want of that, the noblest minds, like running streams that played
Clear sparkling in their sunny course, spread stagnant in the shade.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.
Chapeaux en paille de fantaisie, de Scolère, rue de Rivoli, 10th—Mantelet des Deux -Mères,
pl. de la Bourse, 31—Mantelet en dentelle noire de Violard, rue Chausée, 2nd—Monceur de Chapron,
rue de la Paix, 26—Essences de Gueulain, 3, rue de Rivoli, 32—Ombrelle de Cassel B. des Italiens, 24
Chaussures de Mois. 1, du Bar, 6.
Court Magazine, No. 5, Rathbone Place Oxford street
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

1095.—Walking dresses.
1096.—Walking dresses.

Henry, lord Darnly, né en 1546, épousa le 29 juillet 1565, à l'âge de dix-neuf ans, Marie Stuart, reine d'Écosse, veuve de François II, roi de France. Tout le monde connaît le crime affreux qui mit fin aux jours du jeune roi, le 10 février 1567. Le portrait que nous donnons aujourd'hui a été dessiné d'après l'original peint par Lucas de Heere, en 1565, qui se trouve au palais de Saint-James.
Fashion.

Taste decidedly patronizes the novelties with which Mme Cuillé, rue du Gros-Chenêt, n° 23, supplies every day the fashionable world. Her new and truly elegant passementerie-bonnets have succeeded beyond our hopes. We continually meet with those charming mantillas à la duchesse which were first introduced by Mme Cuillé, they are trimmed with a double lace topped by an application-embroidery. — And then we have the Marie-Antoinette mantillas in black tulle trimmed with two or three rows of deep lace; — black taffeta or watered silk mantillas, with tuyauté trimmings; — white barège scarfs set off at both ends by two long fringes; — cachemire, embroidered muslin, black lace scarfs; etc., etc. Scotch, taffeta or barège plaids; — tasteful crispins and bonne femme mantillas gracefully rounded off behind, so as to leave the arm uncovered, and to hide the waist while they do not quite conceal it.

We are lucky enough in having something to say about addittionals, as the alterations in dresses are not remarkable enough just now to call our attention. However, the morte-saison does not quite strike dead the imagination of our mantua-makers, and some of them contrive, in spite of everything, to give to their patterns a novel appearance which is always attended with success. It is Mme Pollet, especially, rue Richelieu, n° 95, who proves that fact to a certainty. Mme Pollet excels in the difficult art of making whatever she touches appear new, if not by alterations in the shape, at least by a happy selection and disposition of the particulars. We can to day just mention to our fair readers her country dresses in Indian nankin, trimmed with ruches, puffings, tuyautés or plissés; — her morning dresses plaited up to the knee or to the waist, according to the size; her gowns in light stuffs, trimmed with scalloped flounces, or slightly undulating biais, etc.

The hats and capotes are confined to the shapes described in ours former bulletins, and might perhaps go without a particular notice, were it not that we wish to do justice to Mme Baudry’s talents, rue Richelieu, 87. This lady stands above all by her extreme care, her exquisite disposition of the most, nay, the only distingué ornaments, and the incredible perfection with which she gives to a hat those graceful curves that set off so successfully the bewitching coquetry of the features. I shall not attempt to describe Mme Baudry’s new patterns; but I merely advise you to go and spend a few minutes of a fine sunny day in the boudoir where you may see the newest and richest chip bonnets and crape capotes; — the most elegant fancy-straw bonnets; — paille cousue bonnets set off with a long drooping feather and a riband tastefully though simply arranged; gros des Indes hats, with a plaited riband and a branch of moss roses; etc., etc. Mme Baudry’s novelties entirely satisfy us; for we see there a rich imagination, a taste, and an unblamable performance.

As we never perhaps have had a spring so strangely made up of rain and sunshine, Cazal’s umbrellas and parasols, boulevard
des Italiens, contend for a favour they both
deserve. Our clever and well known Cazal’s
reputation is firmly established, and no tru-
ly fashionable lady can think of purchasing
elsewhere her umbrellas and parasols.

We keep for our next paper an account
of Pousse’s stays, rue Montmartre, 471,
which have met with such an enthusiastic
success. For today, we are obliged to step
a little out of our customary limits and give
a few lines to gentlemen’s dresses, as per-
formed by Blay Laflitte, rue Vivienne, n° 2;
the oracle and king of masculine fashion.

Riding dresses.—A fancy-coat, the waist-
long and widening downwards; the skirts
short but always wide; the anglaises wide
and square at the top. The coat is cut out of
green, light blue, deep chesnut, light
pomme de chêne, tête de maure, golden
leaf or fumée de Londres cloth; — the waist-
coat croisé, with wide facings and four
buttons, is in plaid valencias of different
colours, or in white, straw coloured, cham-
mois, or silver grey coloured valencias,
with black, brown or pink stripes. The
pantaloons is gathered et the waist, wide
over the legs, in light plaid satins.

Town dresses.—A redingote cut straight
or demi-croisé in cloth of the following col-
lours: light or dark ourika, bronze doré,
olive bronze, dragon green, black, deep
or light blue, amelia blue, bruyère d’Ecosse,
etc. The collar is high, and falls wide. The
waistcoat has a collar, straight or à châle,
open a little; it is cut out of straw col-
oured, silver grey, or gris tourterelle va-
lenclas, with yellow or blue stripes; the pan-
taloons straight, rather wide over the legs,
in gris-perle, chesnut or feuille morte co-
loured satins, with blue or yellow stripes.

For the country, the tweed paletot with
facings, and buttoning straight, hardly
comes to the knee. It is in very light satin
croisé, of a red grey, or light or dark grey
mélange colour; the waistcoat has a straight
collar, it buttons low, and is of white pi-
què or white and blue plaid. The pantaloons
in nouvelle satin sable or white grey,
with black, pink or blue stripes. It is wide
over the leg, rounded downwards and with-
thout sous-pieds.

As for the cérémonie costumes, we need
not describe them. — Always the black
coat, the white piqué waistcoat, and the
black casimir demi-collant pantaloons.

HENRIETTE DE B.

Instruc-mental-lists at a late concert.—The
following is from a smart correspondent:

Ben Edict and List on the Parno.
View Tongs on the Fry o’lon.
Door Ruse on the Floote.
Put sea on the Corn o Hobbly Garto.
Birt You car on the Harpe.

Lady Vocal Lists.—Greasy, Purvy Arny,
Carry Doory, Marm Sell Low, Mardam Ve-
are-doe, Paul e’en Gar-seer-her, Mar-dam,
Dooruse, Grar, Her Nestor Greasy, and
Marm Sell Meer Tea. Gentlemen Vocal Lists.

— Tamber-een-he, Lar Blash, Rub-in-he,
Britsy, Seen Yore Eff Lar-Blash, Jew-bell,
John Parry, and Marry O! Note. — The Benny
Fishy Hairy played a Fan Tar see on the
Parno, and Seen Yore Cost her conduct her.

— (Bude Light.)

Useful voices.—In an advertisement for
the contra-tenor voice, to fill up a vacancy in
Bangor cathedral, it is stated that « preference
will be given to a person who possesses
a voice that would render him generally use-
ful in the choir; » i. e., when there is no bas
he must do that duty, and the same with tre-
ble and tenor. This reminds one of T. Cooke’s
joke, when a person told him that a certain
vocalist could sing very high and very low—
Yes, said the wag, and very middling too.

Epigram. — The following is on a lady named miss Anne Bread.

Toast any girl but her, said Ned,
With every other flutter,
I'll be content with Annie Bread,
But won't have any but her.

Over head and Ears in debt. — A hatter gives a definition of the common phrase, over head and ears in debt. He says, in his advertisement, it means a man who hasn't paid for his hat.

We are near waking when we dream. (Novellis.)

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so. (Goethe.)

Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.

Jean Paul (Palingenesten.)

The most remarkable excellencies of all these poets, (English poets) are to be traced to descent and situation, the meanest among them has Shakespeare for his ancestor, and the Ocean at his feet.

Goethe. (Briefwechsel mit Zelter.)

The clever boy.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

I.

My son he is a clever boy,
His motto's "brute and beautiful;"
At learning, too, he's such a Don,
So diligent and dutiful.

He's had a dedication at
The very best of schools;
"To him," he says, and true he says,
"His Ma and I are fools!"

II.

I sent him on his travels, when
The means was in my power;
For full three months thro' Athens I,
Did make him make a tower.
He says his sojourn there, was like
(Now don't his wit increase?)
The cottons in a pound of twelves,
A dozen wicks in Greece!

III.

His mother said, and so did I,
For th' Army he'd do well;
And he a Kernel vow'd he'd be,
Tho' scarcely from his shell!
For courage he took after me,
In all things, thanks his stars,
And as he was a son of Pa's,
He'd be a son of Mars.

IV.

In all things I'm behind him far—
He is a clever creaster;
His Ma is too, a little blue,
But look'ee, how he'd beat her.
In him our old philosophers
No wonderment awaken;
Or if they do—he Locke prefers,
And wonders I chews Bacon:

Printed by A. APPERT, passage du Caire, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Bonnet de Lecée, 5 de Nivel. 15¢ — Robe en serge de Mme. Thiery, Boul. Montmartre, 15.

Plaque en mélange de laine de Mme. Follet, 5 Richelieu, 35 — Fleurs de Chagou.

Chaise de Gaudillot ainsi, rue Bellefont, 32 — Chaussures de Migo, rue du Bac, 6.

Court Magazine, N°5, Bathbone Place Oxford street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 51.

Chapeaux en paille d'Italie et en crêpe de Seclère, rue de Rivoli, 10.

Robe en taffetas glucé, ornée d'un haut volant, de Mme. Cécile Amable, à M. du Luxembourg, 28.

Robe en taffetas d'Italie de Mme. Clause, à de Rivoli, 1, au coin de la rue de Rohan.

Chambres du Canal, Boul. des Italiens, 22 — Chaussettes de Méro, rue du Bac, 6.

Court Magazine, No. 8, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.
1er AOÛT 1843.

Le Follet,

JOURNAL DES MODÈRES.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

A Londres, chez MM. Dossas and Co., au bureau du Court Magazine, n° 5 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

CONDITIONS DE L'ABONNEMENT: Pour Paris—3 mois, 6 f. 50—six mois 15 f.—un an 26 f.
Pour les départements: 7 f.—14 f.—28 f.—A l'étranger, le prix se paie selon le pays.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

N° 4100. — Toilette de théâtre.
N° 4101. — Toilettes de ville.

CHARLES PREMIER,
ROI D'ANGLETERRE.

Le 29 novembre 1600, Charles Stuart naquit à Dumferling en Écosse. Trois ans après, Jacques, son père, réunit les trois couronnes britanniques, et, en 1616, Charles devint prince de Galles, héritier présumé de l'Angleterre, d'Écosse et d'Irlande, par la mort de ses frères aînés Henri et Robert. Charles premier monta sur le trône en 1625. Son règne ne fut pas heureux; sa prédilection pour le catholicisme mécontenta les Anglais autant que l'établissement de nouveaux impôts auxquels le parlement s'opposa, et que Charles fit percevoir pendant plusieurs années sans autorisation légale. Ces griefs amenèrent peu à peu la guerre civile. Le roi vaincu fut soumis au jugement d'une commission présidée par John Bradshaw, cousin de Milton, et
condamné à mort. L’échafaud fut dressé contre une des fenêtres du palais de Whitehall. Charles, après avoir béní ses enfants, marcha au supplice la tête haute et le pas ferme. Cromwell voulut voir le corps déjà enfermé dans le cercueil, le considéra attentivement, et soulevant de ses mains la tête, comme pour s’assurer qu’elle était bien séparée du tronc : « C’était là un corps bien constitué, dit-il, et qui promettait une longue vie. » L’exécution de Charles premier eut lieu le 9 février 1649.

**Fashion.**

Mme Pollet’s creations, rue Richelieu, 95, often engross our observations, for we find that there more than any where else, the tout ensemble is understood and attended to. Freshness in the composition, brilliancy in the performance, such are Madame Pollet’s habitual qualities, and she knows besides how to throw over the particulars grace and attractions sufficient to produce effect without affectedness. Let us mention, for instance, a delightful Indian muslin dress trimmed with two high embroidered flounces, the bodice uncovered à la vierge, gathered at the waist and at the embroidered poignet which edges the upper part of the bodice; flat sleeves gathered at the seam, with embroidered square jockeys.—Also a chip bonnet set off with a long pinkshaded willow-plume, and pink flowers inside. —Long rich lace ruffles falling over the hand, and a pretty muslin camail trimmed all around with a deep lace topped by a pink taffeta bouillonné, such is the necessary completion of this dress, as it is now no more allowable to contrive one without including Violard’s lace, rue de Choiseul, 2 bis.

We saw last week hat Madame Mercier’s rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, 89, a few dresses designed for the fair clients whom the summer has scattered abroad at Dieppe, La Rochelle, le Mont-d’Or, Bagnères, Eaux-Bonnes, Baden-Baden, throughout Italy, Switzerland, etc., etc. We especially noticed a straw-coloured barege gown, the extremity of the skirt trimmed with two high flounces cut slanting, and no interval between them; the second is drawn over the setting of the first, and the setting of the second is topped by a scalloped barege ruche; a bodice in white coulissé muslin, high over the shoulders and opening en cœur; long coulissé sleeves, round jockeys trimmed with a muslin ruche, a long straw-coloured taffeta ribbon sash; — then a taffeta gown with lilack stripes, trimmed en tablier with a double ruche plaited à la vieille; a high, flat bodice à ceinture, with a double ruche arranged as a fan and meeting those of the skirt; long flat sleeves and second sleeves coming down to the fore arm, tight at the top, very large at the bottom, edged with a plissé of the same.

If you wish to complete these several dresses, make a selection out of the tasteful mantelets that have for some time added so much lustre to Madame Cuillé’s name, 22, rue du Gros-Chenêt. Every age and taste may be suited there. We shall mention especially the mantelets edged with passementerie—a bewitching novelty, the
pattern of which we have given to our subscribers—the Marie-Antoinette mantle, taffeta mantlets of different hues, rounded off behind, cut slanting near the arms, falling before in round ends trimmed with six small ruches scalloped and distanced by their whole width; the same vogue attends Madame Cuillé's hats, and lastly her white muslin camails trimmed all around with a ruche of the same fixed on the camail by a small pink taffeta ribbon, a muslin capuchon cut out as a facing before and down to the waist; it is trimmed with a ruche as well as the opening for the arms.

It would not be fair, were we to omit Madame Thierry's name, boulevard Montmartre, 15, whose dresses are in so much repute among our exquisites. She finished a few days ago a new gown which has every where been most favourably received, it is in gris perle Italian taffeta, set off en tablier with two biais of the same, trimmed themselves, on both sides, with little tuyauté flounces; a flat, high, round pointed boddice, plain tight sleeves.

Madame Baudry's rooms, 87, rue Richelieu, are always the rendez-vous of the fashionable world. True it is that this lady's patterns are master pieces of grace, freshness and elegance, and her establishment may justly be named the Temple of Taste. As a proof, witness her chip-bonnets; some of them are set off with pink and white ribbons, and a little pink-hued white plume falling over the side, the others, with a small branch of pinks, and two tulle biais inside the peak; let us notice, besides, her Legorn bonnets trimmed with a white satin riband frisé.

If Chagot's feathers and flowers still enjoy their vogue, it is that they have kept their superiority. The zephyr and Russian plumets, Peruvian panaches glacés de ma-

rabout, willow-plumes, are always much sought for and have lost nothing of their distinction. But it is especially when composing flowers that Chagot is quite himself. Who could arrange more tastefully a nosegay of Parma violets, or more simply a bouquet of camomile? Who could group together with more art the flowers of the field? Understand better the innumerable varieties of roses, or the brilliant hues of the proud camelia? Chagot studies his creations with the utmost care, and it is always beforehand that he is busy about our pleasures. The wreaths, hair-dresses, flower-trimmings for next winter's balls engross already all his attentions; he knows well, indeed, that from him we expect wonders, and that Chagot must not fall below his reputation.

HENRIETTE DE B.

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'A POET'S EPITAPH.

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'St, mortals! here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor:
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the gaol,
The palace—and the grave!

'Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
'He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.'
EBENEZER ELLIOT.

It very often happens that the exhilaration of success occupies so entirely the portion of time during which remorse for doing a bad action is most ready to strike us, that we are ready to commit the same error again, before the last murmur of conscience have time to make them selves heard. Those who wish to drown her first loud remonstrances give full way and eager encouragement to that exhilaration.

JAMES.
(The king's Highway.)

There is a strange and terrible difference, in this world, between the look forward and the look back. Like the cloud that went before the hosts of the children of Israel, when they fled from the land of Egypt, an inscrutable fate lies before us, hiding with a dark and shadowy veil the course of every future day: while behind us the wide spread past is open to the view; and as we mark the steps that we have taken, we can assign to each its due portion of pain, anxiety, regret, remorse, repose or joy. Yet how short sums the past to the recollection of each mortal man! How long, and wide, and interminable, is the cloudy future to the gaze of imagination!
(Id. Ibid.)

_A street-quarrel._—'Soit! I replied the indignant hero, 'demain matin à sept heures, au bois de Vincennes, à l'épée. Je ne vous manqueraî pas; voici mon adresse!' And fumbling in both pockets he at last produced the half of and old playing-card, one side of which extremi-

bited the head and shoulders of the knave of Hearts, and the other, in pale ink, which had been dried by sand, the style and little of "Grognard, ancien chef de Bataillon, rue Neuve-Saint-Eastache;" and having mutually relieved their feelings by determining to run one another through the body, Maxime and Monsieur Grognard politely took off their hats to each other, and separated to engage the attendance of their respective seconds, and then to finish the evening, Maxime in a stall at the Opera, and M. Grognard in playing dominoes at the café Valois, in the Palais-Royal.

_MISS ISABELLA ROMER._
(Sketches from life.)

_The queen in Exile._—King James and his Queen are highly caressed at Fontainebleau; but the chief court was made to Queen Mary, everybody being at her toilet in the morning; the King of France comes thither to lead her to chapel; at meals the Queen is placed between the two Kings at the upper end of the table, and equal marks of distinction and sovereignty are paid to all three, and à boire pour le roi d'Angleterre, on pour la Reine, is spoke out as loud, and with as much ceremony, as for the King of France.—_Jame's Court and Times of William III._

_Curious Remarks on the Bible._—The Bible contains 5,566,489 letters, 810,697 words, 51,757 verses, 1,489 chapters, 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,327 times; "Lord," 4,853; "Reverend," only once, and that in the 41st Psalm. The 27th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet; the 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike. The first man recorded as buried in a coffin was Joseph, 35th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse; no where but in the 1st chapter, 2d Timothy, is the name "grandmother" mentioned. Two particular; fine chapters to read, you will find, are the 2d of Joel and the 26th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.—_Atlas._

Printed by A. APPERT, passage du Caire, 54.
It would be difficult indeed just now to say about the fashions any thing worth attention; as autumn draws nearer with its exigencies, our manufacturers gather the veil closer over their projected innovations, unwilling as they are to deprive us of the pleasure of surprise. Let us thank them for a silence which will, besides, end with
September, and till then let us resign ourselves to utter insignificance. Our taciturnity may perhaps seem more interesting to our fair subscribers than the clever disquisitions of a brother of the quill who wonders at the political motive that has induced Prince Albert’s tailor to trim His Royal Highness’s waistcoat with an odd number of buttons. We leave to others those weighty matters which ought not, in our opinion, to be discussed under a bail of a hundred thousand francs, at the very least, and, according to our peculiarities, we shall go on talking lightly of light things, allowing to Fashion merely the relative degree of importance it deserves.

We have already more than once noticed Guerlain’s change of residence. Our clever perfumer decidedly eaves next month his warehouse, rue de Rivoli, 42, for a new apartment, rue de la Paix, apparently fitted up after the fairy dreams of the Thousand and one nights. There will Guerlain’s lady clients keep their future appointments, and their faithfulness is the more to be relied upon, as that gentleman imparts to the complexion freshness and purity, keeps the hair clean, softens and whitens the skin, adding sometimes even the gift of health. The perfumer-chemist is not exclusively devoted to coquetry, but knows how to combine its exigencies with the more important dictates of health, too often vulgarly sacrificed.

As the winter is coming on, Oudinot-Lutel’s tissues crinolinsés (wholesale warehouse, rue Saint-Joseph, 3.) Become unusually required. Their vogue heightens every day, and it is a clear fact that this creation, patronized as it is by all our fashions, will enjoy the most lasting success. The next season prepares for the tissues undoubtedly an increase of popularity.

We wished to describe in our bulletin some of those handsome bonnets, some of those delightful capotes which Madame Baudry, rue Richelieu, 87, prepares just now towards the closing of the season; but Madame Baudry bids us still be silent for a short time, and we may just remind you that no where else perhaps you will find that tasteful pattern, that real elegance, additionals perfectly understood, and coquetry where simplicity is blended with distinction. Her white crêpe capotes with bouillonnes lined in lilack taffeta and set off by a half-wreath of daisies of the same hue, have met with a deserved success, as well as her lilack gauze bonnets embroidered in silk and set off by small marabouts kept tight by foliage ornaments.

A few town dresses are cut out after a fashion more novel than those we meet with every day. Thus, Madame Thierry, boulevard Montmartre, 15, has silk poul de soie dresses with raw hues; plain skirt, a flat, half-uncovered bodice, the edge rounded off, tight sleeves, festeonné muslin ruffles; Indian muslin dresses trimmed with two high embroidered flounces; the second flounce topped by an embroidery to match that of the first, but worked on the skirt itself; an uncovered bodice, gathered about the waist, and edged all around with a wide embroidered poignet; tight sleeves gathered in the seam, round embroidered top sleeves. Let us likewise mention Italian taffeta dresses, cut out as redingotes, opening on a covered gown; nankin négligé dresses, tight bodice, crevés about the sleeves, the skirt trimmed with three high tucks equally distanced.

Madame Cuillé’s novelties, rue du Gros-
Chenêt, 23, are always a grand attraction for the fashionable world under whose patronage this warehouse decidedly remains. At the beginning of next October we shall be able to give you an idea of the seductions that are preparing there. We may just now merely mention her guipurescarfs, with a long lilack gauze riband sash; tarpatican mannelets gathered before as high as the waist, rounded off behind and trimmed with three muslin flounces festonnés and ending near the arm; the ends, long and rounded off, trimmed with a single flounce, etc., etc.

HENRIETTE DE B.

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THE LEGEND OF VALDEZ.

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I.

'Tis night! — Forth Valdez, in disguise
Hies;
And his visage, as he glides,
Hides.
Goes he to yon church to pray?
Eh!
No, that fame a secret path
Hath,
Leading to a neighbouring pile's
Aisle;
Where nuns lurk — by priests cajoled
Old.
Thither doth Don Valdez go—
Oh!
Thither Vestal lips to taste
Haste.

II.

'Neath yon arch, why doth he stand?
And
Haps it that he lingers now
How?

Suddenly came'd priests appear
Here
Voices chant a dirge-like dim
Hymn:
Mutes a sable coffin drear
Rear;
Where a monument doth lie
High.
Scuttleons proud death's dark parade
Aid.
Valdez sees, with fresh alarms,
Arms,
Which his own — (gules cross and star !)—
Are.

III.

An hour — and yet he hath not gone
On;
Neither can he strength to speak
Eke.
Hark! he cries, in fear and doubt,
Out,
"Whom inter ye in that tomb?
Whom?—"
"Valdez! — He'll be, ere twelve hours,
Ours!—
Wait we for his funeral
All!"

IV.

"Monk! thou bring'st, if this be truth,
Ruth!"
Valdez his own fate with dread
Read.
Question none he utter'd more;—
O'er
'Twas; — and he doth peacefully
Lie
In the tomb he saw, thus crazed,
Raised.
L’ENVOY.

MEMENTO MORI!—Life’s a stale Tale.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(Crichton.)

Inexperience. — It is of great consequence to young enthusiastic tyros, to have safe friends to whom they can talk of their opinions privately, otherwise they will talk their ingenious nonsense publicly, and so they bind themselves, or are bound, to the stake, and live or die martyrs to their own follies.

MISS EDGEBOROUGH. (Helen.)

Sir Walter-Scott.—To work his ends there is never aid from any one of the bad passions of our nature. In his writings there is no private scandal, no personal satire, no bribe to human frailty, no libel upon human nature. And among the lonely, the sad and the suffering, how has he medicated to repose the disturbed mind, or elevated the dejected spirit! —perhaps fanned to a flame the unquenched spark, in souls not wholly lost to virtue. His morality is not in purple patches, ostentatiously obtrusive, but woven in through the very texture of the stuff. He paints man as he is, with all his faults, but his redeeming virtues—the world as it goes, with all its compensating good and evil, yet making each man better contented with his lot. Without our well knowing how the whole tone of our minds is raised—for, thinking nobly of our kind, he makes us think more nobly of ourselves.

MISS EDGEBOROUGH. (Helen.)

The red Pool. — The mountain lake, or tarn, as it is called in some countries, was a deep basin of about a mile in circumference, but rather oblong than circular. On the side next to our falcons arose a ridge of rock, of a dark red hue, giving name to the pool, which, reflecting this massive and dusky barrier, appeared to partake of its colour. On the opposite side was a heathy hill, whose autumnal bloom had not yet faded from purple to russet; its surface was varied by the dark green furze and the fern, and in many places grey cliffs, or loose stones of the same colour formed a contrast to the ruddy precipice to which they lay opposed. A natural road of beautiful sand was formed by a beach, which, extending all the way around the lake, separated its waters from the precipitous rock on the one hand, and on the other from the steep and broken hill; and being nowhere less than five or six yards in breadth, and in most places greatly more, offered around its whole circuit a tempting opportunity to the rider who desired to exercise, and breathe the horse on which he was mounted. The verge of the pool on the rocky side was here and there strewed with fragments of large and size, detached from the precipice above, but not in such quantity as to encumber this pleasant horse-course. Many of these rocky masses, having passed the margin of the water in their fall, lay immersed there like small islets.

SIR W. SCOTT. (The Betrothed.)

Printed by A. APPERT, passage du Caire, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard S. Martin. 81.

Chapeaux de Lecreux, 2, de Rovil, 10, bst.
Manteau & Mantelet de M. Caille, 12, du Gros-Chenet, 23, Blames de Chagois,
Valois de Roland, 2, de Chausseul, 2, Chaussures de Meix, 1, du Buc, 6.

Court Magazine N°3, Rathbone Place, Oxford street.
1er NOVEMBRE 1843.

Courrier des Salons.

JOURNAL DES MODES.

COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

A Londres, chez MM. Dosses and Co, au bureau du court Magazine, n° 5 Rathbone place Oxford Street, where subscriptions can be taken out, and also these fashions as well as all the fashions of the month seen in paper models.

N° 1420 { Toilettes de ville.
N° 1422 { 

AGNÈS SOREL,
MISTRESS OF CHARLES VII.

Agnès Sorel, née au village de Fromenteau près Loches, en Touraine, en l'an 1409, fut élevée avec beaucoup de soin, et Isabeau de Lorraine, femme de René d'Anjou, qui devint roi de Naples, de Sicile et de Jérusalem, la prit à son service. En 1452, Agnès Sorel entra au service de la reine. On sait l'influence heureuse qu'elle exerça sur l'esprit du roi Charles VII, et il serait oiseux de nous appeler sur ce sujet. Agnès Sorel, qui avait reçu le surnom de dame de beauté, mourut le 9 février 1449.
Nous sommes assez heureux pour pouvoir donner aujourd'hui à nos lectrices la description de deux coiffures où elles n’auront pas de peine à reconnaître la gracieuse imagination de notre célèbre Ferdinand Hamelin, l’un de nos plus remarquables et de nos plus consciencieux artistes dans cette spécialité. La première est une coiffure de mariée qui s’exécute en attachant les cheveux à la grecque derrière la tête et en formant, pour la partie antérieure, des bandeaux qui couvrent l’oreille à moitié et dont la pointe se frise par derrière en un long tirebouchon. Séparez ensuite les cheveux en deux parties, formez de la première une corde que vous tournerrez en rond sur elle-même, et tressez la seconde en cinq ou sept branches également tournées sur la partie cordée, mais en ayant le soin que la lièvre de cette tresse touche la tête. Enfin, fixez sur l’autre lièvre de la tresse un petit chapeau en fleurs et boutons d’orange garni d’un long voile à la prétresse, plié, dans sa largeur, depuis le bord du front jusqu’à la coiffure, avec une petite baguette recouverte de fleur de myrte et de tubéreuse, coquettement posée sur la ligne des plis. La seconde est une coiffure haute d’un nouveau genre, que l’on obtient en séparant la masse des cheveux en deux parties égales du cou au sommet de la tête. Après avoir attaché les cheveux du côté gauche, vous exécutez au moyen d’un rouleau, ce qu’on appelle le casque avec l’autre partie, depuis la naissance des cheveux jusqu’au point d’attache du côté gauche. Vous formez ensuite un demi cercle un peu élevé, toujours en vous servant du rouleau à droite et à gauche duquel il faut ménager deux petites coques que vous fournira la partie attache. Le devant de ce genre de coiffure se compose de bandeaux bouffants accompagnés de légers tirebouchons flottant derrière les oreilles et habilement mélangés de petites fleurs qui sortent de dessous la coiffure à droite et à gauche et font masse entre les bandeaux et les tirebouchons. Si l’on veut donner à cette coiffure un caractère de majestueuse distinction, il faut qu’un riche bracelet loin serve de neud et que la tête soit couronnée d’une étincelante rivière de pierres.

Hamelin nous donnera bientôt les coiffures de bal qu’il prépare en ce moment dans le silence du cabinet, destinées à compléter et à faire ressortir les splendides toilettes de Madame Ferrière – Pènona, dont notre Follet se félicite de pouvoir reproduire les ravissants modèles. Mme Ferrière Pennona n’est pas un nom nouveau pour nos lectrices, et elles ont apprécié depuis longtemps les services rendus à la mode par cette maison où l’élégance a toujours été si bien comprise, et dont la réputation de goût et de luxe s’est toujours conservée brillante et pure. Nous y conduirons quelques fois nos lectrices et ce sera pour elles, nous en sommes sûrs, toujours un bonheur, car elles trouveront là des trésors de coquetterie qu’elles ne trouveraient peut-être nulle part ailleurs. Les plus exquises recherches de la lingerie aristocratique, les plus étonnantes merveilles de la broderie s’y produisent à vos yeux sous la forme de bonnets, de cols, de guimpe, de robes, etc., etc., dont nous nous proposons de vous parler bientôt plus en détail. Nous appellerons en attendant votre attention sur quelques robes garnies de riches dentelles, les unes à plat ou
montant, les autres en tablier ou en échelle jusqu'à la ceinture.

Nous vous dirons ici, comme observation générale, que les broderies sur mousseline se composent principalement de semis : pois, baies, petites olives, grains de café, etc. La broderie en ganse, dite au biscuit, a des partisans, mais ce genre est un peu colifichet.

Un mot maintenant des toilettes de ville, pour lesquelles Madame Lallemand va nous fournir trois modèles que le monde élégant a acceptés sans opposition :

Une robe en pékin d'Ispahan gris de perle, ornée sur le devant de la jupe d'un plissé à la vieille en ruban de satin ; corsage plat montant avec une ruche venant rejoindre celle de la jupe ; manches orientales ; sous manches en mousseline et manchettes en dentelle Violard ; — une robe en poult de soie écrue, jupe garnie d'un haut volant surmonté d'une ruche découpée en étoffe pareille ; corsage demi montant, plat et en pointe ; pélerine ajustée, en forme de canezou par derrière, ouverte sur l'épaule, formant jockey sur la manche et finissant en pointe sur le devant du corsage, ornée tout autour d'une ruche découpée ; manches froncées dans la couture ; — une robe en moire de Constantine vert olivé, ornée sur le devant d'une large passementerie ; corsage plat, montant, manches plates ; surtout en satin noir descendant un peu au-dessous du genou, orné au bas d'un haut volant en biais plissé à gros plis, bordé d'une petite dentelle noire et surmonté d'une ruche en satin, les deux côtés du devant, l'ouverture du bas et le tour du petit col également garni d'une ruche.

Les pélerines se font de quatre pièces, deux pour le devant et deux pour le dos jusqu'au sommet de l'épaule, ces dernières unies par une couture perpendiculaire.

Les toilettes du matin de Mme Lallemand sont marquées du même cachet de bon goût que celles de ville, et elles jouissent d'un succès égal, témoins la faveur avec laquelle on a accueilli ses redingotes en alpaga écosais bleu et noir, jupe ornée sur le devant d'une rangée de boutons de soie, corsage montant forme amazonne, fermé par des boutons qui viennent rejoindre ceux de la jupe ; manches orientales, sous-manches en mousseline et manchettes.

Les étoffes des toilettes d'hiver exigent un soutien plus fort et plus chaud que celui employé pour les toilettes d'été. Oudinot-Lutel, a donc remplacé les tissus de crinoline par les tissus plus confortables de crinolinaire. Nous devons vraiment de grandes actions de grâces à Oudinot, car il a fait beaucoup pour notre élégance. Aujourd'hui, plus de ces à plat disgracieux auxquels on n'obviait qu'imparfaitement par des moyens dont le ridicule a fait bonne justice. Maintenant, nos robes ont de la tournerure, de la grâce et, par suite, nous-mêmes nous sentons plus à l'aise, plus libres de nos mouvements, car la sous-jupe Oudinot donne un soutien naturel, bien régulier, sans exagération, et qui ne manque jamais.

Il n'y a encore rien de changé dans les formes des 'chapeaux ; les étoffes seules ne sont plus les mêmes, et il n'est pas probable que les formes varient d'une manière bien sensible avant la fin de l'année. Nos industriels savent toujours, du reste, tirer bon parti même des choses les plus connues qu'il est toujours facile de rajeunir au moyen d'une disposition un peu différente dans tous les ornements.

— Visitez les salons de Leclère, et vous y trouverez un échantillon de tout ce que le goût a sanctionné pour la saison présente. Voici, comme objets de petite nouveauté, des chapeaux blancs en satin et des chapeaux en velours vert ornés d'une longue plume, d'autres en velours d'Afrique bleu avec trois petites plumes disposées en guirlandes, des capotes piquées en satin violet ornées de rubans,
etc., etc.; comme objets de grande nouveauté, nous citerons seulement les chapeaux en velours lamé avec plumes nuancées de deux couleurs, les chapeaux en velours plain, épinglé, et soie façonnée, garnies de dentelles, de plumes, de fleurs, d’ornements en velours, etc., etc.

Le luxe des plumes et des fleurs va toujours en augmentant, et il est vrai qu’aucun autre ne se rapproche aussi bien du beau sexe. La légèreté, la grâce, la coquetterie sont des qualités toutes féminines et que nous retrouvons facilement dans les plumes et les fleurs. Parcourrez un instant avec nous le brillant parterre cultivé par les frères Chagot, sous les auspices de Flore elle-même, et où se trouvent réunies les plantes et les fleurs les plus rares de diverses parties du monde, à côté de celles, non moins belles et non moins curieuses assurément, auxquelles l’imagination seule de Chagot a donné naissance. Voici de modestes touffes de myosotis dont le bleu tendre est si doux à contempler, des fleurs de roseau et des fleurs de bruyère d’Écosse, des fleurs de marabout ornées de feuilles de velours ombré, des demi couronnes de roses de toutes les nuances, d’orgueilieux panaches, etc., etc.

Et puis des coiffures spéciales pour bals et soirées et des garnitures de robes, innovations qui, depuis deux hivers déjà, ont procuré à Chagot de si beaux succès de salon. Mais c’est là un sujet spécial auquel nous consacreron un développement convenable quand il en sera temps.

C’est aujourd’hui une chose de mode et de goût que de faire faire son portrait par le cé-lèbre dessinateur automate qui, sous le nom de Prosopographus, attire la foule dans un élégant salon. L’artiste qui se cache derrière ce nom a droit à tous nos encouragements et à tous nos éloges. Prosopographus, pièce mécanique des plus ingénieuses, représente une figure richement vêtue en costume espagnol, qui parvient à dessiner, dans l’espace d’une minute, le profil de la personne qui pose, et cela sans qu’il y ait la moindre communication entre cette personne et l’automate. La ressemblance ainsi produite est infiniment plus juste que tout ce qui a été fait manuellement jusqu’à ce jour, parce qu’elle est le résultat d’un procédé basé sur des principes mathématiques savamment combinés et qui ne peuvent jamais être erronés. Ce nouveau procédé, qui n’a nul rapport avec la vulgaire silhouette, s’éloigne également du daguerréotype dont il a les qualités sans avoir les défauts. Une chose curieuse et singulière, c’est que, dans le cas où la personne qui pose viendrait, par un mouvement intempestif, à déranger les urs de l’automate, celui-ci recommence son œuvre après avoir manifesté son mécontentement par un signe de tête. On comprend, d’après tout cela, que Prosopographus n’est pas un génie ordinaire et qu’il doit être doué d’un pouvoir sans limites pour suivre ainsi sans effort toutes les variations de la physionomie humaine. La modération des prix est presque aussi étonnante que le travail lui-même, car ils varient de 4 fr. à 50, selon le genre.

HENRIETTE DE B......
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Bouclés en dentelle et costume d'intérieur en cachemire.
Ensemble de toilette de Mlle. Ferrière Gounon, r. Moncey, 1.
Dentelles de Violard,
Costumes de Gambey, r. Montmartre, 171.
Chaussettes de Mésa, 3 du Bac.

Court Magazine N°5 Bathbone Place Oxford Street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Capote vuilée et Chapeau de Leduc, 2 de l'hôtel de ville.

en velours de Nègre à fédéter en cachemire de M. Thiey, 3 Montmartre, 62. - Chiffons des Nuits, 2 de la rue Mauve, Parfum de Guerlain, 1 de l'hôtel, 42. - Chaussures de Meun, 1 du Bac, 6.
Olivier Cromwell, l'un des hommes les plus extraordinaires des temps modernes, naquit à Huttington en 1659. On sait jusqu'à quel degré de fortune arriva le fameux lord protecteur, dont les plus puissants états de l'Europe recherchaient l'alliance. Il avait enlevé Dunkerque à la France, abaissé le pavillon de la Hollande et pris la Jamaïque aux Espagnols. Cromwell mourut le 45 septembre 1658, âgé de cinquante-neuf ans, après avoir tenu d'une main ferme et avec succès le gouvernail de l'état pendant huit années. Son corps, embaumé, fut déposé à Westminster, dans la sépulture des rois ; mais en 1660, au commencement du règne de Charles II, il fut exhumé, trainé sur la claire, pendu et enseveli au pied du gibet.
Madame Baudry, joint à une pureté de goût qui ne la trompe jamais, une admirable intelligence de la mode, et l'on peut adopter, presque sans examen, toutes les nouveautés qu'elle offre au monde élégant. Aussi nous engageons nos lectrices à visiter ses salons et à passer en revue les créations que chaque jour y voit éclorer. Rien ne pourrait satisfaire plus complètement leur curiosité ni leur donner une idée plus exacte des modifications du moment. Voici, pour régalé, de jolies capotes noires doublées de violet, de bleu tendre ou de rose; pour la ville, des chapeaux de satin rose ornés de rubans et d'un riche voile blanc de dentelle Violard qui parfois les recouvre entièrement, des chapeaux de satin gris ornés d'une longue plume, des capotes de satin bleu avec entrefaux de velours épingle et camélias de Chagot, des capotes en velours, la passe doublée de fias en satin bleu Joinville, oiseau de paradis noir un peu clair. Si vous désirez des coiffures de bal, vous n'aurez que l'embarras du choix. Quoi de plus riche que ces résilles en perles et en chenille, que ces coiffures en velours où les fleurs les plus rares s'entremêlent si coquettement aux frais et légers marabouts, que ces turbans à écharpe en crêpe lisse, que fait si bien ressortir une pase- menterie à jour en soie blanche et or? Puis voici encore des coiffures espagnoles en dentelle noire, le fond formé par une petite couronne de marguerites, des andalous en velours bleu Marie avec bandelettes d'or, des toquets régence, des résilles véniennes, des coiffures mauresques en dentelle or et ponceau, etc., etc., etc.

Il est à remarquer que les différentes coiffures ont une tendance bien prononcée à s'avancer chaque jour davantage sur le front, en même temps que le fond s'élargit de manière à favoriser les plus amples développements des nattes qu'on a voulu proscrive tout récemment, mais dont un grand nombre d'élégantes ont pris généreusement la défense. Il s'agit que les coiffures nattées ont une dignité un peu sévère qui sied particulièrement à certaines physionomies.

Nous avons fâché vous décrire aujourd'hui quelques modèles de Madame Gambey, successeur de MM. madame Gouet, et qui aura bientôt pour ses ensembles de toilettes une réputation égale à celle que l'on mérite ses corsets dont la supériorité n'est plus contestée. Nous avons vu dans les ateliers de madame Gambey une robe de chambre en cachemire rose doublée en taffetas blanc, ornée sur le devant de la jupe de larges revers en velours rose brodés ; corsage plat, montant et en pointe, pélerine en velours brodé descendant sur le bord de la manche et se terminant en pointe par devant jusqu'aux revers de la jupe, manches à a religieuse venant à moitié de l'avant-bras, parements en velours brodé ; sous-robe en satin de Écosse brodée, manches en mousseline bouillonnée et manchettes en mousseline brodée descendant sur la main. Puis deux toilettes de ville d'une grâceuse simplicité, l'une en lévantine verte, l'autre en poul de soie couleur feuille morte ; la première à jupe unie, corsage plat, montant, en pointe arrondie, manches plates ; la seconde garnie à la jupe de deux hauts volants décou- pés ; le dernier surmonté d'une petite ruche également découpée, corsage montant, plat, à triple couture et à pointe, orné de trois petits volants découps posés sur la couture de côté.
et terminés à l’épaulette; manches plates, jockeys formés de trois petits volants.

Ces toilettes sont vraiment charmantes, surtout quand elles rejoignent pour complément un de ces coquets pardessus que l’on trouve toujours au magasin des Deux Nuits. Par exemple, une polonaise en satin noir, ne dépassant pas le genou, larges revers de velours à la jupe, corsage plat, ouvert, à revers de velours attachés par des brandebourgs, manches demi larges descendant jusqu’à moitié de l'avant bras avec parements en velours.

La crinolaine Oudinot-Lutel se trouvera bientôt partout, car aujourd’hui tout le monde rend justice à ce précieux tissu, si commode sous tous les rapports, et la sous-jupe en crinolaine est devenue aussi indispensable à l’harmonie d’une toilette que le corset de Gambey lui-même.

Un mot encore de l’automate Prosopographus, dont chacun s’empresse chaque jour de vérifier la miraculeuse puissance. C’est un magicien bien complaisant et qui ne fatigue jamais les personnes qui se trouvent en rapport avec lui. Une minute de pose pour avoir un portrait ressemblant, un portrait où se trouve de plus autant de grâce et d’art qu’il est nécessaire. N’est-ce pas une merveille dans ce siècle où l’on voit tant de merveilles. Si la vogue de Prosopographus pouvait augmenter encore, ce serait en ce moment surtout où le pouvoir surprenant de l’artiste peut créer en quelques minutes un piquant objet d’étrennes. C’est une idée que l’on ne manquera pas de mettre à profit, nous en sommes sûre.

Henriette de B...

**Réouverture de l’Odéon.**

(Second Théâtre Français.)

Lucrèce et première représentation des Moyens dangereux, comédie en cinq actes et en vers, par M. Léon Guillard.

Cet événement littéraire, si important pour l’art dramatique qui n’a plus de refuge qu’à l’Odéon, s’est accompli au milieu du concours de tout ce que Paris a de distingué dans la presse, dans les lettres et dans le monde; les étudiants et les rentiers, la banque et le commerce se pressaient aux abords du théâtre, et l’Odéon semblait reprendre pour son retour à la vie son habitude de vogue et de curiosité.

Beaucoup d’ouvrages ont déjà comparu devant le public, et au-dessus de tous plane encore Lucrèce qui est loin d’avoir épuisé toute sa renommée; il y a la moitié de Paris qui ne l’a pas vue et la moitié de la province qui veut la voir. C’est encore un succès fructueux, bien dû à la hauteur de la pensée de l’ouvrage et à la splendeur de son exécution. Le drame qui consiste en péripéties de boulevard renversant en un moment tout un échafaudage, est ici glorieusement remplacé par cette expression élégante du beau, par ce parfum de vertu et de chasteté qui embaumne l’âme et la rassérène au lieu de la flétrir. Il y a une force magistrale dans l’homme qui, négligeant les vains leviers de l’art mécanique, y supplée par une puissance intime, pareille à celle du Christ qui dédaigne les planches fragiles d’une barque, et sûr, de sa divinité qui le soutient, marche sur la mer comme les hommes sur le rivage.

Un échange de rôle s’est fait, et Mᵐᵉ Dorval, chaste Lucrèce jadis, aujourd’hui passionnée Tullie, n’est pas un des moindres attrait...
cette représentation; non moins belle dans sa colère qu'elle l'était dans son calme, la grande actrice a été aussi bonne comme courtoisie que comme femme pudique.

Mlle Maxime, précieuse acquisition que le Théâtre-Français n'a pas eu le bon esprit de garder, a pris le rôle de Lucrèce; elle a moins trouvé à développer les qualités de tragédienne qui la rendent si remarquable dans le rôle d'Athalie, mais la tenue et la dignité ne lui ont pas failli. M. Dorval lui a imposé dans sa succession une tâche assez imposante pour être fière de n'avoir pas démérité. Mlle Maxime, qui a joué fort bien Lucrèce, est plutôt destinée à la passion qu'au raisonnement; la fougue est dans sa nature, et si Achille était une femme, elle en détaillait les nuances avec beaucoup de vigueur.

La comédie de M. Léon Guillard est une haute leçon donnée à l'immoralité d'une époque qui met l'argent au-dessus de tout et trouve bons tous les moyens qui tendent à en acquérir, corruption innée que favorise la tradition. Le héros de la pièce est donc un adroit qui veut arriver par la fourbe, la duplicité et la perfidie, mais la véritable dupes est ici le fripon: toutes ses manœuvres tournent contre lui, et ceux qui ont suivi une ligne droite, honnête, sont récompensés de leur loyauté par le succès même qui est refusé à l'autre.

La comédie de M. Léon Guillard, qui est un ouvrage d'un très grand mérite, abonde en vers frappés au coin de l'esprit et de la satire: des portraits bien faits, des scènes pittoresques, des intentions comiques et morales, c'est assez pour légitimer un succès; aussi a-t-il été franc et honorable pour le jeune auteur qui, dans un début réel, car Delphine n'est qu'un essai, a invoqué le goût et la raison pour faire une bonne comédie et l'esprit pour faire une bonne action.

Cette pièce, qui n'est pas toujours assez gaie, a plutôt, il est vrai, les qualités du drame de Lachaussée que la verve de Molière; mais le talent comique n'est pas assez commun de nos jours pour repousser les efforts des solides esprits qui conçoivent et tentent la comédie.

Remercions-les, et applaudissons pour les engager à mieux faire. Dieu merci, nous avons un théâtre où tout esprit jeune et inspiré peut essayer ses forces. L’Odéon ouvre sa porte à toutes les tentatives, et c’est ainsi qu'on arrive aux chefs-d’œuvre. Un directeur intelligent, voyant et faisant tout par lui-même, préside à cette vaste machine qui se met sous son inspiration; M. Lireux joint à une infatigable activité un coup-d’œil prompt, étendu, qui voit de haut une œuvre, donne d’excellents conseils, et achève par ses soins et son zèle devant le public, le succès qu’il a entrevu. Avec lui, aucune œuvre de pensée ne périt, et le Théâtre Français ne laissera pas mourir un ouvrage de mérite, car M. Lireux est là pour le recevoir et lui donner la vie.

Les acteurs ont très bien joué. Parmi eux nous citerons Rey, Derosselle, Mlle Broux. La troupe tragique et comique de l’Odéon est pleine d’éléments vifs, chauds et animés: les uns ont un passé glorieux, d’autres un avenir d’émulation et de triomphe.

Nous tiendrons nos lecteurs au courant des travaux d’une scène sur laquelle la France et le Théâtre-Français surtout ont les yeux.

J. Lesguillon.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.
Coiffure de M. Hamelin, Passage du Chaumon, 14.
Robe Empadrin de Mme. Obiery, tout Montmartre 18 — Sortie de bal de Mme. Mercier, 13.
des Petits Champs, 84. — Chaussures de Me. 3 du Bac. 6.
Court Magazine, No. 3, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St-Martin, 61.
Coiffure de Normandie, Passage Choiseul, 19.
Haus de Millery, rue de Monceau, 18.
— Robe en orfèvrerie de M.-B. Biery, Boul. Montmartre, 15.
Chaussettes de Moà, 1, du Sac, 6.
Court Magazine, No. 3, Bathbone Place Oxford street.
INDEX

TO THE HALF-YEARLY VOLUME

ENDING DECEMBER, 1843,

OF

THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM,

AND LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

Improved Series, Enlarged, and Ancient Portrait Series, Vols. XXIII., 1843,
and, from the commencement,
Vols. CLXXVIII., ending with No. MLXI.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM SYME, BLACK-HORSE-YARD, 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; King Charles I.; Maria Beatriz, 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.]

[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, CLXX. VIII. half yearly volumes, or MLXX. 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 Dec. 1, 1843, there have been published XXII. half-yearly volumes, or CXXX. 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 Dec. 1, 1843, twelve half yearly volumes, or seventy monthly parts, the months of July and August, and September and October having been published in two numbers.]
• The binder would do wisely by gathering the sheets in a volume for approval, before binding the same.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Subscribers who please to have the whole book bound, as formerly, cannot do better than commence the present volume, after the Title Page, with the Portrait and Memoir of Lord Darnley (see July and August) A Memoir; continuing with:

The Portrait and Memoir of the King and Queen of Prussia (November), B Memoir. Agnes Sorel (December), C Memoir. H. M. K. Charles I. (July and August), D Memoir. A. September and October (Emma Wilton): B. C. Lady of Parma, D; E; F. page 73;—G (November), Ines of Toledo; H; I; K; Mountnoy (December), L; M; Allhallow-Eve; N (see conclusion), January 1844, half a sheet.

Monthly Critic, &c., (July and August) M. C. 1; M. C. 2; M. C. 3; M. C. 4; M. C. 5; (November) M. C. 6; M. C. 7 (December) M. C. 8.


November 'Contents' Page—Description of the Plates (see last page of advertisements) Le Follett and Plates; December—'Contents' Page and Description of the Plates of Fashions—Le Follet and Plates.

The Index for December 1843 (from the number for January, 1844), is to conclude the volume,
### CONTENTS OF THE 'UNITED SERIES' OF THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM, VOL. XII., DECEMBER 1843.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All-Hallows' Eve ; or the Beacon of Revolt</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma Wilton, by the author of &quot;Mary Sinclair,&quot; &amp;c.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esther Mountney, Confessions of, by Da.</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ines of Toledo, a Legend of Spain, by E. F.</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lady of Parma, by B.</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladies' Tournament, The, or Tilting at the Ring</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ascent of Mont Blanc</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Afghanistan, Heroes of...</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelphi Theatre</td>
<td>52, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baden, Fatal Duel at...</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billiard-hall-duel,</td>
<td>ib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biographical Illustrations of Westminster Abbey, Part I.</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop of Rochester's Triennial Visitation</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Births, Monthly Register of</td>
<td>17, 53, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bunder Gang, The</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabul,</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell, Sir Archibald, Bart. (obituary)</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles L., description of Portrait</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chess, New Guide to</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesterfield, Restoration of the Church of</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children's Mission, by George Waring</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Covent Garden Theatre</td>
<td>48, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deaths, Register of</td>
<td>29, 60, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darnley Lord, memoir, description of portrait</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drury Lane Theatre</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duel, Fatal, at Baden</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duel—Billiard-ball,</td>
<td>ib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship's Offering, for 1844</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floral Fancies, and Morals from Flowers</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabrielle; or Pictures of a Reign</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grave of Genius, The</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Narvaez, and Spanish Treachery</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greece, Treaty with the Netherlands</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haymarket Theatre</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoodley Spa,</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hydrophobia, and Dog-rat-hunting</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indian News</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lahore, Insurrection at</td>
<td>ib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life Assurance, a short Treatise on</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Living in a Hurry</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart.</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriage: a Poem</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriages, Register of</td>
<td>18, 33, 54, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menmon, Wreck of the</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Narvaez, General</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Netherlands, treaty between, and Greece</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pageant, The, by F. C. Paget</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parish Church of Chesterfield, Restoration of</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pastor Chief, The, or the Escape of the Vaudois</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princess's Theatre</td>
<td>32, 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prussia, Their Majesties' memoir, description of portrait</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reign, Pictures of a</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Short Treatise on Life Assurance</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorel, Agnes, memoir, description of portrait</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish Treachery, General Narvaez, and</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tate, The Rev. James, A.M.</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bishop of Rochester's Triennial Visitation</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treaty between the Netherlands and Greece</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatres—Adelphi</td>
<td>52, 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatres—Covent-Garden,</td>
<td>48, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatres—Drury-Lane,</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatres—Princess's,</td>
<td>52, 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westminster Abbey, Biographical Illustrations of, Part I.</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreck of the Memnon</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zoalephra</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS OF LE FOLLET, COURRIER DES SALONS.

PLATES, IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.


September and October—Toilettes d'Intérieur. Toilettes de Ville, 1114. 1116.

November—Toilettes de Ville, 1120. 1122.


Modes for July and August, September and October, November, and December.

Memoirs of Charles Premier—Agnes Sorel—Oliver Cromwell.

List of the Portraits in the present number.

Henry Stuart, Earl Darnley, No. 122 of this series, by Lucas de Heere.

His Majesty King Charles I., No. 123 of this series.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia.

Agnes Sorel.

Memoirs in the present volume.

Henry Stuart, Earl Darnley.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia.

Agnes Sorel.

Descriptions of the Portraits of—

Henry Stuart, Earl Darnley.

Agnes Sorel.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia.

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 the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. Likewise also with persons marrying away from home: 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 inconsiderate enough not to register with this establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place, even, forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life-assurance establishments which would not at once receive 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.
In the Monthly Numbers the Lady's Name is Placed First.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wedded</th>
<th>Single name</th>
<th>Wedded</th>
<th>Single name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbott</td>
<td>Garstin, 55</td>
<td>Cofield</td>
<td>Gele, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam</td>
<td>Olding, 20</td>
<td>Collinson</td>
<td>Cleather, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ainlie</td>
<td>Campbell, 54</td>
<td>Colman</td>
<td>Geen, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allan</td>
<td>Wylie, 59</td>
<td>Colquhoun</td>
<td>Abercombie, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen</td>
<td>Harley, 65</td>
<td>Congreve</td>
<td>Miller, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen</td>
<td>Leach, 57</td>
<td>Comins</td>
<td>Narish, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allatt</td>
<td>Buckle, 54</td>
<td>Cooper</td>
<td>Telfman, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almack</td>
<td>Corrie, 18</td>
<td>Corbett</td>
<td>Williams, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andros</td>
<td>Gray, 55</td>
<td>Cornwall</td>
<td>Hamilton, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austen</td>
<td>Austen, 33</td>
<td>Cosart</td>
<td>Wallas, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austen</td>
<td>Philpot, 55</td>
<td>Cowie</td>
<td>Carnshaw, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Backhouse</td>
<td>Fennell, 19</td>
<td>Cunningham</td>
<td>Poore, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Backhouse</td>
<td>Gurney, 78</td>
<td>Curry</td>
<td>Rowe, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bagnall</td>
<td>Maskelyne, 20</td>
<td>Custance</td>
<td>O'Neil, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bagster</td>
<td>Dyson, 35</td>
<td>Cowper</td>
<td>Gurney, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker</td>
<td>Martin, 57</td>
<td>Davenport</td>
<td>Durie, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker</td>
<td>Martin, 57</td>
<td>Dawson</td>
<td>Englis, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banks</td>
<td>Reuse, 35</td>
<td>Deffell</td>
<td>Hill, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrow</td>
<td>Barrow, 54</td>
<td>De Haviland</td>
<td>Verner, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartey</td>
<td>Dayrell, 19</td>
<td>De Leon</td>
<td>Phillips, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bathurst</td>
<td>Hughes, 56</td>
<td>Denton</td>
<td>Lee, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Batten</td>
<td>Chisholm, 55</td>
<td>Desborough</td>
<td>Wilson, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beatson</td>
<td>Reid, 55</td>
<td>De Weller</td>
<td>Le Blanc, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birch</td>
<td>Grant, 55</td>
<td>Diamond</td>
<td>Ellis, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blake</td>
<td>Kipling, 78</td>
<td>Dickenson</td>
<td>Hawkes, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackburn</td>
<td>Brooking, 33</td>
<td>Dickenson</td>
<td>Milsom, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blaydes</td>
<td>Corke, 34</td>
<td>Dillon</td>
<td>Pettigrew, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett</td>
<td>Cook, 34</td>
<td>Dixon</td>
<td>Lovekin, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennett</td>
<td>Wishart, 36</td>
<td>Doyle</td>
<td>Easthope, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benn</td>
<td>Molyneaux, 68</td>
<td>Drew</td>
<td>Grey, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benham</td>
<td>Floyd, 19</td>
<td>Dudley</td>
<td>Edenborough, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bertram</td>
<td>Ayres, 54</td>
<td>Duncan</td>
<td>Mills, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betts</td>
<td>Peto, 35</td>
<td>Dunbar</td>
<td>Orde, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betts</td>
<td>Hogg, 55</td>
<td>Dunne</td>
<td>Bockett, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betts</td>
<td>Sturt, 59</td>
<td>Dunster</td>
<td>Gibbs, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bosch</td>
<td>Blake, 52</td>
<td>Ebsworth</td>
<td>Cazalet, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Booth</td>
<td>Grae, 19</td>
<td>Eckford</td>
<td>Roomes, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borsle</td>
<td>Holmes, 56</td>
<td>Ede</td>
<td>Grant, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourdillon</td>
<td>Cotterill, 34</td>
<td>Edwards</td>
<td>Gold, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bower</td>
<td>Lawrie, 57</td>
<td>Eldridge</td>
<td>Chiappini, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs</td>
<td>Mapleton, 57</td>
<td>Egerton</td>
<td>Cumming, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs</td>
<td>Walker, 59</td>
<td>Ewing</td>
<td>Dick, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bristow</td>
<td>Bourchier, 54</td>
<td>Eyre</td>
<td>Raynsford, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td>Wood, 79</td>
<td>Fane</td>
<td>Phillips, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brook</td>
<td>Smith, 59</td>
<td>Farring</td>
<td>Golding, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bromehead</td>
<td>Johnson, 57</td>
<td>Fend</td>
<td>Hillier, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broughton</td>
<td>Sandars, 36</td>
<td>Fennell</td>
<td>Hunt, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne</td>
<td>Bate, 33</td>
<td>Flavell</td>
<td>Lloyd, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne</td>
<td>Cummins, 34</td>
<td>Foulkes</td>
<td>Proctor, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Leitch, 57</td>
<td>Forrest</td>
<td>Atherley, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Bloomfield, 77</td>
<td>Forde</td>
<td>Fraser, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne</td>
<td>Bate, 52</td>
<td>Fowler</td>
<td>Homan, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brutzer</td>
<td>Thomas, 21</td>
<td>Fowler</td>
<td>Heath, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burnett</td>
<td>Maunsell, 57</td>
<td>Francis</td>
<td>Oliver, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busk</td>
<td>Busk, 54</td>
<td>Francis</td>
<td>Ward, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cautley</td>
<td>Cumbringelee, 34</td>
<td>Gabb</td>
<td>Ewart, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cary</td>
<td>Dilham, 34</td>
<td>Gacouigne</td>
<td>Burton, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caswell</td>
<td>Powell, 35</td>
<td>Gigliucci</td>
<td>Novello, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cateman</td>
<td>Clegg, 18</td>
<td>Gladwin</td>
<td>Hamilton, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cannon</td>
<td>Adams, 54</td>
<td>Glenny</td>
<td>Unwin, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carruthers</td>
<td>Boswell, 54</td>
<td>Goodeve</td>
<td>Renoux, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlyon</td>
<td>Turner, 49</td>
<td>Golden</td>
<td>Ronald, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlton</td>
<td>Walter, 59</td>
<td>Gormatron</td>
<td>Hamilton, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke</td>
<td>Butler, 77</td>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>Weddell, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark</td>
<td>Robertson, 79</td>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>Anderson, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke</td>
<td>Matthews, 57</td>
<td>Grabowski</td>
<td>Toddhunter, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claremont</td>
<td>Wetherall, 59</td>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>Anderson, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clayton</td>
<td>Nicholl, 58</td>
<td>Grant</td>
<td>Pell, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chimo</td>
<td>Nicholl, 58</td>
<td>Grantham</td>
<td>Fuge, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray</td>
<td>Sanders, 55</td>
<td>Grey</td>
<td>Sanders, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerrard</td>
<td>Lewis, 55</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Longford, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Dodd, 19</td>
<td>Greenside</td>
<td>Bottomley, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig</td>
<td>Saxon, 36</td>
<td>Gregg</td>
<td>Carr, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffiths</td>
<td>Pedder, 58</td>
<td>Gripper</td>
<td>Hentig, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guest</td>
<td>Clark, 58</td>
<td>Guillemand</td>
<td>Watson, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haigh</td>
<td>Creswick, 55</td>
<td>Hammond</td>
<td>Jones, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton</td>
<td>Payne, 58</td>
<td>Harris</td>
<td>Goppy, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris</td>
<td>Aspinall, 33</td>
<td>Harris</td>
<td>Johnston, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris</td>
<td>Aspinall, 55</td>
<td>Harvey</td>
<td>Montague, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hastings</td>
<td>Perrott, 20</td>
<td>Haviland</td>
<td>Verner, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haycock</td>
<td>Buck, 18</td>
<td>Hay</td>
<td>Erskine, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay</td>
<td>Page, 58</td>
<td>Haynes</td>
<td>Child, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heath</td>
<td>Moxon, 58</td>
<td>Helcombe</td>
<td>Thomas, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henderson</td>
<td>Kirkwood, 78</td>
<td>Hennell</td>
<td>Brabant, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickson</td>
<td>Sadler, 23</td>
<td>Hickman</td>
<td>Blakiston, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickson</td>
<td>Bruere, 54</td>
<td>Higgins</td>
<td>Whyte, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higgins</td>
<td>Theiger, 36</td>
<td>Hill</td>
<td>Cartwright, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hill</td>
<td>Rawlinson, 55</td>
<td>Hodkinson</td>
<td>Colson, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiscox</td>
<td>Jenks, 78</td>
<td>Hockin</td>
<td>Woolmer, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland</td>
<td>Honnywill, 19</td>
<td>Holmes</td>
<td>Johnston, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hooker</td>
<td>Hall, 34</td>
<td>Hopkins</td>
<td>Smith, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hough</td>
<td>Boswell, 54</td>
<td>Houghton</td>
<td>Baker, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howeroft</td>
<td>Rooke, 55</td>
<td>Howard</td>
<td>Canning, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huggins</td>
<td>Rowell, 59</td>
<td>Hunsdon</td>
<td>Reilly, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurst</td>
<td>Gallway, 55</td>
<td>Hurdis</td>
<td>Jackson, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingleman</td>
<td>Lumsdale, 73</td>
<td>Ingram</td>
<td>Little, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James</td>
<td>Babb, 33</td>
<td>Jarvis</td>
<td>Jenkin, 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeffery</td>
<td>Medley, 57</td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>Dickinson, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson</td>
<td>Wales, 36</td>
<td>Johnston</td>
<td>Bartlett, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnstone</td>
<td>Bartlett, 55</td>
<td>Joy</td>
<td>Mcgregor, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelaart</td>
<td>Hussey, 54</td>
<td>Kempe</td>
<td>Wood, 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kennedy</td>
<td>Bennworth, 18</td>
<td>Kerr</td>
<td>Ripley, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kesteven</td>
<td>Haines, 34</td>
<td>Kinnaird</td>
<td>Hooare, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>Keays, 78</td>
<td>Knowles</td>
<td>Avent, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laing</td>
<td>Pearce, 24</td>
<td>Lane</td>
<td>Gray, 75</td>
</tr>
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<td>--------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lane</td>
<td>Vernon, 79</td>
<td>Langmore</td>
<td>Echelaz, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawren</td>
<td>Bowen, 65</td>
<td>Lawren</td>
<td>Bowen, 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lees</td>
<td>Roby, 20</td>
<td>Lewis</td>
<td>Anobus, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le Que</td>
<td>Pois, 17</td>
<td>Livesay</td>
<td>Ellis, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackinl</td>
<td>Stanbrough, 21</td>
<td>Mackay</td>
<td>Coffin, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDougall</td>
<td>Bunyon, 33</td>
<td>Maidland</td>
<td>Richards, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maclan</td>
<td>Myers, 28</td>
<td>Malby</td>
<td>Pennycuick, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marks</td>
<td>Nathaniel, 55</td>
<td>Marriott</td>
<td>Hamilton, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matheson</td>
<td>Perceval, 79</td>
<td>Maund</td>
<td>Illingworth, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>Wake, 21</td>
<td>Measby</td>
<td>Cade, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mellish</td>
<td>Ahmuth, 17</td>
<td>Mellish</td>
<td>Cunard, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mildred</td>
<td>Hicks, 19</td>
<td>Mills</td>
<td>Hodges, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mills</td>
<td>Hall, 56</td>
<td>Mills</td>
<td>Hall, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milhanke</td>
<td>Mansfield, 35</td>
<td>Moor</td>
<td>Cosnaian, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moor</td>
<td>Newall, 20</td>
<td>Moore</td>
<td>Maidland, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan</td>
<td>Buckley, 56</td>
<td>Mortimer</td>
<td>Bartram, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mumby</td>
<td>Ton, 12</td>
<td>Myers</td>
<td>Whitehead, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newcome</td>
<td>Watts, 21</td>
<td>Newhouse</td>
<td>Turner, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholl</td>
<td>Ruck, 20</td>
<td>Noble</td>
<td>Hey, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norcross</td>
<td>Jenkins, 78</td>
<td>Norton</td>
<td>Lahee, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oakley</td>
<td>Meabry, 20</td>
<td>O’Connor</td>
<td>Smith, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ogilvy</td>
<td>Dick, 35</td>
<td>Omand</td>
<td>M’Caskill, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Osmont</td>
<td>Aldridge, 18</td>
<td>Orred</td>
<td>Willink, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen</td>
<td>Blackett, 33</td>
<td>Palmer</td>
<td>Berestord, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paris</td>
<td>Stranach, 59</td>
<td>Parkinson</td>
<td>Donne, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennington</td>
<td>Thistleton, 59</td>
<td>Perceval</td>
<td>Balsie, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pinks</td>
<td>Smith, 59</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Woodhouse, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power</td>
<td>Dicker, 18</td>
<td>Powell</td>
<td>Bolson, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preston</td>
<td>Tolifer, 79</td>
<td>Preston</td>
<td>Hamilton, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Provis</td>
<td>Butler, 33</td>
<td>Prior</td>
<td>Russel, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purdie</td>
<td>Galton, 19</td>
<td>Pycroft</td>
<td>Alleyn, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rackstraw</td>
<td>Cox, 19</td>
<td>Randall</td>
<td>Lockwood, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rashleigh</td>
<td>Stuart, 39</td>
<td>Rawlins</td>
<td>Jones, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reynolds</td>
<td>Walker, 79</td>
<td>Richardson</td>
<td>Bolding, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richards</td>
<td>Bolding, 33</td>
<td>Richardson</td>
<td>Bolding, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ridsdale</td>
<td>Aleyw, 54</td>
<td>Roberts</td>
<td>Aspinall, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson</td>
<td>Edwards, 55</td>
<td>Robinson</td>
<td>Edgeworth, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogers</td>
<td>Fitzgerald, 55</td>
<td>Roys</td>
<td>De Domecq, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roys</td>
<td>Babb, 33</td>
<td>Ross</td>
<td>Coulman, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roys</td>
<td>Babb, 33</td>
<td>Rose</td>
<td>Peterson, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russel</td>
<td>Baker, 33</td>
<td>Sherlock</td>
<td>De Fishall, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sage</td>
<td>Greenfield, 19</td>
<td>Salviani</td>
<td>Reader, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott</td>
<td>Vigurs, 21</td>
<td>Scudamore</td>
<td>Jemmet, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semple</td>
<td>Butterfield, 33</td>
<td>Sharland</td>
<td>Killick, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharland</td>
<td>Killick, 57</td>
<td>Shefield</td>
<td>De Fishall, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherard</td>
<td>Clarke, 55</td>
<td>Shackburgh</td>
<td>Dwarris, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>M’Quhie, 20</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Atken, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Hare, 56</td>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>Newton, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soames</td>
<td>Hall, 56</td>
<td>Spires</td>
<td>Marshall, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spencer</td>
<td>Hamilton, 56</td>
<td>Stace</td>
<td>Molyneux, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stace</td>
<td>Molyneux, 23</td>
<td>Stephens</td>
<td>Martagh, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens</td>
<td>Goulding, 77</td>
<td>Stewert</td>
<td>De Bawin, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Streeter</td>
<td>Radford, 79</td>
<td>Strickland</td>
<td>Dicker, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer</td>
<td>Le Couteur, 78</td>
<td>Surtee</td>
<td>Bidwell, 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swinburne</td>
<td>Phillips, 55</td>
<td>Synnot</td>
<td>Symonds, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tattersall</td>
<td>Baker, 77</td>
<td>Templer</td>
<td>Gwynne, 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson</td>
<td>Williams, 79</td>
<td>Thomson</td>
<td>Coffin, 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tower</td>
<td>Richards, 59</td>
<td>Trumnel</td>
<td>Haswell, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watton</td>
<td>Travis, 78</td>
<td>Trewshit</td>
<td>Mitchison, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Varrel</td>
<td>Carbonell, 77</td>
<td>Vessey</td>
<td>Day, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walbaun</td>
<td>Kuper, 35</td>
<td>Wallace</td>
<td>Smith, 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace</td>
<td>Smith, 59</td>
<td>Warde</td>
<td>Lata, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts</td>
<td>Briscoe, 54</td>
<td>Webb</td>
<td>Maxwell, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welier</td>
<td>Le Blanc, 78</td>
<td>Weller</td>
<td>Skinner, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westall</td>
<td>Taylor, 79</td>
<td>Whiteley</td>
<td>Rayson, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitelee</td>
<td>Briscoe, 54</td>
<td>Wells</td>
<td>Taylor, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilkinson</td>
<td>Skene, 20</td>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>Ash, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td>Weston, 59</td>
<td>Woodhouse</td>
<td>Cunningham, 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodhouse</td>
<td>Cunningham, 55</td>
<td>Woodway</td>
<td>Phillips, 58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>Bakers, 54</td>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>Ingram, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodgate</td>
<td>Hassets, 78</td>
<td>Woltenbeck</td>
<td>Barrow, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wylie</td>
<td>Howell, 56</td>
<td>Wylie</td>
<td>Howell, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yolland</td>
<td>Rainier, 35</td>
<td>Zobel</td>
<td>Kirkwood, 57</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PORTRAIT-LIST, (WITH MEMOIRS), &c. IN THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,
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Portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence
Portrait of General Greville
Francis and his Dog.

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Proposed new Street facing Waterloo Bridge.
Portrait of Miss Ann Woodham.
View in Italy.
The Devil's Bridge.

1831.-The Kensal Green Cemetery (founded by G. F. Carden, Esq.) entrance to, by B. Ferry.

Portrait of Mrs. Romney Coates.
England's Pride (Her Majesty the Queen Dowager).
Dying Artist.—Mount St. Gothard.
England's Glory (Portrait of His Majesty King William IV.)
Duchess of Suffolk, Q. of France.

View in Kensington Gardens.
Heavenly Mother—Sainte Therese, Windsor Castle, Eaton College, and St. George's Chapel.

Agnes Sorel, June.

Mrs. Garrick.

Barnard, Edward Crown.

Museum, and Bridge, Scarborough.

Lyon Venachoir—Lyon Lomond.

Old London Bridge, with houses.

Portrait of Margaret of Valois, 2

Cromwell, and his daughter begg ing the life of Charles I.

Ple of Coronation Regalia.—

Fig. 1, King Edward's Crown; 2, His first and principal Diadem called Edward's Crown; 3, the Crown of State worn by the King on his return to Westminster Hall; 4, the Queen's Crown; 5, the Queen's Crown worn on her return to Westminster-

Hall; 6, the Queen's Circlet; 7, the Orb; 8, the King's coro

nation King; 9, the coronation Ring; 10, the

Queen's Ivy Rod; 11, the Queen's Sceptre; 12, the

King's Sceptre with the Cross; 13, the King's sceptre

with the Dove; 15, the Sword of Justice of the Temporality;

16, the Sword of Spiritual Justice; 17, Curtana, or the point

ess Sword.

1832. The Italian Boy.

The Queen of the French.

L'Ane et les Reliques.

Ceremony of laying the first stone of a grand National Monument, &c.

Our Lady's Chapel, Southwark.

Entrée dans l'Eglise.

Mario Cinci, Grand Master of the Carbonari.

Marie Antoette and Mirabeau.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The Old Cross.

1833. Duchess de Berri.

The apartment and chimney in which she was captured.

Charlotte, attendant of Isabeau 3

Queen Isabeau of Bavaria 4

Queen Marie d'Anjou 5

Cromwell and daughter before the

Portrait of Charles the First.

Queen Anne of Brittany 6

Queen Anna Bolena, 2d wife

Henry VIII. 7

Queen Claude 8

Queen Eleanor of Austria 9

Pauline the Beautiful 10

1834,—Laura (whilst young) 11

La Camargo 12

Laura (in full beauty) 13

Heloise 14

Mary, Queen of Scots, 3d wife

Queen Jane Seymour, 3d wife

Henry VII. 16

Francis de Foix, Comtesse de

Chateaubriand 17

Madame de Hédly, Duchesse d'Estampes 18

Queen Elizabeth of Spain 19

Diane de Poitiers 20

Queen Louise of Lorraine 21

Louise de Flandres 22

1835, Q. Margaret de Valois 23

Marguerite de France 24

Marion de Lorme 25

Duchesse de la Vallière 26

Duchesse de Longueville 27

Queen Marie Thérèse 28

Madame de Montespan 29

Duchesse de Fontanges 30

Marquise de Maintenon 31

Duchesse du Maine 32

Duchesse de Bourgoin 33

The Fair Gabrielle 34

1836, Empress Catherine II. 35

Marie Touchet 36

Her beautiful Daughter the

Countess Grignan 38

Renée de Rieux, Comtesse de

Chateaubriant 39

Marie de France 39

Queen Catherine de Medicis 40

Nermandage, Princess Plan-
tagenet 41

Queen Marie Antoette 42

Marguerite de Lorraine 43

Clara d'Hautefort 45

Charlotte de Montmorenci,

Princess de Conde 46

1837, Q. Elizabeth of England 47

Michelle de Vitry 48

Lady of Doue (des Ursins) 49

Marie de Hainaut 50

Ninon de l'Enclos 52

Mary Tudor 53

Jeanne de la Grange 54

Marguerite de Beaujean,

Princess of Bourbon 55

Margueritte de Flandres

Countess Montfort 56

Jeanne de Sancerre 57

Sophie Arnould 58

1838. Her Majesty Q. Anne 59

Louise de Savoie 60

Leonora Galligal 61

King William the Third 62

Queen Mary 63

Costumes of Ancient British

Females 64—65

Louise Adelaide, Princess of

Prussia 66

Isabella Stewart 66

Louise de la Fayette 67

Mariala Soult 68

Dauphiness of Auvergne

W. W.—J. W. 69

Up to 1836 inclusive, excepting June, July, August, and December, the price of this Magazine 2s. 6d., 1839. Euriante de Nevers 71

Maria Leszcynska 72

Marie de Medicis 73

Anne of Austria 74

Pauline the Beautiful 75

Queen Henrietta Maria 76

Henrietta Anne 77

Queen Elizabeth of Bourbon 78

Jeanne d'Albret 79

Queen Philippa of Hainaut 80

Fair Maid of Kent, wife of

the Black Prince 81

1840.—Valentine of Milan 82

Lady Jane Grey 83

Empress Marie Thérèse 84

Christina, Queen of Sweden 85

Christina of Pisa 86

Anna Maria Louisa d'Orleans 87

Malide, Montpensier 88

Isabeau, Queen of Charles VI,

of France 89

Marquise de Pompadour 90

Beatrix of Portugal 91

Blanche de Castile 92

Empress Josephine 93

1841. Odette, La Petite Reine 93 93

Margaret de Valois 94

Elizabeth Wydeville, Q. of

Edward IV, 95

Eiz. de York, Q. Henry VII. 96

Countess of Lavalette 97

Eleanor of Acquitaine, Q. of

Henry II. 98

Isabel de Ségovia, 2d sort of King John 99

Charlotte Corday 100

Catherine of Aragon, 1st wife

of Henry VII. 101

Anne de Cleves 102

Catherine Howard, 5th. 102 102

Catherine Parr, 6th. 103

1842. Catherine Q. Hen. V. 104

Mary I, Queen of England 105

Henry VIII. 105

Philip II. (Philip and Mary) 107

Anne of Denmark 108

Joseph, Archd. of Austria 109

Isabella Clara Eugenia 110

Do. do. (monastic dress, order of St. Francis) 111

H.R.H. Helene Louise Elizabeth Duchess of Orleans 112

The Empress Eleanor, Consort of Redolph B. 113

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia 114

Maria of Austria, 1st Consort of Ferdinand III. 116

1839—H. M. Queen Charlotte 116

H. M. King James I. 117

The Lady Arabelia Stuart. 119

Jeanne d'Aragon, Q. of Sicily 118

The Empress Alexandra,

Fedorovna 120

2nd Queen of James I. 121

Lord Darnley 122

King Charles I. 123

The King and Queen of

Prussia 124

Agnes Sorel 125

1844. Q. Consort of James V. 127

II. Q. Consort James V.

(Mother of Queen Mary) 127

Cromwell 126